



ACT IV



SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS

Division of

High School of Music and Art

120 West 46th Street

New York 36, New York

Louis K. Wechsler, Principal

Edward T. Koehler, Teacher in Charge

Once upon a time, in a strange and far-off kingdom
there dwelt a wise
and noble king.
Because the Gods
on Mount Olympus
understood that
only the brave
and creative merited Elysium, they smiled benignly
on the work of the King and his Council



Louis K. Wechsler, Principal



Edward T. Koehler
Teacher in Charge



Julius Grossman



Marjorie Dycke



Rachael D. Yocom

Zeus dispatched Phoebus Apollo, Bacchus
Dionysus, and Terpsichore to watch over and guide
the work of these good souls in the performing arts.
They were well-pleased with what they saw in the
kingdom on West 46th Street . . . and dispensed
their magic profusely.

Magic
Scatic
Ratic
Skad-a-dee-wack
Ziss BOOM ba
Ra Ra Ra
M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-
What magic this is
Rick-a-rack rick-a-rack
Yack-a-dee-yack
Ziss boom ba
Ra Ra Ra
Hee Hec Hee . . .

S-s-s-sounds make magic
W-w-w-words make magic
Pot and pat
This and that
Mit and mat
Yack-a-dee-yack
j-j-j-j-oooooooooooo

I am magic
You are magic
We are magic
Life is magic
Death is magic
Ohhhhhhhh
Death is magic

Magic is
Magic isn't
Magic doesn't

Magic
Scatic
Ratic
...Death is magic
All is magic
Love is magic
...Death is magic

I am magic
Death is magic
All is magic
More than most
Less than minus
Bigger than always
Magic
Death is magic
Skad-a-dee-wack

Please
No
Ohhhhh
Sneez
Stop
Pop
Cop
Magic
Fire
Brimstone
Firestone
Hellstone
Magic

Ya Ya Ya
Mummy
Daadee
Magic

Life is
Life isn't
Magic is

Kathy Thompson, '63

BACCHUS CLAPPED HIS HANDS AT WHAT
HE SAW IN **DRAMA**



Marjorie Dycke



Laurence Olvin



Robert Alvin



Edith Bank



Roslyn Schein



Vinnette Carroll



Dawn Horwitz



Ruthel Provet

The houselights are dimmed. Playbills go from hand to hand as the curtain rises on the world of the actor. The audience sits in solemn silence as the play begins. One is reminded of a jury waiting to pass judgment.

Mr. A., his heart beating just a bit faster than usual, takes a deep breath as he makes his entrance. The actor is no longer himself only. In the actor's body another man regains supremacy. This is Magic!

Pieces of a puzzle have been carefully sought and placed where they belong. A character has been born. It is the actor who gives the character a life of its own on stage. The ability to create a character who is undeniably living on stage, with senses and characteristics all his own and an audience to appreciate it, is magic.

Now a new dimension of the actor's magical powers comes into view. The audience becomes completely involved in the character. They are glad when he is glad; sad when he cries, living when he lives and experiencing every moment that he does. Identification occurs and they see faults and attributes of their own within the character. For a while, the man in the audience will be freed from his own woes and will adopt those of the character portrayed. For a while he will be encompassed in the world of another man. He will be content in total forgetfulness. He focuses on something that becomes the sole object of his attention. All else is of minor importance, because for the moment, there is nothing else... nothing but the character.

During the performance, it is as if there are magic strings attached to the actor and to each member of the audience. As the actor becomes concentrated and involved, his end of the string draws the audience closer to him. They sit at the edges of their seats in awe. They are "with" the actor at the moment. When he begins to lose reality for himself, which is inevitable, at least once every performance, the end of the string held by the audience pulls in their direction and they sit back in their seats. When the actor loses his audience, he senses it and pulls harder on his end of the line. A good actor is able to rely upon a faultless technique to help him out in this situation and he again becomes master of himself and his audience. They are in his power throughout this "tug o'war." They will follow him wherever he may lead them like wide-eyed children. Their emotions are at surface level and they are ready to laugh or cry. The actor pulls the string (provided he's fine enough to control it before the audience does). It is magic!

Not only is the audience relieved of their problems during such a performance, but the actor, too, becomes oblivious to his personal worries, and assumes those of his character.

The result of all this is an exhilarating, electrifying escape for the audience and the actor as well. This is but one of many such memorable and magic evenings in the theatre.

Dorothy Smith '63





"How I wish time would stop, just long enough for an extra hour's sleep." The haunting sound of my alarm clock penetrates my brain, deeper and deeper, until a nerve is severed and I leap out of bed in order to pounce on that mortifying electrical object. Each morning is the same; thoughts of how I will do away with my alarm clock appear in mind.

I feel each morning as if I am poured into a blender, which is turned on, and wandering through my day, many sounds, similar to the incessant buzzing, cause me to gyrate in a new cycle.

One of these modern conveniences is the telephone. The telephone is the most haunting of these magical boxes, because it rings throughout the day. Even at 11:00 p.m., its musical tone can be heard piercing the walls in every room of our house.

Once out of bed and out of reach of my warm covers, the nip of the frost on the window pane begins to creep upon my body from the toes up. Suffering my nervous frenzy from the ringing plus my chilled bones, I can't go anywhere because I can't see at that hour of early dawn. The hour is so early that darkness still covers the world outside my window. The trees are black silhouettes against the vast dawning sky, and the sharp wind can be heard screeching as it slips through my open window. My father is always leaving my window open. He says, "It's good for you not to sleep in a stuffy room at night." That's one of the reasons my morning is so shocking, — not only the alarm ringing, the nip from the window panes, but also a cold blast of air coming at me from all sides of my room. You see, my father leaves more than one window open.

My warm shelter now appears a heated oven and my room a vast snow bank. My body temperature seems to drop ten to fifteen degrees in making this adjustment. Stumbling over objects strewn all over the floor, stubbing my toe, is not unusual.

How can any one live in a room that's not lived in? I mean, an organized room where everything is put in its right place is not a room, but a room in which everything is everywhere, and only you know where your possessions are, is a room.

