

REFLECTIONS  
"68"

Arthur Illing Junior High School  
Manchester, Conn.

# Dedication



MR. NATHAN S. KOPPEL

We, the members of the Reflections' Staff, dedicate this yearbook to Mr. Nathan S. Koppel, the ninth-grade guidance counselor;

Who has been, in the brief course of our year, a willing instructor, a counselor, and a true friend to every student in the ninth-grade;

Who has guided us, befriended us, and helped us as only a true and dedicated teacher could.

He has always been ready to assist us whenever we might need him. He has devoted much of his time, energy, and patience to the students of the ninth-grade class, and of all the classes before us.

We admire him, not only as a teacher, but as a friend of the rarest quality. To him, we wish many more years of success and happiness.

To you, Mr. Koppel, we shall be immeasurably grateful!

# Reflections '68



## Reflections' Staff

Dona Loso . . . . . *Chairman*  
Thom Pantaleo . . . . . *Co-Chairman*  
Virginia Morse. . . . . *Editor*  
Kathy Woolley . . . . . *Illustrator*  
Phil Pagani. . . . . *Publicity*  
Mr. Koppel . . . . . *Faculty Advisor*  
Mr. Marquis . . . . . *Faculty Advisor*

### SELLING COMMITTEE

Dennis Bloking  
Tom Fiengo  
Holli Green  
Jane Mather  
Bruce Beggs  
Kathy Vendrillo  
Jairo Orduz  
Lori Seader  
Evelyn Lessard  
Margaret Lauder  
Marion Maccarone



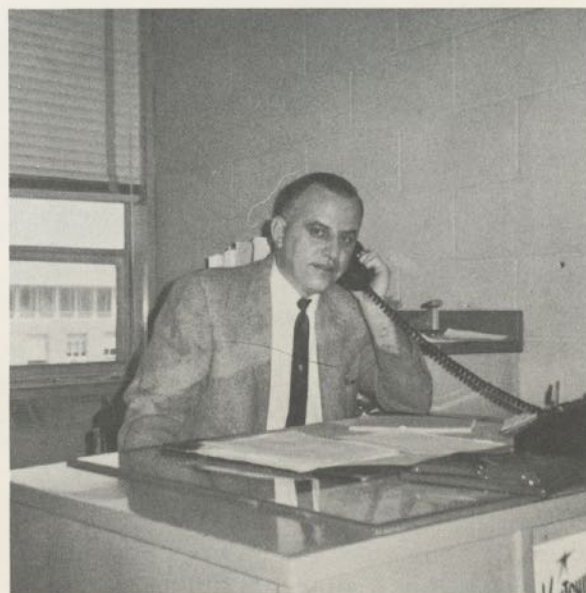
# Administration



MR. A. HYATT SUTLIFFE  
*Principal of Illing Jr. High*



MR. VINCENS  
*Vice-Principal of Illing Jr. High*



MR. BREZINSKI  
*9th Grade Building Administrator*





Mrs. Ball  
*Librarian*



Mrs. Boland  
*School Nurse*



Mrs. Quintal and Mrs. Rich

*Our Secretaries*



Mrs. Conti



Mr. Mocadlo, Mr. Koppel and Mrs. Hammar  
*Guidance Counselors*

# The Yearbook Staff



1st Row: H. Green, K. Vendrillo, D. Loso, Mr. Marquis, Mr. Koppel, K. Woolley, J. Mather, G. Morse.  
2nd Row: D. Bloking, J. Bissel, P. Pagani, T. Fiengo, T. Pantaleo, J. Orduz, B. Beggs.

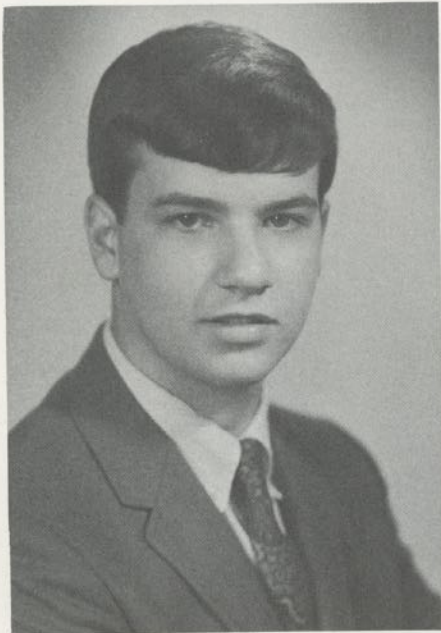


Mr. Marquis & Mr. Koppel working at a desk

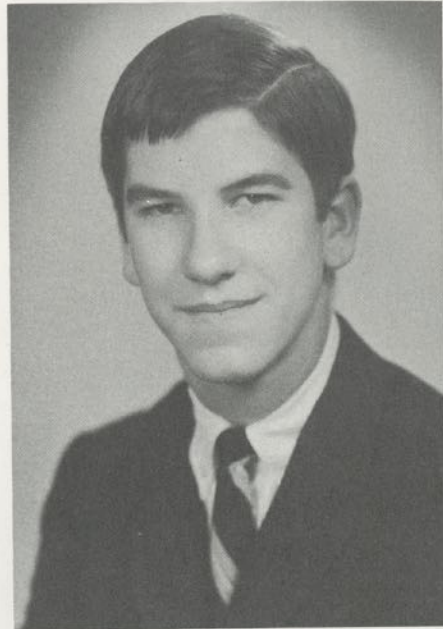
The members of the yearbook staff wish to express their sincere appreciation to our faculty advisors, Mr. Koppel and Mr. Marquis who contributed their time, experience and patience to the making of this book. A vote of thanks for their efforts go to both of them. Without their assistance, this yearbook would not have been possible.



