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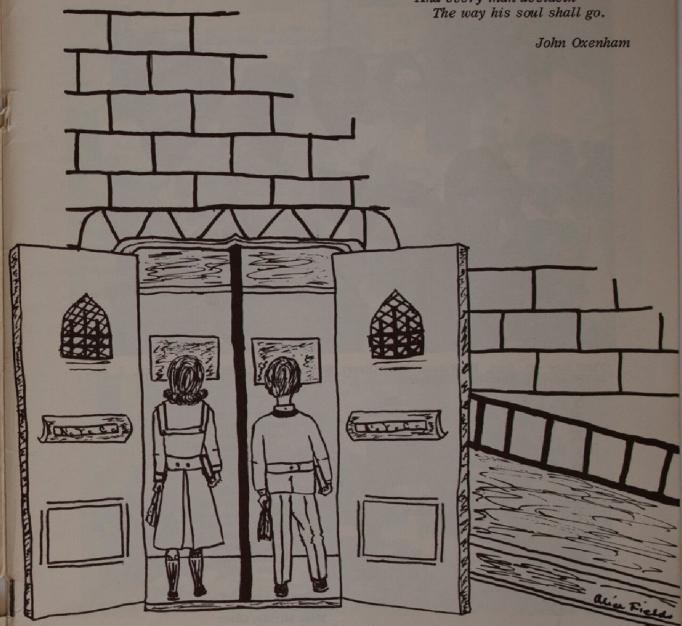
WADLEIGH WAY

JUNE 1965



To every man there openeth
A high way, and a low.
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham



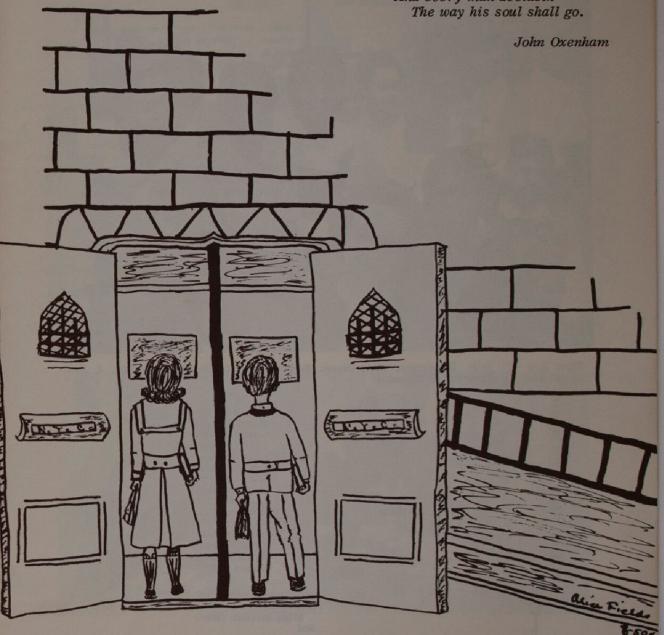
THE WADLEIGH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL 88, MANHATTAN

215 WEST 114TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERRY SPIRO, Principal

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Alice Fielder
850K



First Row - D. Fort, E. Watson, Miss Oliver; Second Row - L. Beach, S. Malloy, J. Gee, M. Wilson, O. Thomas, J. Simpson

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OF
THE
WADLEIGH
WAY**

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8th year graduates
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Dear Graduates:

The "Great Society" of President Johnson envisions an America that is free of poverty, prejudice, of ignorance, and disease. It plans for an elevation of the human spirit through increased educational opportunity, encouragement of the arts and sciences, better use of leisure time, the conservation of our magnificent natural resources, and service to others.

This master plan will not be realized, of course, only by money or by wishing. It will involve the skills of many-among them the engineer, researcher, teacher, technician, artist, forester, builder, city planner, craftsman and a host of others.

Will you in your own way be one of the architects of this brave new world? The answer is yours. You are about to embark upon a great adventure in the high schools of the city of New York. Make the most of the opportunities that are afforded to you there. Keep in mind that the decisions you make in the next year or two, may very well direct your destinies for the rest of your lives. Remember too, that you count-no

matter how populated our city and nation may be, no matter how insignificant we may seem to be in this world of concrete and machinery. Our greatness as a people depends, in the final analysis, on the worth, character, and skill of each of us.

Good luck!

Sincerely,
Perry Spiro



Assistant Principals L to R: Mr. Spiro (Principal), Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Wright, Miss Nash, Mrs. Petache, Mr. Bauch; Standing: Mr. Starr, Mr. Chevera



Woodworking Shop

Training Opens Doors

To Future Jobs



Metal Shop

THE ELECTRIC SHOP

In room 516 there is a steady hum of activity as Wadleigh students busily make electronic brooms, telegraph keys, electronic pencils, and even motors.

Mr. Greenwald instructs the students in the theory and practice of general electricity. The students also learn practical things that will help them in their later life.

In order to teach electrical shop, one needs either a Bachelor of Science degree in vocational education, or at least five years of trade experience.

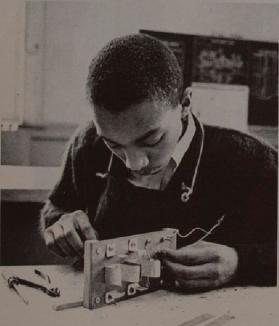
Many girls have taken electrical shop. They receive the same training as the boys.

After projects are finished, most students take them home. A project is not considered finished until it is in a good working condition.

At the end of the course, the students have learned quite a bit about simple electricity. This includes how to wire lamps, how to solder wires, how to make electro magnets, and how magnetism and electricity are derived.

This is a rewarding experience for all involved.

Leslie Beach



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HOMEMAKING

Homemaking is taught in junior high schools to introduce students to the responsibility that all members of the family share in making a fruitful and happy family life. homemaking is a right to help students develop skills and techniques and to express themselves artistically in homemaking activities.

Many principles are involved in homemaking activities such as safety, cleanliness, good manners and orderliness. The girls work in family groups of four which help them to share in family living. The aim for a student who has had homemaking is to be qualified to perform many of the more difficult tasks in caring for a home.



THE SEWING SHOP

Walk by rooms 201 or 201A and you'll see girls working industriously to make suits, skirts, jumpers, dresses, vests and blouses.

Under the direction of Miss Werner, the girls learn personal grooming and they construct simple projects.

Miss Werner had to have experience in the trade, as well as a college degree to teach.

The girls don their creations as soon as they are made. The garments are practical and generally well made, and the girls are quite proud of them.

After a term in sewing the girls are expected to be able to alter their own clothing, and plan a well organized wardrobe. Some even go on and take sewing in High School.

Sewing is fun, for it lets the girls take a part in one of their prime interests.

Leslie Beach

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THE CERAMIC SHOP

New worlds of creativity have been opened for Wadleigh students in ceramics shop room 108.

Under the direction of Mr. Schettino, the students express themselves in clay, making ash trays, pottery and times small figurines. This shop also gives the student an experience in one part of industrial technology.

Mr. Schettino has to have a college degree, majoring in ceramics.

At one time there were girls in the ceramic shop. These girls did fine work, while learning and enjoying themselves. This year only boys had the privilege of going to ceramics.

Most students in the shop take pride in their work, and show it by presenting their creations to a favorite teacher.

All that is expected of the students in ceramics is that he actively involves himself to his work.

Ceramics is a rewarding experience, not only because you learn, create things, express yourself, but because you take pride in your work.

Leslie Beach



Printing Shop



Millinery Shop



First Row: Linda Pultz, Linda Turner, Audrey Campbell, Violet Sauer, Dennis Gill, Judy Charles, Victoria Thomas
Second Row: Mr. Bach, Carole Sommersette, Margie Fields, Theresa S. Beard, Shirley Strohmeier, Miss Nash
Third Row: Mrs. Strong, Robert Wilson, Laurence Samples, Benjamin Williams, David Franklin

THE WADLEIGH TEACHERS OF TOMORROW

The Wadleigh Teachers of Tomorrow or as they are more commonly known, the Future Teachers, is a group of students who, under the direction of Miss Kahan, look into the profession of teaching.

Most of the meetings are interesting. Debates on topics prepared and interesting topics such as "Should teachers hit students?", "How many years of college will we need?", "What is a teacher's salary?"

The group has expanded since last year and we hope that it will expand even more.

Janice Simpson

PATROLS

"...you will always find your school Patrol ever watchful and on guard." So goes a portion of our school patrol motto. Under the direction of their new leader Mr. Schneidt, the patrols make this statement true.

Their endless jobs include not only monitoring the halls but ushering at P.T.A. meetings and maintaining three colorguards. Besides this our patrols must keep a high scholastic average.

Thanks patrols for a job well done!



