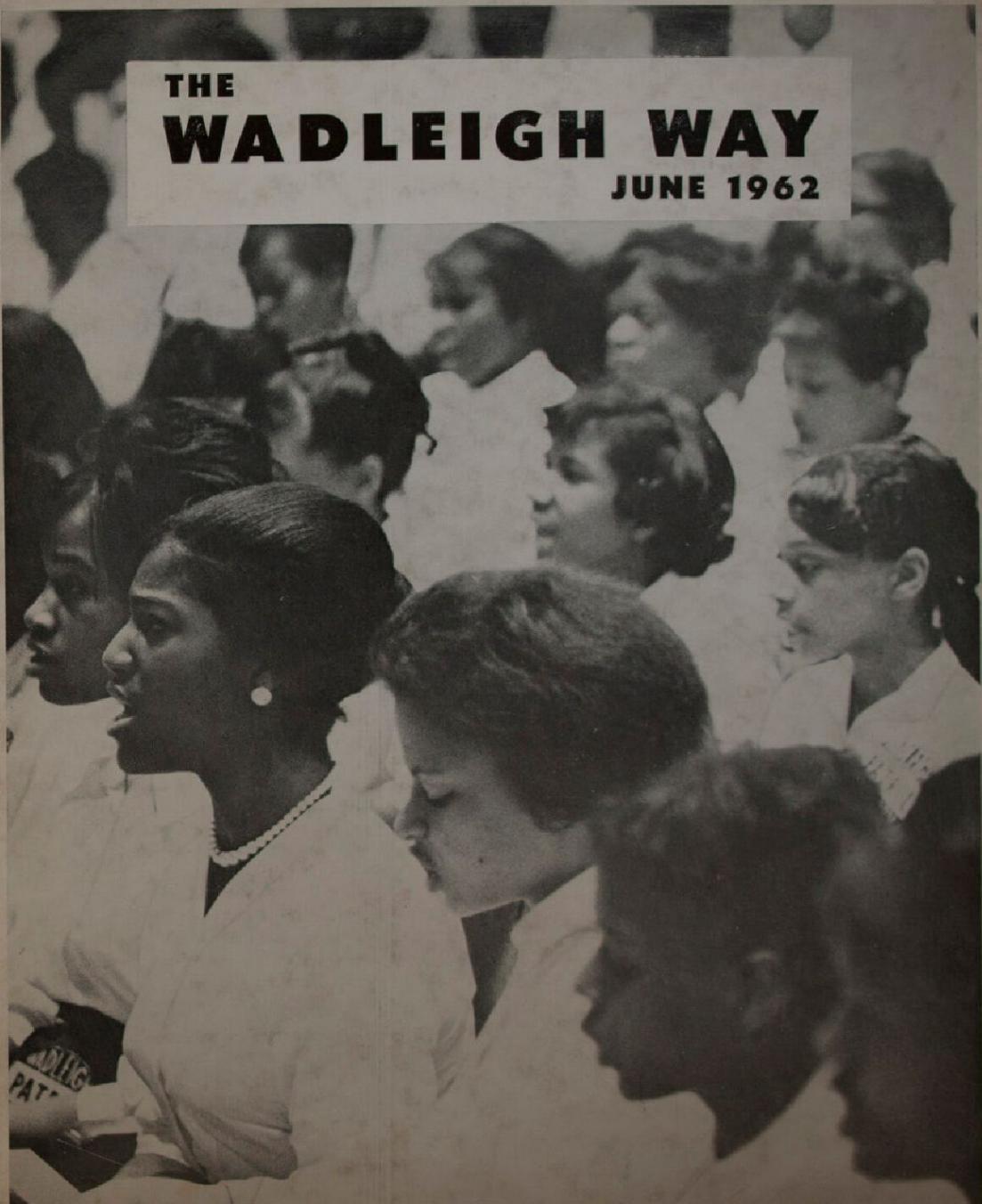


THE
WADLEIGH WAY
JUNE 1962





Hear Ye, Hear Ye

By PAULINE BLACK, 9-312

Hear ye, Hear ye, all of you students—
This is worth your pride and prudence.
Come one, come all, right to this place.
All you need is a black suitcase.
They'll give you some books to work with
And a hard, hard question to start with.
You'll meet some friends of old and new,
They'll help you do your homework too.
Do you or don't you want to go?
This is the address you should know:
(Oh yes, you'll like it and say with a sigh)
The name of the place is Wadleigh Junior High.
By students, it's called the school
Where you'll learn the Golden Rule.

Well my friends, I've finished my speech
I'll guarantee the teacher will teach.
Now, my friends, just follow me,
Then you'll be able to see.
Now you know I tell no lies,
This is the place before your eyes.
Step right up to the gate
Of Wadleigh Junior High School, 88.

THE WADLEIGH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL 88, MANHATTAN

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

MILTON L. HANAUER, PRINCIPAL

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JUNE, 1962



MESSAGE TO GRADUATES
DEAR GRADUATES:

This is the sixth year of the existence of Wadleigh Junior High School. It is the year when the members of our first coeducational class, that of September 1956, are being graduated from senior high schools. Already one student has come back to tell us that he was accepted in college in February, a half a year advance; and another has come, sporting a jacket of Columbia University, which he bought the day he was notified that he had been accepted in that institution of learning. It will be most interesting to tabulate the results in terms of how many of that original class are being graduated, and how many are going on to higher studies in colleges and universities throughout the country.

But here in Wadleigh we do not live on the accomplishments of others. This year has seen the first of the experimental language classes. New York City complete three years of audio-lingual instruction and compete with senior high school classes in a state-approved examination. Our ninth year mathematics classes have taken a similar test. Our English department provided an inspirational morning for our Superintendent, Miss Clark and the Principals of all the junior high schools in Districts 10 and 11, when they gave samples of their choral speaking and literature learning for the visitors. At the same time a class demonstrated the language laboratory, and the Home Economics classes produced samples of the most advanced culinary art. On another occasion, our Business Training classes gave so interesting a demonstration to Associate Superintendent Joseph O. Loretan that he asked the school to pilot a project for next year.

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In competition with other schools, our pupils have more than held their own. Our Math Team won the Central Manhattan District Championship. Our Chess Team beat the only girl in inter-school competition, when Naomi Saunders braved 119 boys from 34 schools. Our athletic teams have shown their worth in district and borough meets.

This year our choral group sang fifty representatives to the Manhattan Borough-wide Chorus, singing at Carnegie Hall to an audience of distinguished guests including Eleanor Roosevelt — a once-in-a-lifetime event which they can talk about to their grandchildren, and which made it possible, by the excellence of their presentation, for future choruses to sing at that great hall of music.

These highlights have pointed the way for future classes to follow, and have indicated the directions in which we expect you, our delegates to the country and the world, to proceed.

I am sure that you will wish to join me in thanking Dr. Joseph O. Loretan, as head of the Junior High School Division and Miss Marion Clark, our District Superintendent for their inspired leadership, and in expressing our gratitude to Wadleigh's Assistant Principals Mr. Bach, Dr. Finkelstein, Mr. Meissner, to Acting Principal Miss Miller, Mrs. Edelman, Mr. Sapadin and Miss Kahan, and to all your teachers, for the daily instruction, assistance and loving care which they have had for you during your hours at Wadleigh. I am sure also that you want to join the teaching staff and myself in thanking your parents for the sacrifices they have made, so that you were able and will be able to further your school careers.

Sincerely,
MILTON L. HANUAER
Principal

THE WADLEIGH WAY

THE CHALLENGE OF NEW FRONTIERS

BY PAULINE BLACK, 9-312

A yearbook is a group of pages made in booklike formation. It consists of stories, poems, illustrations and pictures of the students and by them of the school.

The purpose of a yearbook is that the students and teachers may recall the pleasant and sometimes serious events of the junior high years.

Each year the yearbook has a different theme. The theme for 1962 is based upon President Kennedy's forecast for the future of America and the challenges of the world about us. We call it New Frontiers.

New Frontiers are opening today for the student who is ready to meet the challenge. Each student has to compete with others who are reaching for the goal. If the student is not ready for the fight, he will fall behind. The Wadleigh graduate who has learned to study, work hard and to seize each opportunity, will find that he is on his way to achieving recognition in the new frontiers of the world.

First Stage: 5th Floor Goes Modern

Language Laboratory

BY YOLANDA BURGESS, 9-305

It may look as if we are communicating with another planet, but really we're just learning another language.

This is the broad new language workshop at Wadleigh. It is used by Mr. Lavergneau and Mrs. Edelman to teach Spanish, and by Mrs. Easton to teach French. From all reports, it is quite useful.

When asked his opinion of the new laboratory, Mr. Lavergneau replied, "I think the laboratory is very well equipped. Certainly, teaching a foreign language in this process is not easier for the teacher, but it is for the students. I like this method because the students acquire a better accent and speak the language with proper speed and intonation. Under the ideal situation, a student should speak, read and write as well as a native of his own age."

Equipment in the new laboratory includes tape recorders, ear phones, microphones and a control board. The controls are in the place of the teacher's desk. They are connected to every desk in the room. From all appearances it is a well-organized and extremely well-run language center.



Spring

BY RICHARD SMALL, 7-513

My name is spring. I can be anything.
I can be a pretty breeze,
I can be a child's sneeze.

Another of the new ideas we Wadleigh students explored this year, was the Japanese art of poetry writing. Haiku is an ancient verse from Japan. It is a short poem consisting of three lines and containing a total of 17 syllables. The haiku is effective in suggesting a mood or feeling. These verses are particularly suitable for introducing the seasons.

Scattered throughout our pages, you will find many examples of this poetry form as executed by students in class 7-513. Look for them. They are easy to recognize.

JUNE, 1962

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GET SET WORLD: HERE I COME

By ERIN BROWN, 8-308

"This is my big day, Mom," called Bobby from his bedroom. "I'll be working in a modern new factory. Of course, it's only for the summer, but then, who knows? I might stay and not go on to high school and college."

Bobby knew from his mother's silence that she was not in agreement with what he was saying.

"Oh well," he murmured to himself, "got to get going." Then he inspected himself in the mirror. He had selected his clothes the night before: a pair of black pants, a grey checked jacket. "Have to look conservative," he told himself. After tying and retying his necktie, he was ready to go. He kissed his mother good-bye and he was off for the bus.

On the way, Bobby thought of the work he would soon be doing. "I guess when they see how good I am they will probably raise my salary and give me a promotion."

"Meadow Rose and Taylor Street," bellowed the bus driver. That was Bobby's stop. He darted down the bus steps and onto the pavement. "Nice neighborhood," thought Bob. Then he saw the tall building that stood out from the others, The Hancock Building.

"Ah! There it is, I'd better hurry. I have an appointment and I know they'll be waiting," he told himself confidently.

He was directed by a janitor to go to the sixth floor, to the office of Mr. Williams. He stepped into the room and stood by the desk until Mr. Williams looked up.

