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One thing leads to another. And isn't it the truth? From our first awakening into the bright lights, colors, and shadows of the earth, we begin the steady procession through life . . . through Gerber Baby Food, tricycles and bicycles, dolls to babysitting, playpens, and to here . . . where we are today. The friends we love and hate, the practices and the performances, the calendars, and the bells. Here is where we've jumped off the hurtling train awhile to live; waiting and living until one thing leads to another.

In early life we knew only the wonderful softness of Mom's cuddling hug, the inside of our crib, and wet diapers. As days became weeks, and weeks disappeared into months, we discovered the world was so much bigger than we'd ever imagined. Our crib turned into a castle loaded with all sorts of things to touch, smell, taste, and throw on the floor. And Mom, she was so gullible, she always gave them back. When we realized how much our room offered in the area of exploration we grew tired of our crib. Big brother had climbed up and in with no trouble, getting out should be a snap. And oh what we found once out in the real world!



We found soft carpet, hard walls, swinging doors, the dog's food, Mom's sewing, Dad's pipe, and lots of knobs to turn, push, and pull. That was our first solo expedition, and these discoveries were just the beginning. We soon learned that pants were not made to go to the bathroom in; beds were meant for sleeping, not playing; carrots were to eat, not to throw on the floor; fingers did not belong in light sockets; dog's tails were not for pulling; walls were not coloring books; and cat food didn't taste very good.

We adapted to our surroundings much better as we developed means of communication. "Da-da" and "Goo-goo" miraculously turned into "Daddy" and "Give me". Suddenly we were able to ask for almost anything we pleased. We could finally express our thoughts in a more dignified way than crying or gurgling.

Many of the joys, disappointments, failures, and successes of our first few years were stored deep in our minds never to be unearthed. But from time to time a few of them came back to us and we took delight in their memory, whether they were accompanied by a smile or by a tear. Remember how much better ice-cream seemed to taste after it was mushed up? How nightmares weren't so bad when we slept between Mom and Dad? And how amazed we were to find out that Santa really did like beer and cookies? Through our lives we would re-discover our childhood, piece by piece, but never quite enough to ever re-live it.



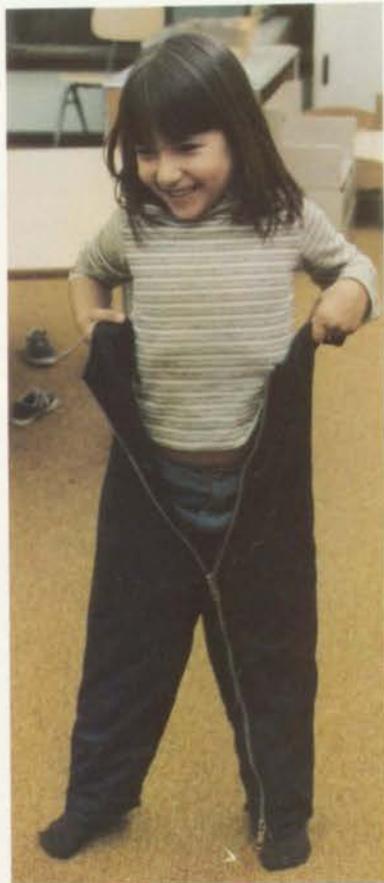




The day finally came. Clad in new tennis shoes and jeans, and with every hair in place and teeth scrubbed pearly white, we were finally ready. We were going to school! Mom had bought Alpha-bits for the occasion, but bats banging around in the hollows of our stomachs prevented digestion of anything past the letter G. Dad, smiling his normal smile, said, "Learn a lot!" and Mom insisted on one more trip to the bathroom, just in case. Mom walked with us to the bus stop, but upon sighting the other kids we heartily begged her to let us go the rest of the way alone.

The kindergarten room was incredible. The chairs were just the right size, the teacher was so happy looking, and there were toys in every nook, corner, and cranny. Drawers were full of paste, crayons, and scissors. Shelves were loaded with paints, books, trucks and dolls. There was even a cage where two animals called guinea pigs lived. There was just so much to do, and so much to learn! We learned that there were bigger numbers than ten, that three quarters were better than five pennies, that shoes were hard to tie in bows, but easy to tie in knots, that we weren't the only ones who could sing "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star", that naps weren't only for the less fortunate souls who were too young to go to school, that stale graham crackers were better than none at all, and that Mom already had six potholders, so why make her another? School was better than we'd ever dreamed . . . but maybe that was just kindergarten, because we still got home in time for the noon cartoons on Channel 50.

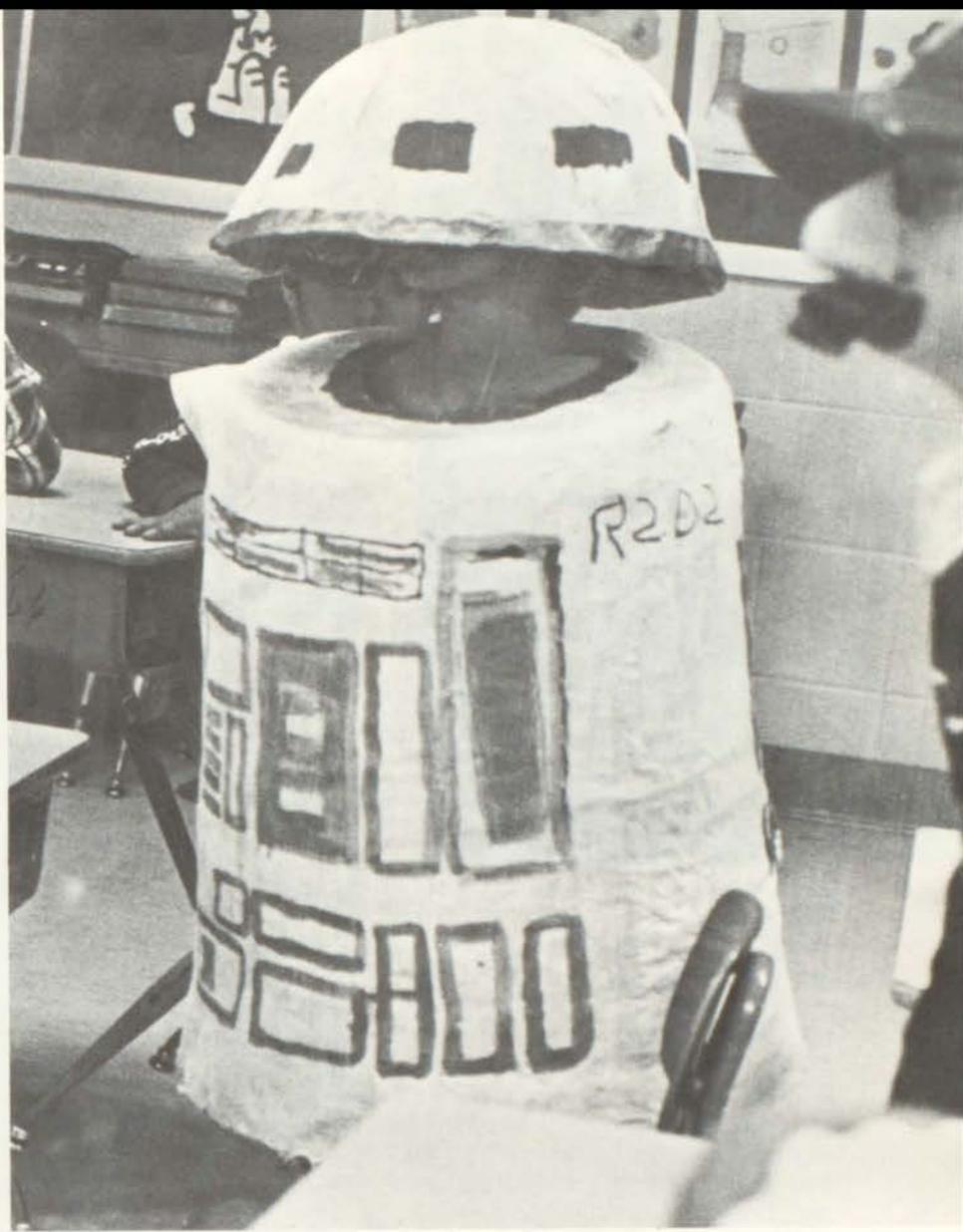
Being in first grade was being really grown up. First grade meant a Flintstones' lunch box, our very own scissors, paste, and crayons, a desk with a lid, and TWO recesses. Going to school all day made us feel big and important. We learned all about Dick, Sally, Jane, Spot, and Puff, figured out that dog, cat, horse, and mouse belonged, and tree didn't, and that there was a better way to add than using fingers and toes. Playing, so very important to us, made recess the highlight of the day. If it wasn't a game of kickball that we looked forward to, it was a game of tag. Either way it was always boys against girls. School really wasn't work way back then. It was a place to go without Mom, and a place to have fun. It was the era of real childhood, and real fantasies.



Yes, we were growing up. Baby dolls were tossed for Barbie dolls, red fire trucks for matchbox cars, and best of all, the kitty with no eyes was no longer necessary to have in bed when we slept. Six going on seven, and we'd seen, said, and experienced everything.

So many things we said and did molded our characters and personalities. Telling Mom's best friend that she was fat and had crooked teeth didn't get us anywhere when birthday time rolled around, spending all of our lunch money at the candy store wasn't a big secret after going to the dentist, and setting up a lemonade business for two hours on Sunday didn't earn quite enough money for the blue three speed banana bike at Talbot's Bike Shop. Life was rough, and we were beginning to feel the flack.





Responsibilities began taking a turn toward us. If we didn't feed the dog, he probably wouldn't get fed, if we didn't take out the garbage, it would probably rot in the basement, if we didn't keep track of our shoes we'd probably miss the bus while searching for them, if we didn't make our

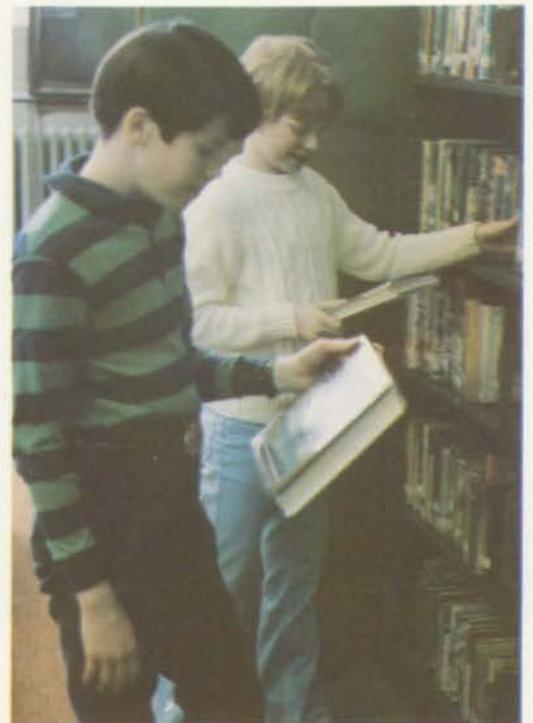
beds, Mom-the-maid, wouldn't do it for us, and if we talked back . . . we'd be sorry. Age had a lot to do with how much responsibility was assigned to us. Being the oldest meant lots of responsibilities, and of course the tortures that went along with them. But suffering through tortures paid off when we could boss our little brothers and sisters around. Occupying the bottom of the age ladder usually meant a few years of smooth sailing.

As our pants got shorter, and our hair longer, our minds, feelings, characters, and personalities were slowly developing. Knowledge, collected by the truckload, was transported to, and stored in a few of the unlocked rooms located in our brains. Our hearts opened up to warm puppies, tiny babies, He-Loves-Me-He-Loves-Me-Not flowers, and grammas and grandpas. We shouted in disgust at the things Mom and Dad found for us to do when we could be doing a hundred more important things. Who wanted to dry the dishes when there was a baseball game to be played? And finally, we said what was on our minds, no matter what.

The little kid still existed in all of us. We could hop on our bicycles and pedal all over town in search of the steepest and longest hill and take pleasure in riding up and down it all day long. We could work for days on a fort, only invite certain friends to join the club, establish a secret pass word, have special meetings, and allow dues to be paid in gum and candy. We could climb the biggest tree on the block, dig a hole to China, make a tea set out of rose petals, race barefoot on a gravel road, catch fire flies in a jar, jump rope forever, talk Dad into buying a go cart, and fake a sniffle so we could stay home from school. We could do all of this and more . . . just because we were kids.



School was a hassle for middle-aged kids, yet through it all we survived. We survived elementary school that we thought would never end, and middle school where we were almost adult teenagers, but not quite. And oh, the frustrations of being thirteen! Boys voices taking sudden plunges, and sudden rises, and girls bodies going bananas!



Middle school was the beginning of a legacy. We changed classes, learned to dance, read thick books, dissected fetal pigs, looked at fashion magazines, and played tackle football. The academic area of school was a jumble of CPL cards, tons of science notes, endless grammar worksheets, and newspapers galore to read for social studies. Studying was a drag, but we usually got by. And we had to admit that school was a little fun, despite all the hard work.

Sports were big; they were so big that some of us ate, slept, and lived for that intra-mural basketball game after school, open gym in the morning, co-ed volleyball at lunch, and tackle football, blue against red, under the bright lights at Curtis Field. And then we dreamt. We dreamt of playing varsity basketball at the high school, of running track with our favorite college team, and of someday, maybe someday, going pro. Sports captured our hearts way back then, and in addition, gave us a reason to put up with school.

Not only sports captured our hearts at this time. The little girl who had the worst cooties in second grade now sat one row back, and she wasn't that bad! And that little kid who was such a brat last year turned out to be pretty funky! Valentine's Day became one of the most important dates on our calendars, and a favorite pastime was trying to pass love notes across the room during history class.

When eight years of school were finally over, and high school was just around the corner, we thought our lives would never be the same. We thought trick-or-treating was long gone, we thought snow ball fights might be considered immature, and we thought we might outgrow Walt Disney movies. But we soon found out that our premonitions were all wrong. High school was merely a more grown up extension of our youth. It was an opportunity to become an individual.



Compass North Students Are Outward Bound



It's Mary Thomas' home away from home.

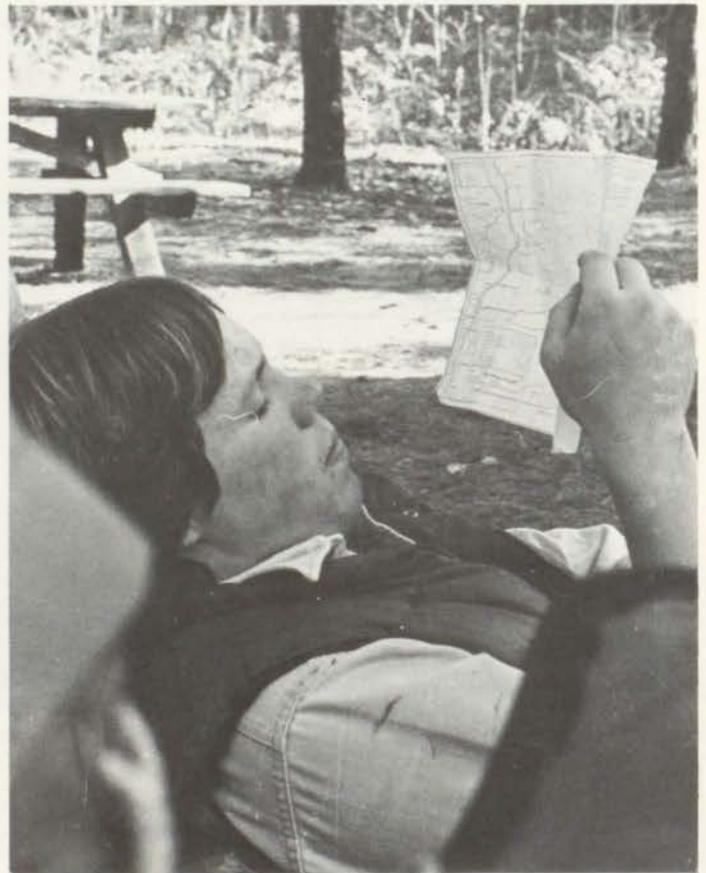
One day you can see them, a herd of Compass Northerners, running down the road, push, push, push. And the next, some are in the classroom, others are dispersed throughout the community researching, investigating, learning.

Compass North, an alternate education course, was initiated and is instructed by Sam Hartman along with the help of his wife Karen. The class brought together a wide range of students and taught them something about themselves. Cab Behan explained it by saying, "You're forced to do things you don't really want to do. But you like yourself better when it's over." Forced to do things like run for four non-stop miles, repel out of trees, and backpack over ten miles in one day, all of which are required at some point in the class.

One of the main aspects of the class is a week long backpacking trip covering approximately seventy miles. For one week the students carry everything they need, which they quickly learn to make as little as possible, on their backs. For one week, they walk outdoors observing and learning. But learning is only a small part of what the expedition is about. The biggest is learning about others. "You learn to live with different people," explained Reggie Smith.



A contented, outdoor look on Dennis Winters' face.



Mike Lyon's concentrating on a map, while relaxing.



The ground sure is a long way down. Jay Laffoon and Sam Hartman.



Fred Jakeway hiking in the great outdoors.

Another student added, "You learn to get along with people. It was a chance to be exposed to people. After all we lived with them for a week."

Learning to live with others is one thing but many Compass Northers found that learning to live with yourself was quite another. The class required both community exploration projects and a simulated expedition to a third world country. Both projects were done on an individual basis by each student. Beyond a few basic guidelines and help when it was needed, there was no formal instruction involved. The students education was, in essence, in their own hands. This was an opportunity most students had never experienced before and one which some students had a hard time coming to terms with. "It was not like a regular classroom," noted Smith.

"You structure yourself," added Jeff McKenzie.

The class is a unique educational opportunity. It offers students the chance to learn about the outdoors, the community, and most of all about themselves.



These packs are heavier than they look.

New Restriction At DHS: Closed Campus



Gil Whitman and Kathy Kutcipal signing in to the library.



"I always get my homework done," says Rich Swanson and Rich Southwell.

"Closed campus is such a drag! I hate just sitting in a classroom being watched like some little kindergardner."

"Come on, now! It's not that bad. You get so bored in there that homework is a relief!"

"Yeah, but we're in high school. They expect us to act like adults, why don't they treat us like adults?"

Closed campus, or being confined to a classroom during study hall, was a much de-

bated topic this year. This was the first time since the 1973-74 school year that students had been deprived of the privilege of open campus.

Open campus during the study hall hour. Some ventured downtown to shop, others cruised to MacDonald's to satisfy hearty appetites, while still others gathered in small groups away from school to engage in miscellaneous

activities. The more studious types congregated in the library to work on unfinished assignments while they were watched by Mr. Czarnecki, and talked when they were free of the roving eye.

Some students objected to the new system because they were obligated to remain in a classroom with an eagle-eyed teacher until their applications for open campus were accepted.

Although many students were against closed campus, some admitted it helped them. Alicia Johnson, senior, thought that all students should have the privilege of open campus, but sheepishly confessed that, with closed campus, "I get my homework done." Sheila Cole claimed, "It seems like they're trying to make people work by making them go (to study hall), but people are going to do what they want anyway."

Many on the faculty tended to believe closed campus helped students, although there were no statistics available to prove this. Mr. Lancaster insisted it was "the best idea in years!" Several teachers agreed that the number of parking lot "regulars" had decreased.

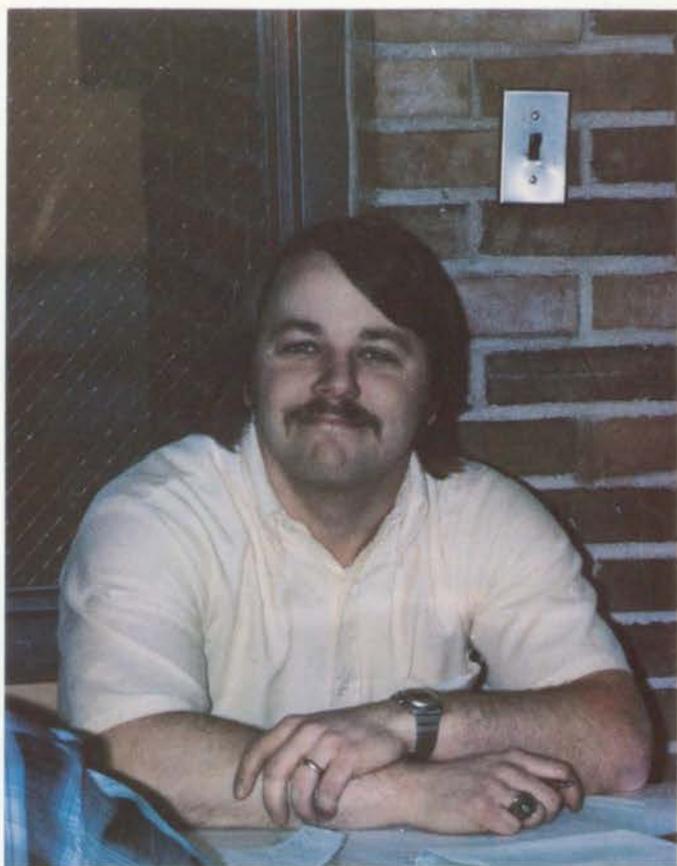
Mr. Doctor explained that closed campus had purpose; it wasn't installed just for the sake of having it. The main reason closed campus was installed was because students began to consider open campus a right rather than a privilege and, as a result, started misusing their study hall hour. Mr. Doctor said closed campus met its goal of giving open campus a "semblance of order."

Closed campus, though it was shunned by many, was intended to give students time to study. It helped reduce the number of people who automatically headed for the parking lot. By the end of the year, many people learned to take advantage of the wonderful thing closed campus had to offer — time.



Looking back to better days.

Supervised Study Halls Force Us To Serve Time



Mr. Lancaster: Lunchroom and study hall supervisor.



Tamara Stevens: The bored look of a study hall victim.



"You'd think we were in prison!" — Jody Rudolph, Diane Zmikly, and Sarah Russell.

All Of A Sudden 18 Wasn't Good Enough Anymore



Yes, it's true the drinking age is twenty-one. But that's not going to stop this rowdy crew from having a good time.

On December 3, 1978 the drinking age in Michigan rose from eighteen to nineteen. Anyone who had turned eighteen on or before that date could still legally drink. Then on December 23, 1978 the drinking age in Michigan took another jump. This time to twenty-one. Everyone between the ages of eighteen and twenty lost their right to drink.

A few students here at Petoskey High School found that shortly after they gained the privilege to drink legally it was taken away. The majority of the seniors who had approached their eighteenth birthday found that eighteen was no longer the golden number. Many students who thought that they only had a year or two to wait suddenly had three more years added on, making the total four, five, or six years before they could take that first legal drink. For some it didn't make any difference. They didn't want to drink anyway. For others it meant more illegal parties trying to find someone old enough to buy for them, and quite a bit of drinking in cars.

One of the questions asked was whether or not the raised drinking age could lead to an increase in drug abuse among persons under



How else do you think I'd spend a Saturday night?



Us, drink beer? Never!

(continued from page 14)
 the age of twenty-one. Drug abuse wasn't common at Petoskey High School, and drugs were easily obtained. Smoking a joint was as easy as drinking a beer illegally and it was easier to find a joint than to find someone old enough to buy alcoholic beverages. For those students who lost their drinking privilege shortly before or after they got it, drugs became an alternative to the "high" they got from drinking.

Jon sat in the bar staring at the Pepsi in front of him. His girlfriend sat on the bar stool next to him. Every once in a while she sipped the Tequila Sunrise that sat on the bar.

"At least she doesn't have this stupid stamp on her hand," Jon thought to himself. Since the drinking age had gone up, he could still get into the bars but they stamped his hand. The minors were allowed in to dance at the disco and have a good time but not to drink.

"Hey Jon, how's the Pepsi?" One of his old drinking buddies asked him as he passed by. They had spent many drunk nights in this same bar before the drinking age went up.

"It will take at least three more to get me drunk," was Jon's reply. His friends laughed and then left to mingle with the crowd. Finally Jon decided to quit feeling sorry for himself. He and his girlfriend, danced, talked with some friends and despite the changes, they had a great time.



Peggy Cutshaw and Lynnette Ball experience new restrictions.

Ten Cents A Can, Five A Bottle — Michigan's Anti Litter Campaign

T.J. O'Keefe points to the most obvious effect of the new bottle law.

At the same time the drinking age law passed, the Bottle Law came into effect. This meant that all bottles and cans in Michigan were returnable. People had to pay a deposit on every bottle or can of beer or soft drink that they bought. You could no longer enjoy a can of pop and throw the container away unless you wanted to throw away your money. For regular cans and bottles the deposit was five or ten cents. The larger bottles were twenty cents. People had to save their empty containers and return them to a store. At some places this meant the possibility of standing in line to get their deposit back. Prices in pop machines went up because people saved their cans to get the deposit. In most places you paid more for the pop and had to take care of getting the deposit yourself. In a few places the price did not go up and you were on your honor to leave the can or bottle there when you finished.





Dawn, from grease monkey to truck driver.

Remember the kid next door who you never became friends with because he was "weird"? Or the most popular girl in school who was your idol? These people, along with everyone else, had hidden talents and interests that remained uncovered. Every person is unique in his or her own way, and we'd like to take this opportunity to recognize a few.

Dawn Johnson, a senior, was the only female "grease monkey" in the auto mechanics class taught by Mr. Danforth. Dawn said that auto mechanics was her favorite class "by a long shot" and was glad that Mr. Danforth did no special favors for her since she was a girl. She took Auto mechanics so that she could have some background in it in order to work on her own car, and claimed that this class will be helpful to her in the future. You see, Dawn wants to be a truck driver. Having grown up with eight brothers and no sisters, she's hardly the type you'd expect to become a secretary.

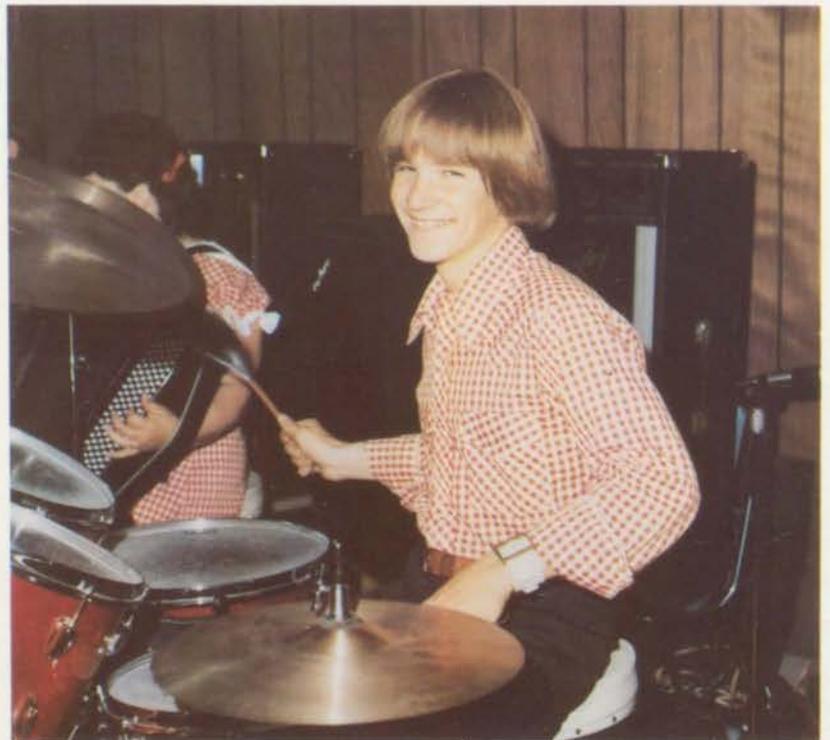
Junior Steve King is into skiing. This year he participated in a professional freestyle competition in Valley High, Ohio that was sponsored by Budweiser and offered a \$3000 purse. Steve heard about the contest and decided to try his skill. It paid off because he came in seventh in ballet, second in "the bumps", and second overall. Steve came home with a new pair of Rossignol Freestyle skis in his arms, and \$500 in his pocket.

Tim Kirby, also a junior, is a drummer for his family band, The Red Hearts. He started playing the drums about two years ago. He had to teach himself how to play the basics in three weeks when the band started out, then went on to study with a teacher. Tim and his family have played locally at This Ole House and Stafford's, and also entertain at many weddings. They've even had a job offer from Florida. Tim didn't indicate whether or not drumming would have an effect on his future, but he's content for now just playing in his free time.

Many students were special in their own way. They may have had a special hobby or contributed to the community in one way or another. But either way they all added to the color of 1979 simply by being themselves.



Steve did well at Valley High.



Tim's got rhythm.



Lookin' good!



The best kind of barbeque.



What a backhand!

Weekends Were Made For . . . Us!

Weekends — those hours after Friday's last bell and before Monday's first; the ski lifts and trails, the beach, basketball games, Bubbling Springs, and the dances; late nights, late mornings, and the lifted pencil pressures; weekends — YAHOO!

We love fall weekends simply because we still believe that summer's promise hasn't been broken.

Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for a visit to Bare Ass, Fire Towers, or Bubbling where we stand around that roaring bonfire talking to our buddies just like we did in the summer. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, after leisurely mornings of sleep, we cruise to the beach or to the courts for a round of tennis. Unfortunately, Sunday nights snap us into reality with unfinished homework due in algebra, creative writing, and biology.

Then the cold winds blow. Football starts, and we get a bit buzzed to stay warm. Dances start too, but disco eventually revolts us to finding other excitement for Fridays.

When the snow flies, it's time to pull out the down hills and cross-countries! We munch on popcorn cheering our classmates on to a victory at the Friday night basketball games. Saturday and Sunday afternoons are spent at Nubs, the State Park, work, or in front of the tube. "Saturday Night Live" usually claims our attention on Saturday nights unless we're skidding around parking lots, whipping ditties or causing fender benders. We pray for a snow day on Sunday evenings while we continue to struggle through our homework.

Spring weekends are great! The snow finally melts, school draws within closing distance, and it gets warm! We rehash the winter with buddies we haven't seen since fall on Friday and Saturday nights.

What are we doing out here?



That first trip to Bare Ass is the best. We pick our constellations or satellites in the black sky, and rolling down the field that bends to the valley. If it's warm enough, afternoons are spent sitting in the sun starting our tans. Sunday nights find our homework still in backpacks, if we even brought it home.

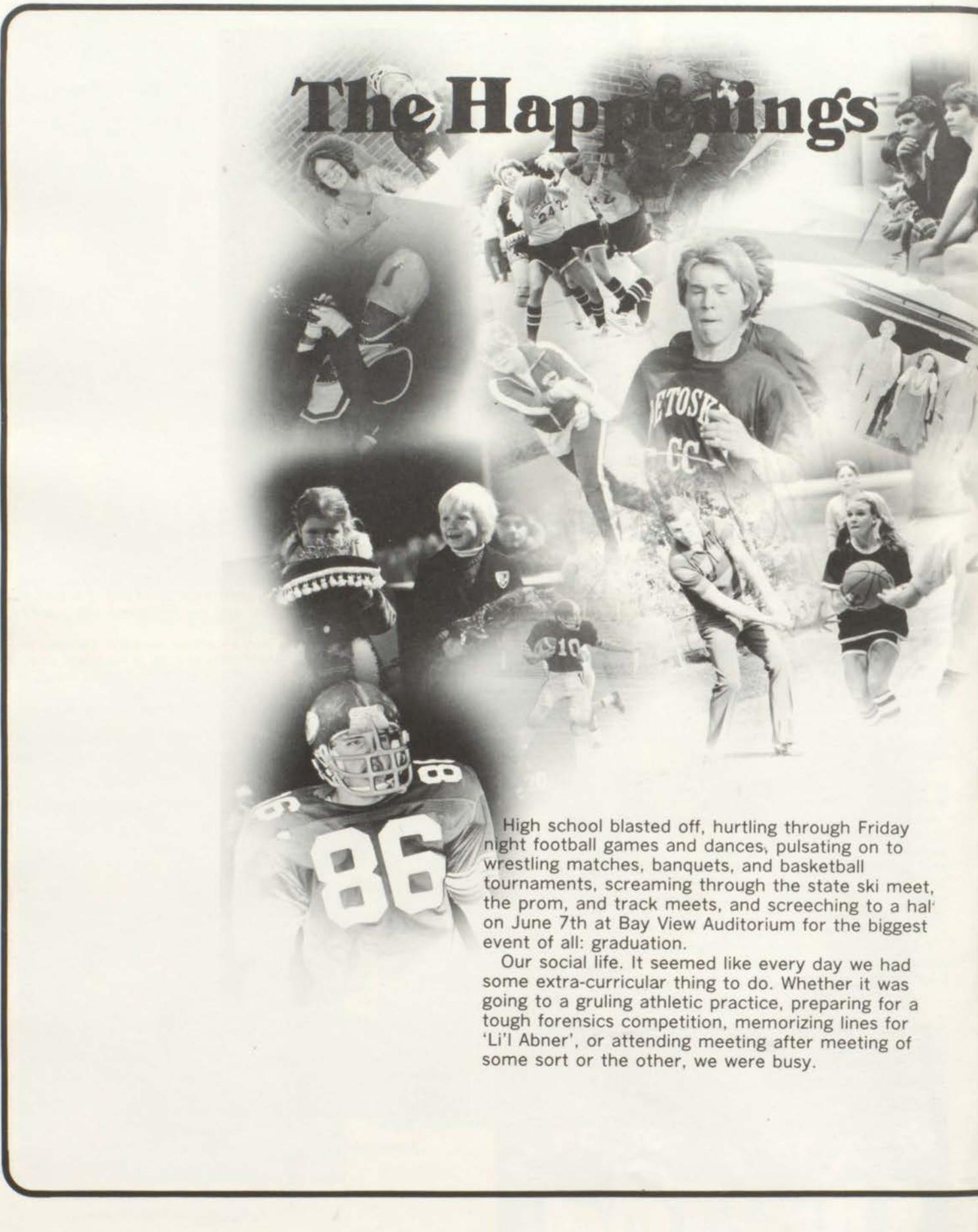
Summer weekends! There isn't a summer weekend, because every day is a Saturday. Every day is spent at work, at the beach water-skiing, swimming, tanning, dune running, or frisbee throwing, at Arby's or Mac's, drinking, reefing, or sleeping. Nights bring out the kegs and partiers. Mornings bring out the sleepers. Summer's are the best.

Weekends! What would we do without them! No school work, no 7 a.m.'s, no worries about that day's attire. Beer, doobs, skiing, money made is money spent (!). Weekends — YAHOO!



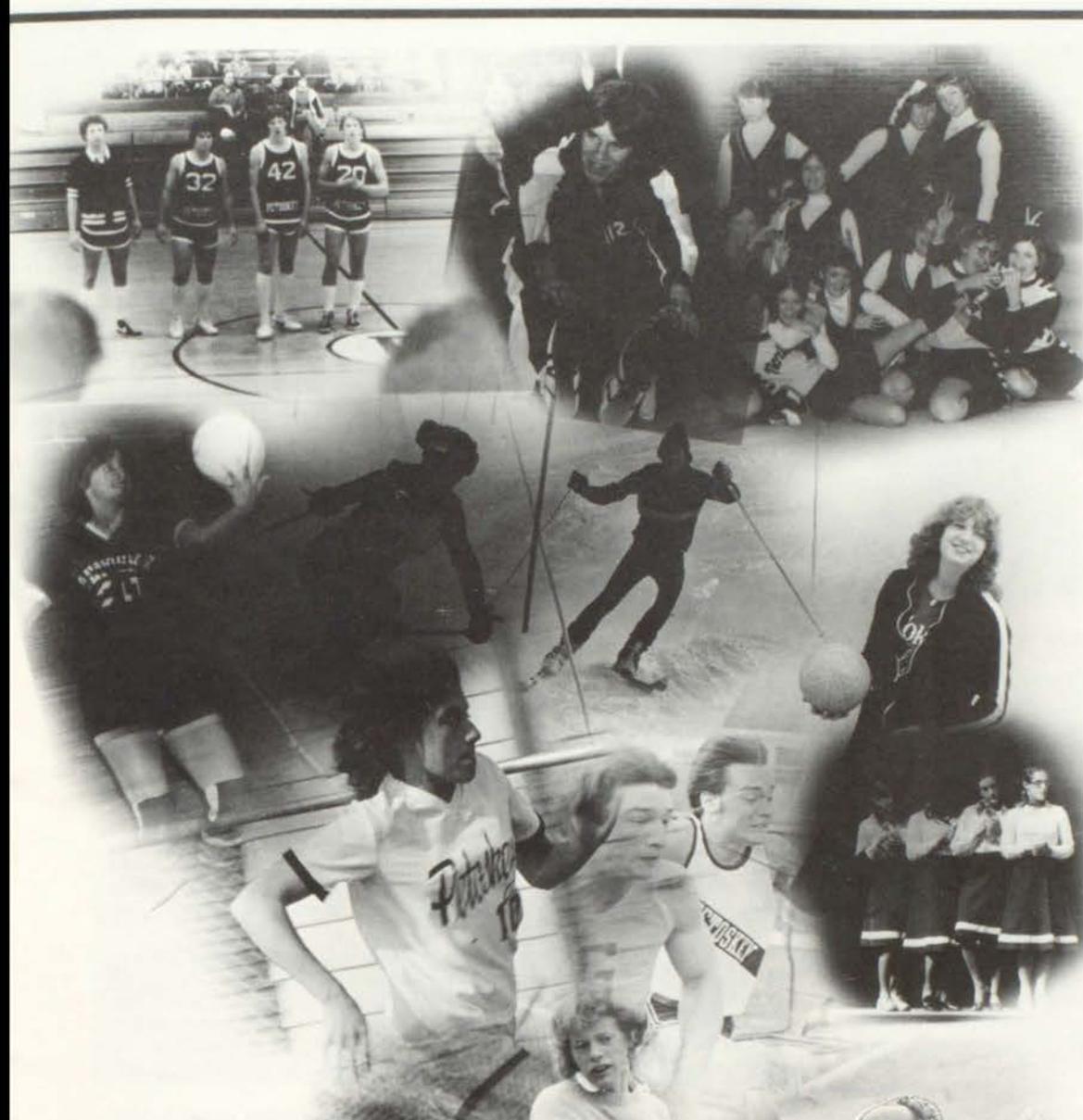
Kassie and Jamie masquerading as beauty queens.

The Happenings



High school blasted off, hurtling through Friday night football games and dances, pulsating on to wrestling matches, banquets, and basketball tournaments, screaming through the state ski meet, the prom, and track meets, and screeching to a halt on June 7th at Bay View Auditorium for the biggest event of all: graduation.

Our social life. It seemed like every day we had some extra-curricular thing to do. Whether it was going to a grueling athletic practice, preparing for a tough forensics competition, memorizing lines for 'Li'l Abner', or attending meeting after meeting of some sort or the other, we were busy.



Those football games were great, but it was even greater being a radical fan.

Baby footballs provided the competition angle of sitting in the stands, while passing friends hand over hand added to the excitement. At halftime when the Marching Northmen moved onto the field, the pride button went off in all of us. We were darn happy to be from Petoskey.

But being just proud and happy didn't quite cover our school. Basically it was a lot of fun. There was always something to do. A game to watch or play, rehearsals to attend, performances to make, clubs to organize, and people to get to know. The social spectrum of school: a rainbow of events to cherish forever.



