HOLD ON TO THE NIGHT

by Paul Reed

On May 20, the Junior class of '95 held their prom at the Marriot in Newport. The theme for this occasion, "Hold On To The Night, "will serve as a reminder of this memorable occasion.

It began at around 6:00. As each party arrived, they were to go to the lobby for pictures. At around 8:30, the first course of the three course meal was served. It started with a salad, and continued with the meal that each guest had chosen. A hearty london broil, a delicious baked scrod and even a not - as-popular vegetarian lasagna were served. Dinner was concluded with a vanilla, peanut butter, chocolate, caramel ice cream cake.

At 9:30, the dance floor crowded as the music echoed throughout the adjoining rooms, hallways and corridors of the Marriot. Mrs. Caine, who is responsible for organizing the event, "danced the Junior class under the table," as she vowed.

Most of the people left between 10 and 11:00, to continue their evening with a "night on the town" in Newport. However the evening was concluded,it was definitely a wonderful night for all who attended.

Kid's Stuff: Covering the Real Problem

by Angela Castonquay

Violence in the schools system has gotten way out of control. It's gotten so bad kids in middle school feel the need to have weapons by their sides. Just last month my younger sister came home full of news that a boy in the seventh grade was suspended for pointing a knife at other students' midsections and throats. A few days after that a boy I know in that same school was jumped outside his house in the morning and then was threatened with a baseball bat outside the school by students of Diman. The police were called, but fortunately this incident was labeled as "kids' stuff". It may not have involved gangs, but to me this in no way is kids' stuff.

Before we realize , instead of baseball bats it'll be guns and loss of a life. A half a year ago a boy was shot in his class. In front of his class mates and teacher. Just after that another boy was stabbed by a boy in his class and the assaultor didn't even go to his school.

Some schools have put in metal detectors, but that won't stop the threats, fights, and killings. Kids aren't stupid; they'll just find other ways to get weapons into the schools.

It's about time that we realize this is a major problem and deserves to be treated as such, not just labeled as "kids stuff".

A Major Step Up for the HVAC Industry

by Michael Rogers, Jason Santos

One contribution to the destruction of the Ozone Layer is CFC's. CFC is a chemical found in arousal cans, and refrigerant (chemical found in refrigerators, air conditioners, etc.) To reduce the rate of CFC's let into the atmosphere, the HVAC EPA (Heating, Ventilation, and Air Condition) industry has put together a refrigerant certification test. This test deals with the safe handling and disposing of refrigerants. If the person passes the test, he or she will be certified in handling refrigerant.

The cost of the test is $160.00 and it is taken through a special seminar dealing with the HVAC industry. If the person taking the test was to fail, then he or she would have to take it over at his or her own expense.

Luckily, the students in the HVAC shop are given the choice to take the test while they're in high school. This will save them time and a great deal of money. The cost for them is only $40.00.

So if you're still handling refrigerant and you haven't been certified, you better hurry up, because after Nov. 11, 1994 you won't be able to handle them any more.

THE TRADESMAN

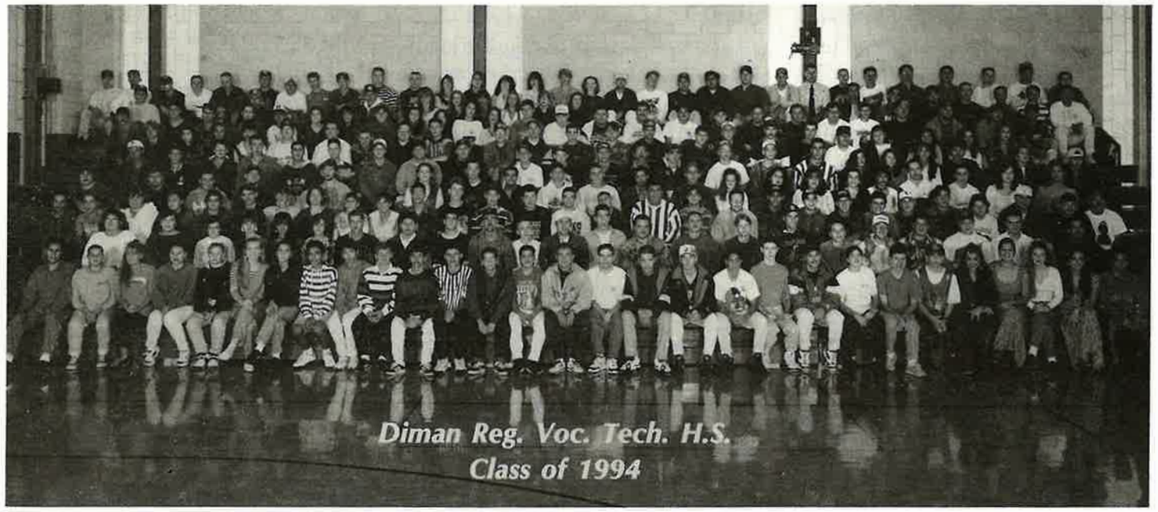
DIMAN REGIONAL VOCATIONAL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

