

THE WADLEIGH WAY

JUNE 1964

HARPER '64



YOUR OLD MEN SHALL DREAM DREAMS, YOUR YOUNG MEN
SHALL SEE VISIONS, AND WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE
PEOPLE SHALL PERISH

From the Book of Joel, Chap. III, Verse 28, as quoted by the late John F. Kennedy.

THE WADLEIGH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL 88, MANHATTAN

215 West 114th Street, New York, N. Y.
PERRY SPIRO, Principal

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A Message From The Principal...

Dear Seniors:

I am sure that you have been told before that you are living at a momentous time. Yes, this is the century of the common man and the generation of rising expectations. All over the world the masses of people are demanding relief from poverty, from hunger, from disease, and from illiteracy. They are demanding the good life that science and technology tells us is possible not only for the privileged few but for the great mass of humanity. In our country the generation of rising expectations has included not only an attack on poverty, but also an attack on human degradation that has deprived one-tenth of our population their full rights as citizens of a democratic nation.

Yes, you have heard it said — the door to equal opportunity is being kicked open. We are at the beginning of a new day when the ideals of our nation will match the realities of everyday life.

For you, the future is bright and promising — provided that you are one of the actors and not among the spectators. Your responsibility is clear, you must be ready because the door to opportunity is opening. This means that you must equip yourselves to take your place in society as a skilled, knowing person. This means too that you must take part in the struggle for human rights — for all who are oppressed.

The reward, boys and girls, will be great. This is your world and your country. It is yours to make.

My very best wishes to you. God bless you all.

Sincerely,
Perry Spiro
Perry Spiro, Principal



Bottom row (l to r) - Mrs. Frances Sonnenchein, Assistant Principal; Mr. Lester Bach, Assistant Principal; Mr. Perry Spiro, Principal; Mrs. Anna Petche, Assistant Principal.
Top row (l to r) - Miss Gertrude Kahar, Dean of Girls; Mr. Richard Kuchalsky, Dean of Boys; Miss Elizabeth Nash, Co-coordinator of Senior Activities.



GUIDANCE COUNSELORS
Bottom row (l to r) - Mr. Edward Feldstein, Miss Edith M. Vaughan, Mr. Harlan Johnson, Mr. Perry Spiro, Principal; Miss Elizabeth Nash, Mr. Elmer Sapolsky, Mrs. Rebecca Goggins, Mr. Daniel G. Prior, Mr. Henry Morrow, Mrs. Naomi Williams, Mr. Michael Feinstein, Mr. Warren Austin, Mrs. Jerome N. Palace, Mr. Joseph Marini, Mr. Robert Schuman, Mr. Joseph McGinn.

Guidance is designed to help young people realize their potentialities. If you achieve in accordance with your abilities, I will be happy to believe that my work with you has met with success. Good luck!
Harlan Johnson,
Guidance Counselor

Guidance makes an attempt to stabilize adolescent endeavor. It helps each child to find a place for himself.
Rebecca M. Goggins

Every person changes. Guidance aims to help you change and mature.
Joseph Marini

Education is one thing that cannot be taken from you.
Edna M. Vaughan

WADLEIGH

By Raynard Toomer, 9-301

WADLEIGH, WADLEIGH WADLEIGH. Where did the name come from anyway? We use it each day of our lives for three years, and many times thereafter. Whom do we honor when we say, "I attend Wadleigh Junior High School"?

In the middle of the 18th century in New York City, Lydia Wardleigh dedicated herself to a protest against the limited education which girls could receive at that time. She was a successful and well-educated teacher from the state of New Hampshire when the Board of Education persuaded her to become principal of the senior department of the 12th Street Grammar School. This was where a girl could go in those days if she wanted to further her education.

On February 6, 1856, Miss Wadleigh held a reception for the first day of school. No girls came. However, on the next day there were twenty-four girls present and school was in session. Books were available for instruction in Higher Mathematics, English Literature, Logic, Latin, Natural and Mental Philosophy and French. By June, many more girls had enrolled and the school was on the road to success.

In later years, Miss Wadleigh left to be appointed vice president of the Normal College (teacher training) in 1870. She held this position until her death in 1888.

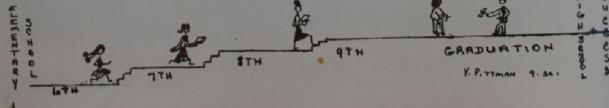
On September 1897, eleven years later, the first high school for girls in New York City was opened at the 12th Street Grammar School building. From there it moved to 114th Street between 7th

GRADUATION

by Denise Warner, 9-507

When a student first enters Wadleigh and is a little bit frightened, he looks forward to three years of growing and developing into a future citizen of our community. When he is in the eighth grade, a student has a tendency to relax because he is used to the school and not yet a senior. However, upon entering the ninth grade, everything seems to take on different forms and meanings.

A grade that he thought would mean fun and excitement now means looking far ahead and making important decisions. Studying for Iowa Exams, paying dues, pictures for graduation,



OUR HISTORY,

By Raynard Toomer, 9-301

and 8th Avenue. It was named Wadleigh in recognition of Lydia Wadleigh's success as a pioneer in the education of women.

If you look up at the entrance of our building, you will see a bronze plaque in memory of her and her deeds. It is over the main entrance, on the left wall.

In 1954, Wadleigh High School for girls closed its doors to the last group of senior girls. In January 1957, when the Julius Ward Howe Junior High School #1 had to be closed as an all-girls junior high school, teachers (some of whom are still here) and students carted over their belongings. By the fall of 1957, boys were admitted and Wadleigh Junior High School as we know it, began.

As the dawn broke around the countries, the cities and the streets of Harlem, there was a young boy opening his eyes to the first signs of daybreak.

OUR HERITAGE, OUR ASPIRATIONS

DUTIES OF A STUDENT
by Michael Menzies, 9-507

"A student is one who is enrolled for study at a school," according to Webster, but moreover, a student represents the will to achieve.

The duties of these students are all related to one goal; to gain knowledge, to gain leadership, and to gain maturity, but all of these statements modify what students are supposed to be, there are always those who don't want to endeavor or to gain. These people just come to school because it is required by law, they cause disturbances to those who wish to learn their lessons. The bad student tries to get diplomas by

JOHN
by Denise Warner, 9-507

As the dawn broke around the countries, the cities and the streets of Harlem, there was a young boy opening his eyes to the first signs of daybreak. Around him he could see the tattered four walls of his small room. Next to him lay his three younger brothers. He stirred quietly not to disturb any of them. He got his best shirt and tie and suit together and went into the bathroom to get washed up.

The day had come that John's mother dreaded. She always told him since he was small, tried to point out the importance of staying in school. But, with just one more year to graduate, John decided he needed money more than a good education. So here he was getting ready to take on the world like he was a grown man. After he finished eating, John brushed his teeth, got his wallet and papers together, put on his coat and kissed his mother goodbye. On his way to work the subways were quite crowded and John arrived five minutes late. Giving him the evil eye, his boss told him he had to tolerate the foolishness of his other workers coming late.

John's job, he soon found out, was to wrap vases in a box as they rolled off a large machine. At first things were going okay, until the vases were coming faster than he could wrap. Due to lack of experience he couldn't handle the situation. His boss said he would give him one more chance. John knew that if he'd have stayed in school he wouldn't even have to do such a meager job.

Then John noticed something else, that at coffee break he was the youngest employee. When he asked the reason for this they all laughed and told him no one else here was foolish to quit school for such a low salary.

John's mother had told him these things over and over again but only when he was actually on a job and independent did he realize how much more he needed his education.

GOOD TIMES AT WADLEIGH

by Michael Ardrey

A day at J.H.S. 88 is like being king for a day. I like our school because it is a modern one. It has the best of science rooms, well equipped gyms, a large cafeteria; and best of all it has understanding teachers.

We have many privileges at 88, and it's a good place to be when we want to have a swell time in the center after three. We get discount cards to get things at half price. We get a chance to pick our clubs. I am in the gym club, where we have fun climbing ropes, playing basketball, and tumbling on mats.

When I graduate, I will carry with me memories of all the good times, and friendships I made at Wadleigh J.H.S.



ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU,

HARYOU
By Denise Warner, 9-507

In an effort to appeal to the youth of Central Harlem, in the areas of job training, education and community action as well as in the arts and cultural activities, the Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited, Inc., has formed HARYOU. As bright yellow lettered signs in HARYOU began appearing on sidewalks and buildings, many Wadleigh students found a sense of pride in being able to say that they were working for and with this group.

The agency of HARYOU which deals specifically with the youth is Harlem Associates. How did all this begin?

On October 31, 1961, a delegation from the Harlem Neighbors Association (Hana) met with Mayor Wagner to discuss with him the need for a comprehensive program for the youth of our area. The Mayor endorsed the program, offering his full support. The goals were as follows:

1. To establish a youth service program for Central Harlem

2. To submit a proposal to the President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency for a grant of money

3. To present a blue-print for the program. After considering this, the President's Committee made a grant of \$230,000 to HARYOU as of July 1, for an 18-month operation which is now in effect.

HARYOU must seek to understand the problems of a ghetto with effective and positive action. It is a basic belief of HARYOU that the young of our Harlem community are the chief victims of frustration, despair, apathy and quiet conflict which characterize any ghetto. Yet, there are young people who have achieved and who will be able

to contribute to their society in spite of the handicaps of racial discrimination and rejection.

HARYOU is determined that the young people of the ghetto will not become the human casualties of social neglect and injustice. HARYOU is dedicated to the proposition that the young people of Harlem are not expendable.

In line with this thinking, various committees have been set up to attract the youth. Some of the committees are The Drama Workshop, the HARYOU Company, Instrumental Music, and a Dance Group.

The Heritage Committee, headed by Ronald Drayton, an 18-year old graduate of DeWitt Clinton H.S., has as its main purpose the teaching of the history of the American Negro, starting with his earliest history in Africa.

The young people in this group worked on the project by themselves. Recently, as part of a 10-week leadership program, seven members of this Heritage Committee went to different centers throughout the city, trying to keep the lessons informal and informative. The teaching was not only excellent practice for the young HARYOU members, but so important to the youngsters they taught.

Another of their projects is building a coffee house where plays and other programs may be presented. The actual construction is being done by the members. Supervisors are on hand in case of emergencies only.

The Harlem Associates members range in age from 14 to 22 years, thus including some fortunate Wadleigh students and not a few Wadleigh graduates. The main office is at 190 West 135th St., open all day and all night.

Ask What You Can Do For Your Country

AMSTERDAM NEWS REPORTERS

by Winda F. Booker, 9-507

Mr. James Booker and Miss Sara Slack, two Amsterdam News reporters came to Wadleigh to give their opinions on Human Rights, Friday, February 7, 1964.

Mr. Booker spoke on civil rights for the Negro. He said that in order for the Negro to obtain respect from the other races that he should first have some respect for himself. After his speech he answered students' questions.

Did he feel that integrating the schools would better the Negro? asked by Marjorie Fields of 8-414.

"The goal as we know it is integration," he

said, "but also there must be quality, for quality helps to integrate." He said that each race has something to give the others in the way of knowledge, and that he did feel it would give the Negroes and Puerto Ricans a lift.

After the question period, he was made an honorary member of the patrols by Naomi Saunders of 9-511.

Then Miss Slack offered a poem, one that fit the occasion perfectly: "The One in the Glass." One has to prepare oneself so that when he looks in the glass, he is not found lacking.

She too was made a member of the patrols by Michael Fane, 9-511.

Wadleigh Graduates

- A Beginning

THE DOMESTIC PEACE CORPS

by Ying Lum, 9-301

February 14, 1964 Carl Johnson of the Domestic Peace Corps spoke at a special Wadleigh assembly as a fitting commemoration of Negro History Week.

Mr. Johnson, who is the Associate Executive Director of the organization, spoke in particular about the conditions in Harlem today, and what is being done about them. He explained that the Domestic Peace Corps was established as a means of furthering the progress of various communities through working with the people and teaching them useful skills.

There were twenty-three other members who were invited. Originally they had been invited to a special assembly in November but this visit was postponed because of the assassination of President Kennedy.

After Mr. Johnson's speech, he and the other members were questioned by a select panel of seven 9th grade students. Among the topics of interest discussed were who the originator of the Domestic Peace Corps was, the impact of Kennedy's death, what were the backgrounds of the members present, and how our school can put into effect the Domestic Peace Corps program.



DORIS MASON
8504

GARY BOLLING
By Denise Warner, 9-507

Gary Bolling graduated from Wadleigh in 1961. Since then he has gone on to become quite successful as an active member of HARYOU's Harlem Associates branch.

When he appeared in a play produced by the group, he received mention in many of the New York City newspapers, including the New York Times. Entitled *Dope*, the play tells of the horror of narcotic addiction. Gary played the addict who finds peace only in death.

Now seventeen, Gary attends the High School of Commerce, and hopes to enter the American Academy of Drama after graduation. In HARYOU, besides being a member of the drama workshop, he is in the photography group, the music class and also does research on the activities of HARYOU. At the end of April, the movie *The Cool World*, began playing in New York City. Gary is among the performers.

In his spare time, Gary paints. While at Wadleigh he was the announcer for a class play which he feels probably got him interested in dramatics.

W.T.O.T.
by Denise Warner, 9-507

If you ever stop in room 111 on a Monday afternoon you might see Miss Kahan speaking very intensely to a group of students on the subject of teaching. What you would be seeing and hearing would be Wadleigh Future teachers.

The club is in its infancy like the new year, but with the new year they hope to develop a club that could set the standards of future teachers everywhere. The group is a very select one,



DORIS MASON
8504

choosing students who, our principal Mr. Spiro and Miss Kahan feel, are qualified to meet exacting standards.

The club hopes to meet and discuss with other future clubs in different schools. Their main interest is to discuss why they want to become teachers and what makes a good teacher, and many other important topics. This is the first Future teachers club of Wadleigh.

GENERAL ORGANIZATION: G.O.



Bottom row (l to r)- Arlene Dawson, Janice Simpson, David Edwards, Deborah Ellis, David Amit, Claudia Kerr
Top row (l to r)- Miss Gladys Jackson, Advisor, Diane Shelby, Dolores Kibbler, Ying Lam, Robert Rodriguez

THE G.O. OFFICERS By Janice Simpson, 8-207

This year the competition for officers in Wadleigh's General Organization was greater than ever. Just before the elections, the candidates got together and decided to break up into two political parties, to give the elections a more adult atmosphere.

The parties were the **Peps** and the **Golds**. The candidates started slugging it out immediately. Amusing posters were found all over the school, with such sayings as "make your Mother Night's Dream come true-vote for the Golds."

Opposing speeches enthused the audiences with slogans of "Pep up your school with the Peps." It was a close race with the winners: President, David Edwards of 9-301; Vice-President, Janice

Simpson of 8-207; Recording Secretary, Deborah Ellis of 8-207; and Corresponding Secretary, Alvin Smith of 7-408.

