

MIKULICH, LYDIA

"Lyd"

*A diligent girl who works with a will,
All plans for success she shall fulfill.*

Library Club 1, 2, 3; French Club 2; Senior Play Committee; Quidnunc 4; Yearbook.

Ambition: Nursing



MIKULICH, NADIA

"Nad"

*A pleasant chum who's made the grade,
And to future patients will render aid.*

Library Club 1, 2, 3; French Club 2; Quidnunc 4; Home Room Committee 3; Yearbook.

Ambition: Nursing



MOLANS, JOHN

"Jake"

*A happy smile, a friendly shake,
There's no one like our good pal "Jake."*

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; General Chairman of Freshman and Sophomore Dances; Junior Class President; Ring Committee 3; Junior Prom Committee; Soccer 3; Senior Play.

Ambition: Navy Pilot; Certified Public Accountant



MORRIS, SARA

"Sally"

*"Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."*

Etiquette Club 1; French Club 2; Dramatic Club 2; Library Club 3; Quidnunc 3, 4; Home Room Committee 3; Ring Committee 3; Junior Prom Committee; General Chairman of Junior Plays; Yearbook; Senior Play.

Ambition: Teacher; Clerical Position

"Sally"

<i>Name</i>	<i>Pet Saying</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>Dislikes</i>	<i>Usually Found</i>
Mikulich, Lydia	"Really"	Knitting, classical music, tennis	Big bows, jitterbugging	With Nad
Mikulich, Nadia	"Are you kidding"	Knitting, basketball, reading, music	Getting up early	With Lyd
Molans, John	"That's what I always say"	Music, movies, money, Jean, Boogie-woogie	Arguing, homework, algebra, getting up	At 105 Spruce Street
Morris, Sara	"It's a riot"	Color blue, a good conversationalist, reading	Chemistry, rainy days, smart alecks, detention	Anywhere and everywhere like a bad penny
Novak, Virginia	"Phooey, huh!"	Nice clothes, hot fudge sundaes	Boring and quiet people, homework	Ansonia
O'Meara, Jean	"I'll take two dozen"	Sation wagons, butch haircuts, hot dogs	Homework, wolves	In Murphy's Five & Dime
Orlowski, Tessie	"Are you kidding"	Skating	Homework	In the show
Pappas, Katherine	"Are you kidding"	Dancing, clothes	Conceited people	Blue and White
Peck, Alice	"No kidding"	Dancing, Harry James	Hats	Movies
Pilkewich, Sophie	"Are you kidding"	Dancing, Bowling	Conceited people	Room 5
Plankey, Francis	"You oughta"	Wine, Women and Horses, Swing music	Classical music, waltzes, tests, homework	With Volkmar
Plaskon, William	"Holy Smokes"	Waltzes	Fast dance music	Isaacson's
Rowland, Frederick	"Oh heck, more homework"	To sleep	Getting up in the morning	Home
Rudenko, Jean	"I know it, but—"	Traveling, swimming, Marines	Zoot suits, high heels	In the typing room
Rzesutek, Wanda	"Nuts!"	The Marines	Pickles, English	Reading a good book
Sapko, Paul	"Hi ya Cousin"	Sports, food, good music	Dancing, getting up early	Locker-room
Sarkes, Thomas	"For crying out loud"	Winter sports, planes, football	Getting up cold winter mornings	Anyplace I'm not supposed to be
Schaefer, Leonard	"That's tough!"	Dancing, sports, good times	"Jazzy" music, flirts	Clifton Street
Seccombe, Jane	"Good heavens"	Sports, horses	Chocolate, French, Hitler	Waiting for the bus
Seger, Charles	"Naturally"	Sports	Homework	At work
Shelton, Jeannette	"Oh, nuts"	Dancing, skating, swimming	Hats, farm life	Home or with Alice Treat
Shepard, Edward	"I don't know"	Hunting, fishing, camping, all winter sports, work	Schoolwork, dancing	In Derby or Ansonia playing a pinball machine
Smerekanicz, Louis	"Wise guy"	Playing basketball and table tennis	Detention	Seymour Amusement Alleys
Stekla, Isidor	"Yeah"	Basketball, outdoors, swing, blues, reading	Persons who gossip in the movies	Deckers Garage or Klaridis' Store
Strom, Catherine	"Could Be"	Music, hiking, ice-skating	Victor Mature, swimming	With George
Thayer, Robert	"I should'a stood in bed"	Sports, aviation	Poetry	In Godkin's car
Tuzik, Mary	"Honestly!"	Harry James	Jitterbugs	Home listening to the radio
Tybursky, Sophie	"Holy Cow"	Airplanes, guitar	The country life	With the gang
Ulrich, Robert	"It's a humdinger"	Basketball, baseball, clothes, eating	Flirts, getting up for school	Boys locker room or Strand Theatre
Urban, Anita	"Oh, heavens"	Roller skating, bowling, ice-skating, dancing	Hats, chocolate ice-cream sodas	With Elizabeth March
Vetowich, Peter	"I hope to tell you"	Hunting, fishing	Coming to school early	Fishing
Volkmar, Arthur	"Don't worry about it"	Jazzbows	Conservative clothes	With Plankey or lower Derby Avenue
Wityak, Eleanor	"Hi, sport"	Dancing	The saying, "Are you kidding"	Thomas' when open or movies
Zamoic, Estelle	"Cut it out"	Ice and roller skating, polka's	Homework	Home or Strand Theatre