First Row: Datica Rivera, Deborah Johnson, Brenda Bennett, Deborah Ellis, Arlene Dawson, Wanda Adams, Garland Buckner, Second Row: Mr. Bach, Doris Mason, Naomi Lloyd, Diane McCartney, Miss Nash
Third Row: Deborah Lynn, Daisy Ortiz, Janice Simpson, Gloria Middleton

Those Who Have Succeeded Show Us The Way To Success

AMBASSADOR FRANKLIN H. WILLIAMS

It all started when Mrs. Wright invited her brother's friend, Ambassador Williams, to speak to us. Ambassador Williams was an interesting speaker who really won the enthusiasm of the students.

I was one of the lucky students who was on the panel discussion with the Ambassador. After the



discussion he was presented with a certificate and an Honor League Pin by Janice Simpson and Robert Rodriguez both of 9-405. Afterwards, there was the usual tea.

Ambassador Williams said he wanted to come back, but everyone said that. Then one Wednesday afternoon, some students were paged to Mr. Spiro's office. There we put our names in a hat and twelve people were chosen. They met at 3:30 and we met in the Home Economics room and talked with Ambassador Williams about anything we wanted to know. In return he invited us to come down to the U.N. on April 1, 1965, under the direction of Mrs. Davis, and a few other teachers, including Mr. Crain and Mr. Chevers (Mr. Spiro joined us later). We drove down to the United Nations.

First we went to the Ambassador's office, a treat in itself. There we saw pictures, autographs and handcrafts of Africa. Autographs came from Dr. Martin Luther King, President Johnson and President Kennedy and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. While there, each of us received a little Chilean chess piece. Ambassador Williams said that they would bring us good luck. These pieces supplemented the Tanganyikan Chess set he gave to our school. Ambassador Williams is a collector of chess sets and has about seventeen sets from various parts of the world.

Next we went upstairs to the United States Mission to the United Nations buildings conference room for a snack.

We then went on a reserved tour of the United States. At about five o'clock we piled into the

bus, who, in case you didn't know, is United States Representative to the Economic and Social Council, the first Negro ever to hold such a position. He grew up in Harlem, in this neighborhood.

Ambassador Williams often tells how as a teenager, he owned only one coat, a big heavy one. When it got too warm for that coat and too cold to go without a coat, he had to do without. He tells of how he used to work as a busboy in the third basement of Kress and earned ten dollars a week. Then suddenly he decided to go to college. Because his marks weren't high enough for City College, he saved up sixty dollars and went to Lincoln College. There he became the classmate of Ghana's leader Kwame Nkrumah.

Ambassador Williams told us that he worked his way through school; only not in the old way, where you think of all the hardships the person must have endured, but did it was fun. After getting his law degree here, getting married and having two sons, Frank Jr. now 19, and Paul now 14, the cost of living chased the Ambassador and his family to California. There he became an active Civil Rights lawyer. During the 1960 elections he worked vigorously for President Kennedy. After the elections were over and Sargent Shriver was put in charge of the Peace Corps, he remembered the hard working young lawyer in California and recommended Ambassador Williams to be one of the five men who was going to help organize the Peace Corps. Eventually Ambassador Williams was made Director of the Division of the Peace Corps in Africa and when an associate of his became close to President Johnson and there was a U.N. post to be filled, again the hard working young regional director was remembered.

Despite his busy schedule the Ambassador still has time for us. This makes us proud, and inspires us to higher goals.

Janice Simpson

car. Of course to ride in the Ambassador's car was a much sought after honor. Mrs. Davis had settled the argument in advance. We would go down to the U.N. in his car in alphabetical order and reverse the order on the way home. Those who rode home were the luckiest. The Ambassador rode with them until he reached his home and then his chauffeur brought the students back to Weddell.

All in all I don't know who had more fun, Ambassador Williams or the students.

Janice Simpson



"STAY IN SCHOOL OR BE THE NEW WORLD'S RUBBISH!"
Patricia Manning

On Friday February 19 in the Senior Assembly, a very distinguished person visited us. This person was Dr. Anna Arnold Hedgeman, who at present is on the staff of the Commission on Religion and Race as well as being a consultant for the Division of Higher Education.

Dr. Hedgeman is very interested in young people. She feels very strongly that education is the only way to success. "If we don't stay in school, we will be nothing but rubbish in the New World because automation is rapidly taking man's place. She feels that knowledge is our only means of competing against it."

So remember, we are tomorrow's leaders, and education is the only thing that can make us good ones.



INDIA - A NOT SO DISTANT COUNTRY
On Thursday, November 19, 1964, several ninth grade classes had the honor of listening to Mrs. Miriam Wasi, a delightful visitor from India.

Mrs. Wasi is in charge of secondary school yearbooks in her own country. Here in New York she holds the position of Education-Consultant on Curriculum to the State Department of Education in Albany, adviser on introducing India into our educational system and what to teach about it.

Mrs. Wasi said, "More children go to elementary schools today as compared to ten years ago." Most boys and girls in India wished to go to a university. Today there are six million students in secondary schools, about 100,000 and one half million students in universities. Their curriculum is the same as ours, except for the fact that the Indian teenager at the age of fourteen chooses his occupation and begins training for it.

In 1950 the caste system was abolished by the Indian Constitution. Though it has taken some time, urbanization, industrialization and education are helping to overcome the system even more. Still the Indian teenager does not have as much freedom as we do. Marriages are still arranged by the parents, but Indian teenagers are more often deciding who they won't marry. In the large cities where there is more freedom than in rural areas teens spend their free time the same as we do. They sing, have parties, and go to the movies. The "Beatles" are also very popular there.

Janice Simpson



On Friday December 18, 1964 we had three big treats in the Senior Assembly. The first was a performance of the Glee Club under the direction of Mrs. E. Wright. They sang many well known Christmas carols, in keeping with the holiday season.

Along with this we had a speaker, Rev. Hicks, from St. Marks Church where the Glee Club sings annually. He spoke to us with words of wisdom, which were, "We need God-given men; men who have a faith, morale and principle by which they are guided by all that is right and good." These were words to which I am sure all in the audience took heed.

Our third treat was the celebrating of Mr. Basch's birthday, which is on December 21. Diane McCartney presented him cake. The entire assembly sang Happy Birthday and send to Mr. Basch took one piece and the rest went to the honor classes 9-301, 9-511, and patrols.

Patricia Manning



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THE ORCHESTRA Margie Fields

Our orchestra leader, Mr. William Werbell, is an excellent musician. The senior orchestra consists of 18 members. Under the direction of Mr. Werbell the orchestra has learned to not only play fluently and on pitch, but also the true value of music. The orchestra members intend to use their musical ability for extra curricular activities, in addition to performing for assemblies.

THE BAND Lana Turner

The Instrumental Music Department is supervised by Mr. Yancy who is in charge of the band. The band includes clarinets, flutes, trumpets, a French horn, tenor saxophones, trombones and tubas.

Those that are in the band have five periods of music per week. Members may be seventh, eighth, or ninth grade students. Due to the fact that there isn't enough time to rehearse during the regular school day, we practice after school on Mondays from 3:00 - 4:30 p.m.

The band has performed for several assemblies. The Senior Band, consisting of 18 members, performed on Monday night, April 23, for Mayor Wagner.

One of the senior clarinetists passed the test for the High School of Music and Art. She is Margie Fields of Class 9-511. Margie not only played instrumentally, but vocally as well.

THE GLEE CLUB

Led by lead soprano Sheila Johnson, lead tenor Kenneth Stroman, lead base Lawrence Samples, and lead alto Marjorie Fields our Glee Club has ten voices. Some professionals don't reach this height.

Under the direction of an excellent music department, headed by Mrs. Elfreda Wright, Mrs. Marcia Hall, and Mr. Raymond Henry, the 150 voices of our Glee Club have moved many. Approximately 50 of these 150 are from the ninth grade.

On the 26th of April, the Glee Club sang for Mayor Wagner. This however, is only one of their several performances. They sang at Town Hall for the Urban League, gave six other concerts, appeared on a television program (a musical Legend of Sleepy Hollow, with our own Mr. Lavergneau as Ichabod Crane), at our own outstanding assembly programs, at our annual Spring Concert on June 3rd, and at Graduation. The Glee Club was also one of the few groups invited to reappear at the New York's World Fair.

Three members of our Glee Club, Sheila Johnson, Kenneth Stroman and Marjorie Fields, have been admitted to Music and Art High School for further voice study.