"What's your business, son?" he said, glancing from the papers on his desk.

"I have an appointment. I am here to receive summer employment," Bobby answered, articulating each word.

"What's your name, son?"

"Robert Garner."

"When did you send in your application, son?"

"About two weeks ago."

"All right, let's see son," he said, flipping through a file card box.

Bobby wished that Mr. Williams would stop calling him son. After all he was finished with Junior High School. "Son, indeed!" he thought.

"Here we are, son, this is your application. You

seem to qualify. In the tenth grade, eh, son?"

"Going into the tenth," Bobby replied, holding onto the *th*. "In September."

"I guess you pass. You can start today, son. I'll take you to the twelfth floor where you'll be working."

"If he doesn't stop that son business, I'll crack up!"

Bobby was thinking.

On the twelfth floor they came to a room, average in size with a strange machine that took up the whole side of the room.

"Here's your IBM, your adding machine is on the other table. You'll be given about 1,000 cards to do before it's quitting time. I know that doesn't seem like much but it's only for your first day. Get right to work and report to me at the end of the time, son."

Bobby hardly heard a word of what was said. He was staring at the huge machine.

"IBM. I never heard of that. Maybe if I tinkered with it awhile I could work it?"

Bob took one of the cards and tossed it into what looked like a card slot. Suddenly there was a thud and then a beeping sound, and the card popped out of a rear slot in the sheds.

"Oh, no! This will never do!" he cried. "I'll try again." And he did try again and again and again, until quitting time.

When the bell sounded to stop work, Bobby had hundreds of cards, ruined.

"Time to report to Mr. Williams," he said, going into the sixth floor office.

"Ah, there you are," smiled Mr. Williams, "How did you make out?"

"Just fine, Mr. Williams," he lied. "But you know I was thinking, maybe I should enjoy the summer instead of working. After all, that's what a summer is for. So I don't think I will be back to work."

"All right Robert, maybe next year," answered Mr. Williams, hand outstretched to shake.

"Goodbye, Mr. Williams."

"All right, Robert."

And as Bobby turned and walked out of the office he thought of how much more he would need to learn before he could go to work.

But then he had to smile, because Mr. Williams hadn't called him son in their last meeting.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

A WHOLE NEW UNIVERSE OF BOOKS



Opens a Whole New Universe For You

Our World of Books

BY JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

In Weddleigh, as in many other schools, there is a school library. As in any library, students read, study, and work on assignments using library materials.

Many new, interesting points have come into the light. For example, our librarian, Mrs. Bogursky, has brought with her new ideas in remodeling the room. A library squad has been formed and they handle circulation of books and the job of stamping, processing and numbering them.

Of course, a librarian's main job is the library books. And we do have boxes and boxes of brand new books. Mrs. Bogursky and the library squad members hope that in the future Weddleigh students will enjoy our library and cooperate with the staff.

JUNE, 1962

The Wonderful World of Books

BY PAULINE BLACK, 9-312

The wonderful world of books
Teaches you how to make clocks,

Instructs you how to break a lock

And many other wonderful things.

The wonderful world of books
Tells you what you want to know—

Like what direction in which to go.

The wonderful world of books
Travels through the Roman ages,

Even through the circus cages.

Here ends our glorious trip.

To this and other worlds,

Which every boy and girl should take

Through the wonderful world of books.

BROTHERHOOD: An old idea that is still good



Our United Nations Assembly Program

BY CHARLINE THOMAS AND GLADYS WHITTAKER
8-315

What is Genocide? Genocide is the killing of a mass of people belonging to one group: racial, political or religious.

One man helped to make the countries of the United Nations aware of the horror of genocide. His name was Raphael Lemkin and he did his work during the 1930's when Hitler was killing Jewish and Catholic families in Germany. Raphael Lemkin went to the United Nations and explained the horrors of genocide to them. He aroused the members and got them to help abolish this dreadful practice.

To celebrate "United Nations Week", our class prepared a play called, *Dr. Raphael Lemkin*. It was about his childhood and his work with the United Nations. We worked in committees to get information about Lemkin. After we finished, we wrote a play based on the information we had gathered. We rehearsed our play every other day during our English period. Then we presented it to all three grades in the school.

Our play was a big success. Everyone liked it very much and we had fun preparing it. It also helped us to learn a lot about Social Studies.

Joy and Tears

BY JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

If everyday were joyous
And no one shed a tear,
Then what a mad world it would be
For no one to have fear.

If every day we cried and mourned
And no one laughed or smiled,
Then what a sad world it would be
If no one were beguiled.

If you and I can't think of life
As sometimes fantasy,
Or we can't laugh as well as mourn.
This world should never be.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

BOOK REVIEW:

Albert Einstein, Biography

BY CURTIS JACKSON, 9-312

The subject of this book review is a biography of Albert Einstein. It was written by Catherine Owens Pearce.

Einstein was born in March of 1879 in Ulm, Bavaria. He was the oldest of his family's two sons. During his elementary days in school, young Albert practically majored in mathematics. In fact, some of his teachers said that he should have been teaching it. Einstein's favorite subjects other than mathematics, were music and science.

Albert Einstein grew up and became the science genius of the 20th Century. The discovery for which he is most famous is his *Theory of Relativity*, which would cause me great trouble to explain. He also discovered a formula that led to the making of the atomic bomb.

The entire story of his life was most interestingly told in this biography. It was humorous in some ways. Boys and girls who enjoy getting their learning in an interesting fashion would probably like reading this book.

Understanding Other People

BY DIANE BIVENS, 8-413

A play on friendship, *Understanding Other People*, was given by Class 8-413 in the assemblies of November 13-17. The play featured children dressed in many costumes to emphasize friendship between countries.

The play took place in the home of two children, the mother and the father. The children are engaged in knowing why people can't live in peace after their mother has told a story about war to them. When the children go to bed, Jerry has a dream of peace and friendship. The play ends in this dream with children of many lands united together singing a song of friendship.

This play involved four major characters and the Lady of Peace. (Though Jerry and Anne played the real major parts, everyone had a line or two to say). The students who played the major characters were Terry Ardrey, Linda Plaite, Diane Bivens, Cecil Downs and Patricia Draper.

The play was meant to show how people of different countries can live together in peace and friendship. The United Nations, our peace keeper, has tried and has succeeded many times in keeping peace between countries. We hope that its success is continued for many years to come.



Honor League

By BRENDRA SIMMONS, 9-314

Tisa Warren, Gloria Ferrell, and Victoria Nelson, all of 9-314, became full members of the Honor League this year at Wadleigh, giving attention to their scholastic achievements.

Honor League members have to attain an eighty-five average in major subjects and seventy-five in minor ones, plus outstanding behavior on all counts. To become a full member, the student must be in the ninth grade.



Wadleigh Patrol

By JACQUELINE COLLINS, 9-312

The students with the large circular yellow and black badges are Wadleigh patrols. They play an important part in the school. Their job is to keep the students aware of the rules and regulations and to help the teachers in seeing that everything is going well outside the classroom.

The patrols also play a big part in special assemblies when the school has special visitors.

There are one hundred patrols. The head patrols, also known as Lieutenants, supervise each floor and are in charge of all patrols on the entire floor.

Candidates are chosen from seventh year classes who are reading on the seventh year level. If outstanding scholarship continues, they are made full members at the end of the eighth year.

In some years, as this one, seventh year pupils who achieve exceptionally high averages are allowed to become full members. 1962 saw 12 members of class 7-303 inducted into the Honor League.

There is also a head of heads, the captain, who is in charge of all patrols. The chief patrol may call meetings to discuss the work and performance of his patrol staff.

When the school has a special visitor an Honor Patrol welcomes him and gives him a Wadleigh Patrol badge.

Patrols must keep up with their school work as well as do a good job as a patrol. They must show high scholastic achievement in all subjects and must be recognized as good citizens by their teachers.

Editor's Note:

This year, some of the Wadleigh English classes took part in a Creative Writing Project. Stimulated by pictures or lively discussion, they learned to write narrative and descriptive themes. In the changing world we now face, the ability to express one's feelings in picturesque and correct English is highly important. Below are some of the better compositions which resulted from this profitable experience.

The Little Old Lady

By EDWARD HUNTER, 9-306

In the picture I am looking at, a little old lady is sitting outside of Carnegie Hall. She seems to be worried about something that is not shown.

She is too proud to accept public assistance or help from the state or city. Her cheeks are sagging and her lips are wrinkled and out of shape. They seem to have lost their rosy appearance. Her head is ruffled and unkempt.

I think she has been rejected by her family and friends. She's too old to get a job and has reached the point where she doesn't care any more. She tries to earn a living by sitting in front of Carnegie Hall playing an accordion and hoping the passers-by will feel sorry for her and give her some money.

She is dressed in a black trench coat wrapped tightly around her. The dominating colors she wears are black and gray. She is one of New York's most famous street beggars.

Let us pretend that after a few years, she will be given a room in the basement of Carnegie Hall. She will still play her accordion in front of the building, and one day someone will come along and give her a part in a Broadway play as the grandmother of several children.

Summer Is Over, Alas And Alack

By EDWARD WILLIAMS, 9-312

Alas, summer is over and autumn starts to unfold. The flowers are disappearing as nature plays her role. The trees show their barren skins above our soft set mood.

The sunset flickers through the branches as if it had come alone.

The wind bristles through the trees as it makes them sort of quiver.

But sometimes there's no wind or sound, not even a very faint shiver.

Sometimes the trees sway like sagebrush on a desert sand.

But when September is here

The day has come near

When school bells ring through the land.

Spring

By NAOMI SAUNDERS, 7-513

Longer days are near—
Children's voices we can hear,
Flowers bloom everywhere.

A Thanksgiving Fantasy

By ALICIA MONTAGUE, 7-503

Once in the town of Twilight, there lived a wicked witch named Karren. She was the worst witch in the world.

Now on the other side of town lived a poor family called the Shabbits. They were the poorest family in Twilight, and many a night they ate gravy made with flour and water, over crumbs of bread, and sometimes didn't even have that.

One day news came that there was going to be held a contest in spelling and the winner would be given a turkey dinner. Each school was to send a representative (the top speller) to take part in the contest. The representative of the school of Twilight was Ellen Shabby.

Ellen was overjoyed at this and so were the Shabbits. They coached her well and on the appointed day everyone assembled in a great hall where the contest was conducted. Many difficult words were given, but in the end Ellen won.

Now when the wicked witch, Karren, heard this she was jealous of Ellen's good luck. She figured that she, a beautiful person, should be more deserving of a turkey dinner, than a poor beggar girl like Ellen. (In truth, she was very ugly).

So she devised a plan to get the dinner. But Ellen was smart and knew the witch would trick her. She devised a plan of her own. She took some turkey and dressing and put some poison on it. She brought it to the witch.

