

# SKYLINE

## W'63





Debra Vogel

## DEDICATION

Some dedications are written to important people; this one is written to our school, an important school.

In the fall of 1939 the first junior high school in the San Fernando Valley was completed, the school was North Hollywood Junior High (known to you as Walter Reed Junior High School)

Our first principal was Mr. Ray Compton who was chosen by Miss Katherine S. Carey, assistant superintendent in charge of Junior High schools, to open our school. Our auditorium and court were named for him. In the weeks before school opened the teachers known to organize the master program, arrange the desks and chairs, stock the books, and do whatever else had to be done. Some of the teachers, including girls' Vice-principal, Mrs. Hooval, were supplied with boxes until their desks arrived)

The first semester brought 898 pupils, plus the thirty seven faculty members, many from North Hollywood High School, and the two administrators. At the first meeting of the faculty, the members were asked to tell about their backgrounds. When a young man named Mr. Doose was asked about his background, he simply said, "Why, I am just fresh out of U.C.L.A." Some of the teachers we know today were there also. To name a few. Mr. Doose, Mrs. Hooval, Mr. Sorsby, Mr. Mack, Mrs. Clinton (then Miss Miller), and Mr. Pease's father, who gave us the name "The Skyline" for our yearbook. There were, of course, many fine subjects to be taken, and even some new ones, such as Mathematics for the A-8 and B-8 classes.

The Service Club members were known as guides then. But, instead of being directed by one teacher, as they are now, the guide would take an offending student to the teachers in charge of each of their separate areas. The guides began to help even before school opened. They were selected by teachers who had known them the previous semester when they attended North Hollywood High which was then a six year school. The boys, then, were very unhappy, we're sure, because they didn't have the guiding hand of a fine boys' Vice-principal like Mr. Myers to help them. But Mr. Edwin Olmstead, now Principal of Modison Junior High, did help Mr. Compton with the boys of that time. After the death of Mr. Compton, Mr. Evon Engberg came to Reed in 1951, as Principal, Mr. Engberg had been the boys' Vice-principal of John Borroughs Junior High School.

Now it is 1963 and our school has been here for twenty-four years. We have one of the highest standards in the Los Angeles City School district. We have had such standards for twenty-four years and will continue to have them for another twenty-four years. This is possible because of you, and other fine students like you, who have helped to make the first in the valley also the best junior high school in Los Angeles.

William Stoneham  
Russell Gordon

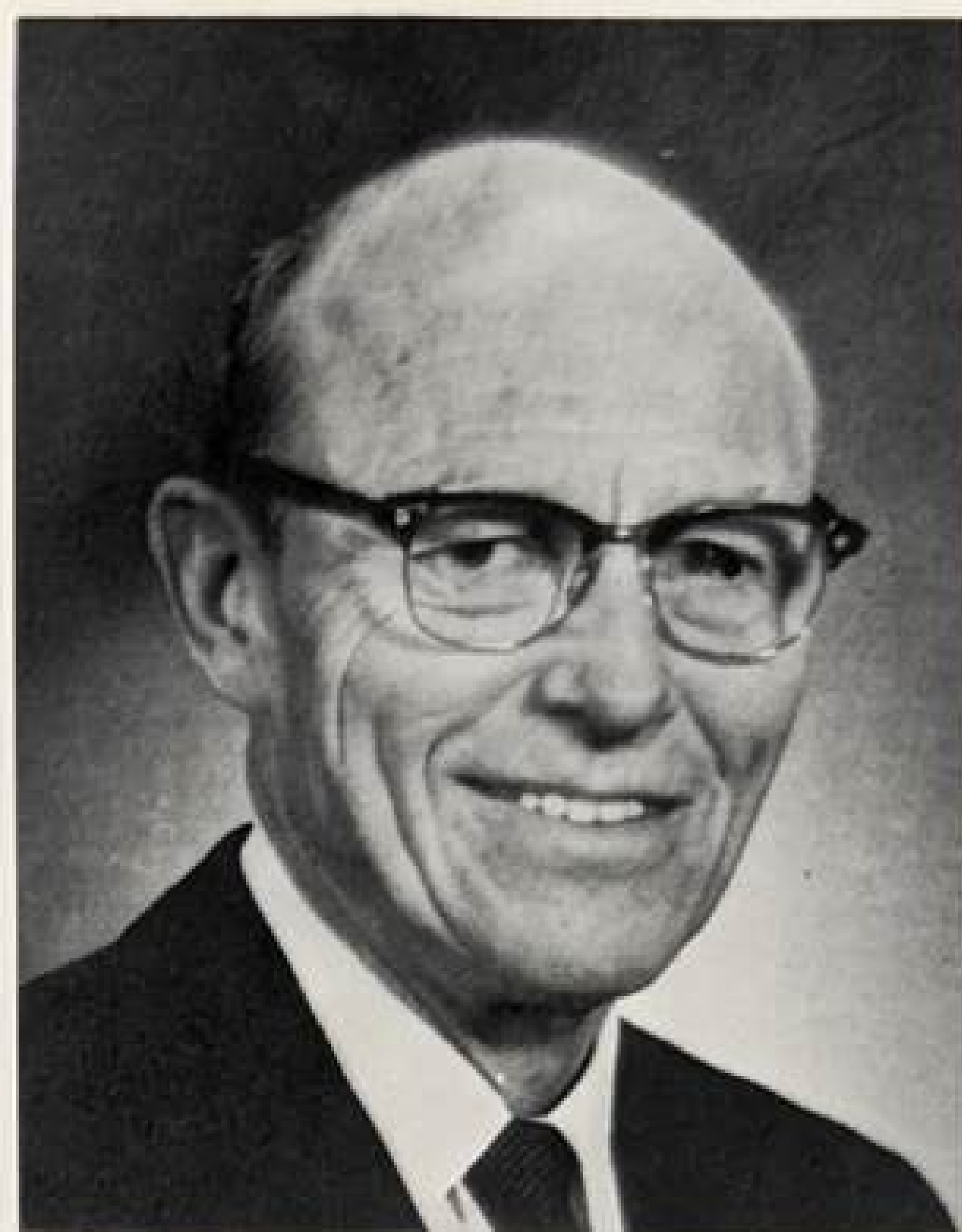
# ADMINISTRATION



Mrs. Hooval  
Girl's Vice-Principal



Mr. Myers  
Boy's Vice-Principal



Mr. Engberg  
Principal



Mrs. Tirado  
Grade Group Advisor



Mr. Fisher  
Grade Group Advisor



Mrs. Harrison  
Grade Group Advisor



Mr. Beaton  
Grade Group Advisor



Mrs. Smith  
Grade Group Advisor



Mr. Doose  
Grade Group Advisor



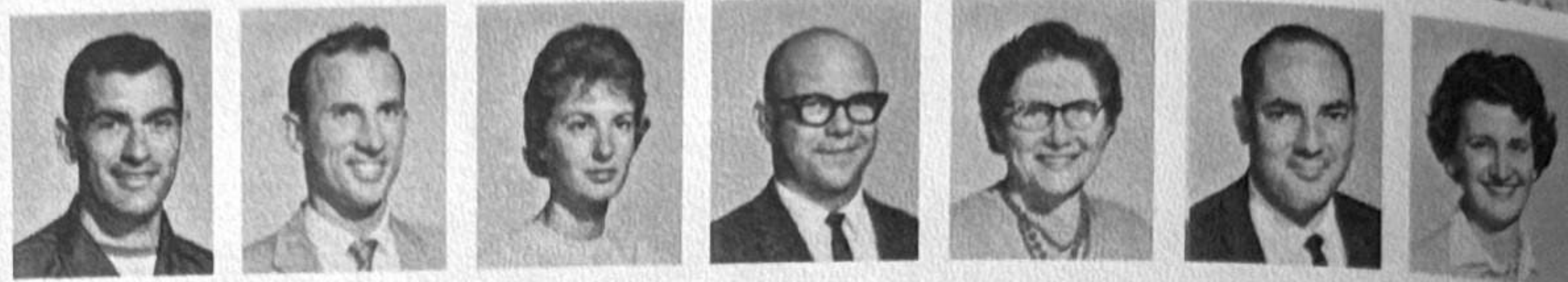
Mrs. Clinton  
Registrar

Mrs. A. Ahlberg  
Hmkg. 1F - 1/31/63

Ahlberg, Mrs. Gertrude  
Barnard, Mrs. Karin  
Barnett, Mrs. Dorothy  
Beaton, Mr. Douglas  
Berger, Mrs. Jeanette  
Berman, Mrs. Jessica  
Brooks, Mrs. Marion



Cambianica, Mr. James  
Camery, Mr. George  
Campbell, Miss Marcia  
Carlson, Mr. Richard  
Clinton, Mrs. Ila  
Cohen, Mr. Bernard  
Comer, Mrs. Cleo



Crenshaw, Mrs. Hazel  
Dahl, Mrs. Ruth  
Danbom, Mr. Robert  
DeCoito, Mr. Anton  
Dieudonne, Mrs. Elizabeth  
Doose, Mr. William  
Doran, Mr. Charles



Fisher, Mr. Robert  
Franke, Miss Lois  
Funk, Mr. Paul  
Galindo, Mr. Victor  
Giacomazzo, Miss Mamie  
Golliher, Mrs. Catherine  
Grant, Mrs. Betty



Grundy, Mr. Cyril  
Gyllenswan, Mrs. Mabel  
Hanson, Mr. Walter  
Hordin, Mrs. Katharine  
Harrison, Mrs. Dorothy  
Harrop, Mrs. Adele  
Heberger, Mrs. Peggy



Ivener, Mr. Martin  
Jones, Miss Azelie  
Kastman, Miss Vanja  
Kennedy, Mr. John  
Kennedy, Mrs. Vernetta  
Klann, Mr. Ernest  
Komm, Mrs. Eileen



Lawson, Miss Judith  
Lessing, Mr. Richard  
Levenson, Miss Lillian  
Lindenberg, Mr. Albert  
Mack, Mr. Morris  
Maley, Mr. Robert  
Malone, Mr. John



*R. Lessing*

# FACULTY and STAFF



Mann, Miss Helene  
Martin, Mr. Charles  
May, Mrs. Margaret  
McGuigan, Mr. Joseph  
Mertens, Mr. Paul  
Messler, Miss Lois  
Meyers, Mrs. Rita



Mitelman, Mrs. Rose  
Moser, Mrs. Dorothy  
Murry, Mr. Mark  
Nelson, Mrs. Edna  
Nero, Mr. Norman  
Okimoto, Miss Naomi  
O'Sullivan, Mrs. Frances



Pease, Mr. Robert  
Pfister, Mrs. Eva  
Radda, Mrs. Lesbeth  
Riffin, Mr. Lee  
Sagara, Mr. Norman  
Selsor, Mr. Robert  
Shepherd, Mrs. Frances



Sherman, Mrs. Jacqueline  
Smith, Mrs. Margaret  
Sorsby, Mr. William  
Staves, Miss Constance  
Stokes, Mr. William  
Storie, Mr. James  
Tallian, Mrs. Jean



Thedford, Mrs. Edna  
Theodore, Mr. Leo  
Thorpe, Mrs. Clara  
Timmons, Mr. John  
Tirado, Mrs. Ines  
Uchida, Mr. Robert  
Van Lanen, Mr. Daniel



Webster, Miss Margaret  
Weems, Miss Elizabeth  
Witcher, Mrs. Ethel  
Williams, Mrs. Beatrice  
Wolters, Mr. Kenneth



CAFETERIA STAFF (Left to Right)

Dare, Mr. Herman  
Mohr, Mrs. Kay  
Mendel, Mrs. Mary  
Urrico, Mrs. Lucy  
Zeek, Mrs. Eula  
Fick, Mrs. Betty  
Berry, Mrs. Opal  
Patterson, Mrs. Pat  
Potocny, Mrs. Sylvia  
McDevitt, Mrs. Jessie

## SUSPENSE

Should I? I shouldn't be afraid. Everyone does it; big people, little people, rich people, poor people, young people, old people, fat people, skinny people, and even cats. It makes them look prettier, feel better, and it refreshes them. It happens to most people every day, except some naughty boys it only happens weekly. But everyone does it, no matter how often. I want to be like the rest of the people, don't I? Well . . . Here it goes. Ouch!! This bath water is surely hot!!!

Cathy Donley



## Spring

The woods are at their peak of beauty from April to June. Coming out of our stuffy eighth grade classroom, a few of us students walk into the woods to take a look at some of the birds. The warblers are all bubbling with song, and it is difficult to tell them apart. But on listening closely and ignoring the other birds, we hear a relatively rare visitor, the Blue-winged Warbler, a charming little fellow that doesn't have blue wings. He is yellow with gray wings and tail, and seems to realize that he isn't of the common lot of warblers, so he carefully evades our searching binoculars by flitting around high in the treetops, as most other warblers. We are forced to lie down on the ground to keep our necks from becoming sore. So the little culprit hides behind a leaf. Such is warbler-watching. But when you catch one, it is certainly worth the effort, for these are the most colorful birds in the country.

A few steps on, we turn our eyes to the ground. A lovely flower, the bloodroot, has just opened. It has six graceful white petals and one strange leaf. The leaf is shaped somewhat like a hand. This plant has its name because of its bright red, juicy roots.

Nothing about these woods is extraordinary until you learn to love them. Every new plant you discover, every new bird you see, all make you realize how much you do not know. Every living thing has some strange and beautiful characteristics of its own, it is unique.

Susan Rafferty

## THE FIRST IS BEST

The truck drew up to the house. A man hopped out and came to the door. I heard my mother answer the bell and then call my name. I rushed downstairs like a tornado and hurriedly picked up the small object my mother handed me. Again in my room I gazed at the small white box lovingly. In my eyes it was the most beautiful thing I had ever beheld. The snowy white cardboard held more intrigue for me than the most fascinating mystery ever written. With trembling fingers I started to lift the lid already knowing what sight would greet my eyes. It seemed to take an eternity before I could remove the scotch tape without marring the box. The lid slipped off easily and there it lay, nestled in a bed of silver-flecked tissue paper, my first corsage.

Isabel Ward



## AN EARTHMAN?

Hurting through space at six thousand miles per hour, the sleek black spacecraft moved silently along. The ship had corrected its flight path, oriented its huge solar panels, and was functioning perfectly.

When the craft was about a thousand miles from Mars, the message flashed from earth to turn the ship around and fire the retro-rockets. The instructions were followed to perfection, and the ship eased down for a soft landing.

On earth the scientists were jubilant, but back on Mars, the natives had begun to notice the presence of the visitor from outer space. First, a rather grotesque creature pecked its head around whilst appearing to be a rock with eyes. After staring at the space probe, now standing dormant before them, the rock remarked, "Gee, I thought earthmen would look a lot different!"

Roger Rattner

## The Sounds of Silence

A car bonked shrilly, a small child screamed, a pestering fly went bee-zing by, a clock steadily ricked, a desk speaked, a page rustled with a small, unwillingly across a page. The teacher spek; everyone's head cone long, a little more than the sun, to the strenuous level of day dreaming.

The first thing was a small sound heard, the principal was before the class. He walked around inspecting, made a few casual com-ents. Khe er one of the students chuckled, three of four showed sichtily. The first thing was a sound in the class was allent.

Glances darred once to fall uninterestingly back to the floor. Frowned crossed wee fares

Algebra class was over.

Cindy Frazin



## trees

There was once a man who wrote a poem  
About the trees around his home  
His trees must have been a sight to me  
Or so the thought occurred to me

It told of trees in a far off land  
Some were small and some quite grand  
It told of birds that in trees sing  
And upon the branches monkeys awing

It told of the tall and statly pine  
With pinecones that were rare and fine  
It told of trees opss which grow  
Nuts and leaves all in a row

But one thing he forgot to mention  
Is the awful, horror growing tension  
That comes during this time of fall  
'Cause raking leaves just isn't a ball

Linda Ahlberg

## living in the bullseye, 1962

curses on my fate,  
man's fate,  
for the hell of daily living  
under the mushroom cloud,  
the cloud of fire,  
that never shall be quenched.

certainly, in a world of fools,  
run by machines,  
without head, beard or pity,  
some bloodless finges  
shall find the button  
that was spell  
my doom  
and yours, too.

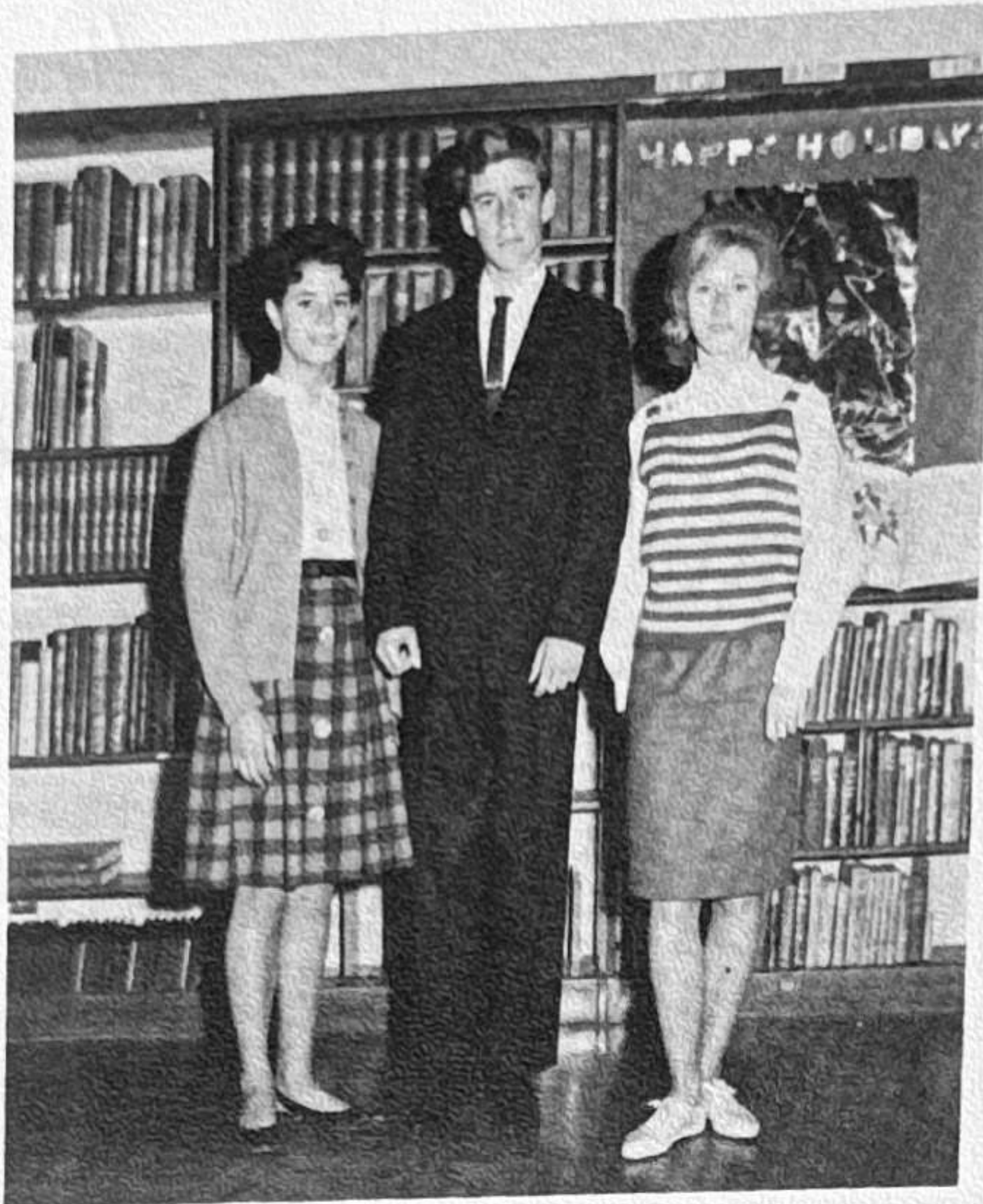
curses on your fato sito.