Janice Simpson

Music Is A Door To Pleasure



Senior Orchestra

Fifth Row: Ethel Calder, Doris Mason, Louise Johnson, Lois Jackson, Linda White, Debra Faison
Second Row: Ann Davis, Naomi Lloyd, Patricia Morris, Catherine Morris, Linda Morris, Vernona Williams, Sharon Page, Louise King
Third Row: Susan Gray, Rosanna Ali, Violet Siber, Barbara Gibbons
Mr. Werbell



Senior Band

First Row: Clarence Haskins, Dennis Washington, Arnold Sims, Victoria Thomas, Marjorie Fields, Lana Turner, Vernay Roberts, Kenneth Hammond, Edward Grant
Second Row: Mr. Werbell, Greg King, Edward Grant, Ronald Jenkins, Terrell Wells, Fred Shepard, Reginald Smith, Richard Burgess, Jerry Carty, Charles Abbot



First Row: Arnette Smith, Carole Somersette, Cynthia Buntyn, Dora Brewer, Marjorie Fields, Lana Turner, Cindy Edwards, Debra Faison, Vernay Roberts, Shirley Williams, Linda Johnson, Sheila Johnson, Florence Gray, Kenneth Stevens, Miss Nash
Second Row: Benjamin Williams, Juan Valdes, William Bailey, Lawrence Sample

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Books Show The Way To Knowledge

WADLEIGH BOOK FAIR



During four days in November approximately 600 paperback books were sold at the book fair in our school library. The students were pleased with the selection, as were most of the parents when they visited the fair in November. All of the books were of general interest to the students.

The purpose of the fair is to help the students to start their own home libraries. Many books in the selection were picked because they are not available in local stores.

Approximately \$70-\$80 were collected at the fair. Although it was not planned to make money, there was a little profit, which went into the general school fund.

Mr. Fultz, chairman of the Wadleigh Book Fair, described the fair as "very successful."

The winners of the school book fair were: first prize, 9-511, 76 books; second prize, 8-313, 62 books; and third prize, 7-414, 60 books. These classes are warmly thanked for contributing to the success of our book fair.

Jean Gee



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LIBRARY SQUAD

The Wadleigh Library Squad consists of well-trained members. They check books in and out, and shelf them according to the Dewey Decimal System. This makes it easier by communicating with each other and carrying out the rules taught to us by Mr. Fultz, our school Librarian.

I think that the students in Wadleigh are very fortunate to have such a wonderfully efficient library squad. The members are very pleasant and create an atmosphere to stimulate one to return to the Wadleigh library.

Sharon Malloy
Evelyn Watson



Seated: Lywood Stratton, Gary James, David Wilson, Curtis Marlowe
Standing: Emery Maloy, Vital Hughes, William Jones, Miss Landman,
Larry Evans, Cecilia Duran, David Dawson, Luther Stanley
Third Row: Curtis Montague, Robert Arredondo

THE WADLEIGH CHESS CLUB

The Wadleigh Chess Club is a place of peace and pleasure. You can have fun and associate with fellow schoolmates.

Here is a place where you learn a little about war. Our wonderful supervisor Miss Landman plays chess wonderfully. She has taught me to play fairly well.

We meet every Monday and Thursday in room 304. If I were you, I'd come and have a little peace and pleasure.

David Dawson

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The Story Of A Play

What Makes Harry Run?

On February 20, 22, and 23, 1965, the members of class 8-313 put on the play, "What Makes Harry Run?" To our great satisfaction our play went over well. The pupils in grades 7, 8, and 9 seemed to enjoy our little production immensely, but I can assure you ours was nothing compared to their entertainment. The following is a description of our preparation and actual execution of "What Makes Harry Run?"

Miss Brunson, the official teacher of class 8-313 made a very important announcement one day in January. She told us that we were compelled to give a play. Miss Brunson added, "We are listed to give a play about Brotherhood." Everyone's heart sank. Certainly Brotherhood is an interesting and essential topic, but it's ever so common. After patiently listening to our grievances, all of the same nature (W.H. Brotherhood?), Miss Brunson asked us if we had any alternatives in mind. Someone suggested a committee which would come in and formulate a plan.

The next day, five appointed Play Committee members arrived at 8:05 to construct a play. It was reluctantly decided that our play should be about Negro History. I say reluctantly because this subject is also common in Wadleigh. A few days later the play committee displayed a timeline of their progress. The entire class was disappointed. Negro History is just that, history. History is static. No matter what class exhibits them, the facts remain the same.

Following this let-down an additional number of names were added to the Play Committee List. After all, two heads are better than one and we had (?). Someone jokingly said, "Let's give a play about the future. We can demonstrate our future occupations." Presented as quoted this idea was naturally laughed off as a naive implementation. Miss Brunson, who had overheard this remark, commented, "I think that's a good idea." So the suggestions were being made and agreed upon. A script was written and revised. The names used were our own with a few exceptions like Lurch, Alice Smithettell and Harry Wellington.

We had exactly five days to learn stage movements and parts. Our main problems were speaking loudly and remembering to face the audience at all times. We all worked hard.

The next aspect of completing the preparations for what we hoped would be a good play was

bringing in props. I'm sure you noticed the various articles placed about the stage to give the effect of a home in which a Class Reunion party could be held. With the exceptions of the sofas, brought down by Mr. Cliff, the screens, provided by Mrs. Smith, and the stools the entire set was composed of odds and ends from Class 8-313. Perhaps you observed a number of students entering the building with huge, bulky bundles on their backs, under their arms or clenched in their fingers. Those were our props.

Next came our costuming. The girls were constantly chattering about what they'd wear. The boys in their own quiet, discreet manner were also making decisions. On the day of the play, the girls used the teachers' room on the third floor to get dressed. Pins were flying all about. Gooey cosmetics were applied, clothing adjusted, and hair combed. I must admit we (especially myself) were the silliest group of girls.



MY CAREER IN WRITING

I have always felt an urge to write, a call to put my thoughts into words. I feel that no other profession could surpass writing.

All through the years books have carried ideas and thoughts to others. People have remembered these through the centuries.

Yet writing does have its drawbacks. As a career I find that it is financially uncertain. Perhaps at first you'll have to have another job and devote spare time to writing. Often, however, the experience of the job gives writers something to write about. After all, couldn't you write a better story of a salesman if you'd been one yourself?

To be a successful writer, you should have a certain amount of literary talent, originality, and imagination. You need a sense of beauty, a keen intellect, an interest in world affairs, and a desire to write.

Suppose you possessed all of these qualities; what about training and education? A writer can't be created by school courses; he can only be further developed by them.

There has never been such a great demand as now for capable, talented writers. It's up to some of us at Wadleigh to carry literature on into the world of tomorrow.

Lana Turner

THE PEDOMETER

Tick, tick, tick, tick. Have you ever heard this sound as you walked down the halls of Wadleigh? Well, probably not. You see, it's the sound of a pedometer.

A pedometer is an instrument that measures how far a person walks. Weldon Dyson of class 9-405 wore one for a whole week.

It all started when class 9-405 was going over vocabulary in English and came across the word pedometer. Most of us forgot all about it, but the next day Mr. Monroe, our English teacher, brought in a surprise. At the end of the period, we found out it was a pedometer. Mr. Monroe wrote the name of each student on a slip of paper and then selected one person. It was Weldon.

For a whole week Weldon wore the pedometer from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. At the end of the week he had walked 19 miles. Now just how does one walk 19 miles in one week? Well you do just like Weldon did, make special trips to the waste paper basket, forget your book in the last class, go home for lunch and other things.

Yes, here at Wadleigh we practice the physical fitness bit...all the way.

Janice Simpson

A.B.C.

Winners

Mamie Anderson
Westover School
Middlebury, Connecticut

Kenneth Slone
The Peddie School
Hightstown, New Jersey

Clarence Edwards
Verde Valley School
Sedona, Arizona

Robert Rodriguez
The Lawrenceville School
Lawrenceville, New Jersey

Weldon Dyson
Darrow School
New Lebanon, New York

Joseph Alston
Mount Hermon School
Mount Hermon, Massachusetts

Alfred Fleck
Pending

Dorothy Fort
The Barlow School
Amenia, New York

Janice Simpson
The Waynflete School
Portland, Maine

Brenda Bennett
The Mountain School
Vermont

Doors Of Opportunity Open To Eager Students

by Janice Simpson

The A.B.C. used to be just plain old letters of the alphabet, but today they mean a lot more. They stand for "A Better Chance," a program introduced in our school by Mr. Edouard E. Plummer.

A selected group of boys and girls were chosen to take an exam. No promises were made, but one of us, some lucky person, might be chosen to go away this summer to Mount Holyoke, an exclusive college in Massachusetts, and, if you are a boy, to Lawrenceville in New Jersey. When I first did this, you could receive a scholarship to a private school, and then maybe receive a scholarship to college.

Oh, how we prayed! I can remember how difficult the test was. Then one Saturday morning I got a letter; it was accepted. I couldn't believe it was true. Eventually many other people were accepted. (See pictures.)

Schools Talent Search Program was founded. In the past two years the program has met with widespread enthusiasm and has been expanded.

The opportunities available to the student at an independent school are almost unlimited. Substantial financial funding, together with a small pupil-teacher ratio, give the student the opportunity of close attention from instructors, provide him or her with excellent classrooms, library and laboratory facilities, and place him with classmates who are able to stimulate and challenge his abilities. Most of the schools have a broad program of physical education and extracurricular activities complementing his work in the classroom. This cultivation of academic ability, extracurricular interest and character is a fine preparation for college and for life.