Karren was delighted and ate heartily.

I don't have to tell you that was the end of her. Ellen went home and enjoyed a nice dinner and the town of Twilight was glad to be rid of Karren.

THE WADLEIGH WAY



GENERAL ORGANIZATION 88, MANHATTAN

MISS JACKSON, ADVISOR

Red Cross Student Council

By ANTONETTE WILLIAMS, 9-313

Panlette Waters of class 9-314 and George Rivers of class 9-413 are representatives for the Red Cross Student Council. They attend meetings once a month at the Manhattan Chapter House to give students experience in running their school and community.

At the meetings they plan activities for themselves and the school activities as well. One activity is to present programs during Christmas holidays for people in the nearby hospitals.

The money one contributes to the Red Cross is used in times of disaster when people need help. Some of the money comes back to the school to help students get things, like eyeglasses.

Students who are fourteen years and older can volunteer to be Red Cross workers such as: assistant teachers in nurseries and on playgrounds; taking children on field trips; nurses aides in hospitals; aides on the blood mobile truck and typists in the Red Cross office. These jobs are provided with uniforms and valuable training. Several students from Wadleigh have already done this.

The Red Cross Student Council is very interesting. Without it, think of all the things we would be missing. Everyone should be proud of the Red Cross Student Council.

The co-chairwomen of the Red Cross Committee are Jean Hurd of class 9-312 and Shirley Abraham of class 9-511. It is under the direction of Miss Jackson.

JUNE, 1962

Student's Prayer

By YVONNE JONES, 8-405

Now I lie down to rest
Thinking of my next test.
But if I die before I wake,
That's one test I won't have to take.
Now I sit down to study
I pray to the Lord I won't go nutty.
If I ever wake through this mess,
I pray to the Lord I won't flunk my test.
Now I am waiting restlessly.
Thinking what the mark on my test will be.
Trembling, frightened, white with gray
Hoping I pass into the ninth grade.

On The Seventh Of September

By CARLOTTA GALLOWAY, 9-312

On the seventh of September, school bells rang.
On the seventh of September, school kids sang
Up the stairs and down the stairs,
All through the school.
They stopped just long enough
To hear the Golden Rule.
On the seventh day you heard teacher say:
"Now, class, you must complete all
The work you have today."
On the seventh of September as the day goes on
All the kids begin to say, "I wish I hadn't gone."



Audio-Visual Aids Team

By RUSSELL WOODARD, 8-413

The Audio-Visual Aids Squad operates movie projectors, tape recorders and other machines during school hours. Working from their third floor office, they assist students in learning by the most modern methods.

The Manhattan Borough Student Council

By CLARICE CLINTON, 9-314

The Manhattan Borough Student Council is an organization developed by the Board of Education to foster good human relations among junior high schools in the borough.

Each junior high school sends representatives to the monthly meetings that are held in a different school each time. Wadleigh members this year were Clarice Clinton, 9-314, and Irving Lee, 8-413.

These representatives serve a two-fold purpose. In the discussions of school problems each month they contribute advice to other schools. But, perhaps more important, they learn from other representatives and bring many new and worthwhile ideas back to Wadleigh.



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MR. STARR
& MRS. EDELMAN,
ADVISORS

Cafeteria Patrol

By ARVELLA BREEDLOW, 9-312

The cafeteria patrol plays a very interesting and vital part in the efficient operation of our school. Under the direction of Mr. Sapadin and Mr. Maloy, Gloria Pyles and Emma Saunders, both of 9-314, head the list of forty cafeteria patrols.

A cafeteria patrol has one of three duties. He may be a door monitor, a checker, or a table inspector.

The door monitor is responsible for the smooth flow of the lunch lines. A checker sits at a long table before the entrance to the steam table. He crosses off the number of each lunch card as the student files past him. Table inspectors walk about watching to see that students clear their tables after use.

Lunchroom patrol duties start at 11:30 and end after the lunchroom is cleared, about 12:20.

Glass

By YVONNE GAISON, 9-317

Wonderous things have come to pass
On my square window glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,
Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Spires pointing to the sky
Where the people are walking on streets
of silver.
To me it seems maybe life is just a dream,
Dressed in the finest lace.
This is a picture of space.



Glee Club

By JOAN VAN LOWE, 9-312

The Glee Club of Wadleigh Junior High School has won many honors and performed in many concerts all over the city. During 1961-62 alone, students in the Glee Club performed for Mayor Wagner and participated in the Boroughwide Junior High School Chorus held at Carnegie Hall.

Under the direction of Mrs. Elfreda Wright, the Glee Club produces an annual show. This year's highlight was *The Mikado*, the familiar Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Musical accompaniment was by Mr. Raymond Henry and Mrs. Marcia Hall; our Glee Club received warm applause.

There are about 100 members in the Glee Club, all of whom had to pass rigorous tests to enter the select group.

We think that the best Glee Club in Manhattan belongs to Wadleigh.

JUNE, 1962

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Guidance Faculty

By JOAN VAN LOWE, 9-312

The Guidance Department is the division of JHS 88 that stops to help us with our problems.

They help us to understand ourselves and others. Most important, they try to show us ways to better ourselves.

Once a week in class, we meet with one assigned guidance teacher and hold class conversations on various topics of teenage interest. These talks teach us to think about what we do and say to our friends and others around us. Many students have probably benefitted from their friendly talks with the guidance teachers.

Me

By RANDY TATE, 9-503

I think of "me" as a lovable sort,
Who's always out for fun and sport
Whose conduct in school can always be good.
Well, alas, I wish it would.
"Me" as a guy with high hopes and ideas,
Of many losses, wrongs and ideas.
"Me" who gets in trouble—not by choice.
And you always hear from my alto voice—
"I didn't do it" is the usual plea,
But a charge, a stern lecture is always
given to me.

I think of "me" as a leader of men you see;
But men, they just won't follow me.
"Me" who will never hit a serious note,
And takes almost everything to be a joke.
I think that "me" will now see the light.
The world is much too much to fight.
For I am just human as you can see,
A ninth year student, at old Wadleigh.

Our Wadleigh

By TERRY ANDREWS, 8-413

We come to school nearly every day, and yet few people stop to think about the heritage of our school.

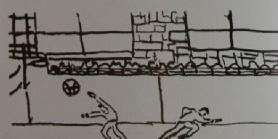
This building is over 60 years old. Until 1956, it was Wallis High School for Girls. Julia Ward Howe JHS, on 119th - 120th Streets and Seventh Avenue, also an all girls school, moved in to this building in 1957. In that year, the school began enrolling boys. Julia Ward Howe is now the present PS 81, an elementary school.

In 1957, our building was repaired and modernized. Just a few months ago, the school was presented with some trees to set around the streets surrounding the building. As Mr. Bachs puts it, "to beautify the scenery".

From the Evening School, held in this building, graduated some highly successful people. Robert Weaver, now Assistant Secretary of Labor in charge of international affairs, is one such person.

We like to think that in this school there are some promising athletes, future doctors, nurses, politicians, astronauts, teachers, engineers, technicians, movie stars, and from the Glee Club, famous opera singers.

We hope that from this school we will have few no-bodies.



THE WADLEIGH WAY

Deadline Day

By JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

We of the "Wadleigh Way" have gotten to know that feeling every Monday.

Of course, our boss doesn't smoke a black 50¢ cigar, or ride around in a chauffeured car. But just the same, that feeling comes our way when she says—"Today's the day!" To say in a charming, "I want your beat on my desk and neat! For this is deadline day."

The tension goes high, sweat really pours, to think of how many flaws she will find. When she takes in one hand a magnifying glass and in the other a pen of red ink. And believe me she's not conducting a band.

Oh! The worry, the strain of a newspaper man.

I wonder is it all in vain?

We run about in a merry, merry chase,

beating ourselves at our own little pace.

But the time we worry and savor has passed.

And with it the feeling of a too quiet life. All is done, no more will come. The printer will print. And our feet get to regret the life of a free reporter.

Just the same, and this must be said very plain: I can't wait for those good old times to return. With a beat of my own it will feel like home.

I guess I'm a newspaperman right down to my toes.



Yearbook Staff

By JOAN VAN LOWE, 9-312

Calm and poised for their staff picture, the people you see above have "beat" the halls and met printer's deadlines throughout the year in a breathless attempt to produce the book you now hold.

Each activity, each event, each shop, had to be "covered" by our reporters once a week. Literary, artistic and photographic contributions came to our third floor office in a steady stream. We read and sorted, approved and edited until we felt we had the finest that Wadleigh had to offer.

The work you find in these pages was done either by the staff reporters or other students who contributed their best samples.

Senior Advice

By JEAN HUBO, 9-312

Rock-a-bye seniors
In the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.
If you stop digging
Your standing will fall
Down will come seniors
Diplomas and all.



The Flute

By CLARICE CLINTON, 9-514

The flute is a wind instrument of two principal types. The type that was known in ancient times was made of wood and consisted of a conical tube into which the performer blew through a mouthpiece located at the upper end. The body of this instrument has holes along its length which are stopped by the fingers to produce different notes. This was called the end-blown flute. Because of its popularity in England during 1400 to 1700 it became known as the English Flute.

The modern flutes are basically the same. They are made of metal and contain a hollow cylinder. This type is blown into through the embouchure which is lateral and oval shaped. It has a greater number of holes along its side than the endblown flute. To produce various notes you must put the fingers down on the keys. The sound is produced when air is blown into the flute or the embouchure is broken against the opposite edge of the hole, causing the air inside the tube to vibrate. The modern flute has a range of about three octaves above middle C.

In addition to this type of flute there are two other transverse flutes, the alto or bass flute. The Piccolo which is half the size of the ordinary flute and plays an octave higher.

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Music Makers

By KENNETH FONTAINE, 9-511

Band and orchestra students as the one in the picture have spent much time practicing instrumental music.

In order to become a student of Mr. Yancey in Room 1M, the student must first pass the Seashore Musical Ability test in the 6th grade. If he shows talent, he is placed in a music class at 88 the following September.

There are four different classes taught by Mr. Yancey: String; Brass; Woodwind and Percussion. There are 4 periods a week of the various instrument classes in the 7th grade and 2 periods a week in the 8th year. Ninth year organized orchestra meets 2 periods a week.

Once he has gained entry, a student can try for City-Wide Band and Orchestra. This year we had two students who passed. Tests for the special High Schools (Music and Art, and Performing Arts) may also be taken by a ninth-year music student who is outstanding.

Thoughts On School

By CHARLES COFFIELD, 7-513

School is out hurrah!
I'm waiting for the day.
When school is out hurrah!

The Clarinet

By WILIE THOMAS, 9-511

A single reed wood wind instrument, the clarinet, is usually made of wood, but sometimes of metal or other materials. It serves as the leading instrument in military bands, and is sometimes used as a solo instrument in the orchestra.