d. i. dutton



# Student Leaders

## Student Council

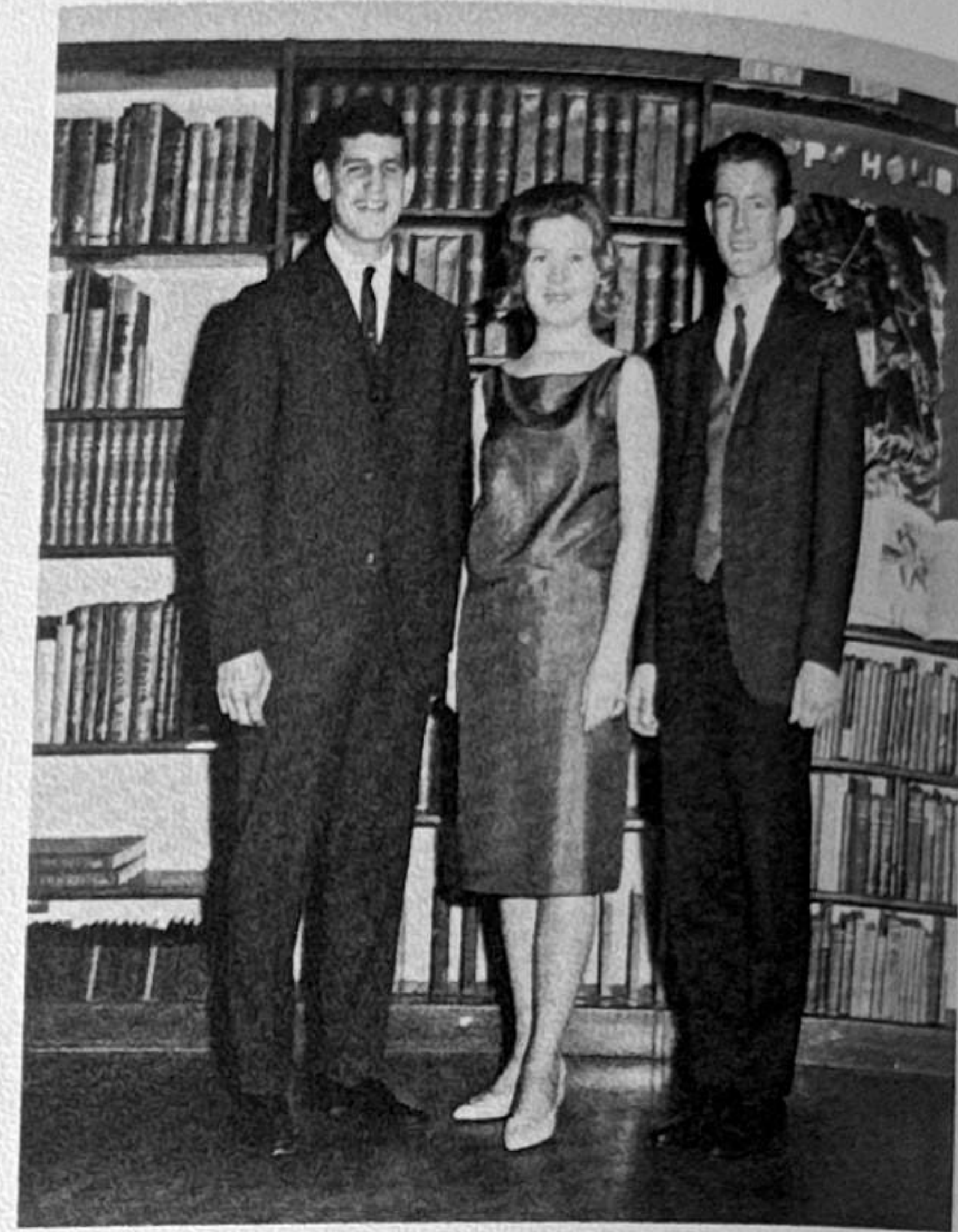


Cathy Donley  
Secretary

Cory Tennant  
President

Linda Wendt  
Vice-President

## Service Club



Paul Wesler  
President

Greta Granville  
Secretary

Ralph DiPrizio  
Vice-President

## A-9 Officers



Paulette Wolfson  
Secretary

Doug Dutton  
President

Nancy Kason  
Vice-President

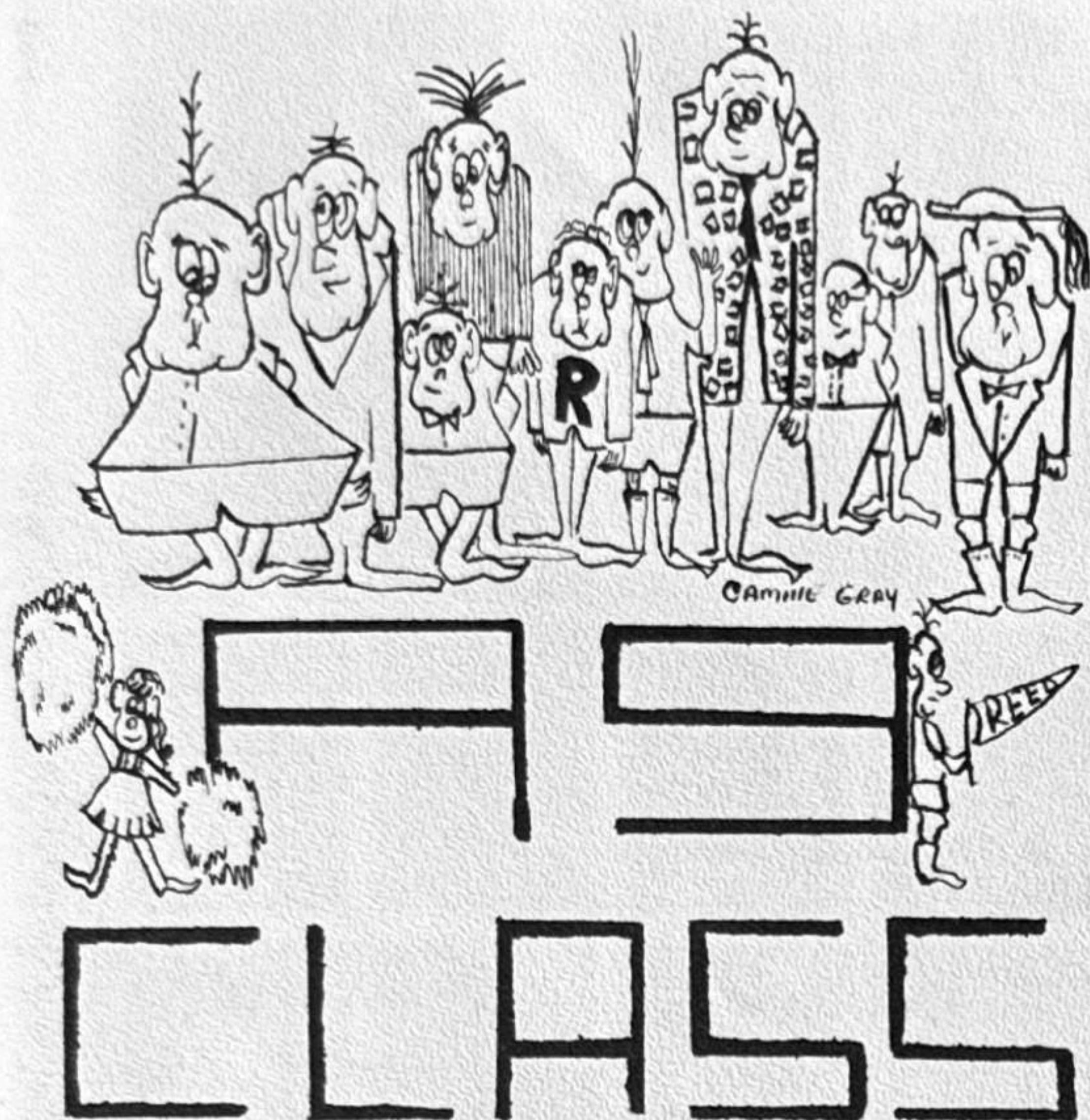
## Reed Aid



Lisa Everett  
Vice-President

Tony Savage  
President

Gwen Friss  
Secretary



Adams, Garry  
Ahlberg, Linda  
Albanese, Caren



Aldis, Richard  
Alley, Renie Sue  
Babin, Steve



Baker, Susie  
Balkin, David  
Balthasar, Bill



Baron, Eileen  
Beskin, Robert  
Borcharding, Tim



Bownds, Diane  
Cagan, Janice  
Champion, Walter  
Chesler, Sanford  
Clay, Janice  
Clouse, Elaine  
Cron, Steven



Cumming, Chris  
Cunningham, Jim  
Davis, Ed  
DeCarl, Nancy  
DiPrizito, Ralph  
Dobbs, Cathy  
Doberne, Leonard



Donald, Linda  
Donley, Cathy  
Dutton, Doug  
Earl, Dennis  
Everett, Lesa  
Ewing, Wayne  
Ezmirlian, Jack



Farkas, Debbie  
Farrar, Linda  
Farrow, Carol  
Fernbach, Gail  
Fitzsimmons, Sharon  
Frazin, Cindy  
Freeland, Michael



Friss, Gwen  
Gage, Dennis  
Gage, Don M.  
Gale, Richard  
Gates, Maureen  
Gennarelli, Linda  
Gersh, Carla

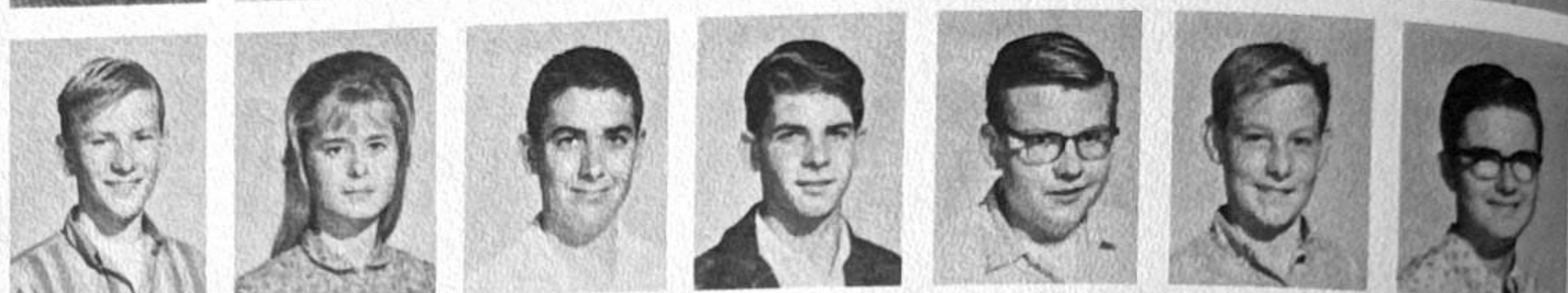
Gleg, Lynn  
Goebel, Patricia  
Gordon, Russell  
Gossard, Tom  
Granville, Greta  
Gunn, Stuart  
Gutierrez, Nora



Hennley, Robert  
Hewitt, Clarissa  
Hibbert, Nora  
Hickler, Steve  
Hofberg, Rhonda  
Holland, Chris  
Howard, Michael



Howell, Dan  
Huff, Sheryl  
Husk, Jim  
Impink, Donald  
Ivans, Gregory  
Jenkins, Daniel  
Jenkins, Robert



Johnson, Steve  
Johnson, Tom  
Kaiser, Yvonne  
Kasson, Nancy  
Keehner, Henry  
Kennedy, Kip Jon  
Kimmel, Tina



Klein, Maxine  
Klugman, Barbara  
Kramer, Shirley  
Krasno, Jo-Ann  
Krasnow, Paula  
Kursman, Janis  
Leamons, Alvin



Leedy, Kathleen  
Leyton, Spencer  
Leyton, Teddi  
Livesay, Kenneth  
Loftus, Kathy  
Maehl, Nell  
Malatt, Janice



Malter, Jeffrey  
Mann, Mary Ann  
Mapes, Kathy  
Marcus, John  
Martin, Van A  
Mason, Janice  
Massey, Judith



McBroom, Jenny  
McGuire, Richard  
McLeod, Stephen  
Meacham, Joann  
Mednansky, Ivana  
Meikle, Louise A.  
Mihalo, Billy



Miksch, Holly  
Mitchelson, David  
Moline, Gregory  
Moncada, Phyllis  
Mow, Angeline  
Mueller, Ratty  
Myers, Earl





Newton, Jeff  
Nicholson, Rikki  
Nivette, Suzanne  
Noble, Larry S.  
Noyes, Cathie  
Paliaga, Bellinda  
Palmer, Francesca



Parker, Dennis  
Petersen, David  
Pugliese, Katherine  
Purcell, Joyce  
Rafferty, Susan  
Ramsey, Fred  
Raskin, Ronald



Rattner, Roger  
Rawlinson, Rex  
Riewer, Richard  
Rosenberg, Richard  
Rotter, Esther  
Sanford, Fred  
Savage, Tony



Schaffer, Jeanne  
Scherlis, Sandy  
Schoeny, Ralph  
Schulkin, Ronna  
Schwab, Marianne  
Scorpio, Robert  
Shipley, John G.



Silverman, Maxine  
Sioussat, Helen  
Solem, Ruth  
Sorensen, Ronald  
Sponberg, Ronnie  
Stanfield, Barbara  
Stoneham, Bill



Suddath, Terry  
Szego, Sherry  
Tennant, Cory  
Thomas, Mary  
Thorton, Bert  
Tieffer, Jeff  
Truffo, Bob



VanDeusen, Marie  
Vaughn, Glenn  
Vogel, Debra  
Wanamaker, Edna  
Ward, Isabel  
Weinberger, Steve  
Weinstein, Walter



Wendt, Linda  
Wescott, Linda  
Wesler, Paul  
Wexler, Nancy  
Wilson, Sharyn  
Witkin, Bob  
Wolfson, Paulette



Wolock, Cynthia  
Wood, Bradley  
Wyame, Guy John  
York, Jim  
Youds, Paul  
Zaffuto, Diane

# A9-B9 FOOTBALL GAME



# Cotton Hop



## NOCTURNAL REVERIES

He closed the door behind him and stepped out into the night. The wind blew a faint murmur in the trees, but otherwise all was silent in the chill air. Above him lay a vast canopy of jeweled lights against the black velvet of the sky. As the scene filled him with awe, he began to question the deepest mysteries of the night.

How insignificant, he thought, how totally insignificant he really was. He was just a speck of dust, a microscopic speck facing infinite distances which were totally beyond his comprehension. It dawned on him that in these fantastic distances, mankind was alone, huddled together on a small planet, much like settlers in a lone camp on a vast and endless plane.

He scanned the sky for some familiar objects. High overhead was the brightest constellation, The Mouse. In the east was the neighboring planet Detia. And there, trillions of miles away was the Milky Way Galaxy, a faint hazy patch of light.

John Marcus



## FIRST WOMAN ON THE MOON

As I lean back in my chair,  
I imagine myself up in the air.  
In a rocket speeding faster than light,  
Heading toward space into the edge of night.  
Oh, look, I am just about to land.  
I don't see grass, trees or even sand.  
Things look strange compared to earth.  
But when my job is done, space will have a rebirth.  
There is no air for me to breathe in.  
I must still wear my mask of oxygen.  
I've studied here and looked around,  
Now back I turn I'm homeward bound.  
Our country's goal was to reach the moon.  
Now the time has come, not a bit too soon.  
I mostly want to prove one main thing,  
A gift of knowledge to woman, God did bring.  
Most people think this world is for a man,  
But women can do anything that men can.  
That also goes for people going into space,  
Remember, we women are half the human race.  
Teddi Leyton

## A VISIT TO THE LIBRARY

The day was gloomy, the sky was dark,  
When I took a walk to North Hollywood Park.  
I walked to the library and looked around,  
Then found a seat, and I sat down.  
The walls were filled with thousands of books,  
The titles ranging from Romans to cooks.  
Many people sat at the tables,  
One of them reading *Anne of Green Gables*.  
I took out my books and started to study,  
But suddenly lost interest and looked for my buddy.  
I picked up my books and started to roam,  
Then walked out the door, and I went home.

By Jo-Ann Krasno

## FIRST FLOWER OF HAPPINESS

It was a cold, and snowy winter day. As I walked down the deserted streets, I noticed a crowd, standing huddled together. As my curiosity overthrew me, I managed to get through to find that they were standing around, looking at a flower.

In this world of difficulties, and disaster, it is truly understanding, how such an insignificant thing as a flower, can bring so much happiness to so many people.

Even though America is a fresh and clean country, it still believes in fairy tales.

Ivana Mednansky

## DEATH

some people say:  
as to misery,  
death is the only way  
great king and friend,  
drink the same drink,  
find the same end.  
is death a blank sleep,  
then over it why cry?  
we too shall be in its reap.  
if in hell i should burn,  
with the cruel, the evil,  
then thoughts of death i spurn.  
ah, but to talk with the great  
the students of thought,  
heaven, open wide your gates.  
yet, it i should rise to a cloud,  
or sink to the bowels of the earth,  
i'll say this of death—it shan't be proud.  
douglas dutton



## SOMEDAY, I HOPE

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Earth. She had eight brothers and sisters, and her mother, Man. When she grew up, she married a handsome creature called Man.

Earth and Man had many children, or countries, as they were sometimes called. For a while, though, Mother Earth was very upset and she had many pretentious children.

The largest country, called the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (Soviet Union, or Russia, for short) was a big bully and very conceited. Soviet Union disobeyed Mother and Father when they tried to tell him to eat good food. He would eat only bad sweets, called Communists, and he convinced many of his younger and smaller brothers and sisters to do the same.

The prettiest and smartest child was called the United States of America. Her friends called her "Freedom". America was very strong and healthy because she ate good foods, called Democracy, and very few things which were bad for her.

Soviet Union and the countries on his side were always fighting with America and her friends. They fought about such silly things like big walls and little islands, so Father formed a family council which he called the United Nations. But Soviet Union wouldn't cooperate so it didn't always work. The family feud got so bad that soon Russia and America were threatening to blow up the entire family with a big bomb. Father Man was very worried, but his promises seemed to do no good.

Finally, Soviet Union became sick and weak from his poor diet. His friends revolted from not getting the proper nourishment. Then Father Man gave Russia a good scolding and made him promise not to work Communism again, and to start eating good foods as America did. The other little countries saw what happened and they also gave it all up.

Then all the children joined hands and danced together, as Mother Earth and Father Man looked on and were happy at last.

Tina Kimmel



## FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME

Oh, dear, what shall I do? Oh, well, I knew it would happen to me one of these days. After all, it happens to almost everyone. Mom and Dad even did it. They said that it didn't hurt though I really don't know why I'm so nervous, it only lasts for a few minutes. Uh, Oh, I think that the time has come! Here goes. Gee! I hope it's not too hard. Whew! It's over. Actually, it was quite fun. I can hardly wait to lose another tooth.

Gwen Friss

## FIRST PET

It was the joyous night before Christmas. As I lay in bed, I could hear the merry carolers, singing the happy Christmas songs.

The presents were under the beautiful Christmas tree, all except one, a pup. I hadn't really expected I'd get it, but I was always hoping.

You can realize how I felt, when I awoke, Christmas morning, to find under the tree the cutest pup I had ever seen.

Linda Mednansky



## SOUND

Sound is what I hear

With or without a musical ear.

I can enjoy it, or deplore it,

I can welcome it with spirit.

Sound is a bird on the wing

With a heart that makes it sing.

Sound is the noise of the trees

That's made by blowing breeze.

Sound is the squeak of a door,

Or the loose boards in a floor.

Sound is the laugh of a child,

Or the call of the wild.

Sound is the beauty of a symphony

Composed for the music in harmony.

Sound is the mew of a cat,

Or a well done job received with a pat.

Sound is the crash of the ocean,

Or the noise of machines in motion.

Sound is the pitter per of rain

Upon a shiny window pane.

Sound is a stranger's walk

Or the hum of neighbor's talk.

Sound is a familiar friendly voice

That comes to help me make a choice.

Sound is a living thing

Yet it moves without a ring.

Sound is very special to me

Because I'm blind and cannot see.

Linda Ahlberg

## THE FIRST THING I OWNED

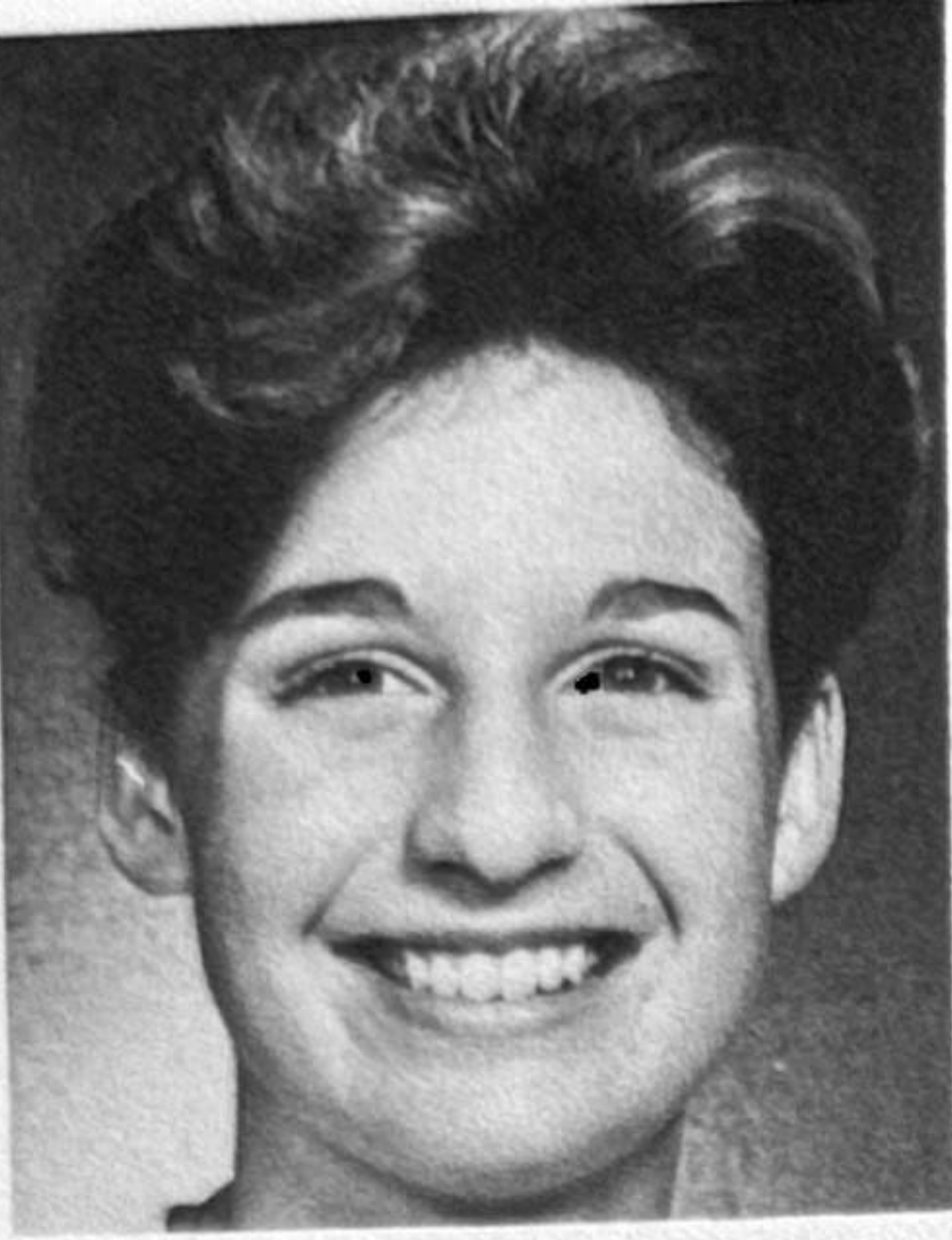
The first thing I actually owned was an old cloth doll named Clowny. I will have this doll, but to my dismay I find his eyes are missing, parts of his clothing are in shambles, the red button eyes are topside, the nose and mouth have faded, and when I was a child I chewed the top of his head, so now cotton is sticking out of his head. Despite all this I'm going to keep him. You wonder why? Because he was the first thing I owned.