The A.B.C. program is a supplement to going away in the fall. Students from a variety of racial backgrounds are selected. However, every student must want to participate and must show the ability and desire to enter a prep school. The students live in college dormitories in groups of seven, each group with a resident tutor. Meals are served in the dining halls. The students are in capable hands for the staff includes eight experienced secondary school teachers and eight undergraduate resident tutors.

The program consists of intensive work in English and mathematics; how to read, write and speak more effectively; and how to master basic concepts in arithmetic and algebra. The program also strengthens reading, study skills, writing communications, and use of library. Students work with faculty and resident-tutors in small classes and tutorials. College athletic facilities, drama groups, and field trips are provided for recreation. This summer orientation period is to see if the student can adjust to such a life. These sessions are held at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire for boys, and Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts for girls.

Since 1961 Wadleigh students have been accepted at various schools including: Barlow School, Amenia, N.Y.; Darrow School, New Lebanon, N.Y.; Hotchkiss School, Lakeville Connecticut; Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J.; Mount Hermon School, Mount Hermon, Mass.; Waynflete School, Portland, Maine; and Westover School, Middlebury, Conn.

A THOUGHT

When you are alone with no one to talk to many things cross your mind ... some things you never stopped to think about before. Many baffling questions appear before you. Many of these questions are weighed, cast aside, recalled occasionally, but still sit at the back of your mind.

But then there are the outstanding ones ... the one you seem to have to grow out of. Maybe these are common adolescent thoughts and maybe they are thoughts shared by entire worlds of people all over.

One particular question of very serious importance that continually perplexes me is the question, "Is there really a Divine Being or God?" Is there really a master Being (or should I say Spirit) who sees, hears, knows and controls every particle of matter existing in the countless number of universes? Is there really a superior something or something that even controls the so-called superior man?

In short, I wouldn't like to think that man is supreme. I would like to think that there is a being of spirit who has a deeper understanding and purpose for life than brutal man has shown. I would like to think (as everyone) that there is

really a place called heaven. I would hate to think that this world of hatred and evil is to continue and the new and anticipated world of enduring love and happiness will never begin.

Still people say "Be logical, face reality." Why, look at our ancient civilizations. These people loved and worshipped a different god for every force they had knowledge of. There is there really a Zeus or an Athena or a Venus?

It is true, the Greeks and Romans worshipped many gods. Look at Greek mythology. There were so many questions unanswered, so many stories unexplained and so, being logical, intelligent human beings, they knew everything had an origin and a reason. So, in concocting imaginary gods and tales they found a way out of their doubt. Is this what we have done? Could our Hebrew prophets be compared with the ancient Greek minstrels who sang and recited tales of their gods? Will future generations look upon our Holy Bible as a book of fantastic tall stories and myths? This is all really something to think about.

As I said, I hope there is a God and I want to believe and have a deep faith in Him. I think maybe this is only a period of doubt I'm going through, and in time I will attain this faith and belief.

Sharon Malley



Otto Grant
8-101

18

19

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Sharon Malley

18

19

*When the moon is dim in the western sky
And the stars are out and it's very late,
I watch to see the mail go by.*

Raymond Brown
7-317

*Be very polite to the wind, my child,
With his bag like a circus clown's.
For the wind's a fellow both wise and wild.*

Raymond Brown
7-317

*Come sun, come rain so
I can grow my crops,
Without sun and rain-no crops.*

Vergie Savage
7-317

HAIKU

*The beautiful sky
Up there oh so blue,
There it is and why-*

Kenneth Staggers
7-317

*Autumn is here, the leaves are gone,
Snow is falling,
Soon we'll sing old winter's song.*

Wanda Stevens
7-317

*Spring is a graceful and dainty ballerina,
She flows in and performs a few delicate
Movements and leaves gracefully.*

Glorietta Gray
9-511

The Doorway Of Despair *Becomes A Door Of Hope*



A GLASS OF WATER...
THE REHABILITATION OF 114TH STREET

Janice Simpson and Sharon Malloy

For as long as we can remember people have been saying "Harlem is going to the 'dogs'." The trouble was, everybody was talking about it, but no one was doing anything about it. Some people, however, decided to do something. By banding together they brought to the attention of the city the terrible and unacceptable conditions under which people in Harlem lived.

On Tuesday, April 13, 1965, in the presence of the Rehabilitation Project was officially initiated. This experimental project involves all 37 buildings on both sides of West 114th Street between 7th and 8th Avenues, all over 40 years of age.

Almost immediately, on April 19, buildings

tubs but no sinks. Walk-through bedrooms will be eliminated; all bedrooms will have doors which can be closed for privacy. The apartments will be complete with new kitchens and bathrooms, new floors, walls, ceiling and windows, and for the first time since original construction there will be closets. Buildings will have bells and buzzer systems, door viewers, locked front doors, and locked mail boxes. They will also be rewired and new plumbing systems and heating systems will be installed.

The exteriors will be spruced up, cleaned up and made more attractive. There will be garbage disposal units.

Current apartments range from \$38 to \$100.

In the rehabilitated apartments the average rent will be \$75.

After rehabilitation there will be 458 apartments in the 37 buildings, ranging in size from efficiencies to 5 bedroom apartments. Of these, however, 60% will be 2, 3, and 4 bedroom apartments.

Most of us are quite happy with the plans for this project. Of course, rehabilitating only 114th Street is like taking a glass of water from the ocean, but we think we're all forced to agree that when one is thirsty, a glass of water can seem like a lot.



DREAMS
Roslyn Tillman

What would life be without dreams?
Without the glory of imagination?
No life we'll live it seems;
For dreams are life's creation.

FLIGHT
J. Jackson

I heard some one cry,
soft in the night,
And no one knew,
A heart took flight.

TREES
POEMS ARE MADE BY
FOOLS LIKE ME, BUT
ONLY GOD CAN MAKE
A TREE.
JOYCE KILMER

BIRTH
Roslyn Tillman

Give birth to a new life!
Let once again happiness dawn;
For there is no room for sorrow
When a new life can be born.

LOVE
David Franklin

Love is sweet,
Love is kind,
Love is something you should
Never leave behind.

SHARING
Joyce Jackson

Come, child,
and sit next to me,
Let me tell you of things that
will never be,
Let us whisper of life
and the fantasy beyond,
Let us sit for a while
Listening to the robin's song.

JEWELS
L. Warnick

As a gem is cut by a sharp, fine tool,
So are we shaped in life's stern school,
Glass will crumble and fall apart;
Only jewels with a stouter heart
Will shine the more for the polishing,
With brilliance otherwise never seen.

POEM ABOUT TEENAGERS
Mary Dixon

Some teenagers are good and some
are bad.
Teenagers are quiet and sometimes sad.
Sometimes teenagers are very wild,
Though not all teenagers are very
good,
They are just acting like teenagers
should.

WHO
Deborah Tracy Lynn

Who is man's best friend?
Who bit the mailman in the shin?
Who makes you get up at six?
Who stays close when you are sick?
Who bit a hole in my rubber ball?
Who chased a cat up the hall?
Who is this animal who is nutty?
It's my little dog named Fluffy!

SOMETHING STRANGE
Leann Florence

As I was looking in the sky,
I saw something strange go by;
I said, "Hello, how do you do?"
And the wind went by saying:
"As fine as you."

LIMERICKS

Karen Harris, 7-202

There was a young athlete from Lane,
Who leaned on a window pane.
The window pane broke,
It seemed like a joke,
Till out of the window he came.

Josephine Butler, 7-202

A bullfighter here from Castile,
Made a mint with an old whiskey still.
He got caught by the cop,
Who was too keg to top,
So he ended up back in Castile.

Marian Molloy, 7-202

There was a young chap from Loup City,
The way he looked was a pity.
His clothes were all torn,
And his poor shoes were worn,
But yet he was singing "Sweet Kitty."

Donna Cherry, 7-203

Is Poetry Useful?

Esther Duke:

I do not think poetry is useful because who's going to talk to other people in poetic language. If they do, they're crazy. What are we going to do with lyrics? I think poetry is tiresome. We should be doing something else because most of the children will forget it as soon as we start some other subject.

MOTHER

To one who bears the sweetest name,
And adds a buster to the same;
Who shares my joys,
Who cheers me when I'm sad,
The greatest friend I ever had,
Long life for her, for no other
Can take the place of my dear mother.

James Powell, 9-205

SEPTEMBER

David Franklin

September, September, is a funny
part of the year,
When the orange and brown leaves
begin to appear,
When the children hustle to go
to school,
To sit and learn the Golden Rule.

SPRING

David Franklin

Spring is here, spring is here,
Look at everyone jump and cheer.
The sky is blue,
The faces are old and new.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

by Janice Simpson

Beauty is waking up every morning.
Beauty is hearing your mother yell at you.
Beauty is hearing a robin's song.
Beauty is a pesky kid sister.
Beauty is walking through Central Park in the rain.
Beauty is life.

PEACE AND EQUALITY; 1965

Let it enter as you enter,
Through the doors of time,
Peace and equality,
For all mankind.