-- A NEWSPAPER by and for DIMAN STUDENTS --

Volume 1 No. 4 June 1994

"Live truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

Horatous Bonar



"Though we sometimes speak of a primrose path, we all know a bad life is just as difficult, just as full of obstacles and hardships, as a good one... The only chore is in the kind of life one would care to spend one's efforts on."

John Erskine

All things have their season, and in their times all things pass under heaven.

A time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.

A time to kill, and a time to heal. A time to destroy, and a time to build.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh. A time to mourn, and a time to dance.

A time to scatter stones, and a time to gather. A time to embrace, and a time to be far from embraces.

A time to get, and a time to lose. A time to keep, and a time to cast away.

A time to rend, and a time to sew. A time to keep silence, and a time to speak.

A time of love, and a time of hatred. A time of war, and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8

. . . EDITORIALS . . .

KURT COBAIN

by Jason Pacheco

I would like to explain to all the readers of The Tradesman the reason behind the suicide of the lead singer and guitarist of Nirvana, Kurt Cobain.

At an early age Kurt 's parents separated, which scarred him for life. As a young child, his mother recalls that he used to write "Mom Sucks" and "Dad Sucks" on the walls of his room. He grew up to be a very depressed individual.

He expressed his emotions through his work with Nirvana. If anyone read some of the lyrics he wrote, they could obviously see that he was not happy. Like many teenagers that get depressed, he began to take drugs. After constant use, he became an addict. Drugs enhanced his depression without his even knowing.

Kurt wanted to change the sound of Nirvana, but many people disagreed. His close friends and family members started to say things to him that he did not like nor want to hear. He turned his back on the world.

Kurt Cobain was a poor soul who couldn't deal with certain reality. He was extremely unhappy. So, he ended his life.

I certainly do not (I REPEAT, DO NOT) promote suicide. But Cobain couldn't take the life he had and was not strong enough to make a huge change. He should not be damned for what he did. He should be pitied.

Over the last few months, I have heard teachers, adults, and students (who have no concept what so ever of what went on),ridicule and degrade Kurt Cobain. Even if you didn't like his music (thinking it was loud or disgusting), look at him not as a stupid rock star who blew his brains out, but as a human who was in desperate need for help. And didn't receive any.

The Apprentice?

by Danielle Proulx

Many students here on the staff wonder who really came up with the name "Tradesman" for our newspaper, and when this all came about. Actually, do we really care who did or when? I don't. What I really want to know is how would all our readers react if we changed the newspaper's name to "The Apprentice." I think that name suits Diman students better than "The Tradesman" does.

I know that all of us here are learning a trade, but when Diman first opened it was only for boys. Girls were not admitted until 1975 or 1976. And that was only on a trial basis. So at first, the name "Tradesman" fit perfectly for an all-boys school. But times have changed and to be politically correct and fair to all, the paper would have to be called "The Tradespeople" instead of "Tradesman."

I'm female, but that has nothing to do with why I think the name should be changed. I feel that even though we are learning a trade we are not considered tradesmen. We're only apprentices. We're not yet out on our own working at a specific trade. We are being instructed in that trade by learning and working in our shops. We are being taught by someone who has knowledge of that trade, so technically we are apprenticing. The name of our paper should reflect or express what we are.