Linda Donald

# SMILE

## of the

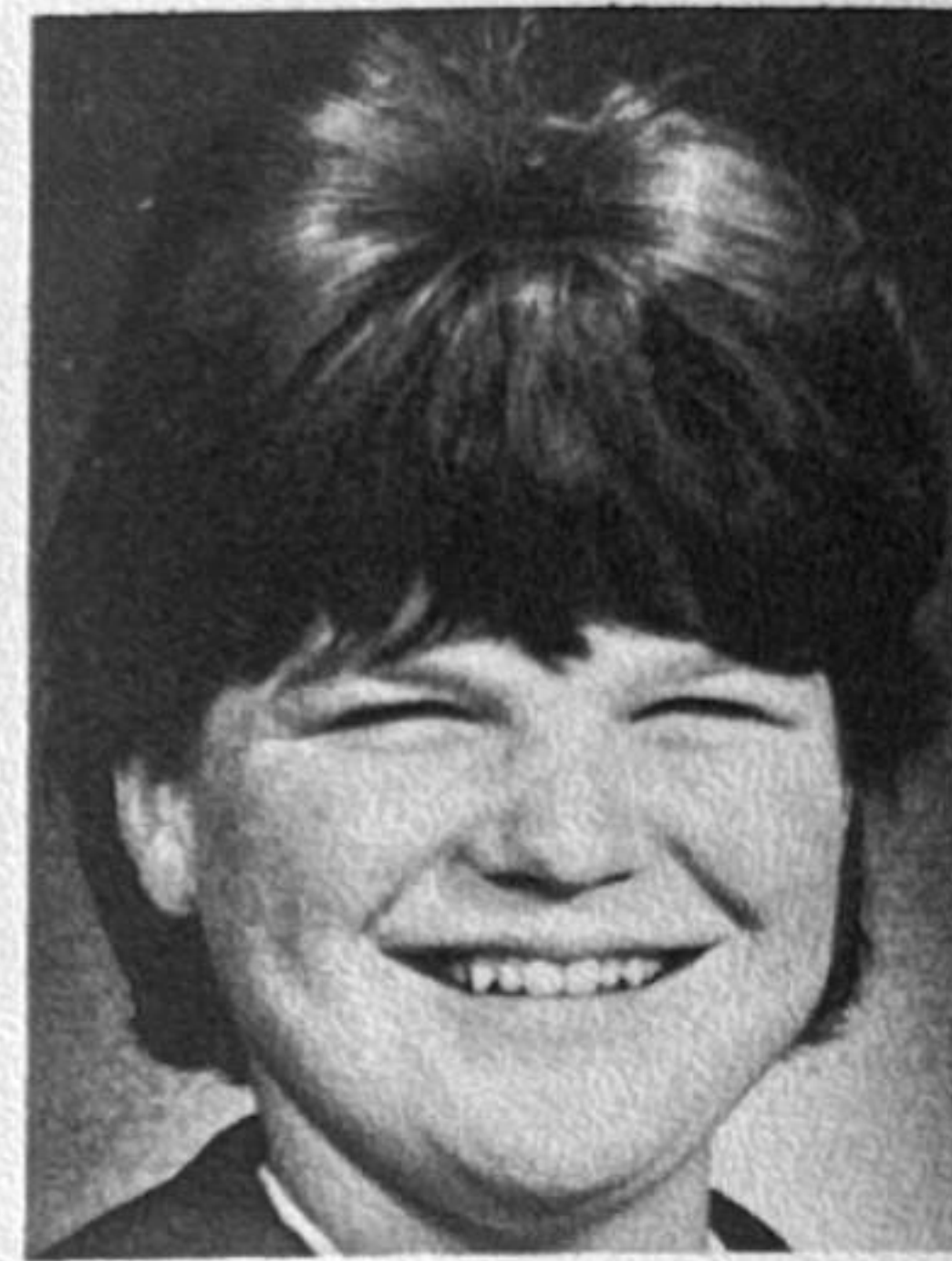
## YEAR



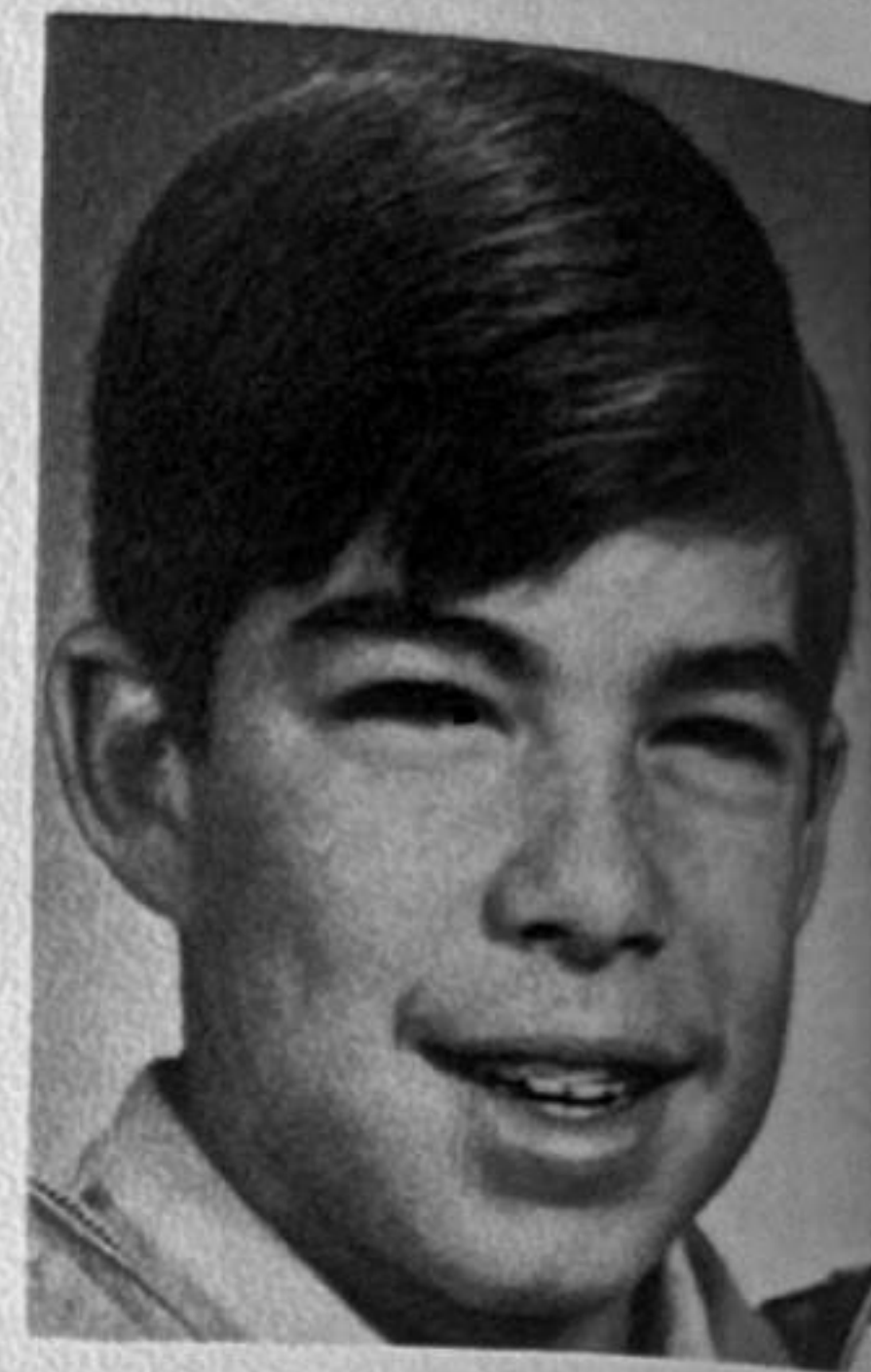
Susan Ruble



Leo Baker



Barbara Phelps



Gary Saltzman



Cindy Allen



Donna Road



Lynn Martinez

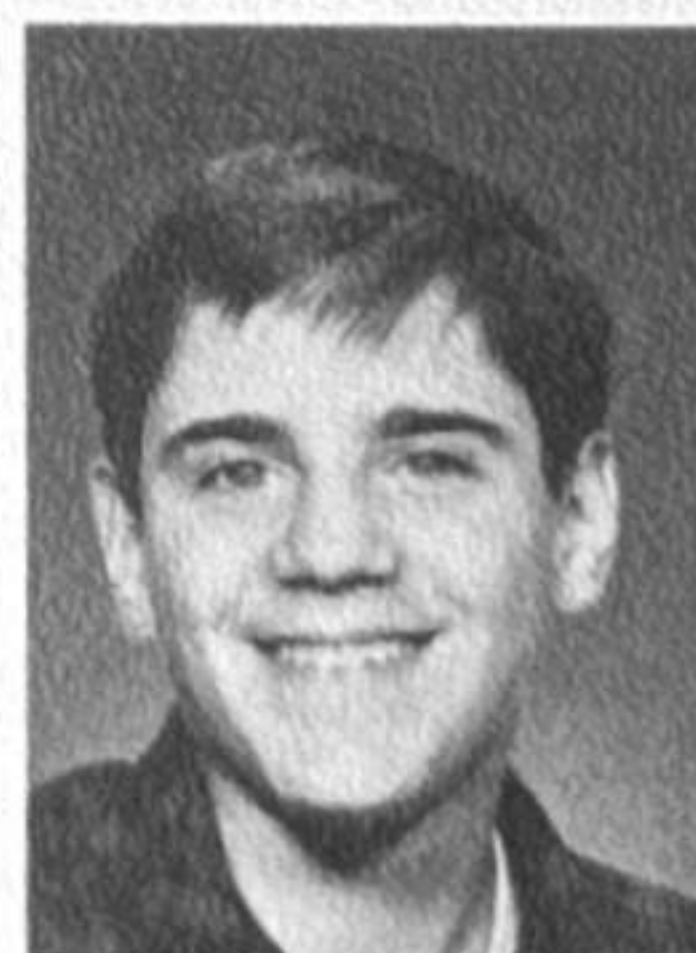


Cynthia McNamara

James Herzoff



Richard Barnett



John Sanders



Henry Brown



## WHAT IS A HERO?

What is a hero? Is he a brave and strong person such as those in mythology, or is he a person who has discovered how to save thousands of lives by merely working in a cramped little room called a laboratory? This a dictionary does not specify, so such person is left to decide what a hero is to him.

There are two things which all heroes, regardless of what their feats may be, have in common. They are courage and perseverance. No one could become a hero without these. Odysseus, in his mythological adventures, had them, so did Walter Reed, who conquered yellow fever.

Odysseus was a brave and strong man who barely escaped with his life many times. But it was only his own life he was saving. Reed did a great service to humankind by saving many lives.

But on the other hand, the qualities possessed by Odysseus enabled him to escape as many dangers as he might happen to encounter, thus making him versatile. Heroes such as Reed are limited in the number of discoveries they can produce.

Who was the greater hero? It's up to you. A hero means as many different things as there are people who have ever thought about it.

Susan Rafferty

## My Friend

Before it all comes to an end  
I must fulfill my life.  
I must have had my own true friend  
To end all care and strife.

My friend will be an answer  
To every prayer I've prayed.  
My friend will leave me never.  
My friend will not be swayed.

My friend will have a heart of gold  
And be so loyal and true  
And when our friendship starts to fold  
I'll have no cause to rue..

Somehow I feel I'll never have  
This friendship oh so bright.  
For I am going to my grave  
At dusk tomorrow night.

Isabel Ward

## PERHAPS

The time will come,  
More peace and quiet,  
And when it does,  
It'll have to be endured.  
It will be pleasant—  
A real treat!  
A wonderful experience  
And a beneficial feat.  
Women will cheer,  
Men will roar,  
For things will be different,  
And the same no more.  
World problems will cease,  
Just take my word.  
No wars, no bombs,  
No reason to fight.  
Economic conditions will improve  
Less money shall be spent.  
When? Why, naturally,  
During her rule—

The First Lady President  
Cathie Noyes



## BELLS

There are bells of joy and bells of laughter,  
Bells of sorrow in the rafter.  
The school bell summons the pupils to class.  
And church bells welcome the members to Mass.  
The Kre house bell calls its master, to answer  
the cries of disaster.  
Christmas bells hold a sound most dear, ringing  
glad tidings and filled with cheer.  
Wedding bells are bells of joy, for they unite a  
girl and boy.  
They take a vow to go through life for better or  
worse as man and wife.  
As many bells as there are, ringing near and  
ringing far, we all pray that they shall  
never cease — the ever ringing bells  
of peace.

Jeanne Schaffer

## THE FOREST PATH

The crow cawed over my head and the sun faded away behind the trees. The little gravel road through the forest grew darker as the sun set beyond the forest. I felt the wind whisp over my neck and I pulled my coat collar higher. The moon came up and I felt the stillness of the forest around me. The wind rustled through the trees and clouds covered the moon.

Once I thought I heard the clip-clop of horses behind me, but when I turned all I saw was a moonlit path. I walked on listening to the wind and the crunch of gravel underfoot. There. There it was again. The sound of hoofbeats. I stopped, holding my breath. The wind rustled in the trees, but there were no hoof-beats. I walked more swiftly now. There was something about the sound of hoof-beats on a lonely forest path that made me shiver. I laughed at this but walked faster just the same. The trees loomed in front of me as I rounded a corner. I glanced back for a moment. Something moved swiftly beyond the bend of the path. The darkness of the forest and the sound of the horses started my running.

I darted off the path making for the open country. All around me the trees and bushes took on gargoyle appearances. I tripped and the ground met my face. I lay there, my heart pounding in my chest. I lay there and listened, and over the sound of my heart beat I heard the horses on the forest path. Panic gripped me and I went running. On I ran, splashing through creeks and falling over logs.

But always in the background could be heard the steady clip-clop of horses on the forest path. The forest seemed to never end. I felt my chest heaving from exhaustion. I came to a stop in a small clearing and lay down. A heavy mist settled on the ground, and along the fog-covered path veered a black coach drawn by two black steeds but without a coachman.

This sight made me get up and run for the open fields which I knew were beyond the trees. The sound of the horses' snorts and their galloping were close behind me and I ran faster. I was running across a fog-covered field when the horses came galloping out of the fog in front of me. Confused and panicked, I dodged off the path and went hurtling down a well. My screams died out and I with them. I opened my eyes; the stars twinkled in the sky. Far, far below lay the forest with dawn breaking over the hills. The swaying of death's coach smoothed out as we passed through the gates of heaven.

Bill Stoneham

## PRINTING

Oh, today is such an exciting day. All these people gathered around, their eyes fixed on that white thing in front of me. You should see my daddy, with his prodding words of confidence. And Mommy—but everyone knows how mommies are. Oh, well, they expect it of me, and it's now or never, as they say. I get my instrument into position. Their faces grow tense. Here goes . . . I did it! I printed my name for the first time.

Gail Fernbach

## MY FIRST HAIR-DO

When I was six years old I had long locks of hair hanging down to my waist. Unfortunately my father didn't like long hair.

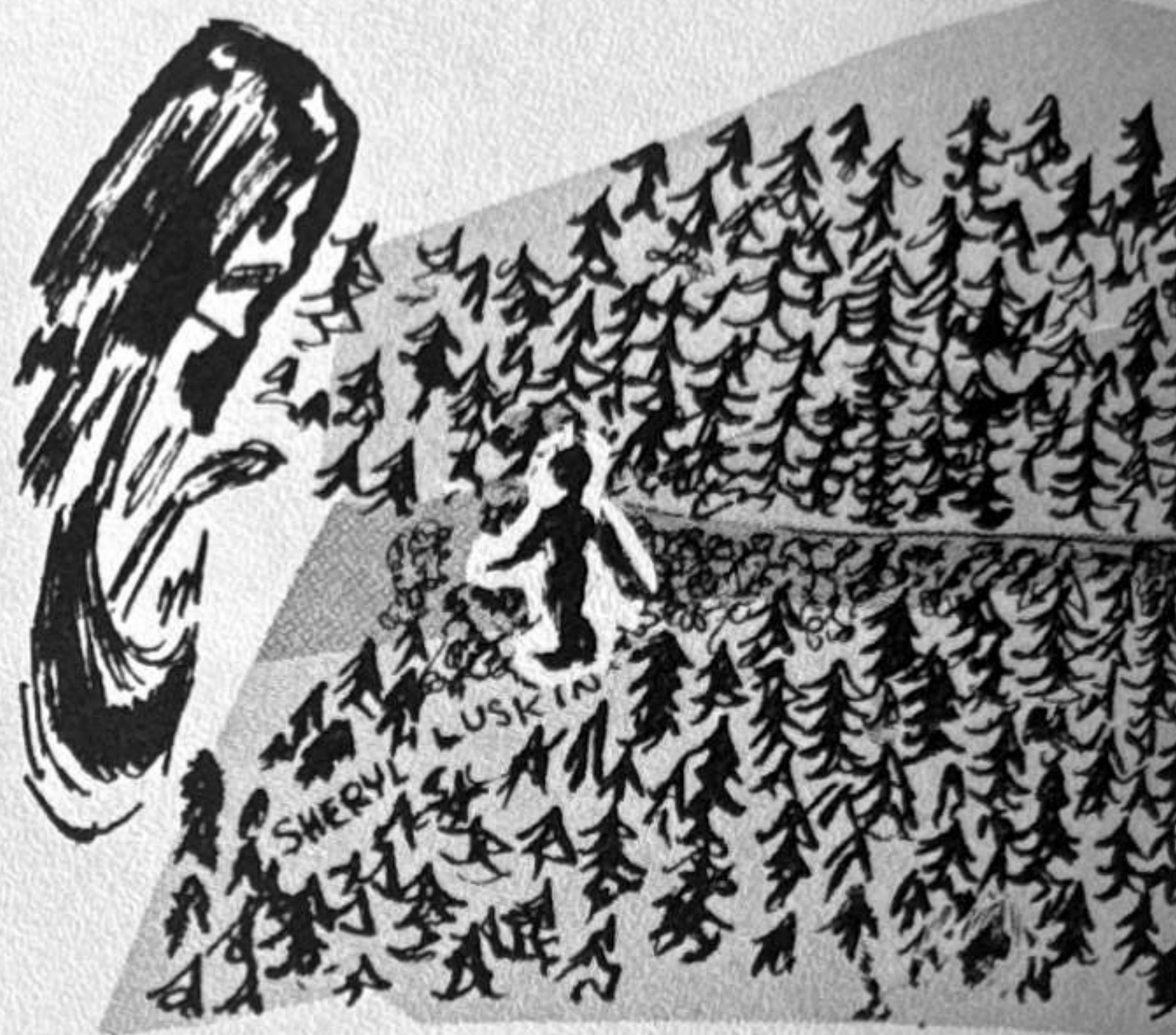
One day he suggested that we surprise my mother and get my hair cut. He told me it would look much nicer short. I was so young, wide-eyed and innocent that I believed everything he told me without question.

That afternoon while my mother was shopping he took me to the beauty parlor to get my hair cut. I sat down on a nice soft chair, unaware of what was happening. While the beautician was quietly clipping away at my hair I was very content reading a comic book.

When I finally looked up I was shocked. Staring out of the mirror in front of me was a boy with a face that resembled mine. When I finally realized that it was my face, I don't know what I did first, screamed or cried. When my mother saw our little surprise she let out a cry that could be heard at the other end of town. I don't think she talked to my father for the rest of the week.

I don't imagine I ever fully trusted my father again because whenever he mentions anything about hair I run out of the house as fast as I can.

Nancy Wexler



## MONDAY MORNING

With students as far as Monday morning is concerned, no war or sickness is worse. Students go to school cold and tired.

Teachers have to repeat to slow thinking students. However, most teachers will tell you that every day of the week is like this. This poses another question. Are teachers ever subjected to the Monday morning droop? Most students would probably say yes.