SENIOR GIRLS

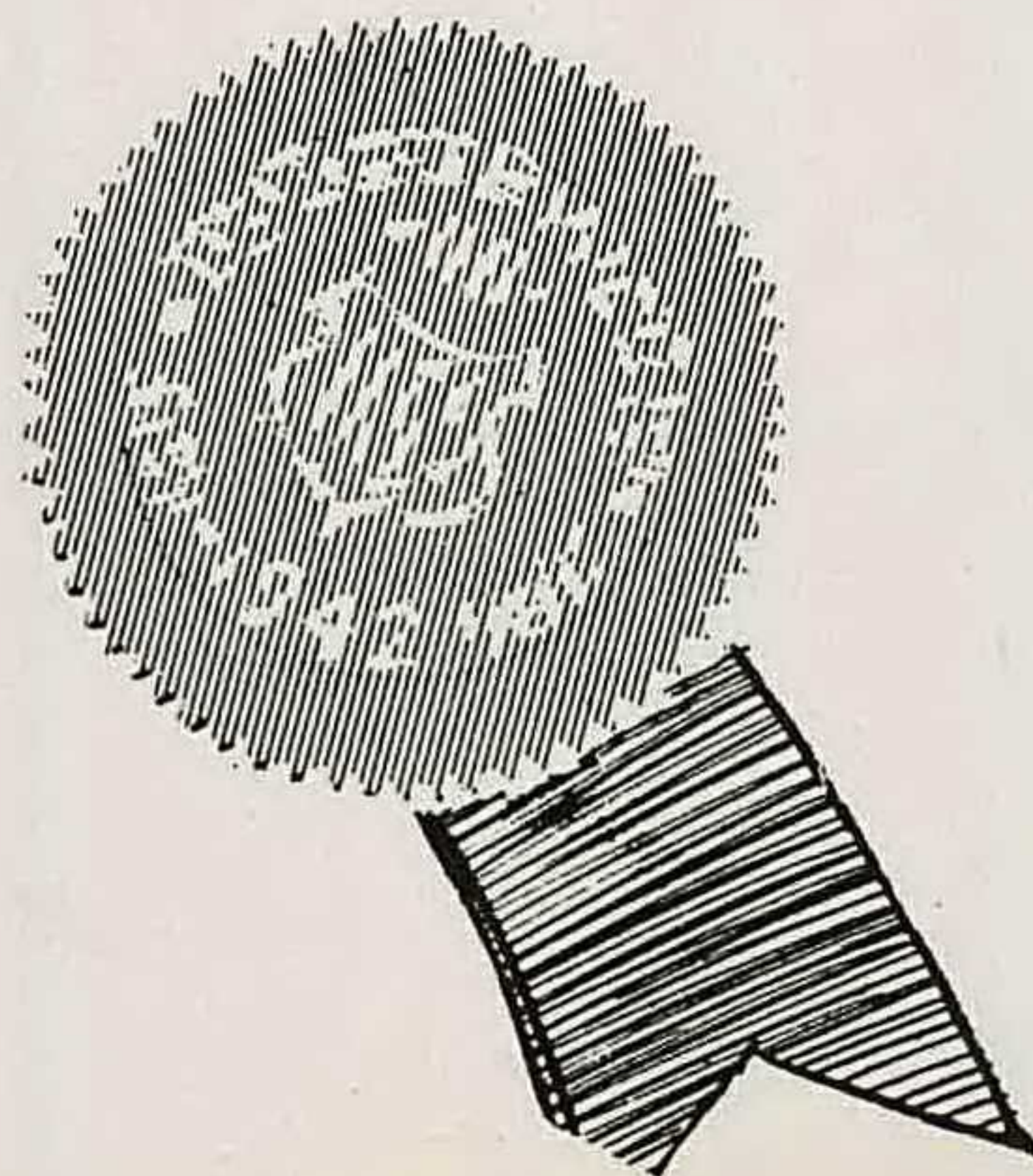
<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Town</i>	<i>Tel.</i>
Adams, Martha	221 West Church Street	Seymour	None
Bashura, Olga	54 Humphrey Street	Seymour	None
Bestenbostel, June	Box 334	Seymour	2577
Bice, Myrill	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	2156
Bomba, Alfreda	Great Hill	Seymour	1953
Bower, Elsie	57 Smith Street	Seymour	600
Brooks, Madeline	Great Hill Road	Seymour	2190
Bukoski, Madeline	21 Westerman Avenue	Seymour	2058
Burger, Gertrude	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	None
Cherhoniak, Tillie	77 Derby Avenue	Seymour	None
Chisholm, Lorraine	84 North Street	Seymour	2219
Cobb, Priscilla	415 West Church Street	Seymour	2005
Doll, Patricia	25 West Street	Seymour	2482
Dorman, Avis	19 Swan Avenue	Seymour	None
Downs, Lulu	Downs Road	Seymour	None
Dziadik, Martha	61 Derby Avenue	Seymour	None
Ellington, Arlene	220 Walnut Street	Seymour	None
Fatek, Genevieve	56 Swan Avenue	Seymour	2095
Foster, Joyce	277 South Main Street	Seymour	615
Francisco, Marie	133 Grand Street	Seymour	None
Geleta, Helen	12 Hill Street	Seymour	None
Grass, Evelyn	7 Mill Street	Seymour	None
Guit, Catherine	60 Humphrey Street	Seymour	656
Hager, Ruth	67 Gilyard Street	Seymour	514
Harris, Jean	105 Spruce Street	Seymour	754
Hicock, Helen	Southbury	Southbury	6050
Hill, Betty Jane	51 Wolf Avenue	Beacon Falls	4660
Houseknecht, Eloise	R.F.D. No. 1	Seymour	648
Kaschel, Dorothy	R.F.D. No. 1	Seymour	2260