Front row (left to right) Kevin Denker, Vic Urman, Steve Brummeler, Dave Zmikly, Pat Robbins, Kevin Collins, Mark Eaton, Dave Galbraith, Tim Wang, Scott McBryde, Craig Bonter, Mark Hramiec. Middle row: Manager Tim Green, Pat Parker, Scott Johnston, Don Hoch, Jeff Oberg, Marty Manker, Barry Kuebler, Matt Eaton, Clark Hewitt, Dan Llewellyn, Jim Cosens, Eric Swenor, Bob Esford. Back row: Coach Dwayne Swenor, Joe Bourrie, Scott Thompson, Mark Foster, Jeff McKenzie, Jeff Howery, Brad Fineout, Coach Barry Aspenleiter, Rob McClellan, Adam Fruge, Willie Chamberlain, John Juday, Dave Haley, Terry VanNorman, Coach Mark Smolinski. Missing: Mike Buday, Dave Burek, Bruce Newville.

Only Eleven Points Away

VARSIITY FOOTBALL

The highest points of our season were a 37-13 crunch against Charlevoix who we had been losing to for the past five years, and a 13-0 double overtime victory against Boyne City. If we could have only used a few of those extra points somewhere else we could have had a perfect 9-0 season instead of a disappointing 6-3.

In our season opener we lost to Ludington by a mere four points but we made up for that when we beat Cadillac after a perfect 45 yard run by Dave Galbraith. Next, we battled against St. Ignace which we won 20-0. In the Boyne City game we stalled for four quarters and an overtime, but finally Eric Swenor swooped up the ball for a touchdown. Three plays later after B.C. fumbled, Mike Buday ran 91 yards for another touchdown. Later on in the season we beat Roger City 19-6, but could not keep up with Cheboygan, the MHSJ champs, who won by one point in overtime. Gaylord also came out ahead, 13-7. A 44-0 white-washing of Grayling and the 37-13 revenge against Charlevoix at the season's end couldn't quite make up for the eleven points we needed most; eleven points between being good and being great.

The season ended with a banquet at Staffords. Eric Swenor, Scott Johnston, and Bob Esford were three year letter winners. Also during the ceremony coach Aspenleiter and assistant coaches Swenor, and Smolinski made comments about team captains, Eric Swenor and Jim Cosens, about the manager Tim Green and also recognized many other players that had done an outstanding job.

Scott gets advice from the coaches.



Bob Esford runs for the touchdown.



The Northmen battle it out.



The pile-up.



Mike Buday runs with the ball.

Clark gets the spirit.



Dave Zmikly lookin' BAD!



Willie Chamberlain warms up before the game.

★ Homecoming 78 ★



Why didn't I put any long underwear on? The night air was freezing as I rode down main street and on to the stadium. Was I shaking from the cold or from my nerves? Geez, Amy nearly froze to death out on the field, along with rest of us, not exactly toasty warm. Despite the cold, it was a great night for me. When Steve announced my name, as queen, my mind went blank until I realized what it really meant. Lynnette, Amy, Barb, and Cindy crowded around me with words I heard and embraces I felt only in a dream. What a thrill! If only everyone could be up on this platform with me, and feel all the same sensations of this honor . . . then I started to feel that maybe everyone **should** be standing up there. I knew so many friends who could make me smile or laugh when it was needed the most; or who I looked up to for their intelligence; or those who were just all around special people. I thought the rest of the night about the people in my class. How lucky I was to be chosen queen! I wished that night that each member of the class of '79 would be successful in whatever they choose to do and wouldn't forget their fellow classmates after June 7, Graduation. P.S. I even thawed out by the time I got home and snuggled into bed! Ahh . . . — Connie Campbell, Homecoming Queen

The excitement of the night didn't quite hit me until after we had finished the game. It was at the dance when I first felt a part of all the activities of Homecoming 1978. I was told I had to speak to those attending the dance. It scared me, because I wasn't prepared. But when I got out on the stage and looked over all the people there, I realized that many of my friends were there and would give me the support I needed. I wanted to thank everyone and say something that they knew I really meant. I told them, "Have a good time and be careful." — Rob McClellan, Homecoming King.



"Wanna dance?"



Some participants in the week's activities



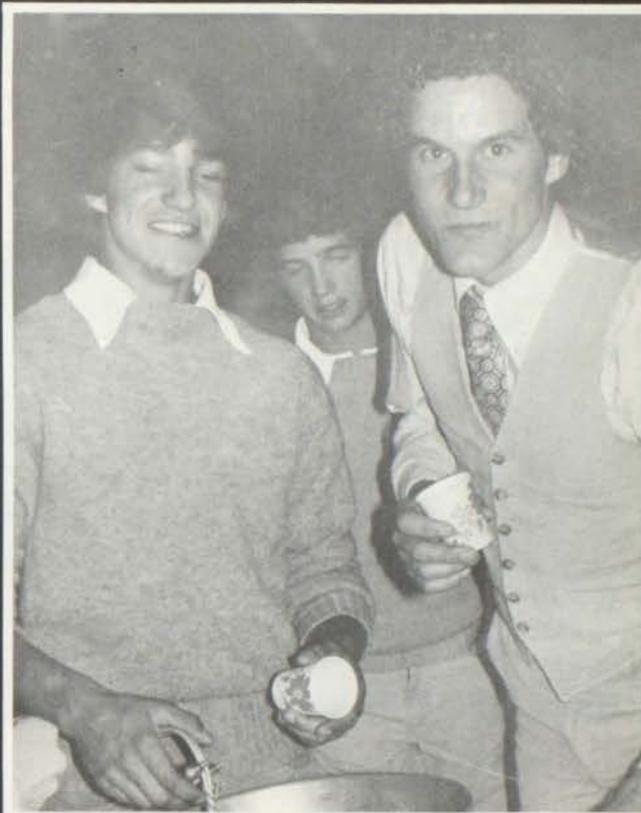
Eric Swenor playing a tough Homecoming game



King Rob and Queen Connie receiving their honors from Eric Swenor



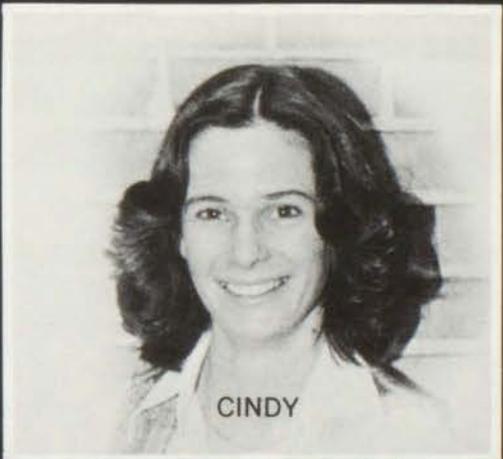
BARB



What's so interesting in that punch bowl?!



T.J. O'Keefe wishing this were his date to the dance



CINDY



J.V. FOOTBALL

Had Tough Time

It was the fourth quarter and the clock slowly ticked away, and we still didn't have any points on the board. The opposing team hung tough and there was no way we could get the ball over their goal line. It seemed like we were just beginning to make progress toward a touchdown when the last second ticked from the clock and we ended up losing to Cadillac with a score of 28 to 0.

We tried so hard and Coach Harvey and Assistant Coach Dennis Phelps, told us we played really well. But we felt lousy because our season record fell to two losses and zero wins.

But we won our next three games by 18 points or more and our spirits were revived. We then ended our season by stomping our most difficult rivals, Charlevoix, 32 to 0.

Coach Harvey said, "Our overall season was pretty good. We didn't have the numbers, but the guys worked hard, had a good attitude, and weren't complainers."

He also noted that everybody did a good job and that Phil Simard, quarterback, and Bill Keiser and Jim Parker, linemen, all had very good seasons.



J.V. players on another forceful play.



Ditch the dice guys, coach is coming.



Ok Ref, we'll give you one more chance to get it right.

First Row: Steve Hewitt, Dick Conti, Reg Smith, Don Greenwell, Phil Simard, Dave Schuch, Mike Robbins. Second Row: Mark Hilal, Steve Poynter, Dave Przybylski, Dan Hansen, Bill Keiser, Jim Parker, Chris Fought. Third Row: Coach Harvey, Scott Fineout, Ben Juday, Jim Haggerty, Todd Mish, Chris Oberg, Mike Juday, John Scott, Paul Fruge, Steve Keck, Coach Phelps.





The foot leads to the ball and ...



The ball leaves for the moon.



Al Southwood plotting his course for a touchdown.

Freshman Football Numbers Were Low

Our Freshmen football team was quite small this year with only 17 players. We played our best, but still only won one game.

That one win will never be forgotten. It meant so much to us and also to coach Hice who originally taught in Charlevoix. All through the game we stood on the side lines, cheering and praying for the touchdown, while holding our opponents to 0. In the third quarter Al Southwood made a beautiful 25 yard run. As he raced for the distant goal, the Charlevoix players followed close behind. The crowd cheered and we all felt that we were right behind him, pushing him to a 6-0 victory. We had done it. We were so happy to win that one game. We were taught to make the best of our season, and we did, but we only wish that the Charlevoix game hadn't of been our last.

"I'm sorry guys, I just wanted a little picture for the yearbook."

Front row — Al Southwood, Jeff Jones, Mark Gregory, Kurt Damschroder. second — Coach VanWagner, Todd Muche, Iwao Greene, Mark Rusek, Bill Schroderos, Coach Hice. Third — Al Weisheimer, Brian Sutton, Daryl Hamlin, Scott Batchelor, Fourth — John Hebert, John Collins, Greg Pierce, Kevin Brown. Top — Tim Lamkin. Missing — Doug McKenzie.



GOLF

Putters Put It In Gear

Every day after school last fall we could be seen tromping around the Bay View Golf Course. Led by our fearless leader, Lee Milner, we attempted to master the techniques of our swings.

Our team was led by Senior Dan Kolinski, with a 41 stroke average, followed by George Goalen with a 41.5 average.

We didn't accomplish everything we were striving for even though we ended our season with an 11 win — 3 lost — 1 tie record. This was the first time in eleven years our schools golf team did not win the conference.

Our team chipped and putted their hardest but still could not take the trophy. Losing by only eight strokes was a disappointment to our team. "We needed more team spirit," commented Junior George Goalen, "We didn't accomplish everything we were striving for."



George Goalen's Taxi Service.



Left to right: Steve Roe, Lynn Brown, Dan Kolinski, Jim Wareck, Coach Lee Milner, Dave Poquette, Jim Thomas, Jim Peterson, George Goalen.

Jim concentrates ...

... and swings with good form.



Dan Kolinski lines it up.

Dave gets stuck in a sand trap.



Girls TENNIS



It's a tough one Jeannie!



What grace and form Kelly has.



Front Row (L-R) Katy O'Keefe, Mary Breighner, Jane McWilliams, Kim Kenny,
Back row: Toni Hill, Tammie Swaby, Jeannie Cusack, Kelly Cusack, Terri titcombe. Missing: Jennie
Brower.



Don't look now, but I think were in trouble.

Mary Breighner struggles for the ball.



Rainy Season In More Ways Than One

We started practice in late September with 10 girls and an inexperienced coach. It was kind of a drag going to practice every day after school when there were so many other things we could have been doing, but we all stuck with it (most of us) until later on in the season when we started our drilling just after sunrise from 6:30 to 8:00 every morning. Most of us felt that this was more convenient.

Our season went fairly well considering that we played against almost all class A schools. There just wasn't enough competition around our area.

Our first match we battled Traverse City which was rained out half way through. Next we played Alpena, Traverse City there, then Alpena again. We lost all these 7-0.

In the middle of October we left for regionals and battled against 8 schools. Almost everyone made it to the second or third round, but unfortunately, we all lost. With the rain and all we ended up third.

Even though we didn't make it to finals, our season went fairly well, and we thought Miss Fairbairn did a fine job of her first time.

CROSS COUNTRY

Striving To Stride

I felt my heart pounding in my ankles, temples, and throat, and my stomach was in knots. Suddenly the gun's loud blast startled me and reflex started my feet.

The sweat rolled down my body and the sun made me even hotter. My legs tired but I kept telling myself to go on. Finally I saw the finish line in the distance. I just wanted to collapse on the ground but my mind wouldn't let me. After what seemed like ten miles I crossed it.

We practiced everyday after school as a team but on our own on the weekends. The practices were long and hard, and we covered many miles on the different roads in the school's area. Practices got to be boring but we still had to plod along and in the end when we looked back on them, we had to admit that they were worth it.

Our team captains, Dan Pater and Rick Doxtader, had very good seasons. Dan won the Conference Meet and set a new record at 16:07. He also took 6th place at Regionals with an improved time of 15:20. Meanwhile Rick placed 7th at the Conference Meet and took 13th at Regionals with a time of 16:00 flat. Both qualified for State.

Four first year team members, had very good seasons. They were freshmen Karen Budek, junior Scott Hayes, and seniors Mark Gregory and Mark Ingalls.

We finished the season with a record of 4 wins and 2 losses in dual meets, 3rd overall in our conference, and placed 5th in regionals. We took 5th place out of 11 teams at the Traverse City Invitational, 6th out of 10 in Alpena, 3rd out of 11 at Soo, 3rd out of 8 at the T.C. St. Francis Invitational, 3rd out of 6 in Gaylord, and 2nd out of 4 at the Petoskey Invitational.

Mr. Dickmann felt that Dan Pater was one of the best runners that our school has ever had. He also stated that this year's team was very much senior dominated and that next year will be a rebuilding year for the team.

Nine seniors will be leaving the team. They are Craig Koboski, Mark Simard, Dan Pater, Rick Doxtader, Mark Ingalls, Mark Gregory, Rich Southwell, and Wally Coffey, the only four year letter winner.



Senior Dan Pater comes in with another first.

Front Row: Rick Doxtader, Wally Coffey, Scott Hayes, Don Schwartzfisher, Mark Ingalls, Greg O'Gawa, Brian Dominic. Back Row: Craig Koboski, Mark Simard, Karen Budek, Kelly Morin, Mark Gregory, Mr. Dickmann, Dan Pater, Rich Southwell, Doug Hill.





Heading out for the long and winding road.



Freshmen Karen Budek strides along.



Scott Hayes during another grueling race.

There's the girls, charge!



Watch out Mark, Craig's on your tail.



Girls Varsity BASKETBALL

Our Roller Coaster Stopped 15 Minutes Early

There we were once again on our home court, facing another battle. The referee started the game with a tossup. Nothing else in the world meant as much to our team as the game. We ran up and down the court, lungs heaving, and senses keen to grasp every movement of the game. Spirits were high; we were ready to capture



Cindy Okerlund goes up for two, while Melody Gregory inspects.

Senior Cab Behan scored 29 points in one game for a high record.

another home win.

While home games were not a problem for us, the away games seemed to keep us stumped. Losing only twice on the home floor, we could only conquer three away games, leaving us with a 6-8 conference record and 7-12 overall.

Things started out slow and injuries with starters Anne Foster and Cindy Okerlund spraining their ankles in the first game against Alpena. Junior Sarah Russell also got into the act by spraining her ankle two days later during practice.

Along with these injuries came five straight losses before we could mark the win column. The first victory came after downing Cheboygan in a hard battle.

The season continued keeping up on a roller coaster ride. Whenever we started to head uphill, we only found a crest, off of which we'd fall back down again.

The ending of the season was the worst roller coaster ride ever. Our spirits were high going into the finals against Cheboygan, after defeating Gaylord 57-50 in a well played District game. Playing a good first half, we were up by 7. But we had reached our final crest. The third quarter saw us slip to a tie, which turned out to be our final chance for the trophy. The fourth period was where our ride stopped, but Cheboygan continued climbing, till the buzzer. There is a time for every ride to end. And our's ended in a disappointment with the peak of victory so visible, yet out of reach. The final score was, 45-59 leaving us short fourteen points.

"I enjoyed this first year coaching the girls," stated Coach Bill McClutchey, "and I'm looking forward to next year's girls basketball season."

Teammates Cindy Okerlund and Junior Becky Gengle were named to the M-HSC team, while Russell received honorable mentioned. Playing the role of our team captains this year were Sarah Russell and Becky Gengle. Three letter winner Cindy Okerlund, two year letter winners, Cab Behan, Jane Turcott, and Anne Foster, and Melody Gregory are graduating seniors.



Front: Jane Turcott, Becky Gengle, Cindy Okerlund, Patti Kelbel, Maureen Sweet.
Back: Tammy Yell, Wendy Brown, Coach McClutchey, Sarah Russell, Mel Gregory. Missing: Cab Behan and Anne Foster.



What is this girls, a new disco dance?



Sarah slips in for two, as Wendy and Jane follow the action.



Cab Behan shows us her style and concentration, as she flies up for two.



Becky warms-up before another exciting game.



Junior Becky Gengle goes up for two, not phased a bit by the flaring uniforms.

Senior Cindy Okerlund puts one in with style and grace.



Wendy Brown and Sarah Russell close in on competition.

"Look, it's going in." points Patti Kelbel.





Girls J.V. BASKETBALL

Agony Of Defeat

We started out our basketball season on a very bumpy road. The first blow out was against Cheboygan. After our long hard early morning practices, we felt we were ready. However the ending score proved us wrong, 17-25. It was our first defeat, and not to be our last. Every game was like another pothole in the road, and our tires were going flat as we rolled into Gaylord. Our first battle against the Red Devils had resulted in a 28-46 upset. Our second game with them started out fast, but slowly the air came back into our tires. We



Mary Turcotts' stunned by the score.



Lori Fryczynski, ready to make her move.



Ronnie Schigur shows us her form.



Standing: Coach Peltomaa, Janice Foster, Sarah Hramiec, Lisa Amtsbuechler, Dawn Bonter, Diane Ryde, Laurie Thomas, Lisa Stevens, Asst. Coach Erin Leshner.

Kneeling: Lori Fryczynski, Kelly Hanson, Ronnie Schigur, Kathleen Parker, Bridget Leshner, Patti Strobel, Mary Turcott. Missing: Melissa Harris.

Kelly reaches out for the ball.

"Do you know what she's talking about Erin?"

were rolling again! The game continued in our favor until the end when we came out on top, 53-37!

We had our first win and wanted to chalk up two more for our last two games. But our round rubber wheels leaked. After playing Grayling in an upsetting 19-28 decision, our tires were worn thin. Charlevoix took the last game 25-35, ending our season with the record of 1-11.

Judy Peltomaa coached again this year. She felt the team tried, but could have done better. Erin Leshner, our assistant coach, contributed a great deal to our team. Our team captains were sophomores Mary Turcott and Lori Fryczynski.





Kelli Morin, Jeanne Schwartzfisher, Monica Bremmeyr, Nean Connaughton, Kris Rasmussen, Joni Smith, Jen Fought, Terri McCarthy, Amy Burch, Cinda Norris, Joan Deloria, Andrea Taylor, Lynnette Ball, Tracy Ulrich, Kevin Rankin, Paul Russell, Rick Carlson, Paul Douma, Mike Vance, Mrs. Smith, Cyndi Keck, Trish Shuttleworth, Mary Nelson.

Curious Savage

I think the success of our play was due to the supervision of our director, Mrs. Fischer. Every night for the 1st three weeks, she took us through our blocking, showing us where to go and exactly how we were to act. For the next three weeks we memorized lines, perfected gestures, and timed our cues. During the week of dress rehearsal, we were at school until 11:00p.m. I began to think I was living there.

Opening night was nerve-racking. Our director's final words to us were, "But most of all, HAVE FUN!" When I left the stage following my 1st encounter, I smiled . . . happy that everything went so well.

The best part of the show was sitting backstage, listening to the laughter that rolled from the audience. That's when I really realized what our purpose was; to give ourselves for the audience's few moments of enjoyment. And that made all of our work worthwhile!

Dr. Emmett Trish Shuttleworth
 Miss Willy Lynnette Ball
 Florence Andrea Taylor
 Fairy Mae Terri McCarthy
 Mrs. Paddy Joan Deloria
 Hannible Mike Vance
 Jeff Paul Douma
 Lily Belle Savage Toni Hill
 Samuel Savage Paul Russell
 Titus Savage Rich Carlson
 Mrs. Savage Cyndi Keck



Joan Deloria playing her part well



"These practices better pay off," agree Trish, Lynette, and Toni!



"I can't take this," says Mrs. Savage, portrayed by Cyndi Keck.

Marching Northmen



The drum line frozen in position.



Paul Douma, showing real talent!

One cold September morning at 7:30, I found myself transformed into a marching number under the direction of a fierce red-headed maniac named C.B. My clarinet had suddenly turned traitor, making my hands frostbitten. My arms felt like lead, ready to precede my body to the ground for rest, glorious rest. And our new band teacher was yelling and screaming, and jumping up and down, because someone was a foot off of the thirty yard line, instead of on it.

Everything suddenly became second to marching band. Every Thursday night from 6:30 to 9 I was expected at the stadium for numerous run-throughs of our show. One night a week, I sat gloomily beneath C.B.'s terrifying glare and the rhythmic beatings of his baton. Each step taken on the field had to be precise. Each note played had to be correct, in tempo, accented (if it called for one), and in the right place or else!

But before performances, C.B. always had an encouraging word. It was then, when we stood in uniform with polished horns, washed flags, decorated drums and rifles, panting after warmups and from nervousness, that he'd tell us that our hard work had paid off, and that we were good-better than any group he'd ever instructed. And we knew that we were the best P.H.S. had ever seen. Marching with only a sock because your shoe was stuck in the mud at the base line was trivial. Together we would pull and fight, as we had on our practice field, and we'd try our hardest to win.



Saxophones proving that practice really pays off.



A very important extension of the entire band.



Annette Howse — yet another marching Northman.

Annual 16th Century Feast Is A Great Success



Front row — Barb Mengebier, Lori Barnhart, Becky Osborn, Sue Holden, Leanne Knudsen, Anne Foster, Cyndi Keck, Lynn Kleppe, Anita Beacn. Back row — Pat Robbins, Jim Foster, Bob Shiver, Richard Ruffe, Bob Osborn, Mark Fedus, Tracy Uhrlich.



Mark Fedus already to eat!



Cyndi & Anne pleased with their performance

I sat in my assigned seat on the stage, perspiring beneath the layers of my velvet 16th century costume. The males shivered in their short tunics, while female cohorts complained of the hats pinching their temples. I couldn't help salivating, as cornish hen and rice pilaf passed under my nose. My tummy growled, as I gulped down another glass of water. Mr. Gazso rose from his seat in the audience. My heart did flip-flops, and my mouth went dry.

"Not 'My Heart,' I fretted. "I hope my voice won't crack!" Mr. Gazso played the opening chord, raised his hand and the song began. I smiled, as perspiration rolled down my back. My vibrato fluttered and I was again grateful for the vocal support around me. An hour later, I munched everything in sight, as Mr. Gazso told us that we had completed the most musically successful Madrigal Dinner!



What's on the floor that's getting the attention of our Sadie's hillbillys?

Turnabouts Is Fair Play — But Nerve-Racking!



Mark Fedus after a hard day's work in the field.



A few of the International beauties at Petroskey High.
Jim Thomas and Sherri Krussel, the winners for the best patch.



November 1, Weds.

— Dear Diary, In just 16 days is the Sadie. If I want to take J.H., I'll have to ask him tomorrow or Friday. But I'm so scared! What if he doesn't even know me? What if he says no I just can't do it! **But** what if someone else asks him and he says ... yes? He'll be with **her** all the time. **She'll** make **his** patch and they'll be at the dance together — while I'm home alone. I'll ask him tomorrow ... I think!

November 2, Thurs.

— Dear Diary, HE SAID YES!

November 16, Weds.

— Dear Diary, Tomorrow is the big day! I can't believe our patches are done, finally. I wonder if he'll kiss me goodnight? Will he like me ...? What if he stands me up? **Oh no!**

November 17, Fri. (late)

— Dearest Diary, HE KISSED ME! I think I'm in love!



Kelly Smith and Wally Coffey getting snapped at the dance.



Marryin' Samantha, alias Mrs. Pater, proclaiming a marriage.



Peggy and Leah pushing over the outhouse.



P.H.S. girls in deep reminiscence — celebrating Sadie week.



Back Row L to R: Clark Hewitt, Eric Swenor, Mike Buday, Coach VanWagoner, Joe Bourrie, Craig Koboski, Andy Webster. Front Row L to R: Scott Hayes, Scott Johnston, Jeff Pettit, Wally Coffee. Missing: Jim Warek



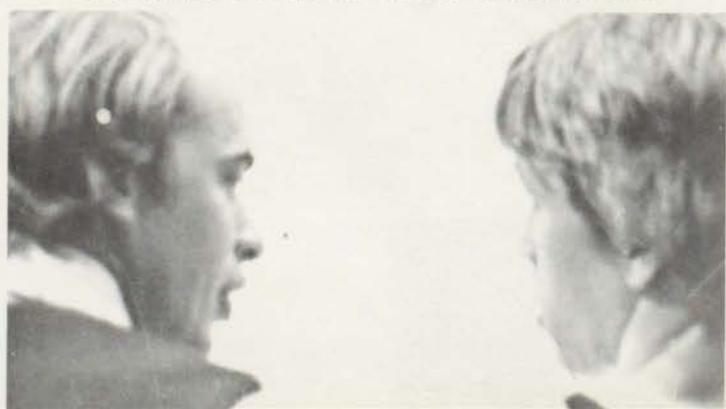
Craig supervises Joe's shot.
Scott Johnston confronting old teammates.



Scott Hayes on the look out.



Coach VanWagoner butters up the ref.
Coach VanWagoner talking things over with Clark Hewitt.





Andy Webster and Eric Swenor chasing a loose ball.



Wally Coffee dribbles down court against his opponent.



The team flashes victory smiles after winning Districts.



Craig puts up two while Eric looks on.

Eric waiting to check into the game.



End Season As District Champs

The big game and time was slowly ticking away. Fifty seconds on the clock found us up by only three points and Cheboygan had the ball. A successful lay-up left us with a one point lead. While trying for a final basket, we were fouled sending us to the free throw line.

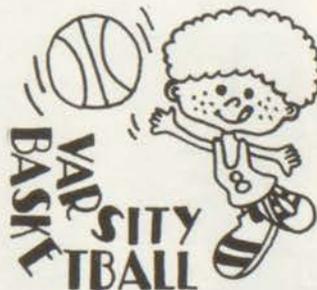
We were now up by only one with five seconds left. Both crucial shots were good taking us to a three point victory when the clock finally ticked to zero. Pandemonium broke out among our teammates and our Petoskey supporters. Both teams had everything at stake so the game had been tough and highly emotional. But by playing together we were on the road to Marquette for the Regional playoffs.

We practiced hard the following week in preparation, but ended up losing to Gwinn 58 to 49.

Throughout the season we fluctuated because of sickness and injuries. Our overall record ended at 11 wins and 12 losses.

Wally Coffee was named All Conference but all of us had a good season. Team balance was our biggest key. We had equal playing ability with seven people consistently scoring between 8 and 12 points per game.

Coach VanWagoner said, "Many experiences that we went through, if thought about and put into good perspective, could be used in future situations dealing with problems."



J.V. Basketball

J.V. Showed Good Potential

Playing at home for the last time in the 1978-79 season, we faced Charlevoix. The first hard-fought game played against them had been very upsetting with the outcome being 51-50.

First half play against the Red Rayders wasn't as good as we thought it might have been. At the end of the second quarter the score was 24-30, Charlevoix's advantage.

Coach Fralick's encouraging pep talks readied us to bounce back and grab the Red Rayders by the old pirate's eye patch. The third quarter started out fast, with our team dropping in a few quick baskets leading us to 25 points at the end of the third period. The final stanza also brought good fortune with 24 points through the hoop, ending the game in a 73-56 victory! That was the high chapter of our season which ended 7-7 conference and 8-12 over-all.

"Everyone worked hard to improve themselves," stated third year mentor Mark Fralick. "They had potential, and they kept working." Our coach felt that the team improved especially in the areas of shooting, defense, and overall thinking. But he felt that like all good athletes, there's room for improvement. Steve Hewitt did a good job not only on the floor, but also as our team captain.



Scott Okerlund tries to protect his fellow teammate as Steve Hewitt closes his eyes to violence.



Dave Schuch shows his ball handling skills against Alpena.



Phil Simard doesn't agree with the last call.



The J.V. boys listen to what the man says during one of their many exciting games.

First row: Dave Schuch, Bill Keiser, Phil Simard, Dave Poquette, Phil Giles,
Second Row: Steve Hewitt, Mike Juday, Scott Okerlund, Coach Fralick, John Scott, Mark Holowasko, Ken McCardel.





Front Row: Brian Sutton, Jim Alton, Charlie Colwell, Hans Yentz, Tod Muche, Craig Stamm, Albert Southwood. Back Row: Scott Shepherd, Ben Juday, Rick Reinke, Mark Gregory, Coach Wilson, John Collins, Kurt Damschroder, Don Schwartzfisher.

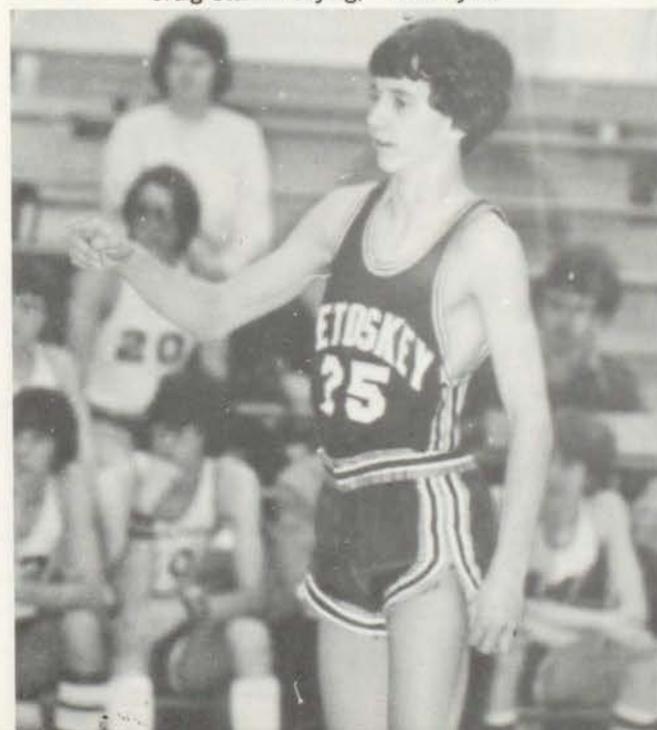


The ball is up, but who will get it?

Craig Stamm saying, "I want you."



The team plotting out a new play.



Freshman Finish 9-8

Our first game of the season led us to believe that our season was going to be a good one because we clobbered St. Ignace 60 to 29. But our optimism was soon shattered because we lost our next few games.

We never did have a steady season between winning and losing. Sometimes we could keep the ball moving while other times we bobbed it around.

A lot of the teams we played were tough and wouldn't let us put many points on the board. Other times we just didn't play as a team and this really hurt us.

By the end of the season our playing had improved and we were making fewer mistakes. Coach Wilson said, "I was pleased with the progress that was made from the beginning to the end of the season. The team showed fine improvement."

Our conference record was 5-7 while our overall record stood at 9-8. This may not look very good but we did enjoy playing the games and most of us are looking forward to a better season next year as JV's.



WRESTLING



Conference Champs At Last

Practice actually began in November when Coach Harvey and assistant coach Brett McBryde met with all prospective wrestlers and told us to do sixty push-ups, sit-ups, six counts, V-ups, and ups and downs. That was enough to siphon out many of the rookies. But most of us held on through the six minute drills, weightlifting, and continual sprints. Our muscles toned, our endurance strengthened, and our stomachs shrank from starving ourselves. We jogged around the block, dehydrated ourselves, and spat into cups to make weight. After meets we gorged, finding only temporary ecstasy because we had to starve all over again.

But we wrestled well this season with a 6-0 undefeated conference record and a 13-6 record overall. In the Alma Invitational, we placed 7th out of eight teams. Out of sixteen teams wrestling in the Oscoda Invitational, we placed 4th. This year, we also held the first annual Petoskey Invitational placing fourth out of eight participating teams. In the Sault Invitational we placed 2nd out of eight teams, and we took a first over twenty teams in the Charlevoix Invitational. Our favorite victory was the Conference tournament. It was the first time in the history of Petoskey wrestling that we'd placed first.

On February 17 we traveled to Fremont for the District Tournament. At the end of the day Mike Pemberton (105), Mark Kruskie (112), John Pemberton (126), Pat Ball (155), and Matt Eaton (178) had qualified for the Regional Meet. It was held in Grand Rapids one week later. Our only state meet qualifier was John Pemberton, co-captain with Bob Shanahan. On March 3 in Mt. Pleasant, after two days of wrestling, he placed fifth in the state, the second Petoskey wrestler to place in a state meet.

Because we wrestled tougher downstate teams, we learned how to win by losing. By the end of the season, Coach boasted that we were unbeatable by any team above Mt. Pleasant. And with the rising popularity of wrestling in our school, we'd probably grow to be consistent state contenders.



You want us to do what?



Jim Haggerty begging his opponent not to leave.

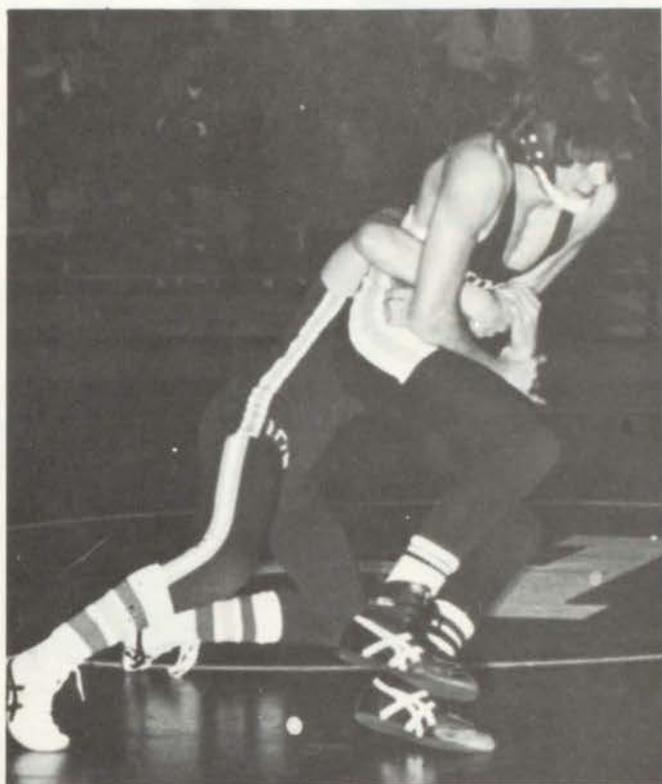
Pat Ball straining to keep his opponent on the mat.

Petoskey wrestler getting his face smeared into the mat.





Matt Eaton pinning another opponent.



Tod Dean trying to break his opponent's hold.



John Pemberton going crazy.

Back row: Asst. Coach Brett McBryde, Brad Fineout, Randy Sydow, Matt Eaton, Mark Eaton, Bob Shanahan, Pat Ball, Steve Rudolph, Coach Harvey. Middle row: Matt Balasa, Tom Jepsen, John Pemberton, Kevin Collins, Dave Olson, Mark Kruskie, Mike Pemberton, Tod Lordson, Jim Haggerty. Front row: Steve Brummeler, John Budek, Jim Gibes, Scott McBryde, Rick Walker, Scott Bachelor, Meredith Coy, Pat Robbins.



SKI TEAM



Front row: Gloria Markel, Kathy Kutcipal; Second row: Mary Turcott, Lynn Brown, Katy O'Keefe, Katie Brown, Barb Lester; Back row: Coaches Larry Gunderson, Bill Shorter, Dean Shorter.



Brian Shorter, the "CHAMP".



Lynn Brown shows her form.
Katy O'Keefe flies by.



Scott Thompson alias "Racer".



Mary Turcott takin' it easy.



Having a little celebration?



Another Fine Season

A victory over Gaylord started our season this year. The seven boys on the Varsity team took the first seven places in the Giant Slalom and the first four places in the Slalom. The girls took the first three places in each division. The season continued on a winning streak until the boys lost to Boyne City. They had claimed the first five places in the Slalom but when it came time for the G.S. the only two to finish were Scott and Tod Thompson. Lynn Brown took a first in Slalom, followed by Katy O'Keefe and Gloria Markel. Kathy Kutcipal took second in the G.S. and Katie Brown third. At Conference the boys took first and the girls second. Scott Thompson had two seconds, and Jim McCullough a third and fourth. Rick Kutcipal and Tod Thompson each took a sixth place while Ed Harrington and Chris Elcoate both clocked good times. Lynn and Katie Brown both did very well in Slalom and Giant Slalom. At Regionals the boys lost to Traverse City and the girls won.

Our fine season ended at the state meet with the boys placing seventh and the girls fifth. The coaches were very pleased with the season overall, but were saddened by the serious injury of Chris Elcoate at the state meet.



Steve Roe grimaces after a trying run.



Kathy Kutcipal takes the g.e.



Katie Brown catches flies as she skis to a victory.



Front row: Chris Elcoate, Rick Kutcipal, Tod Thompson; Back Row: Coach Shorter, Ed Harrington, Brian Shorter, Jim McCullough, Scott Thompson, Coach Gunderson.



Chris Elcoate races for the finish.

Varsity VOLLEYBALL



First row: Annie Johnson, Diane Zmikly, Lisa Pater, Cindy Okerlund, Shelly Mosier, Lori Barnhart. Second Row: Coach Richwine, Terri Titcombe, Sarah Russell, Hiromi Asai, Melody Gregory, Karin Uhlich, Maude Gunnarsson, Asst. Coach Julie Fairburn. Missing, Terri Kreple.

Senior Cindy Okerlund puts up one of her towering blocks.



"Hey Karin, come back here. They're taking our picture!" exclaims Sarah.

Annie Johnson sends over a spike, while Jenny Brower checks out the form.





Junior Sarah Russell shows us how hard she works during her volleyball games.



Senior Shelly Mosier can't believe it's coming her way.



Coach and Lori Barnhart give their modest praise while Jenny Brower let's it all out.



Junior Lisa Pater gives a knowing smirk before firing her evil serve.

Shelly Mosier sets with beautiful form to awaiting spiker, Annie Johnson.



Bump, Set, Spike, Score!

Our first conference match was by far the thriller of the year. We played St. Ignace on their home floor. That was our second time playing the Saints and not to be our last.

The match wasn't in our favor by the end of the third game. The score read 1-3. The fourth game brought the agony of defeat even closer with the score being 13-0, Saints led. But to our surprise we captured six straight points before losing the ball back to our opponents. They couldn't produce a point and it was once again our serve. Seven more points! Boy, were we onto something! Our spirits soared and once again the Saints were fruitless with their serve. One last winning serve saw us come from behind 0-13 to win 15-13!

Winning that game was still not enough to win the match, the Saints took the last game, and ended the match in a 3-2 decision.

This method of play seemed to set the pace of how we did all season. Games we lost, went the distance of five games. Games we won ended in four.

"I think we had a very good group of girls with good volleyball skills," stated veteran coach Mary Richwine; "I feel we weren't as consistent as we needed to be to win conference."

We finished second in conference, with the Saints once again topping us. But this time they received more than a mark in the win column.

Serving us as captains this year were senior Shelly Mosier and junior Lori Barnhart. Our team will be losing starters Cindy Okerlund, and Shelly Mosier, along with Terri Kreple, Melody Gregory, Hiromi Asai and Jenny Brower. Cindy Okerlund along with Shelly Mosier received M-HSC First team honors with Junior Lisa Pater being awarded honorable mention.