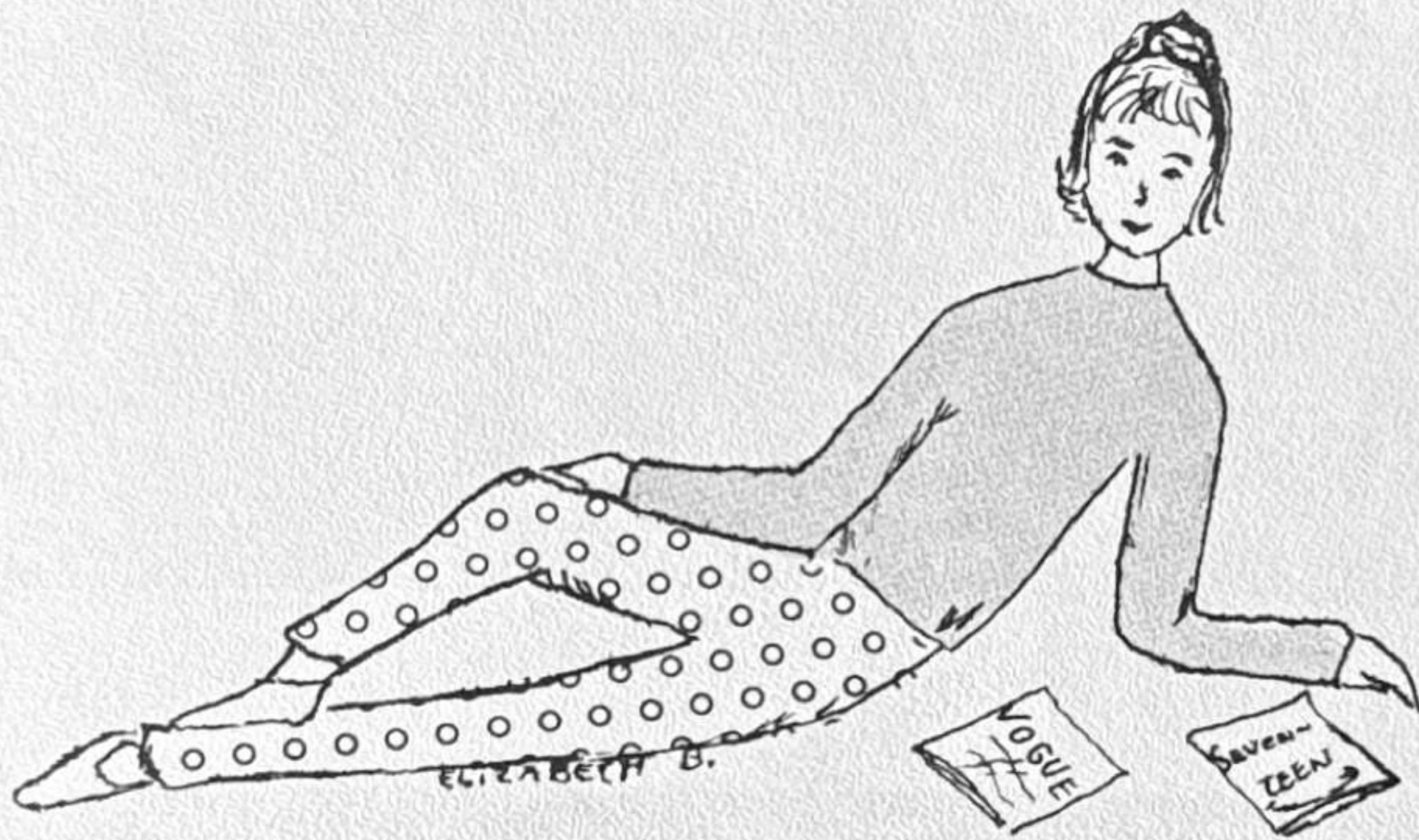
No one can say that adults, teen-agers, or children don't go through this. If you do have these problems follow these simple and non-habit forming rules.

1. If you feel tired, cold, or sick, go to bed!
2. If you have homework to do in the morning wait and do it during your first period class.
3. If you have to walk to school or ride a bicycle, forget it and and call a cab.

I correct myself, maybe these rules are habit forming.

Stephen McLeod

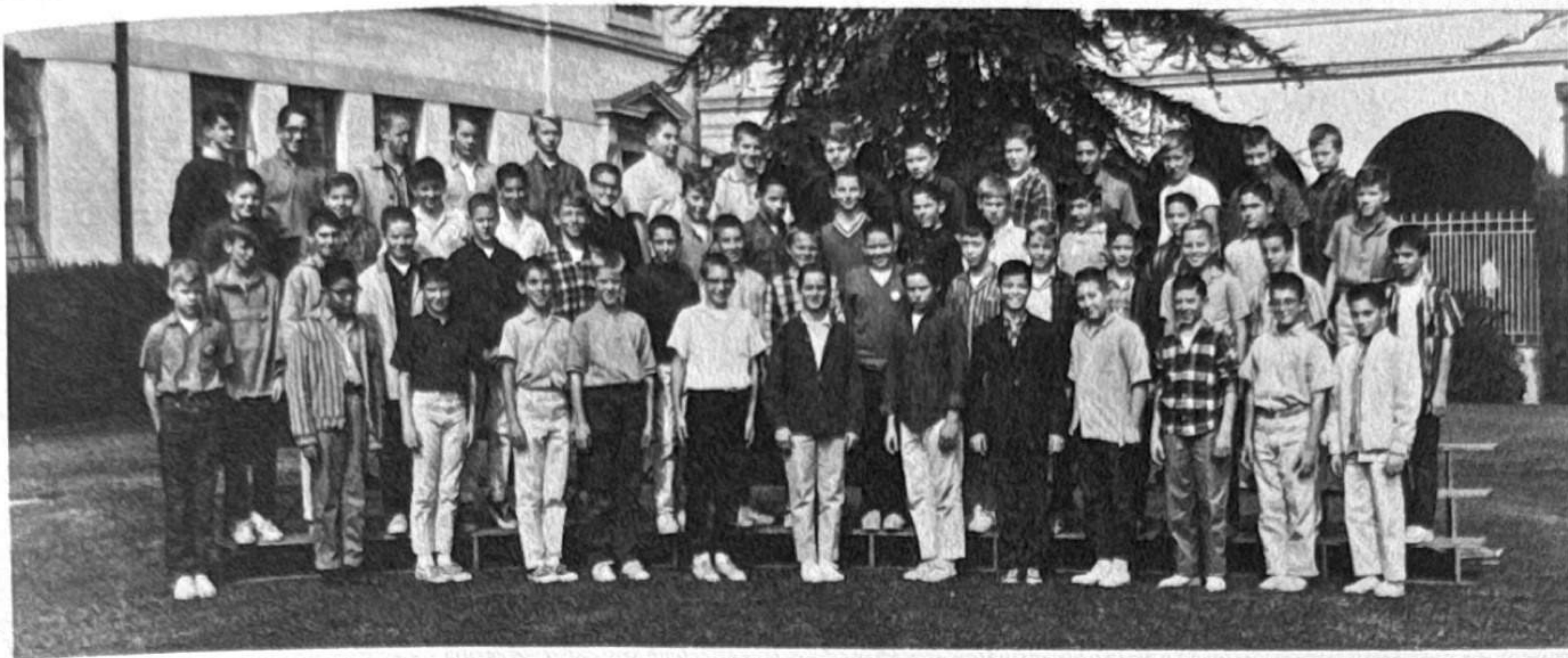






A7 CLASS  
Girl Nome Eilot

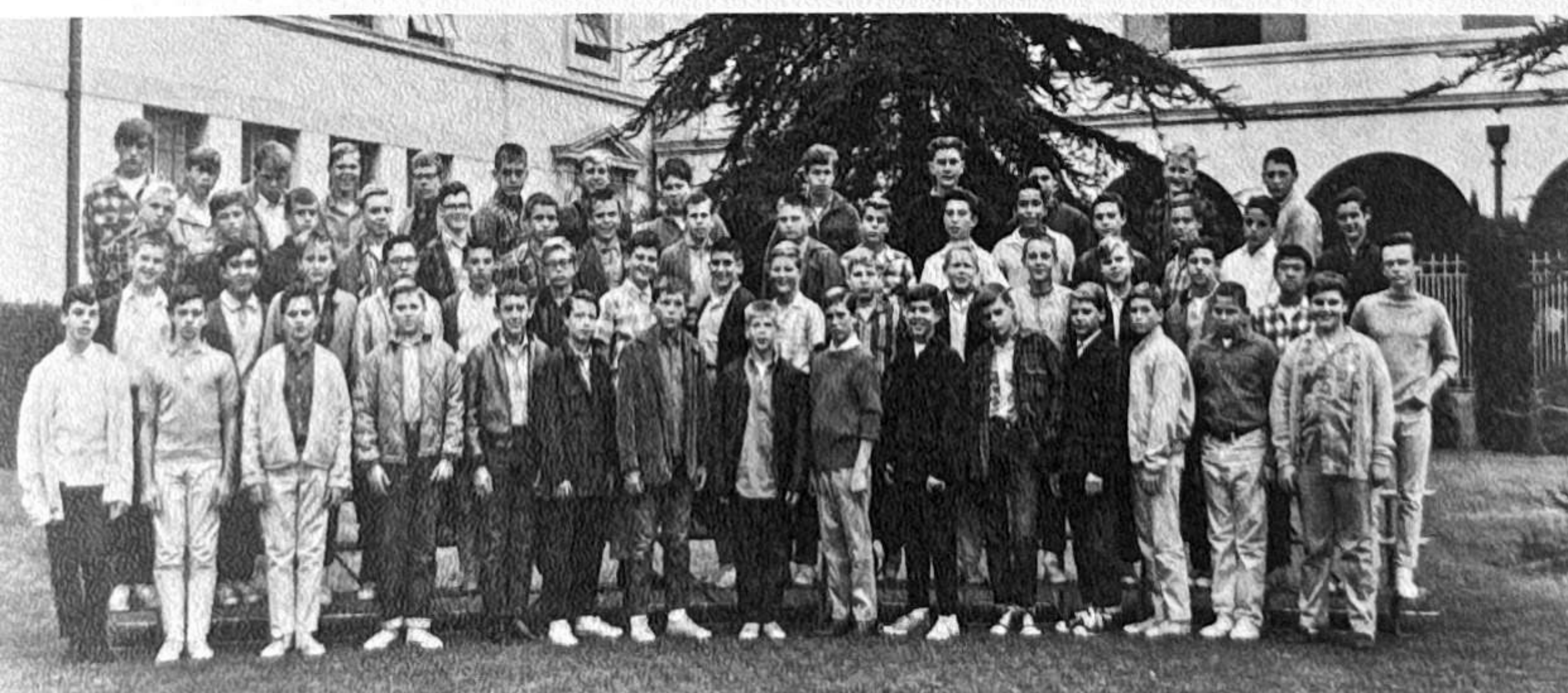
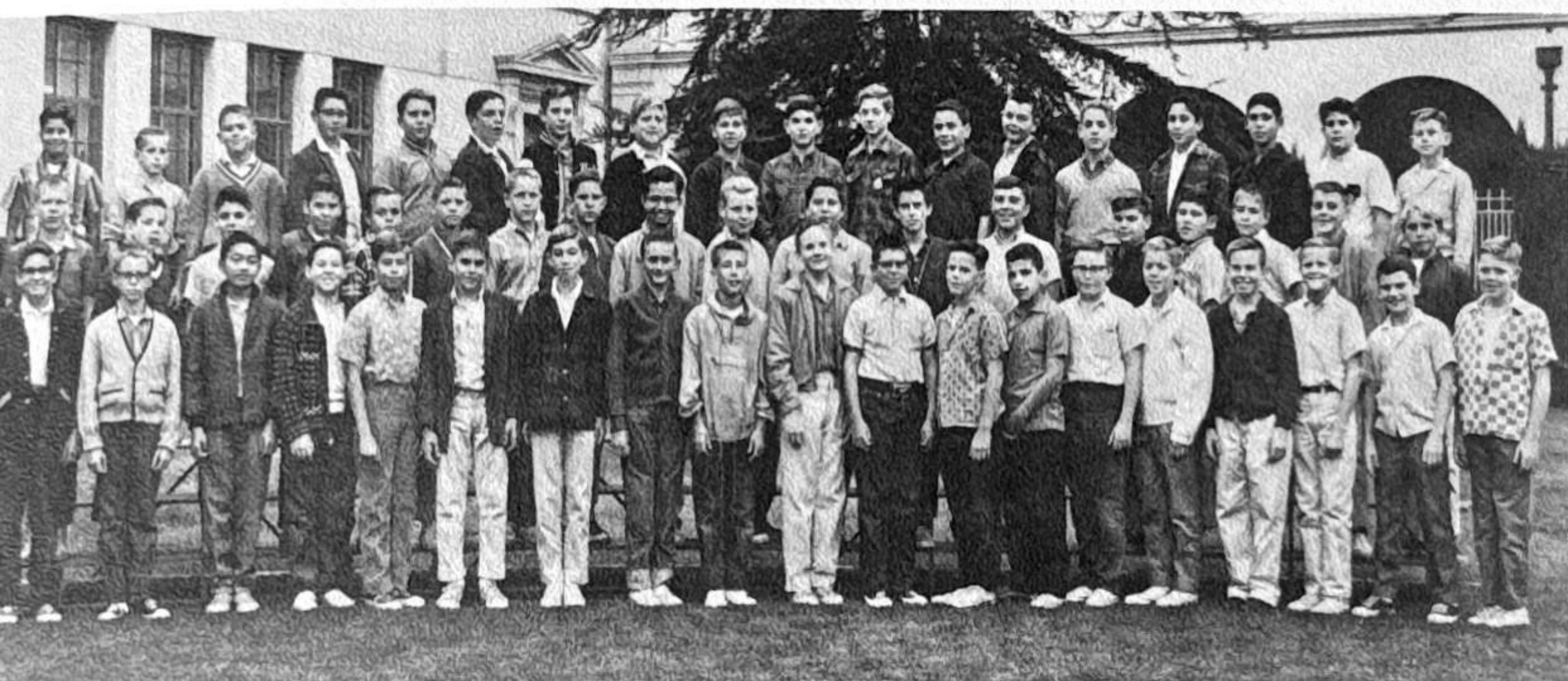
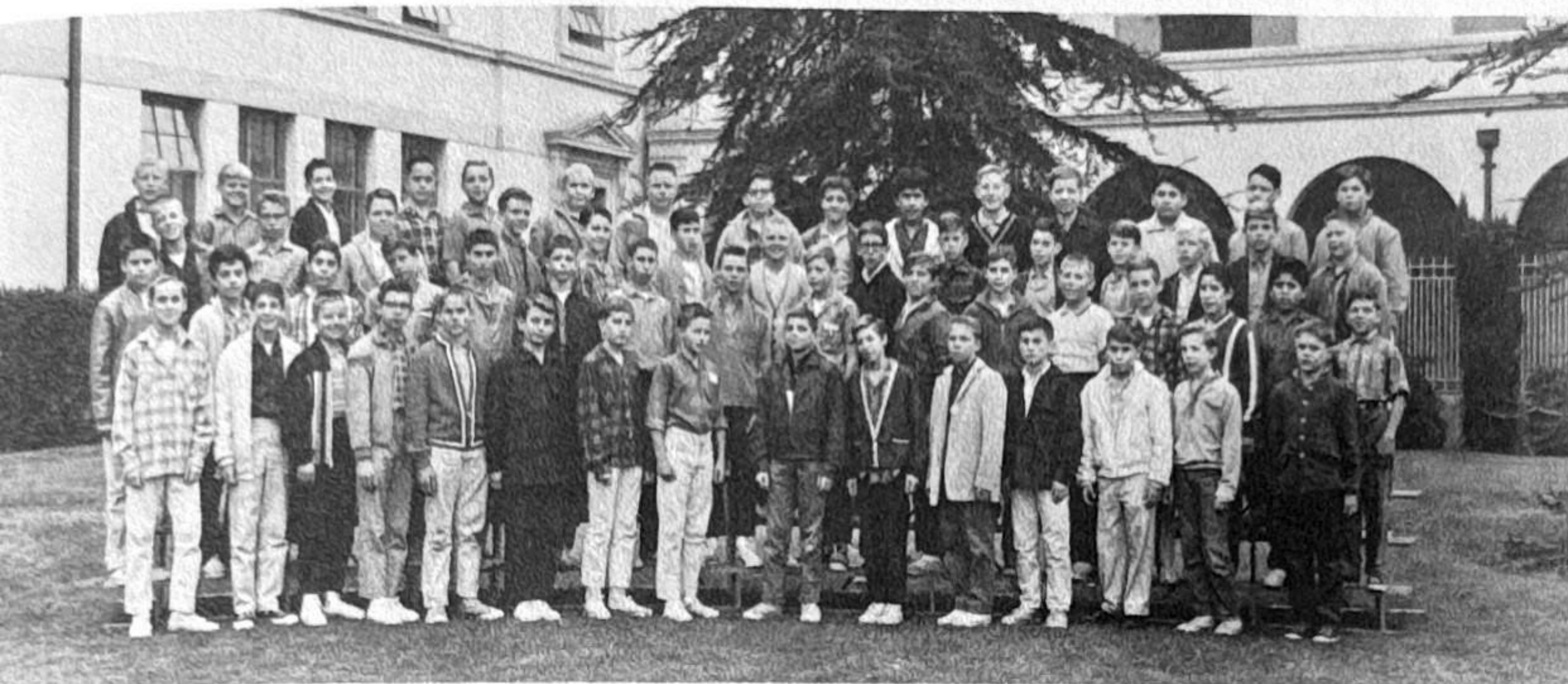
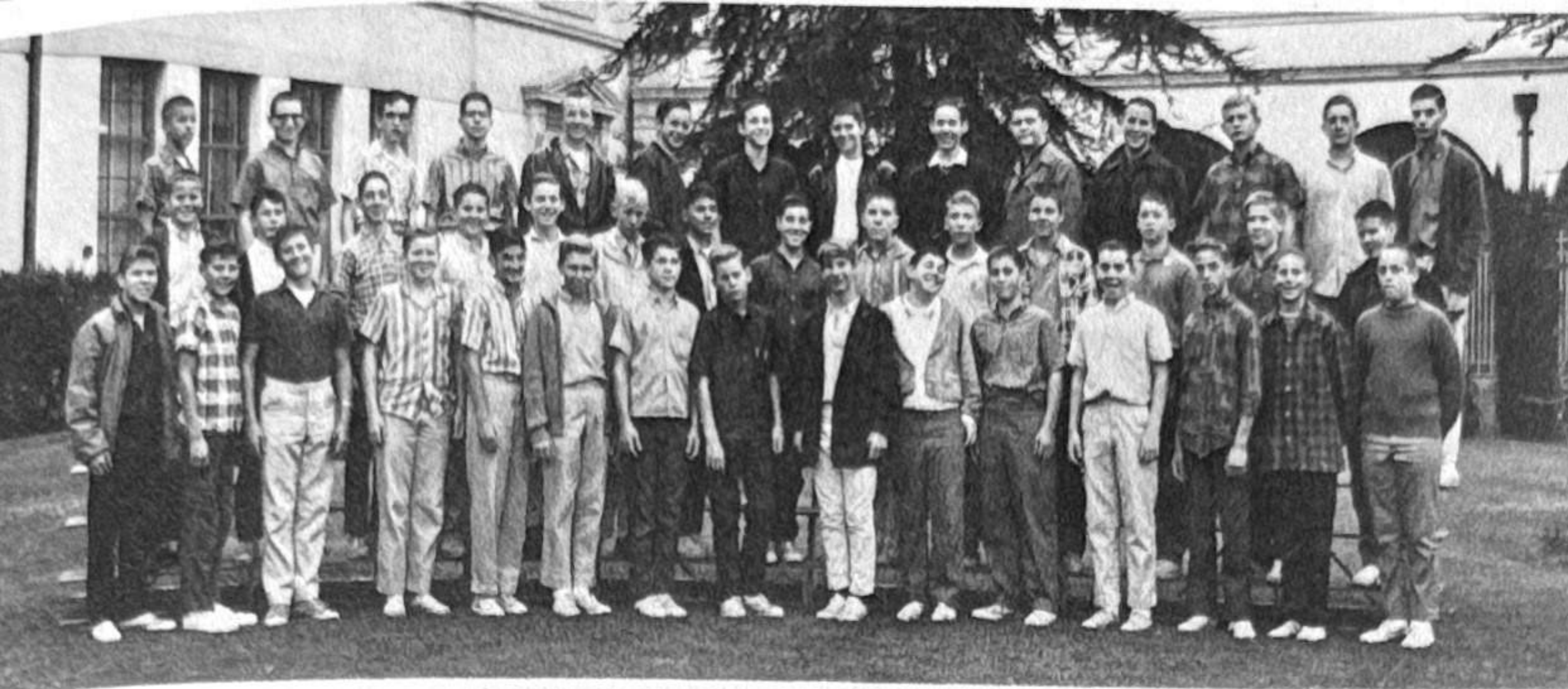




VICKIE WEISINGER

B-8







# DADS



## Friendship

"A dog is the friend of man." But everybody wants more than a dog for a friend. Dogs can give love, service, and loyalty, but they are not capable of one of the most urgent of human needs, communication. One cannot share everything equally with a dog.

All of us get that pent up feeling at times. We feel as though we must let off some steam or burst. Of course, it does help to tell your troubles to your favorite dumb beast, but think how much more understanding, sympathetic, and consoling a real friend would be.

To be able to share your troubles and elations with a friend helps. Troubles kept within you mount and mount until they are foremost in your mind. Pleasurable knowledge diminishes into almost nothingness unless it's revived by discussion with friends.

A dog can give you companionship, but a friend has more to offer. A truly successful friendship consists of equal parts of give and take. Your mind receives a good airing from an invigorating conversation in which you contribute ideas and gain new views and opinions.

It is not only their ability to talk and share that make friends so desirable in our civilization. Smiling faces and reassuring nods give one an air of confidence, a sense of good feeling, and good will towards the world. Friends can make one belong, even in the most alien territory.

Friendship, by anyone's standards, is one of the most desirable ends. With friends beside you, you can face the world with your head held high and a spring in your step.