Under the direction of Miss Jackson they have tried to please Wadleigh students with a newspaper, a store, and other objects of importance to us here at Wadleigh.

Do your best,
Forget the rest,
That's all there is to passing a test

Education is the hand that holds the key
to your success.
By Janice Simpson, 8-207

8

PATROLS: Service With a Smile (Maybe)



Bottom row (l to r)- Betty Campbell, Josephine Rosario, Camille Thomas, Dolores Kibbler, Naomi Samuels, Charles Coffey, Franklin Williams
Top row (l to r)- Mr. Lester Bobb, Assistant Principal, Linda Fadding, Alicia Montague, Alvin Smith, George Yates, Easter Campbell, Deborah Edwards, Doris Prester

THE PATROLS by Edward Mathas, 9-511

They stand at their posts; erect,
Like bumps on a log they stand.
Like puppets they speak;

"Out with the gum".

"Off with the hat".

They stand there taking in air,
taking up spaces, resting their faces.

There are those in the halls, those by the fountains
and those on the door, by a staircase of
mountains.

There are those with the signs with one to three

words in mind:

"Shhhh...."

"Silent Change"

"Cut the noise - please."

The patrols have little control, they've got
no spunk.

(If I were one, I'd be the best so's Mrs. Wright
wouldn't need the rest;

I'd have some spunk, I'd lead all the rest).

THE CAFETERIA PATROLS by Raynard Toomer 9-301

The cafeteria patrols assist Mr. Bobb and Mr. Maloy during the school's lunch period, checking lunch tickets and keeping order in the cafeteria, located in the school's basement.

They are posted in the cafeteria at the stairways to stop anyone from reentering the school before going outside. Along the aisles of the cafeteria, they are also posted. They traffic the incoming and outgoing lunches in order not to create any confusion. Coming into the cafeteria a student is stopped until the cafeteria patrols check his lunch ticket number.

They are of great help to Mr. Bobb and Mr. Maloy.



9

Woe be to him who reads but one book



LIBRARY SQUAD
by Ying Lum, 9-301

The Wadleigh library has a trained staff of about thirty students under the supervision of Mr. Fultz, librarian. Our library squad stay busy by shelving books according to the Dewey Decimal system, keeping the card catalog, magazines and pamphlets up-to-date, and processing the many orders of new books.

The library staff member must show that he has a sense of responsibility and be willing to work hard, spending time even during free periods and after school; he must have good conduct and satisfactory marks in every subject.

Despite the efforts of all the squad members, running the library takes much more than filing overdue slips and circulating books. They need the cooperation of all the students and teachers of Wadleigh to make a better, more sufficient library.

Bottom row (1 to 12)- Arlene Johnson, Ying Lum, Corinna Washington, Veronica Bailey, Theresa McDaniel, Alice Glaesden, Gertie Wilson, Sandra Jackson, Carol Bernas, Mr. Hugh Fultz, Librarian, Rosetta Bryant, Shirley King, Karen Oliver, Beverly McKuskie, Alice Glaesden, Lorraine Hargrove, Harriet Smith, Rozalyn Bryant, Sandra Jackson, Carol Bernas, Arlene Johnson, Gertie Wilson, Veronica Bailey, Claudia Kerr, Sandra Purcell, Purse Smith, Lee Verne Collington, Jerome Williams, Ruth Brown, Marge Fields, Rose Clay and Thelma Burwell



10

LEARNING LIBRARY TECHNIQUES



LET'S SEE IF WE HAVE A CARD FOR IT.



DEWEY DECIMALIZING



INFORMATION FOR THE CARD: AUTHOR, TITLE, SUBJECT MATTER.



AND FINALLY, THE PROTECTIVE COVER

11



SENIOR COUNCIL

WHO IS A SENIOR?

by Denise Warner, 9-507

As you walk through the halls of Wadleigh, you pass many students on their way to class. They come in all shapes and sizes. The senior, however, is the student who stands out like a sore thumb.

You can usually spot a senior by the erectness in his walk which causes his feet to have a firm bearing on the ground. His head is held high for he knows this is his last year in junior high school and perhaps the most important one of his school career. There are many decisions that must be met by a senior. When speaking to a student you can almost tell automatically that he is one by his broad outlook on life.

Don't get me wrong, all seniors are not angels. We have our fun and good times too. But a real senior can say, "My year has been one of experience, joy, awakening, and profit."

THE GIRL WHO HATED SCHOOL by Loreen Mathias, 7-315

There was once a girl who didn't like school. When she got older, she said, "Mother, I will not stay in school. I hate school."

Because she was a hooky-player, her mother signed her out of school. When she got out of school she said, "Mother, I am going to look for a job."

She tried various business establishments, but every place she went the personnel manager would ask, "Did you complete high school? Do you have the qualifications for this job?"

After hearing of her meager qualifications, he would reply, "If I were you I'd go finish high school. You'll be lucky to baby-sit without your high school diploma."

The girl went home, a bit wiser, saying, "I should have known better. It's too late now."

12

HONOR LEAGUE

1964



Bottom row (l to r)-
Christine Conley, Ida Barro, Mary Ann Reeves, Jenny Hayes, Julianne Boatman,
Top row (l to r)-
Mr. L. Basch, Assistant Principal, Edward Lamb, Raymond Douglas, Elwood
Hill, David Edwards, Debrae Moore, Easter Campbell, Richard Jarrell,
Jerry Stevens, Miss Elizabeth Nash, Advisor



WADLEIGH

EDWARD MATHIAS, 9-311, PREPARING THE TABLE.

MRS. EDITH GAYNES, PRINCIPAL, JOAN OF ARC, J.H.S. ACCEPTING
CORSAGE FROM ARLENE ZAMBITO, 9-301.

13

"Have Diploma, Will Succeed"
by Diane Shelby, 8-207

"...Right now a great revolution is taking place. It is the Negroes striving for equality. Rev. King and the others are fighting for us, but what can we do? Nothing you say, but there is something that can be done. Get better marks in school..."

This statement is quoted from the opening speech by the narrator of the play by class 8-207 which was presented during the week of October 28. The play was entitled: *Have Diploma, Will Succeed*.

This play concerns two Negro boys, Adam Smith and Charlie Jones. Both the boys are job-hunting. Charlie, a high school drop-out, intends to get a job on a newspaper. Adam, a high school and college graduate, is applying for a job at an insurance company.

The Jones family is rather ne'er-do-well. In the opening scene two of the Jones children are considering dropping out of school. The Smith family is the picture of an industrious, respectable Negro family.

The proceedings are extremely amusing, the action reaching a climax in the Jones-Smith family dinner scene.

Have Diploma, Will Succeed was compiled and presented by the class, with the help of Miss Brunson, their English teacher.

NOTE: In this highly colored world of today, more and more highly skilled persons are needed. America's best natural resource is its young people, its only brain supply. So finish high-school, finish college if possible. You'll be glad you did.

THE FAMOUS WADLEIGH GLEE CLUB



GLEE CLUB SOLOISTS

Bottom Row (l to r) - Naomi Saunders, Ann Reeves, Elvord Shingle, Johnis Law, Gwendolyn Powell,
Camille Thomas
Top row (l to r) - Mr. Lester Bach, Assistant Principal, Donald Martin, Lance Ramsey, Michael
Fazio, Miss Elizabeth Pash, Co-ordinator Senior Activities.

by Michael Menzies, 9-507

On Thursday evening, December 5, the Wadleigh Glee Club serenaded Christmas shoppers from the steps of F.A.O. Schwartz toy store in a performance partially televised by NBC.

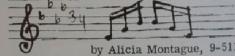
At the end of the program, the 50 Glee Club representatives were given gift certificates by the 5th Avenue store. Most of the money was immediately spent on younger brothers and sisters.

MUSIC
by Denise Warner, 9-507

Mark the notes that rise
Mark the notes that fall
Mark the notes that are broken
And the swing of it all.
So when night has come
And you have gone to bed
All the pieces you have heard
Will echo in your head.

The week before Christmas, the Glee Club was presented on Channel 5 television during the regular Sunday Wonderama show. At this time, glee club members were able to see themselves on their sets at home, because they had taped the entire performance several days earlier.

The Glee Club is under the direction of Mrs. Elfreda Wright.



Music echoing through the air
Music, music everywhere.
Music in the song we sing,
Music in the bells that ring,
Music in the hearts of all,
Summer, winter, spring, and fall.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

by Harriet Smith, 9-511

The Instrumental Music Department, headed by Mr. Yancy and Mr. Barr, is steadily progressing in the year of 1964. The band gave a Christmas concert and the Instrumental Music Department has another concert scheduled for the Spring.

The band is progressing because they practice not only in school but after school hours and at home. On Tuesday afternoon from three to five, the band has rehearsal with Mr. Yancy. On Thursday afternoon the strings practice from three to five with Mr. Barr. We hope that the interest of the pupils, as well as the teachers and supervisors will continue in the years to come.

PAINTING EXPRESSION

by Denise Warner, 9-507

I wonder what it would be like to be a great painter? To be able to put on canvas any feeling or expression that came to your mind.

I can only imagine, but suppose you were in front of a sheet of paper and you had a brush in your hand. What would you do? Well first you would paint a stroke. It would be a simple stroke and it would start off easy at ease and an ability to paint. Then I would cross the same line with a darker color and it would mean that I wasn't sure of exactly what I should paint. Then I would make designs all around the edge of the paper which would show that I intended to use the whole paper. Next I would fill in all the other empty spots with bright colors to show I was happy.

And do you know, I might make a million dollars on this one painting?

We Are the Leaders of the Band

SENIOR BAND GROUP

Bottom row (l to r) - Naomi Saunders, Harriet Smith, Jeanette Montley, Gloria Page
Top row (l to r) - Mr. Yancy, Teacher, Michael Dolgan, Edward Mathias, Frederic Shawan, Charles Coffield, Mr. Barr, Teacher



15

PEGGY GETS A NEW DOLL

by Michael Menzies, 9-507

A year advanced, Peggy in every year learned a new thing. A year ago when she was four years of age came her best lesson.

Peggy's aunt Mildred gave her a doll on Christmas. It was a colored doll and because of this, Peggy would never play with it. It stayed at the bottom of her toy chest or on the floor when Aunt Mildred came to visit.

Peggy's mother, Annette Williams, realized that the doll always lay in the toy chest. She asked Peggy why this was so. The child merely looked up in fright.

One day she asked, "Mommie, why did Auntie give me a black doll?"

Mrs. Williams was shocked. "Peggie," she said, "your aunt gave you that doll because she and I think that it's about time for you to become aware of the color of your skin, what it stands for, how people of this skin feel about it, and how they should feel toward it."

The child's face lit up as if to say, "Go ahead!"

Mrs. Williams continued, "These people are called Negroes and this name was taken from the Spanish word meaning black. The Negroes were discovered in early exploration to Africa. They were considered as enslaved. There were many Negroes who were brought to this country to work on big plantations, where they were beaten brutally and were not paid for their labor."

In 1861, certain southern states of the Union seceded because they felt that the Northern states

were interfering with their affairs. In an effort to rejoin these states, Abraham Lincoln, who was then President of the nation, proposed a proclamation called the Emancipation Proclamation which was a document introducing a threat that if the seceding states did not rejoin the Union, their slaves would be set free. The states did not rejoin the Union before the war was fought. The northern states were victorious.

In 1865, the threat from Lincoln's proclamation was enforced, and the slaves were set free.

Free? If this is freedom, then it is not freedom that we want, but equality."

The child looked puzzled by that last remark and asked,

"What do you mean by ek...eklite?"

The mother finally answered after hesitating to make out Peggy's pronunciation of equality. She said, "Equality is an equal comparison between two things. It was a hard struggle for the Negro in the years following the war. They took insults, sat in the back of buses, were forced to stay in slum areas due to lack of money and such."

Peggy shook her head in agreement. Her mother then said,

"You should be proud that your skin is brown." Peggy replied, "I am proud, I am proud, Mommie."

She went to the toy chest and took out the doll, kissed it, and ran with it into the hall shouting.

"I'm a Negro. I'm a Negro and I'm proud of it!"



EDWARD L. FISKE
9-508



FREEDOM WILL COME
by Corinthia Washington, 9-301

Is freedom an unemployed man standing on the street?

Or a peaceful cop walking his beat?

Is freedom someone who weeps alone,

Or a happy child who has a home?

Is freedom the separation of brothers,
Or being able to live and get along with others?

Is freedom a child who has no school,

Or is it just one big rule?

Is it something that comes and goes,
Or something that no one really knows?

Is it one who can wash dishes,

Or one that gets any job he wishes?

Will freedom ever see the light,
Or forever stay just out of sight?

Will freedom come over night,
Or must it come after a long, hard fight?

Freedom is in everyone's dream,
Freedom is a part of our every scheme.

Freedom isn't something we all fear

We only know that it's very near.

No one knows when the end will come
No one knows where it's coming from,
We only hope that it will hurry on
Because the struggle has been hard and long.

And whenever freedom does appear
From every mouth you'll hear a cheer,
Because we'll know that this is the end
And freedom is no longer considered a sin.

BROTHERHOOD
By Margo Parker, 9-507

Brotherhood is a topic we know
That should follow us as we grow
You're my brother and he is too,
We are all partners in what we do.

Here's my hand
Now give me yours -
Hand and hand we will go
To the people and let them know
No matter what's your color or creed
There is Brotherhood for you and me.

THE DARKNESS
by Edward Mathias, 9-511

In the city I see it, the darkness now comes.
It's in Alabama and in all the streets and towns:
In all the homes and hearts of my friends.

We all hate the evil, but all is not so
For the hate in the city describes the hand on my
heart; my soul.

The darkness is coming, its o'er all the world;
On the Wall of Berlin and in Vietnam —
In Chicago and New York,
The darkness is strong in the old town of Georgia.

The darkness is coming, that thing that is hate.
My heart is ablaze with it, my soul is in hell with it;
The world is now drenched in it, the people they
drown in it.

I want to be free of this sickness, this live death,
I want to be righteous and holy and free;
And not for my children to grow up like me.

When I look 'round, the light want to see,
O Lord give us light, let us see.
O Lord give us hope; from the darkness, make
us free.
And Lord from the darkness, light let there be.

THE SCHOOL BOYCOTT
by Alicia Montague, 9-511

Thousands of students all over the city
Didn't go to school, it was a pity.
Teachers marched in picket lines,
Quietly showing slogans and rhymes
Of laws that the Board should have long ago passed
Integration. And equally right they asked.
In this way we clearly stated
Some of the wrongs and injustices we hated.
The boycott was successful and right.
Maybe someday soon we will win our fight!