We Bumped Our Best



Tryouts were tough, practices were long, but winning was worth it. That's the way our J.V. Volleyball team felt this year. Coach Fairbairn and assistant coach Erin Lesher taught us serving, defense and bump, set, and spike skills, while we tried to incorporate them during the matches.

We started slowly by losing to Traverse City and Gaylord two out of three games. Our third match against Boyne City ended victoriously, Petoskey winning all three games. Our next win was against Charlevoix after losing to Cheboygan the week before. We played a super match and our bump, set and spike skills pulled us through. We need that victory to keep us going. Again we lost, this time to East Jordan and then to St. Ignace. When it came time to battle with Grayling, we were tired of losing. We pulled together and played our best. We knew we could win and we walked away with another victory. Our last two matches were really close, but we just couldn't do it.

The Roger City match was one we all remember well. We had won the first game and R.C. the second. We had to win the third to take the match. When the score reached 14-7, in our favor, we thought we had another victory. Maybe we were a little too confident because Roger City snuck up behind us and won by two points. That was a disappointing match.

Even though we had only won three matches we were happy with our season and felt that we had done our best.



Top to bottom: Leah Cohen, Patti Strobel, Lori Fryczynski, Ronnie Schigur, Gina Smith, Coach Fairbairn, Mary Wills, Beth Lauterbach, Kristie Schalk, Dawn Bonter, Cheryl Hirschenberger, Ann Collins, Lisa Amtsbuechler, Julie Haas, Chris Burr.



Dawn, Lori, and Mary Gossiping before practice.

Dawn Bonter smiles for the camera.



Ann Collins and Patti Strobel, ready for action.

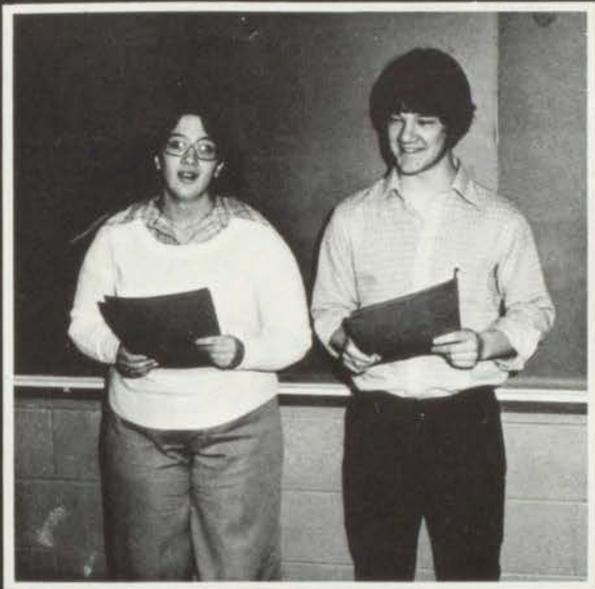


Ronnie Schigur asleep on the bench.

Forensics and Debate



Wendy Brown, Joan Deloria, and Laurie Richardson practice debating.



Joan Deloria and Reg Smith enjoying their Duo.

Trips weren't uncommon in Forensics. There were many of Invitationals that we attended that required us to make sacrifices like getting up at wee hours. Of course, not all trips were like that. Some let us sleep until 6 or 7, and for Districts as late as 10:15!

Invitationals always made us nervous, but did give us an opportunity to get constructive criticism from a judge. It was also nice to have an audience of Forensic students from other schools. Their criticism seemed a bit rash and I felt resentful at times, but I realized that it was a great help.

At the Gaylord Invitational nearly all of the Petoskey participants made it to finals and then went on to win a 1st, 2nd, or 3rd place trophy. I was proud of everyone and especially proud to be a part of it all.

Districts were held in Charlevoix. Once there, we followed the same old routine each of us had worked to perfect during Invitationals. After all, Districts weren't that different from Invitationals in the way they were run. The only difference was what District competition meant. All Petoskey participants made it, and did very well.

Forensics helped us to build public-speaking abilities, but was also a lot of fun and very exciting!

A typical debate invitational required me to begin as early as 4:00 a.m. If I managed to get up in time, I'd sleepily crawl from my car into the school station wagon. However, if for some atypical reason I overslept, I could count on finding Mrs. Howard on my doorstep, waiting with commands to get up. Soon enough we'd be off.

Once we reached our destinations, things didn't always improve. In debate there were usually four rounds, each lasting about an hour and a half. At any particular debate, my partner and I found ourselves feeling more confident than ever before. There we were, debating the evils of U.S. Oil Dependency. Somehow, unknown to either of us, we made it through most of the days victoriously.

Late at night, travelling the snowy roads home, the car was filled with sleepy debaters. No matter where we were, I could always be sure of a voice from the back calling out, "I want to go home!" Although I too felt I wanted to get home and away from the pressure of the day, I realized debate didn't only mean the terror that we might meet our defeat. It also symbolized all the things Mrs. Howard, as a teacher and a "mom" helped us to accomplish over the year as far as research, planning, and debating.



Kris Rasmussen showing talent in story-telling.

The multiple readers working on their works of Antigone.





Pappy, Mammy, and Daisy Mae discussin'. Tracy Ulrich, Darby Howse, and Kathy Esford.



The wives hamming it up back stage. Cindy Okerlund, Laurie Vargo, Anne Foster, Anita Beach, and Cyndi Keck.



"I wonder if she knows how lucky she is!" Laurie Tanton and Willie Chamberlain



"Did you or did you not try to trick L'il Abner?" Steve Vorpagal and Barb Mengebir

"Oh, happy day . . .", The Scientists sing. Karla Steffens, Lori Rautio, Kristi Marquardt, and Ann Bain.



Dogpatchers mosie into P.H.S.



Secretaries to General Bullmoose



Alas, Sadie Hawkins Day!

Opening night arrived with everyone racing around trying to fit into summer cut-offs, piling on make-up, and finishing Jubilation T. Corpone.

7:45 slipped by and we all listened attentively as Mr. Gazso delivered words of encouragement and led us through warm-up songs. Mrs. Holden stood on one side of me, checking for proper attire, while Mrs. Garlinghouse swooped around, powdering every inch of my face. I was so nervous and I didn't even have a major role!

At 8:03 the curtain rolled back and we blinked nervously under the bright lights. We yawned, scratched, and swooned, according to our musical cues, occasionally sneaking peeks at the audience to find our parents.

Act I, scene 4 found everything rolling along quite well. Yes, everything until Bob, Jack S. Phogbound recited his lines and suddenly ceased! As he shuttered across the stage, we realized he had forgotten the rest of his speech. We all began ad-libbing, until we felt comfortably past that hump and Bob regained his memory.

By the time the finale arrived, we were all exhausted. The night had been a success and we were pleased. The last weeks of everlasting practice all seemed worthwhile now. And we could gaze at Mr. Gazso and Mrs. Holden with sincere smiles!



Cast in order of appearance: Hairless Joe — Alan Kolinski, Romeo Scragg — Bob Shiver, Clem Scragg — Pat Robbins, Alf Scragg — Bob Shannahan, Moonbeam McSwine — Sue Holden, Earthquake McGoon — Jim Foster, Marryin' Sam — Mark Fedus, Daisy Mae — Cathy Esford, Laurie Tanton, Pappy Yokkum — Tracy Ulrich, Mamma Yokkum — Barb Mengebier, Darby Howse, L'il Abner — Will Chamberlain, Mayor — Richard Ruffe, Sen. Jack S. Phogbound — Bob Foster, Dr. Rasmussen, T. Finsdale — Karla Steffens, Gov't Man — Joe Lentz, Available Joe — Lou Plotkin, Stupefyin' Jones — Kelli Morin, President — Dennis Winter, General Bullmoose — Steve Vorpapel, Secretaries — Lynnette Ball, Cinda Norris, Kelli Morin, Terri McCarthy, Appasionata Von Climax — Karen Crosby, Evil Eye Fleagle — Mike Vance, Dr. Smithborn — Laurie Rautio, Dr. Krogmeyer — Kristi Marquardt, Dr. Schleitz — Ann Bain, Softwick — Joe Lentz, Wives — Anne Foster, Cindysue Okerlund, Cyndi Keck, Anita Beach, Laurie Vargo, Maid — Jeanne Schwartzfisher, Chorus — Regina Plevinski, Hiromi Asal, Celeste Chingwa, Dawn Clancy, Sheila Cole, Vicki Evans, Lynn Kleppe, Leeanne Knudsen, Cathy Novak, Becky Osborn, Sandy Smith, Jim Spooner, Maria Sutfin, DIRECTORS — Dennis Gazso, Bev Holden, Lighting director — Dave Schneider, Costumes — Lynnette Ball, Set Director — Dave Schneider



Front Row: Tim Green, Rich Southwell, Mark Ingalls, Greg O'Gawa, Bob Turk, Al Southwood, Bill Schroderus, Jeff Jones, John Schmoldt, Iwao Greene, Dave Olson, Rick Doxtader. Second Row: Adam Fruge, Mark Holowasko, Todd Mish, Dave Coveyou, Jeff Howery, Dan Pater, Moses Cooper, Matt Pater, Coach Aspenleiter, Asst. Coach Patchkowski, Tim Lamkin, Scott Sheperd, Ben Juday, Rich Grosskopf, Mark Hilal, Jerry Grosskopf, Craig Bonter, Rick Rankey, Don Swartsfischer. Missing: Eric Swenor, Steve King, and Dave Haley.



A mighty Northman soars up and over the high jump bar.

Running, Jumping, Soaring

It was one of those years for guy's track. Finishing fifth in conference was somewhat of a let down, but outstanding individual achievements proved to make the season more memorable.

Dan Pater was always a thrill to watch. As the gun went off Dan would start his pace and trail either second or third throughout the race, until the final turn. Then the excitement began. Dan would start his sprint, the crowd would jump to their feet, cheering, fists clenched, with each stride he took. Then easily breezing past his opponents, Dan would slide across the finish line with a smile from ear to ear.

Traveling to the prestigious CMU Relays, Dan once again came through with a time of 4:09.8, taking the first in the 1500 meter run.

Along with Dan, Adam Fruge, Steve King, and Eric Swenor showed to be outstanding team members. Adam taking first in discus for the school, setting a new school record. Steve took conference in the pole vault and Eric Swenor also running hard for the team.

"We did as well as could be expected," stated head coach Barry Aspenleiter. "As the season went on we improved, but still fell short."

Assisting coach Aspenleiter were, Mr. Patch, and Mr. Dickman. Tim Green served us as team manager.



Junior Steve King makes it over with room to spare. Steve captured the Conference title in the pole vault.



Scott Sheperd stretches a couple more inches.



Senior Rick Doxtador kept good pace all season.



Senior Dan Pater crosses the finish line once again in front.



Adam Fruge, senior, tosses the discus for a new school record.



Tim Lamkin pushes hard after receiving the baton from a fellow teammate.

Senior Eric Swenor just edges his opponent. Eric was a strong asset to the team.





Ronnie Schigur and Tammy Swaby hurdle toward the finish line.



Kelly Hansen proves her flexibility.



Cathy Parker shows the agony of running.



Melody Gregory sends the discus flying.

Winning Season

It was freezing and my arms and legs were numb, but I could see the finish line just ahead. I put out all I had and finally crossed it exhausted and frozen. That was the way that most of the season went, for the weather was seldom cooperative.

This past season for our team had been a good one. The competition was tougher but so were we. We placed 3rd in our Conference, 3rd at Petoskey Relays, 3rd in the Roger City Relays, and 2nd at the Newberry Invitational. We also won our first trophy this past season, the first one the girls track team ever won.

Our two new coaches, Mr. Batchelor and Mrs. May, commented that, "In girls track, the key determiners of success are motivation and determination. This year's team had both."

Five seniors will be leaving our team and they are Tammy Swaby, Theresa Smith, Carol Pennell, Jeannie Cusack, and Melody Gregory.



Kelly Hansen passes off the baton to Tammy Yell.



Tammy Yell flies for the sand pit.



Lisa Stevens edges over the finish line to beat her opponents.

Theresa Smith showing off her muscles.

Carol Pennell just strolling along.



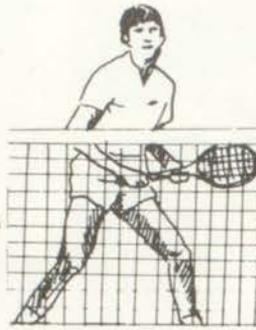
Jeanne concentrates on the upcoming hurdle.



Back Row L to R: Mrs. May, M. Gregory, L. Amtsbuechler, T. Yell, L. Stevens, K. Linck, J. Rudolph, S. Hrameic, C. Pennell, L. Waldo, T. Swaby, D. Say, Mr. Batchelor Front Row L to R: T. Parsley, K. Hansen, C. Bur, C. Schmoltd, R. Kuebler, R. Schigur, J. Cusack, C. Parker, T. Smith, R. Swenor



BOYS TENNIS



Never Better

This year was our big year. In the eyes of coach McClutchey along with everyone else on the team, we knew that this season was going to be our shot at the top. And we were right. Our team worked hard for all those victories. We never came home without that number one spot.

In conference we took all eight of our matches followed by a super first place in regionals, a first in the history of P.H.S.

Steve Fisher did a fantastic job this year winning twenty-one matches before finally losing his first in the state finals. We went home that day with a sixth place and a feeling inside us that we had done our best.



Lance Bawkey at his best.



Dave Jensen tries hard.



Dan Carpenter practices at the Raquet Club.



Kevin Rankin shows his muscles.

Steve Fisher, number one singles, waits for that moment.



Front, Left to right. Jeff Yoder, Scott Langs, Scott Snyder, Chris Brenkert, Willie Chamberlain and Duke Knight. Back row: Gene Champion, Dave Jensen, Chris Ingalls, Steve Fisher, Kevin Rankin, Tom Kowalczyk, Paul Douma and coach Bill McClutchey. Absent Lance Bawkey.





Jeff Petitt hurls one with great concentration.



Quay takes a water break during a hot one.



Scott Johnston watches his ball sail before taking off for first.

Our Men Played Hard And Won

1-3 were the final results of our Alma Tournament adventure. Each new game right down to each new pitch, brought results from all our long, hard practices. Before we could even touch a mitt, for two weeks we could be seen down in the gym lifting weights and conditioning for the season ahead. Sometimes we wondered if we would ever play baseball! But alas the time came and the Alma tournaments brought us into the swing of things. With each game, plays were looking better and we were moving along at a nice clip. As we pulled into port for the game against Gaylord it was a time for truth. As Dave Galbraith stepped to the mound to hurl the first pitch across the plate, our whole team felt as if it were they pitching. Our long hard practices paid off, as Dave tossed a two-hitter, snatching the first game, 2-1.

Junior Jeff Petitt took over the "hill" to face the tensions of the second game. Once again we held together through every play, with results being again in our favor, 1-0. Petitt pitched a three-hitter.

Our season ended in a 14-13 tally and we finished second in conference to Rogers City.

"Pitching was definitely a major asset this year," stated Coach Kirchner. "Next year with Dave Burek coming back, pitching will be just as strong."

Our team next year will be young, but with great potential. Missing next year will be junior Jeff Petitt, who moved at the end of our season. "Jeff leaving will be our biggest loss," commented Kirchner. "He helped us out on the mound, batting, and as shortstop."

The season was a great ride for everyone including Pat Parker our manager, Ernie Mindel, stats., and Tina Donnelly our ballgirl. Jim Tobin served us as assistant coach.



First row: Manager Pat Parker, Jay Laffoon, Steve Hickman, Paul Fruge, Scott Johnston, Dave Schuch, Quay Chilcott, Steve Hewitt, Ernie Mindel — stats. Second Row: Jim Tobin, Assistant Coach, Clark Hewitt, Roger Waterson, Don Hoch, Mark Gregory, Dave Galbraith, Brian Dominic, Rocky Tobin, Jeff Petitt, Head Coach Larry Kirchner. Third Row: Andy Webster, Jim Wareck, Dave Burek.



PHS CHEERLEADING!



The Varsity cheerleaders relax in the pit.



Having an early practice before the school year starts.



Freshman cheerleaders: Top; Lori Morin, Karen Adkins. Bottom; Kim Poquette, Lisa Nelson, Becky Gibes, Theresa Gravedoni;



J.V. cheerleaders: Top to Bottom; Lisa Zokas, Kelly Smith, Julie Norris, Donna Marshall, Sandy Babcock, Heather Kline.



All tired out after a fall practice.

Lisa and Kris show up the Gaylord cheerleaders.





All the cheerleaders group together to show their sweet side ...



Cheerleading coach: Miss Pynnon.



... and also their crazy side.



Hands up for victorious seasons ahead!

A Cheerleader's Spirit

The spirit of a cheerleader is really something great. It takes a lot to be a cheerleader, putting in many hours of practice and a great deal of time preparing for games. We do many favors for the team, like giving them baked goods before a game or treats after a hard practice, but all that energy and enthusiasm really makes it work.

We began practice early in the fall before school opened after going to camp in August. Once school was in session we practiced every day. We worked hard and had a lot of fun. All that practice really paid off come game time. It was a super feeling to be able to get out there and support our team and to feel that we helped them to a victory. That pep and excitement really made it all worthwhile. PHS was a fantastic school to cheer for and we sincerely feel that it was "Number one, second to none."



Varsity cheerleaders: Amy Burch, Cinda Norris, Tina Donnelly, Kristi Marquardt, Kris Gullede, Lori Kondziela.

Together We Travelled,



A group photo is taken at Jane Smith's Open House before.



Not only juniors and seniors appreciate the Prom ...

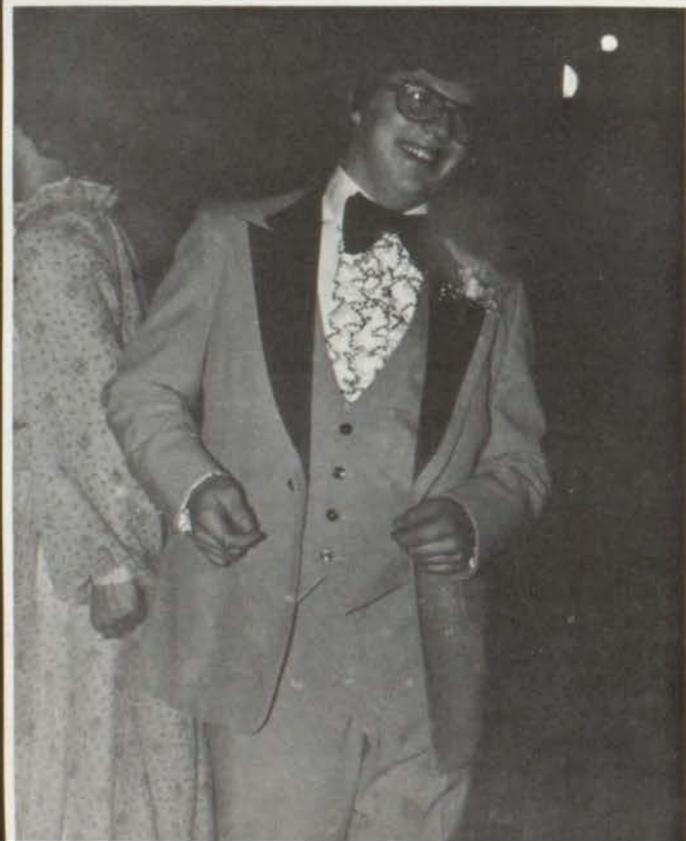
Climbing The Stairway



Judy Daniels & Kevin Rankin enjoying dinner at the Arboretum.
Rich Wills enjoys the music of Great American Dance Band.



Kelly Terpening and Phil Shively pose for a quick shot.





Petoskey High School
Junior Class Presents

"Stairway to Heaven"

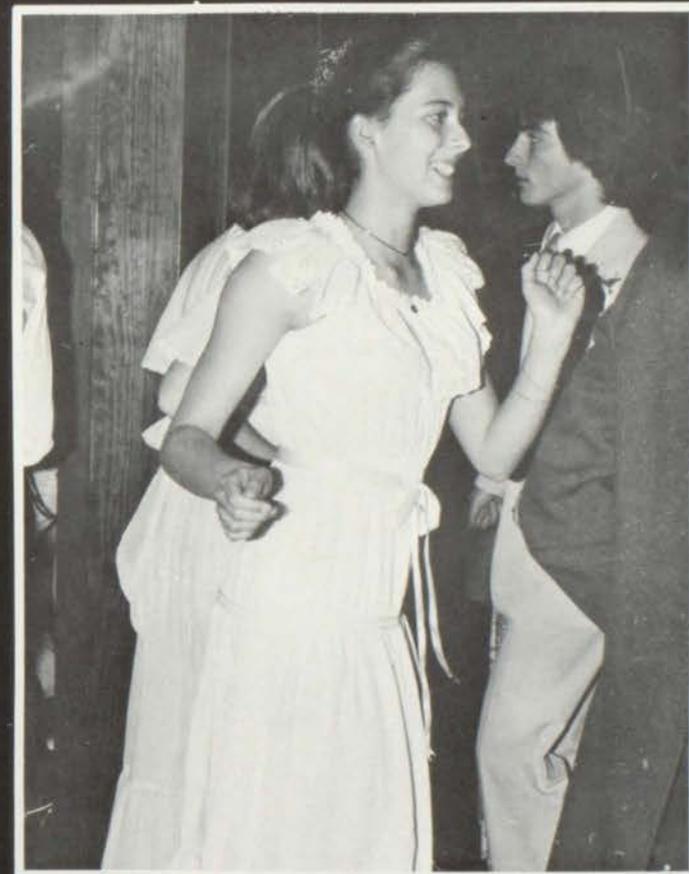
May 12, 1979
9:00 • 1:00

Kris Vorpagel and Eric Rasmussen toast the occasion.



To Heaven — Pretending

"We've waited for this all night!" Yea, Lori and Wendy!



Sue Putters dances in the crowd.

It Would Last Forever

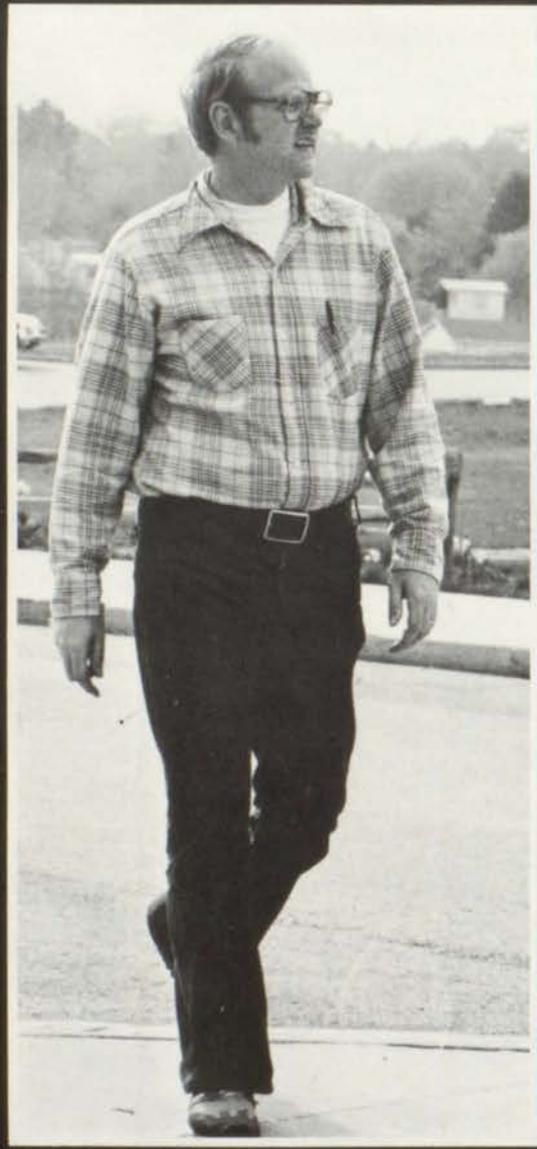
What an excellent night! He picked me up at 6:30 and he looked so nice! Now the tension rose! He worked, anxiously trying to pin on my corsage. I followed his motions, poking indefinitely, trying to get his boutineer on straight. From my house, we went to an open-house. It was so exciting to see everyone so spiffed up! We couldn't stay long, though, as we had dinner reservations at 7:30 at the Pier. We left town around ten after and made it promptly at 7:25. We were seated, and noticed many other Petoskey Prom-goers. We had a fabulous dinner! (What a salad bar!) We finished eating and talking at 9:30 and headed back to town. Our first stop in Petoskey was the waterfront where we drank a bottle of champagne in favor of the night. Around 10:30, we quite elegantly strolled up the red-carpeted stairway of the Terrace Inn. What a place! I felt like I was back in the 19th century! Angel hair and a sparkling ceiling greeted us as we entered the lounge. It was beautiful . . . it looked just like you'd picture Heaven in your mind! The band was excellent too — everyone liked them! The night passed by so rapidly from the time we got to the Prom. But what a perfect theme — "Stairway to Heaven" — because that's exactly how it felt!



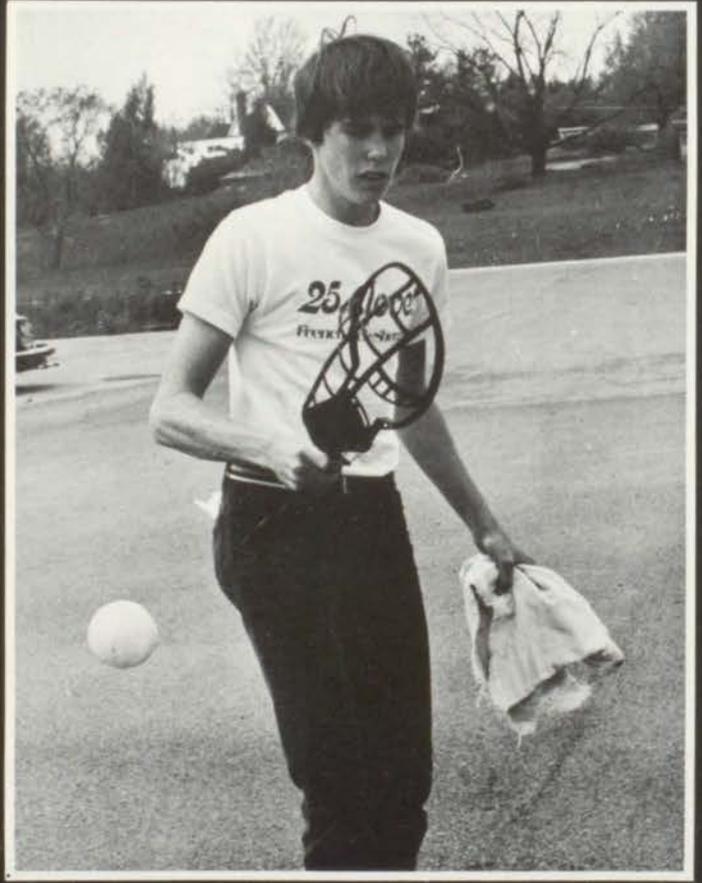
"Ah ... yes, EXQUISITE!"



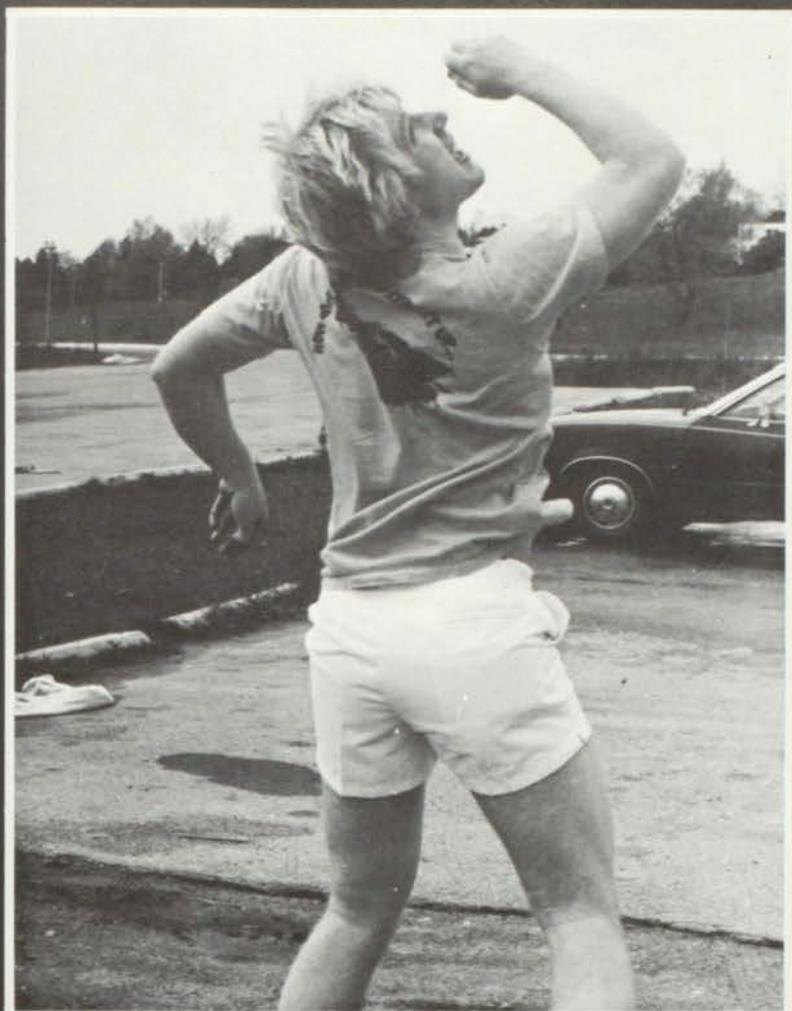
"Of course it's good, she's eating it, isn't she?!"



"Hmm ... wonder who's in the parking lot now?"



Charlie Ryde — looking very determined.



Jim McCullough reveals his hidden talent.



The acrobatic drummer does his own thing.

Second Annual All-School Picnic

Down the high school driveway I coasted, ready to join the volleyball and friz action. Jams cranked from the cafeteria while people munched on BBQ-ed chicken, baked beans, chips, and potato salad. A somewhat uncertain afternoon found us at the high school for the 2nd annual all-school picnic. Foreboding clouds and sprinkles of rain moved the band and food inside but it was still an excellent time. This year the food tickets cost \$2.00, and the band Ceyx, complete with an acrobat drummer, entertained us. At the end of the day, we parted happier, because of the new friends and old faces we'd been able to see.

Cindsue Okerlund tries her luck at cooking.



Honor's Assembly

May 17 was the chosen day for the annual Honor's Assembly. We all herded into the crowded gym for the final time that year. No one really wanted to be there, that is, no one other than those of us who were receiving awards.

Distracted students' voices buzzed throughout the entire presentation of awards. Nothing meant much to most of us until one simple sentence galvanized us all. "I have a letter from Chris Elcoate," said Mr. Gundersen.

Silence. Awesome, complete, sincere silence.

It said:

"Dear Friends,

I'm getting better everyday. I can walk with help now, but I sit in my wheelchair most of the time. A physical therapist, and a speech therapist, and an occupational therapist work with me everyday. I went for a ride in the car last Saturday. I may be able to come home in a month or so. I like the big card everyone sent me.

From, Chris Elcoate"

That got the biggest cheer of all.



The National Merit Scholarship qualifiers stand proud.



Joan Deloria, Debbie Taylor & Sue Burek play "Hear no evil, speak no evil, and see no evil."

Kris Kelbel sees her achievements in print.

Jerry Burgess and Beth Lauterbach 1979 Math Award winners.





MaryLynn Turchan, Accounting Scholarship Winner.



Ted Townsend congratulates Cindy Okerlund — Yearbook Journalist of the year.



"Don't let them find me," frets Clark Hewitt, Spirit Award Winner



Connie Campbell and Nancy Dwan are recognized for their art talents.

Barb Mengebier & Wally Coffey congratulate each other with a hug.



Athletic Banquet



Cindy Okerlund sits at the head table with Mr. Doctor and Bo Schembechler



Jenny Brower makes a funny comment as she shakes Bo's hand



Wally and Mike carry on a conversation as Heather and Karen serve their dinner.
Cindy Okerlund, Mistress of Ceremonies.



Jane Turcott speaks for girls basketball.



The three letter winners pose with Bo. Clark Hewitt, Scott Johnston and Eric Swenor.

A hush fell over the room and eyes focused on the door. The moment that so many had looked forward to had arrived. It was the thirty-fourth annual All-Athletic banquet and Bo Schembechler, the Big Ten Michigan football coach was present.

Athletic Director Bud Neidhammer started the evening program by introducing Mistress of Ceremonies Cindy Okerlund. After she introduced each speaker we heard a few mumbled words from Mike Buday speaking for football, a lot of laughs from Jenny Brower as she joked her way through her tennis speech, a real tear jerker from Jim McCullough about ski team along with many other fine words from others.

Then came time for the moment everybody had been waiting for. As Bo Schembechler stood up the crowd cheered and applauded. All through his exciting and inspiring speech the room was quiet. It was indeed an enjoyable evening that ended with an award for athletics and academics given to Cindy Okerlund and Eric Swenor.

A Banquet To Remember



Bo Schembechler gives an inspiring speech.



Steve Fisher speaks for boys tennis.

Lori Morin serves the chicken dinner.



Kristi Marquardt, Cathy Esford and Mrs. Esford enjoy a good dinner. Eric Swenor and Cindy Okerlund win the award for outstanding athletics and academics.



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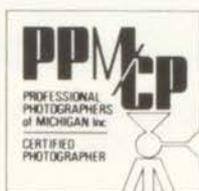


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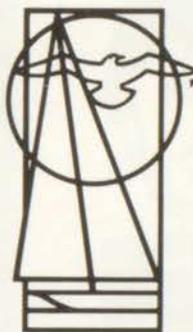


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Snow from a record winter blocks the back door.



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Mark Simard and Willie Chamberlain: Is it true that glasses make you more intelligent, guys?



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Annie Foster and Teresa Smith's favorite pastime: letting dogs in the school.



How's the popcorn business for you, Quay?

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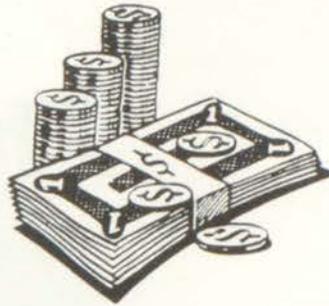
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Wally Walsh and Doug Bailey using their strategy, while Scott Shepard looks on.



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Petoskey, Mi. 49770

The Faces



The faces we saw, the thoughts we knew, and the people we loved: beauty indeed. Round, oval, and heart-shaped faces, some topped with brunette hair, some with blond, and some with red, each in a mass of curls, an ocean of waves, or a field of straight silk. Deep brown, misty blue, coal black, devilish green, and mystic hazel eyes; our friends were truly our own image. Added character: Pug noses, deep dimples, rosy cheeks, and freckles. Braces, pierced ears, blue eyelids, and shiny glossy lips, were all a part of the times, and portrayed individuality in each of us.



We all had a certain look. A look that was totally ours. And to go along with it, a personality. Tender smiles, friendly touches, and loving hugs were cherished gifts from friends. We got acquainted with others, and others got acquainted with us through questioning eyes, smart smirks, knowing chuckles, and raised eyebrows. Giggles, sexy glances, and glazed eyes gave away how we felt inside, or covered up how we didn't want people to know we felt. And of course we were never without the tiny tears, hidden sniffles, knowing nods, and reassuring smiles all given to us, or offered by us at one time or another. This, and so much more molded the people we knew.

Faculty Administration



Each of us has had certain teachers we will never forget. Lasting memories . . . not having our algebra homework done, and praying he wouldn't call on us, falling asleep in chemistry because it really didn't matter anyway, arguing over "logic" in Soc/Psyc., and sweating to answer the "unexplained" in geometry.

We recollect so many of our shenanigans. We conspired, planned, and carried out many tricks, and attention-getters, often letting go unnoticed the humanness our teachers really possessed. They all gave parts of themselves through their words, thoughts, and lessons. And although we often first remember the fun, games and teasing, someday, somewhere, and somehow, bits and pieces of our teachers will come back to us and touch us once again. We will realize that it was all worth it, and that they were more than a body spilling out information and dishing up a grade. They were, and are, our friends.

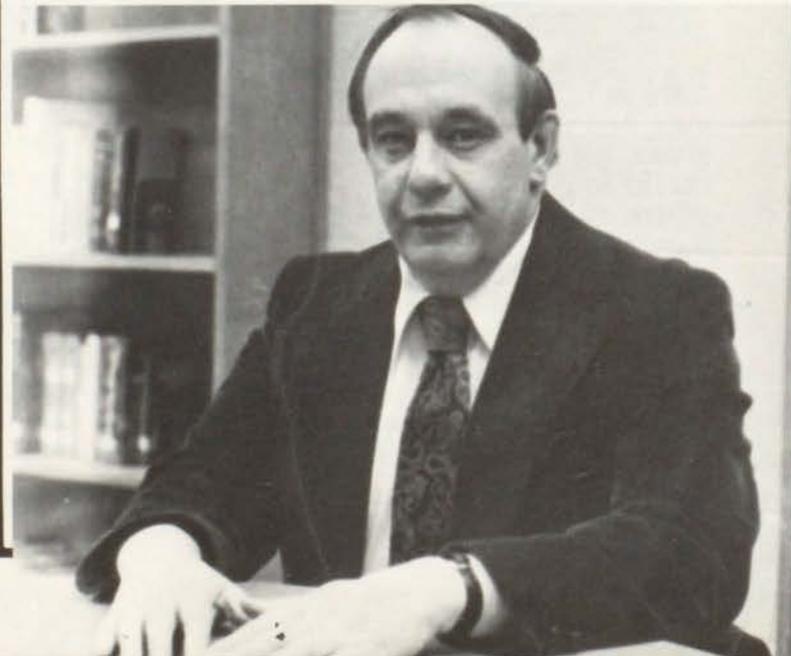


Dr. Franklin Ronan — Superintendent



Mr. Richard Chambers — Assistant Superintendent

Mr. Thomas Ritter — Business Manager





School Board Members — Left to right: Mrs. Jane Andrews, Mr. Orval Cutshaw, Mrs. Meg Brown, Mr. James Douma, Mr. William Hewitt.



