



Angaelio  
2B



THE GREATEST

Our  
great  
home  
room is 4B,  
and in this  
class you  
will see,  
a bunch of kids  
who are full of fun,  
and Mrs. Gigante  
who controls the gun.

Talented, spirited and sportsminded we are.  
Why, our Christmas play outshone the others by far!  
Shutters, reindeers and Santa we had,  
And sugar plum fairies dressed in the latest fad.  
Every morning when you pass by our room  
You'll hear the regular rumble of eternal doom.  
But when the announcements  
break up this rat race,  
we all say our prayer  
with an angelic face.

Dinardo is known for his basketball score  
Thibodeau  
for smutty  
Boettcher  
football field  
and Daniela  
for being  
Queen.

and Donaldson  
jokes galore.  
Horachek on the  
were seen  
Campagnaro  
our Prom

HOME ROOM

At the end of  
this poem I would like to thank  
Our dedicated teacher Mrs. Gigante.

For through her, our  
knowledge has broadened  
In spelling, and grammar  
and essays we've trodden.  
A slave driver at times with  
essays and stories.

But also a friend who  
shares all our glories.  
Thanks also go to  
all the kids in this class  
who have made  
my last year  
an absolute  
gas

Quana  
van  
Vleit



STUDENT POEMS OF 4B



The class of 4B  
Is a picture to see  
With Gigante our English teacher.  
I swear she'd make a better preacher.  
Concentration and silence was her only belief.  
By God when our class ended we would sigh in relief!  
One thing for certain we'll never forget.  
All the homework she gave us just to make us sweat.  
But I know she'll probably never regret  
Teaching the headcases of 4B I bet.

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Lisa Bettcher

I'm no poet  
And I sure know it.  
To describe class 4B  
Is one big problem for me.

---

Nick DiNardo

4B is a class  
filled with a special razmatas  
even though we do have days  
where we go our own separate ways  
we always get along  
with a smile and a little song.  
We are very happy to be  
a class run by Mrs. Gigante.

---

Larabyn Nathaniel

English class and home room to me,  
are as different as different can be.  
In class we're angelic,  
before nine we're a relic,  
depicting seniors as disorderly.

Now we're not really as bad as we sound,  
Although our sound may be heard all around.  
Because mayhem and noise,  
from mostly the boys,  
is controlled by our Queen, justly crowned.

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Cheryl Skur

The best home room is 4B  
The only teacher, Mrs. Gigante.  
She spends her time teaching us to write  
And we try hard with all our might,  
For if we decide to not adhere,  
We'll end up here to repeat the year.

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Kim Hardy

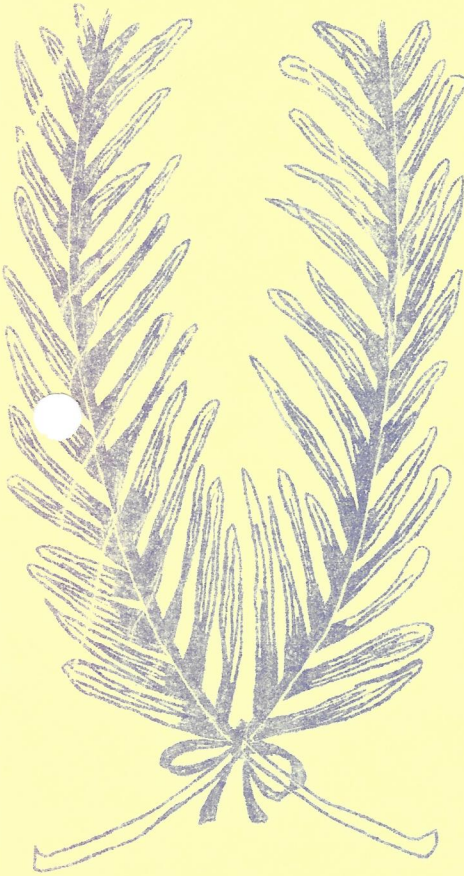


The class that's pictured up above,  
Is 4B, you might have guessed.  
The four is for the year we're in,  
The B is for the best.

The leader of this motley crew.  
Is good old Ms. Cicante.  
We all had lots of fun this year.  
Like at the Christmas Assembly.

We'd like to say, "This year's been great  
The Best To One and All."  
Especially to our teachers but----  
We'll haunt you all next fall.

*Rick Shuber*



Along the corridor stood  
An ominous, brown door.  
Behind which grows  
The future of society.  
A rumble, first low then loud  
Like thunder before a storm.  
A crack, like lightning sounds  
And then--silence.  
Everyone knows its Mrs. G.  
Failing her fantastic class, 4B.