Kaschel, Lillian	26 Rimmon Street	Seymour	None
Kiefer, Betty	29 Sanford Street	Seymour	None
Kiehl, Rowena	201 Maple Street	Seymour	2125
Klimaszewski, Helen	High Rock Road	Beacon Falls	None
Kowal, Martha	22 Third Street	Seymour	None
Krett, Irene	Bank Street	Seymour	None
Madigosky, Lucille	278 South Main Street	Seymour	2181
March, Elizabeth	96 Walnut Street	Seymour	None
Marczewski, Pauline	99 Pearl Street	Seymour	2171
Mead, Marion	West Church Street	Seymour	412
Mikulich, Lydia	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	2784
Mikulich, Nadia	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	2784
Morris, Sara	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	636
McCusker, Janet	1 Smith Street	Seymour	684
Novak, Virginia	177 West Street	Seymour	562
O'Meara, Jean	77 Washington Avenue	Seymour	2270
Orlowski, Tessie	18 Bryson Avenue	Seymour	None
Peck, Alice	43 High Street	Seymour	None
Pilkewich, Sophie	44 Main Street	Beacon Falls	None
Rudenko, Jean	349 South Main Street	Seymour	2226
Rzesutek, Wanda	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	None
Seccombe, Jean	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	663
Shelton, Jeannette	R.F.D. No. 2	Oxford	2344
Strom, Catherine	Carmel Road	Bethany	30428
Tuzik, Mary	R.F.D. No. 1	Oxford	None
Tybursky, Sophie	Mountain Road	Seymour	None
Urban, Anita	21 Walnut Street	Seymour	None
Wityak, Eleanor	4 Emery Street	Seymour	755
Zamoic, Estelle	46 Woodside Avenue	Seymour	None