Staggering in the direction of my wall lamp and without exception bruising my toe or elbow when

I bump into a dresser or knock a few things over, I become violent. I suppose it's the effect my alarm clock has on me. I do things with force, knocking down objects which normally I handle with much care. It's an attitude, not very respectful to that wonderful magical box which awakens me so faithfully each morning — Magic in the sense that it never seems to break down or disintegrate by its magical self.

Yet, fumbling for the light switch, which takes such an infinite amount of time, causes the additional crash from the lamp weight which swings freely at the slightest movement and crashes deafeningly into my wall. Like a pendulum it swings, hitting the wall at intervals of one, two, one, two, one, two. The thought of my family still at rest induces me to grab the weight to stop this horrible clunk. I don't know how anyone is able to sleep through the racket I make each morning. I keep imagining each member of my family banging on my door in protest, or as a group gathered together secretly planning revenge.

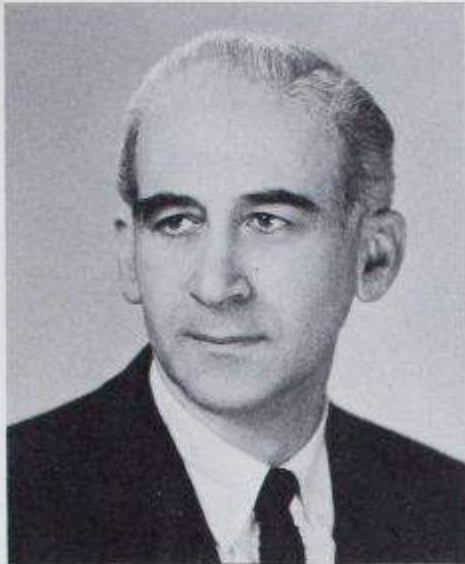
Silence is heard once again. The very appearance of my room as seen in the hazy light of dawn disappears once my fingers turn the light switch. The sudden illumination closes my eyes. Thus begins my morning game of "I see you." It's a common activity of most people. Each time I open my eyes, a greater portion of my room can be observed until it's entirely in view. It varies of course in the number of tries it takes to accomplish this feat.

By this time, my body has adjusted to all my necessary morning stimuli, like weather conditions in the surrounding area. Some people exercise; I have weather conditions to contend with. All accomplish the same result. Being able to see where I am going, and being able to decide what to do without unseen blocks, my emotions subside. I must have level emotions to contend with daily disasters caused by modern electricity and conveniences. Going underground is another adjustment, but by this time in the morning I'm so agile, it's easy. For the rest of the day no magical piece of electrical equipment can surprise me until night fall, because now I can see where I am going — except in school when the buzzer rings to change classes. I don't know who invented that magic, but when it goes off I'm started once again.

Susan Kaplan '63



PHOEBUS APOLLO INVESTED THE EARTH
CREATURES REPRESENTING HIM WITH A
SPECIAL GIFT . . .



Julius Grossman



Thousands of years ago, when music first began with the use of reeds for flutes and stretched skins for drums, it was used for a number of purposes. It gave pleasure to the performer and it had a magical effect on the listener.

Let us take the shepherd boy on his vigil of tending his flock of sheep. His was the lonely task of watching the sheep on the hillsides. He gave himself comfort by playing on his instrument and he also kept his sheep contented when they heard his magical music.

The modern cowboy out west in our own country and the gaucho of South America use music for a similar purpose. The cowboy sings while he strums his guitar softly to bed down the cattle for the night. When the steers are restless, the cowboy's songs keep them from stampeding.

Down through the pages of history, we see how the magic of music played an important part in the lives of its conquerors and great men. It was commonly known that Alexander the Great, during his battles for the world, found rest and relaxation through musicians playing the "lyre". Many nights when his mind was filled with his plans for the next day's battle, it was only music that made it possible for him to get the sleep he so sorely needed.

Abraham Lincoln, during his "lawyer" days before he became President, had many mental and emotional struggles to contend with. It was these inner struggles which helped fashion one of the greatest men the world has ever known. How did he relax? He sat in his chair, tilted it back with his long legs sprawled on his desk, and played songs on his zither.