I do sincerely hope things will work out for all of us here on the newspaper staff in the years to come. With a little bit of school spirit and more involvement on your part, we can do better with our newspaper each year.

Have a nice summer and hope to see you next year!

The Tradesman: TAKEN FOR GRANTED

by Doug Machado

As a student here at Diman, I am appalled by the way this school does not support its newspaper.

At the beginning of the year, there was alot of controversy over why Diman didn't have its own paper. So we gave it some thought, and decided that we try our best and strive for a positive outcome.

In the beginning, we had our difficulties. Even though we have made some progress, we still have far to go. Students here just don't seem to care whether or not they have a worthwhile newspaper to represent their school. But these same critics are always the first to say that our paper doesn't contain this or that, or that an article doesn't satisfy their expectations.I say to them, "Put your money where your mouths are. Contribute a little time and energy. Join the club, share some responsibilities. See what it's like."

I hear the complaints that *The Tradesman* isn't printed on "real" material, and that it doesn't consist of many of the features that a true newspaper is made of. Hey, if you think that more features are what we need to help make our paper more enjoyable to read, then feel free to pick up a pen and write some yourself. There's no contract to sign in order to be part of the staff. As for "real" materials, it wouldn't make much difference to me if *The Tradesman* was printed on a brick. We ought to be grateful for what we do have instead of grieving over the things we don't have. We here at Diman cannot just sit around and wait for things to happen all on their own. Producing a better paper means TEAM EFFORT. We have to work hard and together in order to achieve our goals.

Creative Writing (Cont.)

Daydreams

by Doug Machado

Standing on the edge of jagged cliff with the whole world opened up before me, I wonder how far down it is? The miles and miles of green forest melting into the bleeding horizon are beautiful, yes, but straight down is where my fascination lies.

I am barely aware of my ragged breathing as I stare at the amazing feat I have just overcome. The cliff I just ascended seems entirely vertical, an impossible climb from this angle. I revel in the rush of adrenaline pulsing throughout my body.

Yet it is neither my achievement nor the cliff itself which enthralls me, but the severe drop into space that it creates. I am compelled to break the cardinal rule, to do the unthinkable - to poise at the precarious edge and look down.

Instead of the expected panic and vertigo that many experience when facing great heights, the siren song grips me immediately. My thoughts whirl with frightening speed as I am paralyzed by the irresistible allure of this dizzying drop.

I am swept by an incredible urge to fulfill my wildest fantasies and jump. Oh, what a feeling it must be to leap from all restraints and float freely to the ground below.

I wonder if I would have time to scream. To scream would mean adequate time to comprehend fully the meaning of the suicide fall. Would I have time to watch the ground as it rises up to meet the ground as it rises up to meet me in its deadly embrace? Would I comprehend fully the meaning of my menial experience even as I plummet to my demise?

Would I regret?

Reality is to feel the call of the jagged cliff, the open space, the beckoning treetops far below. To act upon this impulse would be insanity.

Listen for my screams.

FAME

by Doug Machado

Today on Geraldo: Tanya Harding's alleged hit man is now sharing a cell with Joey Buttafuoco, who is having an affair with jurors of the Menendez trail. Now that it appears that the Kerrigan-Harding fracas is resolved, the only questions on everyone's mind is: who is the next shocking scandal going to feature? Well, I'll be honest, I want to be the next person the media exploits. I want the money, the attention, and yes, I want to meet Howard Stern.

So what do I need to do? First, I need an adequate scandal. Bashing Nancy Kerrigan in the knee seems most logical since she lives around here, but Jeff Gillooly beat me to it. Incidentally, Gillooly is my new favorite word. Just say it a few times and you'll know why. I could kill my parents, but they're still useful so the knives will remain in the kitchen, thank you.

Next, I'll need a partner. Have you notice that all these scandals, now immortalized in mini-series for posterity, involve pairs? Amy and Joey, the Menendez brothers, Tonya and Nancy. David Koresh and God, John Wayne and Lorena, Michael Jackson and the kid no on has ever seen but who is now richer than most Central American nations.