R. Tillman, 9-511

SPRING

Spring's a time to get caught
in a downpour with only
a Herald Tribune to protect you.
Spring's a time to muddle in daydreams,
and to cry over a broken heart.

R. Watson, 9-205

Joseph Montford:

I think poetry is proven useful because through it one can learn the deep feelings and internal emotions of others. In poetry the message is there, but not in plain sight. You have to reach out and grasp it before you truly understand it. Poetry is like life. The beauty of it won't come to you. You must go to it. When you do, you find things you have missed or never noticed before.

SIEGE AT DARYIUSL

by Robert Jackson

It's been seven months since we landed on Neptune and seized the capital city of Daryiuls. This sparked the beginning of Planetary War I. Due to the time lapse of global conflicts and the rise of automation the population had become unused to the rigors of war. Fortunately through the foresight of the military, the U.N. had begun a training program for service in the Armed Forces of a more elite group, the Phalanxmen. Only those who passed regimental physical tests were accepted.

For many months the Neptunians had been disintegrating Earth cargo ships and my phalanx the Marauders, had been sent to investigate and avenge these senseless attacks. For this task we were assigned to the Space Needle, the fastest and most powerful starship in the Cygnus Fleet. What it couldn't outrun it could outrun.

We had checked everything including the arsenal, and soon we were space-borne. We reached the atmosphere of Neptune and promptly spied our objective. All we notice the air was filled with the terrifying screams of Meson heat rays searing and scorching the vast sky around us as the torti-mometer shot upward. The Neptunians were attacking. We defended ourselves with everything we had. Our Neptunian gunners grounded their spacecraft before they could take to the air, while Thermal Missiles put a фирм on their armored forces. Still the Neptunians were armed with unlimited resources. I eased the Needle down to 60 to lessen the stress. Then I shot her up to 90 feet as a diversion. This time I dropped her to 275 feet and fired retro behind a mountain range. We resumed combat with the enemy on land.

We were going to try and dig in at least 40 feet from Daryiuls. Six of my men and I played hopelessly with electric bolts as we tore for cover. We dived in and lay behind a hill -- we had made it. The ground began to launch Ultra Napalm bombs against the walls which were to resist this bombardment for almost seven months. At last the walls of the once invincible Daryiuls were buckling. As the big door fell open we sent a Zeta Beam straight through to guard against snipers.

We marched toward what looked like a hollow room just as ornate as I had expected. Seated at what looked like a control panel was a blue skinned old relic, head bent low; and in his dying breath he told us a most incredible tale. His race had perished eons before, and he had

SOMETIMES WHEN I AM ALL ALONE

Sometimes when I am all alone, I sit and think that in other countries, there are other girls all alone, and they are thinking too. Secretly we know each other. Oh, we have never met, but that does not matter.

We are all 14 and there is nothing special or noticeable about us. There is Sonya in Russia, and Sydney in England. Rosa in Italy, Jean in France, Maria in Spain, Ying in China, and Somari in Africa, and they probably think that I'm Mary in America. Oh, our names are far different from these but that does not matter.

We live in different types of houses, and eat different foods, and speak different languages. We have different fathers, and support different governments, but that does not matter.

Sometimes Sonya might think that United States isn't all bad, and I may think there are good things in Russia, too. We all think that maybe the other's ways aren't all bad, and this does matter.

Janice Simpson

THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY

The things money can't buy are treasured things, such as the softness of a child's voice or whispers.

Money can't buy the joy of a friend, someone you can lean on.

Money can't buy the snow that beautifully melts into spring, or the buzzing of a busy bee at work gathering honey.

Money can't buy the softness of May, or the crispness of winter.

Money can't buy a lovely rainbow across the sky. Who knows, there may be a pot of gold at the end.

You money buys candy, garments, and other things, but there's no real enjoyment in these. There are treasured things - things money cannot buy.

Sandra Hall

used androids to wage a most tragic war against us.

All of a sudden there was a silence; the remnant of a long since dead race was gone. We had met defiance at the hands of an old man. The powerful had met defiance and resistance at last.

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Letters from the past

King Alexandros Army
Field Hospital
Ward 3W
April 2, 1300 B.C.

Tacy
1843 Victory Ave.
Attention: Exchange Dept.

Sirs:
I am returning by separate postage the suit of armor which I bought at your Gala Armor Sale. I want to point out the inferior texture of your armor, as you will note by the numerous dents, holes and rust spots. (Please ignore blood stains). In battle I might just as well have worn a Grecian gown for all the protection it afforded me.

Please send following items as listed below in exchange:

1. 1 large bottle of mercurochrome
2. 3'x5' (or larger) Ace bandages
3. 1 pair of heavy duty crutches
4. wheelchair (for later use)

Thank you very much.

Respectfully yours,
Sgr. Andropoulos
King Alexandros Army
Field Hospital

THE LETTER
Dorothy Fort

"Another ordinary day," I thought as I got up that Saturday morning on March 20, I was in a rush to go outside, so I went in the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

I happened to glance on the kitchen table where the mail was. "Hummum," I said to myself, and a big brown envelope. As I read the upper left-hand corner my heart stopped beating for an instant and I became pale. "The Barlow School, Amenia, New York." It said in big letters. I couldn't believe it. "There must be some mistake," I said, but there wasn't. "Mr. and Mrs. David Fort" was written clearly on the envelope.

Even though it was not addressed to me I tore open the envelope and slowly took out some papers from the pamphlet. "Application for Admission" one paper was entitled. "Student Questionnaire," another said. The pamphlet was titled "The Barlow School." As I read these papers I pinched myself to see if I had awakened completely.

"No, not me!" I said when I had read the letter. "Not Dorothy Fort! It can't be me they're talking about!" I read it over and over until I

111 Olympus Avenue
Troy 11111, Greece
April 4, 1000 B.C.

Dear Aphrodite:

Guess what happened this time? You're right! Achilles and Agamemnon are at it again, quarreling and fighting over practically nothing. You must feel real bad because you are, after all, the Goddess of Love and Beauty. How can you stand men? They're nothing but troublemakers. That's why I'd rather be Goddess of Hunt and stay with animals! Believe me, it's much better.

Anyway, I'd better get on with my story. I was up nearly the whole thing up here on cloud 9 while knitting a sweater for my pet dog. First of all, Agamemnon captured Chryseis and threatened to lock her up in Argos forever. Her father came and offered a ransom if only he'd give him back his daughter. Agamemnon was angered and told him to off.

The priest told the god Phobus Apollo and he became angry. He sent many bolts down upon Agamemnon's people. Many died. You must be thinking, "But what has Achilles got with this?" Well, I came in later because he didn't like the way the king was treating everybody. Agamemnon let loose the girl but sent several of his men to capture Achilles' prize, Briseis.

And this was the last thing I saw. You see, Zeus just happened to call me. He was very mad so I went right away. Anyway, I'm sure that the next time you see Apollo you will ask him about this.

Oh well, for the time being, Venus, you can get more info on this the next time you see me. I must cut short my letter because now Queen Hera is calling me for her daily bubble bath! Bye!

Love forever,

Diana

P.S. Don't ever let Zeus know that I told you. This matter is strictly private. If Zeus ever comes, never, but never, let him see this letter. If he does see it, I'll be a dead chicken! See you at the Beauty Show tomorrow at six sharp. Don't forget!

nearly knew the letter by heart.

I ran in the bedroom to tell my mother, who sat up and looked at me, smiled, shook her head, and went back to sleep. For hours after that I was in a world of dreams. "Imagine," I repeated to myself, "I'm going to a private school!" There I sat, my eyes straight ahead, my future rolling out in front of me, and my arm sore from the continuous pinching.

If you find a pin

Max stretched lazily. Today was another one of those days; get out, drive to town, find a job, and so on. For him it was all routine. He had told his mother a million times before that he could never find a job. But she would always say, "You're just plain lazy, if you hope to marry Sue, you'd better get going."

Sue was his sweetheart. To Maxwell Riggs Jr., Sue was everything a man could hope for. Finding Sue was like finding the perfect pin in the world. It was like finding the pot of gold at the rainbow's edge; like finding life itself. Sue gave him the only hope there could be given to a man. She gave him something to live for, something to look forward to day-by-day.

"Remember..." his mother had said, "Sue is like a very lucky pin. If you find a pin, keep it. It may bring you good luck...and if you ever hope to keep Sue, you'd better get a job."

To Max, his mother was a sweetie. With her little proverbs, she often amused his younger brother, Sammy, and his baby sister, Jamie. If it were possible, she could probably raise Jamie out of her grave with one of her little sayings.

Thinking of all of this, Max began to get dressed. He heard his mother calling him. Knowing what she wanted, he yelled out, "Alright Mom, I'm coming now. Just let me put on my jacket and I'll come."

When he shot down stairs, his mother rushed him out of the house, yelling cheerfully, "And don't you come back till you've got yourself a job."

Once in town, Max drove down Main Street, and stopped in front of Allarge & Son Employment Agency, a large, white stoned office building. He left the car and entered the building. Straight ahead of him Max saw the familiar small office. He walked down on the polished old couch he had sat on a million times before.