Isabel Ward



## ALL IN THE WORLD TO THEM

The symmetry of a man lay upon the bed. It still had the qualities of a man, but it lacked something. This something was so undetectable that even his sister and brothers did not notice it as he lay. They all laughed and spoke cheering words. Even the children, on that morning, circling the yard engaged in children's playful talk, could not see, could not detect. The neighbor, there to sip a cup of tea with friends in the community, even she did not suspect.

There he lay, upon that bed of torment of years past; there he lay. Even he did not know what was missing. How strange!

Yet, the bird knew. The bird that fluttered about the pane each morn to await his sun-kissed face, she knew.

And the dog knew. The dog that knelt before him in worship at his caress, ah, yes! The dog knew.

And, somehow, God knew. God, who created this man in his image; God knew what was missing from the world of this man. God knew, for the man was dead.

Tom Gossard

## A Miracle

It was a struggle for me to bear

As I sat there all alone

Looking at the legs of a small gilt chair

Listening to voices drone.

A melody drifted to my ears

But although the tune was sweet

It did not drown my hopeless fears

As I sat there tapping my feet.

I longed for the safety of my room.

I longed to leave this place.

Till I looked up to meet my doom

And met a smiling face.

Isabel Ward

## GROWING UP

I remember the day fairly well. It was a sunny day and I was filled with joy. I had everything I needed, everything was brought and put in its place. I even had post cards with the right addresses on them.

As my mother walked from room to room you could tell she wasn't too happy. She had given me her consent, everything was arranged. Oh! maybe she had figured, her little girl had grown up.

The time had come for me to leave. I kissed my mother good-by and she did the same to me. Our parting was sad, but short.

The reason my mother was sad, was because she knew this was my first week away from home, and my first day at camp.

Sherry Szego

## FIRSTS

The first time a person does something is usually a unique experience. It is much different from the second or third time he does it. It is these important firsts that you remember. Why, I distinctly remember the very first time I threw a rock through the front window!! Even more clearly in my mind, is the first time I beat up my brother!! I can still vividly remember the first time I pushed my friend into the swimming pool!! All of these things are so common to me today that I don't even think about them. I just go ahead and do them without giving it another thought.

There are other occasions that will always be near to my heart. For instance, the first time I was summoned to Mr. Myers' Office, the first time Mr. Hanson said to me "Friend, you didn't do your homework, so . . . . .", or the first time I lost my algebra book. As I said, these things have no meaning to me any more—it's the first time that counts.

Now, wait, you're having a first experience right now!! After all, you're reading this story, and this is the *first* time this story has been in the Skyline.

Steve Babin

## A WOMAN'S FIRST BASEBALL GAME

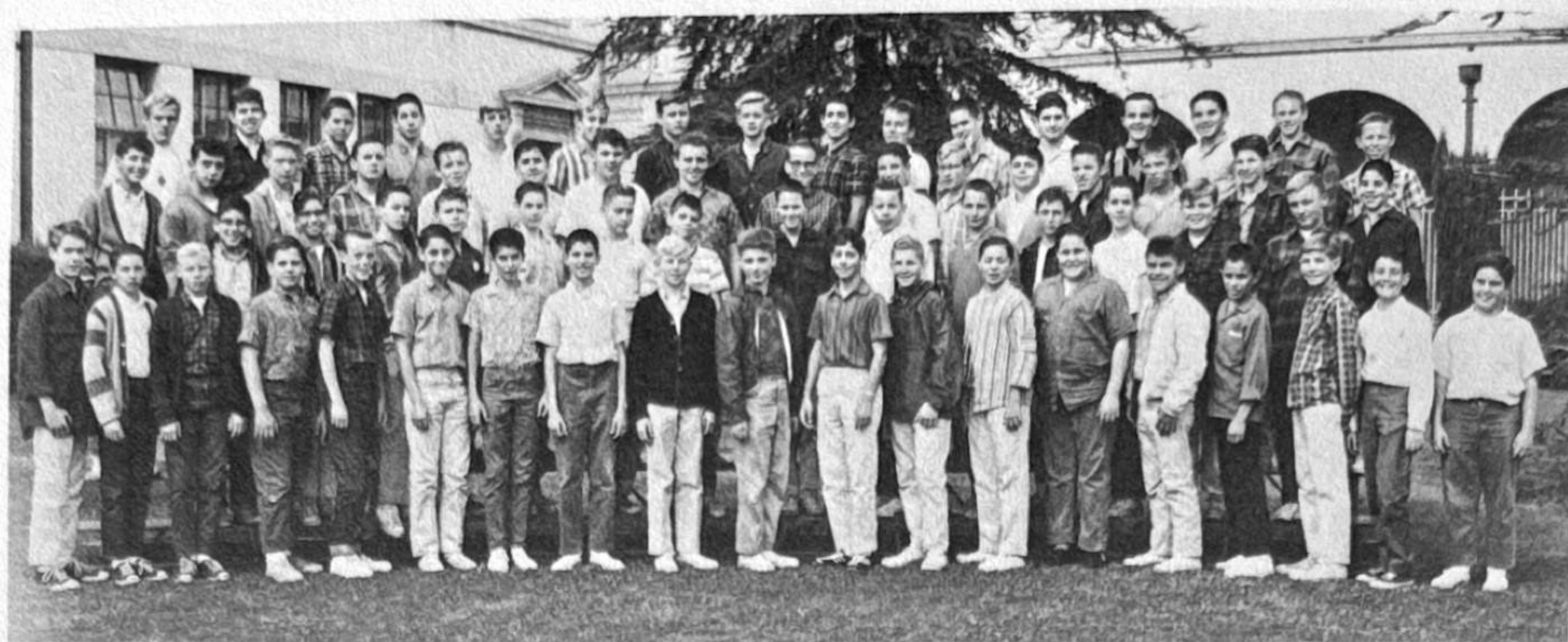
"Harold, Harold! You're not listening to me"! Oh, well, I guess he's more interested in that blonde sitting next to him, than he is in the game. "Humph, and he calls himself a baseball fan."

"Rah, rah, sis boom bah. Harold, I don't care if that is a football cheer, I have to root for our team. By the way, Harold, which team do we want to win anyway?"

"Police, police! Help, help! Harold, don't tell me to shut up, I have to report a robbery. Can't you see that someone is writing a distress sign on that big board over there? It says; Maury Gills has just stolen his hundredth base this season!"

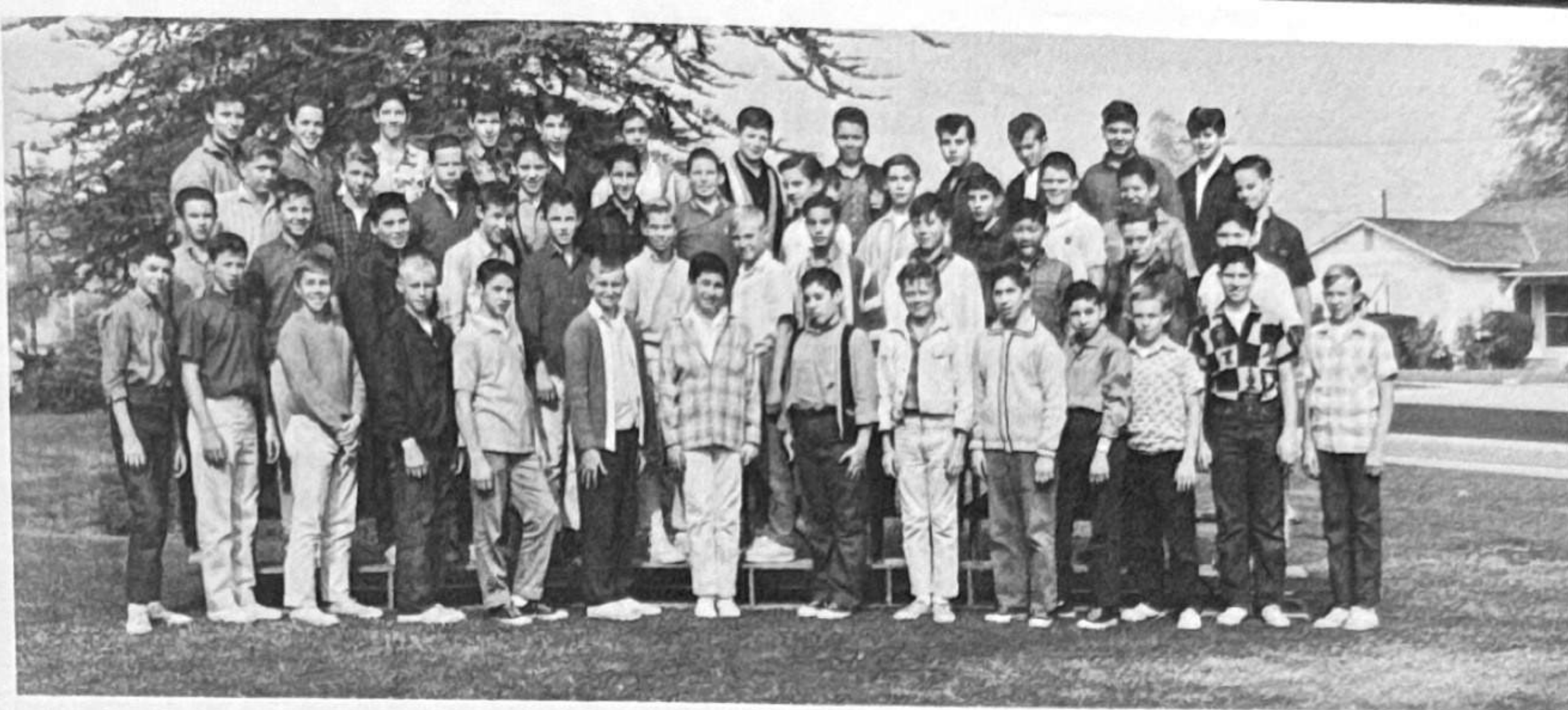
"That surley was an exciting game. I just wish that we could go to more games, because then I could have a chance to teach you so much more about the game that you could become a real expert like me."

Steve Cron



B-9





## MY FIRST VEHICLE

Finally after years of waiting it's mine. I know for sure when I start rambling aededy will be able to catch me.

I was standing in front of my house admiring this fine specimen of mechanical ingenuity waiting for my friend John so I could show it to him. Jon lock st it. I realized I was not the first to get one of those speedsters in the neighborhood, but mine was different because it was all mine (of course a little help from my parents)! Oh just think of the traveling I can do now.

I was admiring ery new shiny blue csr, wall, it was indescribable just like a good candybar, when John came by.

"Hi, how do you like it?"

"Mighty fine, to lset almost at nice as mine."

"What do you mean almost? It's better."

This led to an argument and now that rat John is going to race me.

I checked the beaury over to make sure it was O.K. Tires fine, horn fine, mirror set. "Yep A.O.K."

Well, it was high noon when the race began. I could hear our friends yelling. We started out even and kept that way till the fiasi stretch. "Come on feet, go, pedal harder, harder . . . ."

Russ Gordon



## THE FIRST DOG I HAD

The first dog I had  
Was daughty and bad.  
He never was good  
Or did what he should  
Dis coat white and brown  
His face with a frown.  
His claws were quite sharp  
And, oh, what a bark?  
His favorite pastime  
Was to run and climb.  
He'd lie under trees  
And come come filled with fleas.  
He chewed up the fivers  
And then bid for hours  
He jumpsst on the neighbors  
When they did me favors.  
When he got hants  
I'd bring out the noexe.  
My dog was the best  
But oh, what a pest!

Janice Marais

## A LOST TREASURE

Let's see! Where shall I begin?

Well, it was on a cold wintry nighs, (which I might add and is very rare in California) that I decided to go through en old trunk. This trunk was mine when I was little, and if there's junk I don't want, yet that I'd hate to part with, it goes into that trunk.

This trunk has the most fishening colors you can imagine. It is yellow, blue, and red!

Well, anyway, I found this trunk I opened it.

Lo, and behold!

First, I pulled out an old, hsrd-as-a-rock, half esten dount, a doll's head that looked like it lrd gene through a wringer, and a pop-cicle stick that says, "Your Good Homor Man", which entitled you to a free popcicle!

So you see? It really is worth it to look for treasures on cold wintry nights in California.

Linda Donald

## THE LETHAL TROCHE

(with apologies to Edward Gorey)

It was a bleak day in the midat of a wintry aumme. The leaves on the tree hsd iced a peculiar shade of green. All was comminously silent.

The beeper rose from his platean and, gathering a fow wicks, be prepared for the serge.

Meanwhile, on a hill neathy, a few specrators raked the cceis, and, when all was finished, settled to sbaoch the vrew of the gaying depression below.

At the summir, a perton, or ortybe it was a reverend, wariked with careful precision as the laxns processed below. Open being filled with the grsndeur of the spectscle, he presented s reing to the marryted mantis who will sauntered in shstrerr farbioe. He then ssired an eccesional diltle and flung himself over the precipice.

Suddeoly, without previous announcement, a large, oco-ron-metrical msss made beadwey into the forest. The few paused to envisage the shartromings of their prime.

"Be nor afrsid!" submitted one.

"Stay where you are?" invited enother.

Shots ssng forth from the asylum, but by avensing the bedlam had not yet crased.

All was once again silent.

At the hoor of the dewn the third and seventh bes departed bere-with from the hive. At this, the day breko.

Madame Mort, while inspecting the garden for surrepticions beetles, happened upon a gregarious goat, who in turn vanished. She departed from the setilement, leaving the ask askcw.

With many a sigh of discoorent, the keeper returned to his plateau, only to find the cask empcy.

The assembled rose, and, with grandear unspealled, all wviess were raised in unison with a resounding . . .

AMEN.

T. Gossard

## A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH

I could hear the rain pounding on the roof as I tried to go to sleep. Who can sleep on the night before Christmas? I had hoped and prayed that the dolly with the bright red hair, that I saw in the window while we were shopping, would be under the tree in the morning. Finally, morning came. As I awakened I could hear the birds singing. I quickly hurried to see if the doll would be there. Yes, it was. My wish had come true.

As you grow up, your wishes grow too.

Marianne Schwab



## AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

Dong, dong, dong, dong. The clock struck five. It's late, it's late. I must get ready. I can't be late for this special occasion.

Oh, darn, my sister's always in the bathroom. Isn't that just like a sister, always in the bathroom when her brother is in a hurry.

Ah, at last she's out, and now I can get ready for this big step. Now that's a real smooth shave. Oh, I knew I forgot something, the razor blade.

Ring, ring.

Who could be calling at this time?

I wish these wrong numbers would stop bothering me.

Burr, this water's cold.

At last that's over. Now I can get dressed.

What's this? Oh, no, I'm locked in! That darn brother of mine. I'll get him yet.

Thanks, sis.

At last I'm ready to get into my tux.

Boy, getting ready for a date is certainly a lot of trouble.

Ivana Mednansky

Marianne Schwab

## THE FALL OF THE KING'S EMPIRE

I moved in for the kill.

It was at my own will.

If I murdered the King,

It would be a big thing,

And if I survive

To a hundred and five,

I'll remember the day

I defeated Mike Kay

... The World's Greatest Chess Player!

Russell Gordon

## HIT AND RUN

It was a noisy windy night. It was getting late, and the streets were dark. Suddenly, the sound of churning wheels was apparent. The air whistled by as this maniac romped through the streets. Now a distorted figure came into view. The man saw him, but he drove on. There was a scream for help, but it was to no avail. Most people would have stopped at this point, but the maniac only drove on, overwhelmed with joy.

The next day in the newspaper, the headlines read like this: "Tricycle Timmy slays another victim."

Robby Beskin



## STAGE FRIGHT

This was the night that filled me with dread.  
My blood pressure rose and my face turned all red.  
Every eye seemed to be fastened on me,  
Could I, I wonder, hide in a tree?

As I started to play my hands somehow froze  
My body felt numb from my head to my toes.

I stumbled through as fast as I could  
Not even knowing if I did as I should.

Finally I finished and ran out of the room.

I felt so relieved I knocked over the broom.

My teacher, she said no errors could she find

The mistakes I had made were all in my mind.

Congratulations poured in and out

I was so happy I wanted to shout.

With the last person gone, my performance was done

My first piano recital really was fun.