The instrument is formed of a cylindrical tube with a bell-shaped opening at one end and a mouthpiece at the other. The mouthpiece has a flat cane reed attached, which vibrates when blown upon.

The tube contains open holes and holes covered with keys. The fingers open and close the holes and operate the keys to produce notes within a range of over three octaves. The Boehm system of fingering is used for modern clarinets.

Clarinets are made in six or more sizes, ranging from E-flat soprano to the B-flat contrabass. Those used most are B-flat, A, E-flat also and B-flat bass.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

THE WADLEIGH WAY

My Trip to Philadelphia

By CLARENCE HARRIS, 9-512

On Saturday, January 27, 1962, Mr. Goldberg, Walter Lambert, 9-412, and I, with other teachers and students from all parts of the city went on a bus ride to Philadelphia. It was sponsored by the Printing Teachers Guild of New York. We met in front of the New York School of Printing on Saturday morning at 8:30. All of us had our pictures taken.

The bus ride was smooth and pleasant. It was rather cool outside. We were given lunch when we were almost halfway to our destination.

After we got off the bus we visited Independence Hall for a short time. In front of the Hall there is a statue of George Washington. We also visited the Supreme Court Room. We saw famous objects such as the Liberty Bell. They put bolts in the bell so that the crack would not spread.

We visited the grave of Benjamin Franklin. We had a flag ceremony there. There was a speaker there who briefly told us about printing and education.

We also visited the Betsy Ross House, where the first flag of the United States was made. We walked after Elfreth's Alley, where the original houses are still occupied. These houses were first used in 1720.

We also visited Christ Church where Benjamin Franklin worshipped. At the Church we saw a Palladian window. This was the first one of its type in America.

A very interesting place we visited was the Benjamin Franklin Institute. We saw a model of an early out-board motor, steam engine, and sail boat, among other things. While in the Institute we visited the planetarium and saw a preview of what the sky is going to look like in 1962.

We started home around 5:00 and arrived in New York at 7:00.



by LEON MURRAY

Spring

By NAOMI SAUNDERS, 7-513

No more colds or sneezes.
The wind blows with its
Fragrant breezes.

JUNE, 1962

Theater Group Visit

By TERRY ABBEY, 8-413

On March 23, ninth graders and the winners of the class competitions in Choral Recitation were treated to a performance by a professional acting company.

This production, by the American Theater Wing, was rather humorous. It was about a lord in England about 1700 who at the time was heavily in debt. If he were to return to London, he would be jailed for not paying his debts. He tried to marry the daughter of a rich land owner, but he had his complications.

For one thing, the daughter wanted to be a gypsy and marry the "King" of the gypsy tribe. She changed her clothes with those of a milkmaid to look like one of the king's group. But the king's sister did not want the king wedded to this noblewoman and she tried to kill her. The attempt was unsuccessful.

When the lord found out about the switch, he became indignant. He then insulted the father of the missing daughter.

An ostler, who had been trying to take a swing at the lord all this while because of the sweet things the lord had said to his "girl" finally got his sweetheart back and in all everything turns out peachy dandy.

Chick's Car

By BERNADINE RUDICK, 9-407

One day the gang was on the beach surf-riding, when all of a sudden Chick said, "Let's go for a hot rod ride." Chick's father owned the Hot Rod Store and always loaned the gang hot rods. This particular day Chick's father didn't let the gang use the hot rods, because some important people were coming to buy some of his merchandise.

Chick was angry and asked Jim, one of his friends who wanted to be in the club, to play "chicken" with him. Chick told Jim that it was the only way he could get into the club. Jim agreed. Chick got into one of his friends' car, already angry, and becoming more so. Chick picked up speed from eighty to ninety, when all of a sudden he got scared. He tried to stop the car, but something was wrong with the brakes, they wouldn't work! Chick was too scared to move or do anything, but sit there. Jim pulled aside just as the fenders met. Chick kept going, he ran off the road into the woods and right into a tree. By the time the gang got there Chick was dead. To some of his gang it seemed like it happened to Chick because he disobeyed his father, because his father told him not to go out riding in a hot rod. Everyone was sad, but inside they knew Chick was wrong.

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CHORAL RECITATION: A NEW LOOK AT AN ANCIENT ART

Choral Speaking In Wadleigh

By CAROL STEVENS, 9-511

During the week of March 12, 1962, Wadleigh's annual choral speaking contest was held throughout the school. All grades participated in the affair. On Friday, March 16, the ninth grade seniors presented to their colleagues and teachers the poems they had selected to present.

All types were represented from humorous ones to tragedies. However, the judging was made according to the way a class got on and off the stage, the way they said their poem, and the display of their understanding.

As mentioned by Mr. Basch, all classes did exceptionally well and it was difficult to differentiate the first, second and third place winners, so the ninth year, 9-312 won first place with their poem "Creation" by James Weldon Johnson. 9-314 came in second with two selected poems, "Con Edison" and an original written by them, "The Audio-Visual Aid Squad", which may be found printed elsewhere in this book. Third place was won by Class 9-111 with their poem "Jabberwock".



CLASS 9-111

Choral Speaking

By CLARICE CLINTON, 9-314

T'was a week of joy,
And a moment of cheer
For all the girls and boys
An event that's once a year.

Sitting in your seat,
Waiting to be called,
Looking at the stage—
But you felt appalled!

You marched to the stage,
You got in your space.
You did your number—
And laughter broke out
In that big old place.

And all of the audience
Was sitting and staring
While all of the judges
Had begun glaring.

You did your best.
You fought to the end.
Of course, you pleased the guests,
But did you win?

"All's well that ends well".
Was the motto for that day.
We can't all hold first place—
That's one thing we can say!



by WALTER JEFFERSON, 9-503

Editor's Note:

As part of their Choral Speaking presentation during the March competitions, Class 9-314 produced a parody of their first poem as the conclusion of their recitation. Here it is, for the enjoyment of those who heard it, and those who missed it, for the first time in print.

Choral Poem

The A. V. A. Squad

By

RICHARD MATTHEWS AND RONALD HAMILTON
9-314

Big clumsy boys,
Busting up machines,
Making lots of noise—
Bang, Clang, Boom!
But it makes them feel like real big wheels,
Boom, Clang, Boom, Clang, Boom, Clang, Boom!
Boom go the projectors,
Boom go the microphones,
Boom goes the TV and the phonograph too.
Now I see a little man sleeping in the back,
Looking for the tape to bring the voices back.
Wadleigh Junior High School with students that are
... bored.

Must pick a new V. A. squad, this one is a fraud.
Vote we must for the incoming grades.
Down with the V.A. squad, a new one must be made.
Remember the day when the film went ker-plunk?
And everybody yelled that the V. A. was sunk,
That the V. A. wasn't working.
And you squirmed in your seat,
Yes! You squirmed in your seat.
Mr. Basch paced the floor,
Mrs. Wright raised her arms and conducted once
more.

And another thing,

(Another thing)
You only give us films when you darn feel like it.
Now and then we get a film that's really upside down.
And you make us read the numbers,
Yes, you make us read the numbers.
Watch the little numbers running up and down the
wall.
'Cause the A. V. A. can't focus, no the A. V. A. can't
focus,
Focus pictures on the screen that are able to be seen.
Breaking up equipment,
Til there's nothing left but scrap.
And there's little left to do,
No, nothing left to do,
But pick a new V.A. Squad, V.A. Squad, V.A. Squad.
It only takes a little skill and common sense to match.
But it's never quite the same,
No, it's never quite the same.
With the way that you go nutty,
Trying to figure out what's on.
And the way you lose your courage,
Yes, your courage at the sight,
And when you hear the steady plod of the V.A. Squad.
Uncle Lester's gonna get you if you don't watch out.



CLASS 9-306

JUNE, 1962

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

A Thought For Hallowe'en

By ALICIA MONTAGUE, 7-303

The witches ride their brooms at night,
While jack-o'-lanterns trail a light
Along the dusty path at night.
With raindrops dripping on the pane,
As eerie sounds of cold winds blow
And chills of fright creep up my spine,
The witches ride their brooms at night.



Do Not Open 'Til Christmas

By LORRAINE WILLIAMS, 8-413

On Christmas, in my aunt's house, everyone was wrapping and hiding his Christmas gifts. My uncle, who didn't want anyone to see his presents, put them into his car.

My aunt and I were so curious that we just had to know what was in those boxes. We couldn't wait until morning. Later, when everyone was asleep, we arranged to sneak out of our beds and take the car keys out of my uncle's pocket.

It was so dark outside that we couldn't find his green Chevrolet. We were fumbling and trying to get the right key. Finally, we located the one that fit into the lock and discovered to our horror that we had managed to open the wrong green Chevrolet.

At no time did we see the policeman who was standing quietly and watching us. As we went from car to car, we were completely unaware that we were being followed by the law.

After many tries, we succeeded in finding my uncle's car. This was the big moment! All excited we began to tear nervously at the gaily wrapped gifts. "Whose car is this?" asked a forceful voice directly in back of my neck.

"My husband's," my aunt replied in a timid voice. I stood perfectly still. What a ridiculous situation we were in. The officer asked to see the registration of the automobile. Neither of us knew what to say.

"All right, lady," said the policeman. "Let's go."

After much confusion at the precinct office, my uncle was called. He identified us and took us home.

"Ha, ha," he said, as we followed him contritely into the house; "those were empty boxes I put in the car to fool you."

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Poetry

By LINDA JACKS, 7-303

I. Santa's Coming
Lucy's in bed,
Bobby is too—
Harry's asleep
And so is Sue . . .
Down the chimney,
Santa will come,
With a sack full of toys
For everyone.

II. Santa's Gone
Santa was here.
Let's go down and see
What Santa left
For you and me.
A telescope, an engine,
And a chemistry set for Tim;
A book, a typewriter,
And a real train for Jim.



A Santa Claus Nightmare

By ARLENE ZAMBITO, 7-303

On a Christmas Eve night, I was trying to sleep
The person who was descending our chimney.
When I found out it was Santa Claus,
I was frightened and I had a cause —
He was the ugliest thing I have ever seen—
His cheeks were blue and his eyes were green
His nose was purple and so was his hair
He was the worst thing alive that I've ever seen there.
I ate too much that Christmas Eve,
It was a dream, I do believe.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

Christmas Time

By YING LUM, 7-303

Christmas is here and everyone's gay
But still we wish it were here to stay.
Imagine getting presents each day
And doing nothing but sing and play.
We are happy as can be,
Playing games under the Christmas tree,
Singing songs with merry glee,
We like Christmas, don't you agree?

Pete, The Pine Tree

By YVONNE PITTMAN, 7-303

There stands Pete, the pine tree,
Waiting to be sold.
But the people do not bother
For he's much too big to hold.
As all the other trees are gone
Poor Pete, he stands alone.
When comes a lady and a set of twins
Who want it for their own.
The lady has forgotten her purse
And comes another day
She doesn't make it quite in time
The lumber yard has taken him away.
But Pete arrives at the lady's home,
Though in another stead.
For now he is a wooden horse
And a dolly's nursery bed.