Arthur Aaron



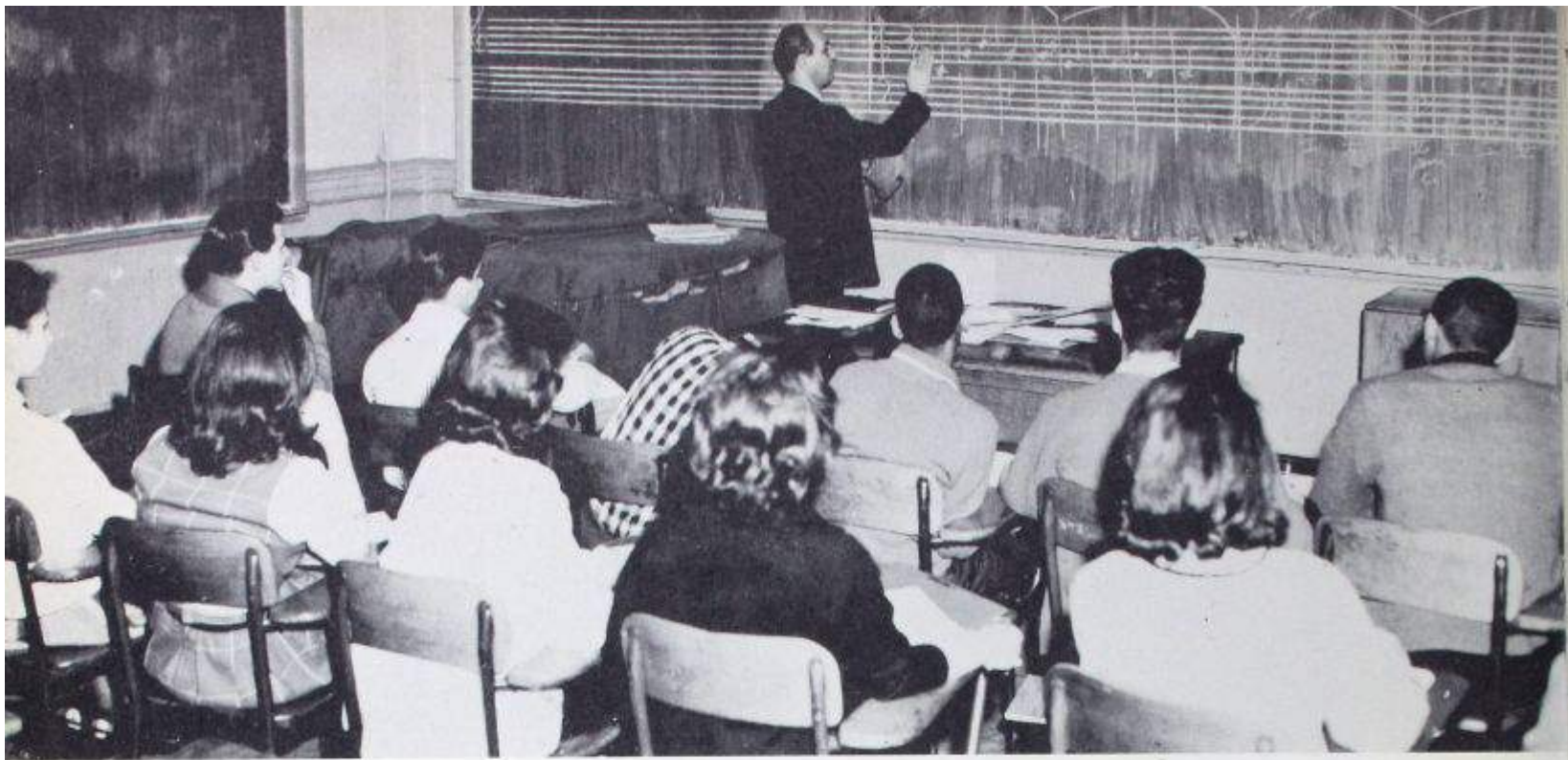
Edith Del Valle



Irving Lash



Irving Kupfer



Our own "Star Spangled Banner" was born in the midst of a battle, when Francis Scott Key saw the explosive picture he so vividly portrayed in our national anthem. This is a typical example of how life's experiences can stimulate a composer to create a magical musical composition.

The activity of the youth of our nation is living proof of the magic spell that music weaves through their lives. All of their dancing in leisure time is done to rock and roll, twist, or some other form of dance music. They also spend a great deal of their time listening to music on records.

Throughout every period of our life, music is used for its magic powers of emotional stimulation. At the birth of a baby, the joyful parents hire musicians to play at the christening party. When the growing youth graduates from grammar, high school, and college, music is used to commemorate the occasion. The wedding march is played when a man and woman are wed and more music follows at the wedding party.

Music is even used on the occasion of death. Beethoven's magnificently moving Funeral March from his "Eroica" Symphony has been played at the deaths of great men.

The soothing effects of music when used as purely "background music" are commonly used today in various places. Elevators in modern apartment and office buildings are using "Musak's" background music. This same music is used in dairy farms to help the cows give more milk and make hens lay more eggs. Musical therapy is used by many doctors to help the mentally ill patients. Many school students find that background music helps them do their homework in a relaxed atmosphere.

One of the chief reasons music has such magical results lies in its variety. There are as many different types of music as there are people in the world. The Spanish music has a danceable rhythmic quality which can instantly be recognized. Italian music has that lyric quality which reached its supreme expression in the operatic form. The Germans under the leadership of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart created a more serious architectural type of music as demonstrated in their symphonies. Tchaikowsky brought out the melancholy, brooding nature of the Russians in his beautiful symphonies and "tone poems."

Here, in America, was created a unique type of music called "jazz" which originated in the Southland. Its syncopated rhythms combined with the "blues" to result in our popular ballad and dance music. George Gershwin refined and beautified these qualities in his "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Porgy and Bess."

Music is one of the few creations of God and man which has no international barriers. The tariffs which have been placed on innumerable products have never afflicted the free interchange of old and new musical compositions. Mankind seems to know instinctively that music is something which should not be chained, but should be left free to go to every corner of our globe. It is one of the few things which gives pleasure wherever it is found. Music is truly a magical blessing which God has bestowed upon a world which periodically goes mad, and, as long as it exists, it will help the people of the world to live in the harmony with one another.

WHEN TERPSICHORE SAW THE
DEVELOPMENT OF DANCE ON EARTH, SHE
TWIRLED AMAZED . . .





Yurek Lazowski



Gertrude Schurr



Rachael D. Yocom



Nina Popova



David Wood



Pauline Koner



Leo Solow



Ernest Lubin



Carl Morris



Norman Walker



*The granting of every dream
A thousand flavors of ice-cream
Electricity
No misery
Music from cat gut and horse hair
No homework
No care*

Houdini being sawed in half

*Never a death
Never a mourner
Khrushchev dancing the lead in Swan Lake
My three year average -- NINETY-EIGHT*

Houdini being sawed in half

*Skeletons dancing on water
My room always in perfect order
Pink elephants floating in champagne glasses
The disappearance of the lower classes*