# Student Council Officers 1967-68



THOMAS PANTALEO  
*President*



MICHAEL KELLY  
*Secretary*



MARION MACCARONE  
*Treasurer*



MR. JAMES CAMARATTA  
*Student Council Advisor*



# 7th Grade Student Council



1st Row: A. Cyr, P. Sobiski, C. Storrs, M. Wickam, S. Conn, S. Peck, L. Nelson.  
2nd Row: Mr. Camarata, R. Horton, G. Mahar, B. Rice, B. Leitz, A. Bayer, C. Willey, D. Pinto.  
3rd Row: J. Fox, A. Tierney, L. Eastman, M. Doane, R. Brown, D. Malinowski

# 8th Grade Student Council



1st Row: M. Maccarone, E. Lessard, T. Whitmore, D. Halisey, A. Carson, G. London, M. Lauder, D. Albert.  
2nd Row: S. Straight, R. Duffy, K. Olsen, V. Glass, N. Hubbard, L. Klein, R. Frederickson, T. Casalino, Mr. Camarata.  
3rd Row: R. Angel, M. Adams, L. Dellafera, R. Ponchak, D. Herbert, H. Schuh, P. Naschke, B. Wheeler.



# 9th Grade Student Council



1st Row: B. Beggs, G. Grant, M. Schardt, D. Hills, L. St. Laurent, C. Strong, G. Morse, S. Dowds.  
2nd Row: S. Gates, M. Thibodeau, J. Bissell, M. Kelly, T. Pantaleo, J. Orduz, J. Whitesell.  
3rd Row: P. Pagani, B. McAwley, J. McGee, L. Willey, B. Carter.



# The Cheer Leaders

What would the team do without the cheerleaders! Illing's cheerleaders have inspired our team to victory many times. Led by Captain Pam Custer, the girls practice every week to perfect their cheers. Accompanying the cheerleaders at each game is the pep squad.



P. Custer (captain) 1st row: E. Heally, K. Maloney, J. Whitesell, C. Kinney, R. Sapienza  
2nd row: L. Eastman, T. Bellfore, B. Irwin, L. Winzler, S. Negro, C. Casavant, J. Gerhart, G. Desjeunes,  
D. Weiss, Mrs. Henry

# SPORTS

Illing Junior High has always had a fine record of wins ever since the school was founded. This fine record is carried through the soccer, basketball and baseball seasons. Illing's athletes also do very well in Football, Track and Field.



Mr. Finkbein and Mr. Caouette the two basketball coaches.



Mr. Kelly, coach of the soccer team

One reason why Illing does so well in sports, is because of our three fine coaches; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Caouette and Mr. Finkbein. While teaching mathematics, Mr. Finkbein and Mr. Caouette coach the varsity and jr. varsity basketball teams. Mr. Kelly, the boys' physical education teacher, coaches the soccer team. Much of Illing's success in sports this season, we owe to these three men.





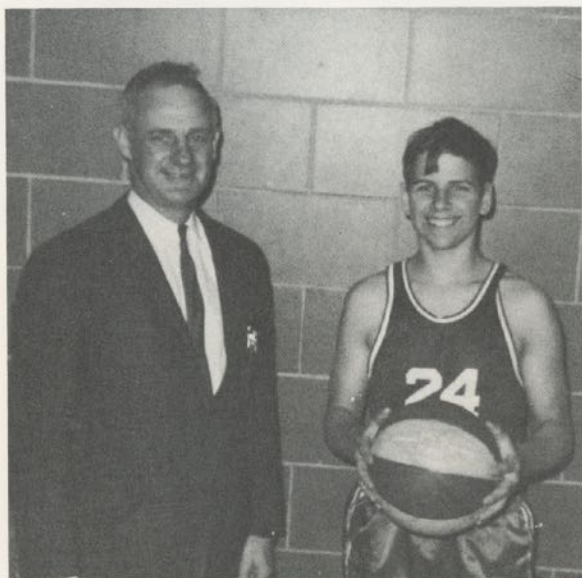
# Varsity Basketball



1st Row: R. Marsh, R. Forde, R. Carter, M. Kelly, B. Steurer, D. Woolley, L. Voiland.  
 2nd Row: J. Woolley, S. Werbner, M. Finkbein, J. Golding, J. McGee.

