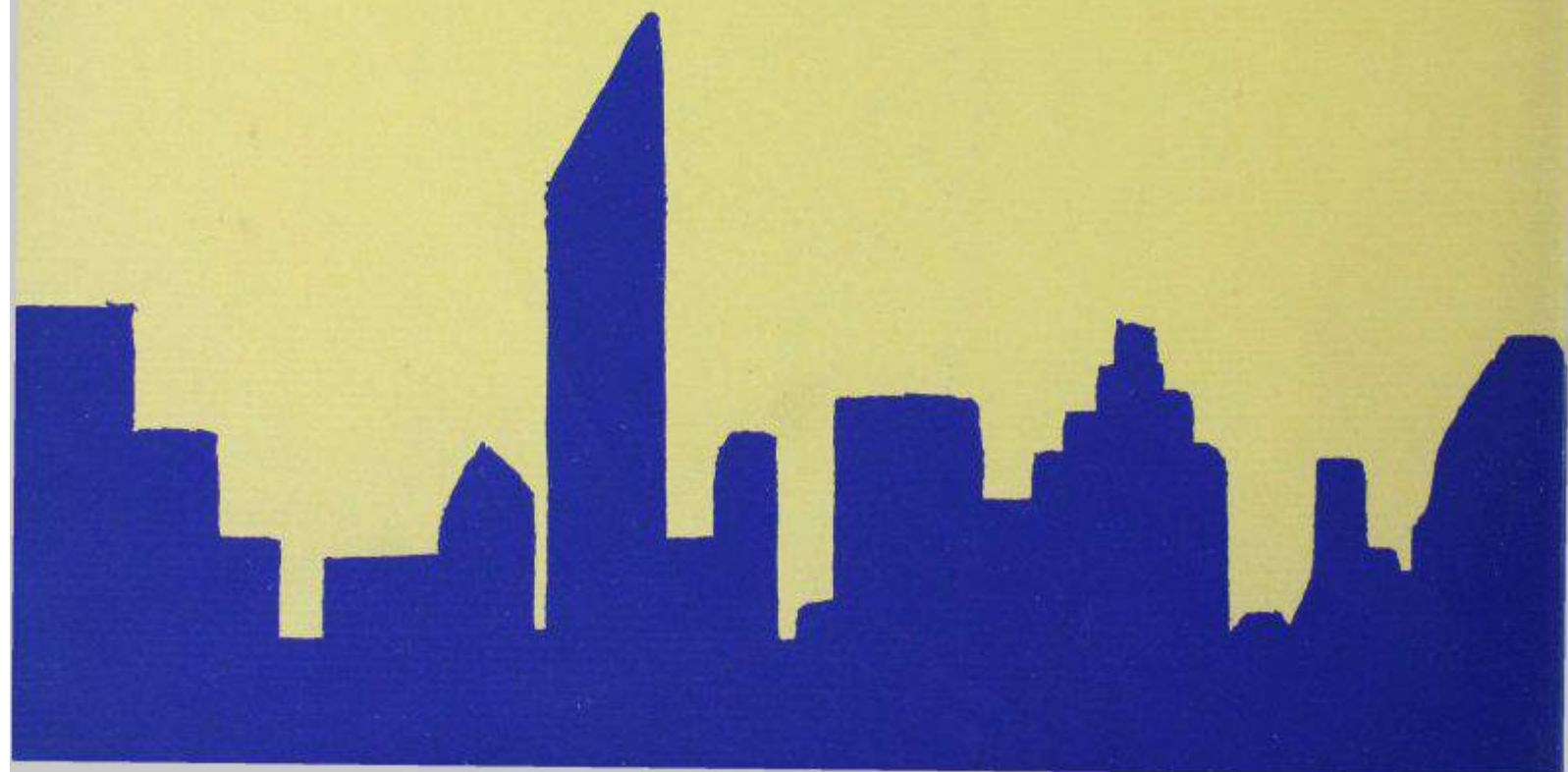


SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS LIBRARY
120 WEST 46th ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036



OUR METROPOLIS



CITY HALL

Main Building

78 Catherine St.



**IN THE HEART
OF BROADWAY**

**School of
Performing
Arts**

120 West 46th St.

MARITIME DIVISION

**School Ship
John W. Brown**

25th St. and East River



WESTERN UNION ANNEX
160 Hudson St.