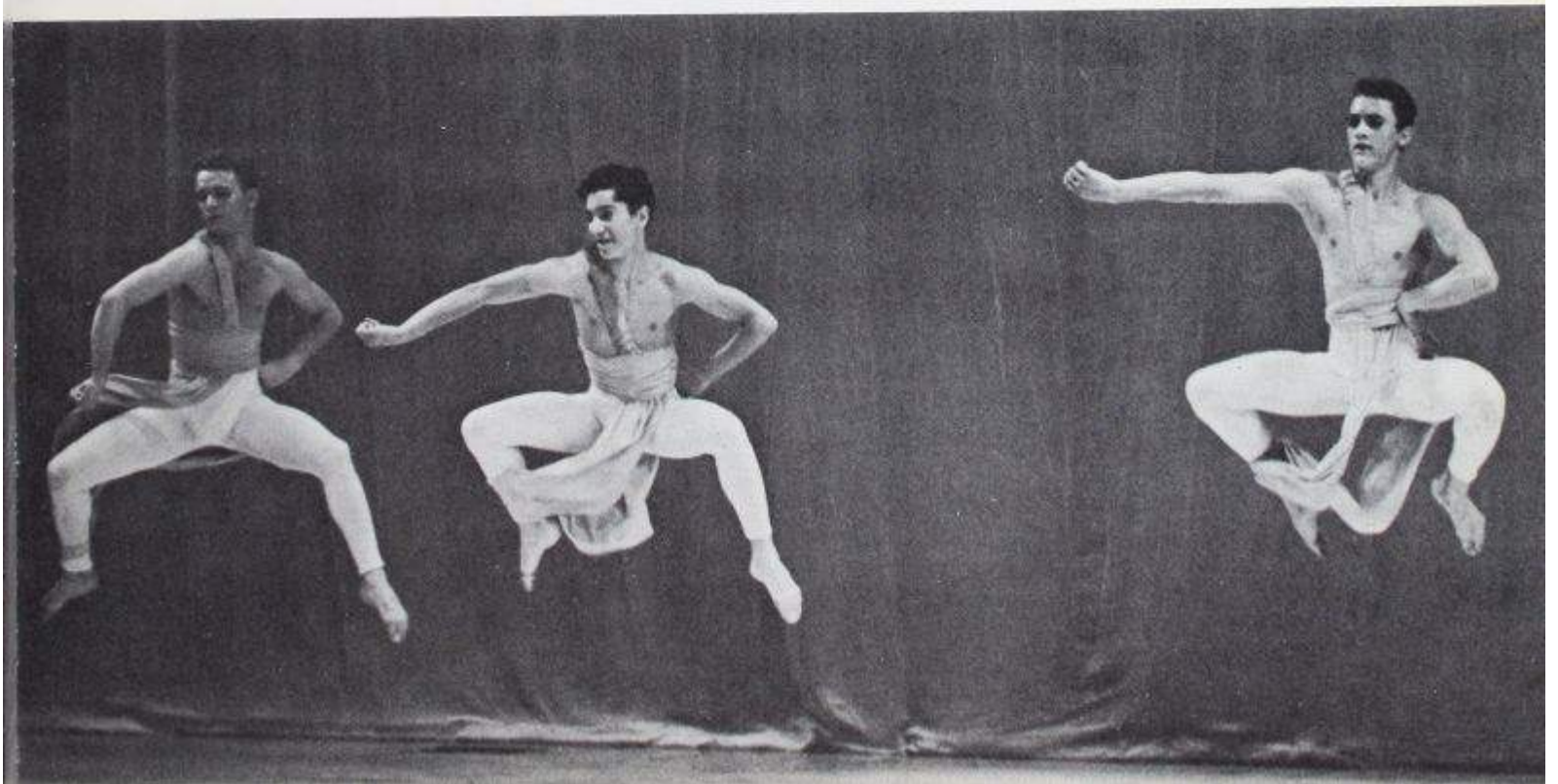
Houdini being sawed in half

*An end to college applications
Five months summer vacation
Talking dogs
Folding houses
Witches ride rockets
Millions in my pockets*

Houdini goes home after being sawed in half

MAGIC

Tamar Rogoff, '63



ZEUS KNEW THAT PROWESS IN THE ARTS
WOULD NOT SUFFICE, AND SO HE
ENTRUSTED PALLAS ATHENA WITH THE
GIFT OF WISDOM FOR HIS SUBJECTS . . .



Shirley Katz



Elizabeth Gregg



Paula Greenfield

*Ann Bing
Gerson Freedman
Betty Low
Ella Lynch
Annabelle Lyon
Bella Malinka
May O'Donnell
Elizabeth Parrish
Helen Simmons*



J. Charyn



Samuel Tolmach



Herbert Latner



Vivian Neuberg



Florence Schwager



Arleen Blenner



Ruth Miller



Halloween hallucinations
Love and peace among nations
Needles in haystacks
No-cal fudge Sundays
Week-ends all including Mondays
Houdini being sawed in half
Parakeets sight-read Rigoletto
Winter trip to Spoleto
The granting of any wish
A solid gold goldfish
Houdini being sawed in half
Giants leaping out of pea pods
The moon to Colonel Glenn nods
Cinderella still dancing after mid-night
New eyes for people without sight
Forty million yards of string to fly a kite
Houdini being sawed in half

Tamar Rogoff '63





Joan O'Brien



Mary Stone



Eugene Wexler



Eileen Frank





Avra Aberbach
31-25 49 Street
Woodside 77



Lorraine Abraham
121-10 197 Street
St. Albans 13



Aileen Abrams
1343 East 13 Street
Brooklyn 30



Louise Abrams
65 Park Terrace East
New York 34



Janus Adams
3815 Laconia Avenue
Bronx 69



James Argutto
1633 OHM Avenue
Bronx 65



Syndee Balaber
219 East 196 Street
Bronx 58



Susan Bleyer
27 West 86 Street
Manhattan 24



Adela Bellardi
493 Ninth Avenue
Manhattan 18



Dale Best
890 East 14 Street
Brooklyn 30



*pitter patter red blue green
rain rain it starts to teem
eyes on glass
watch it lash
magic magic red blue green*

*candle candle red blue green
flickers like a little dream
blow wind blow
the candle glow
magic magic red blue green*

*magic magic red blue green
I am just a human being
I turn and reel
when I feel
magic magic red blue green*

Laura Dean '63



Elinor Blackman
1349 Lexington Avenue
Manhattan 28



Maxine Brandt
75 Bank Street
Manhattan 14



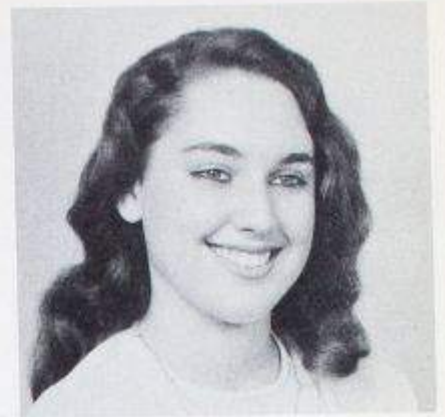
Marilyn Boll
197-24 91 Street
Hollis



Sybil Brandt
55 West Mosholu Parkway
Bronx 67



Irene Bucinkas
740 South Oak Drive
Bronx 67



Dayle Burgoff
670 West End Avenue
Manhattan 25



Constance Caracciola
241 Van Siclen Avenue
Brooklyn



Diane Carr
325 East 48 Street
Manhattan 17



Karen Chalom
61-50 Littleneck Parkway
Queens 62



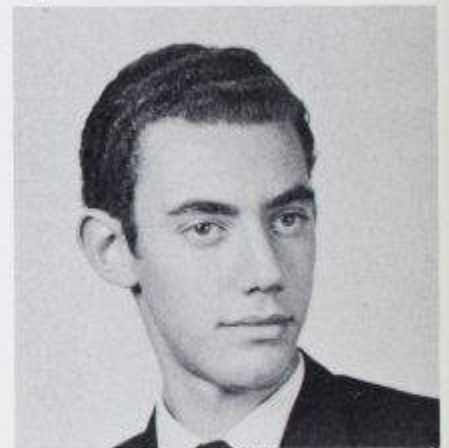
Maria Cisyk
9526 92 Street
Ozone Park 16