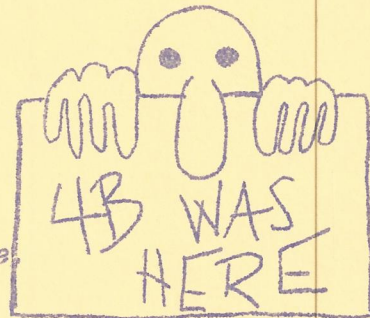
*B.W. Whitmore*

We cram for English, we do just fine,  
Till Terry the Scotsman steps out of line.  
Of course he is helped from Bob the winger.  
This could bring complaints but they never linger.  
The prom queen holds sway as she really should.  
Mrs. G. hands out homework; I suppose that's good.  
We're building up memories with friends strong and true,  
And you'll find it all here, right in room 122. *Michael Whitmore*

4B is a class of workers in school life,  
4B is friendly and jovial students working hard,  
4B is a bunch of reindeers in the Christmas play,  
4B is the home of many athletic stars,  
4B is the class of this year's Senior Prom Queen.  
4B is an empty room on an activity day,  
A tribute to a great teacher, that Mrs. G's 4B.

*Mark White*

They rant and roar and run with glee  
To get to English class 4B.  
And to their great teacher Mrs. Gicante,  
They all expect one day to get a degree  
(Which probably won't be in English) hee, hee,  
That silly class of 4B  
I'm sure you will all agree  
Will be the greatest in history.



Deb Salt

---

4B mischievous,  
clever,  
Learning to live in the world  
beyond the class,  
Believing in dreams brought  
to reality.  
Like a family  
working  
arguing  
fighting together.

Jon McPhail

---

4B is the best!  
It's certainly better than all the rest.  
The teacher has a sense of humor  
Even if it is a dirty rumor.

---

The students are always obedient  
(Except for the last thirty minutes)  
People hum and people ha  
But 4B is the best of them all.

Bob M'Quay

---

Essays, Essays  
Fun, Fun, Fun,  
Duck!  
Here comes another one.  
Another test,  
Another tear,  
I wonder if we'll pass the Year?  
Yet...  
When we look back,  
And this year is done,  
We'll probably wish,  
We had another one.

Wendy Wilkins



The classroom is very quiet and tense,  
As our lesson for the day proceeds,  
But then there's a roar of laughter,  
And everyone is now at ease.

Donaldson begins to sing a song,  
And Thibodeau makes a smart remark,  
Everyone laughs,  
Mrs. Gioante then says,  
That now our work must start.

Essays, poetry, two more plays,  
When will this torture end?  
Everything is so hectic,  
It's driving us around the bend.

Then the fog-horn begins to sound,  
And as we leave the room,  
We think about all the good times we've had,  
And the ones we'll miss after June.



Susan Thornbrun

---

We are the class computerized 4B-  
A charming looking bunch as you can see.  
We laugh together and work together,  
In happiness you just can't measure.

Each morning we meet in our neat little room,  
And after announcements take off with a zoom,  
While each morning Mrs. G. stands so patiently waiting,  
It's a dog gone wonder she ain't been fainting!

But another year has passed  
And for the most of us our last,  
To attend this fun-filled school,  
With its enormous gym and pool.

So we decided to have this picture made,  
And everyone agreed, shook hands, and paid,  
To have this little token of memory,  
Of a wonderful class and a teacher named Mrs. Gioante!

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Helena Vandenberg



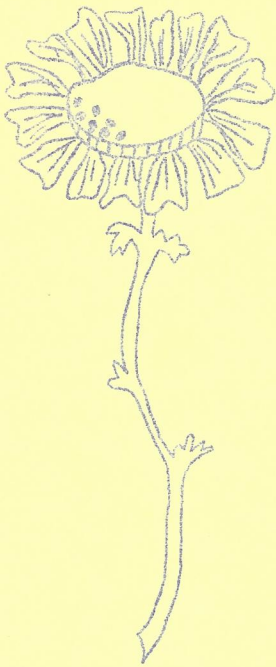
My grade twelve class,  
may well be my last.  
I've enjoyed it so much,  
learning English and such.

Our teacher is Mrs. G.,  
one of the true greats you see.  
She teaches so very well,  
everyone thinks she's swell.

LWLA

We learn to persist  
rather than just exist.  
The work is for us,  
to achieve the almighty A-plus.

I write this little rhyme,  
not just to pass time!  
For I need the mark,  
to get out of Orchard Park!



The before class babble,  
The last bell scramble,  
The teacher, so straight and proper.  
Student council reports,  
Unkind retorts,  
Giggles and all kinds of laughter.