- I, Irene M. Krett, leave my studying to Jerry Welenz.
- I, Frank J. Larkin, leave my Irish temper with the basketball players and their coach.
- I, Herbert Libby, leave my bicycle tires to Bob "Speed" Thompson.
- L, John Lounsbury, leave about six inches of my height to Bill Libby.
- I, Lucille Madigosky, leave my misery with shorthand to some unfortunate underclassman.
- I, Elizabeth March, leave my pugged-nose to the snooty little cuties.
- I, Pauline H. Marczewski, leave to Barbara Lounsbury my technique of dressing and my popularity.
- I, Janet B. McCusker, leave my acting ability to Janet Houlihan.
- I, Marion Mead leave my rides with Mr. Miner to Carol Happy as long as his tires hold out.
- I, Lydia Mikulich, leave my Physic's book and all the solved problems to some future Einstein.
- I, Nadia Mikulich, leave my basketball playing to any Freshman who will enjoy it as much as I did.
- I, John J. Molans, leave my crew cut to Billy Libby to help make him look taller.
- I, Sara Morris, leave my care-free spirit to my sister Dorothy.
- I, Virginia I. Novak, leave my dislike of loads of homework to some ambitious Freshman.
- I, Jean O'Meara, leave my Honey to the sugar shortage.
- I, Tessie Orłowski, leave my serenity to Sara Burt.
- I, Alice M. Peck, leave my curly locks to Effterpy Captain.
- I, Sophie H. Pilkewich, leave the job of taking my hair out of pin curls in school mornings to some rushed undergraduate.
- I, Francis T. Plankey, leave my gray hair to Mr. Adams.
- I, John William Plaskon, leave my ability to tell "corny" jokes to Mr. Feher, though he doesn't need it.
- I, Frederick North Rowland, leave a stuffed desk drawer in room five to some underclassman.
- I, Jean Rudenko, leave my infectious grin to Millie Dzwanciak.
- I, Wanda Rzesutek, leave the name of "farmer" to Walt Ehman.
- I, Paul J. Sapko, leave my love for Basketball to "Zeke" Tabaka.
- I, Thomas Sarkas, leave my curiosity to the school wildcats.
- I, Leonard Schaefer, leave my beard to Dick Lounsbury.
- I, Jane Seccombe, leave my love of winter sports to Sonja Henie.
- I, Charles Seger, leave without saying a single word.
- I, Jeannette S. Shelton, leave my dimples to Miss Sloan.
- I, Edward Shepard, leave my ability to skip school to some lucky Freshman.
- I, Louie Smerekanicz, leave my Yankee spirit in my Economics class to future years and Mr. Miner.
- I, Isidor Stekla, leave my temper to the school basketball team.
- I, Catherine I. Strom, leave my interest in the orchestra's drummer to anyone who can appreciate him as much as I do.
- I, Robert Clayton Thayer, leave my sense of humor to Mr. Feher.
- I, Mary A. Tuzik, leave my seat on the bus to anyone who wants it.
- I, Sophie J. Tyburski, leave my love for overalls to any tomboy who wears them.
- I, Robert L. Ulrich, leave my basketball ability to someone on next year's team.
- I, Anita H. Urban, Leave my sophistication to the sophisticated.
- I, Peter Vetowich, leave my daily newspapers to Mr. Shemwick so he can keep up with the daily news events.
- I, Arthur W. Volkmar, leave my flashy "jazzbows" to my handsome brother Jack.
- I, Eleanor Wityak, leave my long hair to anyone who will take time to grow it.
- I, Estelle Zamoic, leave all my looks to my brother Eddie.

Lastly, we do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Henry Voltz and Mr. Russell Parsons, our janitors, as sole executors of this our Last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals, on this sixteenth day of the month of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred forty-three.

MARTHA KOWAL
BETTY JANE HILL
ELSIE BOWER



Class Prophecy ~

I never did find out just how I became a census-taker. Well, no use wondering about it now. It's very tiring to be one of those people who goes about from door to door increasing the population! More than once my feelings have been hurt, to say nothing of my feet, by suspicious housewives. Well let's hope that this next one isn't classified with the prevalent sharp-tongued or eagle-beaked varieties.