Now I need an "Inside source," my own LaToya Jackson if you will, someone who will heartlessly leak my story to the media. He or she will need no skill other than the ability to recite, "I could not let it go on . Now I feel it is my obligation to tell the public the truth, preferably while the ability to earn 7.5 million dollars still remains." This person must be willing to see his or her face, along with mine, plastered on every talk show, news show, magazine, newspaper and church bulletin in the English-speaking world. There will be books to be published, movies to be made, and money to be earned.

The key element is a trail. I'll need a place to break down tearfully tell the world that, (a) "My mother made me do it," (b) "My father made me do it," (c) "Jeff Gillooly made me do it." Then I'll claim temporary insanity and spend half an hour in a home for the criminally insane. Have you notice that temporary insanity is the new plague of America? "Mr. Machedo, did you know you were going 75 in a 55 mph zone?" "I'm sorry, officer, I was temporarily insane."

Well, now that I have been acquitted, all that's left is the media attention. First I'll go on all major network, at prime time and come to think of it, all the times in between. Then I'll embark on a 50 state, 4,000 radio station tour, with the option to add Europe if the ratings are good. Finally I'll do public appearances, write newspaper columns, attend functions, luncheons and Disney parades. I can see it now: "Here to speak with the graduating class of Harvard Medical School, Lorena Bobbit, who is without any surgical experience."

But then after my six months of fame are up , I'll be forgotten, survived only by the legacy I've left in t.v. history. The next big scandal will move in and the media and public will flock to a new, even more pointless story that will be America's biggest news, even as the homeless die, war rages in Bosnia, and the people lose their jobs by the thousands. Get real, folks.

Think About It

by Sarah Mullen

Life is like a game
Only it doesn't come with directions.
Some lose, some win
It all depends on how you roll your dice.
You want to win you can do it as long as
you put your mind to it.
Your life is in your hands,
Nobody lives your life except for you!!!

Arts & Entertainment

Stone Temple Pilots "Core"

by Paul Reed

The Stone Temple Pilot, an alternative-rock group from San Diego, hit the music scene in the spring of '93 with their debut album, Core. With songs like "Cracker man" "Creep" and the smash hit "Plush", Core topped the charts and was on everybody's "must get" list.

Stone Temple Pilots added a twist to this album with an instrumental called, "No Memory", and a somewhat poetic, "Wet my Bed". The Stone Temple Pilots' next release, Purple, is scheduled to hit the shelves in early July. Prior to the albums release, "Big Empty", also featured on The Crow movie soundtrack, is already number 4 on the top 50 . If "Big Empty" is a reflection on the other material on the album, we should be in store for another hot summer.

The NEXT

by : H.T.C

Alone and listless, the young girl sat. She seemed to despise the asylum in which she lived, and her family who had abandoned her. The panoramic view from the bare room she had slept in all those lonely nights reminded her of her grandmother's patio, but to look away from the window was an ominous sight. Many a night would pass before the tears upon her cheek would dry, and the abrasions on her wrist would heal. The shallow imprints on the wall were of knuckles, not hers but some other child, so the next would not feel as alone.

Death By Misadventure

by Paul Reed

Brandon lee, son of martial arts film star Bruce Lee, met an untimely and unfortunate demise on the set of his latest film, The Crow.

In March of 1993, Lee was struck in the abdomen by a projectile fired from a gun rigged to fire blanks. The Crow, based on an adult comic book, is about a rock guitarist from Detroit who rises from the grave to avenge the brutal rape and murder of his girlfriend, as well as his own. It was during the filming of this murder that tragedy struck, with only three days left of filming.

When the accident happened, the producer had decided to abandon the $16,000,000 project. However, he was later persuaded to continue by Lee's mother, Linda Lee Cadwell, and Lee's fiancee, Erica Hutton. When filming continued Warner Brothers had dropped the movie, stating that it would be difficult to continue, both emotionally and financially. It was then that Miramax picked up the project, and after $8,000,000 in retakes completed the film.

Although the filming of the actual shooting was deliberately destroyed, scenes filmed just before the accident are in the final cut. A body double was used to complete the film.

The Crow, coincidentally released on Friday 13 th, has already became a huge success. This film is sure to cause alot of mixed emotions, but none more than the loss of Brandon.