But all classes have this  
And what we will miss  
Are the things that are 4B's alone.  
The Christmas success,  
The vocab. tests,  
Essays, assignments and moans.

When the work is all through  
And school's finished too,  
There will be both rejoicing and sorrow  
For many will leave,  
Some will proceed,  
But only memories will be here tomorrow.

Melodie Underhill



Can you remember a class better suited  
For receiving the grace of grammar uprooted?  
To tie in the thoughts of uncommonly glum,  
Attributes our class the right rule of thumb,  
For never has there been or ever will be  
A class more distinguished than that of 4B.

Will you remember if there had been  
An intelligent fellow that sat quite unseen?  
Our Terrence Thibodeau speaking his Scotch,  
Or a merry young lad they called Brian Botch.  
Our snap-a-Pradeep, our sing-a-song Bob,  
And old Mrs. G. ruling the mob.

Will you recall Daniella the Queen  
And Susan and Debbie and quiet Irene?  
Can you remember those frustrated gloats  
When Grace gave her answer straight from Coles' Notes?  
Our obnoxious behavior kept us in debt,  
But, after '75, WHO COULD FORGET!

*J.F. Harris*

The home room class, numbered 1-2-2,  
Was selected for a chosen few;  
And the daring leader to conduct 4B,  
Was the lovely, courageous, Ms. Gigante.

We struggled through the reading of Macbeth,  
As we thought that Shakespeare was a certain death;  
We read many poems, and wrote many quips,  
And were finally finished when our pens lost their tips.

And now we pledge allegiance to our class  
And to the purpose for which it stood;  
Shakespearean plays, grammatical errors  
With essays and homework for all.

*Debbie Rogers*

There once was a class named 4B  
They worked so hard, the latter they were entitled to be.  
Such motivation, they were renowned to have plenty,  
Many said, this achievement was due to Mrs. Gigante.  
The year is drawing to a finish,  
But the memory of 4B will not diminish.  
Through exams their lives will be fated  
Yet they look forward when they will all be graduated.

*Daniela Campagnaro*





To be or not to be Four B  
Is to be or not to be at all.

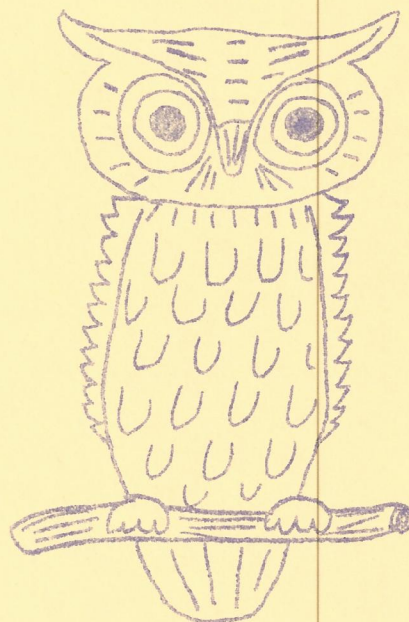
There is no art, to find  
the school's construction in a class.  
It's obviously Four B.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow  
Creeps in a thought of this petty class,  
And although to this poem there is no moral,  
The memory of Four B will forever last.

In the school year 1974-75,  
Orchard Park Secondary came alive,  
This great change occurred when we  
all became the English Class Four B.

The teachers and students play a great part  
But we all knew right from the start,  
That the reason for this accomplished unit  
was that no one dared try to ruin it.

This is because of the individuals  
B.B., G.V., T.T., and Mrs. G.,  
Their humour and hard work create the fuels,  
to make us readily known as Four B.



Paul Horachek

We in 4B,  
As you can plainly see,  
Are as smart as can be,  
With the help of Mrs. G.

Mrs. Gicante, our teacher,  
Is a great English preacher,  
Which is one of her features,  
So we've never tried to beat her.

There are always a few clowns,  
Running up and running down,  
But when Mrs. G. shows a frown,  
They all go sit down.

But overall,  
In spring and fall,  
As we recall,  
Our marks didn't fall.

Martina Cousins



In the Halls  
Of the English wing,  
The bell will go,  
the bell will ring,

Now your're late,  
What will you do?  
Admit slip! Admit slip!  
That's for you.

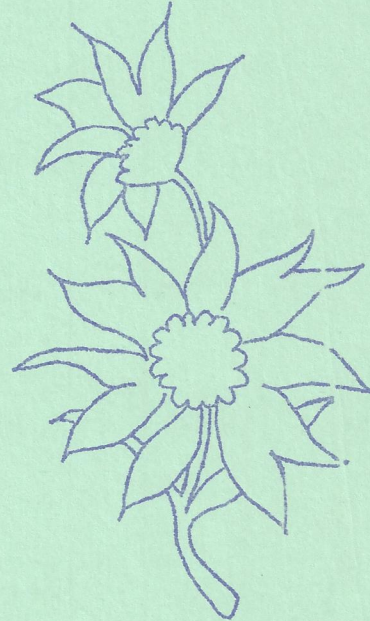
Look at the Rumble,  
In 4B!  
It's Horachek, Boettcher,  
And that other dummy.