Let's see, 167 Novelty Street. Hmmm—. Here it is. Well no bell here, so I guess I'll have to knock. "Well good afternoon! Mrs. *Harvey Grele* I presume? I'm Jones the census-taker. Come in? Don't mind if I do. Oh! You have guests. I'm sorry I have to intrude, but the government can't wait you know."

On entering I was ushered into a large and crowded living room. I soon was to learn that this was the monthly meeting of the Seymour Literary Guild, presided over by the pompous, Madame *Evelyn Grass*. Mrs. Grele, the former Miss *Betty Jane Hill*, then cordially introduced me to her rather indignant guests, I met the successful personnel director, *Marie Francisco*, and also that prominent aeronautical advisor, *Ernest Gray*, with his efficient private secretary, Miss *Joyce Foster*. Also present was the beaming prima donna, *Lillian Kaschel*, of *Martha Adam's* Light Opera Company.

"Have you any children, Mrs. Grele?"

"Yes, one boy."

"His name?"

"Milton. You see he was named after his uncle *Milton Grele*, that great engineer who built the new escalator from Main Street to Washington Avenue, replacing the old green stairs—you remember?"

"Yes, that was quite a feat, but nothing can compare with the new airport erected by *Bob Iles*. He certainly is crazy about this new air age. I hear he recently employed some women pilots."

"Oh he did? Who were they?"

"Well let me see, there was *Catherine Guit*, *Tessie Orlowski*, *June Best*, and *Alfreda Bomba*."

There followed the usual procedure of questioning, and soon, after making the proper adieus, I was on my way again. Turning the corner I quickened my pace and very nearly collided with officer *John Ahern*. They say he's in for a promotion any day now. No doubt it's due to the crooked party politics under the cat's-paw of *Frank Larkin* and his stooge of an assistant, *Charles Seger*.

By this time the pangs of hunger had overtaken me, and what should meet my eye but a swinging sign with the words, "Ye Olde Burpe and Belch Shoppe." This was managed by none other than that crafty *Allison Cole*. After going around with the revolving door several times I finally landed in the swanky lobby. I checked my hat with a rather pretty girl, *Sophie Pilkewich*, but trying to get her phone number was like growing a chicken in a bottle, useless.

I beckoned the head-waiter, *Bill Ives*, and he led me to my table. He informed me that the floor show, starring that famous bubble dancer, *Estelle Zamoic*, would begin in twenty minutes.

Once seated, I ordered a martini, and settled back ready to enjoy my surroundings. To my right I saw that vivacious actress, *Sara Morris*, and her fidgety maid, *Alice Peck*. They were enjoying lunch with those two love-birds of the screen and air, *Jean Harris* and *Johnny Molans*.

On my left quite a hilarious dinner party was in full swing. The bachelor and host, *Leonard Schaefer*, still a gay young blade, was showering his attentions on the debutant, *Lorraine Chisholm*. And it was evidently to the annoyance of her ardent fiance, *Jack Lounsbury*. Other members of that party were the famous rocket pilot, *Louis Godkin* and his charming wife, the former Miss *Priscilla Cobb* and *Marion Mead*, authoress, still jubilant over the success of her latest novel, "Married For Love." *Janet McCusker*, the famous ventriloquist was also there, with her bright dummy, *Bob "Yank" Thayer*.

Just then the lights began to dim, and we heard the soft melodious strains of *Bruce Clark's* "Rhythm Slingers." To the unique touch of his solo pianist, *Dot Kaschel*, in drifted the bubble-queen followed by her able troupe. I saw familiar faces amongst the girls, and managed to pick out *Helen Klimaszewski*, *Lucille Madigosky*, *Arlene Ellington*, *Madlyn Bukoski*, *Jean O'Meara*, and *Eloise Houseknecht*.

In the midst of this my eye caught a double-order. Coming towards me were two cigarette-girls crooning the latest popular ballad, "Ah What Rest Without You." I thought at first it was the drink reacting, but in short order I banged into the conclusion that the girls were *Lyd* and *Nad*, the *Mikulich* twins.

After purchasing my smokes and chatting with the girls, my attention was restored to the floor, where a loud burst of applause announced *Art Volkmar*, comedian and novelty dancer. The show was finally climaxed with a cartwheel display featuring *Arthur Claffey Gauvin* and his protege *Tom Sarkes*, an evident Mutt and Jeff.

