

# The Class of 1989 dedicates their Odessanean to Carl J. Petroziello.

His charm, his wit, his style, his Rolex;  
everything about him was. . .

## Purely Petroziello

'Hey, Mr P., gotta minute?' (My famous last words. I'll never get outa here.)

'Sure! Come on in and sit down. So, how's it going? Everything okay? Classes going well? Any new loves in your life?'

(Wait a minute-What was the first question?) 'Everything's great. I was just wondering if you have any SUNY applications left. I've got to get my act together or I'll miss the deadline.'

'Yep! I saved one for you-it's right here.'

(How can he find anything on that desk? What a mess!) 'Thanks.'

'You know, I was just thinking about you. I don't think you'll have any problem getting accepted. Colleges want kids like you-smart, out-

going, ambitious.'

'Thanks.' (Wow. This guy always manages to make me feel good. I wish everyone was this encouraging.)

'Say, did you happen to see the Bills game Sunday? What a match up!'

'Yea. It's about time they had a good season. That third quarter touchdown was fantastic!' (Here we go. I have five minutes to get to practice!)

'No kidding!' (I love that chuckle.) 'Hey, are you trying out for the Academic Team? We could use you!'

'I'll be there!' (But I'll never get to practice!)

'Great! So, I hear that you've got a new boyfriend. Is that going well?'

(How does he keep up on all of this?) 'It's terrific! I have so much to tell you!' (Forget it! I'll be late!)

This was the way that most conversations with Mr Petroziello went. They were the kind of delays that we looked

forward to. Talking with him was like talking to a best friend-he was always concerned with even the most trivial of problems and happy to share the tiniest of joys. And his concern was sincere. He always made us feel like his own kids by watching over us with loving, paternal eyes.

A good word to describe Mr P. was 'picker-upper'. It was difficult to wear a long face in his presence. He was quick to make us laugh, even when we didn't think we could. Problems were much easier to solve with his help and patience.

How can we adequately thank such a special man? It seems that we can never repay him for his friendship. The best way that we could think of is to dedicate our Yearbook to him.

So, with great pride, we present you, Carl Petroziello, with our 1989 Odessanean. We love you.