Rappacini's

Ruthless

by Ying Lum, 9-301

Joseph Harcourt moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, in order to be able to study more freely the plants and animals of the woods around the countryside, because his ambition was to be a biologist. He lacked money and was forced to live in a little dirty tenement building on the outskirts of the town, around which were many scattered split level homes. One building, not far from Joseph's apartment, was a beautiful-looking mansion, surrounded by a large garden and wrought iron fence.

The superintendent of Joseph's building had an amiable wife who cared for his room and took a liking to the sober young man.

One day, Joseph grew weary from studying so hard from his biology texts (he was attending courses at the University of Arkansas). "Oh, I feel like a miserable low dog! How I wish I could do something else for a change!" he sighed.

He was overheard by Mrs. Gables, the superintendent's wife, who replied, "Then go for God's sake who don't you go to? You're from me?"

Joseph did just that. "Ah," he said, "This countryside really is more than I expected. I should do this more often." Suddenly he saw the large mansion ahead of him, with the beautiful garden full of the prettiest flowers. "I wonder whose home this is? It seems abandoned at the moment, but yet, everything looks so well-cared for," thought Joseph.

Meanwhile, although Joseph did not know it, Mrs. Gables had been secretly following him to see how he would feel on the outside. Just then Joseph saw a small gate, evidently little used, for it was intersected with vines. "Why, here is a gate leading into the garden! I'll go in, it won't do any harm," Joseph thought, and he went in, but distinctly enough for Mrs. Gables to overhear.

Quickly she ran up to him crying, "Oh, no! Please do not go in there, Mr. Harcourt! Neighbors around here say that this is the house of a mad scientist. I'm not sure, but please don't take any chances." Mrs. Gables led the unwilling Joseph away, continuing, "Some kind of insane man lives in that mansion with his daughter, Teresa. His name is Rappacini, I believe, and rumors say that he is learning to control the radiation of the sun itself and turn it into something disastrous. I don't know much about all this business, but it scares me and it is best for you to stay away."

Although Joseph returned home very reluctantly, he could not forget the old house. From the fifth floor window of his apartment, he focused a pair of binoculars toward the mysterious mansion in the distance. "Great stars!" he exclaimed to himself. "What is this gigantic thing in the garden? It's...it's...it's grotesque. And there's a young girl on a long table right underneath it! I see an old man, too. He's turning all sorts of knots on the machine, or whatever it is, and direct-

Radiation

ing it straight at the girl. The other side is pointing toward the sky, to the sun! I must be seeing things. Perhaps I am ill, but how can I be? I'm only twenty-one, such a young man doesn't get sick all of a sudden." He collapsed on his bed and fell asleep. The sun set and night fell.

Next day after his lessons at the University, Joseph stayed after school and spoke to his teacher. "Professor Nicklebottom, do you know a scientist on the outskirts of town by the name of Rappacini?"

The aged instructor was startled at the mention of the word, and asked, "What brings that up? Yes, I know such a man. He is a scientist of great abilities, but mentally ill." There was silence for a moment, and Professor Nicklebottom guessed what the student was thinking of the man himself, "He must be interested in that beautiful girl of Rappacini." Somehow Joseph concluded what he was thinking and immediately excused himself.

That afternoon near sunset, Joseph secretly returned to the mansion, opened the rusty gate, and stepped into the garden. Before him loomed a huge symmetrically designed metal machine of some kind. "What is it?" Joseph thought.

Just then a girl appeared, the same one Joseph had seen through his binoculars. He was surprised and would have immediately left but she said, "Stay young man. What do you mean intruding in my father's garden?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude, but they fell in love. Visit after visit followed." Teresa explained that her father was conducting experiments trying to find out whether the sun's energy would be used in harmful radiation reactions on human beings. "He has been conducting his sun radiation experiments ever since I was a child, using me. You might as well know now, Joseph, that you are becoming poisonous, for I have contaminated you." Teresa said to him. Startled, he ran out of the garden to his apartment, and did not return for several days.

Professor Nicklebottom came up one night and said, "Joseph, I am very fond of you because you have become like a son to me, but I know you are visiting this Rappacini girl. Be doubt she has contaminated you, but she is all is not lost. I am a scientist myself and I have recently invented a serum which will counteract the effects of radiation poisoning. Here, take it, and you must believe me." And with that he left.

The next day Joseph brought the serum to his beloved friend Teresa, bidding her to drink it so she would not be poisonous. Meanwhile Rappacini finally came out and Joseph cursed him for doing such an evil thing to his daughter and in turn to himself. Suddenly Teresa fell on the grass, crying, "Oh, I am dying. I couldn't be decontaminated...ugh!"

She died violently, leaving Joseph contaminated and alone to face the world.

A HALLOWE'EN FANTASY

by Alicia Montague, 9-511



WINTER
by Alicia Montague, 9-511

Raindrops dripping on a window sill
Bare trees standing tall and still.
Snowflakes falling on the grounds,
Howls of dogs and other hounds.
Bolts of lightning flashing through the sky
Winds blowing fast! Through the cold---dark---

earlier night,
Children screaming from utter fright!
All are signs of Winter!

SNOW
by Beatrice James, 7-405

What is that so white up there?
It's coming down in my hair.
Is it to play in?
Or is it to throw?
I think I know
I'm sure it's snow.

WINTER NIGHT
By Patricia Coley, 7-408

The sky is hazy,
So dreary and cold,
Hiding silver stars,
All dashing and bold.
Snow is in the air,
Feel it all around,
With crystals of flakes,
Covering the ground.
On many roof tops,
On many window panes,
All pitter patter on windows,
With the same sweet refrain.

Michael Ingleton was 11, but had the mind of a 16 year old. He never had talked in the small childhood fantasies of fairies, witches, or Santa Claus. He was always adult beyond his years. What's worse, he didn't want others to enjoy these fantasies. He would go around telling all of the smaller children that there was no such thing as a witch or fairy and that they were stupid if they believed in them. He wouldn't even let his younger sisters and brothers enjoy themselves.

One Hallowe'en night, after Michael had lain down to bed to rest, his little sister Maria, ran into his room screaming and crying, "Michael, Michael, there's something in my room!! Come quickly, I'm scared!"

Michael, assuming that his sister, five, had had a nightmare, slowly got up and said in a comforting voice, "Come on, sis, it's all right."

Opening the door to her room he tucked her in bed and gave her a soft peck on her cheek. "See, sis, I told you it wasn't anything." As he turned to go out of the door, Michael noticed that it was closed and he hadn't closed it when he came in. "Hey Maria, did you close this door when you came in?"

"No, Michael," said Maria, starting to shiver again.

"Well who did?" exclaimed Michael pulling the knob. Try as hard as he would, Michael could not open the door, and as he sank down in a nearby chair in defeat, he noticed a figure moving behind the window curtain. It slowly emerged and seemed to form a big white blob. By this time Michael was beginning to get scared and he tried, in vain, to turn on the light. Suddenly something seemed to grab him around the neck from behind. In a panic, he screamed, and having nothing, Michael lunged at the window door and began to hit it. He screamed again, and threw all of the covers over his head. When he awoke the next morning, Michael found it hard to believe what had seemingly taken place the night before. In any event he then after believed in anything anyone else believed in. But he never did figure it out. Was he dreaming? Had someone played a nasty trick on him? Or had Michael Ingleton, age 11, taken "One Step Beyond?"

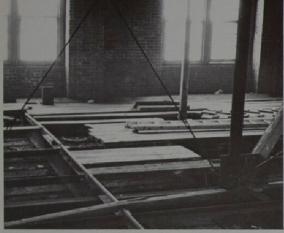


19

A Visit to the Wadleigh Tower

by Raynard Toomer, 9-301

Up, up, up, the stairs we went. Finally there were no more stairs. What was this? A door, eroded by Father Time and walls with cracking plaster. Slowly we opened the creaky one hinge door. Then we beheld its insides. Long boarded



planks over planks. At some places there were no planks. Slowly we crossed this half-boarded floor, shakily looking out for broken boards and overhead poles.

Walking dangerously along we were stopped in our tracks by another door. We pulled it open and



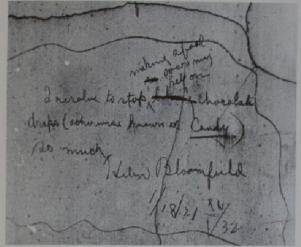
third floor, top floor. Out into the room we stepped. We walked around and around in this room, for there was something unusual about it. It was plastered with signatures all along the wall. We examined them closely looking for the oldest one. Suddenly someone yelled out. "1917!!" Included with the date were the words, "Rediscovered and Explored in Amo Domine 1917 by A. Schmidt '17."



stepped inside. It was just a deserted room. There were stairs on one side of the room that wound up and up. Seeing no possibility of danger, we ascended these winding stairs knowing not what to expect any minute. Then there was the second floor, also a deserted room. Again we started up. Next stop,

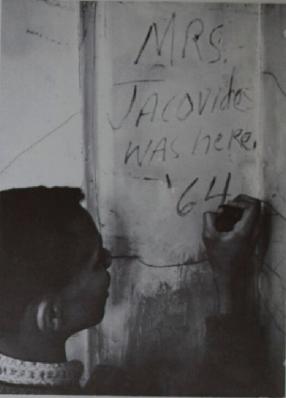


This was absolutely an historical discovery. Walking across the room a little further, we discovered one of 1921 saying, "I resolve to stop



making a fool of myself over chocolate drops (otherwise known as candy) so much. Helen Bloomfield 1/18/21." Wandering around the room everyone had the same notion. Silence. "Cut with the crayons and markers!" we yelled. By this time everyone was frantically moving about trying to borrow a marker to write his name and a little message. Soon we organized and decided to write one big signature from all of us. It was at that historical moment that a Wadleigh stepped up on a worn out ladder and wrote, Class of '64, Best

Class of All.



It was quite calm after that. We just walked around examining further the contents of the room. There were a couple of relics such as two ladders, a table, a chair, and a pair of worn-down-to-the-fingertips workmen gloves.

(Continued.)



A rope ladder interested us greatly. Finally we came up doing a scene from Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. There was an argument over who would play the leading roles but the couple was picked

Down the stairs we strode stopping on the two floors momentarily, out of the second door, then toward the first one hinged door. Closing it we left our memories, sloppy handwriting and great discoveries in the tower.



eventually. After this little skit we went looking out the window. What a view. There were quite a few sights we saw of great interest. But like all good things, they must come to an end.



22

Editor's Note: After climbing to the vacant Wadleigh tower with her five ninth grade explorer-friends, the author of the fiction below decided that perhaps the tower was not always as lonely and unoccupied

as it is now. Perhaps sinister beings once roamed the three upper floors. What would happen to a Wadleigh student who discovered their hiding place? Read on, gentle reader.

THE TOWER BEGINS

Kathleen White, 9-301

The wind howled about the heads of the six young explorers and their experienced guides. The walls were a dark and dingy white, cracked and peeling and showed weak plaster underneath. On the first level of the tower we read:

"Here lies the dead janitor, climb higher and you may find him."

On another wall:

"Here lies a Wadleigh student who died for the cause for which his fellow classmates graduated."

The wind still blew, the sun shone in on the tower through the windows, casting no warmth on the lone visitors. The stairs leading from the sixth floor level of the tower to the second and third levels were cold and flimsy, and an unwelcome view of the first level was afforded when one would look through the skeleton steps of the staircase.

I grew colder, the wind howled, strange noises were heard, the boys shivered, the girls shook, the explorers climbed. After all, what could we lose by climbing higher?

When we reached the third level, the first thing we noticed was an old, rotten wooden door with a set of rusty keys forever bound to its lock.

The ancient dates and wrings on the walls told tales of people, places, and events, but none such stirred the imagination as those which told the tale of dead students, forever inhabiting the tower.

"Oh, look, at this," screamed one of the explorers. As we bent to decipher the practically illegible and strange message, we heard a creak.

What was that? The wind whistling through old rotten boards in the tower. We had heard that before.

"Goodness gracious!"

The voice was mysterious, and left a marked impression on our souls. One girl fainted. We grieved like Christmas trees on revolving stands to meet face to face, a glowing apparition, dressed in a janitor's suit. My heart sank, my head spun, and I sank to my knees. The strong hands of our experienced male guide helped me to stand once more, and the girl who had swooned was brought back to consciousness.

"I am glad that we have you fools here. When, and if you are ever found again, other fools won't dare venture into the tower. Can you not read? Did you not read the message written in blood downstairs by another explorer? Such fools I have never seen as this, and, being fools, you will be taught in the same manner that other visitors to the Wadleigh never have been taught. That great method was: EXPIATING DEATH and nothing else."

By now we were all on our knees again, begging forgiveness of the specter, but again a creak—the rotted wooden door, that lead in to this room above the Wadleigh roof, opened, and a troupe of spirits floated in, some wearing Patrol badges, some singing like Glee Club soloists, some blowing horns, having debates, writing articles, figuring the proof of the Pythagorean Theorem, and, in other words,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45



23

**WHAT IS THE AVERAGE CHILD
OF AMERICA LIKE?**

by Margo Parker, 9-507

When we think of America's small children we think of small hands and feet that are mischievous.

Hands making messes and playing ball. Feet kicking the dog and running from dogs.

Then we leave that age group to start when they are going to school. This makes them feel so important, being a part of a big class and learning to read and write.

Later when they come out of elementary school, they are a little bit brighter and just a little more responsible.

In junior high school, they start even taller than before. They move around from class to class instead of staying in one class room, which gives them a feeling of responsibility to be able to go by themselves.

Then they carry on and go to high school where some finish and work at different jobs and some quit before time. Some work up to higher goals and others just remain where they are.

Some get married and some are single. Some are lonely and some are happy, but they all can look back on those young days in which they were a part of America's youth.

THINGS TO DO

by Denise Warner, 9-507

The next time my mother tells me to wash the dishes I will gladly do so.

Over the week end my brother went on a camping trip and I had to take over most of his chores. I hate doing housework and it was even worse when I wanted to go ice-skating with my friends, and my mother said no on the Sunday evenings. It was about one-thirty in the afternoon when Mother said she was going to visit my aunt and that when she returned the kitchen had better be in spotless condition.

I knew that when my aunt and Mother got together they wouldn't stop talking for hours and hours. So I thought I would be very clever and stick the dishes under the sink and only stay out skating for an hour or two.

At the skating rink everything was going fine until I started to fall down and sprain my ankle. Everyone made a big fuss over my fall and my ankle was bandaged. After all the confusion I happened to peer at the clock and it said four-thirty! Frightened, I had my friend and her father drive me home quickly.

When I got there my mother was waiting at the door with a belt, and a very angry expression. Well, that was Sunday and this is Friday and since I haven't been out of the house for the entire week, I am writing this to give myself something to do.

It is difficult to write standing up like this.

24

THE GIFT I DIDN'T GET

by Harriet Smith, 9-511

Like every normal growing girl, I had asked my parents that Christmas to buy me a record player, a typewriter, a coat, several skirts and other clothing as gifts which I wanted to receive. At the time I was feeling ever so sorry for myself, as I was suffering with painful blisters on the bottom of my foot. It was impossible for me to walk, and so I felt a great many expensive gifts were my due.