## Final Scores

ILLING	84	RHAM	35
ILLING	79	COVENTRY	59
ILLING	71	WEBB	43
ILLING	69	ELLINGTON	37
ILLING	73	COVENTRY	41
ILLING	65	BENNET	68
ILLING	83	RHAM	28
ILLING	72	ELLINGTON	39
ILLING	93	COVENTRY	18
ILLING	53	WEBB	47
ILLING	69	BENNET	63



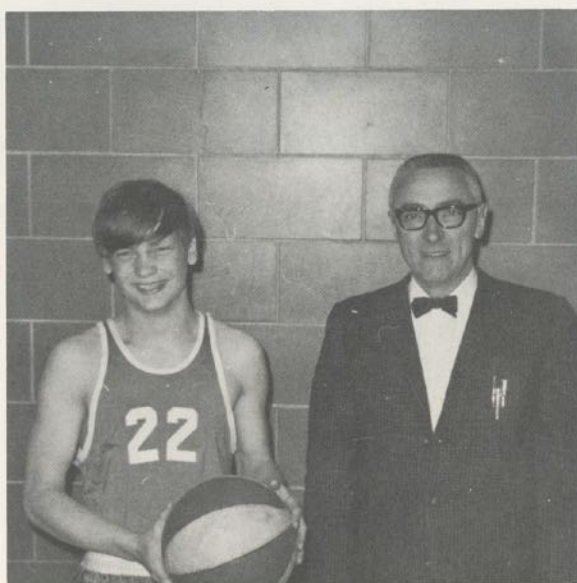
Coach Finkbein and High-Scorer Brad Steurer who made a total of 142 points.



# Junior Varsity Basketball



1st Row: G. Maher, R. Brown, R. Marshall, B. Gorr, P. Stoneman, J. Erardi, R. Angel, D. Pinto.  
2nd Row: D. Griffin, D. Fleishman, B. Tuckie, Mr. Caouette, P. Ware, D. McConville, J. Arnink, L. Eastman.



D. Griffin & Mr. G. Caouette

# Varsity Soccer



1st Row: J. Jackson, R. Talbot, J. McGee, J. Smayda, S. Werbner, R. Marsh, D. Woolley, B. Carter, B. Steurer, J. Woolley.  
2nd Row: J. Maher, J. Whitesell, A. Tournaud, K. Blake, T. Ferlazo, R. Marshall, B. Hust, F. Gliha, S. Gates, S. Geidel, Mr. Kelley.  
3rd Row: C. Brame, M. Scanlon, M. Marinelli, J. Blakeslee, G. Germond, B. Kenney, P. Pagani, R. Lerch, L. Willey, R. Bernardi.



# Junior Varsity Soccer Team



1st Row: S. Yaworski, T. Pastva, B. Finnegan, J. Blazinski, S. Everding, K. Blake, R. Marshall, D. Fay, J. Arnink, R. Angel, T. Casalino.

2nd Row: M. Derwianka, R. Taft, M. Donovan, H. Schuh, J. Antolini, F. Jacquith, M. Adams, D. Franzosa, B. Badger, R. Ruggles, Mr. Kelley.