George Washington and His Hatchet

By BELVIANA MORANT, 8-413

When George was quite a little boy,
His father gave him a hatchet.
It was such a shiny little toy
That a cherry tree he hacked it.
Soon after that father came home,
"Who cut my cherry tree?" he cried.
From George's lips there came a moan,
"It was I, I cannot lie."
His father then forgot his anger,
Because George had told the truth.
Now George is always known today
For truthfulness in youth.



BY NORMAN SMITH

Easter Time

By CAROLYN ADAMSON, 9-312

Everyone is glad when Easter time is near,
Children dressed up in their best
Full of joy and cheer.
Hats of different shapes and colors—
Some with gay and matched umbrellas.
Flowers are decked and preening,
Every face is bright and beaming.
All are on their way to church.
Birds are singing from a perch.
After church has been let out
Everyone just strolls about
Down on Fifth Avenue.
They meet the old and new,
Watching the parade go by.
Soon as the day is done and down
goes the sun;
Boys and girls are feeling tired
From all their admiring and being admired.

JUNE, 1962

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Library Staff

By RUSSELL WOODARD, 8-413

Under our new library system, Wadleigh now has a trained squad of workers who assist Mrs. Bogursky, Librarian, filing overdue slips and keeping the shelves in order according to the Dewey Decimal system.

What Happened To Ted?

By AREVELLA BREEDLOVE, 9-312

Do you know Ted? I do. He is 18 and just graduated from high school. He is very ambitious and a real nice guy. He is never sad but always carefree and without problems.

Things were different a while back. Ted had a real problem and it is one that could happen to you.

When Ted graduated from junior high school he took a summer job in an automobile factory as an assistant to a mechanic. Ted always wanted to be a mechanic ever since we were knee high to papa. The mechanic told Ted he was promising and this went to Ted's head. When it was time to go back to school, Ted had made up his mind, no more school for him. This was surprising to everyone for Ted had always loved school. Being a close friend, I was asked to talk to him.

Our talk was very interesting. I can hardly remember what I said, but I know I got through to him. One thing we talked about was automation.

Do you know what automation is? What it means? Machines are taking over men's jobs. What can we do about it? Some people say nothing, but this isn't true. Education can help us to do many jobs where automation is not worthwhile. The high school diploma is very important.

Ted took the advice and is now a mechanic doing very well for himself. And of course he is very proud of his high school diploma.

A Thought

By SYLVIA TAYLOR, 7-518

Spring is here at last.
Are the boys and girls still sad?
Time to run around!

Death

By CLARENCE CLINTON, 9-314

The end of time is closer than we think. In the days of Noah and the Ark the world was destroyed by water. People who believed in God and trusted Noah were saved.

The destruction of the world today, some believe, will be by fire. Some time ago this was more likely to be an act of God, but today the devil has prevailed upon us in a way that has led us to rivalry so that we will soon destroy ourselves.

We have defeated our own cause. This world has become so powerful with its weapons and intellect that instead of advancing toward peace we have brought war to our doorstep.

The cold war is becoming a war between people and their customs and ideas because of their leaders. People are no longer individuals; they are puppets on a string dangling over a piece of hot ice that will soon explode.

The War of Falling Humanity will take us back to the days of the Bible, and we will soon bury ourselves with the thought of hate and cruelty. Death is inevitable for many of us, physically and mentally.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

The Mad, Mad Calculator

By CURTIS JACKSON, 9-312

As strange as it seems, I have calculated the number of people who will die in the year of 1974. I have found the answer because I have discovered a new mathematical concept in determining the amount of people the earth will rid itself of.

My fantastic calculations were based on a few simple facts. The formula to this, let us say, incredible calculation is quite simple. We find out the number of people who were born in the year 1960, and divide this number by the number of people who were born in 1961.

After that the process is finished by multiplying the number 12 by the answer you received by dividing the people born in 1960 by the people born in 1961. By following my method, you will reach the number 2,000,000,000. This oddly enough, will be the amount of people that will die in 1974.

To prove this calculation you will have to tax your imagination heavily. All right, you found out the number of people that were born in 1960. You did likewise for the year 1961, and you divided these sums. You then proceeded to multiply this answer by 12. Did you get the answer 2,000,000,000? Then surely you must be right—how can you possibly contradict the calculations your own brain has figured out? It is not possible that your own mind would play tricks on you.

There now, you have checked this calculation. There are two important points in checking it. First, you have to believe in what you are doing. Second, you must accept the answer you receive.

There is only one problem which troubles me: Why do they call me "The Mad Calculator?"

Exam Jitters

By CYNTHIA JONES, 9-314

Twas the night before the mid terms
And all through the pad
Was the murmur of children
Studying like mad.
The books were all open
On the desks in despair
In hope that tomorrow would never come near.

The children were looking
Through drowsy eyes at their beds
While visions of failing marks danced in their heads.
With records and dating not far apart
How could they think of history and art?
When out in the den there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.

"I'm sick of studying," one girl cried.
"So are we," the others replied.
Then Mom in her kerchief and Dad in his cap
Told us to settle down to a well deserved nap.

The day of the mid terms and in walks the teacher,
At that moment he seemed such a horrid creature.
He was dressed in a suit all wrinkled and fumbled.

He looked like he'd been in a really rough rumble.
But with a wink of his eye he sat in his chair
And gave out the papers without delay
And as we all began we heard him say—
"This is a very easy test so don't you worry
But watch out for spelling and good luck to all."



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The First Quarter Team Work

By RONALD HAMILTON, 9-314



An Embarrassing Incident

By JOAN VAN LOWE, 9-312

It was one of those dull P.T.A. meetings where parents come to see how their little darlings are progressing in school. We were just about settled down in one of the larger class rooms. Parents were gathering the last cookies to go with their tea, while others began asking the usual questions.

The same questions are asked every year, and I have heard them all before. They waited for a good twenty minutes and this time I was getting quite bored. Every now and then a parent would come up and admire the girls who were serving. "How nice you look," they would say to us, or complaining, "the tea is too weak," "the tea is slightly strong, dear." Another half hour crept by and now I was extremely bored.

There was one parent in particular, wearing a very large hat, who kept getting up to ask the most impossible questions. For ten minutes she held the floor completely, without giving another parent a chance to speak. On and on she went.

Finally, I leaned over to my girl friend. "Look at that lady in the tan hat," I whispered. She looked over. "Isn't she the most annoying person here this evening?" I asked.

My girl friend opened her eyes in amazement. "That's my mother," she replied.

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After the loud speaker had announced the starting five, the Hornets went into a quick huddle with Edward Breen.

Clem Johnson, a Negro, who stood six feet six inches, was going to jump against a boy known as the Iron Man. The Iron Man was 20 years old, stood six feet nine inches and weighed 220 pounds.

On the jump it was Clem who tapped the ball to Johnny Gale. Johnny faked a long pass and bounced the ball to Benny Jones. Benny dribbled down the court and passed to Frankie, the Italian boy, who did a perfect one hand hook shot for two points.

Benny, the team captain, called time. The boys hustled over to their couch and who gave them praise for such great team work. The boys accepted this praise with a warm smile.



Salute to Spring

By RAYNARD TOOHER, 7-513

The green leaves rustling in the trees,
The grass blowing briskly in the meadow,
The sun beaming down on our bodies.

Thankful

By LEON MARTINEZ, 7-513

I'm grateful spring is here,
To hear the children shouting
Under the brilliant sun.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

Back To School

By JACQUELINE COLLINS, 9-312

My first day back to school this year was very thrilling and exciting. I was so anxious to see who would be in my new class.

The night before, I had prepared everything to be all ready in the morning. In a way I was glad to be going back to school.

Just knowing that I was now a senior and knowing that I would be an example and must do my best to make a good impression was exciting. I had already found out who my teacher was going to be and I was happy to be in that class.

The summer was hot, hot and humid and enough to drive me insane. Sometimes I would just sit down quietly and think. I often wished I could go to school at that time. Sometimes there would be nothing very interesting to do. When in a few days, the week before school was near, I started telling my mother what I wanted to have for the first day back to school.

Closer and closer, and then the day before the opening had arrived. I became very tense and nervous. Thoughts started to haunt me. Suppose I would be late for that first day? Suppose something would happen to upset my most accurate plans?

That night I could not sleep a wink. I kept thinking who my subject teachers would be and how I would get along with them, and my classmates.

Finally morning came. I even got up much too early. Soon I was on my way. How glad I was that the day had finally arrived.

The First Day

By TISA WARREN, 9-314

I sat for almost three hours in the main office of John Adams Junior High School because the going on in the office interested me more than the thought of enrolling in the school itself. Finally, whether it was from fear of not being enrolled that day or from annoyance at being ignored, I stood up, walked over to the desk, and stared at a man whom I had assumed held some authority.

"Er, uh . . . I'm a new student and I'd like to enroll in this school."

"You're a new student and you'd like to enroll in this school," he echoed with even less expression. I nodded.

After a few more questions he discovered that I had no way of identifying myself. He led me to one of the counselors who telephoned my elementary school to obtain the records that they should have received before school started two weeks ago. She made out my program, called for a monitor and told her to show me to my morning classes.

As we walked through the halls (we were the only

Summer

By SYLVIA TAYLOR, 7-513

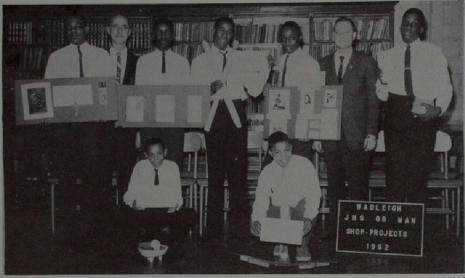
Summer is here at last,
With the wind long gone and past,
With the sounds of birds.

April

By RAYNARD TOOHER, 7-513

I smell the fragrance of the flowers in blossom,
The robins whistling a tune in the air.
I sense these things because Spring is here.





Graphic Arts Shop

By JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

The students of the Graphic Arts Shop study under Mr. Goldberg to learn the general areas of Graphic Arts—the setting of type, letterpress printing, linoleum block printing and bookbinding.

Projects made in the shop include the printing of little gift cards, introductory calling cards, holiday greeting cards and pictures, and the making of books.

During the shop periods which are two periods long, twice a week, the students are given information about the industry as well as the knowledge of how to use the tools and materials.



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Homemaking Shop

By JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

Did you ever smell the delightful aromas coming from Room 415 as you passed along the hallways? The students here are hard at work.

The Home Living Center located in Rooms 414 and 415 is, we think, one of the city's best equipped homemaking departments. Here the students are taught by Miss Jennings and Mrs. Taylor how to plan menus, and prepare and serve nutritious meals, keeping in mind the daily food needs.