I realized, however, that the most important gift to me - which my parents could not deliver - was to ask God to heal my feet so that I could walk around and enjoy Christmas.

The days went by quickly but not fast enough for my satisfaction. I prayed and prayed, but it seemed to be in vain. I have always been a strong person, however, and my faith did not leave me.

Christmas day arrived, and when I awoke, I was truly afraid to open my eyes. Finally I had the courage. My family was at my bedside when I removed the bandages slowly unwrapping each one.

My feet were still in bad condition. I cried hysterically.

I got every gift I had asked my parents for, at great expense to them. But the most important one was missing. My mother suggested maybe this was my punishment for something I had done.

For the entire vacation, I was flat on my back. Feeling so depressed, I refused to see my friends and I was cross with my good family. I refused to eat, making my mother worry.

One afternoon, my mother sat down quietly to speak with me. She made me sit up like in a different way. In all of my anger, I never stopped to think of all the precious gifts I already had. I had loving, understanding parents, plenty of good food and clothing, dear friends, and more besides. These gifts, as my mother pointed out, were mine to enjoy all year around.

The more I thought about that, the better I felt. One day I was able to remove the bandages and walk about. Soon I was back at school.

I now look back upon that Christmas when I did not receive the one gift I thought was so important to me - but did, instead, develop a greater understanding and maturity. I think it must have been meant that way.

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL TO ME

by Laura Mitchell, 9-314

To me the Empire State Building at night is beautiful because all the lights are on, and the sky is dark and it looks like a picture like that of a postcard of the world at rest. Also early in the morning when you look at the Empire State Building it looks like a ghost town in the middle of no where. It is so heavenly to see it in the morning, you'd think it was heaven on earth.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

by Ying Lum, 9-301

This year Wadleigh's representatives to the Red Cross Student Council are Yang Lum of class 9-301 and Robert Rodriguez of class 8-207. They are head of all Red Cross activities in our school and attend meetings regularly at the Manhattan Chapter office, downtown.

Each meeting they discuss with the representatives from other schools the various ways in which the Junior Red Cross can help, and activities are planned for the season. For instance, during Christmas-time volunteers do their duty by helping patients and cookies and cakes are baked for the patients. During Red Cross Month, March, there is a campaign for funds to help support the Red Cross. This money is used beneficially in many different ways; to help disaster victims, veterans and their families, and even the students. Some of the money we contribute helps to pay for eyeglasses for pupils who need them.

A student can qualify to be a Junior Red Cross volunteer if he has good records of scholarship and leadership, and is at least fourteen years old. The volunteers get individual training in many different ways; they can be office workers, nurses' aides, blood mobile aides, and help in supervising children in playgrounds, nurseries and clinics. Many Wadleigh students have been volunteers in the past summers.

The Red Cross activities of Wadleigh are under the direction of Miss Jackson.

THE A.V.A. SQUAD

by Denise Warner, 9-507

Years ago when our parents went to school they would open their books and read, read, read. Now and then they might be so fortunate to have a class discussion. Today, education is more varied.

At Wadleigh we have a well equipped staff of A.V.A. members who show film strips and movies which will bring the particular subject area to life. Mr. Ackerman, who is a Social Studies teacher, and a photographer, trains a group of interested students to work the various machines.

This is particularly helpful to students with reading levels below grade. They may read a chapter in a Social Studies book and then see it on screen as clearly as if it were current events. There are 35 members of the audio-visual aids squad.

THE MAGIC CLUB

By Diane Shelby, 8-207 & Arlene Dawson, 7-408

Last winter Wadleigh had a Magicians' Club, in which various students learned the rules of this mystic art. The Magic Club met every Monday in the Afterschool Center. The students were taught by Miss Sandra, a professional artist for some years. Mr. Marcal supervised the teaching sessions; and, after the students had acquired some competence in the art, made it possible for the club to present a show. The show was staged January, 1964 in room 408.

With Miss Sandra left in mid-January, the club was dissolved. While it was still in operation, the members learned many good tricks. The tricks Miss Sandra taught the members were rather simple; such as the torn and restored paper, the burned handkerchief, the Hindi Vase Mystery, and various card tricks. When the student members of the club finished their acts, Miss Sandra wowed them by doing some of her more complicated tricks. One which she said took her six months to learn, was a no gimmick hoop trick, in which several hoops were manipulated by hand to create different designs.

The club was broken up in January because Miss Sandra's performing season started in the downtown shows. She performs professionally at parties, in night clubs, and various other places.

SPRING

By Helen West, 9-301

Spring is the season of the year
When nature unfolds her beauty
And every man, woman and child
Accept their call to duty.

Spring is the season of the year
When showers fall from above
And every young man's fancy
Just seems to turn to love.

25

THE LANGUAGE LABORATORY

by Janice Simpson, 8-207

A laboratory used to be a place where tests took place, and chemicals live, but ask most any Wadleigh student, "What is a laboratory?" and you'll get the answer, "A place where you learn and have fun at the same time."

In our Spanish Lab room 511, we are fully equipped with the latest methods of teaching languages. It is used by Mr. Lavergneau and other members of the language department.

With electronic equipment at the desk of the teacher and that of the student, it is easy to have a personal lesson on one's own. A teacherless student. The most self-conscious to the most cut-spoken student has an equal chance in this system. We can also thank this system for the help in accent and fluency it gives the student.

We must not however forsake the language teachers who with their own personal wit and charm make language a pleasure.

THE BOWLING TEAM

by Winda F. Booker, 9-507

Each Tuesday, during the school year, a group of Wadleigh girls strides briskly over to the Lenox Lanes and immediately fills the air with sounds of crashing pins and girlish shrieks of glee.

Under the guidance of Miss Keene and Miss Nash, the eighth and ninth grade beginners learned the basic steps: how to pick up the ball, walk with it and heave it down the alley in a straight line.

By five o'clock, each girl had received some individual attention to her bowling style and had been given pointers by the teacher-instructors.

GRAPHIC ARTS SHOP

by Raynard Toomer, 9-301

Pupils of Wadleigh attend Graphic Arts Shop, conducted by Mr. Lombardi, during the periods in the week, to learn the skills of the printing industry.

In the first year of this class, the student is allowed to make cards containing his name, address and telephone number. After this project is completed, he continues doing individual projects of his choice varying from name cards to memo pads.

This course prepares the student for vocational high schools and teaches them the operation of certain machines in the printing industry. Academic students often find their training here useful later in life. Anyone interested in a writing, publishing or newspaper career should find knowledge of printing processes useful.

Mr. Lombardi, a two-year veteran of Wadleigh, is a man of ability and patience in teaching students the skills of printing.

26

BODY BUILDING STORY

by Raynard Toomer, 9-301

In slinks a small, hunched-over runt.

Out marches a muscular tiger.

That's what Robinson's Body Building Club will do. Especially designed for the boy who feels that some part of his body needs building up, the club met every Tuesday in the Afterschool Center.

Barbells, ropes, punching bags, mats and other body building devices are supplied as standard equipment. Mr. Robinson puts the boys through paces which become progressively more difficult.

If you feel tired run down, distressed, take a Robinson Body Building Course.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRR! What a club.

THE DRAMATICS CLUB

by Denise Warner 9-507

The afterschool dramatics club meets in the auditorium on Monday and Friday, 3:00 p.m. until 4:15 p.m. under the supervision of Mr. Joseph M. McGann.

The purpose of the club is to enable students to participate in various plays and dialogues under the influence of children their own ages. Anyone who joins does not have the ability to act.

The club's well performed plays are open to center members and anyone who wishes to see them in the afternoon. The club also performs for different schools and small groups outside of Wadleigh.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

by Denise Warner, 9-507

Ever try taking a picture and it doesn't come out right? Or have you ever tried developing a picture and left it in water too long? If you ever, ever need help, come to Wadleigh.

Mr. Ackerman is the teacher in charge of a group of students who meet on Wednesday afternoon, taking and developing beautiful and nicely done pictures.

With Mr. Ackerman continued success with the club, we hope they will develop into a fine group. Some of the work done by these photography students may be seen on our pages.

THE METAL SHOP

by Raynard Toomer, 9-301

Aside from the fact that shopwork is a required subject and that most must attend it, there are many reasons why metal shopwork is of value to the student. First of all, it is not intended that a skilled worker will result, but only that the student gets an idea of how a shop is operated and learns how to work with sharp tools. It gives encouragement on using the hands and head. This instruction helps people to decide on a future career.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Linda Faulding, Linda Jacks, 9-301

and Janice Simpson, 8-207

During the week before Christmas, some members of the teaching staff had the entire student body choking with laughter at their ludicrous adaptation of the *Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

As the cast took a bow, the auditorium thundered with applause. Half of the students, having risen from the fall, stopped laughing long enough to cheer their teachers.

We all know the story, which will probably remain just as loved as it always has been as long as there is Christmas. Old Ebenezer Scrooge who doesn't believe in Christmas, is visited by three ghosts on Christmas Eve. Each one takes him over a part of his life: past, present, and what-might-be. When he sees where his wretched life is leading him, he changes his mind and tries to improve. He learns the true meaning of Christmas and makes that holiday a much merrier one for his poor under-paid clerk and his family.

Mr. Smith, who played Scrooge, really outdid himself. Garbed in a wrinkled grey suit, a sneaker and an oversized shoe, he brought the auditorium to near havoc. While talking to his uncle, Mr. McGann, Scrooge struggled in the elephantine shoe so no-one could move him in it.

Mr. Teich was a very unhappy, fearful, meek man in his Bob Cratchit role. He jumped appreciatively at whatever Scrooge said.

With his heavy chains and great clanking, Mr.

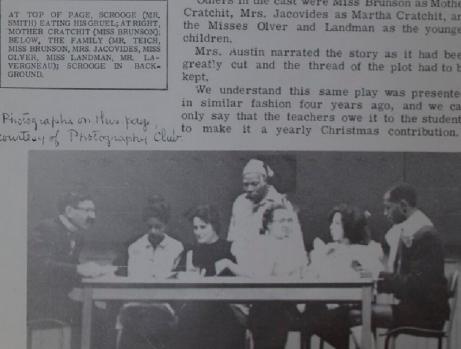
Monroe as the ghost scared Scrooge nearly out of his wits. Miss Jemmott and Mr. Farmer, who came to ask Mr. Scrooge for a contribution to help the poor and needy raised great cries from the audience, which was yet to see Mr. Lavergneau as Tiny Tim, bowlegged and in short pants. He brought down the house. So flushed with excitement he was that by mistake he sat in a chair that wasn't there. The assembly ran over ten minutes on that account alone.

Others in the cast were Miss Brunson as Mother Cratchit, Mrs. Jacobides as Martha Cratchit, and the Misses Oliver and Landman as the younger children.

Mrs. Austin narrated the story as it had been greatly cut and the thread of the plot had to be kept.

We understand this same play was presented in similar fashion four years ago, and we can only say that the teachers owe it to the students to make it a yearly Christmas contribution.

Photographs on this page
courtesy of Photography Club



27

A GREAT MAN AND
A GREAT AMERICAN
by Janice Simpson, 8-207

I have always been proud of the fact that I am an American because I know how our forefathers fought for our ideals of freedom. Yet I felt not a part of it. That was in the past. But the tragic and lonely death of President John F. Kennedy made me know that we are still fighting for our ideals of freedom. I felt as though I had lost not only a great president, but among other things a great man. He was a model American and a good friend not only to the Negro people but to me personally. I continue to hope and pray that he did not die in vain but that his death is hope that may bind all peoples of the earth in a common cause of "Peace and Goodwill toward men."

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN F. KENNEDY
By Evelyn Rowe, 9-314

An assassin's bullet brought pain to us all
When it cut down a man who stood straight and tall.
That man was our president, so fine and so brave,
And now he must lie in a place called his grave.
The whole country did weep on that horrible day,
When that bullet struck his life away.
May we always remember and never forget
The memory of a man to whom we owe a great debt.
For his life he did give,
That you and I may have peace wherever we live.

THE PRESIDENT
by Raymond Douglas, 9-404A

A President known by all
A good man, slain by one.
His ideals would have made us known to all
His untimely assassination a loss to all -
At least we can say to all
We truly had a President who cared for all.

PENALTY FOR BREAKING THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT
By Evelyn Rowe, 9-314

One man who caused the death of two
Didn't seem bothered, not even blue.
What was in his heart? Nothing but sin.
Surely there was righteousness within.
He killed the president and robbed our nation
Yes, but more important his eternal salvation.
He is going to have a suffering end
When he takes that last turn around the bend.
If the assassin was one Oswald by name,
He will go down in history but not with fame.
I feel sorry for the family he left behind
Hope, love, and peace is my wish for them to find.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
By Linda Jacks, 9-301

President Kennedy, young and free,
Lived and died for this country.
Fighting for things he believed were right,
He never gave up till he won the fight.

He fought for freedom and equality,
Not for himself, but for you and me.
He visited places far from his home,
What waited at each place was to him unknown.

One morning when everything seemed right,
Early that day he began his flight.
Down the Texas streets his car did drive,
Through the cheering crowds, happy he was alive.

But along one Texas street there was a tragedy,
From a window a man did see
Kennedy in his car and the Governor too,
When a shot did ring the streets through and through.

A second... then a third,
Yes, - three shots were heard,
And Kennedy slumped toward his wife
As those shots ended his life.

Oh, Kennedy was a man among men,
But... as everyone, his life must end.
He died in a sorrowful way,
Different from people dying everyday.

What he's done and for what he died,
Will, in our memories, keep him alive.
So for something gone wrong, don't sit and fret,
Remember what Kennedy did... don't ever forget!

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
by Beatrice James, 9-305

President Kennedy was a good man
His name is honored in all the land
His heart was filled with all sorts of good deeds,
He tried to equalize all color and creeds.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY
by Francine Simmons, 9-301

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

from *The New Colossus* by Emma Lazarus

This is the poem which greeted Maria Veroni on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty when she arrived from Sicily.

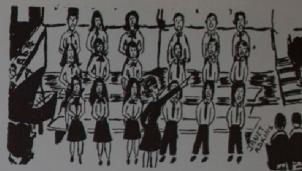
Maria was a young girl of 19, who came from a very poor family in a small town in Sicily. Ever since she was very young, her greatest desire was to come to America. She would dream about what she would do when she came to America, and what it would be like. Although her mother told her time and time again that they did not and would never have enough money for her to go to America, Maria never gave up hope.

When she became of age to work, which was 9, she went right to work and saved every bit that didn't have to go towards helping the family. It took her 10 years to save her passageway to America - with a little left over for "luxuries".

Maria vowed to her family, which consisted of her mother, father, 5 brothers and 4 sisters, that one day they would all be together again in America, and she was determined to live up to her promise.