Mr. Robert Doctor — Principal

Administration



Mr. Byron Neidhamer — Athletic Director

Mr. Joel Raddatz — Assistant Principal



Mrs. Diane O'Keefe — Comm. School Director

Mr. Lance Talcott — Vocational Director





Secretaries — Miss Gail Hallead, Mrs. Pearl Dally, Mrs. Mary Fleshman, Mrs. Lauren Lamkin, Mrs. Doris Davies, Mrs. Marjorie Taylor



Miss Mary Richwine



Miss Judy Peltoma

Physical Education

Social Studies



Mr. Sam Hartman

Mr. Don Smith



Mr. Gary Hice

Mrs. Jan Smith



Mr. Larry Kirchner

Mr. James Tobin



Mathematics



Mr. Doron Adolphs



Mr. Barry Aspenleiter



Mr. Dwayne Swenor



Mr. Dave Patchkowski

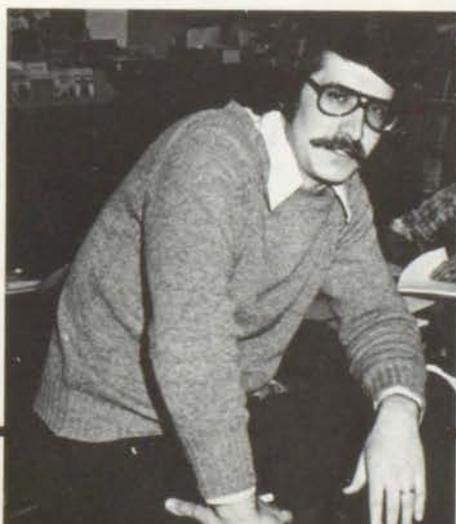


Mr. Joel Prickett

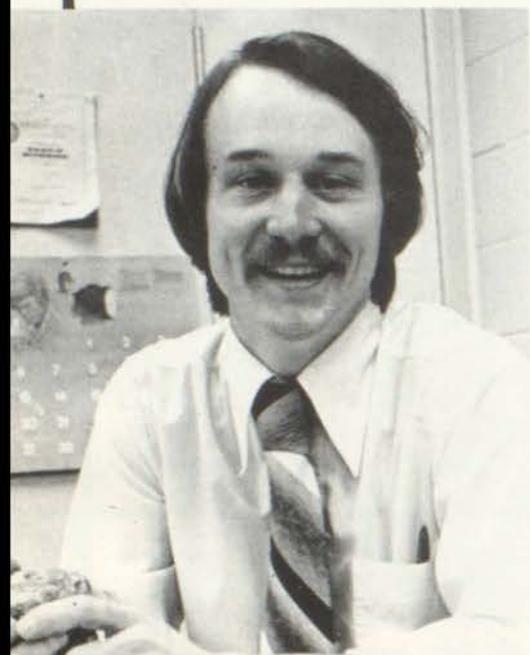
Mr. Scott Batchelor

Mrs. Linda Vantrees

Mr. Rick Wiles



English



Mr. Ted Townsend



Miss Julie Fairbairn



Mrs. Julie Flynn



Mrs. Elice Howard



Ms. Mary Ludwick

Mr. Russell Conway



Mrs. Marsha Miller





Mrs. Lynn Pater



Mrs. Peggy Swenor



Mrs. Barbara Wills

Guidance

Languages



Mr. Mark Smolinski
Mrs. Ruth Kalkbrenner



Mrs. Hildegard Crawford



Miss Lee Lark



Mr. Duane Taylor



Mrs. Dorothy Vratnina

Vocational



Mr. Charles Cormack



Mr. Walter Lanning



Mr. Tom Olsen



Mr. Keith Danforth



Mr. Jim Daunter

Mrs. Norma Chalker



Mr. Dennis Howard

Mr. Paul Andrews



Mr. John Murchie



Special Education



Ms. Kay Clave



Ms. Marge Hoekwater



Mrs. Mellissa Nettleman



Mr. Bob Sornsen



Mr. Harris Stevens

Business



Mrs. Nancy Smith
Miss Sandra Birdsall

Mrs. Elaine Price



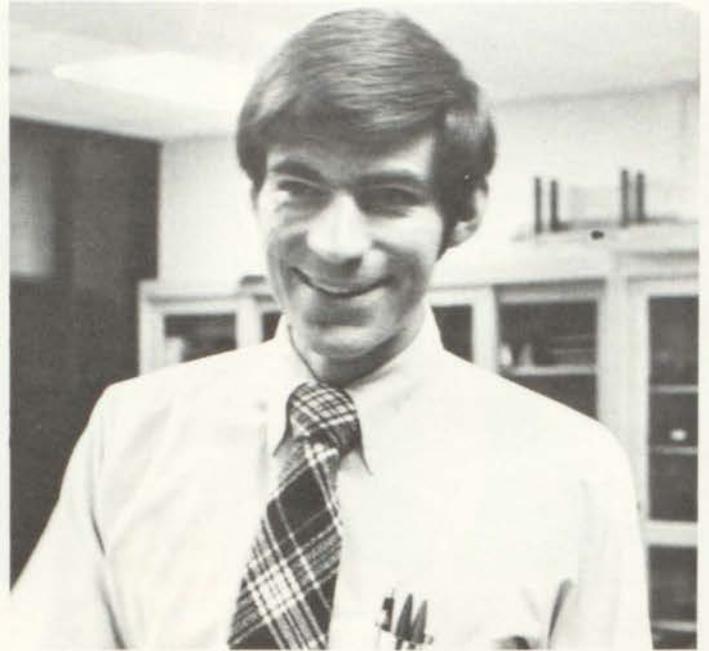
Mr. Larry Gunderson



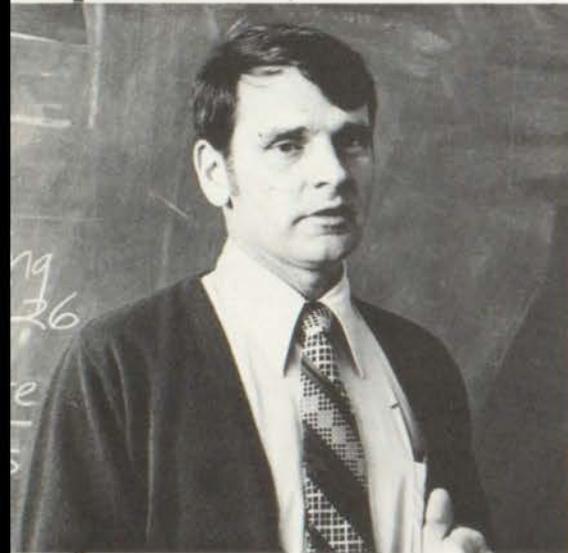
Science



Mrs. Maria May



Mr. Donald Dickman



Mr. Jerry Hamilton



Mr. Paul VanWagoner



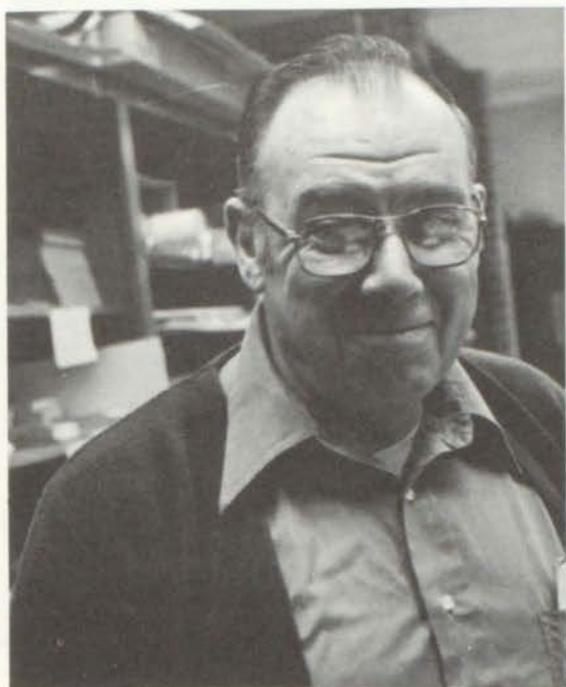
Mr. Merrill Champion

Mr. Randy Newsted

Mrs. Claudia Harrington



Arts



Mr. Allen



Mr. Klooster



Mr. Donald Festerling



Mr. Mark Lancaster



Mrs. Margaret VanWagoner

Mr. Dennis Gazso



Music



Mr. Carl Brien

Cafeteria Staff



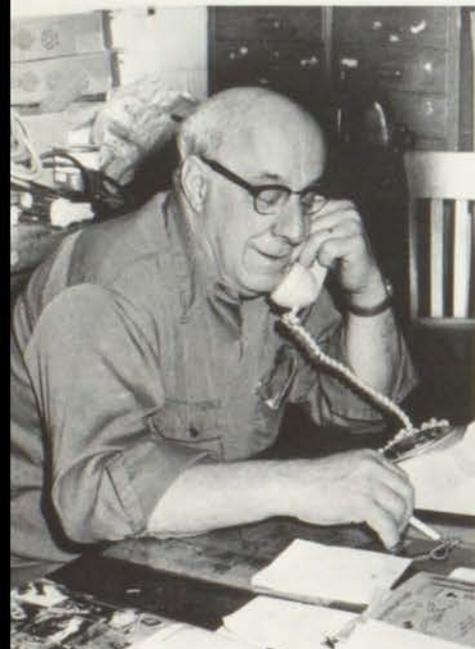
Mrs. Jane Neill, Mrs. Amanda Joyce, Mrs. Marion Starr, Mrs. Bonnie Urman, Mrs. Diane Bedrick, Mrs. Patricia Janisse

Assistants



Back Mr. Robert Newton, Mrs. Joan Annable, Mr. Mark Jarema,
Front Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mrs. Joyce Kolinski, Ms. Mildred Schaub

Head Custodian



Mr. Jim Fettig

Placement Dir.



Mr. William Steffens

Media Specialist



Mr. Greg Czarnecki

Freshmen

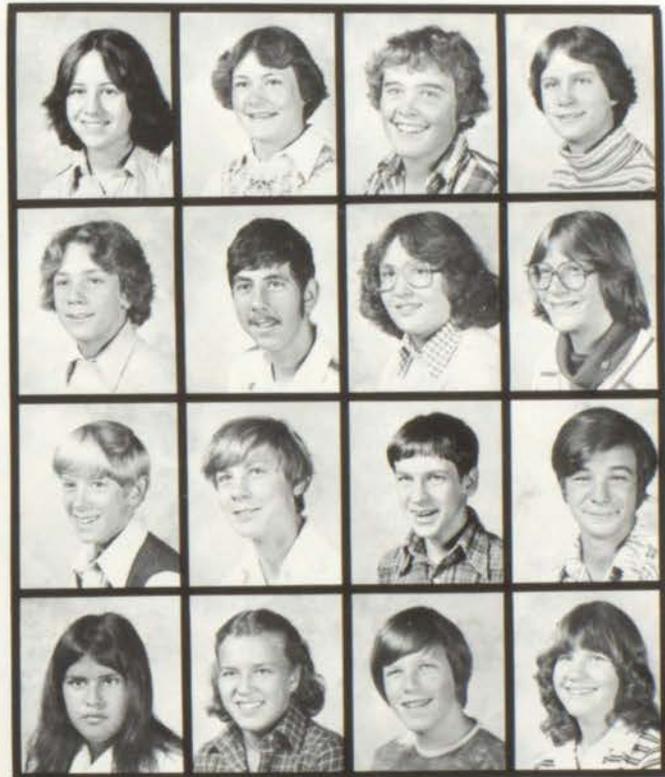


WJML blasted on at 7:00 am, but we had awakened long before that. We had tossed and turned all night long thinking about today. In less than two hours we'd be walking through the big doors at the high school. At last we were freshmen. Carting a heavy history book, a pea-green health ed book, four note pads of paper, a pencil case full of brand new pencils, and our computerized schedule cards, we started out.

The halls were jammed with so many people; people who we could hardly see above and could hardly maneuver around. We always managed to get in the wrong lane of traffic; downstream instead of upstream; and when we finally thought we'd found the right room; we were in the wrong wing of the building. That was just the first day of school. There were 179 to go.



Class officers: Dan Carpenter, vice-president, Karen Budek Secretary, Don Schwartzfisher, President, John Collins Treasurer.



Karen Adkins
Scott Bachelor
Lawrence Bedrick
Karen Boda

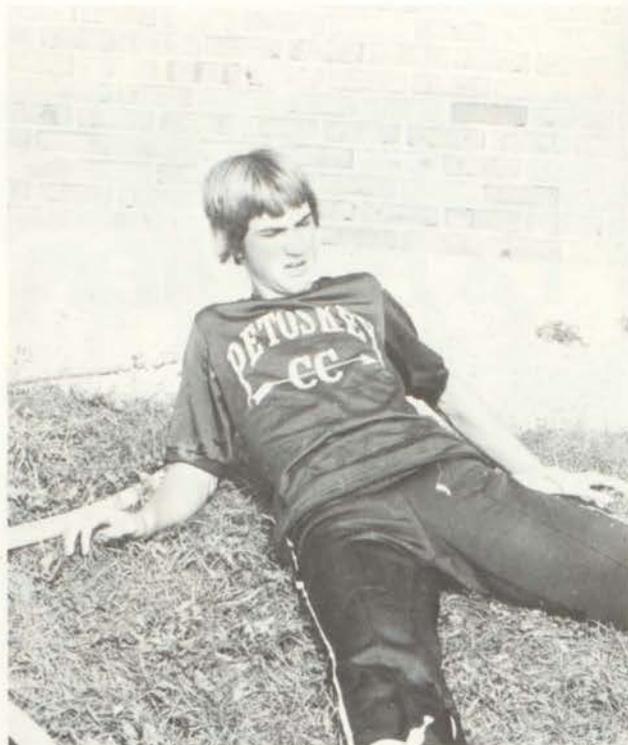
Jim Alton
Desiree Baird
Chris Berryer
Eric Boese

Cathy Allen
Dan Badalucco
Matt Berger
Lisa Bodary

Lisa Amtsbuechler
Sally Basler
William Blanshan
Dawn Bonter



All together girls!



Don Schwartzfisher, our loyal Pres., takes a break.

Sherry Boros
Chas Breithaupt
Chris Breithaupt



Mark Bremmeyr
Terry Bricker
Kevin Brown
Sue Brown
Paul Baerwolf
Bruce Boyer
Michelle Buday



Karen Budek
Chris Burr
Sandra Burke
Brenda Carolan
Mary Carolan
Dan Carpenter
Barb Cavitch



John Collins
Charlie Colwell
Yvonne Cone
Jeannin Connaughton
Vicky Cool
David Coyeyou
Meredith Coy



Ken Crouch
Kurt Damschroder
James Daugherty
Tom Deloria
Laura DePrekel
Amy Dickinson
Robin Dohn



John Doss
Julie Drost
Elizabeth Eppler
Julie Evans
Kevin Fisher
Peter Fisher
Byron Fletcher





Connie Flum
Jackie Fochtman
Debbie Fortune
Gary Fortune
Henry Fortune
Janice Foster
Steve Foster

Laurie Fraley
Kevin Friedenstab
Paul Fruge
Becky Gibes
Andy Gillard
Trudy Glaser
Brian Goalen

Corintha Goble
Wayne Goldsmith
Teri Golling
Richard Good
George Graham
Theresa Gravedoni
Shawn Graves

Jim Gray
Iwao Greene
Mark Gregory
Richard Grosskopf
James Haggerty
Melissa Hamill
Ada Hamilton



Darryll Hamlin
Martha Hannan



Kelly Hansen
Melissa Harris



Diana Hass
Jeff Haven



Michael Hempstead
Debra Hickman



Steve Hickman
Scott Hoch



The Freshmen.

Joe Hofbauer
Lauren Hofbauer



Lynn Hoffman
Patti Hommel



Brian Howard
Sarah Hramiec



Who are these lovely ladies?

Bob Hull
Mark Huzek
Colleen Johansen
Jeff Jones
Jim Jones
Ben Juday
Vicki Kaufman



Penny Kilmer
Rex Kinne
Kurt Knudsen
Connie Kreger
Sherri Krussell
Robin Kuebler
Richard Kutcipal



Stephanie Kremp
Tim Lamkin
Pam Landon
Scott Langs
Jennifer Laubrich
Carrie Lauterbach
Thomas Leach



Michelle Buday, disco down!



Alana Lempke
Joe Lentz



Bridget Leshar
Judy Lewis



Kate Linck
James Liska





Marie Livingston
Colleen Loar
Todd Lordson



Brad Luepnitz
Lori Lyons
Mike Lyons

As I look back on our first year at Petoskey High School, I think it's been pretty good for the whole freshman class.

Our first project, the float, got off to a slow start, but our pace speeded up and we got it done in the nick of time. I was very proud of our job and I'm sure all the freshman will agree. Another project early in the year was the spirit chain and we ended up in 2nd place. A Student Council dance held in our benefit, and many successful bake sales greatly contributed to our treasury.

In the future I would like to see more people come out to help with the float and really get involved with the class projects. However, I would like to thank the people who did get involved for their hard work.

Don Schwartzfisher, Freshman Class President



Diane Malkowicz
Traci Mann
John Massey
Sandi Massey
Lisa Mathers
Jeff Mathis
Cathy Maxwell

David McKenney
Douglas McKenzie
Steve Mindel
Laurie Morin
Todd Muche
Paul Muller
Toni Neill



Lisa Nelson
Cathy Newton
Shelly Notestine

Thomas O'Keefe
Kim O'Neil
Roberta Padgett

So Many Decisions . . .

There were just so many decisions to make. What should I wear? Should I walk to school, or should I have Dad drive me? Why had I brought all my books home after registration last week? I looked like a real studious freak carrying them all. Should I take my gym clothes on the first day? Or should I wait until the teacher tells me to bring them? High school, I wasn't sure I'd fit in. I didn't know what was cool and what was uncool, and I didn't know my way around the building; I had waited so long for this day, but I was scared to death.

I decided to ride with Dad that morning. When we pulled up in front of the building I think he realized some of the things I was feeling. He reached over and mussed up my hair like he had when I was little, and told me to remember every detail because he wanted a full report at dinner. I smiled meekly knowing full well that I could never forget this day.

I found my locker with no trouble, because it was right near the front office. Opening it was a different story, and finally after the fifth round with the combination, the door swung free. I quickly jammed all my books in before anyone saw me with them, slammed it shut, and breathed deeply. I knew I could kill time with no trouble at the middle school, but up here I really didn't know where to go. I started wandering around, and soon discovered that the upperclassmen didn't have to come until that afternoon. Suddenly I felt much more at ease. I began exploring, and before I knew it I bumped into a couple of my old friends that I hadn't seen all summer. Before we had gone much further, the bell rang signaling us to report to the team teaching room.

Everyone was there. It was like a big, happy reunion! We all sat down and Mr. Doctor welcomed us. I'll never forget his words. He stood up and very proudly said, "We'd like to welcome the class of '82 to the best high school in the state of Michigan."

The girls are practicing for gymnastic class.



Sara Jo Paget
 Kathleen Parker
 Sarah Parker
 Matt Pater
 Theresa Pawlak
 Gary Peters
 Laurie Pickett

Greg Pierce
 Kim Poquette
 Jeff Powers
 Laura Rankin
 Lisa Regmund
 Rick Reinke
 Vance Reusch

Gary Robinson
 Lori Russell
 Steve Satmary
 Paul Sattelmeier
 Veronica Schigrid
 Carol Schmoltd
 Bill Schroderus

Don Schwartzfisher
 Jean Schwartzfisher
 Kyle Scott
 Mryon Secrest
 Joe Seitz
 Angela Shear
 Scott Shepherd

Julie Sieradski
 Kevin Simon
 Eugene Sineway

Lorie Sipe
 Lisa Slocum
 Connie Smith



A typical freshman gathering.



Kim Poquette posing for Long and Silky.



Jeff and Chris getting "married" at the Sadie.



Dawn Bonter, Lisa Amtsbuechler, and Patti Stroble in the pit.

Camera Shy

Linda Crandall
Glen Garrow
Todd Green
John Hebert
Don Keshick

Robert Keshick
Jeff Love
Robert Ruthkowski
Scott Snyder
Bonnie Veitengrubar
Shaunee Wagenschutz



Don Smith
Jenny Sobelski
Al Southwood



Craig Stamm
Brian Steffel
Cindy Stephenson
Mike Stewart
Debbie Stradling
Patti Strobel
Byrne Stump

Sue Sullivan
Barb Sumner
Brian Sutton
Robin Swenor
John Thelen
Todd Thompson
Adam Tsaloff

Tracy Ulrich
Mike Vance
Martin VanDecar
Dan VanSlembrouck
Michelle Verhelle
Rob Vermeer
Steve Vorpagel

Daphne Waldo
Gary Waldron
Dan Walsh
Dan Washburn
Phil Wetter
Alfred Welsheimer
Ken Wendorf

Kim White
Dan Whitely
Terri Winegarden
Deanna Wodek
Ron Woiderski
Hans Yentz
Tammy Zink

SOPHOMORES



Almost, but not quite was the only way to describe our sophomore year. We had finished all of the required classes, except APB and gym, some of us were old enough to drive, and although we were no longer the babies of the school, we weren't upperclassmen either. There we were, lost somewhere between passing notes in Health Ed. and cramming for a World Lit. test.

Days were smashed with decisions on what to wear, APB tests, geometry class, Driver's Ed. after school, sports gatherings, dances, and Saturdays.

We had our own teams and cheerleaders to keep an eye on, and all of our lockers were in one hall. Yes sir, we had our own hall, and it wasn't the freshman hall either. After a whole year of walking up the steps by the office we could finally turn left as we entered the building. We were upperclassmen. Almost.



Class officers: President — Steve Keck, Vice President — Tom Hodgekiss, Secretary — Ann Pillsbury, Treasurer — Mary Wills.



Mike Adams
Doug Bailey
Pat Ball
Mildred Bedrick

Matt Avery
Deanna Baird
Rob Bayha
Brett Behrendt

Maria Affendikis
Ann Bain
Tammy Boudoux
Steve Beer

Sandy Babcock
Terri Balasa
Julie Becker
Tom Bellmer



Kathy Bester
 Bill Bice
 Rose Blaho
 Chris Boening
 Michael Boros
 Walter Boyd
 Jakki Boyer

Chris Brenkert
 Sheri Bennett
 Ken Brochu
 Debbie Broman
 Katie Brown
 Shane Brown
 Janet Carlson



Watch out Maria Affendikis, Pat Ball has that look in his eyes.



William Carver
 Darci Cease

Dawn Chilcott
 Dawn Clancy

Jon Cline
 Leah Cohen



Stacey Collins
 Nadine Cone
 Richard Conti

Nancy Cook
 Norman Cool
 Traci Corwin

Terry Coveyou
 Laura Crandall
 Michelle Dainoviec

Jacki Daniel
 Susan Daniels
 Mary Dashner



Heather Kline: looking a bit surprised.

Camill Deschermeier
Michelle Diamond
Lorie Dolan



Joseph Donnelly
Julie Jakab
Kelly Eaton



Gaye Elder
Janet Elya
Lisa Engler



Sandy Eppler
Gary Fedus
Linda Fedus



Amy Feldman
Mike Fettig
Pat Fettig



Scott Fineout
David Fisher
Marcia Flynn
Edwina Fortune
James Fortune
Christopher Fought
Ruth Fowler



Connie Fox
Lori Fryczynski
Kristeen Furgeson
Beth Galbraith



Jim Galmore
James Gibes
Bob Gibson
Tim Goldsmith



Jess Graham
Mary Green
Tim Gregory
Don Greenwell



Who's the lucky lady Tom?



Katie Brown is in a great mood!



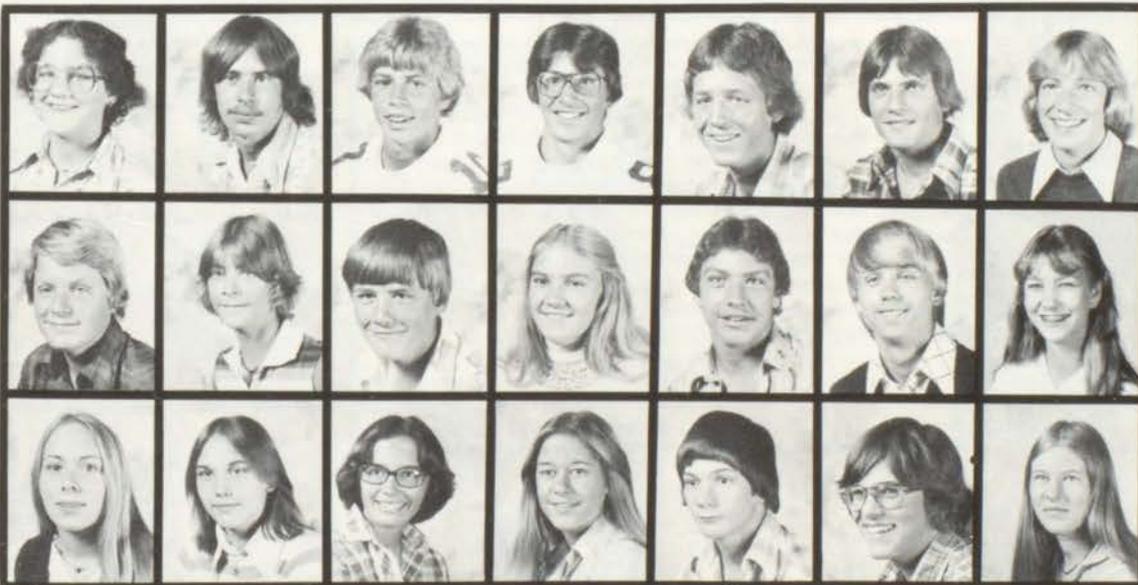


Mark Griffin
 Gerald Grosskopf
 Lynette Grubaugh
 Julie Haase
 Mark Hand
 Karen Hankins
 Penny Hankins

Dan Hansen
 Bradford Harrison
 Doug Hart
 Richard Hartson
 Lorrie Harvey
 Dale Hash
 Rory Haven



What is this school coming to? Sophomores as well as other students show their spirit.



Gretchen Hein
 Jack Heino
 Steve Hewitt
 Mark Hilal
 Doug Hill
 Brad Hinkley
 Cheryl Hirsehenberger

Tom Hodgkiss
 James Hofbauer
 Mark Hoffman
 Evelyn Hollopeter
 Mark Holowaski
 Elwood Hommel
 Annette House

Terri Hubbell
 Laura Ingalls
 Julie Jacob
 Cheryl Jaquith
 John Jarvis
 Scott Jennings
 Becky Jewell

Tim Johnston
Valarie Johnston
Melissa Joneson



Michael Juday
Scott Juday
Catherine Kargol



Steve Keck
Bill Keiser
Richard Kellogg



Amy Feldman: Super Sophomore!



Kimberly Kenny
Terry Kilmer
Joe Kimball
Kelly Kirby
Heather Kline
Marcy Knapp
Brian Kolinski



Karen Kritcher
Jim Kruskie
Kristi Kuebler
Lorraine Ladere
Mike Lasley
Marjorie Leonard
Anne Linck



Bob Lyons
Chris Lyons
Karen Malec
Pamela Malkowicz
Kim Mania
Kelly Mann
Donna Marshall



Beatrice Massey
Kenneth McCardel
Theresa McCarthy



Looking back on the year it's easy to say 78-79 was a successful one for the sophomores. We can say it was successful because we achieved our biggest goal, raising money. The magazine sale started out slow, but an extra week helped a lot and brought in quite a bit of money. Our dance held in January was also a big project. The use of the student council stereo, saved us over a \$110. Even though we did raise a fair amount of money the classes lackadaisical attitude stopped us from gaining more.

I think however that our class does have the potential to climb higher and higher each year. Thanks to everyone who helped.

Steve Keck
President Sophomore Class



Kathy McCullough
William McFall
Jeannette Merril



Linda Meyers
Jim Moore
Kelli Morin



Stuck In The Middle

Walking down the halls of PHS, you might have noticed us. We're the ones you know are too big for freshman but lack that certain "air" juniors have. Well ... we're sophomores. Remember us?

You can't miss our hall. It's the one full of lunch. As you walk through, HIT THE FLOOR! You can either do this by slipping on clusters of salted peanuts, or being struck unconscious by a UFO (Unidentified flying orange). The hulking shadows populating the benches right outside the cafeteria are part of our more prominent class.

Sophomores dominate two out of six classes. Tenth grade English and APB. If you ask a sophomore about APB, he'll ask, "What's APB." No one seems to fully understand just what those three letters stand for.

Geometry is considered an untouchable subject also. The most known to sophomores on the subject is one day an acorn woke up and said, "Gee, I'm a tree."

The sophomore class has made history, though!! Never before has any class sold so **Few** magazine subscriptions. We are a super organized and loyal class.

Speaking of organization ... We are under the experienced (six months) leadership of Mr. Steve (wild and crazy guy) Keck. ("Earth to Steve ... Earth to Steve ... Steve??") Steve obtained office by the Great Cigar Campaign. (It stunk Steve.)

Mr. Keck on a money-making project; "The sophomore dance "was a smash!!" He sounded very enthused, "We never got so many people in free, and made so much money." It **was** a very successful dance.

The sophomores are unique. We are individuals. We are known for our excellent downhill skiers. Many of them helped carry the team to the state finals this year.

We are also known for our lackadaisical attitude. Cheerleader Julie Norris; "The sophomore class definitely lacks school spirit. There are exceptions. Especially the J.V. football team. They were really graet!" Many agree. With a 5-2 record in the conference our sophomore team has pushed hard. "We'll make a great addition to the Varsity Team," someone was heard to say. If you ask Mark Hilal, a key player on the team, what the season record was he says something to the effect of, "Oh let see ... there were nine games ... So much for the football team.

Remember ... bigger than the freshman and more delinquent than the juniors.



Penni Morris
Ricky Murray



John Naganashe
Mary Nelson



Julie Norris
Chris Oberg



Gregory O'Gawa
Scott Okerlund



Leslie Page
Jim Parker



Scott Patton
Mike Pemberton
Dave Pennell
Dave Perry
Barb Peters
James Peterson
Ken Peterson



Mark Phillips
Ann Pillsbury
Regina Plevinski
Dave Poquette



Steve Poynter
David Przybylski
Kathy Putters
Kris Rasmussen



Monica Reader
Amy Reissener
Craig Reyner
Shiela Reyonlds



Walter Boyd gives our camera the eye.

Bob Richardson
Mike Robbins
Diane Robinson



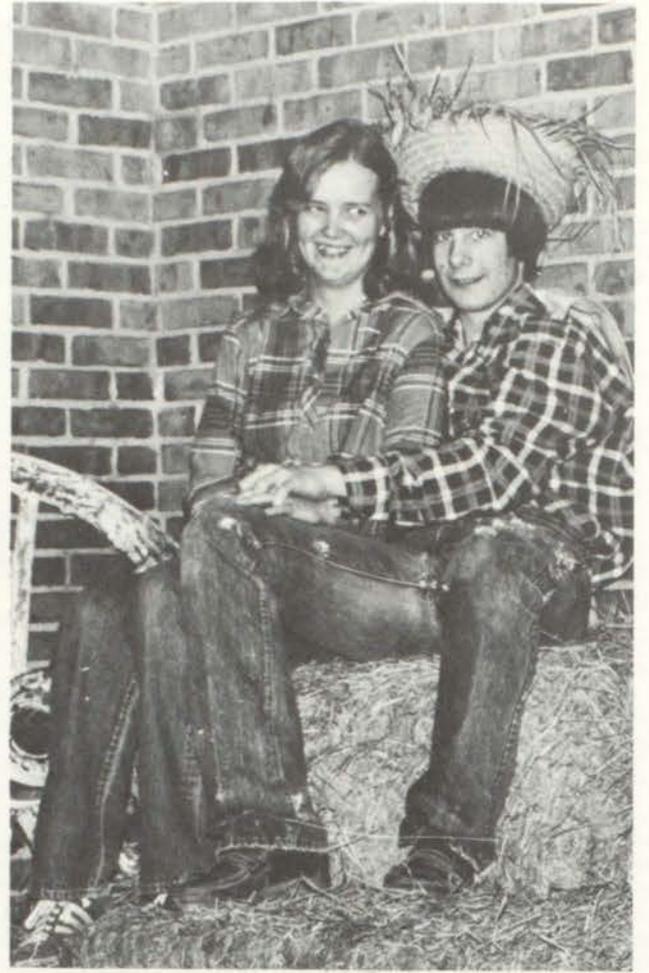
Kathy Roe
Suzanne Rogers
Carrie Ronan



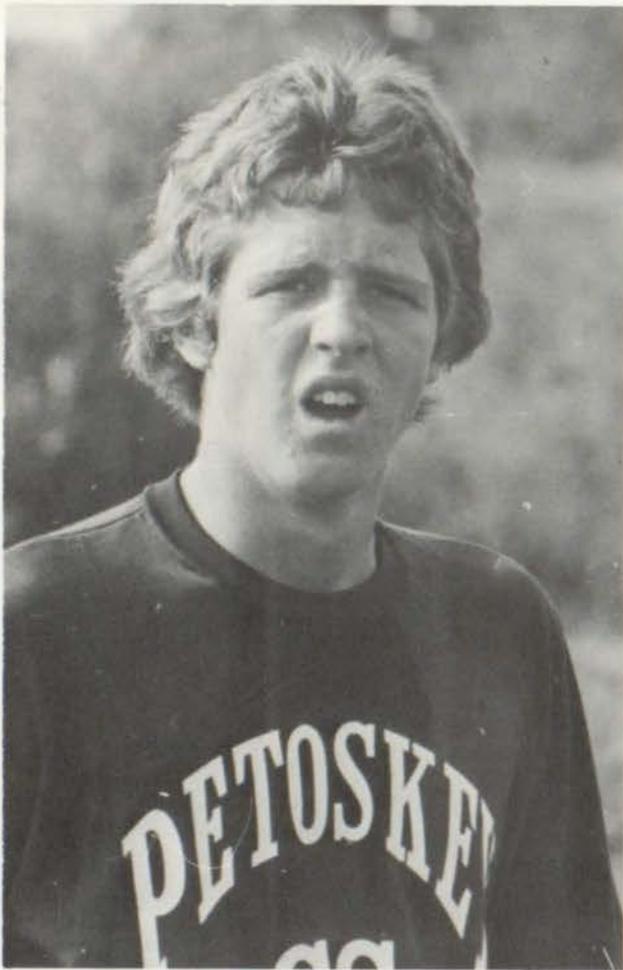
Diane Ryde
Dawn Say
Diane Schaub



Rosann Schied
Dave Schuch
John Scott



Nancy Cook and Dave Poquette at the Sadie.



Doug Hill; "Who won that race?"

Janette Seitz
Beth Shorter
Philip Simard



Bill Simon
Matt Sippel
Ed Slocum



Joni Smith
Kelly Smith
Regina Smith



Reg Smith
Rene Sobleski
Scott Sowles





Cindy Speer
Kandy Spencer
Rob Spooner

Kelly Spurgeon
Mary Stead
John Steffel

Lisa Stevens
Jeff Stradling
Lisa Sullivan

Marie Sutfin
Jennifer Swenor
Tim Swenor



Sophomores in mass.



Brad Harrison & Tim Gregory, show their stuff.

Sophomore Camera Shy

| | | |
|-------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Dave Boda | Ginny Grosse | Todd Mish |
| Harold Broman | Jane Gruler | Keith Olsen |
| Renee Caron | Alan Freeman | Donna Pontbriand |
| Rita Cole | Jeff Hibbler | Ron Rinock |
| Laura Crandall | Sam Himbauch | Beth Rutkowski |
| Jim Dainoviec | Dan Hopkins | Deborah Padgett |
| Gary Ellis | John Hull | John Schmoldt |
| Laura Fettig | Shari Holmes | Dennis Shananaquet |
| Henry Fitzpatrick | Terri Hazzard | Kevin Shann |
| Ed Fortune | Daniel James | Dan Shively |
| Angie Foster | Brian Johnson | Jim Sparks |
| David Fryer | Tammie Kalchik | Bob Turk |
| Phil Giles | Debbie Kresnak | Becky Young |
| Jim Graham | Doug Lover | Jeff Zakrzewski |



Kim Sutherland
Andreae Taylor
Judith Terrell

Laurie Thomas
Sarah Thomas
Kim Tibble

Terri Titcombe
Kristine Trautmann
Mary Turcott

Betty Tyler
Karin Uhlich
Dean Viles

Roy Volkening
 Laura Waldo
 John Walenta
 Walter Walsh
 James Wareck
 Joe Webster
 Dale Willis



Mark Holowasko, who are you waiting for?

Mary Wills
 Keith Winter
 Lexie Wright
 Ken Yew
 Jeff Yoder
 Lisa Zokas
 Carla Zink



Jeff Yoder, what did Maria Affendikis do now?

Scott Okerlund, heaven wants you.



JUNIORS

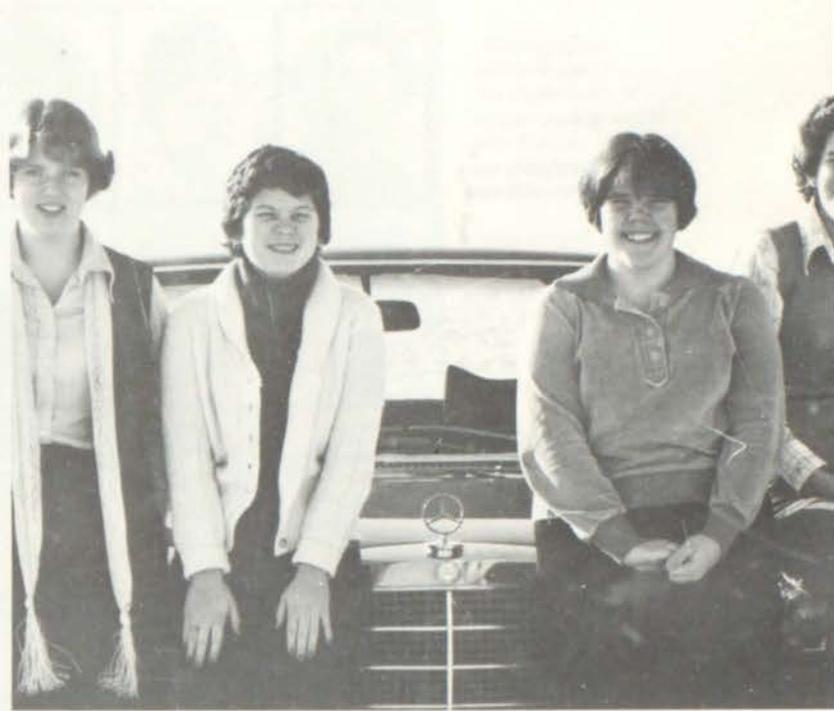


SENIORITY
over every
cotton pickin'
underclassmen
at PHS!

An upperclassman could sit or stand anywhere he wanted to in the pit. An upperclassman could schedule five classes instead of six; and an upperclassman could go out to lunch. Boy it was big stuff to be a junior.

Fringe benefits included carpet under our feet while we dialed our combinations, a chance to take some interesting classes such as Soc./Psyc., Compass North, Co-op, and the opportunity to be considered almost adult.

By the time we reached our junior year we had been in high school long enough to get into the swing of things, but we hadn't been there long enough to be too anxious to leave. Despite the fact that many grown-up worries had come into our lives, school was basically a pleasure that year. We didn't realize until much later that our junior year was simply a breather between trying to grow up and growing up.



The junior class officers: Lori Barnhart, President, Debbie Marshall Secretary, Monica Bremmyr Treasurer, Wendy Brown Vice-president.



Karin Aho
Sheila Athearn
Matt Balasa
Michael Bearup

Marcia Alpers
Daniel Bailey
Lori Barnhart
Jim Becker

Cindy Allen
Carrie Axtell
Delores Ball
Nancy Bearup

Marilyn Anderson
Donna Baird
Anita Beach
Eric Bjorkman

Tania Boese
 Craig Bonter
 Mary Breighner
 Monica Bremmeyr
 Kirk Brink
 Lynn Brown
 Wendy Brown

Steve Brummeler
 Gary Budek
 Glenn Burgess
 Grace Centala
 Mary Coffey
 Anne Collins
 Kevin Collins

Brenda Conkright
 Joe Conti
 Lori Cook
 Kevin Cooper
 Lillie Cooper
 Moses Cooper
 Michael Coveyou

Karyn Cramer
 Karen Crosby
 Kelly Cusack
 Joe Daly
 Mary Damsgard
 Judy Daniels
 Phil Daniels



Shelly Campbell in the cafeteria.



Tom and Lori with Disco Fever?



Teresa Daniels
 Laura Deschermier
 Kim Dielman
 Tina Donnelly
 Paul Douma
 Lisa Doxtader
 Joel Duran



Mary Dwan
 Mike Dzedzie



Mark Eaton
 Chris Eberly



Jeff Engler
 Cathy Esford



Vickie Evans
 Kassie Evashevski



Debbie Evers
 Patricia Everson



Doug Fannin
 Ken Featherly

Look, we're stars! Sarah Russell and Annie Johnson.