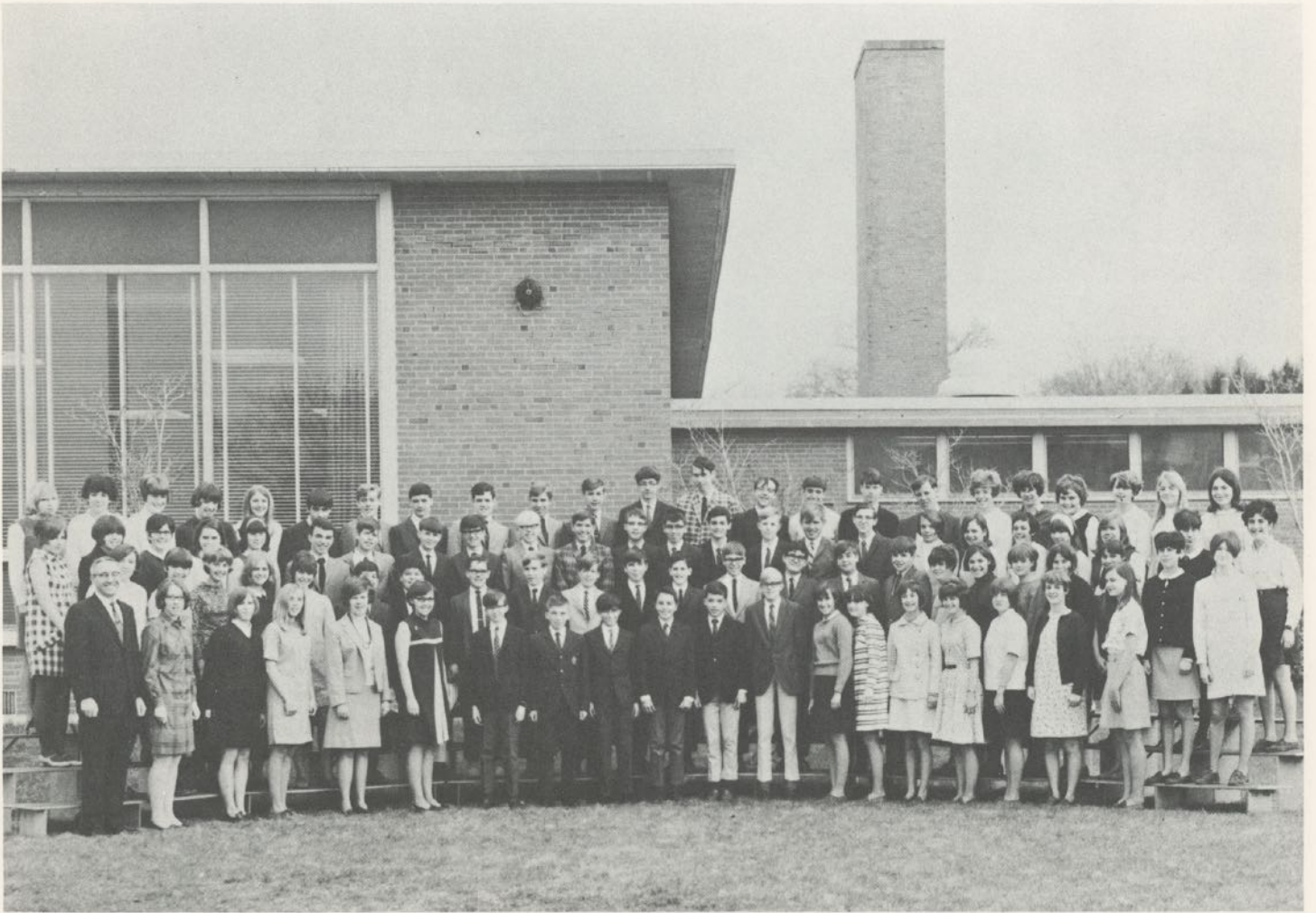
# 7th Grade Choir

Led by Mrs. Parks



# 8th Grade Choir

Led by Mr. Maccarone





# Band

Led by Mr. Johns



# Homeroom 137



1st Row: C. Conklin, J. Cohen, E. Clarke, J. Cushman, D. Coleman, E. Crandall, M. Cornish, J. Conyers.  
2nd Row: R. Contreras, E. Boyle, B. Chandler, C. Cohen, S. Baab, M. Cowen, P. Cyr, P. Custer, G. Czerwinski,  
Contreras, L. Chittick, Miss Johnson.  
3rd Row: D. Bell, M. Bell, J. Corcoran, M. Chartier, E. Cox, B. Chapman, M. Clough, P. Cullen, D. Archibald.



## Homeroom 137



1st Row: D. Bloking, B. Beggs, J. Blaine, E. Bednarek, C. Bailey, S. Bauld, P. Cavagnaro, S. Atwood, J. Brennan.  
2nd Row: R. Abshere, L. Aceto, B. Arey, T. Bellis, J. Blakeslee, B. Brown, J. Bissell, C. Casavant, S. Ackley,  
Mr. Marquis.  
3rd Row: P. Annulli, B. Carter, K. Bernstein, D. Bray, S. Bleiler, R. Bernardi, S. Beebe, C. Brame, L. Barany.

## Homeroom 249



1st Row: D. Eggleston, D. Emrick, C. Erardi, T. Ferlazo, D. Delisle, E. Earl, S. Dowds, G. Ewing, K. Faulds.  
2nd Row: J. Duggan, S. Dixon, G. Desjeunes, A. Delucco, J. Fawcett, P. Desjeunes, B. Doucette, B. Davis,  
P. Elsesser, I. Dznid, D. Dickinson, Miss Norris.  
3rd Row: B. Davis, R. Feder, M. Dupre, J. Danielson, J. Engberg, G. Feder, E. Dubaldo, S. Zielinski,  
S. Evangelista.



# Homeroom 258



1st Row: S. Gates, L. Gosselin, S. Gold, M. Fisher, N. Fleishman, G. Hathaway, G. Grant, L. Flaherty.

2nd Row: J. Glidie, F. Fox, R. Goss, S. Headrick, G. Germond, S. Geidel, R. Forde, M. Fields, M. Granato, K. Grabow, Miss Dutelle.

3rd Row: A. Guadano, T. Fuller, R. Gottlieb, J. Golding, R. Green, S. Thomas, S. Green, T. Fiengo, F. Gliha.

# Homeroom 255



1st Row: D. Kuntzelman, J. Mather, L. Lull, N. Kryseak, N. Lawson, L. Linders, D. Loso, M. Leon.  
2nd Row: J. Mahar, R. Marsh, C. Kriesky, K. Lindsay, D. McLennon, J. Little, C. Ladabouche, Mrs. Pennock.  
3rd Row: J. Mann, M. Marinelli, B. McAuley, B. McGovern, C. Marvin, J. McGee.



# Homeroom 255



1st Row: J. Neff, L. McPartland, J. Moran, K. Moseley, G. Morse, L. Morrison, K. McVey, C. Miele.  
2nd Row: P. Nadeau, S. Newcomb, T. Mozzer, B. Mix, P. Moyer, S. Negro, J. Newth, M. Mikulski, Mr. J. Moriarty.  
3rd Row: T. Nicola, D. Mullen, P. Molava, E. Newman, C. Nadeau, L. Metheny, E. McMullen.

# Homeroom 260



1st Row: S. Hurwitz, N. Hulser, S. King, E. Kloter, J. Holman, V. Jewell, S. Hodge, L. Jones.

2nd Row: G. Kania, E. Hobron, B. Kenney, C. Hungerford, M. Kelly, D. Hills, J. Hull, M. Johns, B. Hust, P. Isleib,  
G. Kelley, Mrs. Mooney.