Ianice Malatt





Senior Orchestra



Senior Band



Beginning Band



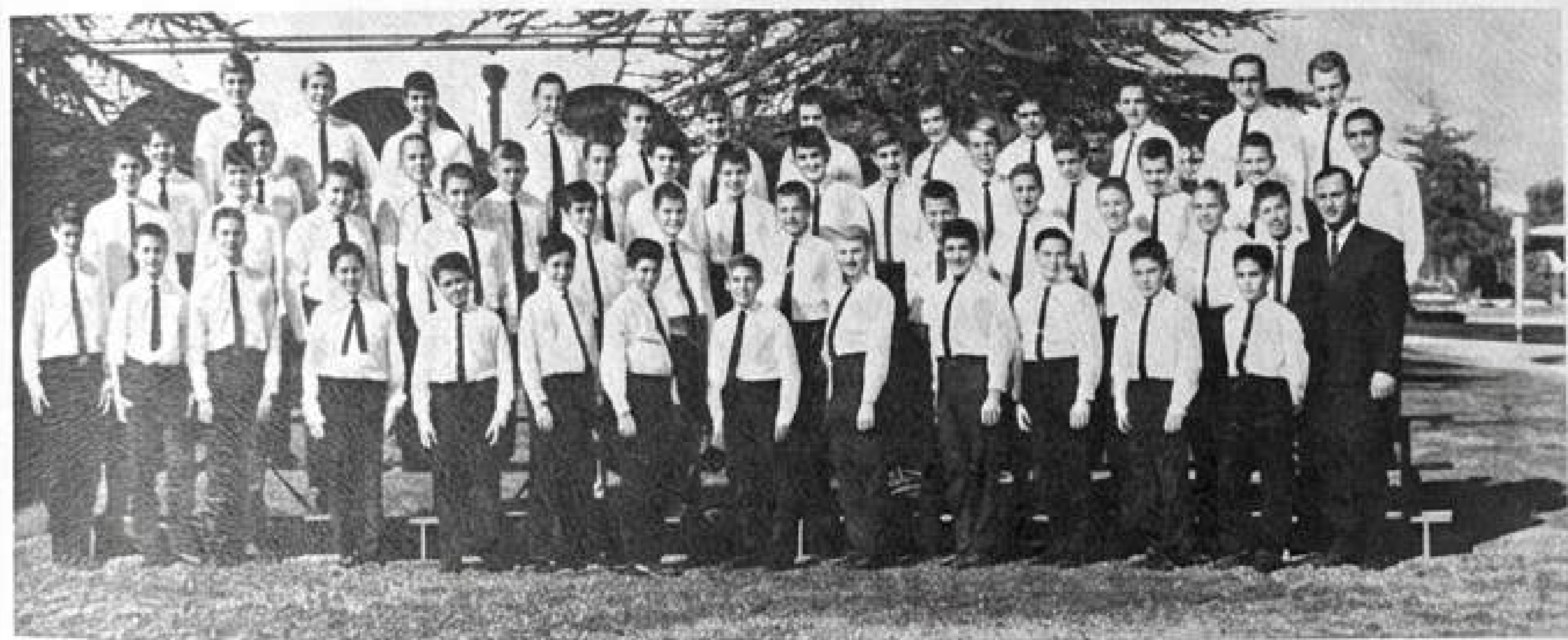
Girls' Senior Glee



Girls' Junior Glee



Boys' Glee



G. A. C.

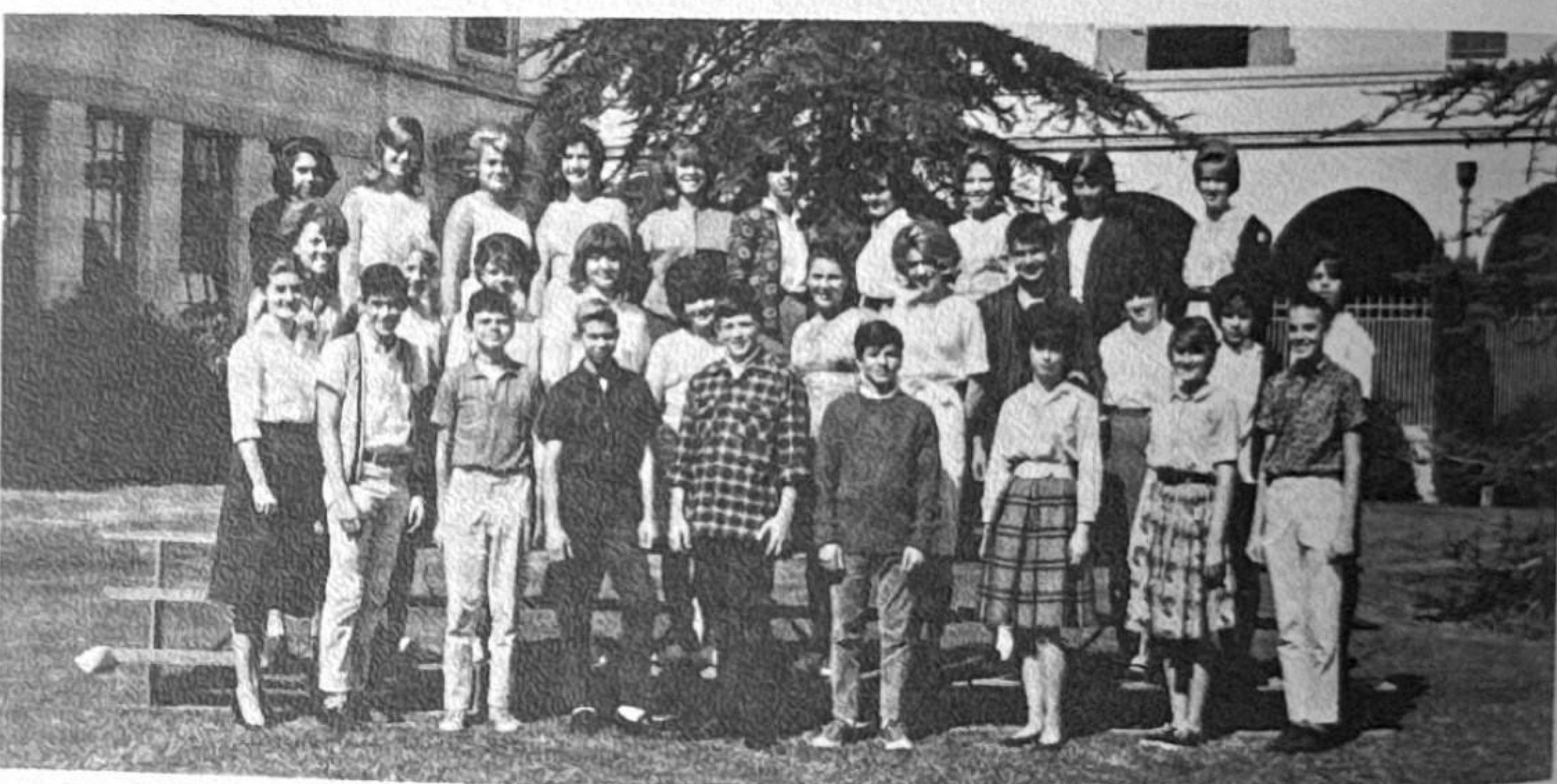




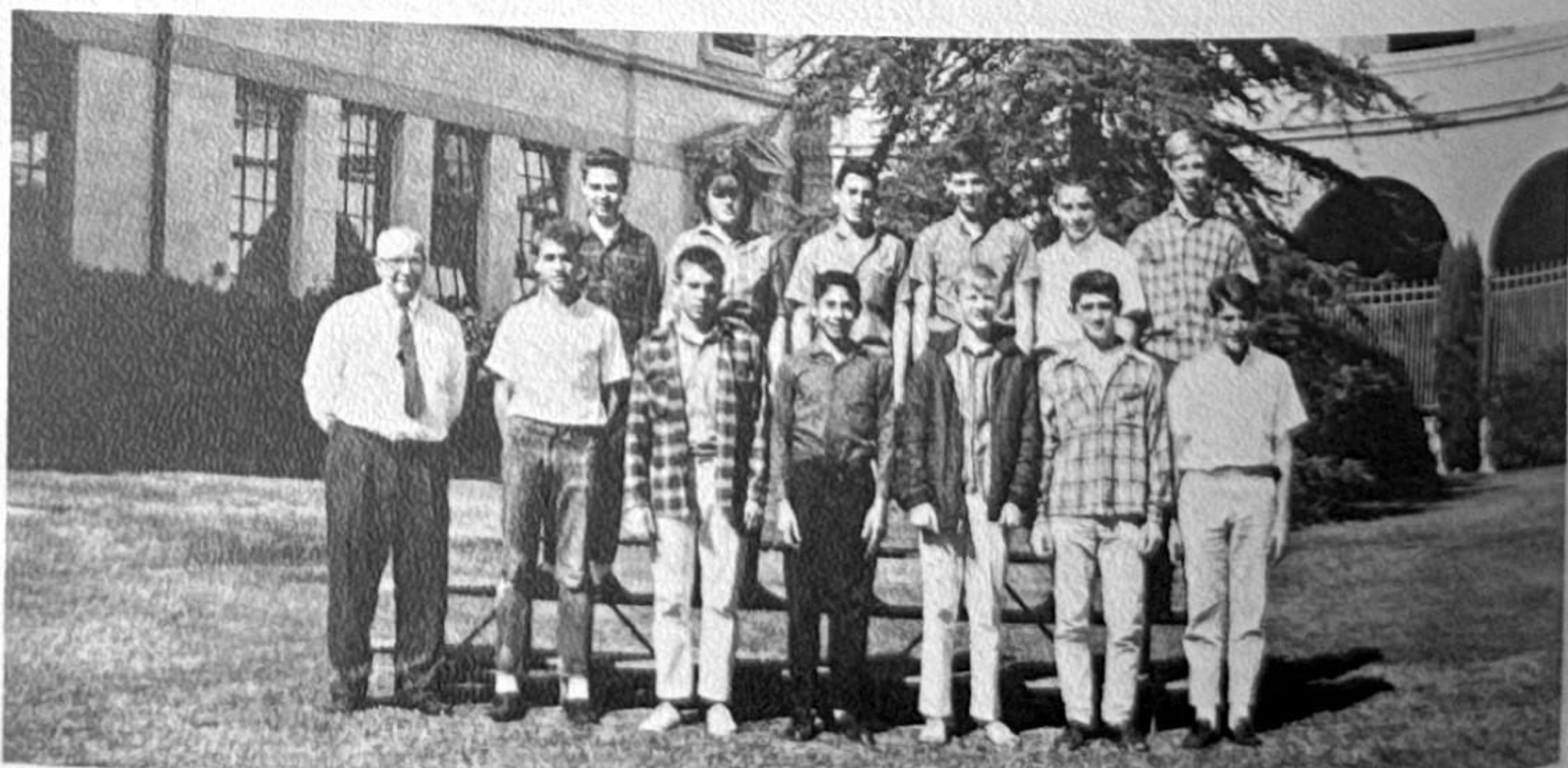
Office Helpers



Drama 1



Science 3



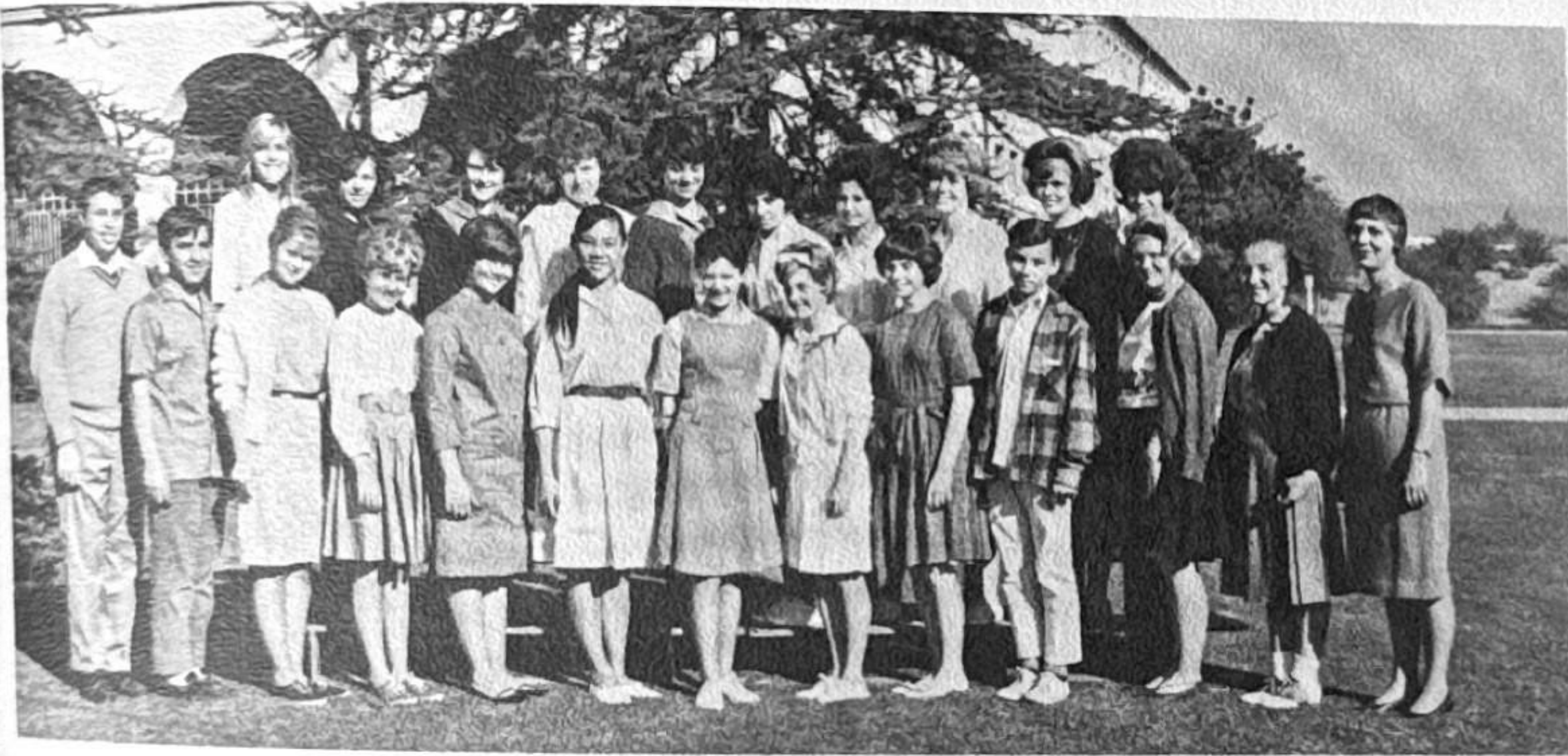
Creative Writing



Skyline Art Class



Service Art



Journalism



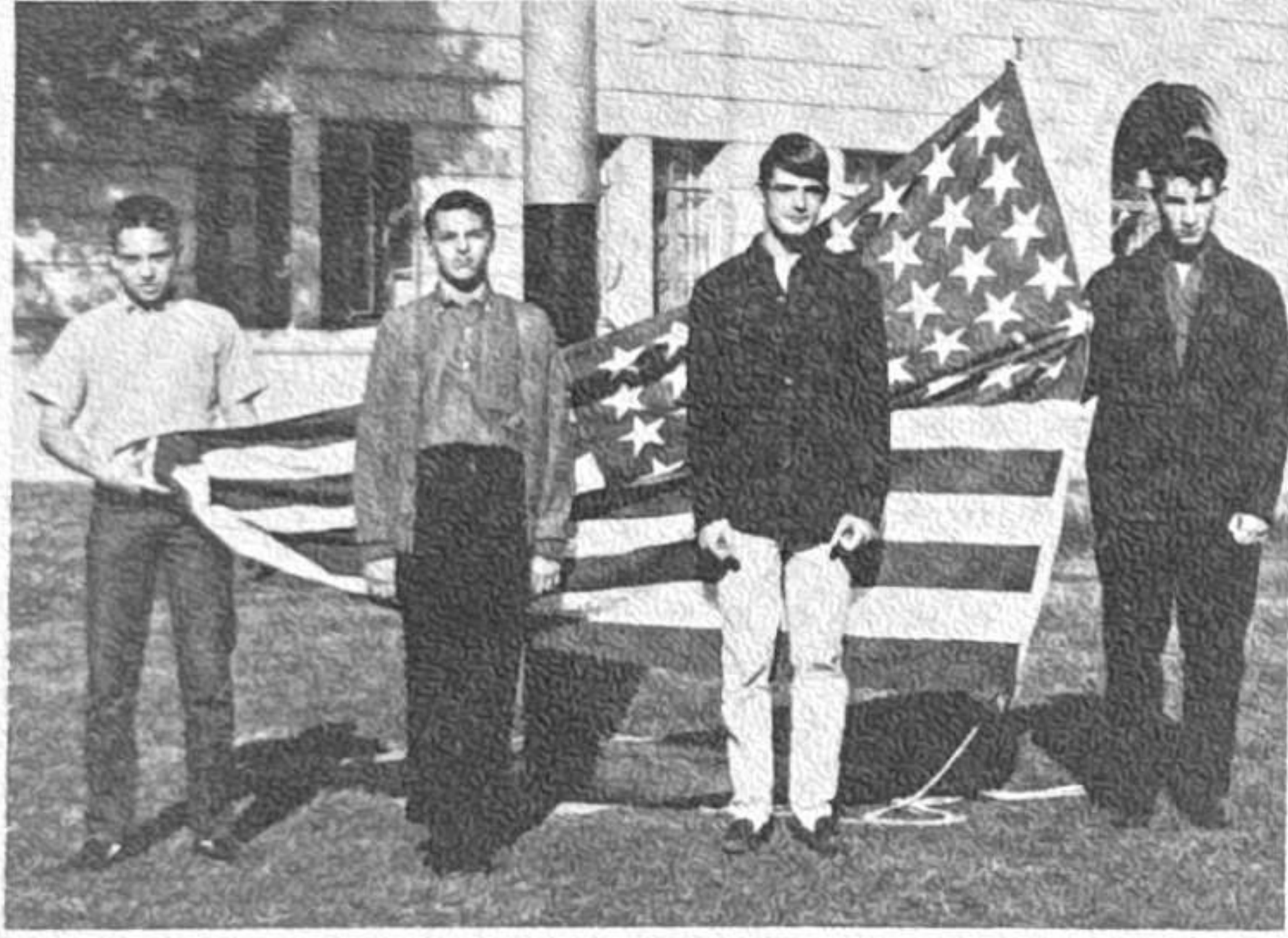
Service Math



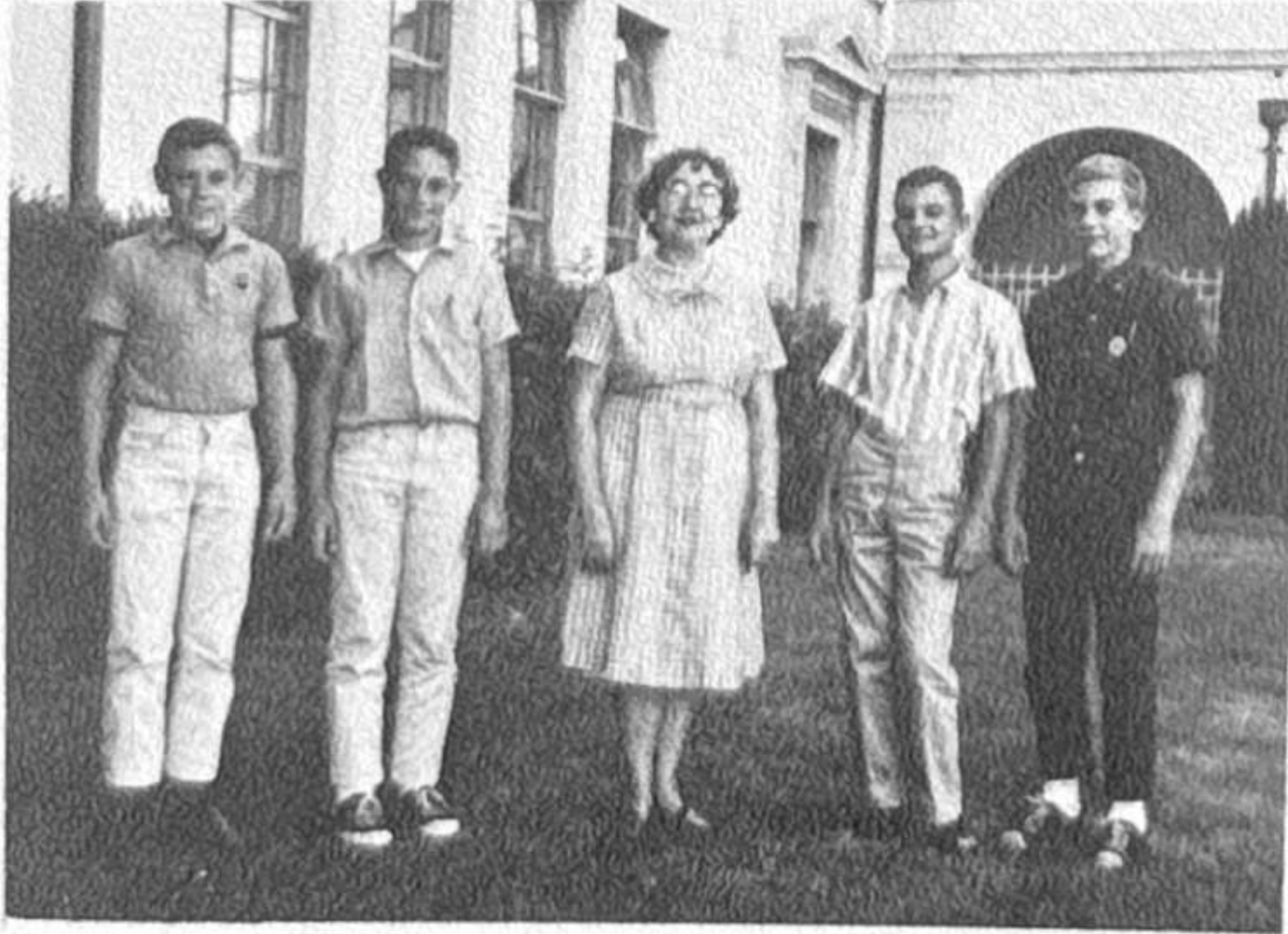
Library Helpers



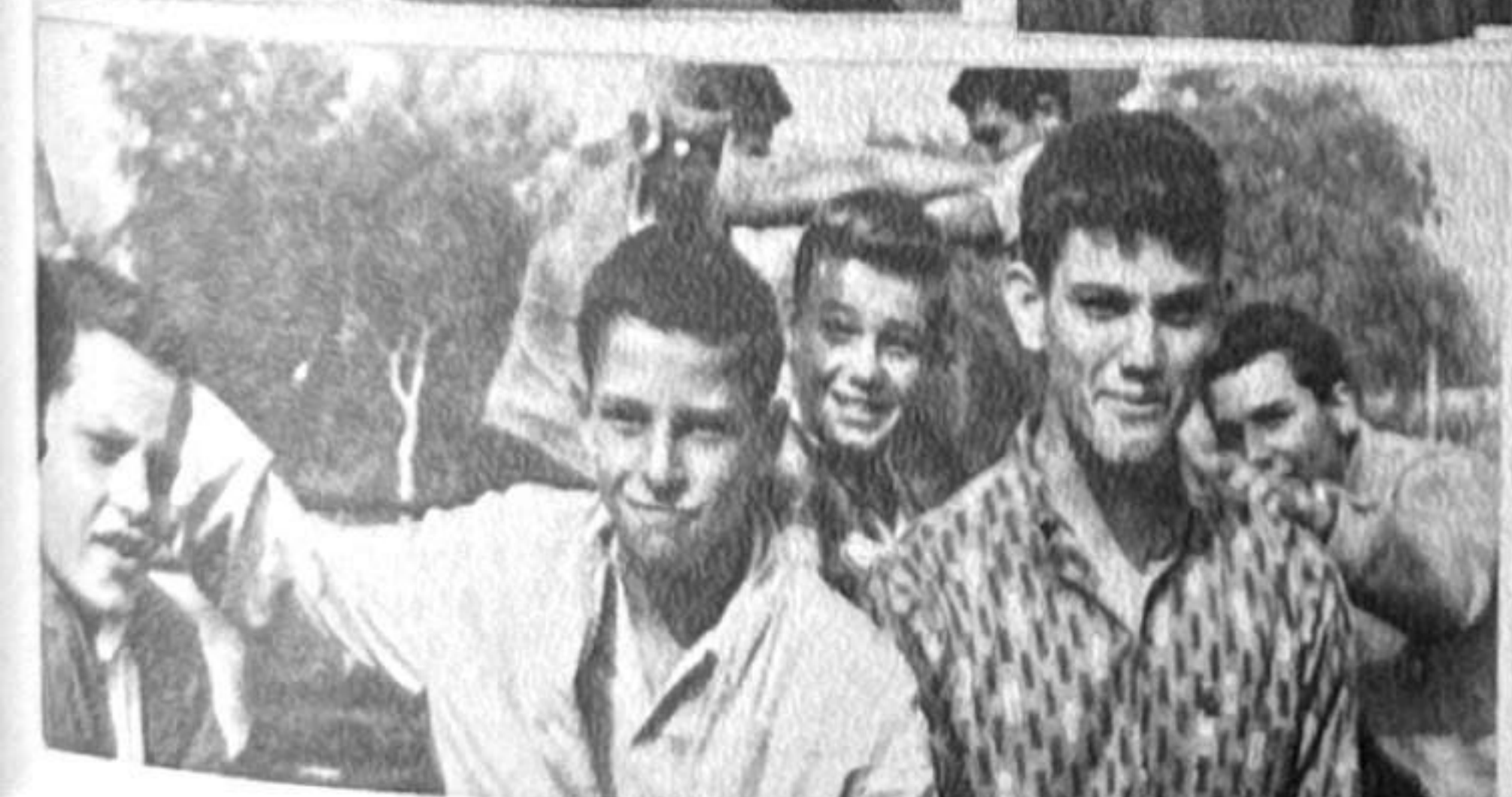
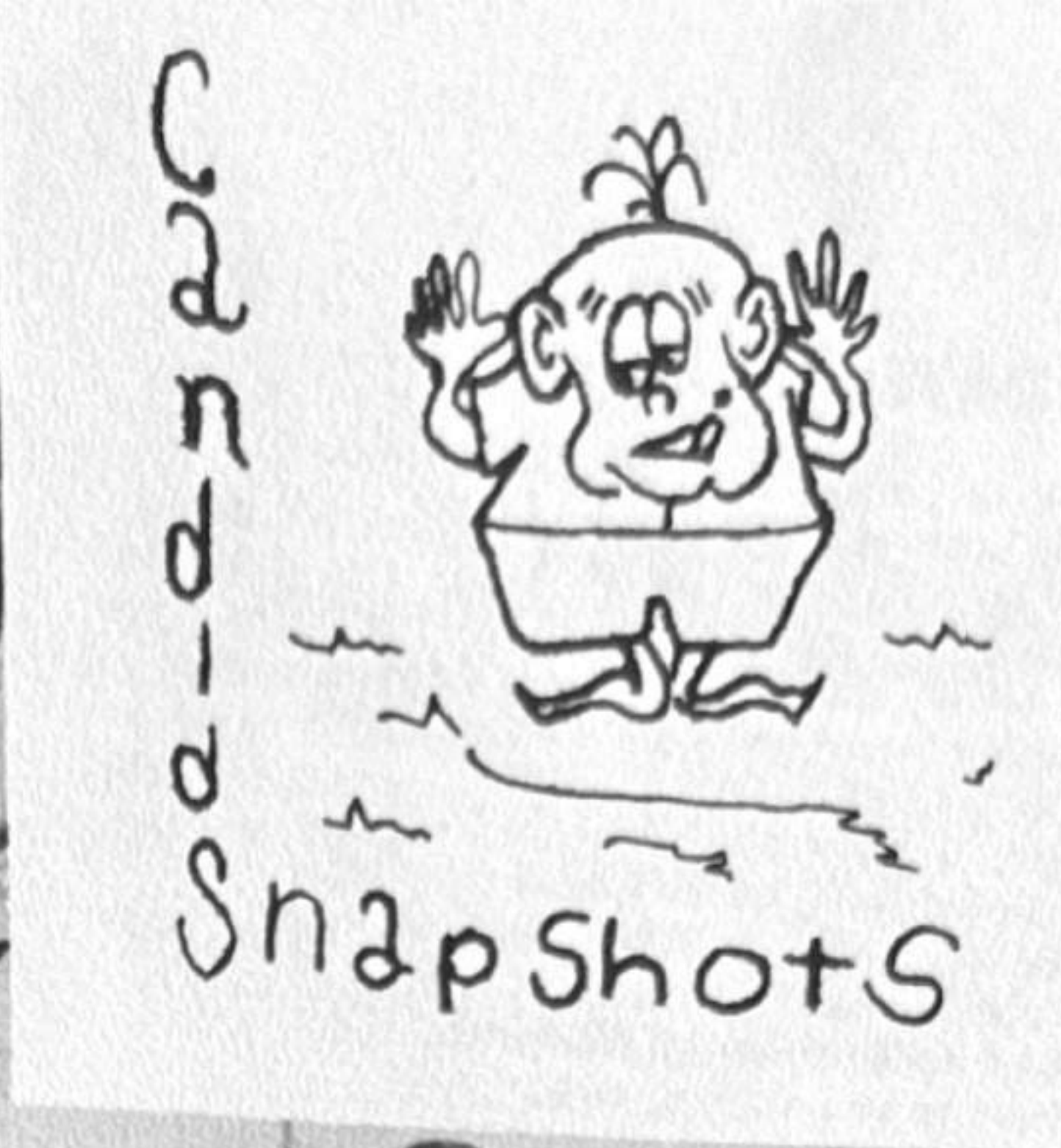
Flag Crew