Jackie Fettig
 Brad Fineout
 David Fink
 Mark Flynn
 Kevin Foster
 Mark Foster
 Sandy Friedenstab



Don Friend
 Carrie Garlinghouse
 Rebecca Gengle
 Christie Golling
 Denise Good
 Lindy Goodwin
 Henry Grangood

Patrick Gretsch
Todd Grieb
Scott Gross



Kris Gullede
Colleen Haggerty
David Haley



Pete Hannan
Cindy Hanson
Ed Harrington



Debbie Harris
Ben Harrison
Bill Hartson
Ed Hebert
Suzette Hein
Clark Hewitt
Gerard Hofbauer



Susan Holden
Doris Hollopeter
Debbie Howard
Dawn Hull
Henry Jakeway
Thomas Jepsen
Annie Johnson



Earl Johnson
Melanie Johnson
Jeff Joneson



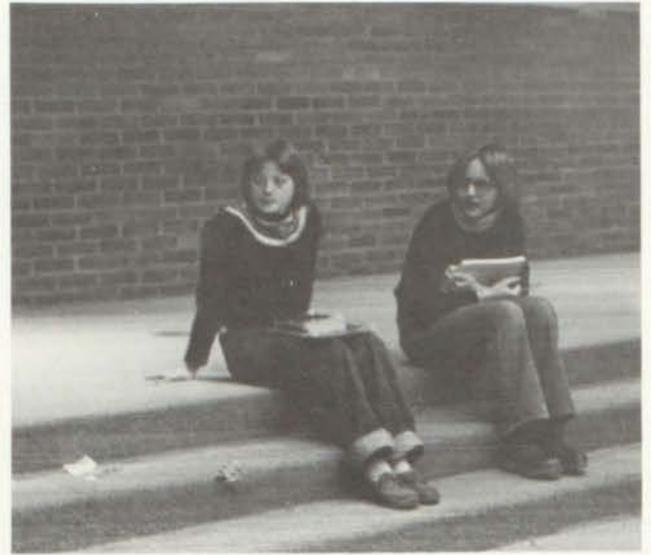
Craig Kahgee
Mary Kalbfleisch
Julie Kalchik



Cyndi Keck
Mary Keeder
Barbara Kellogg



Tim Kirby
Lynn Kleppe
Kelley Kline



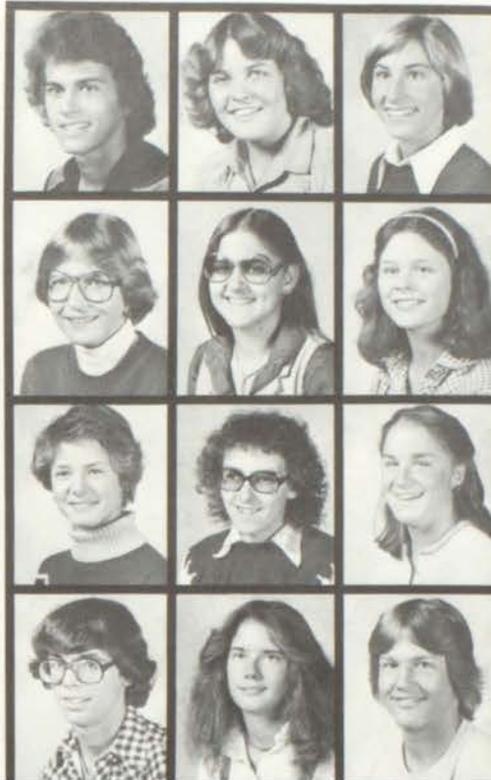
Kelli Kline and Kim Kruczek sitting the pit.



Whose catching your eye, Jody?



Is that any better than Playboy?

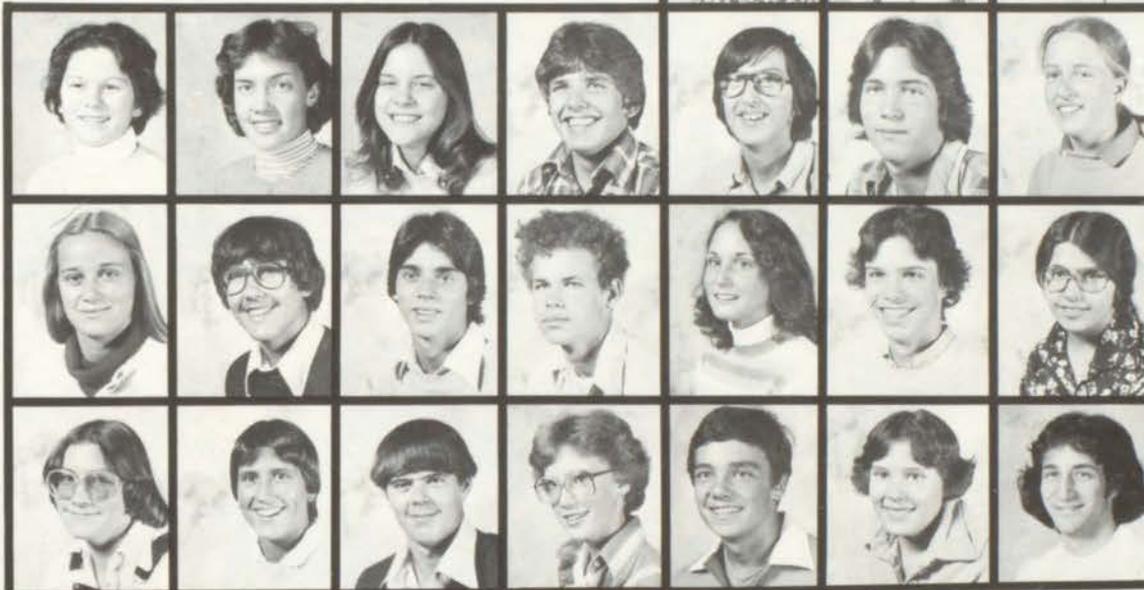


Duke Knight
Leanne Knudesen
Lori Kondziela

Kim Kruczek
Margie Krussell
Traci Kuebler

Beth Lauterbach
Dawn Leach
Barbara Lester

Mark Livingston
Amy Locke
Marty Manker



Debbie Marshall
Kristi Marquardt
Chris Maves
Scott McBryde
Wayne McKenney
Jeff McKenzie
Jane McWilliams

Linda Merrill
Ernie Mindel
Bill Morin
Bruce Newville
Katy O'Keefe
Bob Osborn
Louise Padgett (Hall)

Tammy Page
Lisa Pater
James Peterson
Mary Peterson
Jeff Pettitt
Andrea Pierce
Lou Plotkin

As president & vice president of the junior class, we wanted to accomplish many things this year. We felt that this year was a good year for the juniors.

Promoting school spirit was one of our main objectives. In doing so, we had a money raising project which included the candy sale, bumper sticker sale, Valentines dance, prom favor sale, and concessions.

The Prom's theme was "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN." We worked very hard all year on it.

My job as president and with Wendy Brown's help as vice president, our goal for this year was to get into good financial status for our senior year, which we did.

We can truly say that we had a great year and we hope next year is the same.

Lori Barnhart, Junior Class President

The year has past where we, the class of 1980, finally ended that important and crucial year at PHS. Our junior year was by far the most successful as far as participation, and keeping up the grades. Remember when report cards came out and we were in sweats?

Our class has what it takes to become successful in life and we will accomplish our goals. It's hard to believe that three long years of high school have passed us by so quickly. Remember walking into the high school for the first time wondering when would it all end?

As freshmen we couldn't accept the mocking that we received from the upperclassmen. But when we became sophomores the mocking was of a lesser extent. And as juniors we did the mocking instead of having to receive it!

This year was fun but it isn't the end. Many people say that the senior year is the best, and we as the class of 1980 are looking forward to it.



Cathy Esford lounging in the library.

Jon Pomerleau
 Duane Pontbraird
 Sue Putters
 Kevin Rankin
 Sarah Rasmussen
 Bob Redman
 Jim Ronock



Patrick Robbins
 Linda Robinson
 Paul Robinson
 Steve Roe
 Jackie Rostar
 Jody Rudolph
 Gary Russell



Paul Russell
 Sarah Russell



Mark Satmary
 Kristie Schalk



Marcy Schantz
 Alice Schaub



Lenora Scherf
 Julie Schmidt



What a bite!

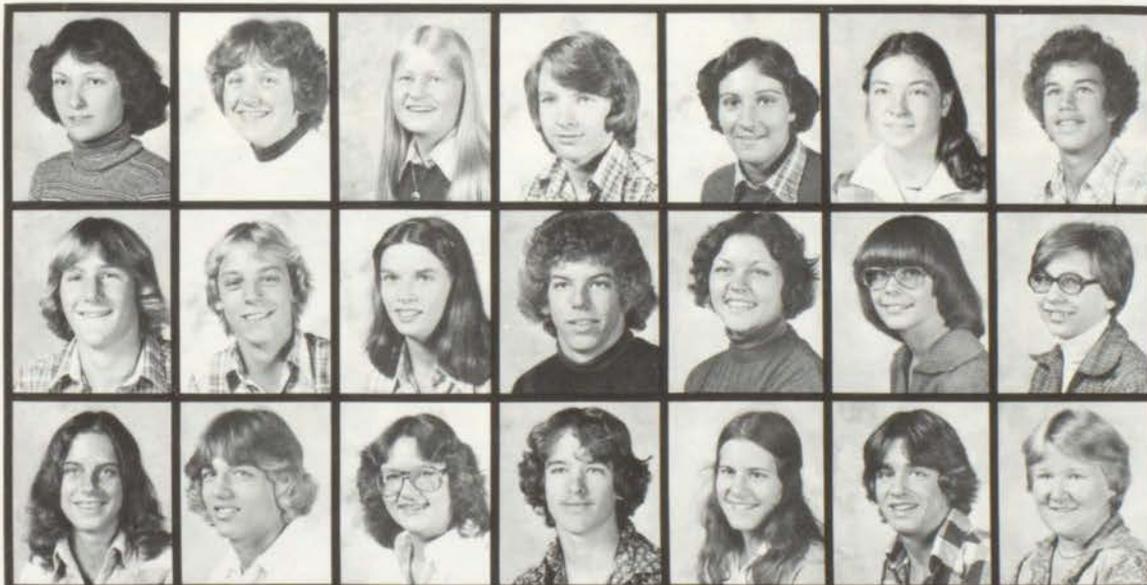


Lisa Scholl
 Mary Schwartzfisher
 Kathy Scott
 Jenna Sergent
 Robert Shiver
 Trisch Shuttlesworth
 Jane Smith

Jeff Smith
 David Sobleski
 Mary Sobleski
 Jim Spooner
 Dawn St. Amand
 Diane Stanley
 Jean Stark



Scott Hayes, Walley Coffey, Jeff Petitt, and Dave Zmikly are playing our song!



Joan Stark
 Karla Steffens
 Waynette Stradling
 Mark Swalding
 Maureen Sweet
 Angel Swenor
 Jim Thomas

Scott Thompson
 Tom Trautman
 Lois Turk
 Vic Urman
 Denise Van Allen
 Joanne VanBerlo
 Vickie Vance

Jamie VandenBrink
 Terry VanNorman
 Laurie Vargo
 Jeff Vaughan
 Ruth Volkening
 Bart Wageman
 Jeannette Washburn

Roger Waterson
 Terry Weeter
 Leslie Welsheimer
 Teresa Whitley
 Rich Wills
 Dennis Winter
 Polly Wise
 Tammy Yell
 Anita Yentz
 Dave Zmikly
 Diane Zmikly
 John Zoerhof
 Dick Zokas



Camera Shy

Marilyn Anderson
 Steve Anderson
 Rex Barnes
 Lance Bawkey
 Leslie Bice
 Valerie Boda
 Ted Brill
 Mike Brown
 Dave Burek
 Tony Cabana
 Rochelle Campbell
 Stephanie Carver
 Greg Clark
 Dennis Cline
 Warren Cole
 Bill Connaughton
 Rick Coonrod
 Sharon David
 Steve Demlow
 Marilyn Fettig
 Dennis Fischer
 Jeff Foster
 Kelly Friedenstab
 John Giles
 Holly Glaser
 Tom Glowacki
 George Goalen
 Perry Hausler
 Margaret Hayes
 Scott Hayes
 James Hazzard
 Joe Hidusky
 Connie Hofmeyer
 Jeff Howery
 Kevin Gresser
 Mary Ingram
 Lee Jenkins
 Dave Jensen
 John Jones
 Jeff Joneson
 Dan Kalchik
 Patti Kelbel

Steve King
 John Koboski
 Tom Kowalczyk
 Jeff Kruskie
 Annette LaCount
 Linda Lee
 Betty Leow
 Mark Love
 Richard Marquardt
 Jane May
 Brad McArt
 Peg McEnroe
 Johnny McFall
 Sam Michael
 Carly Miller
 Steve Morris
 Maria Moskwa
 Jeff Muller
 Pat Newton
 Bonnie Newville
 Todd Olsen
 Tracy Penfold
 Cindy Peterson
 Robert Riley
 Kit Schigur
 Eric Scott
 William Shawa
 Tim Simon
 Ted Sineway
 Ron Snyder
 David Speigl
 Jeff Talarico
 David Taylor
 Mary Thomas
 Arnie Terrell
 Matt Waterman
 Liz Wilson
 Nancy Wilson
 Victor Wilson
 Marie Wodek
 Glen Young
 David Zaremski



Stuffing your mouth again, Wendy?



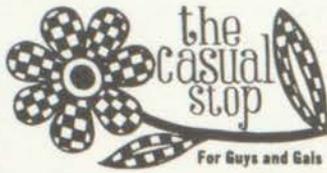
Junior faces. Can you find yours?

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BEST OF
LUCK
TO THE
CLASS
OF '79!

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SPORTSWEAR & ACCESSORIES

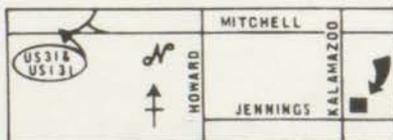
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221 EAST MITCHELL 347-7400

THE MARKET BASKET



1045 KALAMAZOO — PETOSKEY

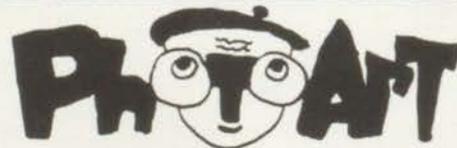
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Pat Behan, Jeff Pettit and Charlie Ryde may be having problems with the pop machine.



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PETOSKEY



Doug McKenszie: But I'm such a sou' man!



YEAR - AROUND



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PAUL ROSS DIRECTORS ROGER LINTZ

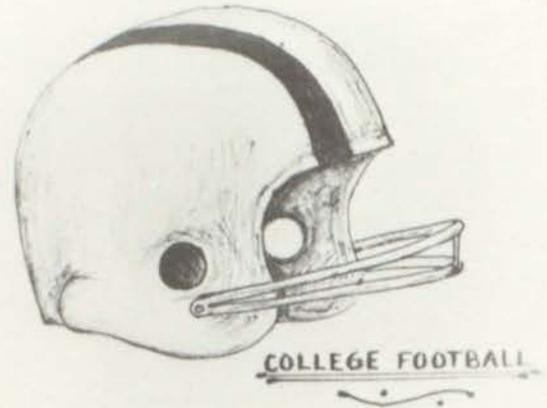
523 E. MITCHELL STREET PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN 49770
TELEPHONE 616-347-2291

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE CLASS OF '79!

JCPenney

Petoskey, Michigan

SENIORS



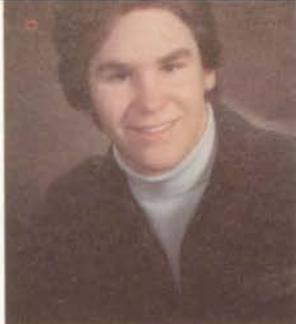
The end of the rainbow. There it was. Just up there and around the bend we saw it. After eleven and a half long years of class after class, lecture after lecture, and hour on end of homework, we had reached our reward. Finally, we were seniors.

The spectrum of colors that had molded our year still seemed so real. The get-togethers at State Park and Bubbling, the private BYOs that turned out bigger than we'd ever expected, the basketball games. Why not get radical, this was our last year, wasn't it? The days off, definitely a senior's privilege, and a feeling of power, were all within the mist of our memories.

Yes, we were seniors. And we will always remember being seniors. As we sit now and contemplate, we wonder how it dragged on so incredibly long, and sped by so swiftly at the same time, how we could smile and cry in the same hour, and how major worries were a trig test to take, a Physics paper to write, and a yearbook deadline to meet. We were so grown-up then. So grown-up and ready for the world. Until we graduated, and discovered that the end of the rainbow we had finally found was simply the beginning of another.



Russ Ackerman



Mike Annable



Nola Archer



Hiromi Asai



Mike Avery



Jeff Bacon



Judy Baker



Lynnette Ball



Jean Balliet

Senior year was a year of memories for me. It began Labor Day weekend, with the first Senior party at the State Park. From there, the memories seemed endless. The Homecoming from building the float and being late to the parade, to crowning the 1979 Queen. Planning the trip to Florida in June stuck in my mind; the week-long trip looked to be a dream come true. Our Christmas dance was hard to forget, with the new Student Council stereo and our president as disc jockey. And New Year's Eve, we rang in our year, 1979, in style. Epidemics of Senioritis and Spring Fever broke out; the cure was a trip to Florida during Spring Break. Many things followed Spring Break — cap and gown orders, the Italian Dinner, and Junior-Senior Prom. Soon the scenery changed for the Cedar Point trip. Before we knew it, final exams were over, and we marched into Bay View Auditorium to receive our diplomas. The time passed so quickly, from one event to another, making our Senior year one filled with memories.



Barb Blackburn



Dennis Brazie



Marie Beckett



Pat Behan



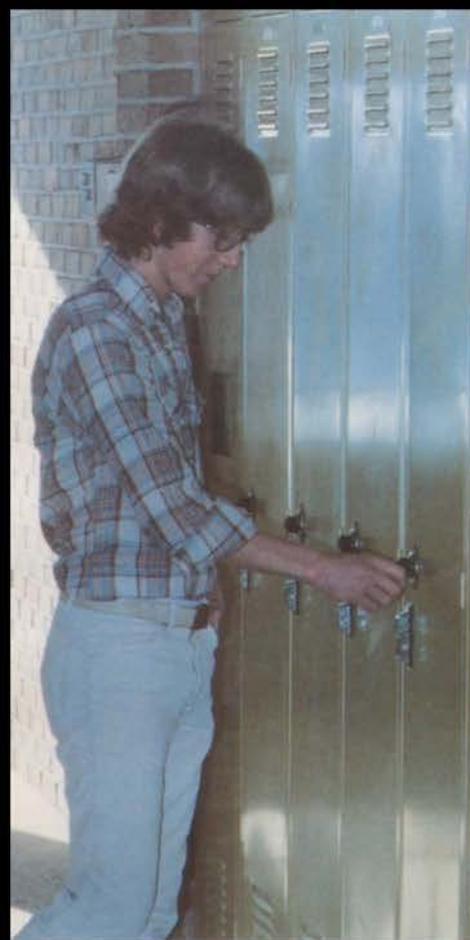
Maria Bremmeyr



Theresa Brazie



Mary Breithaupt



Bob Simon, on his way to class.



James Bricker



Jeanne Brill



Jenny Brower



Mike Buday



John Budek



Amy Burch



Sue Burek



Jerry Burgess



Connie Campbell



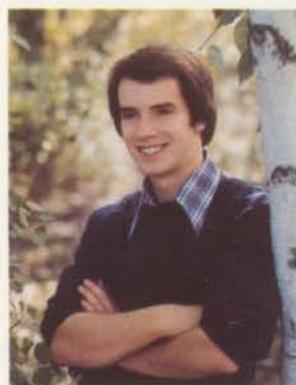
Rich Carlson



Mikie Carver



Willie Chamberlain



Quay Chilcott



Celeste Chingwa



Wally Coffey



Sheila Cole



Jim Connaughton



Melody Corwin



Jim Cosens



Kathy Cramer



Donna Crandall



Jeanne Cusack



Peggy Cutshaw



Jon Coveyou



Diane Dainovic



Jack Daly



Julie Daniel



Tod Dean

An illegal alien, Jeff?





Joan Deloria



Sandy Dennis



Kevin Denker



Shawn Diamond



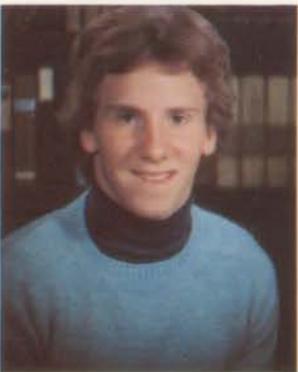
Julie Dolan



Linda Washburn shows Chef her Samurai meat-cutting techniques.



Brian Dominic



Rick Doxtader



Nancy Dwan



Matt Eaton



Ed Eberly



Jenene Economou



Pam Edwards



Rich Elder



Janice Elliott



Bob Engle



Bob Esford



Mark Fedus



Future Secretary of the Year, Lynnette Ball



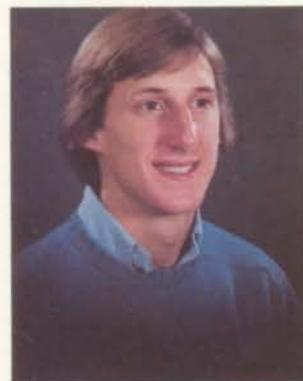
Bill Fettig



Mary Fettig



Kathy Fischer



Steve Fisher



Charles Fletcher



Tony Fochtman



Anne Foster



Art Foster



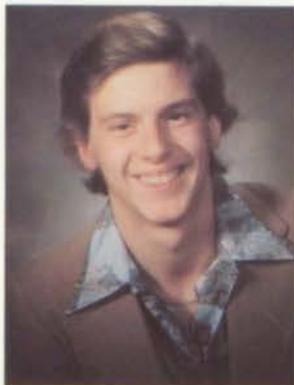
Is Jim taking both Tammie **and** Terri to the dance?



Bob Foster, Treasurer



Jane Foster



Jim Foster



Jen Fought



Adam Frugé



Kathy Furgeson



Dave Galbraith



Tim Gay



Evelyn Gibbard



Scott Gibson



Ken Goldsmith



Mark Goldsmith



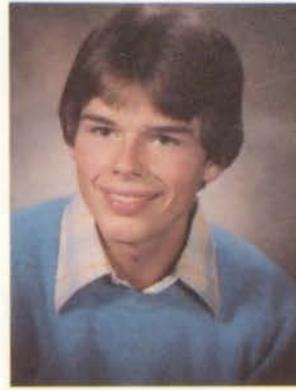
Barb Gordon



Fred Gorman



Tim Green



Mark Gregory



Melody Gregory



Maud Gunnarson



Carol Hajek



Sue Halberstadt



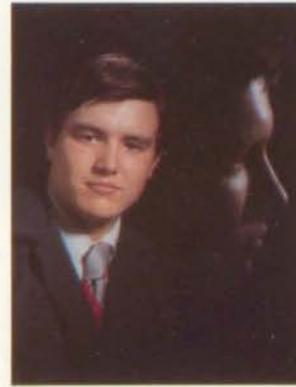
Scott Halford



Bill Hannan



Arlie Hart



Harry Hibbler



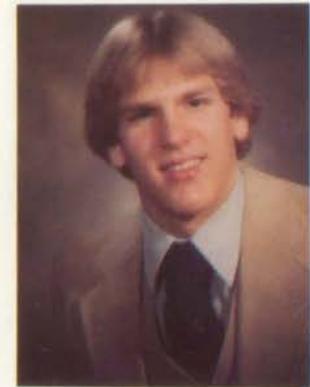
Karen Hilal



Toni Hill



Paul Moultrup thinks: "You throw that snowball, **you** get WET!"



Don Hoch



Louise Hoffman



Scott Holowasko



Sheryl Houts



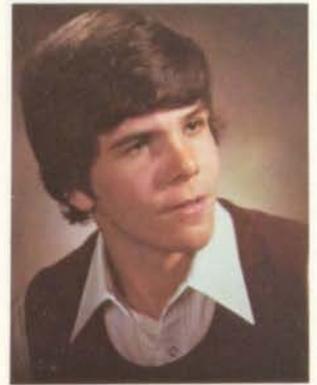
Darby Howse



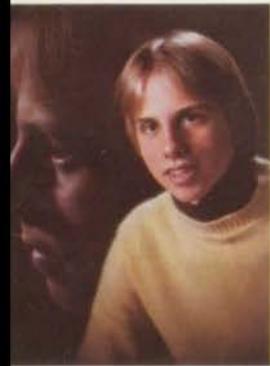
Mark Hramiec



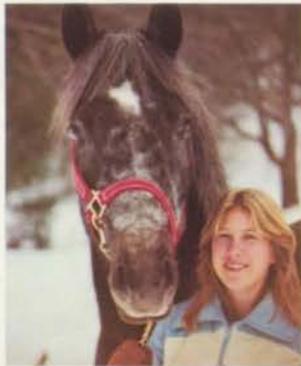
Catherine Innes



Chris Ingalls



Mark Ingalls



Diana Jacobs



Fred Jakeway



The gang doesn't seem interested in the game ...



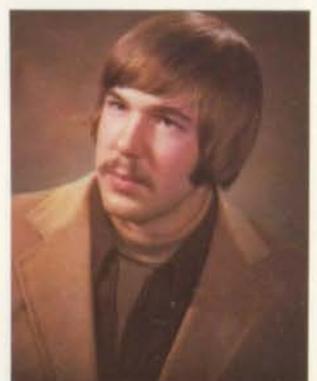
Michael James



Alicia Johnson



Scott Johnston



John Juday

L to R: Sarah Kandt
Cindy Kargol
Chris Kelbel





Brenda Kerridge



Ron Keshick



Ashley Kleinstiver



Alan Kolinski



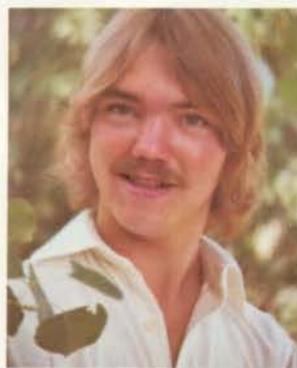
Dan Kolinski



Terri Kreple



Mark Kruskie



Mike Kruskie



Paula Krusell



Barry Kuebler

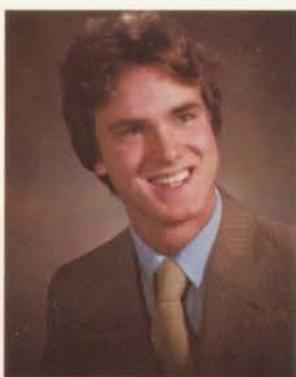
... so they watch the cheerleaders instead!



Kathy Kutcipal



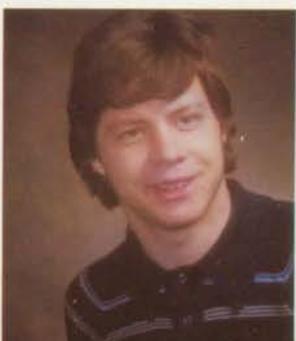
Kim Ladere



Dennis LaFever



Jay Laffoon



L to R: Kim Landon
Kelly Langs
Al Lee



Lilly Lipski



Dan Llewellyn



Joey Locke



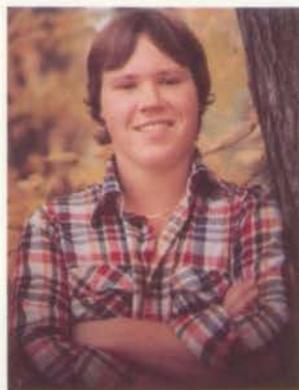
Maggie Loepp



Michelle Lover



Bill Loyselle



Mike Lyons



Wendy Maahs



Terri Mackey



Cheryl Mania



Jerry Marquardt



Kelly Mathers

Thinking about tonight's game, Shelly?



Kathy McCardel



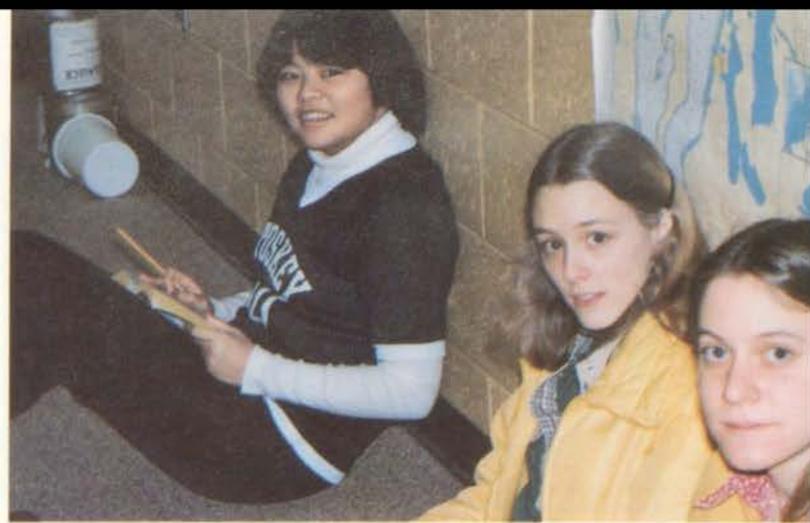
Rob McLellan



Jim McCullough



Kathy McMillan



Romi, Karen, and Carol take a break during a busy day.



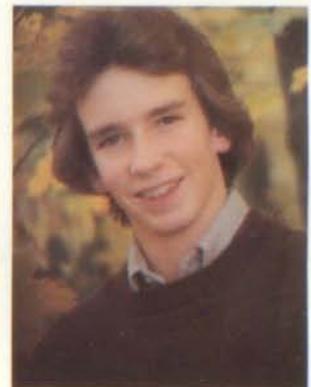
Barb Mengebier



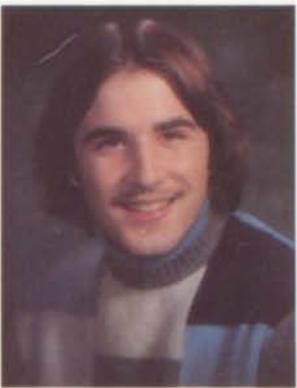
Lisa Moore



Shelly Mosier



Paul Moultrup



Mark Neill



Sue Nelson



Brenda Newville



Cinda Norris



Shaun Nowland



Jeff Oberg



Tony Oberleisen



Cindy Okerlund



Dave Olson



Brian Shorter flashes a smile.



Becky Osborn



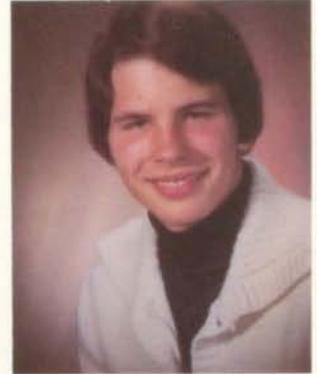
Maureen Owens



Val Paget



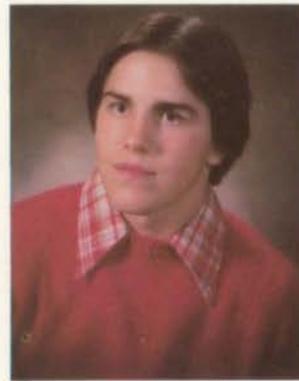
Pat Parker



Dan Pater



Donna Paulus



John Pemberton



Carol Pennell



Tammi Poquette



Judy Putters



Eric Rasmussen



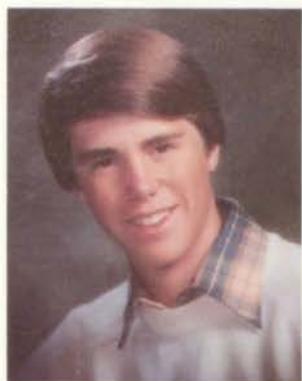
Laurie Richardson



Steve Rudolph, President



Richard Ruffe



Charlie Ryde



Debbie Salisz



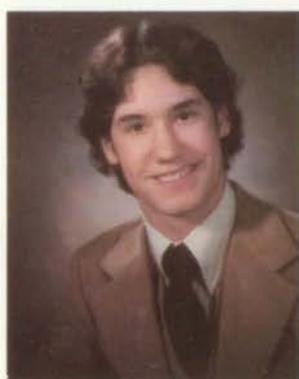
Sharon Saxton



Ed Schaub



Pete Schwartzfisher



Bob Shanahan



Ed Shanahan



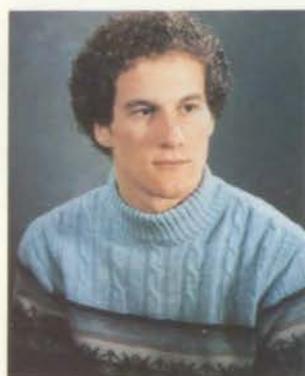
Sally Shankland



Phil Shively



Watching the halls, Fred?



Brian Shorter



Mark Simard, Vice-President



Bob Simon



Angie Sineway



Scott Sipe



Per-Espen Skeppervold



Theresa Smith



Richard Southwell



What's in the locker, Janice?



Diane St. Amand



Tamara Stevens



Merri Still



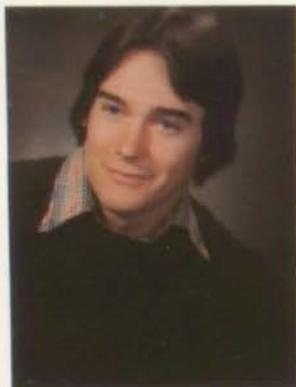
Hollie Strong



Tammie Swaby



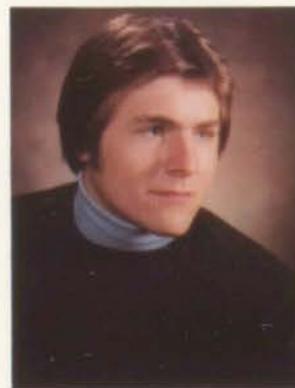
Richard Swanson



Eric Swenor



Tom Swenor



Randy Sydow



Laurie Tanton, Secretary



Debbie Taylor



Kelly Terpening



Jane Thelen



Julie Thomas



Lois Thompson



Mark Thompson



Katie Trautmann



Mary Lynn Turchan



Jane Turcott



Lis Uhlich



See, we're not so short!!!



Paul Van Allen



Kris Vorpapel



Dave Wagar



Mark Walinske



Tim Wang



Linda Washburn



Mike Washburne



Chris Waterson



Jane Waugh



Andy Webster



Tammie Wendorf



Jim White

This year was a very rewarding experience for me for two important reasons. First, it gave me a chance to deal with all different types of people and to look at situations from many different angles. The second reason was that this year, I had my first real chance in life to deal with myself. I learned that you can't please everybody, and that I had to please myself knowing I did the best possible job that I could. The Class of '79 is a great bunch of **people**; some people I thought would never come through did. The float was an example of how many distinct people worked as a team and came out winners. With so many restrictions placed on us this year, we had to make the best of 1979; everybody did. This holds true in life, too. Each must make the best of what life brings; I know each of you will. In closing, I would like to thank each of you in the Class of '79 for teaching me a few important things that I will carry through life. I love all of you.

Steve Rudolph, President



Gil Whitman



Karla Witt



John Wolf



John Winter



Pat Wise



Kelly Zundel



Doran Wormell



Tony Zakrzewski

Different Strokes For Different Folks

Cedar Point means a lot of things to different people. This is what it meant to the class of 1979.

Cedar Point was: Kittens count, too! Norwegians should stay in Norway. The Northern Michigan "YEEEEOOO". Shooting the rapids. Roller coasters go faster with "Coke". Taking the Nestea Plunge. Jenny, where's the film? We were high on the Gemini. Thanks for the mixers! Cotton candy and ice cream. Marlo the magical bug masher. The car show in Clio.

Guess you had to be there!



Seniors roll on the Corkscrew.



Where's my mommy?



Which way to Daytona Beach?



Steve and Tammy lead the pack.



The girls anxiously wait for another thrilling ride.

Mock Elections

Most Likely To . . .

Mock elections were a fun way of looking at the people we went through high school with. We judged our friends' actions and personalities, and then voted on the most likely candidates in each category to find our winners. In 1979, we looked into the future, and came up with these categories.



... Appear in Vogue
Brian Shorter and Jeanne Brill



... Have a Beer Belly
Fred Jakeway and Lori Fortune



... Be Keyholders to Playboy Clubs
Tamara Stevens and Scott Johnston

... Be Wild and Crazy
Gil Clark and Lisa Moore

Unavailable for photos: Andy Webster and Marie Beckett
... Be Seen in Singles Bar

... Be a Billionaire
Nancy Dwan and Willie Chamberlain





... Be Mr. and Ms. Congeniality
Barb Mengebier and Rob McClellan



... Be Interviewed by Howard Cosell
Cindsue Okerlund and Wally Coffey



... Appear in **Wizard of Oz** Remake
Tod Dean and Kathy Cramer

... Have 12 kids
Phil Shively and Kelly Terpening



... Be Least Recognizable at 10th year Class Reunion
Diane St. Amand and Randy Sydow

... Buy Land in the Everglades
Mark Simard and Karen Hilal



High School Became A Memory On Graduation Day

As the band began to play "Pomp and Circumstance", I reminisced about all of the fantastic memories of my high school years. I thought of all of my friends, new and old, and the times we had shared. Soon it was my turn to march up the aisle, where people smiled at me, and flash-bulbs flashed, as a tear ran down my cheek. All 266 classmates and I were as restless as children as we sat through the musical selections and the speaker's comments. The moment finally arrived when Mr. Raddatz read Russ Ackerman's name. Memories flashed through my mind once again as I saw my closest friends and classmates get their diplomas. In a matter of minutes we turned our tassels and marched out of the auditorium to receive hugs and kisses from our relatives and loved ones. Indeed, high school was filled with memories and fun, but the future will be our ultimate test of learning. As Steve Rudolph, our President, said, "We've finished our schooling, now may we begin our education."



Bob and Anne Foster, Ed and Bob Shanahan, and Jen Fought celebrate their graduation with a neighborhood open house.



"I'm still a kid, and I always will be," says Mikie Carver.



Dave Olson is feeling tall and proud! (With a little help from Becky Osborn and Cindy Okerlund).

Squeak, Beebes, and Fred are heading in to get snapped before graduation rehearsal.





"We're pals forever!" promise Connie Campbell and Carol Pennell.



Barb Mengebier: Looks like I made it!



Liz Ulich beams proudly and holds up her diploma. She's graduated at last!



Barry Kuebler smiles a graduate smile.



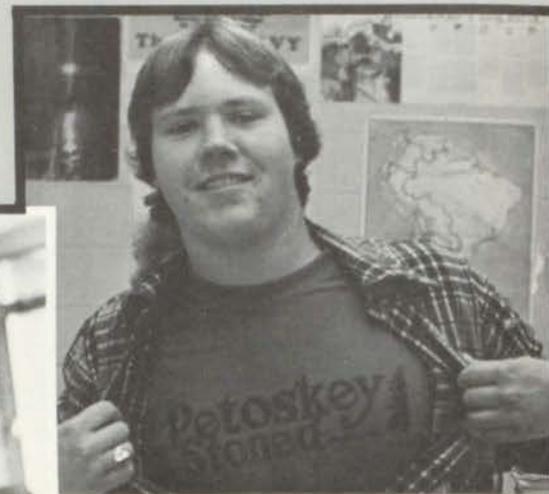
Mark Fedus and Mark Gregory share a chuckle with Mrs. VanTreese.