After arriving in the lower East Side of Manhattan, Maria wrote her first letter home. In it she told her mother the words on the pedestal and she said:

"The American want people like us to come live with them. They want our tired, our poor, and our homeless. When I left Sicily, I was tired and poor, but here in America I am not tired anymore and I am on the road that leads out of poverty. America, my mother, is a land of opportunity."



TWELFTH NIGHT
by Raynard Toomer, 9-301

In mid October, selected classes of Wadleigh attended a performance of Shakespeare's comedy, *Twelfth Night*, given at the Heckscher Theater. To the great delight of our students, many of whom had studied the play before going, the members of the New York City Shakespeare Festival made the most of every comic situation.

The plot, as written by Shakespeare is complicated enough. In a shipwreck, a boy and girl twin are washed ashore separately. Each assumes the other dead. The girl, disguised as a boy, becomes a servant to the Duke of the land. Her job is to take messages from the Duke to Olivia, the lady he is wooing. Olivia, thinking the girl-servant is a man, falls in love with him. Meanwhile, the girl-servant, Viola, falls in love with the Duke, naturally, although dressed as a boy like she is, things look very peculiar. To make matters more complicated, Olivia is also being wooed by a fool of a man named Aguecheek. Through friends, Aguecheek challenges the girl-servant, Viola, who he thinks is a man, to a duel over Olivia. During the duel, Viola's twin brother arrives on the scene, and suddenly the frightened servant (Viola) becomes dashing and brave (her brother). All ends well, of course, with everyone marrying happily and living ever after, but not before the audience has split their sides over the major and minor characters and their frantic actions.

It has been said that a play must be seen, not read, to get the full enjoyment, and truly the actors proved this point most admirably. Many lines which were funny enough as we read them in class, became absolutely riotous as the actors drew out each line for the most fun.

The Festival players are under the direction of Mr. Joseph Papp who has been presenting Shakespeare plays free in Central Park for several summers now. The City of New York has built a stage near the reservoir for the performances of the plays in the open air. Any one willing to go early for a seat may attend for nothing. In the fall months, the group moves indoors to the Heckscher Theater on 5th Avenue at 105th Street, within walking distance of Wadleigh.



Seated, left to right: Raymond Tocner, Editor-in-Chief; Linda Fadding, Mrs. Jacobs, Advisor; Priscilla Simons; Standing: Michael Metzger, Janice Simpson, David Edwards, Deborah Edwards, Wanda Booker, Deborah Ellis and Diane Shelly.

WHO—The Yearbook Staff

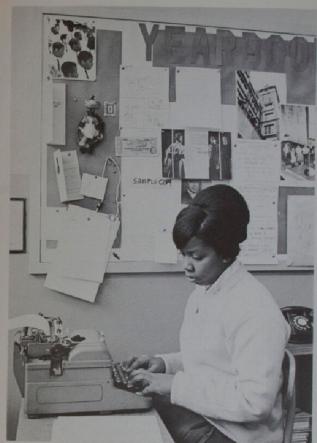
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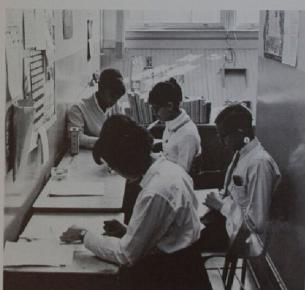
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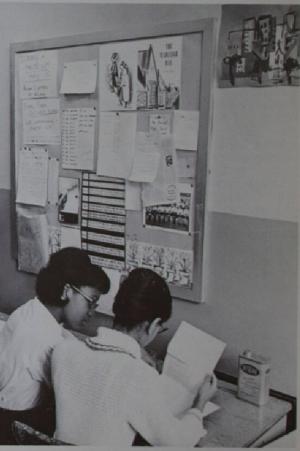


wrote, edited, proof-read

& pasted



to produce the book



you now hold

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

by Karen Oliver, 9-301

The whole miserable day would have been wonderful if I hadn't made that stupid mistake early that morning. What was the mistake? - I got up that's all! When I got up I jumped out of bed on the wrong side and therefore, jumped right on my sleeping boxer who right away jumped on me. It's a good thing he had had his shots or else I'd be dead right now. Boy, can that dog bite!

After I had that ordeal with my sweet little gentle(?) dog I decided to get dressed. When I was buttoning my blouse I popped the button and I didn't have any money in my pocket. I had to change my skirt because the only skirt I had was black and my skirt was purple and blue and purple do not mix. After I finished dressing I went to the closet to get my corn flakes out and found that the box was empty. I didn't have any Rice Krispies, Trix, Post, Gran, Wheat Chex or Chez Chex. I didn't even have any Mapple!! I decided that I didn't really want cereal after all so I went outside to get the milk the milkman had left. When I got inside the house the milk fell so I had to decide that I didn't want any more either. Naturally that meant I had to go through the rest of my clothes. I left the house and very casually walked down the street to the bus stop. All of a sudden some very fresh man screamed at me, "Hey lady you look nice but man, take them gigantic curlers out ya hair!" I turned and very casually walked back to my house trying not to look embarrassed at all but some nasty little kid said to his friend, "Hey, Jimmy, look at the bright red lady."

After I took the curlers out of my hair I very casually walked to the bus stop only this time I made it. A bus came along and I jumped into it and dropped my fifteen cents into the box and walked to a seat. No sooner had I seated myself than the driver called me back, "What lady what kind of a fool do you think I am? I know you silver dime when I see it and I know a silver dime when I see one and you had better come up here and take this silver penny and give me a nice little silver dime or else get off my bus." I went up, took the penny and gave him a dime but I wasn't embarrassed, and this time some stupid person giggled, "Tee hee, she looks just like a lobster!" I gave her a nasty look and moved on to my seat. After about five minutes I found out I was going crosstown instead of downtown. I had to get off and spend my lunch money for a cab to get to work. The fare came to \$4.50. All I had was five dollars and I needed at least fifty cents. As I got out of the cab I gave the man \$4.50 and no tip and I ran away but I heard him shout something nasty.

I was of course late. When I walked into my office my boss was waiting for me. Trying to sound sweet I said, "Good morning Mr. Smith," cheerfully.

He said, "Good evening Miss Oliver," cheer-

fully. That's all he said cheerfully and what he didn't say cheerfully I couldn't put down on paper and still say that I was a decent girl. After his pep talk he wanted me to type a letter for him. I went to open my typewriter and found that I didn't know where the key to it was. We searched for it for fifteen minutes and then I found it in my left hand. I took the letter to Mr. Smith without proofreading it. He took the letter. Then he asked me if I were taking a course in Morse code. I said "No, why?"

He handed me the letter and I understood why. Naturally I received another one of his pep talks. I typed three more letters which all had quite a few mistakes in them but for some strange reason



Mr. Smith said nothing to me about them. When I brought him the fourth letter full of mistakes he said, "WHAT CENSORED is the matter with you today?" I told him the lie about my mother being very sick and I was worried and that I would be much better after lunch.

When I went to lunch I ordered a very nourishing lunch, a cup of coffee and a doughnut because that's all I had money for. I sat next to a very important looking man and I started talking to him because I am unmarried and not getting any younger and I guess I am a little desperate. I talked about Mr. Smith and how mean and cruel he was and his use of profane words. I even lied about him a little just to make the conversation more interesting. When I was finished the gentleman informed me that he was Mr. Smith's brother and he gave me a pep talk too. The waitress brought my coffee and doughnut because I was so very embarrassed I moved away. Not before I spilled my coffee on Mr. Smith's brother's brand new \$50 charcoal gray suit. As if I hadn't done enough damage, my doughnut down his back. He gave such a blood-thirsty scream that I got scared and ran away. When I went back to work Mr. Smith and his brother were waiting for me. I was informed that I was, as of that moment, unemployed. I told him I didn't care and I gave him a pep talk and I ran away in fright.

AUF WIEDERSEHN WINTER

By Michael Menzies, 9-507

Once my face felt winter's breeze
That sleeps until the coming years.
The whistling of wind through the trees
Has faded from my sensitive ears.

Winter comes after the season of Fall,
Singing in tune, her usual song,
Bringing joy to one and all.
And after Winter, Spring comes along.

Miss Spring gets weary and summer relieves
And fully destroys that winter breeze,
Then Fall appears and Summer leaves,
Rotation again and freeze man- FREEZE!!

THE SUN

By Daisy Ortiz, 7-408

There's a shining ball of fire
Way up very high
That makes you feel like climbing to it
Up in the sky
The being that I talk about
Is like a mother to me
And all the dangerous masses
Make me run and grow
At night after I come to sleep
And get myself all clean
I say "Goodnight great ball of fire
I'll see you in my dreams".

THE MYSTERY VEGETABLE GARDEN

by Pamela Richardson, 7-208

Once I had a vegetable garden. Every time I would water the garden, the vegetables would dance. The potatoes would do a jig, the tomatoes would do a tomato pancake jig which is done by flattening them selves and rolling around. The cabbage, lettuce, carrots, and asparagus clapped their hands. One day I went to water the garden, but they didn't dance. It was very mysterious.

All of a sudden up popped the strangest thing I have ever seen. He grumbled, "I'm a kissimee, missimee vegetable."

Out marched the vegetable army.

Hup two, three, four, hup two, three, four, left, right.

The army took me prisoner. Down we went into the ground. I saw all my vegetables in jail, they were taken prisoner just like me.

After everyone was in bed I got up and went to where the jail was. A guard was there. I hit him over the head with a carrot. Back down he goes. I took the key from him and opened the door, the siren blew. We ran and ran as fast as we could. The asparagus stopped. I had to go back and get them. We made it.

DREAMS

By Zenobia Purry, 9-111

I dream when sleep enfolds me;
Sweet dreams and tart ones too -
Reflections of my inner thoughts
Some last the whole night through.
No one can say what they will dream
Or that you can rely
Just to dream can look into
The depths of a friend's eye.
Volumes have been written on
Dreams and what they mean.
Some say they have a bearing
On life's changing scene.
I cannot go along with this
For I believe that dreams
Are imaginary visions
Far from natural streams
So when slumber takes its hold
I'll drift to dreams once more,
Until God let me wake to find
Things as they were before.

BEDTIME SNACKS

by Yvonne Pittman, 9-301

One clear cool summer night when everyone in my family had settled down and gone to bed, the patients could be heard (if you listened closely enough) coming toward the kitchen. There was a brief squeak and a clash of metal as a quick rattle. You can figure out by this time that someone was raiding the icebox. Let's take a look into the kitchen and watch a typical member of my family (me) having a typical bedtime snack.

First I venture into the icebox and get out cold cuts, sandwich spread, cold chicken, soda, and dog food (so I can eat in peace). Then I go to the cabinets and get bread, pickles, cake and other tidbits. The next step is to combine everything and carry it to my room, where I sit on the bed eating and reading.

The next thing I know green monsters are invading the planet Earth and I am the sole survivor. Now birds are attacking me, picking at my eyes, purple giants are beating me with my own shoes, and dogs, giants, now are whipping me with the same strap I use to beat them with. It's all so aggravating. Look! A big orange monster is shaking me and saying "Yvonne, Yvonne, get up!" and then I open my eyes and my mother is bending over me. Yvonne, get up or you'll be late for school. You act as if you had a nightmare."

"Well, from now on I don't want any more bedtime snacks."

One clear cool summer night when everyone in my ... I meant what I said. I couldn't go through that again.



HOMEMAKING SHOP

Bottom row (l to r) Elvira Jardine, Levora Foy, Bernadine Buntyn, Janice Cooper, Rebecca Rose, Barbara Young, Mrs. Taylor, Teacher Mary Johnson, Janis Williams, Valinda Gannon, Rebecca Monroe, Leona Florence, Barbara Wilson

THE CERAMICS SHOP
by Denise Warner, 9-507

Ceramics is an art in the department of decoratives and plastics which comprises objects made of baked clay, such as cups, vases, and statuettes.

Ceramics is an art and also a subject being taught at Wadleigh to boys and girls in room 108

THE VISIT TO UNION CARBIDE BUILDING
By Kay Enoch, 9-116

On December 18, 1963 the girls of class 9-116 and 9-412 were escorted by our shop teacher, Mr. Schettino, to the Union Carbide Building.

It was indeed a large and beautiful-looking building. We saw many interesting things, such as photos of the mining town of Uranium, Colorado. We found that uranium is used for atomic energy. We saw how the geiger counter detects the faint radiation given off by uranium ore and is used to locate and map deposits. We saw photos of how uranium was found and made. We saw the

reactor and how it works, and we learned that the reactor changes the uranium into energy and graphite is the world's oldest reactor.

We found out there are three basic types of radiation: alpha particles, beta particles and gamma rays.

Last we found out radioisotopes are used in medicine, in agriculture, in research, and in industry.

Our discovery of these things was interesting and exciting.

Fantasy on a Rooftop

by Kathleen White, 9-301

The day had dawned lovely enough, and had grown more like spring with the sun's long hours. Now, as I strolled happily among busy New Yorkers rushing as usual, I whistled as if there weren't another soul on the street. Yet, as more and more people rushed by me, their faces heavy with the toll of their labors, I wished no one were on the streets. The streets would be my own, and I would enjoy the beauty and warmth of the mid day sun without sharing it with people who didn't care if there were a summer or not.

I turned into my own street, as usual expecting to be knocked over by kids who, I wish, had eyes on the back of their heads, for they were forever walking backward. I expected to see the women of midlife sitting behind pots of flowers and cages of birds that were given the fresh air of New York. I expected to find the bustling street as lively as always. But no, on this beauti- ful day, the streets were as empty as the sky, as lonely as the long clouds that drifted endlessly over head, and as bleak and lifeless as the grey, ugly pavements which, the sole of so many New York shoes tread.

It was an unusually quiet day, and an unusually quiet street. Too quiet. I walked as if it were my last mile and every step I took another look at my life.

I looked about me, wondering, am I on the right street? the right neighborhood? the right city? Am I myself?

I looked at these familiar buildings as if I had never seen them before. What was that?

Yes, a man, in a red sweater and white shirt, dark trousers. A little old man with hair as white as frost. Not quite the type of man you would expect to be perched precariously on the edge of the roof, ready to commit suicide. As I stood there stupefied, trying to swallow a heart like an iron nail lodged in my throat, the sky turned from a celestial blue to a muddy black, the lone cloud changed from cotton white to steel blue, and lightening red and hot as Santa's scarf flashed and cut the blackness like a steak blade.