The classes are interesting, enjoyable and filled with learning activities. While Miss Jennings' class prepares food in the laboratory, Mrs. Taylor's class takes notes, plans and evaluates the laboratory work and discusses different foods and body needs. The teachers and their students change classrooms during the week so that all groups have the opportunity to develop some basic skills in homemaking. Emphasis is also given to other areas of Home Economics, such as careers for girls and boys, making the home attractive, home nursing, child care, personal hygiene, and improving home relationships.

During the busy weeks, the class finds time for field trips and the ninth graders compete for the Home Economics awards at graduation.

THE WADLEIGH WAY

Millinery

By PAULINE BLACK, 9-312

As you see the girls in Wadleigh keep in style by sometimes making their own fashions in the millinery class.

The millinery teacher in the school is Mrs. Hajjar. In her classes girls receive instruction in making hats, belts, cloth balls and other related objects.

In the winter classes, tam, visor brims, pill box hoods, rollers and shirred brim hats are also made to ward off the cold, snowy winds.

Spring classes have the advantage of sewing hats for summer beach use. Working mostly with straw, the girls learn to sew, block and decorate elaborate sun hats.



Sewing

By ARWELLA BREEDLOVE, 9-312

The sewing department held a fashion show in January. Students in the classes of Miss Werner, Mrs. Hajjar and Mrs. Smith made boy pleated skirts and jackets, blouses, dresses and hats. The new fall colors were persimmon, burnt orange, deep electric blue, purple and green. The new shapes were softly curved, worn loosely with ease. The sewing teachers helped the girls to make the suits, dresses and blouses.

Mrs. Smith, of room 201A, also runs the Afternoon Center sewing club on Tuesdays. Usually, students bring their own materials for Mrs. Smith to help fashion them into stylish clothes. Garments this year are being made without collars in green, blue, black and brown. 1962 clothes are more fitted and waists are softer and loose.



JUNE, 1962



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Track Team

By ERIN BROWN, S-308

The Wadleigh track team competes in various track events throughout the city. Other schools which meet with us include JHS 128, 43, 167, and 12.

Practice sessions are held for the team at the Columbia Field in Morningside Park, and at McCombs Park in the Bronx.

New members of the team are chosen at practice sessions. All three grades are represented, with the boys divided according to their weight. The four divisions are: 75 lbs., 90 lbs., 100 lbs., and unlimited over 105 lbs.

Five different track events are held: the 50 yard dash; 100 yard dash; 220 yard relay; 440 yard dash; and 880 yard dash.

At the time of this printing, Mr. Ulanoff, instructor of the team, was looking forward to a very successful season.



WADLEIGH



Basketball Team

By ERIN BROWN, S-308

Our basketball team here at Wadleigh is a team we could be proud of. On the team are seventh, eighth and ninth grade boys. The seventh graders are the Junior Varsity. The eighth and ninth year boys are called the Senior Varsity.

Mr. Feinstein is the coach of the basketball team. At the time of printing he had no comment to make about the team as the season was just kicking off.

ATHLETICS

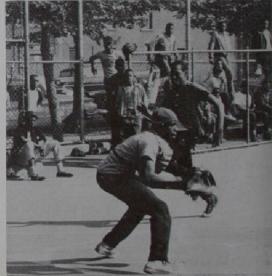


JHS 88 Softball Team

By ERIN BROWN, S-308

The Wadleigh JHS Softball team plays eight games per season during the spring months at Millbank Center. Under the direction of Mr. Feinstein, the boys work together to make a really fine team.

Most of the boys are good friends, and work together to make the team really play well as a whole. Another reason why the boys go so well together is that, according to the boys interviewed recently, their coach is a down to earth person. They say he treats the boys like a pal. "That is the key to success, real togetherness," one of the boys said.



Automation – One Student's Answer

By CURTIS JACKSON, 9-312

As Paul Coleman, the young junior Physicist, sat down trying to compute a difficult mathematical problem he stopped and thought, "If only I could invent some kind of machine that approaches the power of human thought." Little did Paul realize however, that this thought of his was connected strongly with the topic of Automation which he had opposed strongly just before he graduated from J.H.S. a year ago. Yet Paul was fascinated by the fact that a machine could actually be made.

After weeks of consideration, Paul finally decided to make an Electronic computer otherwise described as an electronic brain. And all of his friends and associates waited the final outcome of this great undertaking by their friend. After exactly three months and ten days, Paul produced his invention: an authentic electronic brain.

His friends were amazed at Paul's creative ingenuity. Newspapers printed fabulous headlines on "The High School Science Wizard" as they called Paul. Magazines wrote articles about him; he received national acclaim. Awards were showered on him, and finally, Paul was invited to Washington to receive the award for the best invention in the field of automation for 1962 to be presented to him by the

president of the Mechanization Union.

When Paul reached Washington, he listened to an excellent speech presented by the president in honor of him. The president thanked him for his invention by saying, "The American people are grateful for his labor saving device because without it the American people would be stymied for some period of time on some difficult problems the human brain could not grasp immediately and solve. Therefore, this device is really essential if we are to maintain and increase the speed in which we think and produce industriality." And he presented Paul the award.

Paul was really shocked afterwards when he realized that he, Paul Coleman, who had been so strongly opposed to automation when he was in Junior High School, had actually contributed to the advancement of it. He consoled himself, however, with the words of the Mechanization Union's president. He was also proud of his achievement, because he reasoned that if he hadn't completed the computer, man would still be trying to figure out some way to make products which were actually beyond his ability.

"Yes sir!" Paul said to himself on the train home. "I am actually glad I made such a worthy contribution to the advancement of automation."

The Gift of Youth

By JEAN VAN LOWE, 9-314

TO A PRESIDENT:

Will they sing of him as they've done Lincoln?
Will they write of him as they did Franklin?
Who will write the book? Who will sing the songs,
Of bravery, of true life, of hope all in one man.
The youngest of them yet to bear the burden of a
nation.
The streams of youth bring a new way to the old
hearts of a country.
I'll sing this song of honor.
I'll sing his song of praise.
Join him in his march of freedom—
For rights and liberty must always rage.



THE WADLEIGH WAY

Pottery

By HAROLD LYNCH, 9-306

Pottery was believed to have been first invented in the Neolithic age. It was found most often among sedentary farmers, called such because they did not move from place to place looking for better land in which to plant their crops. Today it is the nomads, such as the Western Eskimos, Navajos and Apache Indians of the Southwestern United States, who make and use pottery.

Pottery making requires a detailed knowledge of the right kind of materials to secure strength and durability and the art of shaping clay so that internal stresses will not cause cracks or other damage.

Clay suitable for pottery making consists mainly of silica and aluminum oxide. Since the extent of these substances varies in natural clay, it usually is necessary to mix in other materials to make the clay either more plastic or less sticky and apt to crack during firing. The materials added to the clay are called temper. Some of these are: sand, mica, pulverized fragments of broken pottery, quartz, and lime or feldspar. The process of modeling sets up strains in the finished vessel which may cause breakage during firings. This can be avoided by use of special techniques for shaping. Most pottery makers use the coiling method: the vessel is built up by pinching on successive rolls of clay. A smooth surface is then produced by scraping or rubbing, although sometimes the coils are left as ornaments on the finished products.

Vessels also may be modeled from a lump of clay by placing the thumb in the clay and pinching the sides or by forcing a lump of clay into a mold.

The most efficient method of shaping clay is to rotate it on a turntable or potter's wheel. When the wheel is turning the clay may be shaped quickly to the desired form. The temperature for firing clay should be at least 400 degrees Centigrade or higher to insure the transformation to pottery.

The discovery of glass led to the technique called glazing. This is used on pottery to make it non-porous and to give it a smooth and highly polished finish.

In the ceramics classes at Wadleigh, students learn the history and techniques of working with clay in much the same way as the ancient potters of long ago.



JUNE, 1962



It Should Happen To You

By ARVELLA BREEDLOVE, 9-312

One summer day while visiting my grandmother down south, I was moping around the house. The day before I had met a nice young man who had promised me that he would come to visit the next day.

I was walking about with my hair uncombed and in my night clothes. Most of the family had gone visiting. My cousin Gwen and I were the only ones left.

At 11:30 a pick-up truck pulled up in front of the house. Just thinking it was the mailman or someone, I went outside to look. It was the nice boy I had met the day before.

He looked me up and down and asked me, "Where is Arvella, please?" I thought quickly, "I am her neighbor," I said sweetly. "She has gone out. Why don't you come back later?"

He accepted my explanation and left. Quickly I ran inside and began pulling the curlers out of my hair. I got a dress on, combed out my hair, and put on my glasses. When he returned, he complimented me on how nice I looked, and told me about "the neighbor girl" who had given him my message.

I hope he never finds out!

Grandfather

By ERIN BROWN, 8-308

We were gathered around the long table. At the head was Grandfather, as usual. On some holiday in the year, the whole family assembled for a dinner together. This year we were celebrating Thanksgiving.

Grandfather enjoyed these festive meals. It was his grand opportunity to tell the stories of his adventurous childhood. We always suspected that his exploits sounded better in the telling than they had been at the time so long ago.

After everyone had been served, he began an exciting tale. Alas, it was too exciting for Grandfather. He banged a big hand on the table to emphasize his point. Thanksgiving turkey, cranberry sauce, candied sweet potatoes and all the rest of the contents of his plate spilled over his shirt and down into his lap.

How we children laughed! We exploded with merriment. Grandfather was not pleased at our reaction. We found that out later, in the woodshed. Once again our day with Grandfather had ended in that woodshed.

Take the Fourth of July the year before, for instance. We had gone for a walk with Grandfather bright and early that morning. We happened to pass a swimming contest being held at a lake not far from home. As we strolled along, I remembered he had once told us that he had been the swimming champ of 1930. We reminded him of the story, laughing.

He was immediately mortified that we should cast doubt on his fame. He stuck to his story.

"Prove it!" we shouted, darting around him. "Prove it!" He turned back and entered the contest.

The whistle blew and the contestants dived in. Grandfather was instantly pinned by the young swimmers. When he came out at last, gasping, we were on the bank, overcome with laughter.

Yes, that afternoon, also, we got a good look at the familiar woodshed.

A Short History Lesson

By JEFFREY WASHINGTON, 9-305

Spain was built primarily by the Romans many centuries ago. In 1936 there was a terrible revolution in Spain. To this day a scar has been left on the Spaniards since this disaster. Mass production in cities like Barcelona is being improved.

Madrid has many different types of architecture. Most of the old traditions like bullfighting are being replaced by new phases of living and enjoyment. Slum areas are being replaced by housing projects. Less people attend a bullring than a soccer game. Only 40 per cent of Spain's land can be cultivated. Many people farm in Spain, these people are considered as peasants. The major religion is Spain is Roman Catholic.