Ed Shanahan's excitement shines through!

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The Things We Did



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The Friends We Loved ...



... Class Of '79





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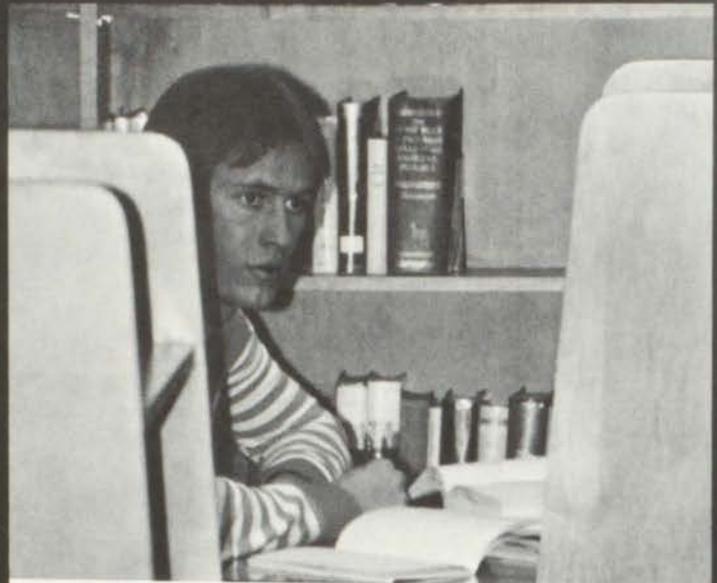


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Bob Esford: Now if only I can find the formula to this problem, and the ...

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Maud and Romi find something to munch on at the concession stand.

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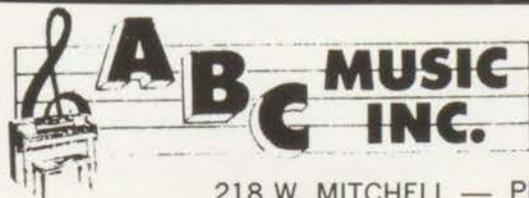
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Terry VanNorman and Scott Juday looking like real outdoorsmen.



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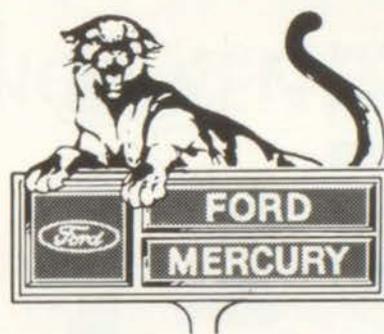
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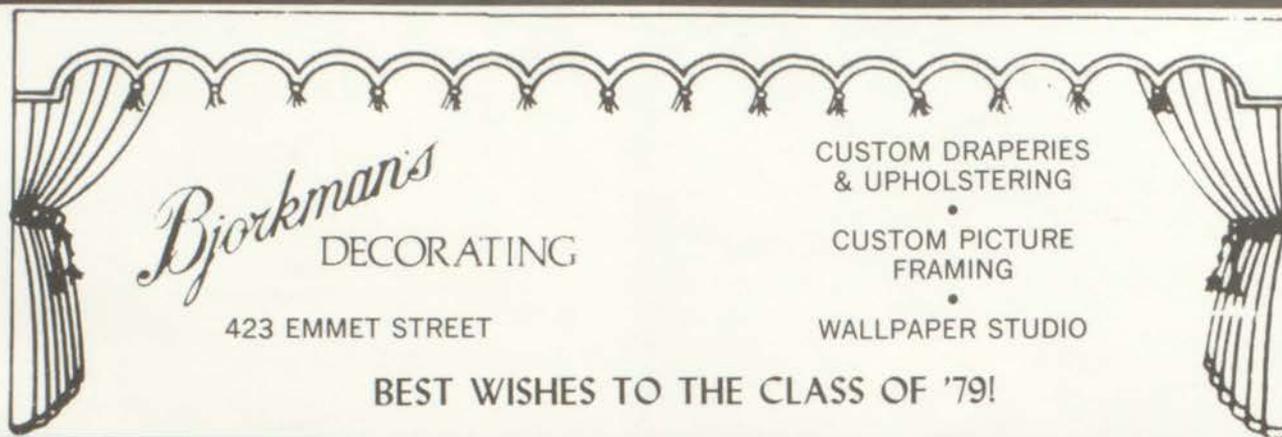
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Debbie Taylor, Judy Baker and Maureen Owens look like they just might be having fun.

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CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS



Our own little niche. That's what it was. We had a place in this school other than the algebra room or the chemistry lab. And we could talk to people about something other than homework. It was a neat and different social twist. It was a club, and we belonged.

Active, or not active, being a member of a special group had tons of attributes. It took being able to bench press 220 pounds, or the ability to plant trees in the spring to belong to some clubs, while others required only a willing mind, and a little spare time. Activities ranged from a trip abroad to España, a paper drive, and a space odyssey dance, to sponsoring an exchange student, popping popcorn, or showing ski movies. The main object, of course: raise money. The rewards, none other than: sharing a smile, making a friend, lending a hand, and having a chuckle or two.

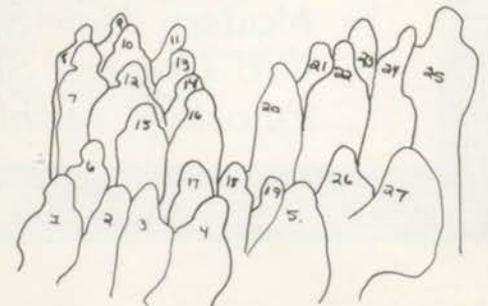
French Club Plans Trip In 1981

French Club started this year with the usual "bang" including new members joining, present members coming back with new ideas, and even a new and ambitious advisor, Miss Lark. We celebrated Homecoming by selling "Lick the Chiefs" suckers. Next, the club sponsored a tootsie roll sale, a stationery sale, and a concession.

A trip for 1981 was planned, making all the hard work and headaches worthwhile.

The success of the club this year was only made possible through the team effort of the club, and the aid and support of our advisor. Club officers for the French club were Peg Cutshaw President, Karen Hilal Vice-President and Sheryl Houts Secretary-Treasurer.

1 Kathy Allen, 2 Kelly Morin, 3 Miss Lark, 4 Kris Rasmussen, 5 Gaye Elder, 6 Kelly Smith, 7 Kim Kruczek, 8 Karen Hilal, 9 John Thelan, 10 Andrea Taylor, 11 Trish Shuttleworth, 12 Donna Pontbriand, 13 Kim O'Neil, 14 Terri Winegarden, 15 Joni Smith, 16 Laura DePreckle, 17 Lisa Sullivan, 18 Ronnie Shigur, 19 Kim Kenny, 20 Terry McCarthy, 21 Ken Yew, 22 Laurie Thomas, 23 Anne Pillsbury, 24 Carrie Ronan, 25 Mark Hilal, 26 Lora Frycznski, 27 Cindy Spear





Spanish Club Trip Planned

The Spanish Club started off the school year of 1978-1979 with the usual enthusiasm that goes into all the clubs. There were the new members who were excited about being in the club, and the old members who were looking forward to the trip that was being planned for 1981 remembering all the fun they had the previous year.

We thought of a lot of different money making projects such as selling Chupa Chup suckers, and bubble gum. We also had our annual

chocolate candy bar sale. In February we held a dinner for the senior members of the club at Turkey's in Harbor Springs which was a big success. The trip scheduled for 1981 will be a Caribbean Cruise where we will visit Jamaica, Venezuela, Panama, Mexico, and Columbia. We are all hoping this will be a success. Our club officers were Judy Baker President, Cindy Okerlund Vice-president, Debbie Taylor Secretary, and Diane St. Amand Treasurer.

Front Row: Mary Wills, Judy Baker, Senora Crawford, Laurie Tanton, Kathy McCullough. Second Row: Karin Budek, Lenore Scherf, Carrie Axtell, Tracy Mann, Hiromi Asai, Becky Gibes, Third Row: Kristi Marquardt, Kris Gullede, Wendy Brown, Karla Steffens, Lisa Scholl, Diane St. Amand, Kelly Mann, Fourth Row: Pat Parker, Bob Shanahan, Arlie Hart, Craig Stamm, Charlie Colwell, Matt Pater, Wayne Goldsmith, Mark Foster.

Latin Club Gives Books To Can Cum

The Latin Club does something that no other foreign language club in this school does. We put a float in the Homecoming parade. Mrs. Vratana stated that she as the advisor, was very proud that we did something that other clubs didn't. The Latin Club held the Odyssey dance which was a big success, and we also had a bake sale.

We didn't use the money we earned to go on any trip, but we set up a scholarship for the foreign language students at North Central Michigan College who graduated from PHS. We also collected books for the new library in CanCum which doesn't have any books yet. We really enjoyed this project. The class officers were Co-Consul Anne Linck, Co-Consul Bob Foster, Quester Trish Everson and Scribe Kristi Kuebler.



Front Row: Mrs. Vratana, Kelly Smith, Regina Smith, Marie Livingston, Evie Gibbard, Katie Linck, Second Row: Kevin Rankin, Cinda Norris, Marilyn Fettig, Carol Schmoltdt, Kathleen Parker, Julie Norris, Don Schwartzfisher, Third Row: Mike Annable, Laurie Morin, Rick Kutcipal, Lynn Hoffman, Lori Barnhart, Anne Linck, Tom Hodgkiss, Bob Foster, Fourth Row: Tom Kowalczyk, Scott Shepherd, Paul Baerwolf, Marty Navdike, Carrie Garlinghouse, Marcy Schantz, Karin Uhlich, Dave Schuch.

International Club Holds International Weekend At Petoskey

The purpose of the International Club was to promote interest in the YFU, AFS, and Rotary exchange programs, and to promote international understanding. It also enable American students to meet and learn about other customs and cultures from foreign students. This year we sponsored an International Weekend with exchange students from the surrounding communities as our guests. In addition we coordinated programs for previous exchange students from our area and present exchange students in our school for area groups who requested speakers.

Our money making projects included two basketball concessions and an International Dinner. The money that was earned enabled the club to give scholarships to students from P.H.S. who went abroad as exchange students.

The International Club was open to all those interested in being a member, those interested in international understanding, all students who planned to go abroad or who had been abroad, plus all present exchange students.

The club officers were President Anne Foster, Vice-President Laurie Richardson, Secretary Joanne Van Burlo, and Treasurer Cindy Allen.



Front Row: Laurie Richardson, Regina Smith, Second Row: Maria Bremmeyr, Jen Fought, Hiromi Asai, Lori Cook, Kim Sutherland, Rick Murray, Third Row: Per-Espen Skippervold, Anne Foster, Trish Shuttleworth, Kathy Innis, Jeff Jones, Kandy Spencer.

Boyd Wins Chess Tourney

The Chess Club was one of the more unique clubs. The members didn't earn money to go on trips or buy materials. This club was for the enjoyment of the members. "It's really great to be able to play chess and not have to worry about finding someone to play with. You just walk into the room and there's someone there ready to go," stated one member of the club. This year the club held chess tournaments. The winners were first place Walter Boyd, second place Doug Baily and third place Dave Perry. Mr. Adolphs stated that he really enjoyed being the advisor of this club because it was an activity that he liked and he had fun watching young people do something they enjoyed. The club officers were Ken Yew President, Mike Boros Vice-president, and Dave Perry Secretary.

Front Row: Dave Perry, Mike Boros, Second Row: John Schmoltdt, Wally Walsh, Doug Bailey, Ken Yew, Walter Boyd, Third Row: Mr. Adolphs, Dennis Winter



Student Council Buys Stereo

The Student Council made a few changes and accomplished some noticeable things this year. Besides the usual sponsoring of the first dance and donating the profits to the freshmen, supervising Homecoming activities, and helping at both the Blood Bank and on In-service Day, we did some newsworthy things.

In December a stereo system purchased by the council arrived for the student body. This purchase cut our funds in half, but would service the student body greatly in years to come at dances to avoid the rising cost of disc jockeys. The council has received many compliments and thanks for this purchase. In addition, to keep up with the current hits, we joined Columbia Record Club.

Furthermore, the council again put a suggestion box in the office, sent two representatives to the regional student council meeting in Gaylord, and looked into a reading and study lounge for students.

The council held a luncheon for retiring janitor Mr. Jespersen honoring him for his services and valued friendship. He was presented with a watch as a gift of appreciation.

As an insight session the council held a "debate" with the Hi-lite newspaper staff. It brought out new ideas and gave us all a chance to voice our opinions.

The council also changed its absentee policy for meeting in an effort to crack down on unexcused absences.

Finally a big change took place in election procedures for officers. They will now be elected by the whole student body instead of just the council. Also, a motion was passed to further include the council alternates.

The council is again looking forward to the all school picnic this spring and is proud of the accomplishments made this year.

Our club officers this year were President Barb Mengebier, Vice-president Lynnette Ball, Secretary Cindysue Okerlund, and Treasurer Sarah Russell.



President Barb Mengebier discusses future plans.



Centerfold: Paul Douma.
 Front Row: Don Schwartzfisher, Rick Kutcipal, Dan Carpenter, Becky Gibes.
 Second Row: Lori Barnhart, Sarah Russell, Lynnette Ball, Barb Mengebier, Cindysue Okerlund, Gaye Elder, Steve Keck.
 Third Row: Judy Daniels, Wendy Brown, Julie Norris.
 Fourth Row: Mark Simard, Tom Hodgkiss, Steve Rudolph, Reg Smith, Scott Shepherd.

Ecology Club Has Paper Drive

The Ecology Club was open to anyone interested in the area's environment and who wanted to have a good time! This year our activities included our annual canoe-camping excursion on the Manistee River, a trip to Toronto, Canada's Science Institute, and our traditional club dinner held at Vivio's. We also had a basketball concession, a dance, a natural foods bake sale, and we participated in a paper drive. We donated money to the Garden Club enabling them to plant more flowers in Pennsylvania Park. "It's mainly a fun organization," stated President Judy Daniels. "I feel that we could use more members and more participation from the current members." Other club officers were Vice-president Cheryl Jaquith, Secretary Lori Barnhart, and Treasurer Arlie Hart. Our club advisor was Maria May.



Front Row: Alice Schaub, Melanie Johnson, Maria May, Debbie Marshall, Vicki Vance, Gary Budek, Judy Daniels; Second Row: Lori Barnhart, Debbie Salisz, Arlie Hart, Laurie Vargo, Scott Holowasko, Mary Breithaupt, Beth Eppler.

"Blazing Skis"

The Ski Club's purpose was to allow the kids who enjoy the sport to get together, pool their resources and find something or some way to enjoy the sport more, and have **fun!** The club was open to any interested person and there was a \$4.00 membership fee. We had about 45 members.

Our money raising activities were really enjoyable themselves. Last fall each member sold tickets for the movie "Blazing Skis" which we showed at school. Each member who sold four tickets got his name in a hat and was admitted to the movie free. A name was then drawn from the hat and a pair of poles (donated by the Outfitter) was given to the winner, President Jim McCullough. Other club officers were Vice President: Kathy Kutcipal, Secretary: Barb Lester, Treasurer: Gil Whitman.

Later this year we held a dance from which we made the majority of our money. With all the earnings and dues and the cooperation of Nubs Nob we all night skied at cut rate on Wednesday nights and the club paid the tab. Besides free night skiing, we tentatively planned a little spring fling picnic.

Over all we had a good year, raised some bucks, and had fun, both making them and spending them!

Front: M. Verhelle, L. Bodary, J. Smith, J. Yoder, P. Fisher, T.J. O'Keefe
 Second Row: Hiromi Asia, L. Brown, S. Roe, P. R. Kutcipal
 Third Row: M. Sweet, M. Affendikis, K. Brown, D. Carpenter, T. Tompson, T. Wong,
 Fourth Row: B. Lester, G. Whitman, C. Elcoate, P. Behan
 Fifth Row: J. Norris, L. Kondziela, J. Putters, J. Smith
 Sixth Row: C. Stamm, K. Kutcipal, D. Hill, R. Kenny, A. Hart.
 Seventh Row: B. Connaughten, W. Goldsmith, S. Halford, Per-Espen Skippervold, J. Connaughten, J. McCullough, M. Walinski, Coach L. Gunderson.





Front Row: Theresa Gravedoni, Lisa Nelson, Karen Adkins,
 Second Row: Terri Winegarden, Mary Schwartzfisher, Mary Sobleski, Lori Kondziela, Kris Gullede, Heather Kline, Amy Burch.
 Third Row: Beth Eppler, Kim Poquette, Kelly Smith, Lisa Zokas, Tina Donnelly, Kristi Marquardt, Lori Morin.
 Fourth Row: Desiray Baird, Kris Vorpapel, Cathy Esford, Donna Marshall, Joni Smith.

220 Club Lifts 260

The 220 Club is somewhat like the Chess Club. We didn't earn money to go on trips or participate in community activities. But we did have to be able to bench press 220 pounds! Advisor Mark Lancaster stated that the club's main activities were initiation, workouts, and having a yearbook picture taken. This year there was a new accomplishment. All officers, Joe Conti President, Dick Conti, Vice-president, Dave Galbraith Treasurer, and Joe Hoffman Secretary, were able to bench press 260 pounds.

Pep Club Buys Bus Fare To Gaylord

The first meeting of the Pep Club produced the usual members, the cheerleaders and a few girls who wanted to keep the school spirit going. Our main project for the year was the Homecoming dance which was a great success! We also paid the fee for a bus to a Gaylord game. And of course we organized the school pep assemblies one of which featured a pie-eating contest. Our club officers this year were Cyndi Keck President, Amy Burch Vice President, Mary Peterson Secretary, and Heather Kline Treasurer.



Front Row: Brad Fineout, Rockie Tobin, Joe Conti, Dick Conti,
 Second Row: Dave Galbraith, Tom Jepson, Scott Johnston,
 Third Row: Mark Lancaster, Mike Buday, Joe Hoffman, Randy Sydow.

NHS Establishes Honor Roll



The 1978-79 Senior National Honor Society Members include: (left to right) Cindy Okerlund, Mary Lynn Turchan, Tammie Swaby, and Kathy Kutcipal. Second Row: Diane St. Amand, Art Foster, Mark Simard, Ashley Kleinstiver, Sue Burek, and Laurie Tanton. Third Row: Bob Shanahan, Bob Foster, Jim Cosens, Willie Chamberlain, and Nancy Dwan. Top: Scott Holowosko. Not pictured are: Judy Baker, Jeanne Cusack, Chris Ingalls, Barb Mengebeir, Mike Annable, Joan Deloria, Julie Dolan, Anne Foster, Cynthia Francis, Craig Koboski, Pat Parker, Judy Putters, Sally Shankland, Kelly Terpening, Mark Thompson, Mark Walinski, Chris Waterson, and Karla Witt.

Carnations & Inductions Make For Buzy Year

National Honor Society has definitely taken a turn for the better here at Petoskey High School, and this year's group continued to add to the growing success of the organization. A service project at Bay View in early October started the year off. It was followed by numerous meetings, all in anticipation of establishing an honor roll at PHS. Finally after two years of quest, the honor roll project was approved by the school board. To be named to the honor roll a student must have attained at least a 3.0 grade point average.

The big money-maker for the year was the carnation sale for Valentines Day. Once again, as other years, the sale was a great success and landed a much needed profit. Two major activities for the society this year were organizing the Sr. fall induction and the Jr. spring induction. Both went beautifully with the help of guest speakers Mr. Sheldon Buckmaster from the Middle School, and Mr. Gary Cusack, a parent. The year ended with a potluck steak barbeque during exam week, goodbyes to old and new friends, and hopes for success in the future. Mrs. Wills did an outstanding job as advisor this year. Cindy Okerlund was President, Laurie Richarson Vice President, Kathy Kutcipal secretary, and Art Foster treasurer.

Debate And Forensic Teams Take First In Districts



1st: Vicki Vance, Nean Connaughton, Karen Budek, Monica Bremmeyr; 2nd: Laurie Richardson, Sue Burek, Joan Deloria, Jen Fought, Karen Uhlich, Anne Linck, Wendy Brown, Willie Chamberlain, Mrs. Howard



1st row: Kathy Kutcipal, Kris Rasmussen, Monica Bremmeyr, Nean Connaughton 2nd row: Sue Burek, Debbie Taylor, Judy Baker, Trish Shuttleworth, Michelle Buday 3rd row: Joan Deloria, Lisa Nelson

Future Farmers Of America Build Walkway To The Lower Parking Lot

The Future Farmers of America were responsible for the agriculture around the school. We maintained the school woods and planted and harvested the corn that was grown behind the school. We also built a brick sidewalk across the front lawn to the lower parking lot so that the students need not walk on the drive or the lawn. We held our annual seed and fruit sale, and entered various contests for judging our cattle and produce. With the money we made we paid off the balance on one of our tractors. Our organization grew considerably in the past year. In the 1977-78 school year we had approximately 20 members. This year we had 43 members. Organization officers were Matt Avery President, Margie Krusell Vice President, Tammy Boudoux Secretary, Russ Ackerman Treasurer, Norman Cool, Reporter, and Scott Patton Sentinel.



Row 1: M. Hannen, M. Krusell, S. Patton. Row 2: V. Kaufman, R. Ackerman, M. Hempstead, J. Steffle. Row 3: B. Leshner, B. Eppler, J. Laubrich, B. Leow, K. Boening, W. Blanshan, J. Kruskie, P. Giles. Row 5: L. Slocum, L. Engler, J. Boyer, P. Hommel, B. Simon, N. Cool, D. Fryer, K. Shan. Row 6: L. Ingalls, L. Fraley, S. Notestein, T. Boudoux, K. Furgeson, B. Howard, J. Mathis, R. Wederski, M. Avery, Mr. Hamilton. Row 7: P. Landon, R. Caron, R. Dolan, L. Redmund, J. Fochtman, Mr. Stolt, R. Spooner, A. Welsheimer, R. Kellog, and M. Lyons.

Super Jocks

The Boys Varsity Club was open to any varsity letter winner. Our money making project was the popcorn stand at basketball games and concessions at football games. The money we made went to buy new equipment for the gym, and our annual canoe trip in the spring. Club officers were Pat Parker President, and Adam Fruge Vice President.



Row 1: Dave Schuch, Don Hoch, Andy Webster, Rocky Tobin, Row 2: Mark Ingalls, Mark Hramiec, Wally Coffey, Dave Galbraith, Mike Buday, Row 3: Doug Hill, Kevin Danker, Mark Simard, Pat Parker, Adam Fruge, Brian Dominic, Randy Sydow, Bob Shanahan, Bob Esford.

Fly The Friendly Skies Of PHS

This year the Flying Club consisted mainly of our aerospace students, but we allowed other students to join for a minimal fee. "The purpose of this organization is to give young people a chance to see the aviation community and to experience flight," stated advisor Harris Stevens. In the spring we took trips to the Pellston and Traverse City airports to look over the facilities and to fly the planes. We didn't have any money making activities because we felt that all of our members who wanted to fly the planes could pay the fees required. Organization officers were Pat Parker, President, Bob Foster, Vice President, Tammy Stevens, Secretary.

Row 1: Tammy Stevens, Gary Budek, Debbie Parkman, Lynn Brown, Row 2: Tim Kirby, Kim Tibble, Pat Parker, Row 3: Mark Satmary, Ben Harrison, Row 4: Harris Stevens, Joel Duran, Mike Kruskie, Bob Shanahan, Row 5: Scott Hollowasko, Joe Daly, Andy Webster, Bob Foster, Mike Annable, Joe Bourrie.





The Marching Northmen Take First In State

COLOR GUARD: C. Esford, J. Carlson, K. Mania, K. Schalk, D. Chilcott, A. Howse, L. Cook, K. Hilal, L. Harvey, A. Kleinstiver, C. Ronan, L. Sullivan, P. Malkowicz, T. Daniels, K. Kline, K. Scott, M. Buday, L. Ball, Tho J. James, R. Goble, S. Rogers. RIFLES: C. Peterson, L. Fedus, L. Rautio, J. Haase, S. Rasmussen, S. Reynolds. DRUM MAJORS: C. Pennell, D. Zmikly, K. Vorpapel. PICCS: A. Foster, M. Joneson, C. Hanson. CLARINETS: E. Eberly, L. Kleppe, L. Scherf, J. Stark, K. Putters, J. Dolan, S. McBryde. ALTO SAX: C. Fox, C. Hirschenberger. TENOR SAX: A. Beach, M. Boros, K. Kritcher, TRUMPETS: M. Alpers, P. Douma, B. Esford, B. Gengle, B. Harrison, K. Rankin, J. Schmidt, S. Sowles, J. Smith, S. Putters, S. Vorpapel, A. Reissener, B. Luepnitz, MELLOS: L. Doxtader, J. Fought, S. Hollowasko, B. Loyselle, L. Waldo, J. Zoerhoff, TROMBONES: D. Pater, T. Smith, A. Tsaloff, G. O'Gawa, BARITONES: M. Fedus, C. Waterson, R. Wills, D. Friend, L. Scholl. TUBAS: D. Say, C. Fought, M. Hempstead. PERCUSSION: S. Okerlund, B. Harrison, T. Gregory, S. Campbell, J. Smith, K. Steffens, M. Wills, B. Turk, D. Herron, C. Kahgee, B. Hartson, C. Reyner, B. Kolinski, K. Kruczek, K. Ulich, S. Bachelor, J. Drost, M. Suttin.

Concert Band



Row 1: Mr. Brien, K. Lauterbach, J. Duran, K. Scott, S. Parker, D. Chilcott, M. Buday, S. Reynolds. Row 2: C. Kahgee, B. Turk, V. Reusch, T. Weeter, E. Boese, B. Luepnitz, J. Fochtman, H. Yentz, M. Suttin, J. Joneson, S. Babcock, P. Weeter, S. Hollowasko, J. Foster, T. Page, D. Herron, S. Mindel, K. Schalk, M. Hempstead.

Symphonic Band Takes First In State



1st row: Mr. Brien, C. Fought, C. Peterson, D. Waldo, M. Wills, J. Carlson, M. Joneson, P. Malkowicz, A. Howse, K. Goble, J. Haas, D. Say, G. Smith, 2nd row: L. Doxtader, L. Fedus, L. Harvey, L. Kleppe, J. Stark, K. Mania, L. Scherf, K. Putters, L. Cook, S. Campbell, 3rd row: L. Waldo, B. Hartson, K. Kruczek, L. Sullivan, J. Dolan, K. Kritcher, M. Carver, C. Fox, C. Hirschenberger, A. Beach, M. Boros, D. Malkowicz, K. Steffens, 4th row: S. Rasmussen, D. Zmiky, S. Vorpapel, M. Alpers, P. Douma, A. Reissener, S. Sowles, J. Schmidt, K. Rankin, S. Putters, B. Harrison, 5th row: J. Fought, T. Smith, A. Tsaloff, D. Pater, G. O'Gawa, T. Gregory, 6th row: B. Loyselle, B. Kolinski, 7th row: S. Holowasko, C. Reyner, J. Zoerhoff, C. Waterson, D. Friend, M. Fedus, S. Okerlund.



Pep Band

1st: Chris Fought, Bob Esford, Jane Smith, Micki Carver, Anne-Foster, Mary Wills, Kevin Rankin 2nd: Rich Wills, Julie Schmidt, Mark Fedus, Anita Beach, Theresa Smith, Scott Holowasko 3rd: Roger Waterson, Connie Fox, Paul Douma, Cheryl Hirschenberger, Sarah Rasmussen 4th: Steve Vorpapel, Lynn Kleppe, Becky Gengle, 5th: Linda Fedus, Jean Stark, Lenore Scherf, Lori Cook

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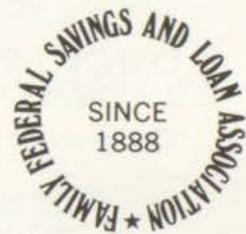
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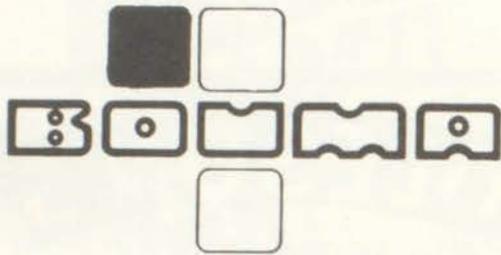


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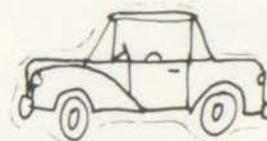
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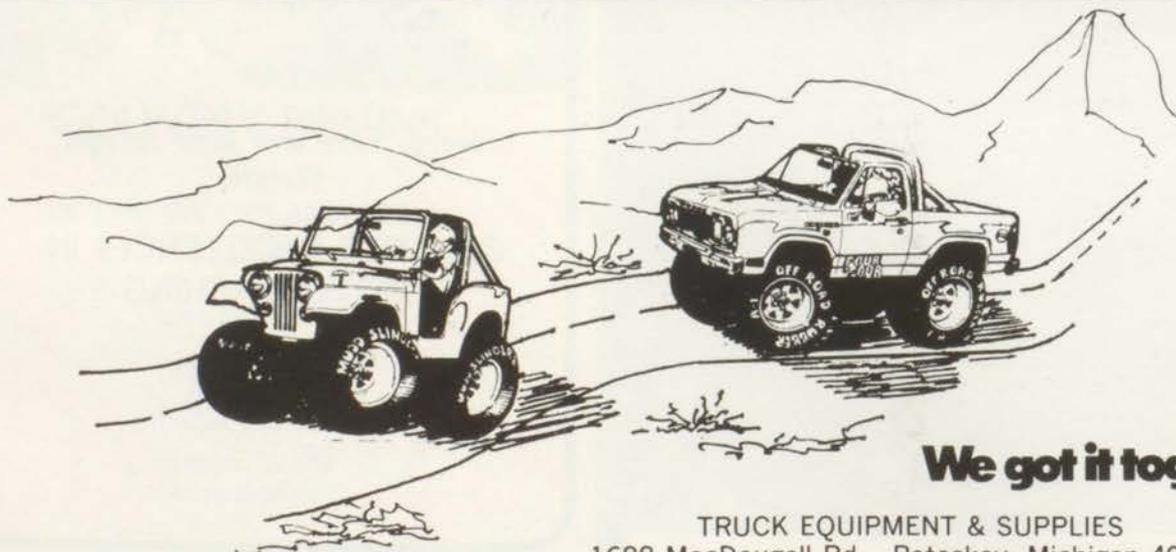
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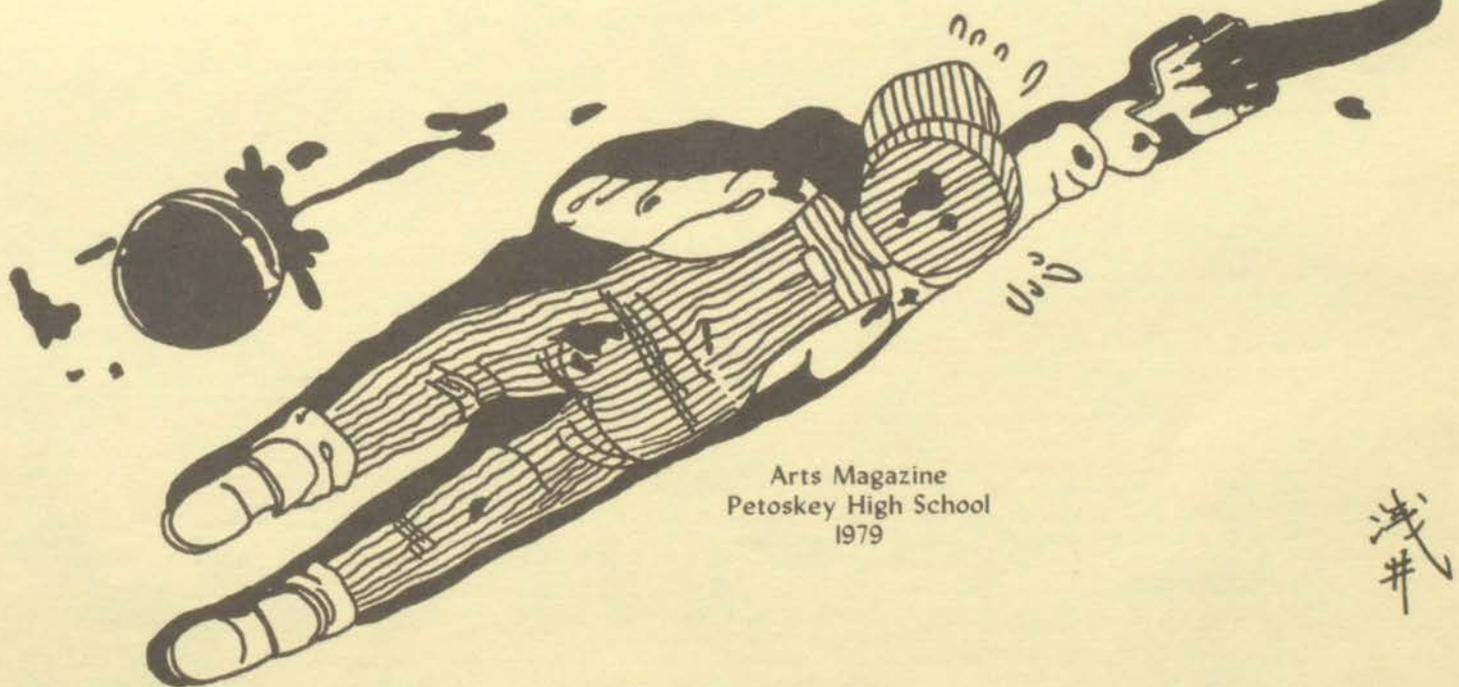


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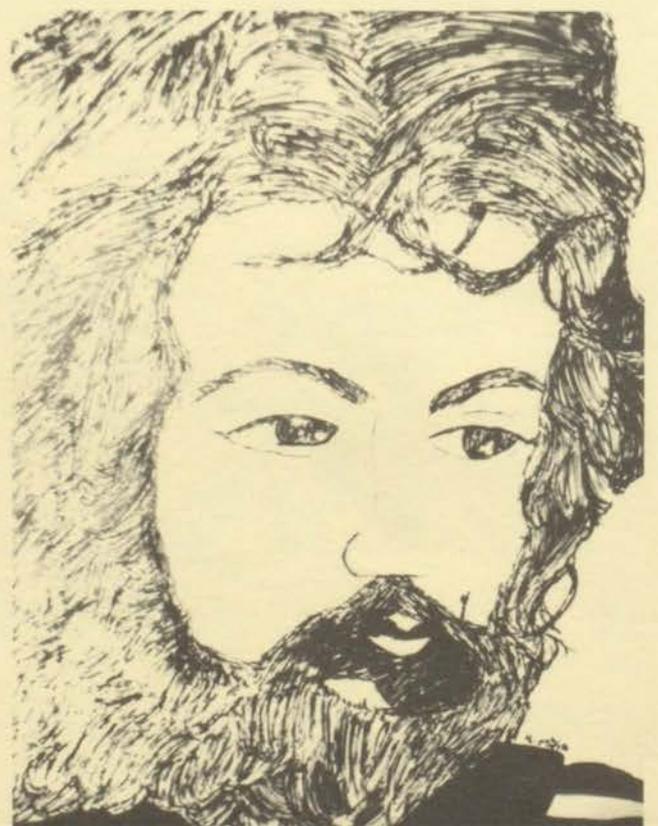
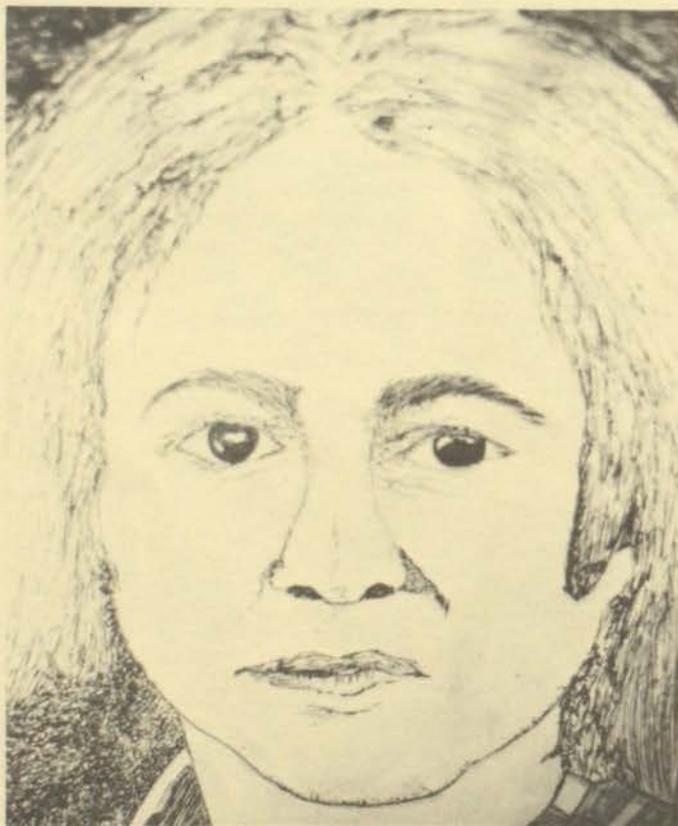




Lilly Lipski

Jenny Brower

Lilly Lipski



I don't like foreshadows,
But ...
The other night
the dogs barked,
I let them in.
Black night startled me with
its confident entry.
Bitterness bit my nose.
I coughed
as the black night stunned
my lungs.

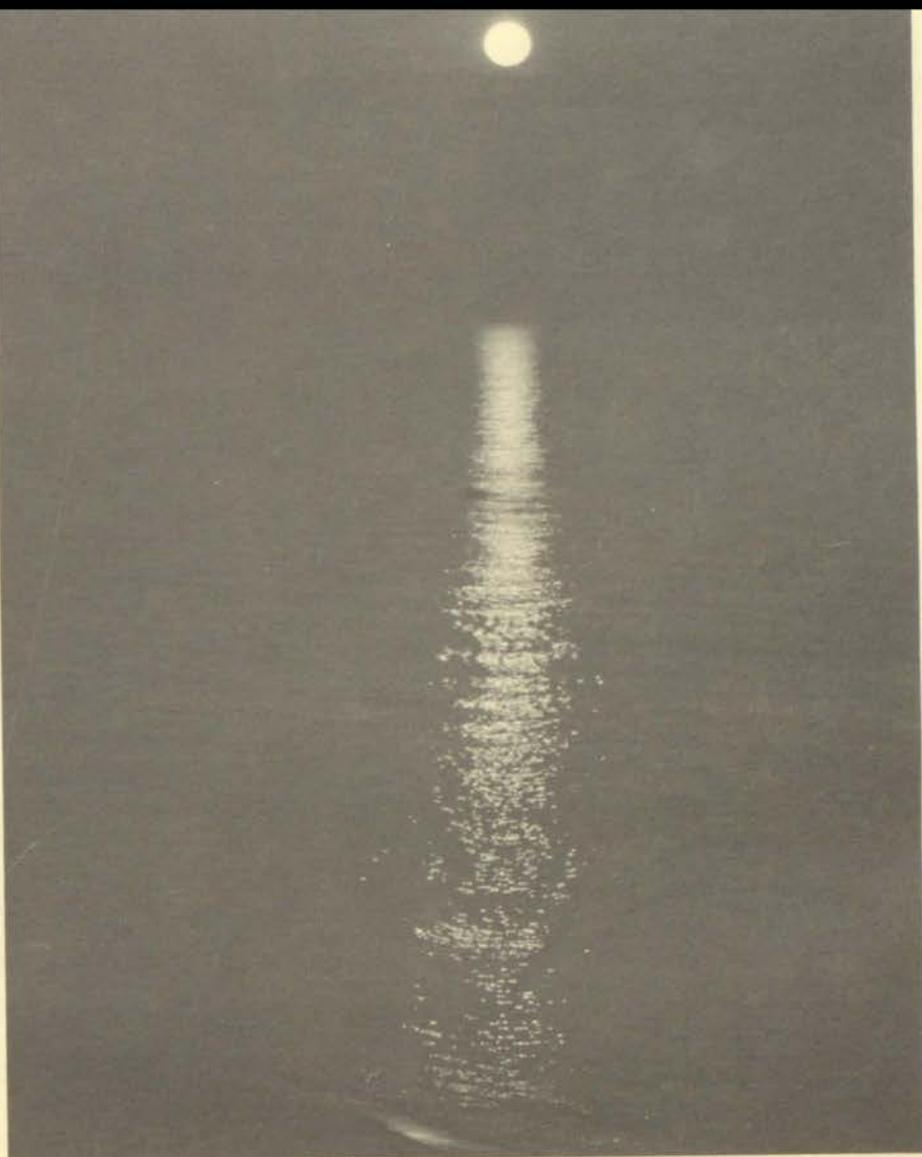
The night commenced ...
of course.
But,
your hand was an anvil's
weight,
a whisper ... I couldn't quite hear,
obnoxious winks,
and, "Only a swift kiss, man.
I have a cold."