The same, all-too-familiar interviewer came at him with the same bull-like face. She was a very old woman, in her mid-sixties it seemed. She looked as if she was about to strangle Max. Indeed, he felt like asking her what crime he had committed by coming again for a job.

"Ah, you again Mr. Riggs?" she asked. "Of course I know what you want...you need a job, correct?" Before Max could answer, she walked away. "I'm afraid you don't have a job, think we have one," she said. "Let me call this place first." Max felt a renewed hope rising within him that he had not felt in five months. Exactly ten minutes after he had entered the

building, Max left, proud in heart and spirit. He could marry Sue.

Then Max heard his name being called. He looked behind him. His younger brother, Sam, was running towards him yelling, "Max, Max," he called. "What on earth?" said Max to himself. "Max," said Sam when he had caught up. "A telegram for you from Texas." Max grabbed the paper. He read the telegram eagerly.

Sam looked on, wondering who it could be from. "Must be from Uncle Jack in Fort Worth," he thought. "Maybe he's going to turn his ranch over to Max after all." Then he looked at Max's face. Max seemed to have turned pale.

"What's wrong, Max?" asked Sam, afraid for his brother's sake. "Nothing kid," said Max half-heartedly. Then he felt the tears coming down. Afraid that Sam would see them, he turned and ran, with Sam calling after him.

No one knows how it happened. Some say he committed suicide. Some say it was a hit-and-run. A few knew he had been in a truck. But only Sam knew what had really happened. Only Sam knew what the small crumpled telegram that lay in the middle of the street meant. Only he knew what its contents meant. He, only he, knew what the words 'Sue...killed in plane crash' meant to Max.

James Sullivan

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

Everyone has somebody, a very special somebody to whom their most loving affections and kindest thoughts are directed. It is not often that you can express how you feel towards that person to them or to anyone else, for that matter. So though it's in your heart your special someone may never know it.

My special someone could never be replaced no matter how long the lapse of time in our seeing one another or the distance we are apart. My friend is someone who is understanding and warm. Though not so big in stature, this person is still someone big enough and strong enough to lean on and respect.

My friend is someone who is not quick to scorn even when it is deserved, but always ready to sympathize when sympathy is most needed.

As you have probably guessed I love my friend and think no one could be greater. I'm sure you understand my affection because you all know how it makes you feel special and cared for.

There is someone that could be just as you know some things are not easily expressed. So there...I have told what was very hard to get into words. Give what I have written a bit of deep thought. Does it remind you of someone you know?

SENIORS

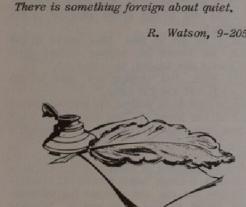
A SENIOR OATH

We, the seniors of Wadleigh Junior High School in the year of 1965, pledge to bring only honor, pride and glory to our school. We will try with all our might to do our best. We will work diligently for the good of our nation and ourselves, hoping to become good citizens. We pledge to our parents that all of your sacrifices have not gone in vain. We pledge to our teachers to build on what you have taught us. Finally, we pledge to ourselves to be as good a person as God intended us to be.



CHANGE OF PERIOD

The bell rings. Everybody is off. Students scurry out of the room. Two have conspired to meet friends on the fifth floor landing. Another has arranged to borrow a gynsuit and exchange yesterday's social events. A frantic teacher is checking his schedule in order to find his next room. A student is admonished, but the beautiful bustle goes on.



NO TITLE

We, the senior students of Wadleigh Junior High must venture on into this vast world to begin seeking our situations in life. For during the past three years the faculty has aided in building our ambitions. I, like many more, have regrets in making this huge step towards greater maturity. But we must leave behind the past and look ahead with hope toward our future years of education.

Yours as always,
The class of '65



MISS ALTER

First Row: Saraly More, Denise Fulton, Adrian McLemders, Andrea Brooks, Miss Alter, Wintress White, Mary Meredith, Shawnae Floyd, Loretta Price

Second Row: Jessie Parker, Fred Beebe, Sandra Hall, Charlotte Woodley, Percy Gully, Gwendolyn Dyson, Barbara Kennedy, Patricia Harmon, Ron Landsmark, Curtis Marlow

Third Row: Larry Walker, Albert Wright, Clarence Gordon, Edward Talfaire, David Wilson, Thay Brown, Steven Lewis

MR. AUSTIN



First Row: Audrey McKinnon, Mary Evans, Helen White, Mairinda Bishop, Opheilia Thomas, Paula Clifton, Claudia Dodd, Bernadette Buntyn

Second Row: John Douglas Jr., Jerome Brown, Majorie Wilson, Linda Key, LaVerne Moore, Josephine Evans, Addie Barnes, Mr. Austin

Third Row: Ronald Mabry, James Tyler, Samuel Whitfield, Reginald Spies, Richard Garcia, Dennis Franklin, Ambers Jackson, Alfonso Wilson

CLASS 8-101 MRS. BROOM



First Row: Adlene Hill, Roslyn Blodding, Norma York, Deidre Lamb, Michele Powell, Carmen Johnson, Lenore Foy, Mary Johnson

Second Row: Beryl King, Fletcher Hall, Carlton Meadows, Floyd Carpenter, William Arzu, Laredo Washington, Robert Yarbrough, Mark Samuel, Ellen Oakley, Jacqueline Smith

Third Row: Ronald Coleman, Alfonso Mach, Willie Smith, Richard Banks, Craig Jernigan, James Williams, Otto Grind, John Delgado, Herbert Coleman

First Row: Garland Buckson, Wanda Adams, Brenda Bennett, Mamie Anderson, Natalie Boyd, Deborah Johnson, Debra Rivera, Stephanie Holder

Second Row: David Amit, Gloria Middleton, Sandra Wells, Louise Trice, Doris Clarke, Arlene Dawson, Daisy Ortiz, Eldred Ingraham

Third Row: Milton Davis, James Ratliff, Curtis Robinson, James Sullivan, Keith Jones, Henry Johnson, Bruce Peace



CLASS 8-312 MISS BRUNSON

First Row: Margaret Bonaparte, Alice Jordan, Francine Walters, Sadie Tyson, Linda Holton, Deborah Landy, Evelyn Murray, Shirley Pough, Linda Jones, Helen Clegg
Second Row: Richard Adams, Robert Williams, Patsy Joyner, Ronce Ward, Louise Simmons, Shirley Williams, Daven Parker, Tema Smith, Gloria Jackson, Herbert Washington, Third Row: David Evans, Miller Wilson, Robert Doyle, James Anderson, Charles Sabb, Daniel Bailey, Conel Jordan, Kermit Romer, Jerry Everret, Joseph Randolph

CLASS 8-302 MR. DAVIDS



First Row: Josephine Hayden, Sheila Towns, Corrine Walker, Archie Mae Powder, Miss Davis, Rosaly Bell, Beverly Perkins, Regina Reid

Second Row: Ruby Haynes, George Bunch, Walter Eilets, Larry White, Jerry Wright, John Alston, Louise Chattman, Norma Ward



CLASS 8-210 MISS FRANCIS

First Row: Sheri Moore, Sharon Gorden, Veronica Moore, Leann Florence, Alice Fields, Mary Dixon, Virginia Bailey, Reginald Washington, Lynette Duke

Second Row: Adolph Bowman, Emery Malloy, Sonny Simonen, Janice Johnson, Elissa Johnson, Edward Foster, Curley Shealy, Ahmet Gilhey, Mr. Harper

Third Row: Jackie Dudley, Raymond Prince, Cedric Robinson, Michael Nix, Robert Armitstead, Zachery Jones, William Kellum



CLASS 8-504 MR. HARPER

CLASS 8-505 MR. HICKS



First Row: Marie Mardauh, Geraldine Lloyd, Dorothy Clark, Roslyn Crump, Edith Samuels, Carolyn Blackwell, Denise Banham

Second Row: Albert Walker, James Broughton, Reginald Higgins, William Wilson, William Johnson, Robert Johnson, Gilbert Nesbit, Mr. Hicks

First Row: Ruby Mitchell, Cheryl Hodo, Linda Brown, Linda Smith, Carolyn Brown, Stella Juggotts, Audrey Corpore, Velma Giom, Roberta Martin
Second Row: Rogera Simmons, Evelyn Sullivan, Joanne McDaniel, Jerlene Williams, Constance Staggers, Elizabeth Greene, Phyllis Locus, Wilma Joyce, Mr. Hertz
Third Row: Michael Adams, Edward Ednead, Nathaniel Williams, Diane Campbell, Debora Bryant, Pamela Richardson, James Vannoy, Carl Jenkins, Phillip Mays