The man leaped, and, I knew it would take God or a supernatural force to save him. I tried to turn my head, not wanting to see the remains of a body once full of life, but, just as his feet hit the ground, the lightening flashed, the thunder rolled, he split into two identical people and, as a jet propelled, flew back up to the roof of the gray building. My stomach turned, my hands trembled, and I felt as weak as a fish. They both dived this time and split quadruply. They hit the hard pavement divided into four people, and jumped back up to the

roof. I held my swimming head, and shrieked like the noon day whistle. Had I gone mad? Instead of turning into my street named Clover Tree, did I turn into a street named Hell? I knew what I was witnessing was not the attempted suicide of a human being, but maybe something out of the ordinary, probably beyond the extraordinary. There were now five beings, or maybe one being and four noggins or have beens, the thunder growled ominously and the weather got worse with every ticking second. Each time a dive was taken off the roof, the more wicked, shocking and insane the look on the faces got. Each time my head ached worse, and I screamed, a man without a mind. I raced into the elevator and pressed for the eighth floor as the elevator ascended, the faces of the old man bounced like bubbles in the car, each one either shrieked with a deafening laugh or told prime moments of my life in bottomless, sonorous tones.

At the eighth floor, I raced out, almost knocking over the lifeless elevator boy I failed to see when I entered the car.

Stumbling up a flight of flimsy stairs, I burst open the door to the roof. I staggered to the edge and looked over. There were now 64 of these men all on their way back up to jump and divide again.

I jumped, would I divide and bounce back? And divide and bounce back ad infinitum?

The 64 now had another leaper joining the ranks who did not resemble them in any way. I jumped.

The sky cleared, the thunder ceased rolling and the light ceased flashing. The darkness cleared and the clouds disappeared.

The elevator operator, a lifeless operator rode to the main floor. He left the elevator car and walked to the spot where all who had jumped off the roof had first landed. There, he disappeared.

Once again life returned to the street. Children played tag, women called to their charges, forgotten dogs played with forgotten children, and people once again turned it into Clover Tree Street. The city's roofs were cleaned and put up for rent. The self-service elevator once more ran its regular route, and children once more tripped and fell while running on the street. But never did anyone fall from the roof and bounce back.

Editor's Note: During the school year, the 7sp class read the Old English epic poem called "Beowulf." In this poem, the heroic Beowulf finally dies while battling a firebreathing dragon. During the fight all of Beowulf's men except one, called Wiglaf, desert him. The following is a modern version of Beowulf's fight using the rhythm of the original.

THE LAST STAND OF A SWINGING BEOWULF

by David Amit, 7-408

After hearing about an amount of cash This swinging cat named Beowulf scrots in his swinging Stingray and speeds off to find the fink who's hiding the cash. When finding the fink He finds the fink's a swerloung Like, the bucket. And Beowulf a blast of burns. Beowulf always cuts the scene except for a cowball cat called Wiglaf. But before Beowulf kicks the bucket, He gives the goon a shot from his ray gun. The fink surmises he is about to sail to fink house in the sky.

Wiglaf comes back with the cash and the clucks finally communicate with the cornball.



SPRING

by Richard Brown, 9-511

Spring is here, the season so clear,
The youngsters in all schools
Come out and play
(Play hooky all day,)
And go to the Highbridge pool.

STREET CORNER - IN CHORUS

by Christine Conley, 9-407

BOYS: We met as unknown strangers may
When one would ask the hour of day.

GIRLS: We met and spoke, we shared a smile
And lingered on a little while.

BOYS: We met, and then the signal charged
As though this all was prearranged.

ALL: We went our way, I wonder when and if,
We'll ever meet again.

RUSHING

by Oscar Glanton, 9-116

Out of the bed, around about eight.
Rushing, gathering your books, trying not to be late,
With a dash out on to the street.
Passing the policeman on his corner beat.
The school bell has now rung once or more.
And everybody is trying to get in the door.
Then you go into your room
Where all the students are properly groomed.
Then you rush to the closet in haste
And to think I made it in my own pace!

LITTLE MAID

by Veronica Shables, 9-411

Little maid upon my fan,
Did you come from far Japan,
With your tiny oval face
And lips kissed by the sun
When it shines all year around.

Do you miss the cherry trees
Where you know the little breeze.
Where you saw two lovers meet
And the cuckoo sings in the trees.
Now you live upon my fan
Little maid of far Japan,
Still have a lovely face
Do you like my place?

THE MAKINGS OF A CHAMPION

by Kevin Key, 9-511

O Champion, who sits on a high and honored throne,
Was it destined to be yours or did you have to fight
to make it your own?
We've had great champs in the past,
We've had our chumps too,
Some of them stayed, and some of them didn't last.
You've talked a lot we all know,
You said you would beat the "bear",
Doctors said you couldn't do it, your heart was
filled with fear.
You beat the "beat" decisively
You did what you said pre-cise-ly
The public wants to disown you because you failed
the test.

But the public wouldn't want you because you're
considered a pest.
They say Patterson wants to challenge you,
I personally think he's a fool,
Your fists will make him black and blue,
So Patterson had better keep it cool.
One day when you're old and gray
You'll no longer be the grand CASSIUS CLAY.



MY THREE WISHES

by Ying Lum, 9-301

As I lay half-consciously in bed one day last year suffering from bronchitis, laryngitis, pneumonia, epistaxis and heaven-knows-what, I suddenly heard a dull, vaguely familiar "pop!" First I dismissed it as part of my imagination, and tossed over with my pillow on top of my head. Another "pop!" there it was again! Oh, I'm probably hearing things, I thought to myself, and so I slipped under seven layers of covers, shaking through another three more "pops!"

Unable to bear the suspense any longer, I decided to brave it and peep out. What I saw made me jump! It was a round little man about three feet tall who had no distinction between his head and his body, all his features seemed to melt into each other. Nevertheless, there he was sitting and blowing bubble gum balloons as large as himself.

He stared at me and at length said, "How do you do?" in a very wholehearted manner which made me wonder whether he was a friend or foe. "My name is Mr. Beatles Rat-Fink from the land of Terranazos." After looking pensively at a translucent slip of yellowed paper he held, Mr. Rat-Fink added, "It seems that you're next on my list as a recipient of the sacred 'Golden Spider'."

I finally mustered up enough courage to speak when I realized myself that this was no mean ghost. "Er, um, Mr. Rat-Fink, wh-, what is the Golden Spider?"

"It'll grant you three wishes, one every twelve hours, starting tonight at quarter to twelve. But I warn you, be careful what you wish, and beware!" With that he blew an enormous bubble which enveloped him; when it popped, I saw no more Mr. Rat-Fink there. At the time, I didn't realize what the last few words he said were, being too astonished with the whole thing altogether.

I decided to try it out anyhow and neglected to take my sleeping pills that night so that I might be awake. The full moon was shining unusually brightly into my room, and I studied the delicate construction of the spider, first seeing it as a beautiful work of art. "At least I'll have something to show Mrs. Baylis," I meditated, "at our weekly Show and Tell."

I had a lot of trouble trying to figure out what would be best to wish for, but finally, "I know!" said I, suddenly struck with an inspiration. "I wish that I shall get well and not get sick again!" What followed is indefinite; the spider began glowing in all the loveliest colors of the rainbow until I fell asleep.

Next morning I shot out of bed as fine as can be and went to school with my new treasure. At lunchtime I told Lorna Doone, my friend, all about it and my first wish. She exclaimed, "Well, Girly, don't you think it was a little selfish of

you? You wanted something for your own good. Why don't you do something for everybody with it, as if I thought it could work at all?"

"That's a great idea! It's a quarter to twelve right now, and I could wish for whatever I want. Let's see, I wish, I wish that there would be no more death on this earth for any living thing." At the time I was thinking of that old theme from the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner": - "He prayeth best, who loveth best, all things, both great and small."

Oh boy, was that wish a bomer! A "grave mistake," as Lorna Doone put it (she was the only one other than I who knew about the Golden Spider). All life on this planet started multiplying at an astronomical rate, while not a single animal or person died. Not only was there the alarming population explosion, but also, people and animals got sick. I had made no specifications about illness,



and these poor creatures that became diseased had to linger on in a living death! The animals started overflowing into the cities of the people, the people started overflowing onto their own sidewalks, while scientists worked feverishly for a solution behind closed doors.

My spider! Just then I remembered the unlucky thing which I had hidden after the effects of the wish started. It was a quarter to noon as I made my third and final wish. "I wish that everything that had happened from all the other foolish wishes would be canceled," Mr. Spider said, and that we were all right back where we used to be!"

There was a dizzy whir as things began flying around and around. The Golden Spider I held in my hand began growing furrier until it looked like a giant rat. It made me sneeze fitfully until I blacked out. When I woke up soon after I found that all was well; Johnny was blowing bubble gum and Terri, the kitty, was purring on my bed.

Cats always did make me sneeze.

LITTLE APPLESEED JOHNNY, by K. Davies
Reviewed by Lydia McMillan, 8-302

In 1714-1845, more than a century ago, there lived a man named John Chapman. He was well known all over the countryside of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Barefoot, dressed in rags and wearing an old saucerpan for a hat, Johnny carried a cloth bag on his back with appleseeds in it, which he would sometimes trade for food. But, if the people were too poor, he would give them the seeds. He thought that every one should have the pleasure of seeing apple blossoms.

Two years went by he would gather seeds from trees that he had planted years ago.

Soldiers were glad to have Johnny visit them. Johnny was popular. If people were getting ready to eat, he would wait until they were served, then he would eat. He would see that every one had enough. Johnny loved the birds and other animals. It may be that some of the trees he planted are still alive today. We can be sure that some of the grandchildren are here.

I like this story because it gives you some of the history of apples. I recommend this story to all boys and girls that are in high and junior high school.



CITY RHYTHMS
by Deborah Laurence, 7-308

The sanitation truck hums loudly to awaken you if you are still asleep. Trucks and cars screech and brake. The trains rumble to a stop and hiss. The school children are noisy at 3 o'clock. The streets are jammed with moving cars, which are honking their horns. As night approaches the traffic seems to get less and less. As it gets later and darker the air seems to become foggy. It seems that the cars vanish. As dawn breaks the first cars to run are noisy with honking sounds. These are some city rhythms.

38

MY BIG MISTAKE
by Francine Simmons 9-301

I had been waiting for January 17, 1966, ever since I can remember, and I was overjoyed when it finally arrived. Being 17, I could quit school and get a job. I had ideas that working would be wonderful, but was I in for a surprise!

My parents always wanted me to finish school and go on to college. Up to the end of junior high school, I was in agreement with them, but after my first semester in the tenth grade, I changed my mind. I then decided that I couldn't finish high school.

When I told my parents they were very surprised and angry. My father said he would not have me washing someone else's dishes and scrubbing their floors. I told him that I had enough schooling to do better than that. I then told them that when my seventeenth birthday came, I was going to quit school and nothing could stop me. My mind was made up.

Well, my seventeenth birthday finally came, and on that day I signed myself out of school. The next day I went looking for a job. I went to every employment agency that I knew about, but the first day I didn't find anything. I left my name, address and telephone number for them to call me if anything came up.

The next morning, the telephone rang and it was one of the employment agencies. They said they had a job washing dishes in a restaurant. I asked them if they didn't have anything better, and they said not for a person without a high school diploma.

That's the way it's always been. I can never get a very good job because I never received a high school diploma.

Now, seven years later, (I'm 24) I still have the same problem. Every time I go to apply for a job, I am asked the same question. "Do you have a high school diploma?" When I answer no, they still tell me the same thing-they have nothing for someone without a high school diploma.

So, my advice to anyone planning to drop out of school-don't. Take it from me, it's no good.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY
By Laverne Dansby, 9-314

President Kennedy has gone now by,
People are still wondering why,
A man so honest had to die,
They tried so hard not to cry,
But tears still run from their eyes,
But now their tears are nearly dry,
For Johnson is here to keep an eye.



Yipes!

Every day is St. Patrick's Day at Wadleigh. They've painted a green line down the corridors in much the same way as loyal Irishmen used to stripe their hats during the May Games.

Ostensibly, the bright green line is there to keep hall traffic flowing smoothly to and from the classrooms on either side. But a newcomer or visitor to the school might spend many perplexed moments assessing its use.

Perhaps his first thought would be that the green line is obviously the route of the trashcans. On every floor they are carefully mustered out in single file straight down the center of the halls directly straddling the green line. But no, our visitor would finally admit. That is not the purpose at all, for no-one ever pays the slightest mind to the green line.

At every first "beep" patrols scramble noisily into the hallways to station themselves for the coming (silent?) change. The green line is obviously not for them, because they may be seen looking directly overhead to get their bearings from the hanging globes of light.

Ah, now at the change of period, we see truly what the green line is. It's a grand game! The rules are many and varied, but the basic object is to cross over the line midway in the hall without being tagged by a patrol, and thereby reaching the goal first of all other classmates. If the student is successful in reaching the classroom first, all others are marked late in the teacher's Delaney Book.

As any senior can tell an incoming seventh grader, there are an infinite number of ways to reach the goal without being tagged. Perhaps the easiest is to stop dead still on one side of the line, just out of patrol notice. Then, as the patrol looks the other way, the successful goal-reacher sidles quietly onto the green line and assumes Indian silence. The patrol, now looking in this direction sees nothing out of order, assuming that the silent person belongs to him is another newly-appointed patrol. As the way patrol glances again in the opposite direction, our champion quietly glides into the opposite lane and quickly darts into his Goal. In the meantime, the other members of his team have walked all the way to the end of the hall to cross over, and are terribly late when they reach the subject teacher.

This system, however, does not work past October, when patrols begin to recognize other patrols on the floor, and are aware of those who are not, or should not be, standing on the green line. Other methods must now be used.

A student who is limited in imagination may throw a ball across the line and jump to retrieve it, creating instant confusion. He then slinks away on the opposite side of the line.

But this is for babies; the more mature student aims higher. Teachers, ordinarily shunned, now

Stripes!

attract their interest. The successful crosser stops to chat with a teacher on green line duty. As he engages the teacher in conversation, he carefully moves back and forth while chatting so that when the teacher talks he is now on the opposite side, and the teacher has forgotten which side he began. This illegal crossing does not save time, it must be pointed out. In fact, the student who works this system best may even appear late to the classroom, but is armed with the potent excuse, "I was talking to Mr. _____, he stopped me in the hallway." As teachers rarely question each other, it may be some months before anything suspicious is reported.



A third method must now be discussed. That is, the student drags one or both feet in such a way that he is still walking when the patrols snap off. If he times it just right, he will be directly opposite his destination when the snap-off occurs. At this time, he is legally allowed to cross at will; and he does.

The green line offers other advantages to the bright student. Lasting friendships have begun on opposite sides of the line. One student reaches over and playfully slaps a companion striding in the other direction. Ordinarily, he wouldn't dare do this to that person, but the green line encourages playful emotion. Once someone is tagged in this manner, he is "it" and feels duty bound to poke someone else the next time around. He enters the hallways in the next change of period, seeking a likely victim to tag, and so the game continues around the school, around the clock.

Teachers have found the green line the most direct way to get from one side of the single-file class. They may often be seen at the beginning of the year, training the troops along his highway.

Yes, our files show that the uses of the green line are infinite and varied.