As I look,  
Around this class,  
I see the people  
That make it a gas.

The picture shows,  
That it's all here..  
The fun the glory,  
And the cheer.

Lions and tigers  
And teacher's pets,  
Coles notes form  
this type or threat.

The end will come,  
In June some day,  
When we will leave,  
And go astray.



Terry Thibodeau

---

I'd like to give you some background  
On this class which I knew very well.  
It wasn't until last September  
That I knew it was going to be Hell!

Our teacher, great Mrs. Gicante  
Tried teaching us English one day;  
Of course we tried hard not to listen;  
But she did a good job, anyway.

This class was a senior grade 12 one.  
We were given the name of 4B.  
The "4" was to say we were grade 12.  
And the "B" was for Best--obviously.

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Jandee



Mrs. Gicante,  
The teacher of 4B,  
The best class in O.P.  
The best class that ever will be.

Mrs. Gicante,  
Had many great students,  
Who were never, never prudent,  
But were eternally insolent.

Our insolence  
Was caused by the essays,  
We got 'em nearly every day,  
We guess there was no other way.

Despite this,  
We somehow got them done,  
And we had a lot of fun,  
In 4B all of this year.

Yes, the students of 4B,  
With Mrs. Gicante,  
And in a school like O.P.  
Is the best class that ever will be.



Bob Donaldson

Once upon a time,  
I was walking out in space,  
Upon a very skinny line,  
Then, for eternity, I fell and landed on my face.

In the midst of ecstasy was I  
For when I gently landed,  
I was met by other jolly children who landed  
Together, bouncing to the sky.

How gay and bright were the big yellow flowers.  
Enchanted by a funny story, forever,  
In a meadow laughing together.  
The forest of flowers seems like towers.

There was a brook winding  
Through this blue-green meadow's sights.  
Suddenly, we all were sailing,  
Moving under the arching kites.  
That floated by our railing.

We began, on the water, to run.  
We had a lot of fun.  
Then we jumped upon the grass,  
And tumbled while time did pass.

But time caused no worry,  
For no one was in a hurry.  
We went all together,  
So we could last forever.

Painted by  
Bob Donaldson



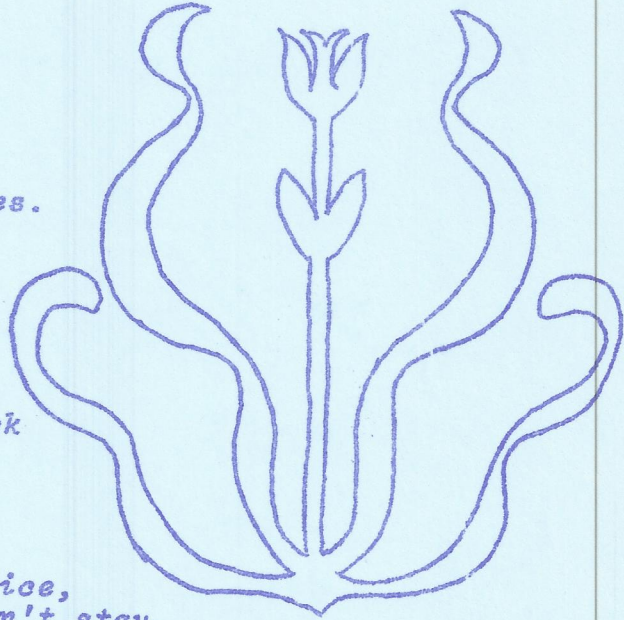
We are a large class  
Who like the outdoors,  
And the roar of engines  
To the action at city stores.

We like telling stories  
And telling jokes.  
We're quite a class,  
Said quite a lot of folks.

Lots of kids at Orchard Park  
See us every day,  
Walking down the hallway  
In our very own way.

Since we've been to the office,  
Once, twice... though we didn't stay.  
Can't expect us all to be  
As smart as Peter Ray.

To think that two and two are four  
Instead of five or three,  
The class of 4B will soon be gone  
And the teacher-to-be set free.



*Jim Scumshaw*

The name of My School is Orchard Park  
and 4B happens to be my class,

All the activities involve our Sacrifices  
and that's what makes 4B the Best,

So here is our Portrait  
which Proves, 4B is the Best.

*PRADEEP*