I saw your tear well,
I knew of a heartbreak strange
... I thought
stranger still ...
I again saw summer breezes
lifting your locks,
and tickling my cheek
as my head lay upon your
shoulder.
"A heart throbbing,
Forever throbbing."

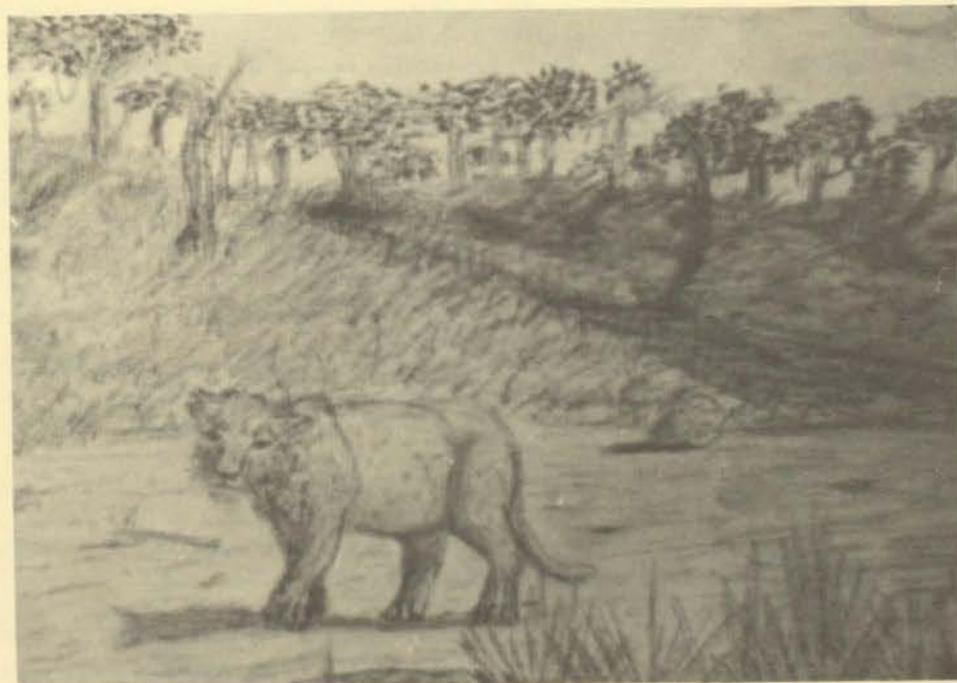
Barb Mengebier

Let it be said
that of my life
I made a gentle flame.
Not a fire that consumed,
nor an ember that briefly glowed and died.
But a flickering light that sparked the world.

T. Townsend



Jenny Brower



Paul Robinson

Summer

Summer was short
Summer was fun
School started
Summer was done

Sarah Rasmussen

Time holds unique moments
And you have to wait for them
When, and if, they come
Take them and
Hold on until
Time lets go

When all is done
All you can do is
Remember

K.C.

Striking the silence surrounding it, the snake of Lightning flashed its glaring bite into the indignant forest, causing the trees to mirror its fiery image in anger, and lose the tranquility they once knew.

Becky Osborn



Robin Dohn



Laurie Vargo

The Eagle

The rising sun was red and glowing. A gray mist carpeted the deep valley. The ghostly shapes of deer slipped back into the dense forest. A lone chickadee ruffled its wet feathers sleepily and chirped a few uncertain notes. As the warmth of the sun's rays entered into the valley, it chased the mist into the swamp. The valley turned suddenly golden and the grass sparkled like tiny jewels as the sun surged upward. Atop a mighty pine, the majestic shape of a golden eagle was etched sharply against a fading pink sky. Its sharp eyes missed nothing. A sudden motion caught its attention and a large crow came flapping into view. Its cawing grew dimmer as it skimmed over the awakening forest.

The eagle was flawless. Its deep golden eyes shimmered with life. The beak curved down to a fine point that slashed the air. Each feather pulsed with life and was ruffled slightly by the light wind and the steady breathing of the wild bird. The eagle suddenly stretched out its wings to their fullest extent, testing the shifting air currents and the fatal talons gripped the stump tightly.

It tensed suddenly. Completely motionless, the golden eagle followed the careless movements of a young rabbit. Suddenly there was a shriek of terror followed by deathly silence. Slowly the forest's inhabitants became active again and the incident was forgotten. The eagle, having killed with a slashing fury, now gorged his crop full. The bloody mass of fur and bones was discarded and the eagle flew heavily to his favorite dead branch. The warm sun probed its fingers into the delicate feathers of the eagle's body. A gentle wind lifted his feathers slightly. Looking over his kingdom, the golden eagle cried the wild and lonely cry of the wild. It then dozed, ever watching and listening.

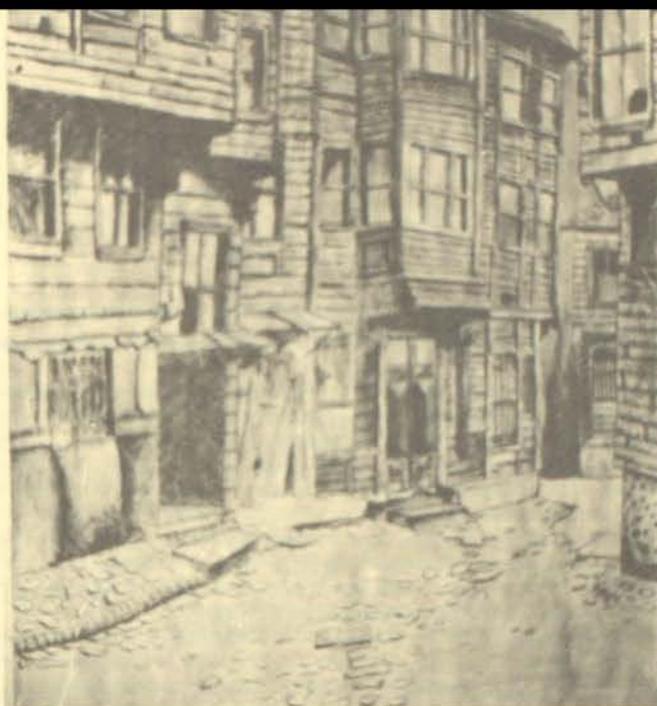
Laura Waldo



Julie Kalchik



Merri Still



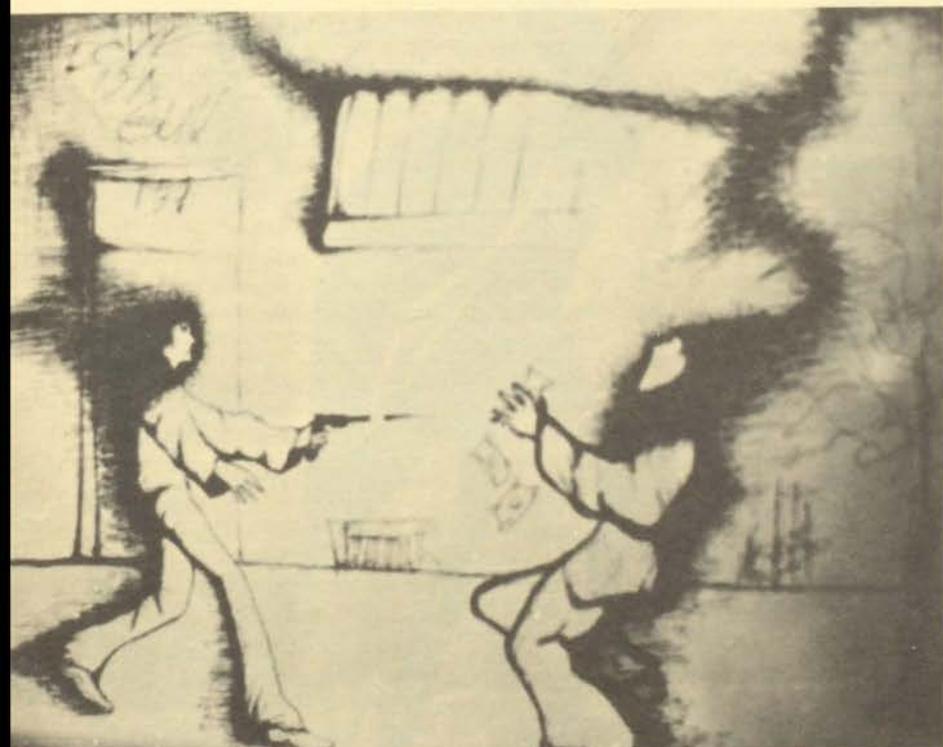
Karin Aho

Dreams

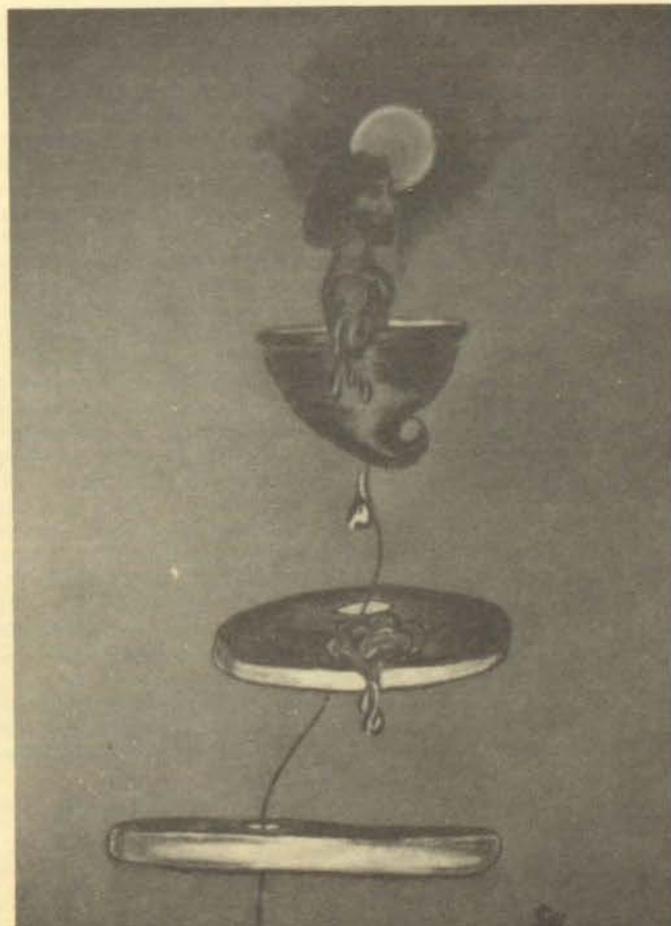
Images,
Beautiful objects
Forgotton acquaintances,
Strange Worlds
All become reality
Unsolvable conflicts,
That leave you frantic —
and then disappear,
Leaving you lying awake —
Wondering

Kelly Terpening

Ed Hebert



Eric Scott



Student Of The First World

The gravel driveway crunched familiarly beneath my tires. Coddling a bottle of champagne I got out, fragally shut the door of my VW sedan, admired the rust for a moment, and proceeded up the walk to my home. My wife answered my knock. "Mrs. Templeton?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, sensing the game.

"Is Mr. Templeton in?"

"No, I'm sorry he's in Africa at the moment on an armadillo safari."

"I see. Well would you be so kind as to give him this upon his return?" I handed her the agreement. She searched my face for confirmation.

"Are they really going to publish your thesis?"

"Well I have to make a few changes. But after that everything is set."

She gave me a slow understanding hug and then holding me by the shoulders looked at me long and hard. I knew the question she was silently asking. She knew I hadn't wanted to make any changes. She also knew how hard it was for me to compromise.

Karen led me to the couch. "Were there many?" she asked.

"Enough," I answered somberly.

"Anything important?"

I looked at her then, and with the glance she knew that the answer was yes. She was one of the few people who understood my thesis, one of the extreme few who understood me. "It was mainly the portions dealing with control. But that was what I had wanted everyone to know, how to control their emotions through their minds. But the publishers said it didn't fit. They said it didn't follow. They said a lot of things which made no sense. So I kept on pressing them. Finally this old guy cleared his throat and said, 'Son, you're only a graduate student. You've got a whole career ahead of you, a whole life. You don't want to stake that all on this. Respected people are going to read this. If you make the changes they'll think you're a fine young man who's got a good head on his shoulders. But if you don't . . . ' He hadn't needed to finish."

"Neither do you," said Karen.

"Champagne?" I offered wryly, extending the brown papered bottle.

"Cheers," she countered, giving me a gentle kiss.

I let the champagne play in my mouth while watching Karen laboriously chew a mouthful of macaroni and cheese. "I guess I didn't cook it long enough," she apologized. I released the champagne into my throat. The warmth I felt was, I had to admit, partly due to the champagne. But an even greater portion I had to attribute to Karen.

After dinner we discussed what would be done with the money from my thesis. Perhaps discussed isn't the proper term for we were slightly giggly from the champagne. She suggested that we get the armadillo head mounted and then I turned into one and attacked her. We ended up in bed.

We fell asleep, our bodies entwined against the night. I awoke from the sanctuary of sleep with a relentless pounding in my head. I moved carefully so as not to disturb Karen. The moon's light seeped through the curtains and hit her contented face. I brushed a strand of dark hair from closed eyes and cupped her small cheek in my hand.

A silent search produced no aspirin and another attempt produced no sleep. I sat cross-legged and straightbacked on the edge of the bed. The process was by now second nature with me. But tonight I gave it one more thought, a last bit of remorse at the fact that I would not be able to share with the readers of my thesis. But the thought was a brief one for the pattern soon took its cue and began. Taking deep breaths I began to relax. The frustrations and tensions, those with my students, those with the publishers, came before me now. I concentrated on them and defeated them. Slowly they melted away. But something still remained. I could not perceive its form, but it was there and had been before. I concentrated even harder now pushing at it's edge. Pushing, pushing, pushing . . .

The only vehicle I had taken was my mind. Which led me to believe that the plain on which I was standing and the rocks rising in the distance were merely an illusion. But I could feel the ground beneath my feet. I scooped up a handful of the sandy soil and let it slip through my fingers. The soil was whisked silently away by the gentle wind leaving

behind a chalky film which carried a dusty aroma and tasted salty on my tongue. It was real. And it stretched on endlessly broken only by huge vertical rocks jutting up from the surface and reaching upward to meet the orange glow of a sunset in a pale grey sky.

I knew only that I was supposed to be here and that I had someplace to go. Shading my eyes from the sun I singled out a rock which stood unusually tall and erect in contrast to the others. As I walked toward it the warm sand rose between my toes. It felt as though each individual ray of the sun was permeating my skin, bringing me alive.

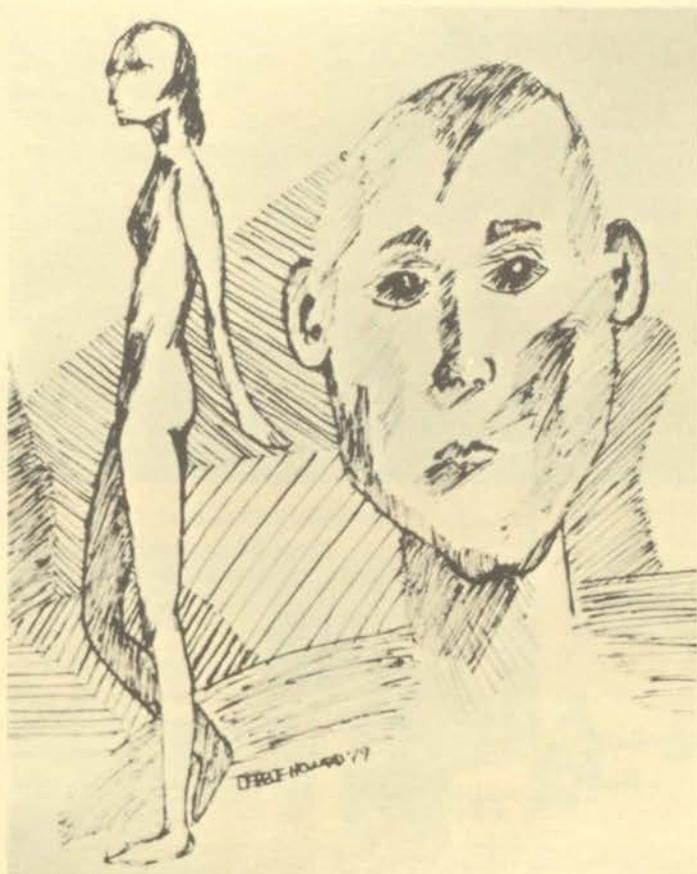
"Welcome, Richard." I began to turn but caught myself. Had I heard



Kelly Mathers

something? From behind a jagged rock emerged a bearded old man. "You sensed it," he answered. The thin lips didn't move.

I realized then that the words had not been perceived through sound but instead had been transmitted directly to my mind. "Telepathy?" I thought. And the old man smiled.



Debbie Howard

"Welcome." We walked silently together. Thoughts raced through my mind and a flush of excitement ran through my body. I wondered if he could hear me. "Only if you let me," he injected. And the realization of the situation began to unfold before me. "I am Thadius," he relayed. "Teacher of the first world. There is much to learn. Do not try to understand it now. There will be time for that later.

We came to a tall cliff which overlooked a city of white domed buildings gleaming in the sun. "This is Altra" he said, sweeping the city with his hand. "There is only one form of transportation to and from the city, as there is only one form to and from the first world." He referred to a large rock at the city's edge. "Concentrate on that point. I will help you." He cupped my hand in his and I felt no fear. I felt nothing until we reached the rock. "Follow me," said Thadius as he began leading me through the city's streets. The streets were smooth and despite the warm sun were cool to the touch. As we walked I realized that all of the buildings were not domed. Some stood clearly erect, amazing displays of architecture. Picture book trees lined the street side.

We entered a cool blank cubicle with a single invitingly cushioned chair in one corner. "Please sit down Richard. I am sure that this is all quite overwhelming to you as is the rule with most," he paused for a

moment. "Are you following me?" He asked silently. I nodded. "We have been watching you for quite a while. I think that you realize that you were on the verge of breaking through for some time now. It is a very unique thing for a person to have the mind control which you have achieved. And, as you found with your thesis, most people do not understand. That is why you are here. That is why we are all here. The ability to control our minds, this is our common bond, we understand. But this is only the first step. This is only the first world. There is, Richard, no limit. No limit to what your mind can achieve if you want it to."

"You are now faced with a decision. If you choose to stay, your body on earth will die and you may never return. If, however, your desire to return to earth you will not recall being here and our doors will remain forever closed to you. There are many things to consider. Feel free to walk through the city. If you need me I will be receptive to you. If not, I will meet you here in six hours to hear your decision. Good luck Richard." The old man laid his hands briefly on my shoulders, then turned and left without glancing back. I was alone.

More acutely alone than ever before. Yet free, I thought. I briefly wondered if anyone was listening to me. No, I said to myself, they weren't. Somehow I could tell. What was it about these smooth white walls that made me feel as though I had just been born?

I emerged from the cubicle and descended down a narrow hall, my feet slapping the cool floor. A solid oak door barred the outside. Stepping outside, the first thing I noticed was the quiet. It was not a pure silence, however, for I noticed a tree in front of the building. Perched high atop it was a vividly colored bird singing without a care in the warm spring breeze. As I listened more closely I thought I detected the rush of water accompanying the melody. I started up the street in its direction. Upon reaching its source I was immediately in awe. Thousands of symmetrical spouts shot upward where they mingled with the air sending kaleidoscopes of color spuming in all directions. It was the most magnificent fountain I had ever seen or could have imagined. It seemed to reach beyond beauty to perfection. The park surrounding it was dotted with white robed individuals interweaving about, exchanging silent conversations. Others sat on benches fashioned after the chair in the cubicle or simply lay stretched out on the grass, captivated with their own minds. I sat by the edge of the fountain digging my toes into the lush green grass. The world from which I had come seemed incredibly distant. I reached far back into my mind and reflected on the day before. I thought of my thesis. Would it be published if I did not return? The answer came back a most certain no. I remembered the meeting. "You'll have to make some changes Richard," they had said. "It's a good thesis but parts just aren't acceptable. Come on, lighten it up a little." Lighten it up? I thought with rage. They wanted me to butcher it. Didn't they understand what I was trying to say? Didn't they understand?

The burning frustration came back to me. I thought of my students at the university. I remembered my eagerness when I began teaching, when I had plunged into my world of knowledge, offering my discoveries, my thoughts, my mind. I recalled the frustration as they sat there, a sea of blank faces, their minds barely skimming the surface of what I was saying. I looked about at the figures in the park. They would understand my thesis. They understand, I thought, they must. I know they do. That's why I am here. A feeling of pure joy enveloped me at the realization. That is why I am here.

My observations took on a new curiosity now. I gazed intently at the inhabitants of the park as if I were the sole member of the audience at the theater. But glancing from person to person something hit a wrong chord. Something was missing, I thought. But I couldn't quite place it. My eyes came to rest upon a young woman. Her long dark hair and wide green eyes reminded me instantly of Karen. But there was one element missing.

Their faces remained expressionless. Were they laughing in their minds? Were they hating? Were they loving? I remembered Thadius' words, "Only if you let me." A slow panic began to knot in my stomach. I

continued from page 167

wanted to run up to them, to shake them, to yell at them. Are you happy here? I wanted to ask, was your choice the right one? The picture of Karen as she lay in the moonlight came to me. A sharp pang shot through my chest and the panic of never seeing her again overwhelmed me.

Tears blurred my vision of the perfect world. My thesis, I thought, I have to get back. The realization terrified me. The price was too high. A new panic came over me now. I dodged through a forest of white robes, my fear passing unnoticed. I hesitated, which way was the cubicle? I felt the terror of a lost child being to rise within me. Stop, I told myself, gather your wits, panic will get you nowhere. The melody of the bird hit my ears. I peered down the street and the brilliant colors of the bird called to me as a haven from the storm. I stopped briefly when I reached him as if to offer thanks. He answered with a bittersweet melody which followed me until the large oaken door came to a resounding close behind me, leaving me again, silently alone.

I entered the cubicle hoping in vain to find Thadius so that I could return home. The cubicle was unoccupied save for the lone chair sitting invitingly in the corner. I sank down into the cushions and leaned back slowly. I closed my eyes and took long deep breaths. I began to relax, in and out, in and out ...

My mind was before me now, filled with swirling confusion. I knew what had to be done. Why was I hesitating? What was I afraid of? Stop, I told myself, stop the swirling. You must come to terms. Stop, stop, stop. And it went away slowly until all that was left was darkness, the stage. My recent experiences in Altra came first. The fountain rushed in my head. The faces appeared, yet no longer threatening. I felt no fear, no panic. In my mind's eye I walked the streets of Altra, admiring the advancement of architecture. The opportunities of the first world began to blossom before me again. I came at last to the bird sitting on his perch. The brilliant colors were gone, replaced by granite grey. The stone bird fell through the branches to the pavement. What survived was not the remains of pieces but the nothingness of dust.

The faces of Psychology 203 were before me. I faced them squarely and felt nothing. No frustration, no disgust, no hatred, nothing.

And finally there came to me the image of Karen. Her smooth skin pale in the moonlight, her hair lay about her in dark contrast. For a moment I was conscious of my body. A great welling began in my chest and spread upwards to my throat. I thought briefly that I might speak but there were no words. Only a single tear which escaped from closed eyes and with it the last pang of a broken tie tore through my chest. The tear dropped into a pool initiating rings. They drifted slowly away from the center and then were gone and with them a part of me. All that remained now was the purest whiteness. All that remained was peace.

Richard," it was Thadius. I returned to the cubicle, my mind in order. "You decision Richaard."

The decision, I thought, ultimately had to be made by my mind. My mind, the controller. "I will stay," I said silently. Thadius nodded, acknowledging the decision, knowing there could have been no other.

Steve Anderson

Barb Gordon



Kathy Furgeson



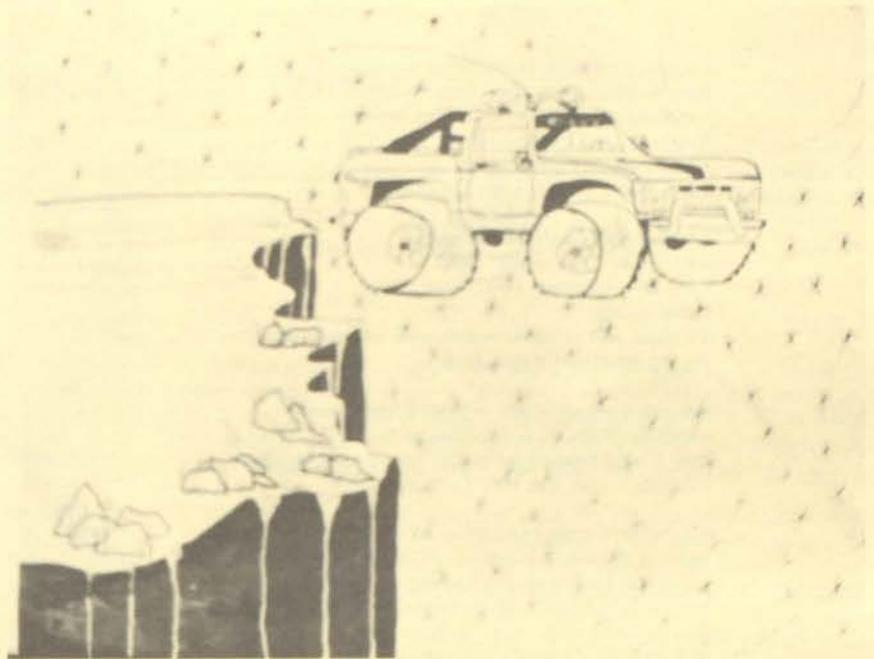
Lori Fortune



Weird Flight

The place is now
The time is here
the plans have been set
"Can everyone hear?"
We won't take long
Just overnight
But the trip will take,
the rest of your life.
Don't be scared
Please be still
We won't go anywhere if we don't make this
hill.
Keep your head, you gotta be cool, don't
forget
a single rule.
Petal to the metal
Stuck in the seat
No one knows when they will meet.
Running on empty, going nowhere
Might never get there
But who really cares?

— Tamara Stevens —



Chris Boening

Touch

I have a very lonely heart;
It searches with eyes so sad.
If only I had reason to love,
To make my heart feel glad.

If only I could find someone;
Someone who I could love.
Someone who also needs my touch;
It's what I now dream of.

Why is it strange for us to touch;
Why do we back away?
I hope someday to get back the touch;
That we need so much today.

Suzette Hein

The branch seemed like a good launching pad ... Until I stepped out on it.
The clouds had looked inviting from the ground ... Now they seemed terrifying.
I wet my finger to check the direction of the wind, took a deep breath, spread my arms, steadied myself, and decided I'd try to fly tomorrow.

Cindy Okerlund

Karyn Cramer



Lori Fortune



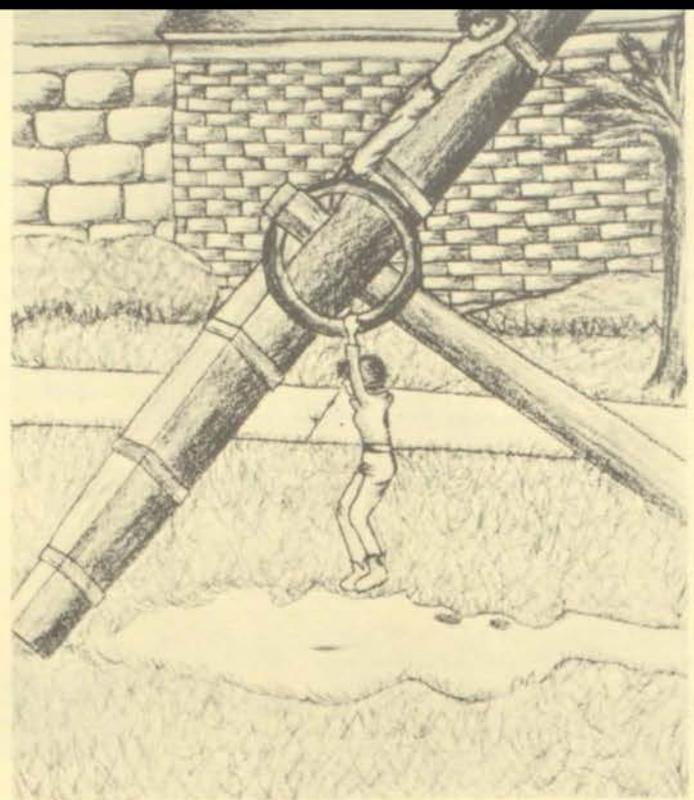
I sometimes look at children
and wonder what they feel,
I wonder what they're feeling inside.
It seems I've lost the honesty
and innocence they have
every little feeling I try to hide.

I put myself in their situation
and try to take myself back
I try to remember how I was when
I was young.
So open and vibrant, sometimes sad and hurt
strong emotions I now lack.

But growing up made me hard and aware
harsh realities of life made me see
that I would never be happy and carefree again,
I couldn't stay the way I wanted to be.

Years have come and gone so quickly it seems
dust of time has covered my childhood dreams
but I still find myself yearning to be free
from my burdens and problems that fall upon me.
But perhaps some day I will find in my past,
a dream that for me will forever last.

Sue Nelson



Joey Locke

Do You Love Me?

I look into your eyes;
I think I see love.
I look even deeper;
It's what I dream of.

You caught my eye,
And I looked away.
I think you're staring back;
I hope and I pray.

I like you a lot;
I hope you know.
Please give me a sign;
I know not where to go.

Please, let me know;
Do you like me or not?
Do you like me a little;
Or do you like me a lot?

Could it be love?
Just on my side?
I need to know;
I cannot hide.

You tell me yes;
I'll be happy to stay.
You tell me no;
And I'll go away.

Suzette Hein



Chris Kelbel

Metamorphosis

let it fade, let it crumple, let it die
worn with seasons of caressing winds
the leaf lets go its life line
from the branch of birth
returns to the ground
for no one knows it's left
let it fade, let it crumple, let it die

K. Kenny

Through The Mirror

This is the story of a boy named Mark and a girl named Susan. It is the beginning of June, and Susan has gone off to summer school, leaving her brother Mark alone with their parents. While she is away, he writes her every other week. And Mark has found something very interesting . . .

Dear Susan,

Tuesday, you know back behind the family vacation house, we began digging the basement of the garage. And about six feet down we found a metal box, six feet long, two feet seven inches wide, and two inches thick. At first we thought it was a coffin, but then we saw it was too thin. We could see no lock on it, so we attempted to open it. And to our surprise, it came open easily! But there was only a mirror inside! The strange thing about the mirror is that it is an inch thick! Mom is going to let me put it in my room.

Dear Susan,

How are things there?

The mirror is on a wall in my room. You know, sometimes, when I look into it, I think I can see another dimension. It's like the reflection of my room in the mirror is not really my room, but a duplicate of my room, in a different dimension somewhere. Sometimes I think I could just step through the mirror into that other dimension.

Dear Susan,

June 29, 1978

A strange thing happened on the 28th (yesterday). Before chortime, at 6:30 A.M., my dog, Snuffy, came into my room. I was still in bed. The sunlight was refracting off the window, forming the spectrum on the mirror, as it does every sunny morning. Snuffy walked into the room, and looked into the mirror. He growled once, and then . . . and then he walked into the mirror! And I could see him on the other side! He walked around, sniffed a little, and walked down the steps that were on the other side. He was gone.

Dear Susan,

July 13, 1978

I haven't told anyone about the Mirror. And I don't want you to tell anyone either. Let's keep it our little secret.

I saw Snuffy again. He was walking around the room that I could see through the Mirror. Then he started sniffing around the base of the wall. The way Snuffy was moving made me think he could not see me. Then he began to paw at the Mirror. His paws came to rest against . . . nothing! They were against an object, but that object was invisible to me! I called to him. His ears pricked up; he had heard me! But he could not get back through the Mirror! Realizing this, Snuffy walked sadly down the steps. Then I could see him no more.

Dear Susan,

July 27, 1978

Ever since Snuffy went through the Mirror I have been studying it. And I have learned much.

The portal works only when refracted sunlight falls upon it. This sunlight is refracted from my window and this falls upon the Mirror. It does not work at night because of the absence of sunlight.

There is something I have noticed from the beginning. When this refracted light activates the Mirror, the image is no longer a reflection. If you are in front of it when the light activates it, your image will disappear!

Dear Susan,

August 10, 1978

I think I will go through the Mirror. Think of it! A world that is a reflection of ours! Think of all the magnificent differences there might be! They could speak another language, they might be more advanced than us. Heck, there might not be any people at all! There could be nuclear desolation! What a world to explore!

Dear Susan,

August 24, 1978

I have set the date. I am going to go through the Mirror on the 28th, which is a Monday. The Weather Bureau says the sky will become overcast sometime that day.

I do not want anyone to come after me, and when it becomes overcast after I leave, no one will.

Early Monday morning, after Mom and Dad have gone to work, I will gather provisions. I will take a backpack full of food, and two canteens of water. You never know there might not be any source of food on the other side. I will also take Dad's hunting rifle with scope.

This will be my last letter. Oh, and sis, say goodbye to Mom and Dad for me.

August 28

The sunlight from the sunrise shone red upon the pine trees as the train moved swiftly by them. Then the train rounded a turn, and the sun came into the girl's line of sight. The brightness of it made her squint. She shifted on her red-cushioned seat into a sitting position when the porter brought her breakfast. It was 9:00, and the porter was right on time.

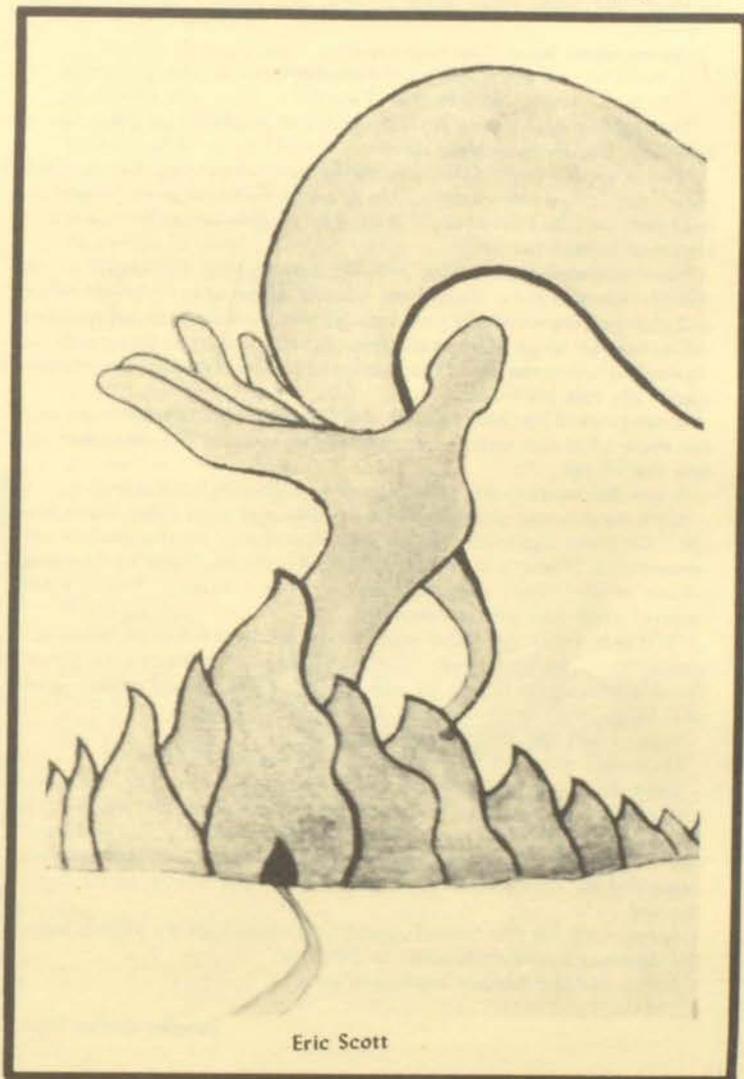
The girl had just finished eating, when the tall, blue-uniformed conductor walked into the dining car and called out, "We will be stopping at the town of Harper's Horn in three minutes. Collect your things." He then politely turned and exited, through the forward door in the dining car.

The girl, (Susan), was the only one to move for the door. She got out as the train was stopping, and then walked over to a bench and sat down. She looked at her watch. It was 9:32.

Looking up to the sky, Susan noted that a cloud bank was gathering to the west. Then she rose to her feet, hailed a taxi, and got in.

"421 Helson Road, driver," she said.

continued on page 172



Eric Scott

continued from page 171

"That's a little ways out of town. It'll cost you extra, Miss," the balding driver told her.

"That's okay. I've got the money."

The clouds were much closer when they pulled up in front of her house. Susan stepped out of the rear of the cab and then took her two suitcases out. She set them on the ground next to the cab and, through an open side window, began to pay the driver. As she was doing this, the driver, looking out the windshield, said, "It looks like we are in for a bit of a storm, eh, Miss?"

"Yes, it does," Susan replied sadly. She then turned, picked up her suitcases, and started to walk to her house. Reaching the front door, the seventeen year old girl threw open the door and dropped her two suitcases onto the floor.

"Mark, where are you?" Susan yelled out worriedly. She hoped he had not left yet.

"Susan?! What are you doing here?" Mark exclaimed as he came in from the kitchen, carrying a half-filled backpack.

"Friday was the last day of school, and now I'm back. Mark, you must not go. I won't let you."

But Mark was determined. He turned around, and without a word, walked back into the kitchen. Susan followed him.

"I really hadn't expected to see you today," he said placidly, as he resumed filling his pack.

"I am not going to let you go, you must know that."

"And you must know that nothing's going to stop me from going." Mark then turned to pick up the ready and waiting gun. Loaded rifle in his hand, a full pack of food, clothing and spare bullets on his back, and two canteens of water around his waist, Mark was ready. He was about to enter the living room when he saw that Susan was blocking the doorway.

"Move aside, Susan," he said calmly.