CLASS 8-108 MR. HERTZ



CLASS 8-310 MR. KACHALSKY

First Row: Deborah Murray, Caroline Askew, Valerie Leppard, Carolyn Lane, Manie Pitt, Mrs. A. Levy, Wendy Gray, May Woo, Willie Mae Curry, Donna Jaime
Second Row: JoAnne Johnson, Ruth Franklin, Essie Coleman, Barbara Haywood, Jacqueline Sedorrook, Barbara Edwards, Deborah Gandy, Rose Marie Lake, Jerrilyn Howard, Claudette Pegues, Joan Starkes Sheba Stewart,
Third Row: James Neal, Michael Duzant, David Schuler, Donald Morris, James Garrett, Steven Toppins, Charles Woody, Donald Jenkins, Ernest Humphrey

CLASS 8-514 MRS. A. LEVY



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First Row: Sandra Simmons, Jacqueline Ross, Grace Davis, Mary Frazier, Mrs. B. Levy, Connie Holman, Roberta Wells, Jacqueline Wilson



CLASS 8-115 MRS. B. LEVY

Second Row: Cornelius Roberson, Leon Cooper, Joseph Briscoe, Edmund Price, Bernice Robinson, Willie Williams, Willie Batts, James Candy, Melvin Judkins Willard Hudson,

First Row: Samuel Jones, Jacqueline Godbold, Joan Casey, Michelle Wellington, Gwendolyn Williams, Sandra Washington, Alvin Ross
Second Row: Edward Singletion, James Sorrells, Willie Smith, Dannie Sims, Leon Greer, Frederick Lewis, Henry Mays, Claude Davis, Mr. Kachalsky



CLASS 8-307 MRS. MARKENS

CLASS 8-413



MR. McGANN

First Row: Michelle Durham, Sharon Mack, Connie Robinson, Jessie Prince, Marlene Reid, Monica Baker, Jean Holmes, Octilia Lee, Mamie Martin, Yvonne Marion
Second Row: Yvonne Williams, Wallace Duprey, Rosamond Brewster, John Wiggins, Joseph Jones, Glenn Jay, Anthony Johnson, Derrick Stevens, Gerard King, Alberta Eaddy

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*First Row: Iris Velasquez, Evelyn Howard, Jacqueline Hardwick, Patricia Holmes, Karen Thompson, Lorraine Van Duzen, Yvonne Brown
 Second Row: Ernest Williams, Leroy Keith, Marlele McLean, Elaine Holmes, Sylvia Bailey, Marvin Moore, Robert Crosby, Mr. Marshall
 Third Row: Joseph Christian, Kenneth Downing, Vernon Lewis, Lawrence Bryant, George Paulin*



CLASS 8-515 MR. MARSHALL

CLASS 8-316A MR. MECHANICK



*First Row: Lila McCallum, Linda Harris, Catherine Long, Jessie Meredith, Rita Brandon, Esther Simmons, Annie Houston, Matchell Adams, Phyllis Dykes
 Second Row: Willie Sheppard, Carroll Daniels, Fred Banks, Fred Nesbitt, Richard Crawford, Charles Williams, Mr. Mechanick
 Third Row: James Boyd, Anthony Sealy, Berkerey McMillan, Willie Morene, Nicholas Monlancy, Stanley Miller, Alton Hart*

*First Row: Gwendolyn James, Nettie Jones, Ollie Green, Shirley Mangin, Demoris Leach, Geraldine Cutler, Shelley Bush
 Second Row: Andrew DeBury, Melvin Vaughn, Herman Peters, Ramon Hernandez, Bernard Murray, Eugene Wright, Michael Willis, Eskine Scott
 Third Row: Jerry Harris, George Felder, Ezzard Regan, James Sanders, Albert Sumpter, Russell Bush, Robert Carty*

CLASS 8-409 MR. MITZNER



*First Row: Diane Reid, Janice Geer, Margaret Bolger, Marilyn Shipman, Alice Pyle, Rose Bruggs, Patricia Sandy, Willie Mae Fludd, Loreen Mathias
 Second Row: Sandra Walton, Julia Dorsey, Carol Parker, Evangelina Coleman, Deborah McPhaul, Juanita Greene, Kate Lee, Beverly Stevens
 Third Row: Glen Graham, Robert Watson, Robert Johnson, Ernest Robinson, Albert Smith, Gary Williams, Tony Jackson, Vaughn Johnson, Willie Winston*



CLASS 8-309 MISS PYLE

CLASS 8-116 MR. STRAUSSMAN



*First Row: Shirley Gilliam, Lenora Brown, Ruby Hamilton, Deloris Scarbrook, Lois Perkins, Mercile Tradeaus, Linda Sutton, Deloris Warren
 Second Row: Sylvia Grove, Evelyn Perry, Theresa Brown, Bettie Jones, Diane Holloman, Edna Williams, Charlene McLean, Mr. Strausman
 Third Row: Ronald Williams, Louis Harrison, William Baskerville, Carl Patten, Percy Harrisom, Raymond Quim, Fulton Bruce, Willie Beacon, Walter Atherly*

CLASS 8-507 MISS WILBERT



*First Row: Margaret Green, Lorraine Sims, Cassandra Long, Ellin Cook, Carolyn Boothby, Miss Wilbert, Cynthia Johnson, Janice Williams, Elfreda Jordan, Barbara Wilson
 Second Row: Leslie Beach, Frank Mumlyn, Lauren Hall, Diane Reed, Alberto Arter, Mary Leach, Bernadine Bustyn, Marilyn Brown, Janus Dudley, Euclid Perez
 Third Row: Michael Irving, Betty Allen, Kelsey Stevens, Stanley Edwards, Gregory Jackson, Melborn Jones, Carlton McTair, Alex Meyers, Michael Marshall*



CLASS 8-209 MRS. WRIGHT

First Row: Ada McElaine, Carolyn Dingle,
Shallonia Harris, Mrs. Wright, Joyce Jones,
Dorothaea Mitchell, Marguerite Stewart

Second Row: William Brinson, Eva Lane, Louise
Reeder, Gloria Anderson, Alice Jackson, Constance Lee, Gail Dawson, James Washington



Varsity Softball Team:

First Row: Adolph Dawson, Reginald Thompson, Kelsey Stevens, William Johnson, Shirley Stevens, Mr. Bobb, Gladys Abes, James Williams, Carlton Brown, Clarice Howard
Second Row: Lorenzo Neely, Stanley Kelly, Gerald Cray, George Lewis, Calvin Johnson, William Price, Ronald Bryant, Terrel Wells



Varsity Handball Team

First Row: Samuel McCrory, Edward Perry, Mr. Bobb, George Magraw, Kim Hobson
Second Row: David Daughtry, Ronald Bell, Kenneth Drayton



CLASS 9-203

MISS AIELLO

First Row: Carmen Perez, Doris Charity, Jessie Suber, Ricardo Greenwood, Lillian Miller, Dorothy Bryant, Earlean Orr

Second Row: Thelma Murray, Diane Scott, Miss Aiello, Claudette Jackson, Lillie Priester



CLASS 9-215

MR. ALEXANDER

First Row: Jerry Bruton, Arthur Hines, Eddie Howard, Millard Frost, Harold Jenkins, Lawson Saunders, William Turner, Harry Davis

Second Row: Hubert Garrett, Anthony McLeod, Willie Williams, Samuel Wills, William Thompson, Mr. Alexander



CLASS 9-503

MRS. BAYLIS

First Row: Patricia Cobbs, Elaine Johnson, Deborah Rogers, Shirley Farris, Regina Sutton, Diane Anderson, Renee Boone, Linda Tyson

Second Row: Andrew Woo, Joseph Alex, Bruce Jordan, Horace Pearson, Lorenzo Oliver, Lloyd Parker, Irwin Drakes, Colorado Galloway, Robert Horsford

Third Row: Mrs. Baylis, Yeonne Kennedy, Lydia Harris, Shirley James, Virginia Watson, Geraldine Burgess, Carolyn Brown, Priscilla Payne, Pherne Pettaway, Della LaPlace, Portia Scott



CLASS 9-301

MRS. BOYLE

First Row: Laura James, Catherine Mumiyu,
Beverly Greene, Joan Baglow, Mrs. Boyle,
Geraldine Fields, Valerie Shockley, Patricia
Manning, Phyllis Johnson

Second Row: LaVerne King, Patricia McPal,
Linda White, Debra Brewer, Florence Grant,
Debrah Ayers, Theresa Littlejohn, Susan Grant,
Ellen Calder, Sharon Page, Lana Turner

Third Row: Gary Bass, Lewis Mays, Leslie
Holder, Fred Shepherd, James Geer, Jerry
Conly, Philip Jackson, Edward Gillard, Terrell
Wells, Arnold Smith



CLASS 9-204

MRS. CRAIN

First Row: Deborah Powell, Dean Russell,
Sheila Humphries, Judy Barnett, Mrs. Crain,
Betty Ponder, Faye Brown, Vivian Dallas,
Austelle Nelson

Second Row: Clarence Rowe, Cheryl Royer,
Gloria Melvin, Theresa Hobert, Starr Hilton,
Lydia Wyne, Lorena Christian, Emanuel Bad-
ger, William McDonald