39

Modern Horror Story

by Alice Lee, 9-305

As I walked into the dismal room, my heart was in my mouth. Somewhere close by, a man screamed. I sat down weakly in one of the leather covered chairs. A woman called my name distinctly. I jumped up and headed for the inner door. My knees shook as I opened it and saw before me a gleaming array of tools. A voice said, "Come in, my dear, we'll take care of you next." I shivered as though the office were freezing.

A man took hold of my hand. I fainted. When I came to, I was drenched in perspiration. "There is nothing to fear," the dentist was saying calmly, "please unclench your teeth."

The gleaming utensils soon went to work in my mouth. They poked and prodded. After he gave me a needle to stop the pain, I found that nothing bothered me after that. I visited the dentist many times, and when I was through, the dentist cleaned and polished my teeth. He told me not to eat a lot of candy. I still eat a lot of candy.

Now that it is all over, I will pass this word onto all children who are afraid to visit the dentist: It is better to grow old with your own teeth in your head, so go to the dentist while you are young.



FATHER

By Sheba Stewart, 7-208

I know it must be lots of fun,
To be the lucky, lucky one.
To have a father home to love;
A father to obey and be proud of.
And when it comes his day,
You show him in your own little way
How much you love his tender care -
Here and there and everywhere.

EASTER

by Alicia Montague, 9-511

Easter is a time of the year
When all people are full of cheer.
All are wearing their very best
Hats, suits, dresses and vests.
All are on their best behavior,
Because it is the day when our Savior
Arose from the dead!

Editor's Note: After the Beatles appeared in New York, an inspired Wadleigh girl composed the following poem in honor of Wadleigh.

WADLEIGH IS HIP, YEA, YEA

by Amanda Mack, 9-503

Wadleigh is hip
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

We're swinging to thee
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

With Wadleigh baby
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The basketball team
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

Is really supreme
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The clothes we wear,
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

We've got more to spare
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

We're always taking a chance
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

On having a school dance
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The auditorium has seats galore
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

You can sit back and relax without any bore
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The cheering squads,
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

They come in quads
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The cafeteria is quite agast
Yea, yea, yea, yea.

The only thing wrong, there isn't a class
Yea, yea, yea, yea!

THE ELEVATOR BUTTON

by Reginald Rutledge, 9-511

It was Monday October 23, 1978, when the same elevator I ride every day, when I come home, did a most unusual thing. I stepped in getting ready to press my floor button and my eye viewed another button which said, "To any floor number." I pressed the button and zoom! Off I went. A second afterward the elevator stopped and I stepped out. When the door closed behind me I noticed I was in unfamiliar surroundings. I turned to get back on the elevator but it had vanished.

My curiosity took me on an exploration of this strange new situation I seemed I was trapped there. Exploring for what seemed like hours in vast nothingness I finally came upon some steps that lit up. They read, "He who climbs these steps of pain will have the greatest scientific brain."

It didn't seem possible but my curiosity overwhelmed me and I started climbing them. I figured if I counted as I climbed, the task would seem easier. After about 5 hours I had counted 50,500,000 steps and still had many more to go. Although thinking I would fall out, I made it to the top. When I sat down to rest, a pebble said, "He who lifts me above his head will never worry about the dead." I was surprised and was about to kick the pebble. It must have weighed several million pounds because I couldn't budge it. Then I started using my hands, squeezing I can lift it. I advanced to lift the pebble and it rose far above my head, then disappeared. I walked on trying to find a way out of this place, hungry and thirsty as can be. I soon came to a vast sea which, at my appearance, began swallowing up the land I was standing on. A fish spoke up, "Well you have come to the riddle three. Now all you do is drink this sea and you'll never worry again."

Longing to get home I started an impossible task. Every drop I drank, a gallon would seem to replace it but I tried with power saying I could drink it but that was no good. I tried everything I could think of but I couldn't drink that sea. I stood there looking dumb and meanwhile the water had risen up to my neck. Then, flash, a bright idea came into my head (what an appropriate time). I just started thinking hard that the sea was an illusion and to my happiness the sea disappeared. The bird changed into an elevator and I was back on my floor in a jiffy. I looked at my watch and saw I had only been gone for about one minute.

After going into my apartment, I went to the refrigerator and drank what I thought was a soda. Then my Uncle Gavrilovitch, the world's greatest scientist, said I had a drink to the taste of his. Later I found out that the way the chemical formula corresponded with my brain and body had given me eternal life and had given me a brain with 20 times more scientific knowledge than

SCIENTIST ON THE LOOSE

by Michael Menzies, 9-507

One quiet April afternoon in 1964, a husband and wife team of scientists set out on an expedition to Antarctica to study the weather. The couple went in their private plane crowded with strange instruments and gadgets.

After reaching their destination, the scientists immediately sought a suitable location to set up their queer-looking instruments. Little did they know that they were in a Russian section of Antarctica. They wandered into a town. The town looked abandoned. Then in a fraction of a second, Russian police leaped out and apprehended their startled guests. They called the scientists "Spies." Word got to the U.S.A. but the government gave the scientists no help. The scientists were cast into a jail in Russia.

The scientists, Bill and Lois Williams, were soon studying a map of escape. Then on November 20, 1965, they managed it. For one and a half years the Red police were on the lookout for the couple before giving up the search. The couple became known as "scientists without a country."

Then the world was engaged in a great World War in which the Communists were taking a heavy toll of capitalist lives. The couple were still in the wilderness of Russia where they were found by a Russian family. Fortunately this family, like all the other families in the village near the Caucasus Mountains, were against Communists. The family gave the couple clothing, food and shelter. Over the dinner table they talked of the hardships that had befallen Russia. The scientists organized the Russian Underground of Peace (R.U.P.), whose constant raids on the Communists helped to wound them.

The scientist and the R.U.P. began to construct a bomb that the world had never seen. By taking the element solar from meteorites and adding it to the formula of an atom bomb, they made the Solar Bomb.

A priest lived in the village -- this was kept a secret. The priest, Louis Mewandomski, was chosen to secretly bomb in the Kremlin. He did it and the head of the Communist world had vanished into thin air. This and more compelled the Communist to surrender.

Russia has gone back to Czarism. The first Czar since 1917 was the priest of Leningrad village between Leningrad, a historical city in Russia, and the Caucasus Mountains. Now the hero and heroine of Russia live in that same village with the only people they could ever live with in the world. They lived there until they breathed their last breath.

my uncle and many hundreds of other scientists combined had, I realized what these ridiculous men then and I was happy I had solved them. I was about to relate my adventure to them but I stopped. After all, should a great scientist relate to others a weird story like that?

NOT WANTED

by Kathleen White, 9-301

She gazed out of the window. The sky was changing from a hot orange to a soft pink haze. The clouds danced overhead as the sun slid under the horizon.

Brown eyes stared emptily out of the window. Soft brown curls and waves fell about a small tan face, and she sat by the window unmoved by the sight of weary pedestrians and small groups of children playing in the filth of the Harlem streets.

Her pretty face was strong contrast to the ugly, gray, cracked walls, but, as the key turned in the door, her eyes began to twinkle and a weak smile played about her lips.

"Papa! I thought you said you'd be home late tonight."

"Ah! So I did. But Mr. Weinstock said, 'Ayalla, you look pale. Take the time off.' Imagine him saying that!"

"Do you suppose you will be going out again?"

"Yes, I suppose dear, do you say that? Of course I'll be home."

"Mrs. Rodriguez called."

"What did she say? And I wish you'd call her 'Miss Alema'. It'll be easier for you to call her 'Mama' when the time comes."

"I'll never call her 'mama' and you keep this up, much longer, I won't call you 'papa'. My mother is dead, and as far as I'm concerned that's the only mother I'll ever have."

Maria grabbed her sweater, wallet, and went to her room. There she took \$100.00 from the world outside the change in her wallet. She carefully concealed it on her person, and picking up her books from which she had done her homework, went to the kitchen, got a shopping bag, and packed her few changes of clothes.

Maria left the house, the tenement, the filth of Harlem, she hoped, for the last time.

But where would she go? What would she do? How could she live with \$5.80, some books, clothes, and her Spanish accent?

She knew where she wanted to go to a subway station. Yes! Take the subway. But where? Her uncle's house. Sure, her mother's brother would take her in. Good old Uncle Sny!

As the train left the station Maria left, she hoped, a great deal of her life behind. She hoped she would never return.

The train stopped, and, at this particular stop, one lone passenger disembarked. The short, thin, but beautiful Puerto Rican girl with all her worldly possessions strode over to the telephone booth. She flipped through the Bronx directory and...Lopez, Antonia... 2151 East 213th Street. DI 6-1728. Depositing a dime, Maria held on to the love cross about her neck, and hoped somebody would answer, somebody would

take her in.

"Hello, Lopez residence. Who's speaking?" "Maria Ayalla. May I speak to Mr. Lopez?.. Speaking?..Oh, Uncle Sny, this is Antonia's daughter, Maria. May I come and see you?"

"Maria? certainly! Do you know your way?"

"Sure."

"Okay, I'll be here waiting. Bye."

"Bye."

Maria's heart stopped a beat. She loved her father, but he never returned her love. She hated her 'mother-to-be', and her 'mother-to-be' hated her in return. Yes, living with Uncle Sny would be fine. Maria pressed the bell.

"Maria! My, have you grown big and you look just like your mother!"

Why did he have to say 'your mother'? Did he have to rub it in that she no longer had a mother, and hardly had a father? Alema's five children of different fathers all saw more of her father than she did.

"Hello, Uncle Sny. How's Aunt Jean?"

"Oh, everyone's fine. Come on in, come on in."

"Uncle Sny, will you take me in? I need somewhere to eat, sleep, and do my homework. I'll work for it, honest. I can do housework and cook and clean and I'll be willing to work for whatever I get. Please."

"But Marie, what about Alfredo?"

"Papa's never home, he plans to bring another woman into the house, he wants me to marry now and leave him forever. I have school to finish and I want to end up like him or the woman who may be my mother-in-law."

"Jean, come here, please!" He beckoned to his wife. "Marie! I'll take you in. It's the least I can do for Antonia, may she rest in peace. Alfredo's going lower and lower. I couldn't let Antonia's daughter go as low as he will take you if the rope isn't cut. Jean, we have a new daughter. Her name is Maria Ayalla. She is sixteen and a half years old now, that brings our daughters to three and two sons. For tonight, she will sleep with Dolores. Tomorrow, she will have her own room. She is a girl we will be proud of. And, you know what? Some day she will go back to her father and say,

"Look, papa, what I have done, this girl to be a Puerto Rican, glad to be your daughter, and glad to be the child of Antonia". And you know, her father will forgive her for running from him. But then, he will also realize that she ran so that she would never drown when she could swim."

Maria glowed. Now she knew that she, Antonia's daughter, was no longer NOT WANTED.



BASKETBALL TEAM

BOYCOTT FOR A DAY

By Janice Simpson, 8-207

IF I COULD GO ANYWHERE

By Laverne Dunsby, 9-314

Gwen and I had taken the idea of boycotting seriously; if our parents could boycott, why couldn't we? We decided to boycott Spanish class.

I will never forget remember that Friday. We ran up to 511 and stood at the door. Most everyone not to speak to Mr. Lavergneau not even do any work. The class fully agreed. Mr. Lavergneau was a little late, so we all took our seats and sat there quietly. Mr. Lavergneau walked in the room, "Buenos dias, clase". If only someone didn't break and say something. I was quite proud as not even a whisper was heard through the room.

Mr. Lavergneau just looked at us and started writing on the board. Soon students were jumping up with signs saying "Down with Lavey" and "Ask not what you can do for Spanish class, but what Spanish class can do for you". These slogans were approved by the class and applauded.

Mr. Lavergneau turned, "Do the work", he demanded. A few students started to do their work; I begged them not to. Gwen raised her hand "Is this a test?"

"If you're not finished by 11:40 it will be!" "We were worried as more and more students began to take out their notebooks and started to do the assignment.

Finally Mr. Lavergneau said "I have to enter your marks on the rating sheet this afternoon". Suddenly the boycott was over.

LIVING AND LEARNING

By Michael Menzies, 9-507

In the beats of all human hearts,
There's a lesson to be learned,
And in everything that lives and
departs,

There's a moral to be confirmed
Even in death there are things to
say,

"I've been on earth and I'll
never return,
For I have lived and learned and
passed away".

They Fought to the Death

By Kenneth Richardson, 9-301

Don't worry about my name because I'm not concerned with the outcome of the story. If you want to know I'm the son of a cattleman in Texas. I was born around, when we came upon the Alamo. I was there about two days. I was packed and just about to leave when I heard a shot not very far off. I ran to the gate and saw a small band of men heading for the chapel.

I raced into a room and climbed into a large hole in the wall. The men who were dressed in buckskin, climbed the wall and returned the fire.

I saw a window and wanted to make a break for it. I was just about to start when Bill Travis and Jim Bowie came in. They argued about whether they should retreat or stay and fight. They returned outside, and the men took a vote on whether to retreat or stay and fight. They agreed that they were to stay.

Night crept over the fort. The men could see fires in the Mexican camp. A few of the men slept and others looked over the wall.

Santa Anna's army started a raid early the next morning. The Texans held them off.

A two-day wait came before another attack was made. At the end of the attack, Travis

announced that five men were killed.

At night the Mexicans started to spread out around the fortress.

A raid was made by one side of the line. The Texans fought and after an hour of fighting the Mexicans retreated.

Coming out of the wall after dark I saw Travis, who was about six feet tall and dressed in buckskin, heading for the room. I grabbed my pack and retreated to the hole in the wall.

For six days I didn't hear any shooting, the men began to get restless and wanted to fight the Mexicans in a hurry.

Travis and Bowie had just received a scouting report. They sat back and read it. Travis' next words were, "They are building their army. Next time they attack it will be for good."

Then I heard a volley of guns and Bowie said,

"They're the ones."

When the two left the room, I climbed out of the wall and searched the wall. When I turned around all I saw was the marching Army of Santa Anna. I kept running until I finally collapsed. Looking back all I could see was the curls of smoke leaving the fortress, chapel and barracks called the Alamo.

TRACK TEAM



44

THE TOWER BEINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the whole portrayal of our school life of Wadleigh walked before our eyes.

The dead janitor walked over to an old wooden table, and motioned to a complete dinner, set on a linen tablecloth before our eyes. "Have a seat, my captives," and, as he motioned, seats flew out of nowhere and bumped up against our backs as if saying, "You had better sit."

We all nodded, the guide snapped, we ran.

We jumped and skipped stairs as we never had before; it was truly every man for himself. We got down to the door leading from the tower to Wadleigh's sixth floor. We could have gone right through the door. But, a big fat lady eating candy was blocking the way. She was old and as fat as could be. And on her, the scripture on the wall read, "I resolve to give up candy." The date was that of the turn of the century, and her looks proved her age. Nellie Smith was the name under the inscription, and I said, "Nellie, please move, we must get out quickly."