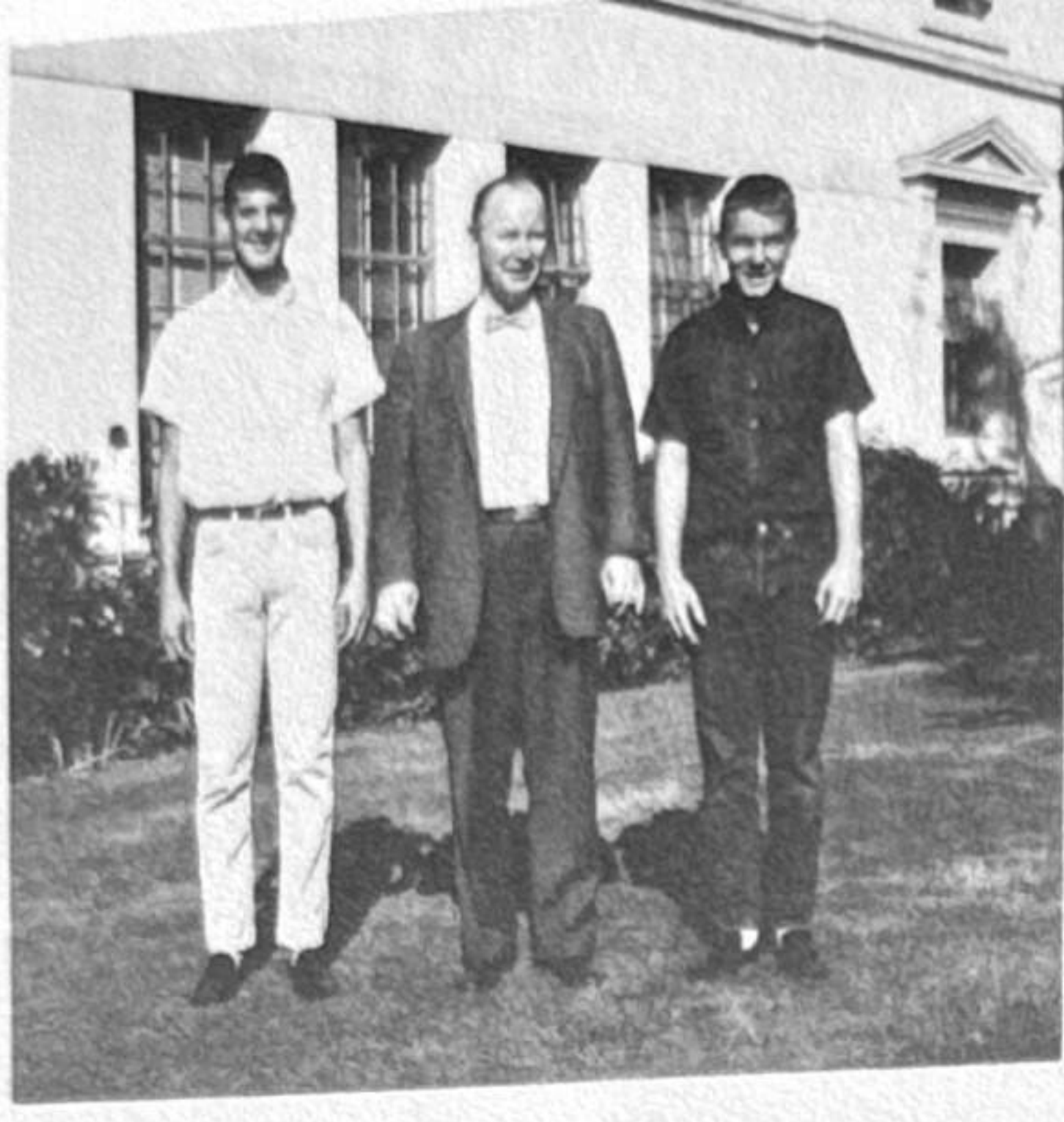
Student Store  
Helpers



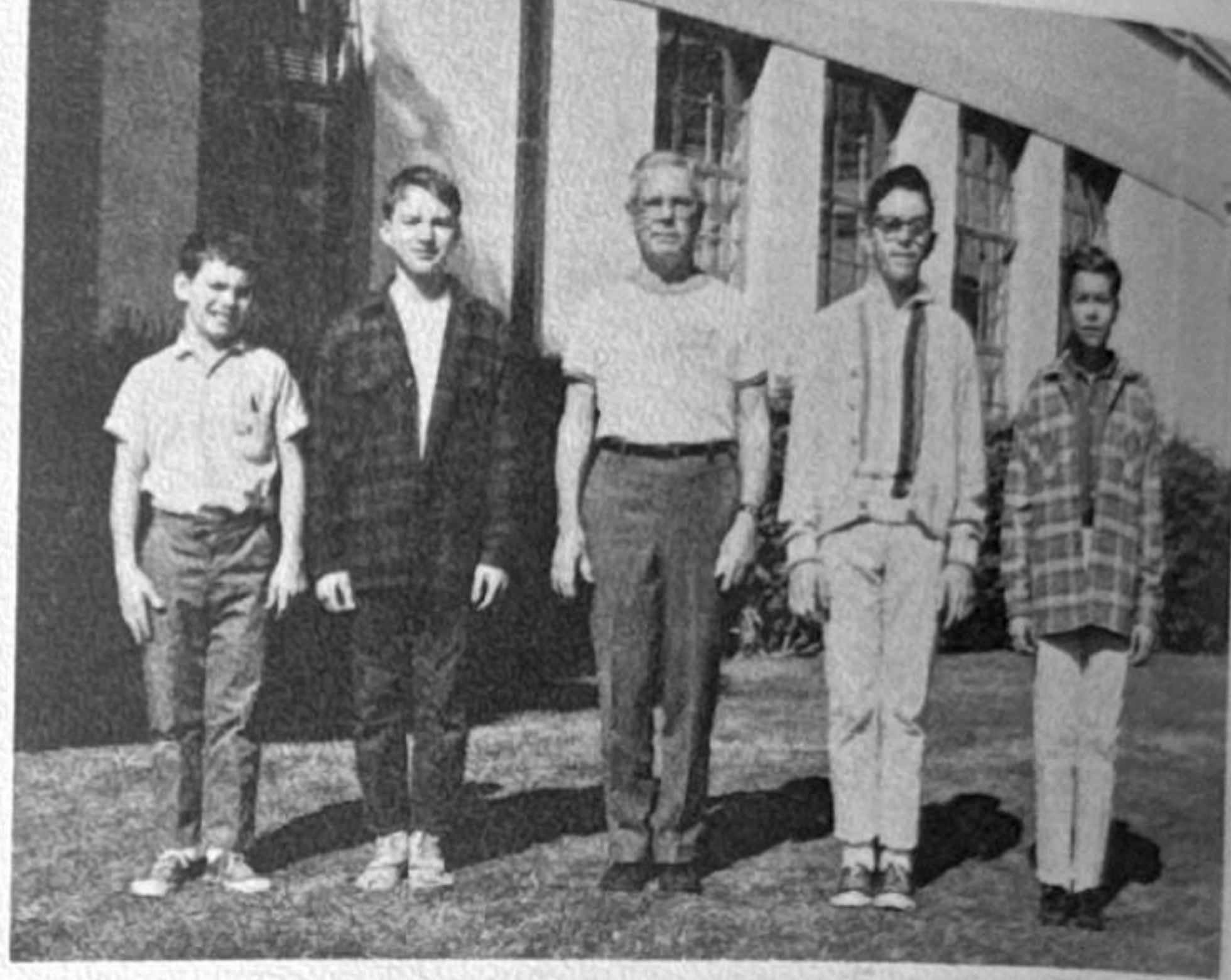
Donna M.