3rd Row: L. Keiderling, B. Jubenville, D. Hill, B. Johnson, J. Jackson, R. Knight, R. Joiner, J. Hubbard, J. Kelly.



# Homeroom 262



1st Row: J. Raimondo, S. Plante, L. Peck, B. Young, D. Petersen, L. Post, L. Pagani, B. Poutre, Mrs. V. Cameron.  
2nd Row: D. O'Hara, L. Parker, L. Orcutt, B. Pearl, D. Randall, L. Orcutt, K. Paulsen, P. Pastva, B. Reale.  
3rd Row: J. Orduz, P. Pagani, T. Pantaleo, R. Person, M. Pizzola, P. Petraitis, B. Rein, S. Putnam.

# Homeroom 264



1st Row: L. Smyth, K. Smith, C. Smith, J. Scarpello, S. Samuelson, M. Schardt, E. Smole, J. Robarge, P. Scott.  
2nd Row: J. Smayda, L. St. Laurent, A. Roberts, C. Saums, A. Sirianni, B. Smith, R. Ryan, A. Sailing, D. Rice,  
Mrs. Ponton.  
3rd Row: B. Scheer, A. Sieffert, M. Scanlon, C. Schuh, M. Rubera, H. Slade.



# Homeroom 266



1st Row: D. Thompson, J. Tower, S. Talaga, H. Starweather, M. Snyder, B. Stevenson, C. Tinklepaugh, C. Tralli, J. Taylor.  
2nd Row: D. Stevens, K. Taylor, K. Steere, J. Twerdy, R. Staudt, R. Talbot, C. Spillane, B. Szarek, M. Thibodeau, A. Tournaud, Miss Hartwell.  
3rd Row: C. Strong, B. Steurer, M. Squillacote, D. Spaeth, R. Sollanek, S. Starling, C. Stoneman.

# Homeroom 251



1st Row: K. Wilcox, V. White, R. Vincent, J. Whalen, J. Wilson, L. Vitolo, L. Voiland.

2nd Row: J. Whitesell, C. Wojcoski, K. Vendrillo, G. Wolcott, L. Walters, L. Winzler, K. Woolley, E. Vaiciulis,  
R. Ward, D. Wilson, Mr. Maratta.

3rd Row: D. Woolley, L. Werner, W. West, S. Werbner, J. Woolley, P. Walden, L. Willey.



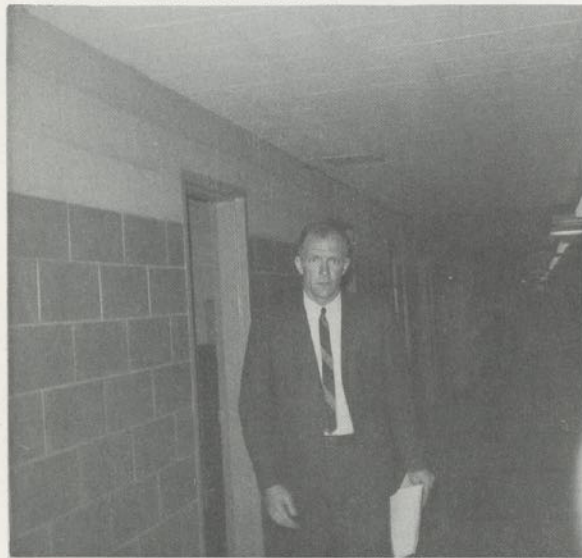
# A Candid Look



"THAT'S A NO . . . NO. . .!"



SO SHY



"I LOVE ME"



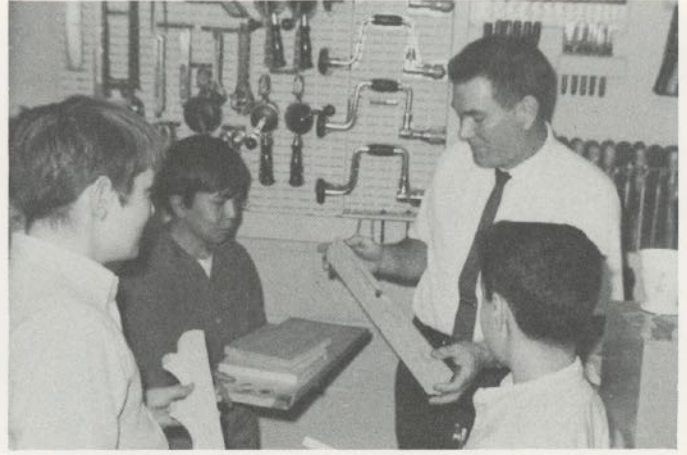
MR. BIG



"DO RE MI"