I had finished off my meal with gusto and prepared to set out again, when I noticed a crowd gathering at the bar. Making my way through the mass I encountered *Ed Shepard*, heavy weight champion of the wrestling ring. In no time at all, however, his snappy manager *Izzy Stekla* pushed me and the rest of the crowd away.

Once outside I hailed the nearest cab, which was driven by *Walt Karlac*, a man of the world they tell me. He proceeded to tell me the latest gossip, and I discovered that *Olga Bashura* and *Toby Konowitz* were on the sentimental side. Also, that *Bob Faber*, king of the race-track was to embark next week for Europe on one of the *Plaskon* Liners.

I tipped "Old Walt" two-bits and hurriedly made my way to the apartment and bed. The elevator boy, *Paul Eschuk* took me to the third floor, and on bidding me good night told me of his elopement plans with *Pauline Marczewski*.

Boy! did the new air-mattress feel good. Before I knew it I was engulfed in the sweetest slumber imaginable.

The next thing I knew, I was awakened by the ill-tuned strains of some poor organ-grinder. Looking out I beheld one of my old friends *Frank Honey*, tattered and torn, pitifully begging for pennies. Feeling generous I tossed him some coins and turned away to avoid embarrassment.

Suddenly a solvenly washwoman burst in. On seeing me, she made a hasty retreat, mumbling on her way out, "Beats all, the way some folks sleep all day!" I chuckled when I realized that this intrusion had been caused by *Betty Kiefer*.

Leaving the building I bumped into the sports-reporter, *Ted Klarides*, who was still squawking about the basketball history being made by *Paul Sapko* and *Bob Ulrich*. Stepping across the street to the "Stylish Breakfast Nook" I met up with one of my former class-mates, *Rowena Kiehl*, now a Navy nurse. We decided to have breakfast together.

After placing our orders with the demure waitress, *Myrill Bise*, we began to discuss old times. "Rink told me that *Elsie Bower* had recently been awarded a medal for championship diving, and that she ("Rink") had been caring for three sailors, whom, while riding with *Madeline Brooks* at the wheel, had been seriously injured. These turned out to be *Herb Libby*, *Lew Bowman*, and *Al Filipowich*. She assured me that all were recovering.

In between mouthfulls, I noticed among the various waitresses, *Tilly Cherhoniak*, *Pat Doll*, *Avis Dorman*, *Catherine Pappas*, and *Lulu Downs*. Then the headlines of the morning "Bugler," edited by *Fran Plankey*, caught my gaze. "Malcolm Blakemore, to play in the *Urban Play House* co-starring with *Magnetic Irene Krett*."

Over the amplified news-broadcast we caught up on the latest events, and paused to listen to the "Swing Sisters," whom we knew as *Gertrude Burger*, *Martha Dziadik*, *Genevieve Fatek*, and *Helen Galeta*.

Enroute to the office I passed the *H. Hicock* Insurance Agency, and then crossed the street at the corner by the "*Kowal-Wityak*" Dance Conservatory,, from which emerged a prominent socialite, *Ruth Hager* with Play-boy *Ed Jaroszewski*.

Getting on the bus I handed my fare to amiable *Steve Karlac*, still trying to earn his musical education. By mistake I sat on *Liz March's* lap, much to our mutual amusement.

On arriving at the office I was stopped by my steno, *Virginia Novak*, and was informed that the boss, *Fred Rowland* would see me in a minute. So, in the meanwhile I passed the time merrily chatting with *Jean Rudenko* and *Wanda Rzesutek*. As I passed into the inner office I nodded to *Jane Seccombe* and *Jeanette Shelton*, both busily compiling statistics. *Louis Smerekanicz*, the office-boy, reached up, turned the knob and opened the door for me.

Once inside *Catherine Strom*, the boss' secretary, handed me my day's assignment. I sighed, knowing that the old grind was soon to continue.

Leaving the office, arm in arm with *Mary Tuzik* and *Sophie Tyburski*, secretaries, I smiled to think that just ten years ago this 16th day of June, 1953, we had all embarked on our journey of life that had sofar satisfied us all.

BETTY KIEFER
FRANK HONEY