Linda Cohen
125 East 69 Street
Manhattan 21



Steven Cohen
1278 East 86 Street
Brooklyn 36



Lewis Cole
635 West 174 Street
Manhattan 33



Barry Cornet
277 West End Avenue
Manhattan 23



Jill Courtney
255 West 88 Street
Manhattan



Laura Dean
350 Richmond Terrace
Staten Island



Anya Deinitzin
4706 18 Avenue
Brooklyn 4



Lorraine DeMarco
243-16 Union Turnpike
Queens 26



Ilsa Demby
2670 Valentine Avenue
Bronx 68



Theresa DeStefano
26-17 24 Avenue
Astoria



Maya Duesberg
2147 Honeywell Avenue
Bronx 16



Phyllis Falleto
57-71 Street
Brooklyn 9



Diane Felsenfeld
2078 Morris Avenue
Bronx



Maxine Fertel
47-57 44 Street
Woodside 77



Steffi Fields
2195 Grand Concourse
Bronx 53



Charlotte Fisher
1179 East 13 Street
Brooklyn 30



Joan Franklin
360 Cabrini Boulevard
Manhattan 40



Mark Franko
35 West 92 Street
Manhattan 25



Susan Fruhman
626 Avenue "L"
Brooklyn 30



Carla Geritt
674 New Jersey Avenue
Brooklyn 7



Samuel Gindin
2118 86 Street
Brooklyn 14



Esther Godwin
446 East 86 Street
Manhattan 28



Bary Golden
98 Riverside Drive
Manhattan



Joyce Goldstein
1462 East 26 Street
Brooklyn 10



George Golub
81-43 247 Street
Queens 26



Linda Gordon
250 East 178 Street
Bronx 57

Magic is somewhere around five o'clock. There is one star in a silver blue sky and you feel alone. This loneliness does not frighten you because it brings forth a comforting solitude within yourself. You feel fresh and alive since there is a slight chill that nips at you. You'll be happy and giggle. You'll be glad you're alive. This is a winter's evening and this is magic.



Hermine Gottlieb
1183 Gerard Avenue
New Hyde Park



Gail Greenblatt
78-19 270 Street
New Hyde Park



Georgine Guise
18-45 Ditmars Boulevard
Astoria 5



Patricia Hartley
382 Central Park West
Manhattan 25



Marian Heller
121-15 Audley Street
Queens 15



Nina Hellman
754 West End Avenue
Manhattan 25



Marc Herwitz
1 West 182 Street
Bronx 53



Gail Hightower
145g13 Gerndale Avenue
Jamaica 35

Magic is for the young at heart. It's crayons that write, and witches that fly on broken down broomsticks. It's the reason the sky is blue and why we walk with our feet on the ground instead of in the air. It's Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer, Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny too. If there is why in the question, then there is magic in the answer. Magic is a children's world and a world in which they should dwell.



Arlene Iannaci
92-40 190 Street
Jamaica 23



Amelia Jenkins
7260 Amboy Street
Staten Island 7



Catherine Jacoby
425 West 57 Street
Manhattan 19



Cheryl Jacobs
2700 Kingsbridge Terrace
Bronx 63



Jewell Jackson
2186 Fifth Avenue
Manhattan 37



Noele Jordon
575 West End Avenue
Manhattan 24



Susan Kaplan
5242 Arlington Avenue
Bronx 71



Paula Kassoff
565 West 174 Street
Manhattan



Judy Katz
3725 Henry Hudson Parkway
Bronx 63



Deborah Kerner
68 Montague Street
Brooklyn 1



Adrienne Kerr
317 West 99 Street
Manhattan 25



Irene Kipa
719 Crotona Park North
Bronx 57



Susan Kirsch
560 West 45 Street
Manhattan 34



Svetlana Kowalen
Riqui Kreiter
30 West 184 Street
Bronx 68



Riqui Kreiter
2345 Broadway
New York



Sharon Landau
138-20 31 Road
Flushing 54



Maxine Landfish
2125 Rockaway Parkway
Brooklyn 36



Gregory Lentz
78-18 69 Road
Middle Village 79



Helene Lerner
3 Stuyvesant Oval
Manhattan 9



Joanna Levine
92 Jane Street
Manhattan 14



Laurence Liebowitz
40 Monroe Street
Manhattan 2



Laura Lippman
168 West 86 Street
Manhattan



Beth-Lynne Low
40 Monroe Street
Manhattan 2



Paula Lowitt
1900 Quentin Road
Brooklyn 29



Michael Maione
41-36 156 Street
Flushing 55





Rose Maklan
3535 Dekalb Avenue
Bronx 67



Ray Maldonado
137 Hoyt Street
Brooklyn 17



Phyllis Malinow
1755 49 Street
Brooklyn 4



Barry Marcus
877 Empire Boulevard
Brooklyn 13



Barbara Mazzeo
250 East 237 Street
Bronx 70



Sylvia McClean
625 Willoughby Avenue
Manhattan



Julie McCoy
554 Argyle Road
Brooklyn 30



Cheryl McLeish
325 106 Street
Manhattan 29



Arlene Mernit
6420 155 Street
Flushing 67



Karen Meyer
70-46 Manse Street
Forest Hills 75



Marsha Meyers
44-65 Kisseuz Boulevard
Flushing 55



Anita Michael
1275 East 86 Street
Brooklyn 36



Marcia Miller
346 East 173 Street
Bronx 57



Ruth Millhouse
1015 Avenue North
Bronx 30

Once, a long time ago, when Santa Claus came every Christmas and God sat high upon his throne in heaven, I knew a magical man.