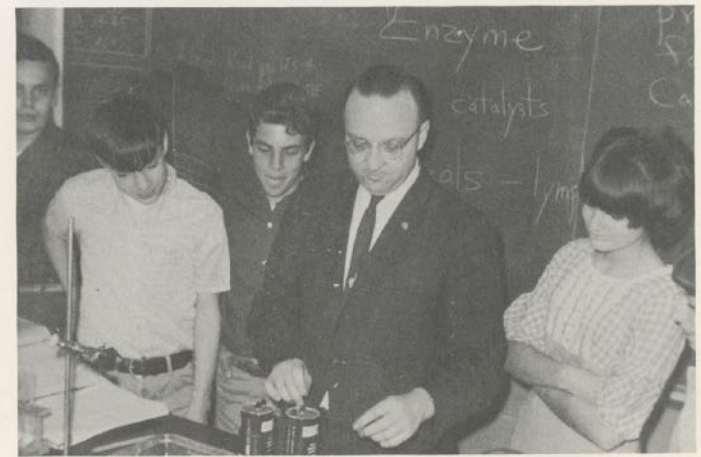
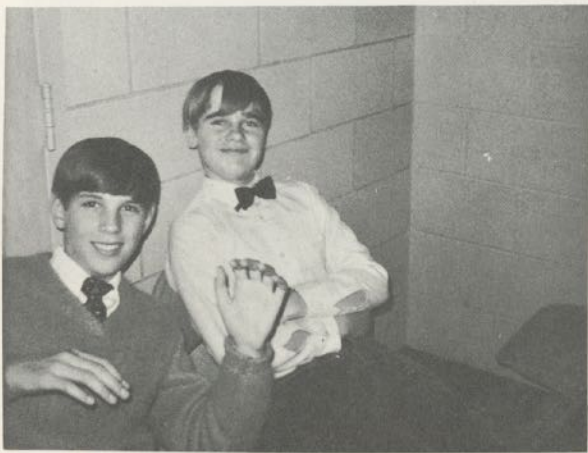
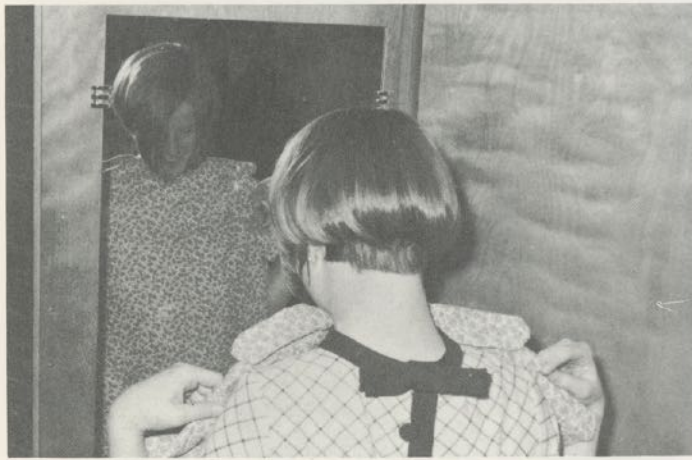
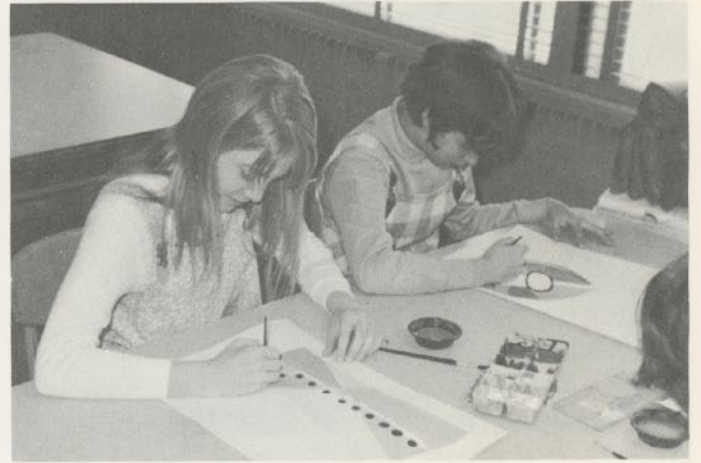
at  
Illing's  
Teachers!

# 7th Grade Candids

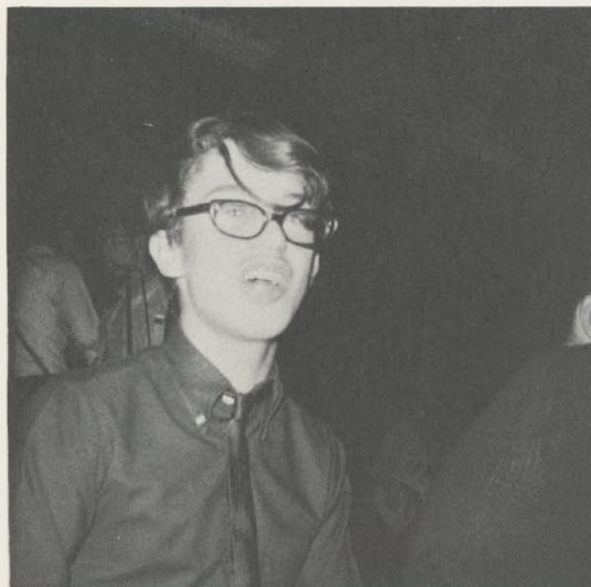
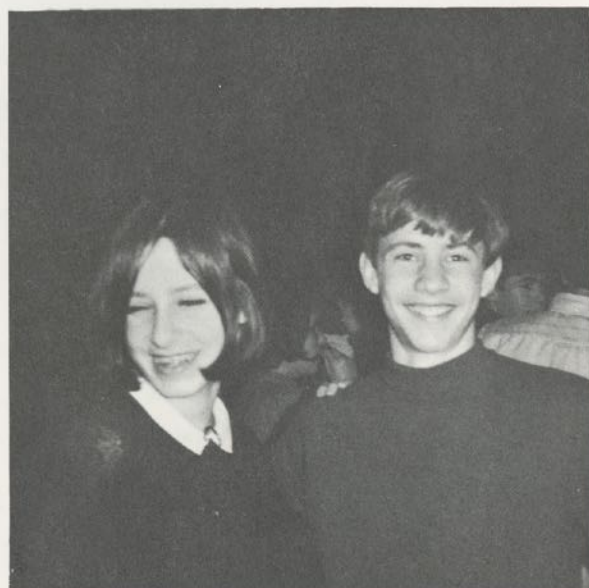