It's Time We Make SMOKING HISTORY

by Michael Rogers

Youth and elders against tobacco use was the focus on March 24,1993 at Somerset Junior High School. Kids from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gathered together and watched a nationally televised town meeting to prevent tobacco use by young people. The kids, watched home videos made by other kids, and by listened to Dr. Joycelyn Elders, our new Surgeon General. At the end of the program the kids separated into groups and discussed what they learned. Also discussed were ways to help prevent smoking and one day make it history.

Trends in Tobacco Use Among Youth

1. White high school seniors are five times likely to smoke then black high school seniors.

2. Teenagers are three times more likely to smoke if their parents and at least one older sibling smokes.

3. Each day more than 3,000 young people begin to smoke. Most of the new smokers who replace the smokers who quit or die prematurely from smoking related disease are children and teens.

Quitting is not easy, because nicotine is as addictive as alcohol, heroine, or cocaine. According to the Surgeon General, "When people quit they might experience frustration, anger, anxiety, and decreased heart rate." The Surgeon General found that most smokers start before they finish high school. So if you make it to graduation day without starting to smoke, chances are you never will!

Creative Writing

SIN?

by: Jason Pacheco

"Cut me from this place!"
"Take away you life? Ha!" one of these three said. "Do this to her and I'm no longer a sane man! She is my love; do not mock her, for if she is hurt, clouds will come over you. I have been a quiet observer of your smooth butchering of a person's pride. You can do it to your brothers, you can do it to your wife, you can do it to me, but she will not be troubled. So, because I am no longer of your kind, you degrade me? And what a horrible world this is, that love is a sin. It is bad? Am I wrong? Are both she and I wrong just to love?"

A long silence, then the three adolescents took out their knives.
"Wait! If this what we're doing is so wrong," he paused as he wiped away some tears from his eyes, "kill us now and let us both rot in hell !"
They left.

REALITY OR DREAM?

by Danielle L. Proulx

Wondering if it'll ever be!
Can the truth ever be found and will it?
To face the facts, and end the dreams
is too hard to do. Yet there are people
who do it everyday. They conquer reality; or what they think is. Within their
dreams is reality to them. They do whatever fits their purpose. Or whatever
their purpose may be to fit them. And
then there are people who conquer
reality, their everyday life. They rule like
the Gods and think they are. But soon
or later their reality may conquer them.
And what is the fact,
May become a dream.
And what is a dream,
May become a fact.
It's up to you to rule,
In your way.
Your reality or your dream,
Is your purpose to be chosen!

WHEN I SAW MY REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER

by Henry Thomas

When I saw my reflection in the water
I saw my glistening side of wonder
When I saw my reflection in the water
I found ripples of fallen confusion
I saw my reflection in the water
on formations of earth
and sun at my ocean
When I saw my reflection in the water
I had sat motionless for an hour
Because of an aura
I wish I'd seen more of
When I saw my reflection in the water
future lost and past unforgotton
I thought I had die and gone to heaven
I saw my reflection in the water
and had a sense of what was coming
at last I've seen the spawning
of the only remnants of confusion falling

Blackened (Insanity)

by Doug Machado

I am stuck
In blackness.
A realization
Of these unfathomable
Deaths.
6 million lives
destroyed...
All because of
Insanity.
I cannot comprehend
The satanic images
I see.
The desperate eyes,
The demonic faces.
Cracked with suffering
And hate.
Engraved somewhere...
(perhaps in memory?)
My blood-stained cheeks

Love Denied

by Steph White

You act as if I don't exist.
You act like I'm not here.
You make me feel like I am nothing.
You make me feel unreal.
I thought that friendship would help us both,
I thought you'd still be there.
I realize it all was a dream,
And I'm just an empty space.

WHY?

by Sarah Mullen

In this proud land we grow up strong.
They say we were wanted all along.
We've been taught to fight, taught to win
We never were taught to fail.
No time left or so it seems.
Some of us have dreams,
Alot don't have any.
Too light to see the dark
Too dark to see the light
Too poor to be rich
Too rich to be poor
Too sad to smile
Too proud to cry
Too young to understand
Too old to explain
Too good to be bad
Too bad to be good
Too old to live
Too young to die
All these problems
And why doesn't anybody know why?

Have a SAFE, HEALTHY, and FANTASTIC SUMMER!