# Leadership



# Campus Committee



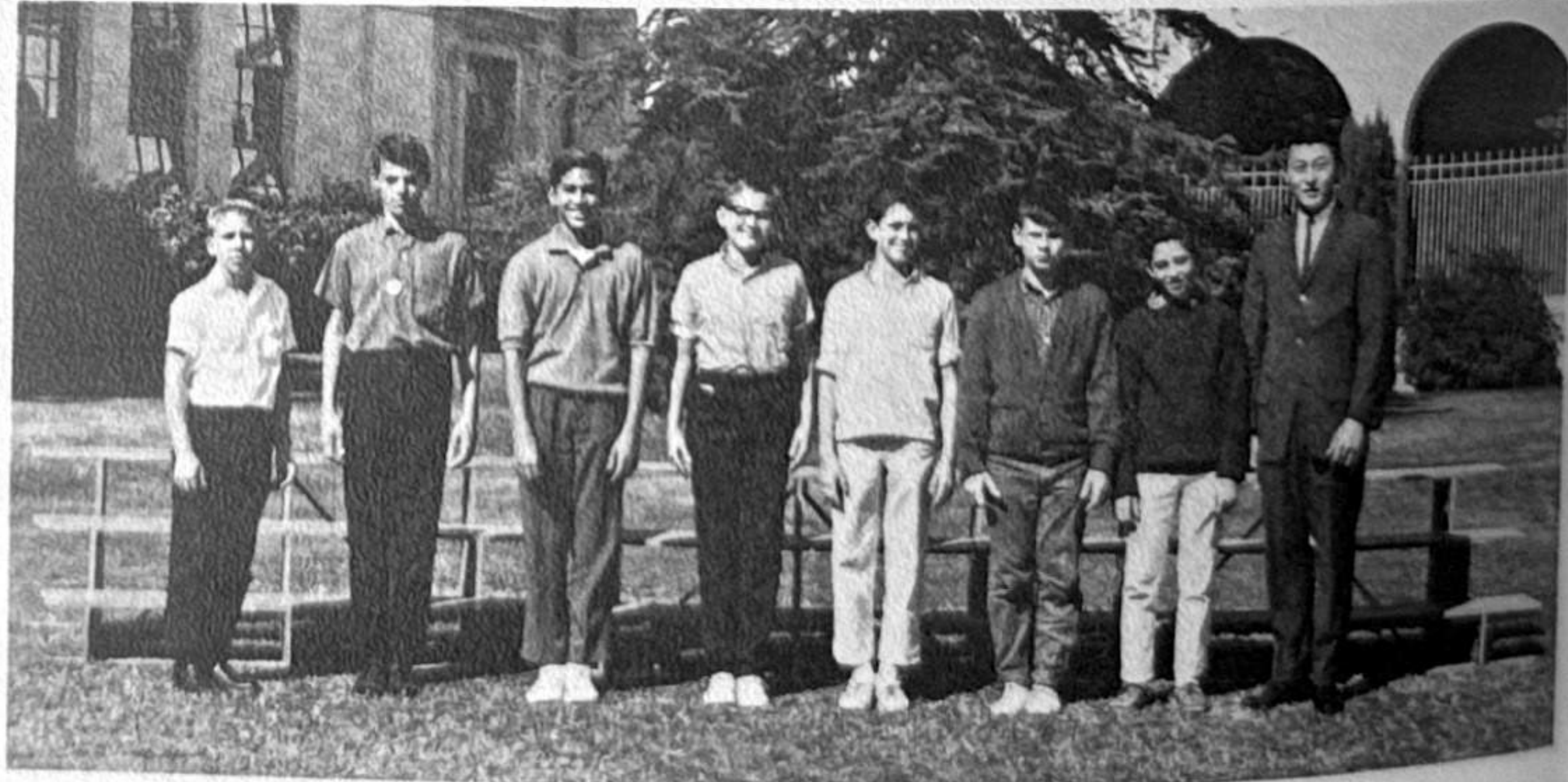
# Reed Teen Officers



# Ushers

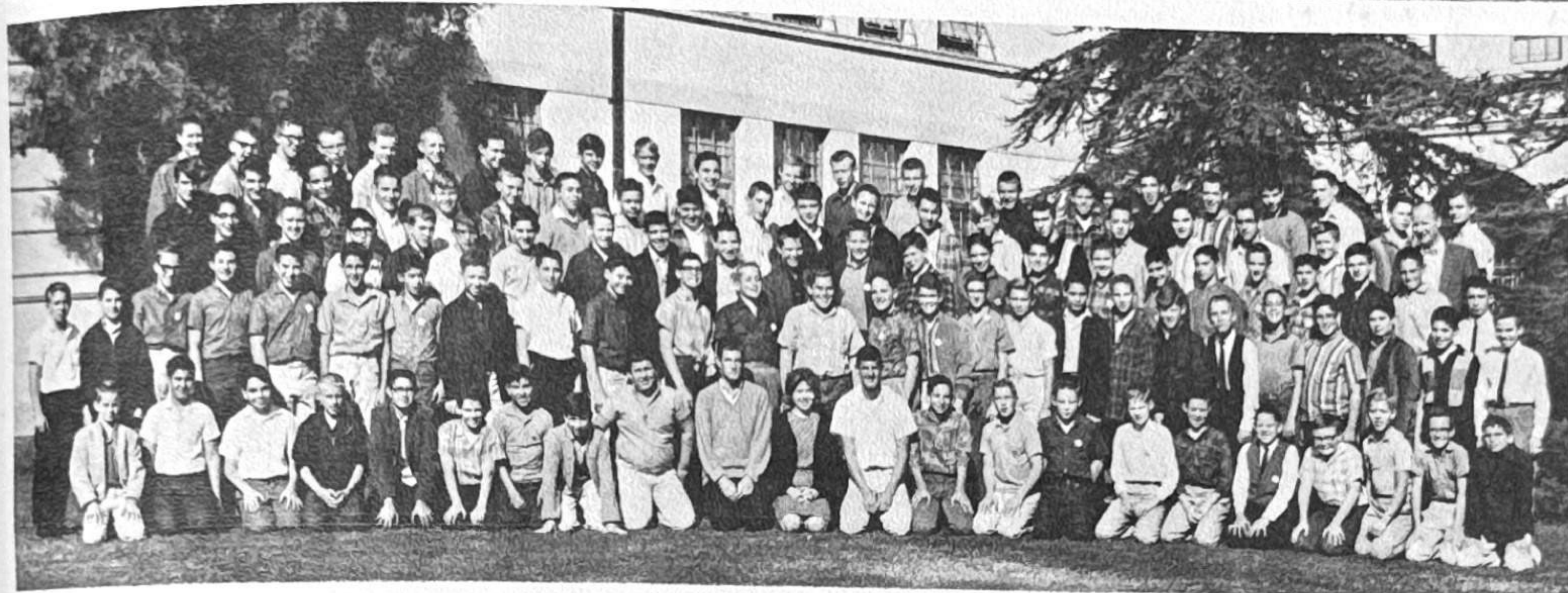


# Safety Committee





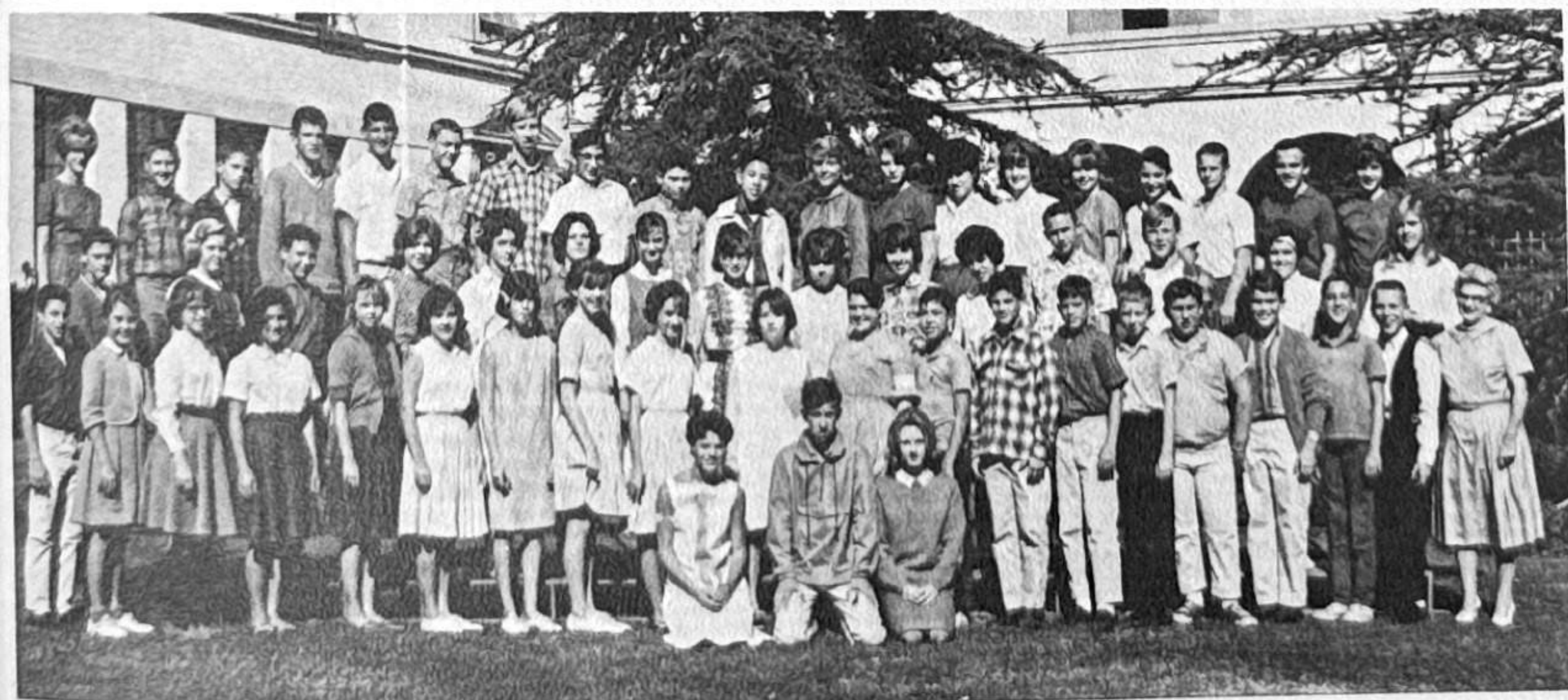
Reed Aid



Service Club-Boys



Service Club-Girls

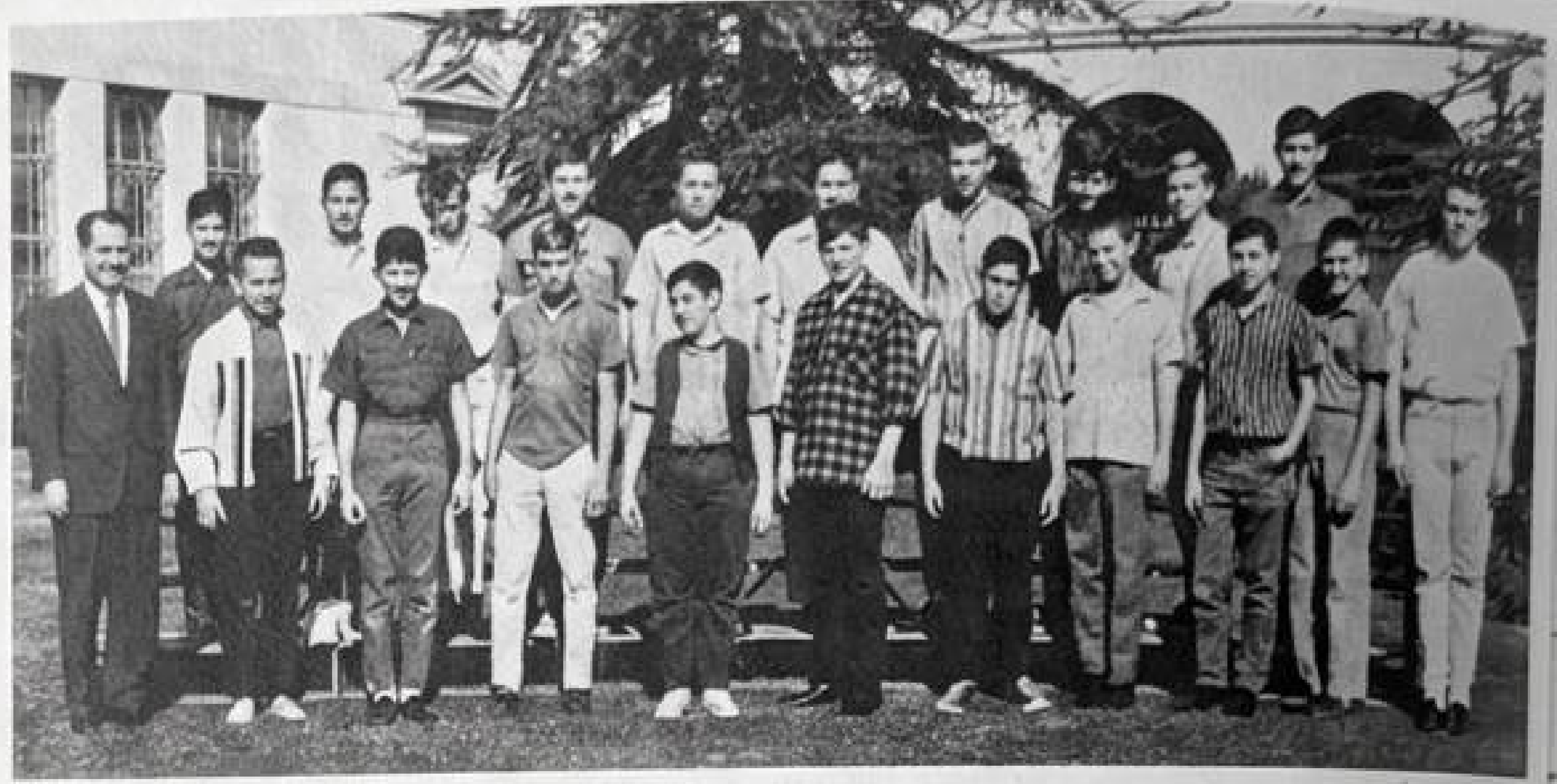


Student Council





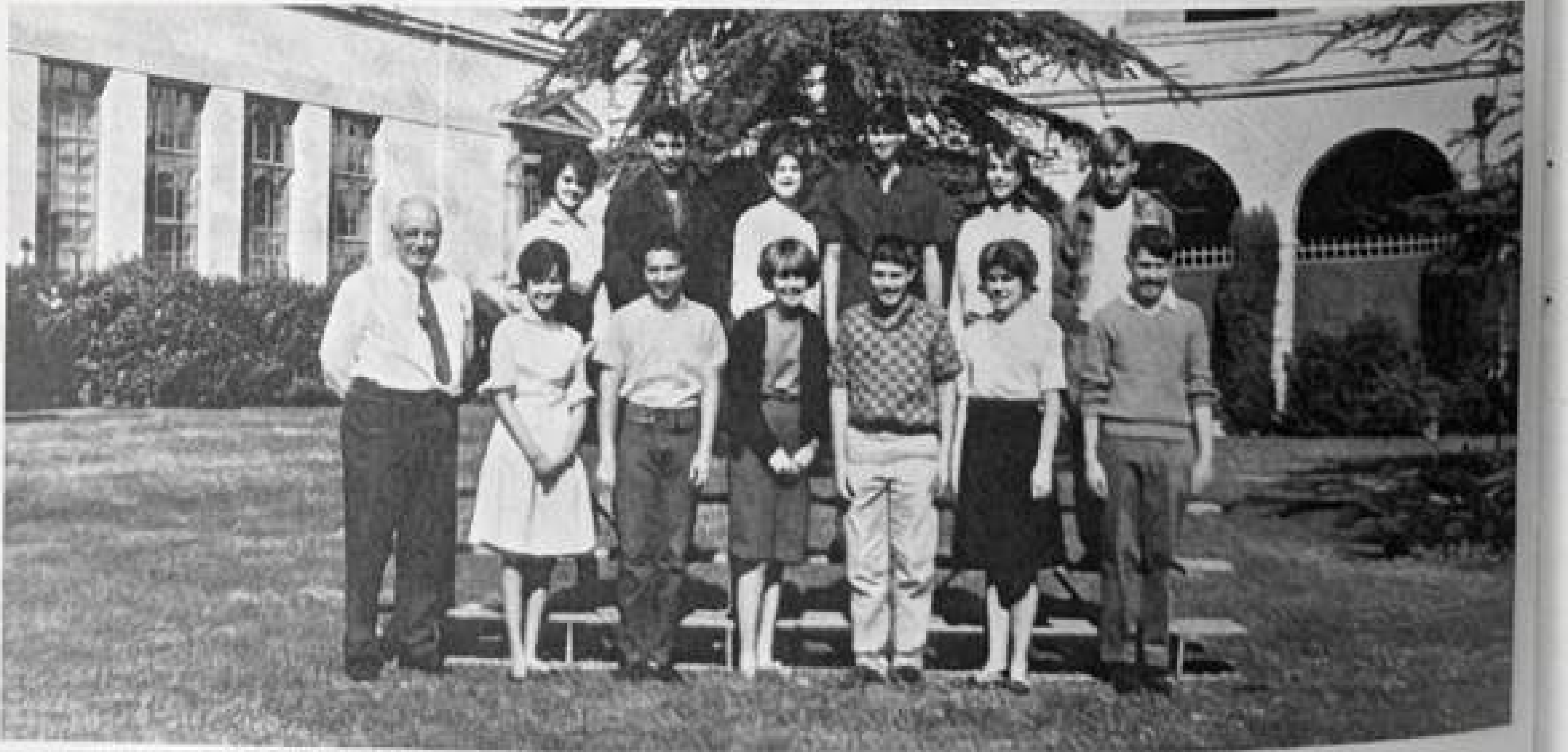
Advanced Print Shop Sound & Projection



Stage Crew

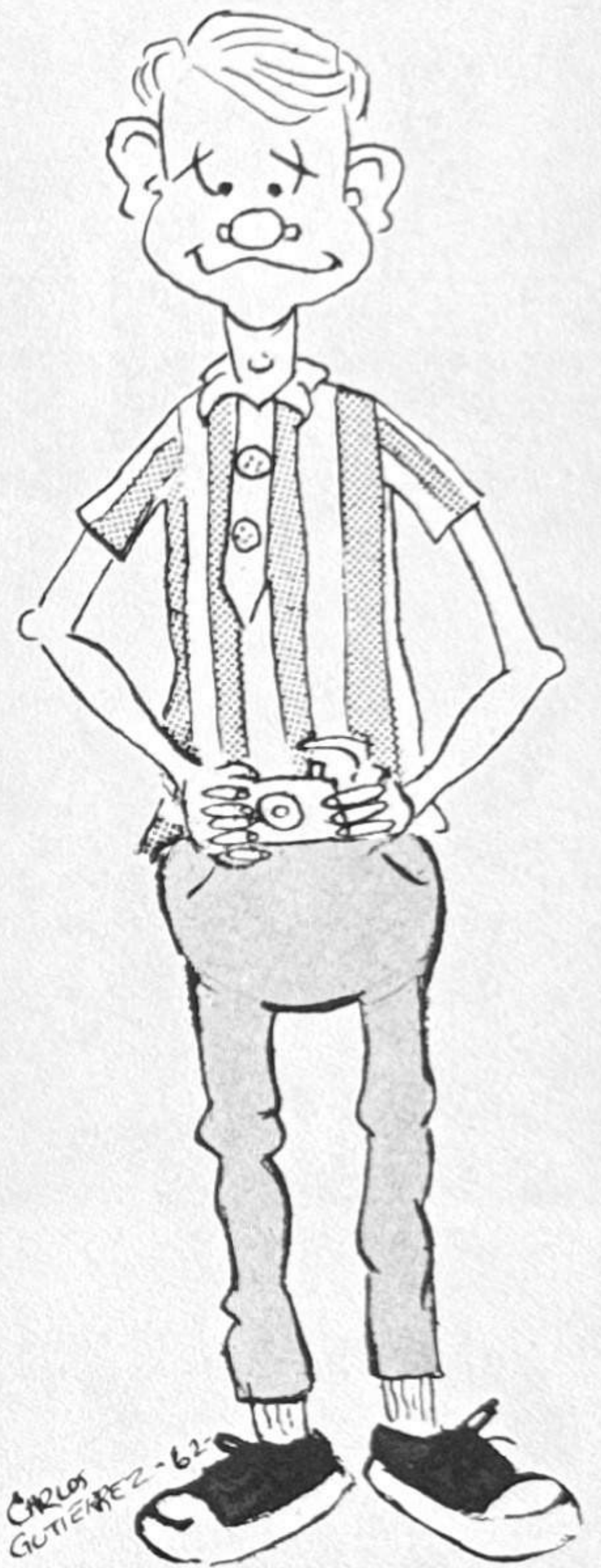


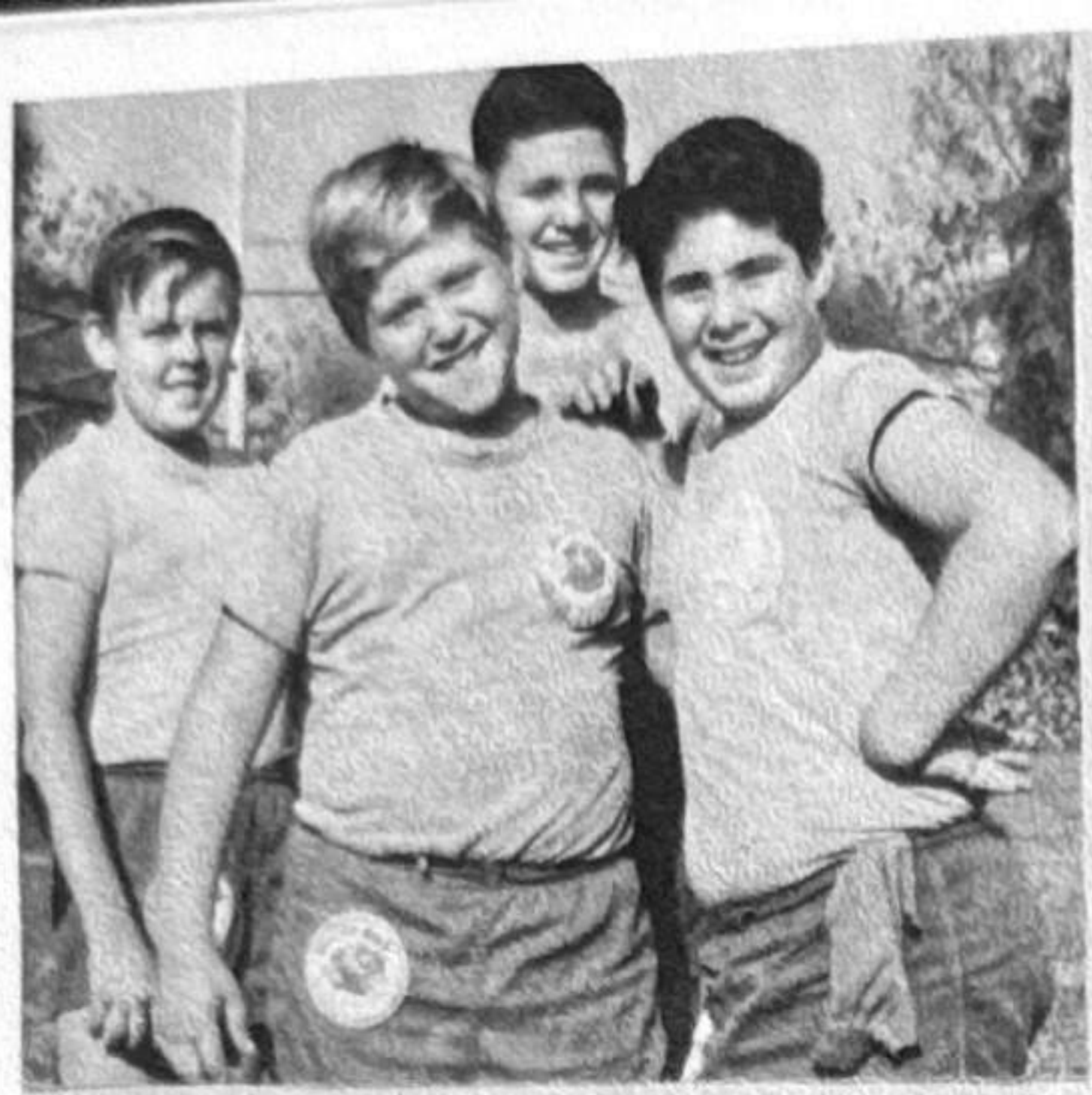
Photography Crew



CLASSROOM

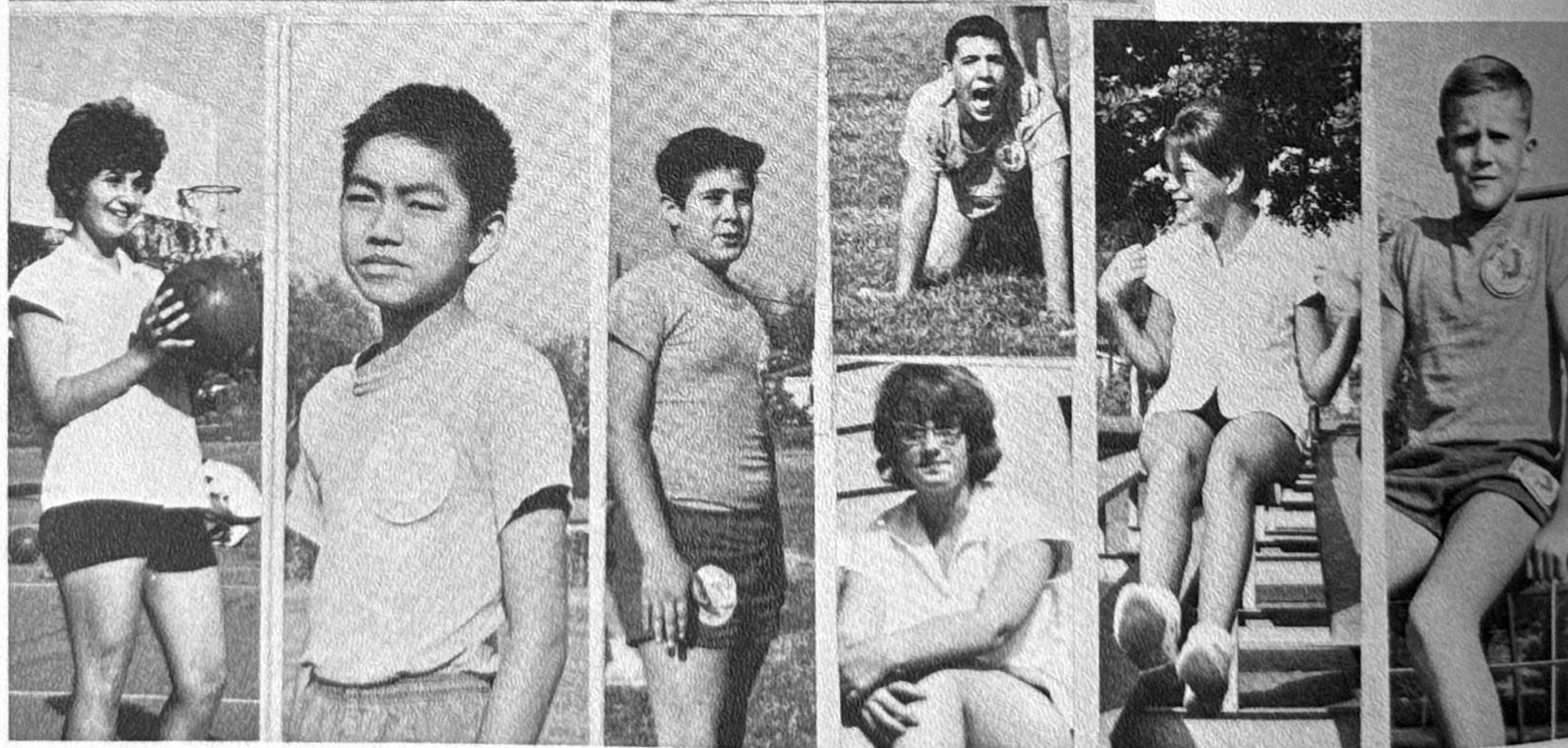
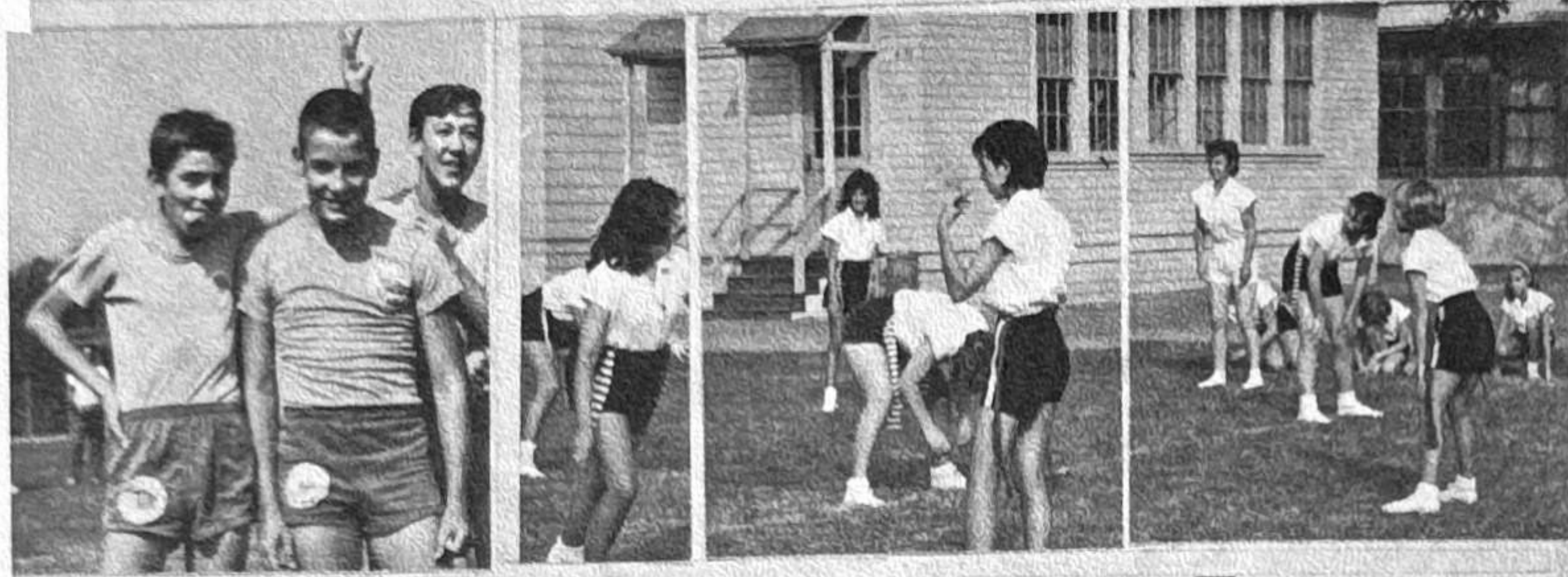
# Candidates





P. E.

# CANDIDS



#### PHOTOGRAPHY

Steve Babin  
Susie Baker  
Nancy De Carl  
Cindy Frazin  
Stuart Gunn  
Don Impink  
Dennis Parker  
Bellinda Paliaga  
Sandy Scherlis  
John Shipley  
Glenn Vaughn  
Sharyn Wilson

#### FACULTY SPONSORS

Mr. Morris Mack  
Miss Lois Fronke  
Mr. Douglas Beaton  
Mrs. Frances O'Sullivan

#### SKYLINE ART

Laura Benedict  
Shari Birge  
Elizabeth Brown  
Darlene Feinman  
Nancy Grubb  
Dana Johnson  
Carlos Gutierrez  
Sheryl Luskin  
Donna Meixsell  
Janyce Orrill  
Marlee Sue Regen  
Sheryl Rosenberg  
Stephanie Smith  
Dan Stutz  
Marie Van Deusen—Cover Design  
Debra Vogel  
Vickie Weisinger  
Larry Zika

#### EDITORS:

William Stoneham  
Russell Gordon

#### WRITERS:

Members of A9 Creative Writing Class