The Thinkers

By CLARICE CLINTON

The thinker is a person who has cultivated his powers of thinking to an unusual degree. The person is using his brain to help develop and translate ideas into dreams and illusions. The thinker plans, develops, and engineers a program which will make his ideas a part of society and also be practical.

The thinker's ideas are usually egregious. They are homogeneous to those of society, except that they are further advanced and complicated.



THE WADLEIGH WAY



MR. SAPADIN, ADVISOR

Afterschool Center

By RUSSELL WOODMAN, 8-413

The Afterschool Center gives students a place to play off the streets in afterschool hours, and a chance to develop their talents and interests. It is held each afternoon from 3 to 5 in the basement of Wadleigh.

A center card for 10 cents entitles the holder to all activities scheduled by the teachers, most of whom are regular Wadleigh instructors. Sewing, dancing, photography, modern dance, softball, basketball, are a few of the varied programs.

On this page, you see a photograph of the Center Council which governs the Center, under the supervision of Mr. Elmer Sapadin and Mr. Alan Hopewell.

All of the students we interviewed one afternoon concurred that their initial time was well spent.

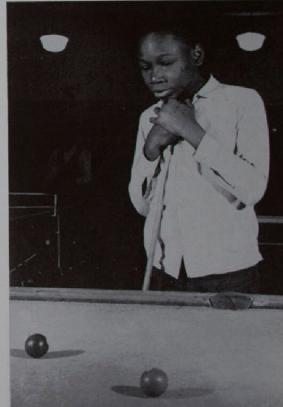
Wanted

By JEANNE ARMSTRONG, 9-407

A boy that stands straight, sits straight,
acts straight, and talks straight.
A boy who listens carefully when he is spoken to,
and who asks questions when he does not
understand.
A boy who moves quickly and makes little noise;
A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for
everybody and who never sulks;
A boy who is polite to every man and respectful
to every woman and girl;
A boy who, when he has made a mistake says,
"I'm sorry," and who when asked to do
something, says, "I'll try."
A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells
the truth.
A boy who would rather lose his job or be punished
at school than tell a lie.

A boy, happy, healthy and full of life—
This BOY is WANTED everywhere.

JUNE, 1962



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Home Responsibilities

By CYNTHIA JONES, 9-314

One summer afternoon I was told to wash the dishes before going out. I began running the water when my sister decided to go for a walk. I got ready to go too, leaving the water running. We had a wonderful stroll but we were exhausted from the heat.

When we returned, we noticed water. We were shocked by the mess. In two hours my mother would come home. How could we clean up all this mess? As my sister began to mop I ran down stairs to some of the other tenants and borrowed their mops and pails.

Soon we had a house full of water and working people. We were almost through when I heard my mother coming. One of the neighbors ran out to greet and stall her. When my mother entered, she was amazed at the clean floors and laughed when we told her what had happened.

Today my motto is "Never try to escape Home Responsibilities, especially dishes."



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Beware The Gypsy

By DIANE BIVENS, 8-413

It was a cool afternoon as my cousin and I entered the subway station and saw the grim-looking fortune telling machine over in the corner.

As we walked past it, I felt a sudden tug at my arm and before I knew what was happening, I was back at the fortune telling machine and my cousin was dropping a nickel into its gaping mouth.

When the little white card fell I tried to pull him away. He protested, saying, "I am not a superstitious person, so will you please unhand me?" I did.

When he had read the card, he said, "So, there'll be nothing left of me within the next twenty-four hours, huh?"

But then things began to happen. When we stepped on the train his finger jammed in the door. While crossing to another car, he slipped. I caught him just in time. Getting off the train, he missed his step and went straight into a pole.

Of course, I was hysterical about the whole thing and begged him to throw away his fortune (which he had carefully filed in his breast pocket). He persisted in saying, "I am not a superstitious person, so leave me alone!"

By the time we got to the house he had had a close shave with a snarling dog, dodged a car just in time, and almost got run over by a bike.

When we got to the house he finally burned the evil white card. Then I said, "You know, that fortune was wrong. It said that there would be nothing left of you but the truth is there is nothing left of me, either!"

THE WADLEIGH WAY

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Did you ever wonder how your pet feels about you? When Mother reminds you, he is fed and if a dog after he has practically clawed the door down, you take him for a walk. Do you always remember to change the fish bowl water before Fannie looks sickly?

We asked some of the pets of students in 9-312 to write us exactly how they feel about their masters and the world in general. Here are some of the answers we got.

Fishy Letters and Fuzzy Notes

"Dear Bob,

When you get this letter, I hope it finds you in the best of health, because I am not.

How's the food out there? It's pretty soggy down here. That's what this letter is all about. The way you've been treating me lately is a shame.

Remember last week when you forgot to feed me? I almost got sick. And that reminds me, last Monday you sat me on the radiator and I half cooked.

Now here are some things I want you to do and keep them done. I want my food warmed before you throw it into my bowl. Please rap on the side gently before tossing it in. May I have the lights out at ten o'clock and my water changed three times a week?

That's all for now. I'll think of some more later.

Your fish,
Larry.

(Joe Brown, 9-312 helped me write this.)

"Dear Master,

I have been watching that new television program, Mr. Ed, A Talking Horse. Mr. Ed speaks up for his rights, and since I am also a horse, I shall speak my piece.

The food I have been eating lately isn't enough for a poor horse like me. You make me pull that heavy wagon in the burning sun all day long and all I get is dried up hay for my dinner.

If things do not improve I shall report you to the Legal Rights for Horses Society, and take more drastic action.

Sincerely yours,
Charlie Horse

(And thanks to Carlotta Galloway, 9-312, for helping me put this into good English.)

"Dear Dogcatcher,

I recently overheard a small group of dogs who had lost their friends and relatives through you. They were talking about having a *pound warning*. You know, the smoky hot kind which usually brings the Fire Department.

My friends say that most of you humans are smart and that you usually know when to act to set things right.

Incidentally, we have Tricky, your dog. Heh, heh. A friend.
Spots.

(George Lucas, 9-312, translated this one for us.)

JUNE, 1962

"Dear Count,

I am looking forward to your coming visit to my house. I heard my master speaking of having your master here for the week-end, and I know he goes nowhere without you.

I have a good supply of Gravy Train and lots of dog toys. Just up the street live two cute French poodles and one likes me.

Very truly yours,

Sir Henry, AKC

P.S.—There are no fleas in my house. My master looks out for me.

(This letter was contributed by Henry Zant, 9-312.)

"Dear Master,

I am writing you this letter to tell you how I appreciate your kindness. Ever since the day I ran away from my other home and you found me, I have been happy with you.

Of all the masters I had, I like you the best. You walk me every day and give me good food. I've been wanting to tell you this for a long time. I finally got my chance. I hope we will never part.

Your loving dog,

Toby

(Jacqueline Collins, 9-312, helped compose this one.)

"Dear Dogcatcher,

I take time to write you to tell you that you'll never catch me. I don't know why you hate me so, but when I think of it, I hate you too. Because I bark at you, chase you, let the other dogs out, turn over garbage cans, bark at night, and on occasion, take the liberty of biting you, are no reasons for you to dislike me.

I write to tell you so you won't have to waste your time. Not that I care about your time, but your skin is not very tasty. If you must chase me, please dress for the occasion. You look silly running after me in short pants. Besides, it is very embarrassing to have my friends see me being chased.

Yours truly,

Anne Mae

(Argie Burgess, 9-312, helped Anne Mae Dog to write this.)

by Leon Murray
9-312



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Top Row—Bernard Garrett, Beverly Wheeler, William Evans, Evelyn Robinson, Walter Jefferson, Sarah Gregory, Sandra Williams, William Mulligan.
Middle Row—Jacqueline Brockington, Randy Tate, Mary Lewis, Daniel Hubbard, James Broadus, Shirley Lawrence, Carson Hughes, Jo-Marie Clark, Mrs. S. Baylis, teacher.
Bottom Row—Shirley Lawrence, George Campbell, Jean Dixon, William Perrell, Blanche Carey, Franklin Sims, Gwendolyn Sims, Evartta Diaz, Dorothy Durant.
Camera Shop—Richard Robinson, William Thomas, Michael Hunter, Raymond Fraser, Richard Jordan, Bernadette McLaughlin.



Bottom Row—Morris Morant, Gail Pridgen, Edward Hunter, Aletha Simmoos, James Jordan, Shirley Brown, Larry Mitchell, Charles Williamson, Rudolph Washington.
Middle Row—Wanda Roberts, Laverne Beard, Aida Reynolds, Jacqueline Gantt, Clarence Hunter, Yvonne Green, Mr. Boumer, teacher.
Top Row—Jerome Brinson, Stanley Evans, Kenneth Porter, James Horton, Charles Lee, Thomas Adams, William Knox.
Camera Shop—Frankie Benson, Harold Lynch, Clarence Sims, Adrienne Muller, Olivia Patterson, Georgette Peters, Lorinda Sheppard.



Bottom Row—Diane Dudley, Curtis Guest, Beverly Rust, Charles Whyte, Joanne Smith, Robert Norzon, Linda Norris, James Moon, Cheryl Wright.
Middle Row—Helen White, Anthony Watkins, Hope Stackhouse, Alonso Dancy, Antoinette Williams, Milton Smith, Beatrice Simmons, Angela Barfield.
Top Row—Clarice Nix, Martha Rawlins, Norman Smith, Phyllis Hampton, Frank Smith, William Donaldson, Charles Gibbons, Charles Griffin, Penafier Lockett, Craig Robertson, Delores Lettow, Leotta Washington.
Camera Shop—James Davis, Allen Mills.



Bottom Row—Carrie Prince, Carlton Lewis, Mary Thompson, Jesse Christmas, Edith Lamb, Henry Barber, Mary James, Robert Cheeseman, Beverly McCarter.
Middle Row—Villa Lawrence, Patricia Johnson, Larry Morgan, Herman Hector, Charles Carroll, Lavonia Wilson, Raymond Cruz, Joseph Evans, Mr. Chevers, teacher.
Top Row—Jeanne Hobert, Michele Pearson, Lloyd Manning, Nicholas Allbury, Lucretia Middleton, James Gregory, Sheila Jackson, Joseph Marts, Robert Hall, Belva Hyman, Gloria Gwyn.
Camera Shop—Corlis Robertson, George Davyton, William Ford.



Top Row—Robert Owens, Lazarus Harris, Nathaniel Warrel, Corinth Booker, Mario Handby, Robert Paige, Mr. P. Covington,
then teacher.
Bottom Row—Frederick Moore, Willie Nolen, Ronald Neal, Willie Samples, Calvin Sans, William Caines, Donald Edwards,
Camera Sph.—Charles Allen, James Dudd, Herman Grove, William Mulligan, Robert O’Neal, Edward Ray, Wiley Reed,
Donald McGill, Samuel Caulker, Ronald Murray.