"I won't let you go, Mark," she exclaimed.

"Move . . . aside," he pleaded. "Please?"

The sobbing girl threw herself upon her brother and gave him a bearhug. "Oh, please, please don't go, Mark!"

"I must Susan," he told her, turning her head so he could look into her brown eyes. "You know I must. This opportunity is too great to pass up. But I promise you, I will return." With that, he gave her a short peck of a kiss, and pushed her aside.

Susan followed directly after him like a puppy dog, and tugged on his shoulders desperately. When they started up the stairs, she fell down, and clutched frantically at his heels. All this time she was sobbing and telling him not to go. Mark then stopped, bent down, and picked her up. He carried her to the top of the stairs and set her down. He then walked wordlessly into his room.

Susan twisted her body around, and followed Mark into his room with her eyes. All of her sorrow was replaced by wonder and awe when she saw the Mirror.

It was shimmering and pulsating, almost glowing with energy.

Mark turned, saw that she was watching, and said, "This is the Mirror." Then the eighteen-year old boy moved over to the window and commented, "The sky is almost completely overcast. There's only a small pocket in the clouds where the sun is shining through. And in a few minutes even that will be covered."

"It is time. I must go." Mark walked over to where Susan sat, gave her a parting kiss, and whispered, "Goodbye." He then walked to the Mirror. Turning around, he tipped his cap, smiling. Mark turned around again, and, facing the Mirror, stepped through it.

Susan could see him on the other side.

He looked around a bit, and then walked down the stairs.

Then the image in the Mirror began changing colors. The awe-struck girl crawled into Mark's room on all fours and looked out the window. The patch of clear sky was starting to fill up with clouds. The sun was barely filtering through. And because the sunlight was fading out, the portal was beginning to deteriorate. In a few seconds the portal would vanish forever.

Susan, realizing this, leaped up and jumped through the Mirror, just as the doorway between dimensions collapsed.

Susan, like her brother Mark, was gone.

Douglas Steven Bailey



Katie Brown

Haiku

Sea gulls cry, waves reply
Fish swim, ever flowing peace.
Communication

Becky Osborn

Childhood Is . . .

Childhood is . . .
spankings, squeezes, Mommy's tears
falling like a rag doll.
Childhood is . . .
holding tight to Daddy's hand
smiling at the world
prepared.
Childhood is . . .
a beaten path to Mommy's room on a
dark, dark night.
Childhood is . . .
scraped knees, "Nightgally"
friends forever,
for the moment.

Becky Osborn

For You, Next Fall

My heart wrings tears for a haunting image.
How can you be . . . everywhere?

And,
just yesterday,
Your opaque eyes cleaved my hope.
Tight lips slowly tore my dreams.

Yet, I glance for you,
carefully watch you,
wait for you.

Barb Mengebier

The Puppet

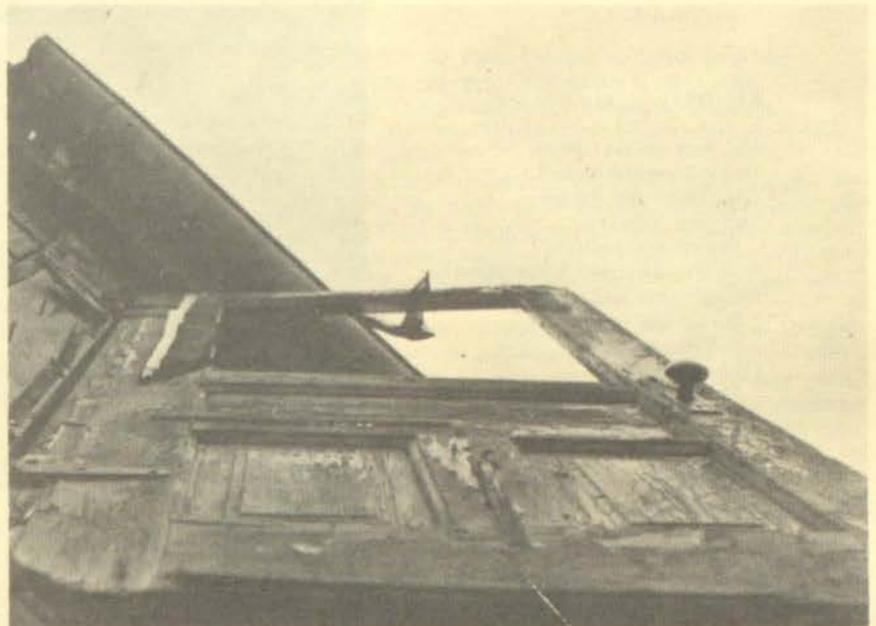
Love needs to be taken seriously. You can't just play with someone's feelings. Pulling the strings, making the puppet respond to your every command.

You hang that puppet up for awhile. The strings become old and rotten. You don't care. You've found a new puppet for your show and when you become tired of that one the old puppet comes off the shelf and back into use.

The old puppet who waited so patiently is now warped. It tries to work, but the strings begin to break so new ones are attached. But now, all new, the puppet somehow doesn't feel the same. The strings are still and unnatural. The strings which have been replaced are a part of it which is lost forever. And so the process is repeated whether it lasts a day, week or longer. The puppet has no choice and puts up with it all.

And tell me, what gives the puppet master the right to pull the strings in such a manner! Like love it just isn't fair.

Carol Hajek



Good Night

Late in the evening
I close the door
and press my face against the glass
Watching you
crunch crunch in the snow
Your car door opens
I glimpse you briefly in the light
then the door shuts
and the engine starts
Thrown in reverse
The headlights hit me
But only for a moment
For then your back is turned
and all I can see
are two red rear lights
moving farther away
Then there's only their glow
and mine
as I turn off the light
and shuffle off to bed
without you

Barb Gordon

Spring

Children play in the fresh green grass. Flowers begin to creep out of the hard ground. Kites fly by and birds come out to sing.
The sky is a pale blue, blotted with white foamy custards,
The trees wave their branches as if saying goodbye to winter.

Mary Schwartzfisher

Death . . .

The door seems closed
The lock seems locked
The shades are drawn
The face with in
 has shaded features
from the darkness of the place
The pointing finger
 is winding around me
 pulling me in
I try to escape
 But life's door closes before me

jody

Paranoia

paranoia setting in
 but you told me
 that you loved me
 but dare I believe
the serpent's tongue
that slithers through
touching my senses
 and setting afire
 the dark corners of
 my mind
awakened once more
 only to be lied to
PARANOIA

Barb Gordon

I've lost part of my
 puzzle
I've lost part of my mind
The pieces and parts are
 gone
 Fell from the Earth
Hit eternity and exploded
Lost my puzzle . . .
Lost my mind . . .

Jody

Eric Scott



Eric Scott

Fire!

Colored crayons lying on the cluttered floor
Wrappings are off them . . .
Worn out, broken
Toys scattered across the scrawny room
Discarded, ignored, left behind
a doll lies . . . naked of its clothes
a child chattering to herself
Ignoring the ringing in her ear
Playing . . . carelessly
Watch out! The flames flickering near!
The child heeding not the warnings
Caught on fire!
Put her Out . . . Out . . . out . . .

Laura Deschermeier

Hawaiian

soil rain seeds sun
the germination begins
slowly
white yellow pale green
the sprout takes root
clumsily
burrowing its way
down
into the moist rich earth
reaching its way
up
into the sun warmed tropical air
growing more
branching bushing budding
outward
fullgrown
where does it go from here?
baggies

Merri Still



The Gopher

The field of Queen Anne's Lace and wild hay swayed lazily in the summer breeze. Bumblebees alighted on clover that lived amid the tangle of the meadow's floor. The sun was warm enough to make a swish of air refreshing, but not uncomfortable. In the distance sounded the barks of excited dogs.

From the weather battered farmhouse beyond the field echoed a screendoor snapping back into place. A young black-haired boy wearing a T-shirt and overalls bounded towards one of the old weeping willow trees that shaded the house. His arms were extended, propelling him about the yard, while he made loud guttural noises imitating a machine. Beside him scampered two barking Irish setters. The boy jumped into the swing that his uncle had attached to a monstrous branch high above. His radiance exemplified all of the undying energy of any eight year old, fully subduable only by slumber.

"Silly dogs!" the boy laughed and he kicked the air with his legs. "Cammy?" came a voice from behind the screen door. "You didn't eat your tomato, dear."

"Pilots don't need tomatos," said Cam as he rose above and fell below the field in front of him.

The voice became an elderly woman as she opened the door. Joyce McCane was a round woman of medium height. Her face was wrinkled with the years of fierce weather and high emotion. But her eyes were a most startling feature. They quickly foretold a life of some extreme pain. This included a still-born son and another son, Ben, who had died after falling from one of the willow trees. Her husband, Kennedy, who was still bitter at the loss, was yet another source for her pain. One of the few joys in her life was her grandson, Cam Steeth. She would sit and watch him with his many personalities. Now she walked towards him wishing that she too could fly back and forth so freely. But as she watched, a haunting memory seized her. Her eyes lifted to the image of another boy high above in the tree.

It had been an innocent contest between father and son. Who could climb to the crook the fastest? Kennedy had given Ben a head start and the boy hurried to win. The family setter jumped at the trunk of the tree, barking at the excitement above. The three daughters and mother stood at the bottom laughing and coaxing Ben on.

The boy, in his haste, became careless. He neglected the quick examination of the willow branch before him. It was undersized. Ben's right hand grabbed it. The fierce pull, even only being of his youthful weight, snapped the branch. For a moment he hung by his left hand scrambling for a reassuring foothold. The branch collapsed and he fell. A willow trunk shattered his body. Joyce McCane's eyelids did not close in time to shield her from Ben's final blow to the ground, dead.

She quickly put her hand to her eyes and choked. "Cammy, don't you think you're up a bit high?" she finally asked. "Nope. Pilots have to stay up high so they don't hit anything!" Cam called back.

She frowned slightly, and her eyes widened for a moment. "Well honey. Do you think you could lower your plane just a bit ... for your grandmother?"

"Okay. But just for you."

"Thank-you," she said and she hurried back to the house. Kennedy McCane sat at the kitchen table eating a sandwich. He stared at some unforeseen object on or around the wood stove. His face was deeply lined and speckled with age spots. His eyes were an opaque blue, always dull to sparkle. When his wife entered the room they didn't look at each other. Their marriage since the fall had become one that demonstrated no love. At first they had tried to continue as before, but their bitterness, a sharp guilt, couldn't be bypassed. Joyce hid, as did Kennedy, and lived in the days of courtship.

Kennedy finished his sandwich and hesitated for a moment staring at the table. Then he rose and went outside. Joyce didn't watch him leave.

While Cam pumped his legs, he looked over the field that lay before him. Although it was still huge to his young stature, the grass was finally shorter than he. He dragged his feet on the ground to diminish his height to a safe parachuting distance.

"Eject Captain Cam! Eject! Your plane's gonna blow!" the imaginary watch tower bellowed.

Cam jumped from his cockpit, scurried away from his burning aircraft, and hit the ground just as it exploded into a million pieces. He lay there

... a moment waiting for the flaming debris to barely miss him.

"Captain Cam, sir, are you hurt?" the watch tower yelled.

Cam was jumped by Tammy and Roddy before he could reply.

"S.O.S! S.O.S!" Captain Cam whispered into his invisible microphone. "I'm gonna try to get away!"

He looked up to search for an escape path and his eye caught his grandfather standing on the porch stairs watching him. Cam stood up self-consciously and looked at the ground. Then his young eyes lifted. The two stared at each other. But Kennedy suddenly hurried down the stairs and towards the barn. Cam watched him for a moment, then turned and ran into the field. The dogs bounded after him.

"There's so much grass! It's a jungle," said Cam to himself. From behind an Indian paintbrush leapt a lion, and Cam quickly fought it bare-handed. After the final major battle he sat on it, tying it's huge paws together with the strongest weed grown, then he lay back panting, considering his wounds. The two setters jumped him, nipping at his toes and head playfully.

"Tammy! Roddy! C'mon, stop it!" He laughed as he shielded his body, then lunged for Roddy's bronze, slender legs. The dog gracefully leapt out of the way while Tammy attacked again.

"Ouch!" Cam yelled. Tears welled in his eyes as he stood up shaking his arm where Tammy's paw had clawed him. The dogs, startled by his tone of voice, were immediately quieted.

"Stupid dog! Now gram'll put that stuff on me that stings." He walked away from the two dogs grumbling. He looked up from the ground to see a puff of fur lying silently in front of him. It was a gopher and it stared at Cam with frightened black eyes. Cammy knelt down and slowly crept towards it. It made an attempt to move, but stopped.

"Are ya' hurt? What is it, huh? Been in a fight?" Cam looked curiously at the gopher noticing it's smooth fur and small ears. He moved closer, but the gopher snarled and pushed himself backwards exposing a bloody hind leg. The boy stared at it.

"Here, let me see," he said. He stretched out his hand. The snarl grew louder and more menacing as his hand drew closer to the fur. Suddenly, the gopher lashed at him. Cam sprang back in surprise. The gopher continued snarling loudly and Cam began to whimper. Suddenly, the two dogs were beside him and then upon the gopher. Cam watched horrified as the dogs bit and barked at it. It growled back and pawed at them, showing his teeth — helplessly. Cam watched as the wounded animal was pulled to pieces and he called to the dogs to get away. Tammy finally obeyed, carrying a mass of bloody fur in her mouth.

"Oh ... oh! Gramma! Gramma!" Cam cried and he ran towards the house. Joyce McCane was sitting in the enclosed porch knitting when she was suddenly snapped into reality by terrified screams. She quickly set down her needles and stepped to the screens. She saw Cam fall on his chest at the bottom of the tree. His screams drifted to her young daughter's voice calling her brother's name. She shook her head trying to clear the fogginess.

No one had moved for a moment except Kennedy who, unaware of the accident, continued climbing. Then the youngest daughter had screamed. The other two girls had begun to cry and Kennedy had started

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Steve Anderson



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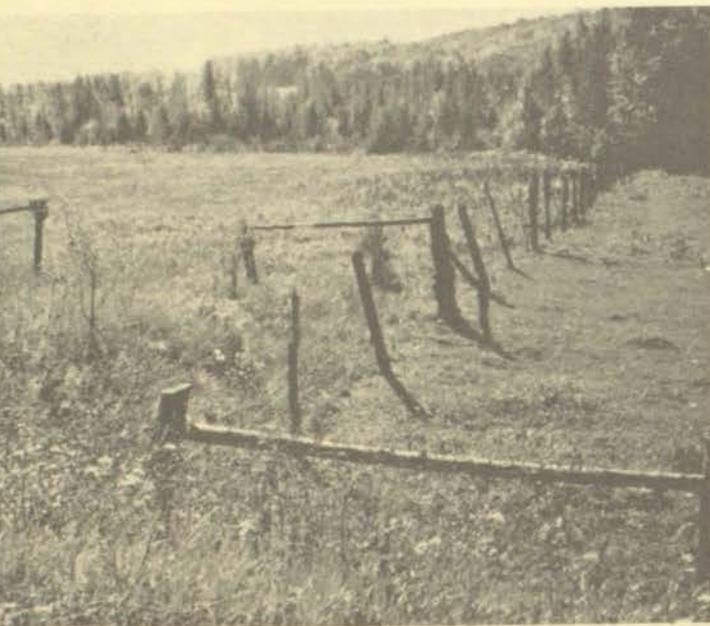
to scramble back down the tree. Joyce had started towards the boy. She touched his hair and choked when her hand turned a bright red.

"Benjamin, dear boy. You know to be more careful . . . and at your age," she said to his staring eyes.

She looked down at his legs twisted to grotesque curves. She struggled



Sue Nelson



to straighten them, but the pressure of the movement caused the body to turn sideways and his mouth was flung open. Blood drooled out. Joyce stared and began to back away. She turned to run, but fainted.

The vision passed, and she raced towards Cam.

Kennedy had been rearranging tools in the barn when he suddenly heard the terrified cry. He hurried out the door, but stopped when he saw the young boy lying beneath the tree. He too remembered another boy lying there.

He'd challenged Ben to a tree-climbing contest. After Ben was about ten feet off of the ground, he began climbing himself. He yelled to Ben that he was catching up and the young boy had better hurry. He remembered the boy scrambling even more and he'd chuckled. The next time he'd looked up, Ben was nowhere to be seen. A thud below turned his head. He saw the body of his only son twisted and knotted on the ground. He stood in the tree for a moment and then snapped his head in the direction of his daughter who'd suddenly screamed. He saw the fear in his family's faces, and his mind was filled with guilt. He scrambled down the tree, jumped to the ground, and knelt beside his son. His wife lay in the distance in shock. He touched Ben's hair not caring about the redness. Then he'd begun to cry. He stood up, raised his clenched hands above his head and screamed in agony.

The memory reeled him backwards into the barn. He held his head and pulled at his hair to yank sense into it. The body below the tree screamed again and Kennedy began running towards it. He saw his wife kneeling beside the boy, afraid to touch him. When he reached Cam, he caught him up in his arms.

"Ben! Ben!" he cried. "I'm sorry. God, I'm sorry! You're my son, my only son."

Joyce clutched her husband as she knelt beside him, her own face wet with tears.

An old man and woman stood before a gravestone that read: "Benjamin Kennedy McCane, 1921-1931." The man knelt and pulled at the grass covering the mound. The woman placed the flowers she held in her hand

by the tombstone. She smoothed the grass with a gentle, gentle caress. She stood and turned to see her grandson chasing butterflies in the distance. Then she touched the man's shoulder. He stood and looked at her. They hesitated for a moment, but finally faint smiles crept from their wrinkled lips.

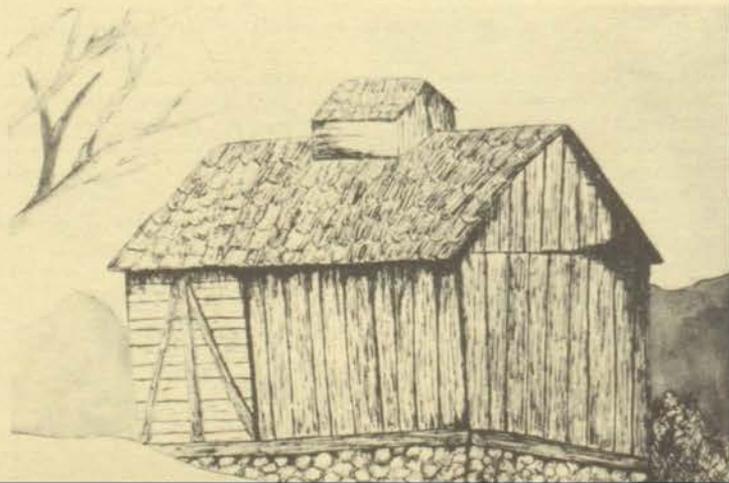
"We can live again," the man said. And he put his arm around her as they walked towards their auto.

Forgotten in a field lay a handful of bloody fur. From somewhere beyond came a gopher. It sniffed at the mound, looked up briefly and then turned and ran away into the darkness.

Sorry, sorry sorry . . .

Barb Mengebierp

Marcy Schantz



Spring Arrives



Mrs. May and Mrs. Nettleman catching a few rays.



Mary Turcott steps out to catch a frisbee.



A soccer class taking advantage of the warmer weather.

Karin Uhlich, Diane Zmikley, and Sarah Russell enjoying thier lunch.



Duke Knight takes a few bounces as Dave Zmikley watches.



It happened again this year. The days got longer, the sun got warmer, and the snow banks finally melted. It was that wonderful time of the year called spring! We packed away our down jackets, boots, and winter clothes. Out came the short sleeve shirts, brightly colored skirts, shorts and sandals we'd saved for warm weather. People ventured outside for lunch to get a little sunshine and fresh air before afternoon classes. Frisbees flew throughout the day. Gym classes were held outside for those who had baseball, tennis, soccer, or track. Everyone's spirits lifted as the days got warmer. And as for the night life, outdoor parties could once again be the place to go, especially on weekends.

HIGHLIGHTS



Nuclear protestors let loose balloons with messages during a demonstration.

900 Die In Mass Murder-Suicide

In November, 1978 over 900 followers of the Rev. Jim Jones died in a mass murder-suicide in Jonestown, Guyana. Most of the members of the camp drank a mixture of kool-aid and cyanide. Many who refused had the mixture injected deep in their throats. The others were shot by guards at the camp.

Before the suicides Congressman Leo Ryan and four other people who were with him were killed by members of the camp. Congressman Ryan was in Guyana investigating the possibility that people were being held in Jonestown against their will.

Peace Talks

President Carter led talks in an effort to reach Israeli-Egyptian peace. President Carter met with Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin in hopes of signing a peace treaty.

After months of negotiating, agreement on the treaty was reached between the two sides.

Hearst Released

On February 1, 1979 Patty Hearst was released from prison after serving time for bank robbery. The robbery took place after her kidnapping by the SLA.

One month after her release from prison Patty Hearst married her ex-bodyguard Bernard Shaw. They were married at Treasure Island Naval Base in San Francisco.

Shah Overthrown

A new government took over in Iran on April 1, 1979. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini overthrew the Shah as a civil war continued throughout Iran. Many of the Shah's government officials were executed. In an election, the people of Iran voted for an Islamic Republic government which Khomeini ran.

UAL Strikes: Contract Disputes

Employees of United Air Lines went on strike due to disputes over contracts. The strike caused the nation's largest airline to come to a stand still, leaving thousands of people without transportation. All other air-

The Nuclear Mess Climaxes

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania a failure in the cooling system at the Three Mile Island Nuclear Plant on March 28 resulted in the nation's worst nuclear accident. The reactor core overheated causing the possibility of a core meltdown. Radioactive gases leaked over the surrounding area as the reactor core slowly cooled down.

Thousands of people fled or were evacuated from the area. Pregnant women and small children were urged to leave the area. Nearby schools were closed. The accident sparked protests around the world against nuclear power, including one in Midland and others at Big Rock near Charlevoix.

Big Rock Nuclear Plant near Charlevoix was shut down after the discovery of a leaky pipe. The plant had already been shut down for repair work. The leak was in one of the pipes that carried radioactive waste water. It was discovered during safety checks before reopening the plant. Minimal amounts of radiation leaked over the surrounding area.

Balloons with messages were set free by the anti-nuclear demonstrators at Big Rock. These balloons showed how far radiation could spread in the event of an accident at the nuclear plant. The protestors want Big Rock to stay shut down.

No More Gas!

The United States suffered from another gas shortage, partly due to Iran's new Islamic government. The Iranians pumped far less gas than before. Alternatives discussed by government officials were gas rationing and closing gas stations on weekends. Gas stations all over the country closed on weekends or ran out of gas as supplies ran short. The price of gas rose steadily due to the shortage and inflation. One dollar a gallon prices were predicted by summer.

lines, buses, and trains were booked solid trying to take on those who were traveling United. Airports were chaos as people tried to make other arrangements for their transportation.

Administration Building Burns

The Petoskey Public Schools Administration Building burned to the ground on March 8, 1979. The building, built in 1901, had served the school system for 78 years, as an elementary school, NCMC, and then again as an elementary school. Last it became the administration building.

The fire which started at approximately one a.m. was reported by a patrolling policeman. Fireman fought the fire for over four hours. When the flames were finally out only the front wall remained standing.

Lost in the fire were various records, many of them irreplaceable.



The front of the building after the fire.

New Sidewalk Returnable Cans

FFA classes built a brick sidewalk that led through the front lawn from the doors to the various parking areas. Students were asked not to walk through this area before the sidewalk was built but most people did anyway.

The public voted for a bill on the November eighth ballot to make all soft drink and beer containers returnable. This was part of an effort to clean up the state of Michigan.

A deposit of five or ten cents was required when bottles or cans were purchased. For bigger bottles the deposit was more, usually twenty cents. People then returned the containers to a store when finished with them to get their money back.

New Mid. School?

The middle school had to undergo drastic changes to comply with a law that said all public buildings must be equipped for handicapped people.

Proposals for the middle school included renovating the existing school to accommodate handicapped people or to build a new school near the high school. The decision rested on how the public voted on May 15, 1979. The two proposals voted on included a reduced millage request (19.05 to 18.95) and a 6.5 million dollar bond issue for the construction of a new middle school to be located near the present high school, and several other building improvements. The existing middle school was to be torn down.

Elcoate Injured

Chris Elcoate, a Petoskey High School sophomore, went into a coma after a skiing accident while with the ski team in Marquette. He was going downhill when another skier cut in front of him. Chris swerved to avoid hitting the skier and collided with a tree. Chris was taken to a hospital in Marquette where measures were taken to prevent brain damage. He came out of the coma after weeks and went through extensive therapy.

Closed Campus

Study halls instead of open campus was a big issue at the school. In the past, students were allowed to leave school grounds during their study halls. This school year students had to stay in the cafeteria or a classroom. This was done in an effort to try to keep students from roaming the halls during class hours. After three weeks students applied for open campus privileges but not all were granted.

21 Now Legal

Effective on December 23, 1978 the drinking age in Michigan returned to twenty-one. In October the legislature passed a law raising the age to nineteen trying to keep alcohol out of the high schools. The public then voted for a bill on the November eighth ballot raising the age to twenty-one. This was an effort to lower the number of alcohol related car accidents among teenagers. The bill passed despite efforts by college students and bars. A court ruling stated that bars could not discriminate against eighteen to twenty-one year olds even though they couldn't drink.



Trees on Cemetery Road, uprooted by winds during the storm.

Trees and power lines were down following a wind and ice storm in Petoskey and surrounding areas. Winds, clocked at 82 m.p.h. at Pellston, caused widespread damage. Power was out for thousands of residents. Many houses and cars were damaged and roads were

blocked by fallen trees.

Two inches of snow measured at Pellston on March 29, 1979 brought the year's total to the second highest amount ever recorded. With the unusually large amount of snow, many roofs collapsed from the weight over the winter.



Front row: Mary Breighner, Connie Campbell, Peggy Cutshaw, Barb Mengebier, Dawn St. Amand Second row: Terry Titcombe, Maria Bremmeyr, Anita Yentz, Hromi Asai, Sheila Athearn, Rich Carlson, Sarah Russell, Kris Vorpapel. Third row: Cindy Peterson, Cindy Okerlund, Debbie Marshall, Christie Golling, Diane St. Amand, Kim Dielman, Maggie Loepp Last row: Merri Still, Carol Pennell, Cindy Allen, Jenny Brower



Hromi Asai working on artwork for the yearbook.



Cindy Okerlund, Editor, leading a class rap session.



Jenny Brower and Rich Carlson: Darkroom antics.

Journalism Goes Class

Journalism was a class this year rather than a club, as in the past. The class' primary responsibility was the production of the yearbook.

As a class, students got a better overall concept of the book. Class instruction was given in the areas of photography and darkroom techniques, ad sales, layout and design, and writing copy. The class provided more time so students earned more money and put together a better book. With more money the class was able to purchase sixteen pages of color, extra pages, and include the Arts Magazine in the book.

Everyone working on the book was together one hour every day so that there was better teamwork among the students.

Production of the book was more disciplined in the class because a grade was given for the work accomplished.

The first year of journalism as a class went well. A large amount was learned and even more accomplished in putting the yearbook together.

The presentation of the color by Cindy Okerlund, Editor-in-chief.



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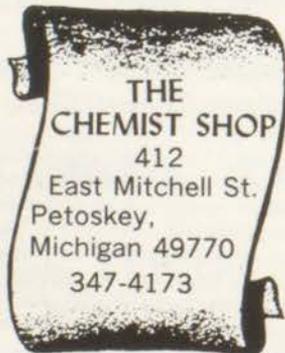
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The "macho" guys: John Pemberton, Matt Eaton, Bob Shiver and Pat Parker.



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PRINTER: Josten's American Yearbook Company, Topeka, Kansas,
REPRESENTATIVE FOR COMPANY: Tom Keiswetter, QUANTITY
PRINTED: 650, SIZE: 8½x11", TYPE FACE: News Gothic, STOCK:
80 lb., INK: Black, PAPER TYPE: Matte/Glossy, COVER MATERIAL:
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SION PAGES: Jenny Brower & Shelly Campbell, YEARBOOK AD-
DRESS: E. Mitchell St., Petoskey, Michigan

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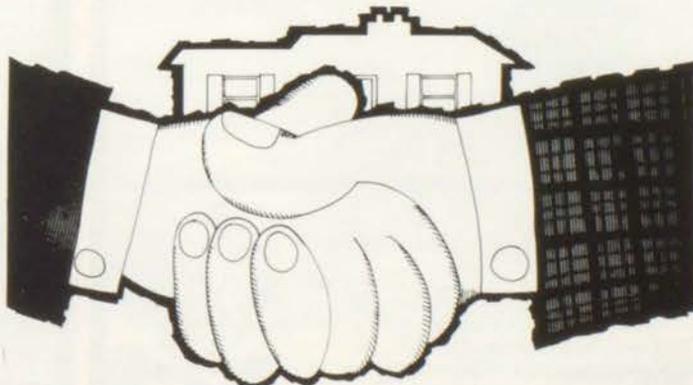
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Bill Connaughton and Katy O'Keefe smile, but Todd Greib is too busy.



CONGRATULATIONS

To the senior class
1978

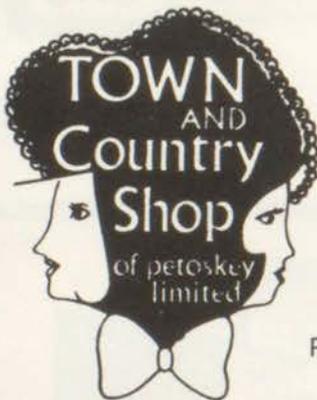
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Romi Asai
(for her excellent artwork)
The Petoskey News Review
(for lending a supporting hand)
Jenny Brower & Shelly Campbell
(for their outstanding job in
photography)

And
The Fourth Hour Newspaper Class



Karen Hilal and Peggy Cutshaw munching down at the French club dinner.

ENJOY
WINTER



LeCycliste Petoskey



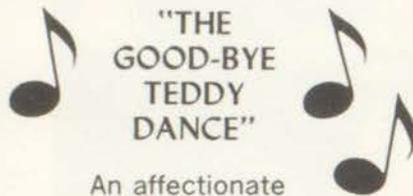
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The Editor's Message

1978-1979 has been a fabulous kaleidoscope of many different people, new ideas, rowdy activities, mellow times, and dreams of what we wanted to be. The year itself was such a jumble. Days melted into each other, one weekend led to another before we could blink an eye, and the last bell rang on June 6th after it seemed like just yesterday when we had heard the first one on that cool September morning last fall. We didn't know which way was up most of the year, yet as we look back now everything is so clear, and so concise. It all fit together, like the many images in a kaleidoscope.

The kaleidoscope engineers mirrors to bring a spectacular scene before its viewers. To appreciate and remember a passage of time all that is needed is to step out, and sit back. Once the era has passed, it automatically is arranged in a definite order of semblance. Although each of us remember different instances and different time^{1/2}, we all worked, played, grew, hated, and loved during the same time.

I think back now and recall how simply one thing led to another this year; such a vivid and clear picture comes to my mind. Yet when I stretch my memory back to late September when the yearbook staff started brainstorming on how to present 1978-1979 I wonder why we had such a difficult time. I realize now we had nearly an impossible task. We had to plan to present a year that had barely begun to happen. We did know that we wanted to do more than slap pictures down on pages and bluff our way through making a yearbook. We wanted to tell a story.

The 1978-1979 Petosegan tells the story of a life. It is not of a particular person's life, but simply of life. The opening of the book is a photo essay which depicts early childhood. The book itself portrays the high school years, and there is another photo essay at the end of the book which depicts adulthood. Most of the events appear in chronological order. One Thing Leads To Another. Picture choice, layout decisions, and the personal narrative style that the copy was written in was all done in reference to our theme.

A lot of changes have molded our year. Changes on the National, state, school, and personal level. These changes made our year what it was. As we put together the yearbook we came to grips with life at a more down-to-earth level. Many things happen, which cause other things to happen. And the cycle goes on. We found that the shock of supervised study halls wore off as we progressed through the year, that old enemies could become new friends, that people got sick and injured, and that some people even died. Reality hit us smack in the face when we lost senior classmate and friend Brenda Boyd last August. Yet life went on. The sun always rose again the next morning, and we made it through. Things we've done, people we've known, and experiences we've had have molded our lives, and things we plan on, people we will encounter, and experiences to come our way will help to mold our tomorrows.

Being editor of the 1979 Petosegan has not only been a great privilege, it has been a great experience. It has given me the opportunity to work with all different types of people. It has been a real pleasure to work with the staff that I had this year. We had our disagreements, and our hard times; but we also enjoyed successes and tons of laughs and fun times. These people have incorporated your year into your yearbook; a feat very difficult to accomplish. They are truly a fine group and they have worked very hard for a cause which they believe is important to the school, and to you, as students of the school.

One man has given a great deal of time, both school time, and personal time to the production of the book. Ted Townsend has been a great advisor for our staff, as well as a great friend. He's been a great friend to me personally, and to the rest of the class too. His spark, creativity, and encouragement was greatly appreciated, and will long be remembered. Ted, We love you, and will really miss you.

Cindy Allen was the staff member that usually got stuck with all of the dirty work. She was the managing editor of the book, but what does a managing editor do? She organized sales campaigns, made posters, gave presentations to different classes about the book, helped finish pages that someone, somehow neglected, and did all the little odds and ends that the Editor-in-Chief didn't seem to have time for. And she smiled the whole time too. Cindy, I can't thank you enough.

I think all of us can agree that our year would not have been complete with Joe Photographer, alias Jenny Brower. Jenny has completed what I feel is her dream come true. She has given you your year in pictures. Not only has she contributed greatly with her photographic talents, but she has also been a great dictator-organizer for her photo staff. My hat goes off to her, and to them for the



best use of photography ever at PHS.

Barb Mengebeir probably had the most tedious job on the entire staff. She corrected copy. She made sure that every word down to cindy keck (oops!) Cyndi Keck was spelled right. And if the stories weren't good enough the first time around, back they'd go, winded by Barb's hearty pleas for perfection. No one will ever know how much time Barb spent thumbing through the dictionary.

A new addition to our yearbook this year has been artworks. I feel very safe in saying that 100% of them have been designed, drawn, and inked in by Hiromi Asai. She's such a talented person and we feel very lucky that she chose to spend some of her time in America working with our staff. We love her dearly, and wish her the best of luck always.

As I go down my list of classmates I could thank each one of them separately. Everyone has taken a certain amount of pride in their work, and together we have come up with a unique expression of us all.

Cindy S. Okerlund
Editor-in-Chief

It is June 8th. I am sitting in the typing room at school finishing up the yearbook while faculty members run busily around getting their work done so they too can begin their long awaited vacations. I graduated last night. PHS sent me out into the world. When I walk out of this building this afternoon all of the ties will be broken. I'm going to miss this school very much. I've come to love it, the people associated with it, and the ideals that it stands for. This yearbook means a lot to me because it is a representation of my school, of the people that I love, and of my beliefs in the importance of the development of personality. I hope that all of you can look at this book with fondness of what was, and eagerness of what is to be.

Last night, as we turned our tassels, I imagined our class lifting their wings and launching on a spectacular flight. Each was free to soar to undeniable heights, to venture into new lands, to feast on whatever they pleased, and to come back and visit their memories. I wish you all happy visits to your memories, and exciting adventures to your tomorrows.

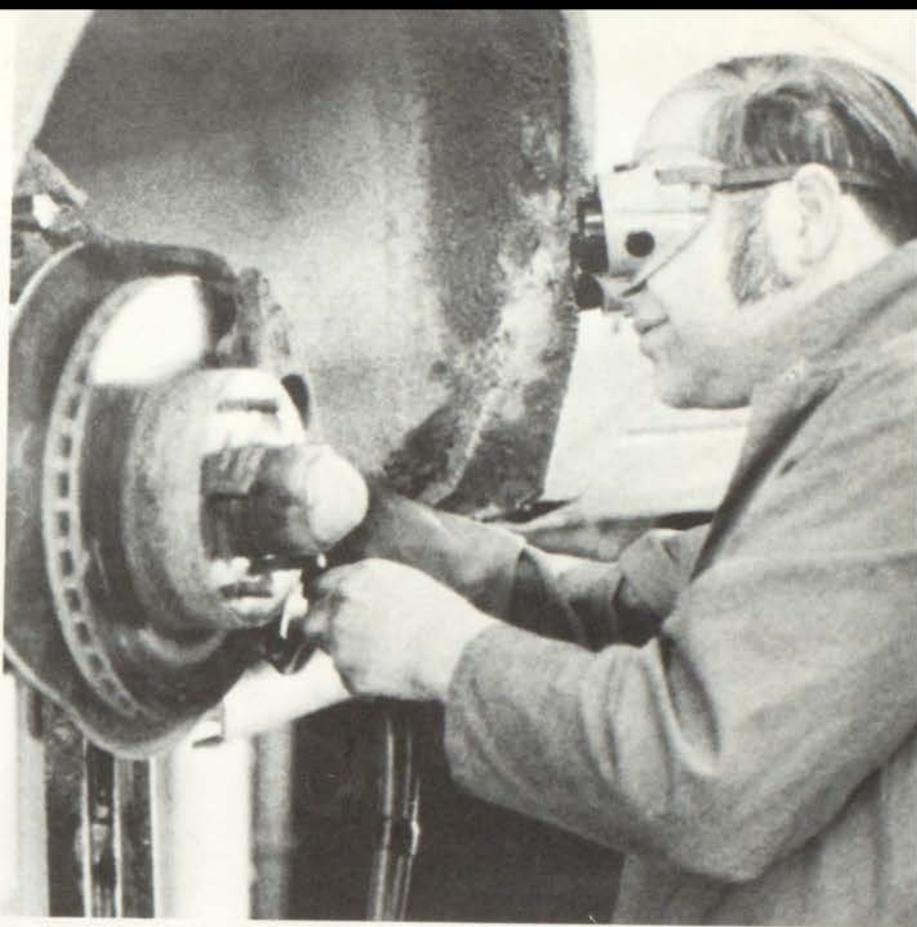
Cindysue

We all reached up eagerly, grasping the tassel which had jiggled and tossed teasingly through bacculaureate and now commencement. At the count of three, two hundred and seventy-nine arms passed unseen over the faces of children grown old with the moment. We were graduated.

Turning our tassels was the last thing we did together. At that moment we were set free to venture down any path we dared to choose. We look back now and enjoy the warmth of our memories. We sit back, sigh, smile a little smile, and murmur, "I remember when . . . it seems like only yesterday." And yesterday it was.

We fought desperately to graduate from college in the top ten percent of our class because we knew that getting a good job would depend on the degree of excellence we possessed in our particular trade. We landed jobs as lawyers, house builders, ministers, doctors, TV repairmen, real estate brokers, and factory workers. We met all kinds of people, with all sorts of backgrounds, we married, had kids, bought houses, traveled, suffered death and divorce, changed jobs, settled in new towns, and got married again.





We all sought pleasure; and our conquest for pleasure branched us in many, many directions. Some of us headed for the hills to become better acquainted with mother nature, some invested in highclass, high-powered toys to satisfy our needs, some of us committed our entire self and soul to worthy causes, and to other people, and some settled for what they believed was the simple life.



Some of us found exactly what we'd expected in our future and some of us were led very far astray. Yet through all of our journeys and discoveries we came to know that knowledge, friendship, and love are gifts freely given, that all of mankind is equal despite status symbols, and that the discoveries we experienced, the people we met, the decisions we made, and the roads we chose to travel were all links of a chain that had become our life. Links bonded together, leading from one thing to another.