# 8th Grade Candid



# 9th Grade Candid





# Personality Parade

## GUYS

- BEST DRESSED* – Jack Golding  
*MOST TALKATIVE* – Jimmy Blaine  
*BEST LOOKING* – Jack Golding  
*BEST PERSONALITY* – Thom Pantaleo  
*CUTEST* – Jack Golding  
*MOST POPULAR* – Thom Pantaleo  
*MOST INTELLIGENT* – Joe Cohen  
*MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED* – Thom Pantaleo



## DOLLS

- BEST DRESSED* – Carolyn Wojcoski  
*MOST TALKATIVE* – Liz Post  
*BEST LOOKING* – Pam Custer  
*BEST PERSONALITY* – Greta Grant  
*CUTEST* – Pam Custer  
*MOST POPULAR* – Pam Custer  
*MOST INTELLIGENT* – Cindy Cohen  
*MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED* – Cindy Cohen



# Class Will

We of the ninth grade class of 1968 from Arthur H. Illing Junior High School, being of sound mind and body, possessed of clear reason and rational judgement, on behalf of our fellow students and those who will follow in the years to come we bequeath the following:

- To Miss Dutelle we leave Bob Carter's hair straightener.
- To Mr. Koppel we leave Dotty Kuntzlemen's Algebra book.
- To Miss Norris, Bruce Beggs leaves enough fire chiefs for three years.
- To Mr. Moriarty, for his harem, Holli Green leaves her guardian angel, Kathy Vendrillo leaves her legs and Jeff Whitesell leaves an I Love Me pin.
- To Mr. Camarata we leave next years Student Council.
- To Mr. Wood we leave Miss Sheldon.
- To Mr. Marquis the Rampage staff leaves a copy of the Bennet Newspaper.
- To Mrs. Henry, Pam Custer leaves the cheerleaders of Next Year.
- To Miss Lind, Liz Post leaves some ABC gum for her nose.
- To Mr. Vondeck we leave a beautiful seventeen inch wide tie decorated elaborately with soft florescent green, orange and purple butterflies.
- To Mrs. Preston, Ginny Jewell leaves her fake hairpiece.
- To Miss Leben we leave twenty-five pounds of Thom Pantaleo.
- To Mr. Caouette, Mike Kelly leaves a deflated basketball and player.
- To Mrs. Mooney, Paul Elsesser leaves his theorems of Geometry.
- To Mr. Brezinski, four girls wearing bloomer dresses.
- To Mrs. Powers, Jan Cushman leaves her wish for an extra sewingroom.
- To Mrs. Cameron, Bob Hust leaves a student teacher's inspiration.
- To Mr. Sollanek, Tom Fiengo leaves a jar of peanut butter.
- To Mr. Sutliffe, Dona Loso returns all of his doubts about the final publication of this yearbook.
- To next year's Reflections staff we leave a bottle of Excedrin!



## Credits

*FINANCIAL ADVISOR* . . . . . Mr. Nathan Koppel  
*LITERARY ADVISOR* . . . . . Mr. Michael Marquis  
*CHAIRMAN* . . . . . Miss Dona Loso  
*CO-CHAIRMAN* . . . . . Mr. Thom Pantaleo  
*PHOTOGRAPHY, CANDIDS* . . . . . Mr. Moadlo  
*PHOTOGRAPHY* . . . . . Finlay Studio  
533 Main St.  
Manchester, Connecticut  
*PUBLISHER* . . . . . Allied Printing Services Inc.  
579 West Middle Turnpike  
Manchester, Connecticut

**GOOD LUCK AND BEST WISHES**

from

**YOUR FRIENDLY YEARBOOK STAFF**

a part of the world completely untouched and unchanged, perhaps as a sign of pardon. Forgiveness because a few had resisted. Forgiveness because a few had the courage to defy a conquerer.

In a pond in the corner of the field a fish sprang up out of the water creating a light spray that the sun shone upon and burned into warm friendly goldish-tinged rainbows which mixed with the silver of the fish's sides as he curved and then hit the water again.

Elsewhere, a small, soft brown rabbit wriggled his nose and munched on some of the grass.

Someday there would be men again and perhaps they would know better, but, perhaps not.

Eileen Vaiciulis

#### DESTINATION

You over there, boy so small—  
What'll you be when you grow tall?  
His flaming eyes show his desires:  
"When I grow up I'll put out fires!"