Bottom Row—Patricia Pringle, Thomas Grant, Daisy Welden, Edward Coleman, Yolanda Burgess, Frankie Fulcher, Patricia
Walton, Charles Evans, Elizabeth Poole.
Middle Row—Lois Davis, Ameenah Ali, Carolyn Jackson, Valdemar Monsanto, Olena Hardemon, Jeffrey Washington, Lois Small,
Mrs. M. Davis, teacher.
Top Row—Charlotte Dix, John Grant, Pauline Thomas, Ralph Parker, Leon Snipe, Richard Peters, Arnold Higgs, Leroy
Bennett, Carmen Williams, Melvin Vaughn, Angelia Potter
Camera Sph.—Prince Finkney, Roland Melendez, Letetta Woodard.



Bottom Row—Joyce Dean, John Flourney, Marcia Brown, Robert Smith, Louise Moore, Paul McKay, Sharay Mentles,
Joseph Holly, Carolyn Toulley.
Middle Row—Muriel Dallas, Sandra Graham, Moses Brown, Bernadine Reddick, Clinton Myers, Leona Saunders, Robert
Price, Beatrice Terrell, Jamie Armstrong, Mr. Elzy, teacher.
Top Row—Carrie Mobley, James Hopkins, Bona Johnson, Graham Sheffield, James Walker, Sidney Brooks, Phyllis DuPree,
Carl Dunn, Eva Chinnery.
Camera Sph.—Frankie Claire, Albert Key, Cedric Jackson.



Bottom Row—Roger White, Nelson Chevern, Charles Maulsby, Jerome Smalls, Robert Hall, William Washington, Lester
Wade, teacher.
Top Row—Joseph Speller, Throdis Black, Jessie Hanton, Warren McBride, George Burke, Marvin Johnson, Joseph Lowallen,
Mrs. R. Goggins, teacher.
Camera Sph.—James O’Brien, Mitchell Scott, Alfred Still, Eugene Gaskins, Robert White.



*Bottom Row—*Jesse Gary, William Bruce, Yvonne Godson, Ronald Murray, Priscilla Davis, Charlie Richards, Marilyn

Ridder, Clarence Lewis, Diane Turner.

*Middle Row—*Bertha Euse, Sam Hammond, Aurora Morris, Sandra Lovett, James Matheny, Dorothea Van Alstyne, Francis

McCallum, Eugene Anderson, Gloria Howell, Mr. H. Johnson, teacher.

*Top Row—*Paul Dingle, Walter Lambert, Sylvia Williams, Michael Cherry, Deloris Shands, Bernard James, Linda Terry,

Robert Sanderson, Dorothy Allen, Santiago Hubbard, Lenoy Coles.

*Camera Shop—*Franklin Hilton.



*Bottom Row—*Lorraine Murphy, Anthony Dockery, Andre Hill, George Ortiz, Phyllis Clark, Zorridia Toppas, James Smith,

Laura Pollard, Charles Barret, Rosalind Jones.

*Middle Row—*Dennis Russell, Gladys Speller, Robert Marshall, Stanley Gee, Alex Thomas, Theodore Hardwick, Vaughn

Sayre, Anna Lightburn, Robert Jackson, Mr. L. Fraiser, teacher.

*Top Row—*Ann Williams, Cynthia Terry, Norman Taylor, William Calvin, Deborah Roddy, Aubrey Matthews, Sandra

Brown, Robert Broadfoot, Richard Adeku, Betty Cooper, Lillie Myers.

*Camera Shop—*Janita Sebastian.



*Bottom Row—*Caretti, Sally, Douglas Parker, Rosemary Cash, Robert McLain, Veronica Jeffers, Yvonne Howell, Joe Bryant,

Wilhelmina Williams, Andrew Woods, Jean Brisban.

*Middle Row—*Marie Jackson, Deloris Cooper, Tyrone Martin, Diane Evans, Stephen Mitchell, Nicole Robinson, Walter Frier-

son, Ruth V. McKenzie, Lillian Brown, Mrs. M. Hall, teacher.

*Top Row—*John R. Johnson, Alan Mills, Ella Smith, Wilberth Davis, Regina Young, John Hyman, Carol Sutton, Edwin

Johnson, Leoda Hamilton.

*Camera Shop—*Barbara Collins, Bettie Grier.



*Bottom Row—*Jean Hund, Bessie Ross, Carlotta Galloway, Curtis Jackson, Ann Silver, Pauline Black, Gerardo Brewster, Joan

Van Lowe, Arnold Handshaw, Ruby Ray.

*Center Row—*Mary Ballard, Edward Williams, Pauline Robinson, Henry Zant, Argie Burgess, Joe Brown, Jessie Robertson

Kathrina Williams, Shirley Lang, teacher.

*Top Row—*Sonja Hines, Sarah Ethelene, Clarence Harris, Arvela Breedlove, Arthur Marsh, Carolyn Adamson, Lawrence

Mizer, Jacqueline Collins, Marian Wilkinson.

*Camera Shop—*Frank Edwards, Eleanor Henderson, George Lucas, Hugo Pittman, George Samuels.



Bottom Row—Gill Spruill, Jesse Stephens, Candy Wiggin, Lawrence Welsh, Mary Williams, Shirley Abraham, Wayne Douglas, Elaine Sanders, Willie Bass, Karen Testman.
Center Row—Ruby Scott, Irving Oliver, Christine Ingram, Michael Brown, Julia Granville, Willie Thomas, Elenia Carter, Mr. René Lavergneau, teacher.
Top Row—Larry Watkins, Eddie Johnson, Ronald Brown, Dorothy Butler, Isiah Gadsen, Terry Smith, Jerry Daniel, Margaret Kourney, Donald Hubbard, Ruth Rodgers.
Camera Slay—Kenneth Fontaine, Harold Hammond, David Miller, Ada Peters, Carol Stevens.



Bottom Row—Margery Davis, Gordon Irving, Phyllis Vance, Joseph Fisher, Leanne Ewell, William Cook, Gloria Dyson, Ulysses King, Alice Pergam.
Middle Row—Antonio Polack, Rollins Mathis, Dale Crawford, Ernest McLean, Carol Brewer, William Ingraham, Barbara Whisman, Mrs. Barbara Whisman, Mrs. Michaux, teacher.
Top Row—Larry Watkins, Eddie Johnson, Ronald Brown, Dorothy Butler, Isiah Gadsen, Terry Smith, Jerry Daniel, Margaret O'Bryan, Gregory Woods.
Camera Slay—Clifford Robertson.

THE WADLEIGH WAY



Bottom Row—Jimmy Gadsen, Norma Godwin, Linton Edwards, Tonia Lightsey, Leon Daniels, Yvonne Davis, Levando Wells, Brenda Anderson, Henry Perez.
Middle Row—Barbara Daniel, Agnes Frasier, Theresa Brooks, Alice Branson, Sheila Woods, Doris Cridden, Mr. H. Monroe, teacher.
Top Row—Betty Langston, Lorenzo Tifre, Shirley Lettley, Bruce James, Leon Murrain, Leslie Benn, Lorraine Augustus, Thomas Ward, Cicell Nelson.
Camera Slay—Edward Jackson, Philip Cooper, Barbara Jones, Dora Sims, Leona Samuels.



Bottom Row—Neaven Miller, Donald Hicks, Joan Van Lowe, Hoover Lee, Paulette Walters, Cynthia Jones, Emma Sanders, Wilbur Buckery, Jamesetta Halley, Ronald Hamilton, Cheryl Fubert.
Middle Row—Linda Pinner, Tisa Warren, Gloria Pyles, Andrew Brown, Sandra Drayton, Barry Hunter, Sandra Young, Gloria Ferrell, Linda Sanders, Mr. S. Pierce, teacher.
Top Row—Ruth Wade, Caroline Hilton, Margaret Lowe, Richard Matthews, Victoria Nelson, Cecilia Robinson, Mark Edwards, Clotice Clinton, Edward Fletcher, Evelyn Nelson, Patricia Williams, Claudia Greenaway.
Camera Slay—Linda Mowdy.

JUNE, 1962



Bottom Row—Clara Gibson, Calie Amaker, Richard Davis, Pate White, Richard Arzu, John Nixon, Raymond Lee, Cynthia Kay, Billy Hill.
Middle Row—Dolores Williams, Ethelene James, Willie Moye, Jannie Gertrude, Henry Gilden, Gertrude Holloman, Ida Anderson, Mr. Plummer, teacher.
Top Row—Jonah Robinson, Bobbie Dykes, Elaine Holtzclaw, Benjamin Walker, James Moore, David Jefferson, Marsha Blanding, James Brookins, Freddie Moye.

Camera Shop—Hermina Scott, Fred Bethea, William Joyce, Ronal Kelley.



Bottom Row—Gloria Hall, Kenneth Livemond, Ernestine Smith, James Daniels, Dolores Neeley, David Marshall, Jo-Ann Green, Theodore Youngblood, Willie Mae Jullkins.
Middle Row—Mrs. Griggs, Mrs. Henry, Eleanor Johnson, Mrs. M. Schwartz, teacher.
Top Row—Vivian Gadsden, Alay Henry, Gloria Evans, Roland Melendez, Albert Alexander, Arthur Broadhead, Alma Williams, Elizabeth Randolph, Barbara Peoples.

Camera Shop—Nathaniel Burns, Lazaro Harris, Stavonne Hunter, Miner Scott.

THE WADLEIGH WAY



Bottom Row—Marilyn Lane, Viola Gordon, Peggy Wilson, Dolores Coley, Byrdie Holly, Onethia Gray, Helen Jones, Elizabeth Sanders, Antoinette Williams.

Top Row—Angela Tifre, Estelle Gadsen, Dolores Colvin, Barbara Dixon, Regina Wilson, Gardenia Graham, Constance Glover, Mittie Carter, Miss Enid Vaughn, teacher.

Camera Shop—Elvis Camacho, Florence Green.



Bottom Row—Constance Childs, Victoria Thompson, Carol MacLachlan, Linda Dodd, Lydia Castro, Marian Wallace, Libertad Rodriguez.

Top Row—Joan Overton, Lonnice Davenport, Nelida Cadiz, Loretta Williams, Cassandra Weaver, Lorraine Evans, Mex. N. Williams, teacher.

JUNE, 1962

WADLEIGH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BOOSTERS

OUR BOOSTERS, WHOSE NAMES APPEAR BELOW, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF THIS YEARBOOK. CAPITAL LETTERS INDICATE THAT THE PERSON BOUGHT MORE THAN ONE BOOSTER. THE NUMBER APPEARS IN PARENTHESES. IN THE CASE WHERE TWO PEOPLE WITH THE SAME NAME ARE LISTED, ADDRESSES ARE GIVEN.

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Almond, Shirley

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ALEXIS, ELIZABETH (2)

Alvarez, Lorraine

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Ali, Mary

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