She did, very obligingly, and, as we flew past her, she tucked a big box of Smith's chocolate-covered candies under our arms.

In the dimly lit sixth floor, we locked the door to the tower. The boards were creaky and with one false step your feet would be dangling through the ceiling of a room on the fifth floor. We were stopped on the floor by a board by a queer sight.

It was a tall thin lady with silvery white hair carrying schoolbooks. She was dressed as a school student of the early 1900's and was apparently a ghost as Nellie Smith, the dead janitor, and the rest of the beings or non-beings above Wadleigh's fifth floor.

We inquired who she was and she replied, "I'm the dead student. I died for the cause for which my fellow classmates graduated. The cause is a good education." We asked her, "Need we die for a good education, too?"

"No, my friends, just pursue your studies and conduct yourself as a Wadleigh student should. Be curious, but remember, curiosity and misconduct do not mix. That is how I first got to the tower. The janitor, I know, did not let you see the room of the dead students. They are still in their gates. They are petrified, and you can still hear their last screams of agony. They were curious too, and for this misconduct were sent up to the tower to reform. When I came up here, I opened up the big black box you see in there and released, unknowingly, the dead janitor and the others. I have regretted it to this day."

A dull bell like sound pierced the air.

"I must be off to my class. Heed my warning Wadleigh students, and mark my words, I speak not only from the heart, but from the soul."

And with that, she was off like a whisper, into the darkness of the sixth floor. We walked downstairs, our hearts heavy, our souls equally so, remembering all the times our misconduct and curiosity have mixed. We have heard many wise words, but never as wise as this. We will always heed the words of that most unforgettable Wadleigh student, we will remember.

curiosity + conduct = education, but curiosity + misconduct may = life imprisonment in The Tower.

45



CLASS 9-215

Mr. A. T. Alexander

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Jerome Murdaugh
Richard Brice
Alphonse Collins
Nathaniel Ragland
Edward Street
William McLaughlin
Ronald Foster*

Missing

*Rene Gago
Lomnie Wright
Lorenzo Alston
Charles Hultzclaw*

Top row
(left to right)

*Gabriel Robinson
Allan Sealy
Hubert Ferguson
Mr. A. T. Alexander, Teacher*



CLASS 9-412

Mr. Warren Austin

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Barbara Barber
Janet Hill
Pamela Murgerson
Jacqueline Mack
Victoria Chapman
Sandra Crews
Ruth Heyward
Renee Baez*

Middle row
(left to right)

*Mr. Warren Austin, Teacher
Gloria Hopkins
Frederick Wilson
Cassandra Willingham
Leslie Grant
Ronald Bradwaite
Steven Gary*

Top row
(left to right)

*Harold Watkins
Richard Jarrell
Levyn Francis
Benjamin White
Richard Branch
Edward Jenkins
Juan Gonzalez*



CLASS 9-503

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Carolyn Frazer
Barbara Johnson
Amanda Mack
Myra Beard
Cynthia Wilkins
Cornelia Murphy
Aurora Ballard
Barbara Jones
Carol Johnson*

Middle Row
(left to right)

*Mrs. Sona Baylis Teacher
Keith Washington
Robert Joyner
Deborah Gray
Rhonda Wheeler
Betty Williams
John Davis
Jerry Thompson
Frank Kitching*

Top row
(left to right)

*Andra Coleman
John Daniels
Frank McAllister
Walter Patterson
Frank Nelson
Frank Casey
Thomas Carter*



CLASS 9-214

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Ezekiel Cousins
Manuel James
Mrs. Annette Palace, Guidance Counselor
Ernest Edwards
Lawrence Askew*

Top row
(left to right)

*Richard Jones
Buster Brown
Raymond Smith
Paul Dubison
Leonard Smith*

Missing

*Eugene Hall
Quentin Richards
Oliver Hayward
James Roberts
Maurice Parks
Isaiyah Owens*

MANHATTAN HIGH SCHOOL
1964



CLASS 9-116

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Ida Barno
Carol Williams
Sharon Goodwin
Donna Givens
Kay Broch
Caroline Saunders
Earline Walker
Maxine Anthony
Jacqueline Boone*

Middle row
(left to right)

*Miss C. Bristol, Teacher
Gary Barnes
Gloria Walker
Joan Henry
Marguerite Waters
Rosa Dorsey
Mavis Hassell
Leonard Lamber
James William*

Top row
(left to right)

*Jay Stevens
Angel Cruz
Oscar Glanton
Roger Mincy
Nathaniel King
Chanel Mays
Curtis Holloway
Stephen Flounoy*

Missing Alvin Miller

Miss C. Bristol



CLASS 9-313

Bottom row
(left to right)

*Theresa Williams
Delores Pollard
Delores Mills
Ruth Britt
Marilyn Burns
Lowender Seabrook
Justice Walton
Brenda Hall
Veronica Jones*

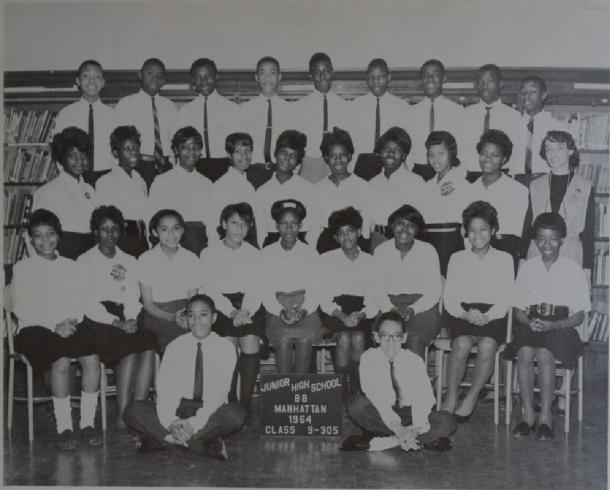
Middle row
(left to right)

*Miss Doris Brunson, Teacher
Bobby Bagley
Joseph Glover
Alfreda Joseph
Sandra Percell
Easter Campbell
Diana Nash
Rose Clay
Stanley Jarrett
Donald Atwater*

Miss Doris Brunson

Top row
(left to right)

*Barrington Clifton
Noah Towns
McKinley Palmer
Herman Gadson
Herbert Magwood
Andrew Gaston*



CLASS 9-305

Seated:
Errol Williams
Richard Morales

Bottom row
(left to right)
Theresa Anscombe
Beatrice James
Olga Clarke
Jenny Haynes
Carolyn Humphreys
Sandy Frazier
Sylvia Taylor
Belinda Ingram
Jennette Mosley

Middle row
(left to right)
Deborah Lowery
Alice Lee
Gloria Paige
Olivia Brown
Renee Wallace
Blanche Jenkins
Ruth Brown
Brenda Harris
Veronica Singleton
Mrs. B. Davis, Teacher

Mrs. B. Davis

Top row
(left to right)
George Langford
Winston Maxwell
Fernando Castro
Lance Ramsey
Bob Johnson
Michael Reynolds
Eric Arboin
James Mills
Edward Lamb

Missing Jerome Mallard
 Barbara Miller



CLASS 9-213

Bottom row
(left to right)
Jimmie Goddie
Clifton Johnson
Larry Johnson
Freddie Jenkins
Jerome Davis

Top Row
(left to right)
Tyrone Robinson
Mr. Ellis, Teacher
Louis Smith

Mr. Ellis



CLASS 9-407

Bottom row
(left to right)

Yvonne Williams
Mary Mishee
Clara Speller
Lorraine Collins
Yvonne Thomas
Maxine Mitchell
Millene Wilson
Christine Conley

Missing

Diana Crum
William Freeman
John Perez
Patricia Colbert
Sandy Allmee
Walter Barfee
Barbara McCloud
Barbara Jenkins
Patricia Henderson

Mr. Levy Elzy

Top row
(left to right)

Mr. Levy Elzy, Teacher
David Van Dyke
Robert Preston
Willie Warren
Eugene Nichols
Dorothy Ponder
Barbara Solomon
Terney Barno
Jenard Davis
Michael Higgins
Lee Wilson



CLASS 9-114

Bottom row
(left to right)

Beverly Shippee
Frances Jaggers
Cynthia Mitchell
Sarah Carter
Donnell MacCallum
Petronella Morene
Patricia Brown
Glendolyn Wynn

(left to right)

Mr. Johnson, Guidance teacher
Joan Tifre
Marion Jackson
Judy Haynes
Minnie Shaw
Zeffie Naomi Myers
James King
Mario Walker
Clarence Mabry
Mrs. Jacovides, English teacher

Mr. Louis Frayser

Top row
(left to right)

Leslie Rose
Jimmy Navarro
Dennis Diggs
Frank Anderson
Missing
Willis Watson
Francine Mack
Robert Roundtree
John Brown
Lorraine Collins



CLASS 9-314

Bottom row
(left to right)

Beatrice Stewart
Evelyn Rose
Janet Washington
Barbara Hepburn
Valerie Sanders
Gwendolyn Threat
Carol Harrison
Sylvia Jaggers
Carolyn Gadson

Middle row
(left to right)

Thomas Brown
Vernon Washington
Janice Hunter
Laura Mitchell
LaVerne Danby
Jacqueline Davis
Juliana Bouldswain
David Fairley
Mrs. Rebecca Goggins, Teacher

Top row
(left to right)

Harry Williams
Barry Covington
Joseph Dow
John Nelson
Joseph Collins
Marion Harris
Robert Kornegay

Mrs. Rebecca Goggins



CLASS 9-511

Bottom row
(left to right)

Carmen Campbell
Joan McFarland
Thelma Burrell
Harriet Smith
Deborah Cowings
Scharlene Bivens
Naomi Saunders
Reva Hill

Middle row
(left to right)

Mr. René Lavergneau, Teacher
George Diaz
Leon Martinez
Ronald Johnson
Deborah Edwards
Alicia Montague
Brenda Miles
Gail Wells
Carlton Sellers
Frank Farrow
Jesse Gray

Mr. René Lavergneau

Kevin Key
Vernon Brown
Michael Fane
Leon Shambarger
Ronald Hines
Richard Brown
Charles Coffield
Hugh Johnson
Edward Mathias



CLASS 9-404A

Bottom row
(left to right)

Charlie Mae Harris
Lucille Randolph
Diana Walker
Linda Coleman
Sarah Frazier
Bernice Myers
Delma Whiting
Carol Kemey

Middle row
(left to right)

Ronald Foster
Josephine Rossario
Gloria Williams
Rosalind Hatcher
Gloria Whitehurst
Sheila Shippie
Anthony Green
Mr. Joseph Marcal, Teacher

Top row
(left to right)

Johnnie Carter
Raymond Douglas
Emanuel Freeman
Demis McKinney
Perry McKinnon
Johnnie Law
Tyrone Slinson

Missing
Denise Johnson
John Caticart
Green Streeter

Mr. Joseph Marcal



CLASS 9-301

Bottom row
(left to right)

Ariene Zambito
Vivian...
Alvita Keitt
Linda Jacobs
Helen West
Yvonne Pittman
Corinthia Washington
Kathleen White

Mrs. Carmen Matthew, Teacher

Mrs. Carmen Matthew



CLASS 9-507

Bottom row
(left to right)

Beverly Taylor
Burkha Talbert
Diana Lewis
Dolores Moore
Winda Booker
Doris Prestter
Jane Canty
Denise Warner
Jacqueline Young

Middle row
(left to right)

Anthony Horton
Dolores Adairley
Celestine Burgess
Deborah Lucas
Margo Parker
Janet Adkins
Linda Johnson
Dorethea Brundage
Richardine Ashwood
Carl Payne
Mr. E. E. Plummer, Teacher

Top row
(left to right)

Michael Dolphin
Michael Memmies
Robert Chapman
Fred Shamm
Rudy Collins
Charles Jackson
Ben Duncan
Samuel Lott
Herman Garment
Alvin Smith

Mr. E. E. Plummer



CLASS 9-108

Bottom row
(left to right)

Brenda Bass
Gwendolyn Powell
Pearline Jennings
Josephine Cooper
Glenda Richardson
Linda Webb
Sueie Little
Carolyn Jackson

Mr. Daniel R. Prior

Middle row
(left to right)

Gerald Locus
Charles Horton
Jerry Stenson
Gagie Hardeman
Priscilla Merrill
Carolyn Jackson
Ronald Rufin
Nelson Shepherd
Mr. Daniel R. Prior, Teacher

Top row
(left to right)

Herbert Liggett
Gilbert Peters
George Yates
Lee Collington
Alvin Keitt
Eddie Rivers
Henry Lightsey

Missing Jeffrey Anderson
 Gwendolyn Gates
 Roland Roberts
 Barbara Boylan



CLASS 9-411

Bottom row
(left to right)

Juanita Kelly
Sandra Lovick
Virginia Sunlin
Rosalyn Bryant
Gwendolyn Henderson
Aurora Dulap
Brenda Nelson
Christine Berry

Middle Row
(left to right)

Mr. Edwin Ward, Teacher
Stephen Lewis
Roderrick Sanders
Doris Faison
Veronica Cobbles
Elizabeth Jones
Cora Brown
Ronald Walker
Emmanuel Hickson
George Wallace

Top row
(left to right)

Ethwood Shingles
Nathaniel Brown
Frederick Smith
Christopher Debnam
Anthony Graham
Hubert Blount
Charles McAllister

Mr. Edwin Ward



CLASS 9-203

Bottom row
(left to right)

Earleen Orr
Patricia Garner
Diane Scott
Diane Overton
Margaret Outlaw
Lillie Priestor
Norma Terrel

Mrs. N. Williams

Top row
(left to right)

Jackie Boover
Vincent Murray
Emma Coleman
Juanita Sotomayor
Mitchell Palmer
John Williams
Mrs. N. Williams, Teacher

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189 W. 136th St. New York 30, N. Y.

A LEADER HAS PASSED

By Kathleen White, 9-301

A leader has passed
As all great men do;
A leader has passed
It's history to you,
All bow down, and pray
For the leader since gone
While the notes of the bugle play
To the tune--'Day Is Done'.

Their leader has passed
And the multitude, in great disbelief, cry-
'Who could have done?'
'Who could have done?'
But the enemies bleat-
'Now it is done!'
'Now it is done!'

The women weep
Wise but sad tears.-
The children play- as if-----
Had never dawned a day-----
When leaders would die
By the hands of fellow men
And new leaders are born
To take their place, and, then-

Leaders may come
Leaders may go
But ne'er will a leader be
Who meant to leave earth so.
But Fate has ways of working
So to make men wise and
He touches a mean, cruel lesson
And the ruler is Death's own hand.

So do not weep, my lady
And do not cry, my man
For the God in heaven teaches us
To love and understand---
That leaders may come
And leaders may go
But ne'er a leader
Who meant so.



HARPER 64