Every year on my birthday, the angels hung candy on the tree in the backyard. When I cried bitterly because someone said that my freckles were ugly, this magical man told me that those were not merely freckles but angels' kisses. I then felt a warm glow inside for I had been kissed by angels.

On Christmas morning, with my stocking hanging on the fireplace, he pulled scarves out of his sleeves, always guessed the right cards in the deck, and gave me the nicest presents.

At Easter time he made things disappear and told me if I were good an Easter bunny would leave me a whole basket full of colored eggs.

Whenever I lost a tooth this wonderful man, who knew all about magic and fairies, told me to put the tooth under my pillow. I did this each time and the next morning the tooth was gone and in its place was a dollar.

Every night he told me stories of princes and pumpkins and friendly mice. When the stories were through, I fell asleep and had sweet dreams of fairylands and far off places.

When Halloween came and the lights were out, this man told scary ghost stories with witches and goblins that made me scream with fear. Knowing how afraid I was, for he knew everything, he'd hug me tight and I would be afraid no longer.

The thunder storms that raged above in the heavens were, to me, the most frightening of all magic. Once again my deity would vanquish all my fears with a story of how thunder is made. I was told that Rip Van Winkle and his friends were bowling and everytime they rolled the ball down the alley in heaven it sounded like thunder on earth.

Walking through the park one day with this wonderful man after a rain, we saw a beautiful streak of colors spread across the sky. He told me it was a rainbow and that God made one after a rain to make the people happy.

But one morning I awoke and there was no more magic. I looked at this magical man — yes, my father; how old he had gotten! His hair was grey and there was no more magic. You see, there is no such person as Santa Claus there is no God, when thunder rumbles and rainbows appear it is caused by nature — elements in the air. There are only so many fairy tales to tell and so many teeth to lose. It isn't that the magic is gone, only for me because I've grown up and I have left the magic of childhood behind.

Paula Lowitt, '63



Peff Modelski
134 East 82 Street
Manhattan 28



George Montalbano
742 43 Street
Brooklyn



Joyce Mueller
2082 Bryant Avenue
Bronx 60



Vicki Nevins
3 Peter Cooper Road
Manhattan 10



Sigismund Olenick
18 East 21 Street
Brooklyn



Lucille Pace
4435 Third Avenue
Bronx 57



John Parks
46 Street Edward Street
Brooklyn 5



Lois Pascale
2113 Third Avenue
Manhattan 29



Aviva Passow
595 West End Avenue
Manhattan 24



Tanya Pavlow
1875 University Avenue
Bronx 55



Murray Perahia
923 Walton Avenue
Bronx 52



Diane Phillips
360 Cabrini Boulevard
Manhattan



Susan Platt
95-15 69 Avenue
Forest Hills 75

*I love Jazz.
Man, I mean I really dig it.
The way it blows; how sweet it flows.
I love to hear that Jazz so clear.
Man, I love Jazz.*

*It swings; it yells; it rings; it tells;
It gives; it takes; it soothes your aches;
It warms the night; it holds you tight;
It kisses you; it misses you;
Man, I love Jazz.*

*Now Jazz don't bop, and Jazz don't Roc
But Jazz don't stop, and Jazz don't sho
Jazz has a beat, and once you catch it
Nothing else will ever match it.
I love Jazz.*

*I love them all; the men who swing her
There's Olatunji, and Maynard Ferguson
Herbie Mann and the M.J.Q.
And Miles Davis, who can blow a few.
They're all there, waiting to play,
so there isn't much more I can say,
be it Modern, cool, or Asiatic,
Nothing beats it, 'cause Jazz is Magic.*

Marc Herwitz



Ronnie Primus
215 West 92 Street
Manhattan



Marty Rader
819 F.D.R. Drive
Manhattan 9



Don Read
37-42 84 Street
Jackson Heights 72



Ramon Reeberg
1234 Boston Road
Bronx 56



Karen Reeves
165 East 89 Street
Jamaica Estates 32



Diane Reissman
2102 Holland Avenue
Bronx



Nola Rhodes
80-34 Kent Street
Queens



Alma Robinson
118-47 199 Street
St. Albans 12



Allegra Roffel
207 Biltmore Avenue
Elmont, Queens



Tamar Rogoff
70-32 Juno Street
Forest Hills 75



Laura Rosenblatt
25 Central Park West
Manhattan 23



Paula Rosenfeld
2332 67 Street
Brooklyn 4



Ted Saunders
175 West Second Street
Manhattan 23



Frances Schofield
14 Stuyvesant Oval
Manhattan 9



Sara Schultz
603 Van Siclen Avenue
Bronx 7



Bernice Schwarz
240 Cabrini Boulevard
Manhattan 33



Ellen Schwartz
280 Fountain Avenue
Bronx 8



Darryl Shayne
101 West 55 Street
Manhattan 19



Marian Schwartz
50-50 231 Street
Bayside 64



Mark Sheil
52 Windsor Place
Brooklyn 15



Marianne Silverberg
1973 Powell Avenue
Bronx 72



Poshia Simermeyer
1141 F.D.R. Drive
Manhattan 9



Martin Simonoff
1219 East 98th Street
Brooklyn



Shelle Sklarsh
3040 Crugar Avenue
Bronx 67



Dorothy Smith
382 Central Park West
Manhattan 25



Eileen Smith
47-40 41 Street
Sunnyside, Queens



William Snowden
124-18 116 Avenue
Queens 20



Victor Solotoff
766 Hinsdale Street
Brooklyn 7



Susan Spivak
8447 118 Street
Kew Gardens 15



John Stefan
58-14 80 Street
Elmhurst 72



Les Steinweiss
2051 Seagirt Boulevard
Far Rockaway 91



Benjamin Stempler
203 West 74th Street
Manhattan



Ellen Stone
3318 Bronx Boulevard
Bronx 67



Elaine Sturm
2978 East 196 Street
Bronx 61



Kathleen Thompson
167-05 12 Avenue
Whitestone 57



Hadassah Vleeschouwer
62-60 99 Street
Forest Hills 74



Paula Weber
817 West End Avenue
Manhattan 25



Lynn Weinman
560 West 218 Street
Manhattan



Geraldine Weltman
316 Second Avenue
Manhattan 3



Jeff Weinberg
Zonhorting Avenue
Bronx 60



Dennis Wendelken
5815 Fifth Avenue
Brooklyn 20



Beatrice Winner
94-31 59 Avenue
Rego Park 73



Marcia Wolfson
756 Pelham Parkway South
Bronx 62



Natasha Zyman
1853 East 29 Street
Brooklyn 29

The Last Will and Testament

We, the undersigned, do hereby make oath to bequeath to the following honored beneficiaries the subsequently listed articles and objects:

- Mr. Aaron – A boomerang eraser.
- Mr. Alvin – An autographed shiny red apple.
- Mrs. Bank – Our diaphragmatic voices.
- Mrs. Bing – No interruptions.
- Miss Boal – Seniors who know how to use the card catalog.
- Miss Carroll – Her name in a box.
- Mrs. Del Valle – A long-term contract to play the piano for the opening of the assemblies.
- Dr. Dycke – Lunch with the President.
- Mrs. Gregg – En anglais, s'il vous plait?
- Mr. Grossman – A sellout audience for Town Hall.
- Mr. Holzman – A revolving, air conditioned, electronic lab.
- Miss Katz – A permanent board eraser.
- Mr. Koehler – An undiminishing, supply of late passes.
- Mr. Kupfer – A fifty cent ticket sold in the basement.
- Mr. Latner – The Hunt and Peck system.
- Miss Lynch – A year's supply of Lipton flow-thru tea bags.
- Mrs. Miller – A copy of Jean Valjean.
- Miss Neuberg – A volume of pre-analyzed poetry.

- Miss O'Brien – Stock in Senior Productions.
- Mr. Olvin – a supersonic whistle.
- Mrs. Schein – An acting class of non gum chewers.
- Mrs. Schwager – An eternal week-end in the sun.
- Mrs. Simmons – One thousand and one uses of "too" "very" and "beautiful."
- Mr. Stein – A textbook without any mistakes.
- Mrs. Stone – A "regular" class able to conjugate "irregular" verbs.
- Mr. Tolmach – An assembly without banging seats.
- Mr. Walker – A salami sandwich with a chocolate milkshake.
- Mr. Wexler – An anthology of misleading analogies.
- Mr. Wood – An infinite supply of sticks.
- Dr. Yocum – An office warming party.

And to the incoming sophomores we leave the passes to the swimming pool on the sixth floor and permission to use the elevator.

To the new seniors we leave our farewell tears.

Signed
Witnessed by

:Notarized 1963

**TO THE SENIOR CLASS
OF
PERFORMING ARTS
GOOD LUCK
and
BEST WISHES
from
THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION**

Mifa Rogoff, President

Robert Shuster, Vice-President



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HOWARD JOHNSON

46th Street and Broadway

"Where the Gang Hangs Out"

Ask for our Special Discount
for the School



Selva

for **BALANCED-DESIGN
DANCE SHOES**

- LEOTARDS
- TIGHTS
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- ACCESSORIES

Special attention to Performing Arts Students

You will find a complete assortment of styles in both costumes and shoes at Selva. Dance shoes for every type of foot, to fit all requirements... and a complete assortment of styles and colors in dance costumes.

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SELVA—1607 Broadway

at 49 Street in Trans-Lux Bldg.