Third Row: Charles Woods, William Robinson,
Maurice Reddick, Stanley Kelly, Ronald Bryant,
Alvin Murray



CLASS 9-114

MR. CRAIN

*First Row: Mary Williams, Renee Reynolds,
Diane Woodley, Carolyn Lewis, Lorraine Foy,
Phyllis Jordan, Angela Robinson, Diane Johnson*

*Second Row: Mr. Crain, Robert Nelson, Samuel
McGroarty, Yvonne Norman, Barbara Shine,
Lydia McMillian, Carol Jackson, John Johnson,
Julius Knox*

*Third Row: Carlton Burnett, David Daughtry,
Walter Singleton, Jerome Williams, Larry
Parker, Nedom McAlpin, Arthur Edwards*



CLASS 9-305

MRS. DAVIS

*First Row: Henrietta Williams, Gloria Ramsey,
Patricia Young, Venney Roberts, Mrs. Davis,
Victoria Thomas, Patricia Morant, Cindy
Edwards, Carol Bowen*

*Second Row: Alice Godskes, Henriette Rogers,
Shirley Little, Lois Jackson, Carol James,
Elizabeth Ann Beard, Deborah Montgomery,
Laverne Johnson, Terolyn Jordan, Cynthia
Williams*

*Third Row: Shedman Bell, James Samuels,
Calvin Askew, Lenwood Stratton, Bernard
Williams, Bruce Brown, Michael Ardrey,
Richard Burgess, Edward Grand*



CLASS 9-213

MR. ELLIS

*First Row: Dennis Johnson, Charles Holliday,
Charles Conde, Cecil Jones, Douglas Frazier,
Luis Vargas, Benjamin Eurie*

*Second Row: Ricardo Wellington, William Price,
Spencer Harrison, Mr. Ellis, Bernard Lambert,
Alvin Stevens*



MR. ELZY

*First Row: Joann Mallard, Marion Marshall,
Joyce Tatham, Fayre Dockery, Eunice Cureton,
Iris Hassell, Creola Samuels, Shirley Whetsone*

*Second Row: Stanley Johnson, Vernon Alleyne,
Catherine Scott, Linnett Roach, Laura Emmett,
Katherine Scott, Larry Chisolm, Michael
William, Mr. Elzy*

*Third Row: Wade Bishop, Thomas Ross,
Nathaniel Clements, Charles Paul, Theodore
Belton, Paul Lee, Richard Hull, Anthony
Patterson*

*Camera Sky: Frederick Battery, Frances
Wallace, Edward Johnson, James Johnson,
Lorenzo Neely*



CLASS 9-212

MR. FARMER

First Row: Lila Moye, Helen Haygood, Carolyn Parker, Earline Raymond, Blanche Rogers, Jacqueline Atkinson, Faith Walker, Patricia Outlaw

Second Row: Mr. Farmer, Jerry Evans, Robert Hall, Julia Washington, Shirley Shaw, Walter King, Roger Fenner, Carlos Bruno

Third Row: Robert Lovett, Tommy McCrorey, James Bess, David Robinson, Stephen Lee



CLASS 9-314

MRS. FLAMENBAUM

First Row: Doris Halley, Arnette Smith, Patricia Howard, Ida Sabo, Jacqueline Douglas, Doris Mason, Naomi Lloyd, Elaine Williams

Second Row: Mrs. Flamenbaum, Gregory King, Kenneth Brown, Lurlene Lowe, Patricia Glover, Debra Fusion, Rahmania Ali, Wilson Boben, Clarence Henderson, Alfred Mathews

Third Row: Ronald Jenkins, Michael Wallace, Juan Valdez, Charles Earley, Henry Wilmore, Kenneth Hammond, William Rainey, Gregory Royal, James Shell



CLASS 9-205

MR. FRIEDMAN

First Row: Sandra Townsend, Joyce Cropper, Christine Taylor, Mary Boatright, Rene Durham, Arlene Hamilton, Martha Jarrell

Second Row: Jacqueline Clarke, Wilhemetta Felder, Lenora Goody, Mona Williams, Marie Mack, Eddie Mae Jackson, Dolores Nolmes, Mr. Friedman

Third Row: Ralph Grant, James Powell, Walter Cochrane, James Patten, Garfield Murphy, Gerald Austin, Bobby Sabb



MR. GOVINEE

First Row: Leonard Harris, McArthur King, William Keith, Jr., Robert Betha, Robert Holliday, Howard Brown, Charles Simmons

Second Row: Arthur Dale, Michael Goodwin, Leo Jones, Stanley Fields, Willie Feaster, Mr. Govinee



CLASS 9IM

*First Row: Loretta Harley, Patricia Manuel,
Monia Price, Lucyatha Blagie, Judy Gaskins,
Mary Lisbon, Betty Green, Celina Valdes*

*Second Row: Rossmarie Gadson, Everline
Williams, Janice Howell, Audrey Greathouse,
Deitsa Joseph, Celestine Jenkins, Eva Mae
Benson, Deborah Haywood, Cynthia Efferson,
Mr. Donnell*

*Third Row: Jeffrey Serrette, Jerome Brown,
Eddie Perry, David Wells, Kenneth Drayton,
David Cornell, George McGraw, Herbert Carter*

MRS. HOWE



MR. HENRY

*First Row: Lavon Clay, Cynthia Irving, Patricia
King, Barbara Gibbons, Beverly McKenzie,
Cynthia Bantyn, Marie Williams, Linda Skip-
man*

*Second Row: Mr. Henry, William McDaniels,
Reginald Smith, Violet Suber, Rose Marie Meeks,
Veronica Bailey, Yvonne Wright, William
Sluggers, Dennis Washington*

*Third Row: Frederick Kelly, Robert Watson,
Gregory Wood, Poncho Rauls, Lawrence Sam-
ples, Glenford Abbot, Ricardo Robinson*



CLASS 9-405

MISS JACKSON

First Row: Sharon Malloy, Barbara Lawrence, Evelyn Watson, Deborah Ellis, Janice Simpson, Gloria Harris, Diane McCartney, Jean Gee

Second Row: Robert Rodriguez, Kenneth Sloan, Stephanie Conyers, Dorothy Fort, Gwendolyn Stephens, Alfred Fleck, Weldon Dyson, Miss Jackson



CLASS 9-410

MR. KOUMAS

First Row: Shirley Blythe, Geraldine Benefield, Jessie Shaw, Brenda McNamee, Johnlene Teasley, Linda Davis, Linda Turner, Dorothy Caldwell

Second Row: Mr. Koumas, Alfred Washington, Marion Reynolds, Shirley Mack, Victoria Sumriner, LaVerne Christian, Lorraine Daniels, Rosetta Leach, Kenneth Robinson

Third Row: Daniel Wilson, Alvin Miller, Sam Williams, Raymond Colson, David Elverue, Michael Green, Vernon Grant, James Erving



CLASS 9-511

MR. LAVERGNEAU

First Row: Theresa Bernard, Linda Felix,
Antoinette Lee, Selma Rush, Mr. Lavergneau,
Judy Charles, Patricia Edwards, Juliet Warrell,
Louise Johnson

Second Row: Carlotta Gray, Deborah Bryant,
Carol Sommersette, Sheila Johnson, Margie
Fields, Yvonne Jones, Josephine Richards,
Doris Gill, Roslyn Tillman, Audrey Campbell

Third Row: Kenneth Stroman, Robert Harrison,
Roy Coleman, Benjamin Williams, Calvin John-
son, Emanuel Hatton, Robert Jackson, Reginald
Jackson, Reginald Culpepper, Gilberto Parsons

Camera Shy: Joseph Alston, Alethea Fleming



CLASS 9-312

MR. PLUMMER

First Row: Peggy Robinson, Mary Garner,
Theresa Bates, Vernell Thompson, Eula Kelly,
Doris Green, Muriel Young, Mary Chestnut

Second Row: Randolph Perrell, Michael Bush,
Carlos Lewis, John Bacon, David Jenkins, Mr.
Plummer



CLASS 9-316

First Row: Charlene Edwards, Laurene Conde, Lenore Sotomayer, Miss Vaughn, Jacqueline Batts, Alia Lyles, Bernadine Edwards

Second Row: Harvey Ballowe, Anthony Wise, Gladys Jivers, James Johnson, William Berry

MISS VAUGHN



CLASS 9-411

First Row: Rosalie Florence, Adrian Edwards, Helen Woo, Diane Neal, Estelle Whitney, Shirley Francis, Cynthia Cook, Raymond Higgins

Second Row: James Collins, Wayne Murray, Deborah Harmon, Diane Spearmen, Theresa Jones, Deneida Graham, Barbara Mallard, Benjamin Ellis, Paul Sullivan, Mr. Ward

Third Row: David Franklin, Rodney Royal, James Rhett, Calvin Clark, Paul Downing, John Fields, Keenan Washington, Vincent Marden, Joseph Williams

MR WARD

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