

Polishing Off

'But Mommy, I don't want to go!!' 'I don't think I'm gonna like it there.' 'Can I take my teddy?' These worries fell from trembling lips on a brisk September day in 1976 as we, the Class of '89, entered our first day of kindergarten. Soon, though, school didn't seem so bad and we relaxed into The Letter People and our fat crayons. We were a sharp group, and it didn't take long for us to figure out that we wouldn't always be playing on the monkey bars and singing songs with Mrs. Feitner. Challenges like adding, subtracting, and cursive writing came our way. Little did we know of the scary things like Earth Science and Course III that lurked around the corner. But in the mean time, we were content to enjoy the carefree days of B.C. Cate.

Our years at H. A. Hanlon Elementary produced many fine memories, like learning fractions, kickball tournaments, Mr. Parker's popcorn machine, end of the year track meets, and Daryl Vary as the Friendly Firefly. By sixth grade, we had worked our way up to the top of the totem pole, only to be knocked to the bottom again in seventh grade. Being in Junior High was a big deal to us—we were in with the big kids. Actually, the first few years in the high school were rather intimidating. We ran to our classes, trying desperately to avoid getting smashed by upperclassmen, all of our books in tow. In a few short weeks, though, we relaxed and blended into the high school scene. Having many different teachers was a welcomed change to us, and each welcomed us to their classrooms in different ways—Mr. Taylor's gum, Mr. Claire's movies and games, and Mr. Pulos's infamous Hobart Bonus. The experience of dances was totally new, and it took much begging on the girls' part to get the guys to move to such tunes as Careless Whisper and Can't Fight This Feeling. That certainly didn't last long.

Freshmen. It was a title we couldn't wait to have. Being freshmen brought with it the privileges of senior high lunch hour, dances, and Regents Classes. It also brought Initiation. The Class of '86 introduced us to senior high in a way that was unforgettable. Remember Cab and Tom Strong as sumo wrestlers? How about Bill Daugherty as the OM Flasher?

As our senior high years passed, our class earned awards and recognition for academics, fine arts, and sports. We consistently scored well on our Regents exams in all areas, won scholarships, and competed with each other for top grades. We were a class of artists - Miranda Demarest and Wayne Pelchar painted beautiful pieces, and Keven Bleiler, Vera Bush, and Anna Pollack, among many, made beautiful music. In athletics, no class could compare to the Class of '89. We had the highest percentage of athletes in the school. No one could stop us with people like Brian Clark in football, Debby Slusser in volleyball, Mike Kotmel in the pool, Darrin Gauvin shooting hoops, and Holly Rice on the softball field.

Together, we made memories in the classroom, on the playing fields, and in our friendships; memories that could never be forgotten. They made us the Odessa-Montour Class of 1989, something to be proud of forever.



Economics didn't always make perfect 'cents'. Annie Kuparinen and Mike MacDougall got some help from Mr Fraboni.