Boosters

- Aberbach, Avra
 Aberback, Betty
 Abrams, Aileen
 Abrams, Mr. and Mrs.
 Abrams, Susan
 Adams, Brooke
 Adams, Mrs. Muriel
 Allen, Jeffrey
 Alvarez, Abe
 Alvin, Robert
 Alvy, Harvey
 Ames, Carole
 Anderson, Richard
 Andrews, Victoria
 Apter, Pamela
 Atria, Felicia
 Baier, Ann
 Baier, Clara
 Baier, Philip
 Balaber, Syndee
 Barker, Cecile
 Baron, Michele
 Bedell, Mark
 Bellardi, Mr. and Mrs.
 Bellin, Olga
 Benjamin, Jerry
 Bennett, Sherry
 Berger, Randi
 Bershetsky, Charles
 Best, Dale
 Best, Morris
 Bing, Annie
 Bialos, Jay
 Birkett, Mrs. J.
 Bisci, Rosalyn
 Blackman, Ellie
 Blankfein, Freddy
 Blatt, Abby
 Bloodstein, Judy
 Blumenthal, Alberta
 Blyden, Larry
 Bogucki, Anna
 Boll, Marilyn
 Boll, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
 Boylan, Pvt. Thomas, Jr.
 Boston, Michelle
 Brady, Dave
 Brodsky, Michelle
 Bruggeman, Jo-Anne
 Buchwald, Esther
 Buckley, Marian
 Calderazzo, Charles
 Campbell, Denise
 Caputo, Johnny
 Carracioli, Connie
 Carron, Jeff
 The Carlins
 Cassese, Therese
 Chapman, Veronica
 Chernoff, Kandy
 Cisyk, Kvitka
 Mr. and Mrs. V.
 Cline, Hank
 Cohen, David
 Cohen, Ellen
 Cohen, Michael
 Cohen, Marian
 Congemi, Mary-Anne
 Constandin, Despina
 Coppind, Linda
 Coren, Marilyn
 Curchak, Fred
 Cutler, Madeline
 The D Train Clique
 Dalton, Nancy
 Davis, Becky
 De Lewis Mr. and Mrs. D.
 De Lewis, Anne
 Demby, Emanuel
 Demby, Peter
 De Stefano, Mr. and Mrs. A.
 De Thomas, Mari-Anne
 Didrich, Sandy
 Di Giovanni, Connie
 Di Nanno, Carol
 Drossman, Mr. and Mrs.
 Duesberg, Helen
 Duesberg, Maya
 Eisenstadter, Ingrid
 Ellner, Miriam
 Engleberg, Judy
 Engleman, Lenore
 Epstein, Arlene
 Erlich, Hilda
 Fagan, Sandy
 Falletta, Mr. and Mrs. J.
 Falletta, Phyllis
 Fertel, Diane
 Finklestein, David
 Freedman, Charles
 Frisch, Clara
 Fruhman, Mr. and Mrs. H.
 Gale, Michael
 Gant, Lucille
 Gerenger, Marcia
 Gerewitz, Jerry
 Gerritt, Kevin
 Giaffone, Justine
 Giaffone, Monte
 Gindin, Sam
 Ginter, Lily
 Goldberg, Philip
 Green, Isobel
 Green, Joyce
 Greenbaum, Sylvia
 Greif, Mary
 Gross, Al
 Guiterman, Glen
 Harris, George
 Harris, Jessica
 Hedley, Elaine
 Heller, Julius
 Heller, Mae
 Heller, Marcia
 Heller, Marian
 Hellman, Betty
 Herwitz, Marc
 Hillier, Wendy
 Hill, J.J.
 Hines, Stacey
 Hirsch, Randy
 Hirsch, Dora
 Hlynsky, Lt. B.
 Hodap, Ann
 Holzman, Norman
 Holzman, J.
 Hoskins, Dahl
 Howard, Willy
 Howell, Ann
 Howell, Dorothy
 Iannaci, Arlene
 Iannaci, Carl
 Iannaci, Mrs. Helen
 Iannaci, Mickey
 Ingram, Terry
 Jones, Frederica
 Karna, Vicky
 Kassoff, Mrs. G.
 Kassoff, Paula
 Katz, Judy
 Katz, Sam
 Kaufman, Jeff
 Keerkel, Mark
 Kipa, Albert
 Kipa, Mrs. A.
 Kipa, George
 Koehler, E.T.
 Korotkin, Sharon
 Kover, Sharon
 Kowalen, Lana
 Kutner, Howard
 Ladimer, Pamela
 Landau, Sharon
 Landfish, Maxine
 Lane, Murray
 Landsmark, Mrs. M.
 Langlois, Susan
 La Porte, Arthur
 Lapuch, Steven
 LaSalle, Leonard
 Lavalie, Paula
 Leshen, Ellen
 Levine, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
 Lew, Dr. and Mrs. W.
 Lian, Carol
 Lichter, Alice
 Liegerman, Steve
 Lipkowitz, Donna
 Locker, Jay
 Loeb, Frances
 L, Surdo, Robert
 Luceridge, Lucy
 Lyczkowski, Christina
 Magno, Sharon
 Mahon, Doreen
 Maixner, Bonnie
 Malinow, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
 Malinow, Phyllis
 Malowitz, Marissa
 Manchester, Claudia
 Margolies, Eail
 Marshall, Joyce
 Marty, Arlene
 Mason, Lois
 Mazza, Jon
 Mazzeo, Joyce
 McCann, John
 McCoy, Emily
 McCoy, Dr. and Mrs.
 McLean, Calvin
 McLean, Sylvia
 Mevorah, Steven
 Meyers, Marsha
 Miller, Debra
 Miller, Phyllis
 Miller, Sally
 Miyamoto, Ramona
 Mosby, Franklin
 Moses, Robert
 Mullen, May Ann
 Nagata, Setsuko
 Nowicki, Mr. and Mrs. A.
 Nowicki, Stephen
 O'Brien, John
 O'Brien, Kenneth
 Ocasia, Rosemary
 O'Leary, Helen
 Orlinsky, Myron
 Orlinsky, Philip
 Osborn, Stephanie
 Pace, Jo Ann
 Pace, Lucille
 Parent, Donald
 Paster, Joyce
 Pawlyk, Georgiana
 Pelasco, Lenore
 Pellman, Arthur
 Percival, Jill
 Perkins, Tommy
 Pignatore, Steve
 Pilgrim, Sidney
 Pine, Diane
 Pirotin, Debra
 Poloff, Carole
 Pomerantz, Cheryl
 Popowitz, Marsha
 Porazzo, Marie
 Primus, Ronnie
 Rader, Marty
 Rakovsky, Verna
 Rand, Sharon
 Read, Don
 Reeberg, Ramon
 Rice, Kathy
 Rivera, Manuel
 Roach, Cheryl
 Roberts, Ella
 Roebing, Paul
 Roffel, Charles
 Roffel, Ira
 Rogerwitz, Helen
 Rogoff, Tamar
 Rosen, Eliot
 Rosenberg, Arthur
 Rosenblum, Rhida
 Rosenschein, Arnold
 Ross, Alfred
 Rubin, Richard
 Salamone, Jo-Anne
 Salica, Alice
 Salisbury, D.
 Sandler, Enid
 Santo, Dorothy
 Sarach, Halyna
 Scharf, Anita
 Schwartz, Neil
 Segal, Barbara
 Sekler, Gail
 Serrone, Susan
 Sherard, Mrs. Odessa
 Sherman, Dr. Stan
 Sheridan, Daphne
 Shubin, Matt
 Siegeltuck, Eric
 Silverman, Christine
 Simmons, Bill
 Simms, Edward
 Singer, Tola
 Singer, Eileen
 Sirnes, Otto
 Smith, Eileen
 Smith, Elsie
 Smith, Roberta
 Smith, Ronnie
 Soffian, Andy
 Solomon, Scott
 Solotoff, Victor
 Spilaski, E.S.
 Stanley, Irene
 Stauffer, Susan
 Stavis, Sandra
 Stein, Hannah
 Steinman, Howie
 Stewart, Michael
 Stone, Ellen
 Stone, Stephen
 Stone, Suzanne
 Straub, Frances
 Strauss, Nancy
 Sturm, Mr. and Mrs.
 Sumin, Barbara
 Sumin, Sophie
 Sutherland, Nancy
 Swart, Madge
 Tennen, Steve
 Terriberry, Aileen
 Thompson, Agnes
 Torres, Jose
 Travers, Margot
 Turner, Yoffa
 Vives, Diana
 Walsh, Virginia
 Warnquist, Diane
 Wasserman, Ellen
 Weber, Harry
 Weber, Paula
 Weber, Sam
 Weiskopf, Linda
 Weiss, Lita
 Wesley, Pamela
 Wigdar, Jessica
 Winner, Beatrice
 Winshell, Betty
 Winston, Wendy
 Wolfson, Roslyn
 Wong, Lillian
 Zakar, Ronnie
 Zielonka, Lillian
 Zimmer, Carl
 Zornetsky, George
 Zuckerman, Tina
 Zyman, Natasha

TO KEEP ORDER IN THE ARTS, HESTIA



AND



HEPHAESTUS PRESIDED . . .