And here's a boy whom all girls like.  
He's showing off on his two-wheeled bike.  
You can tell this one. He likes to attract  
Attention. He says, "Think I'll act."

He falls off his bike. A girl quite prim  
Fixes his wounds and comforts him  
With band-aides from her little purse.  
And she tells me, "I'll be a nurse."

The three never thought of a negative factor  
Called "war". And so one boy's not an actor.  
The other's in jail because he wouldn't yield,  
But the girl is a nurse on the great battlefield.

Joe Cohen

#### THE HUNT

A certain refreshing smell in the air,  
The rustling of leaves by the wind,  
An exciting feeling within me;  
This is the day of the hunt.

Maybe a grouse or a pheasant,  
A partridge or even a crow,  
The thrill of the chase is the real thing,  
The quarry — just part of the hunt.

The dogs work backward and forward,  
Their bodies are tense for the flush,  
A magnificent wild flash of colors,  
Brings the moment of truth to the hunt.

A quick snappy swing of the shotgun,  
Remember to lead a few feet,  
The explosion of powder and feathers;  
Life and death, some remorse, that's the hunt.

Bob Hust



# Literary Work

## THE FIELD

The field was on a hill overlooking the lifeless surrounding land. It had a feeling of being alive, yet remote, from the rest of the dead world. When the wind blew across the field the grass and plants, long and supple, bent before it. An off-gold mass of unity.

The field had a suggestion of safety, of serenity.

The grasses of the field were the only living things in sight.

At first it appeared to be the still warm ashes of burnt autumn leaves, a pile of burnt leaves hundreds of square miles across. Were this pile sifted with a fine sifter, it might reveal a button or a smouldering set of rib-bones or a brick or the mostly mutilated body of a domestic animal or another definite sign of civilization.

Where the mighty indestructible oceans had been was a steaming, smelly, mineral deposit with tiny pools of salty water in the bottom of the deepest gouges. Gouges that had been cut a long, long, long time ago in the earth.

All around was complete waste.

More than four and a half billion years of evolution had been used to create creatures intelligent enough to think and reason and to destroy themselves.

Perhaps some people may have thought that the reasons for the war had been good; to prove that one race of people was superior; that one mere MAN was powerful enough, great enough, or military genius enough to rule billions upon billions of people. Those had been the reasons.

There had been those who had not agreed and they rebelled.

The fight must have been awesome.

The two giant organizations grappling and clawing at each other like enormous dinosaurs each seeking for the others throat. And one had to win.

Like a bright red gush of blood, sudden, swift and final, from a dying beast's throat the losing force had fallen.

Water poisoning, disease, uncontrollable fires and gigantic machines, the hearts of which were tiny watch-like parts, delicate and finely balanced, which governed the action of thirty tons of destroying metal, had come and gone, leaving horrors too terrible to speak of in their wakes.

Yes, one race, a small, nondescript group with one man at the head, had won; but was it worth the price? Would the spirits of the conquered dead bow to their conquerer? Would he feel proud of his handiwork?

Maybe, maybe not.

The living field was a spark of mercy from a wise Almighty One, wise and powerful enough to rule the worlds of the universe. He had witnessed the destruction and had left

## WALK ALONE

Walk alone young man.  
Walk down that street  
In the cold mid-mornin air.  
Feel the chill penetrate your flesh  
Until your heart feels S T O N E C O L D.

Make yourself aware  
Of who your real friends are.  
Who are they young man?

Someday you'll find out!  
But as usual, when it's too late.  
And you will continue being  
Stabbed in the back.  
And yet you still forgive!

So walk alone the cold air  
And think,  
Before it's too late.  
Who are your REAL FRIENDS?

THOM

## SUMMER NIGHT

The soft sweet sound of waves  
Breaking on a sandy shore;  
The cool summer breezes  
Sending gentle shivers through your hair.

To sit and watch the sleepy waves  
As they race to meet the sandy shore  
They ripple over one another  
Like a blindman groping for a hand.

The rocks jut out to meet the sea,  
Who will soon envelope them.  
Underneath her shining wings they lie  
Waiting for the tide to turn.

The darkness of a summer night  
Under starlit summer skies.  
All your troubles have come to rest  
'Neath blankets of peace, they lie.

Sue Hurwitz



## REFLECTIONS OF A PURPLE FROG

My home is in the stench of a ditch,  
Polluted and scorned by all.  
No money have I to feed my kin,  
For opportunity has failed to call.

I have sought for many jobs,  
But the answer is always the same:  
After the first quick look when I come in the door  
I am sent back to whence I came.

Green frogs say things are beginning to change,  
But the changes are very few.  
One thing that others must realize:  
Inside I'm the same as you.

Stan Geidel

## A SADNESS

The hunting season has op'ned,  
The hunter checks his gear,  
With elaborate equipment, the  
hunter goes  
To stalk the harmless deer.

The hunter makes use of weapons,  
The deer has only his wit,  
The hunter kills not for food  
nor clothes,  
Wants only the deer to hit.

The deer stands, with one leg raised,  
His slender flanks do heave,  
A bullet strikes this life down,  
His woods never again to leave.

The hunt is over, the battle won.  
The trophy lies quietly in the sun.  
But a helpless life is gone. For  
what?  
For sport? For greed? For fun?

Peter Walden