METROPOLITAN VOCATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL
NEW YORK N. Y.

DEDICATION

METROPOLITAN

OUR Metropolis has lived through the destruction of two great wars and is dangerously close to a third. A war with present weapons would mean the eventual destruction of all civilization. Our goal is peace, a workable peace based on trust and understanding. It is our hope that we graduates, in the years to come, will not know the hysteria and fear of the present day world.

This is an idealistic faith. It is in this spirit of idealism and optimism that we dedicate this book not only to Metropolitan graduates, but to the peace-loving people all around the world.

Serafin Corchado

Editor

THE PUBLISHING WORLD

Metropolis Staff

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Back row: N. Berlin, P. Switzer. Center: S. Lozinski, H. LaMonica, J. LaPlaca, J. Tamburello, D. Porter, J. Giancana. Seated: S. Corchado, S. Federico.





OUR MAYOR
PRINCIPAL FRANKLIN J. KELLER

Do What You Can Do

"Do what you can do as well as you can and whatever you do, let it be your very own."

Sounds like a copy book maxim, doesn't it? Maybe it is. Anyway, last summer some very wise, serious, and understanding people expressed the thoughts to me in various ways. I should like to pass their wisdom along to you.

Several of America's most noted writers foregathered at Bread Loaf, Vermont, for the Middlebury College writers' conference—Robert Frost, Jessamyn West, Fletcher Pratt—and an Irishman, Frank O'Connor. After two weeks of instructions on kinds of words, length of sentences, choice of themes, and the like, they all said, at the final session, "Forget, if you will, everything we have been telling you, but never forget one thing—write only what is very sincerely your own, write as well as you know how, and if what you have in you is good, people will read it and like it."

About 100 B.C. the Maccabees wrote a Book that became part of the Apocrypha. They said, "We have been careful that they that will read may have delight, and that they that are desirous to commit to memory might have ease, and that all into whose hands it comes might have profit. Therefore to us, that have taken upon us this painful work of abridging, it

was not easy, but a matter of sweat and watching; yet for the pleasuring of many we will undertake gladly this great labor."

Somerset Maugham tells me (in his "A Writer's Notebook"), "Years ago Edward Knoblock and I decided to collaborate on a picture. It was a hair-raising melodrama, and we piled thrilling incident on thrilling incident, and as one thing after another occurred to us we laughed until our sides ached. It took us a fortnight and we had a good time. It was a competent piece of work, well-constructed and exciting; but we could never get anyone to produce it. The persons to whom we submitted it one and all said the same thing: 'It looks as if you had written it with your tongue in your cheek.' And that, of course, is exactly what we had done. The conclusion is obvious: You cannot write anything that will convince unless you are yourself convinced. The best seller sells because he writes with his heart's blood."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous Supreme Court Justice, son of the poet, would agree with Somerset Maugham, only he would apply the thought to any great doer. In his biography, "Yankee from Olympus," he is quoted: "Whether a man accepts from Fortune her spade and will look downward and dig, or from Aspiration her axe and cord and will scale the ice, the one and only success it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart."

One of the Bread Loaf writers recalled Anatole France's story (also the theme of an opera) of "The Juggler of Notre Dame." The poor juggler, despairing of making a decent living (most of his tricks were done with his feet), joined an order of monks, who, from time to time, would go into the church with offerings for the Virgin Mary. The juggler could offer only his skill in juggling. When the other monks heard about this blasphemy, they decided to visit the church and put a stop to it. But what did they see? Mary descending from the altar to wipe the juggler's brow! He had been offering his best—and he was doing as well as he could, what he *could* do.

Whatever we do, we must do with a fundamental sincerity.

FRANKLIN J. KELLER
Principal

BOROUGH PRESIDENT
OF MANHATTAN

NATHAN LULOFF
Administrative Assistant



FAME
&
FORTUNE

S
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S



The Big Wheels

Senior Class Officers

Robert Giovati
Secretary

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Louis Cernilli
Vice President

Saverio Camarda
Treasurer



UPON GRADUATING FROM METROPOLITAN

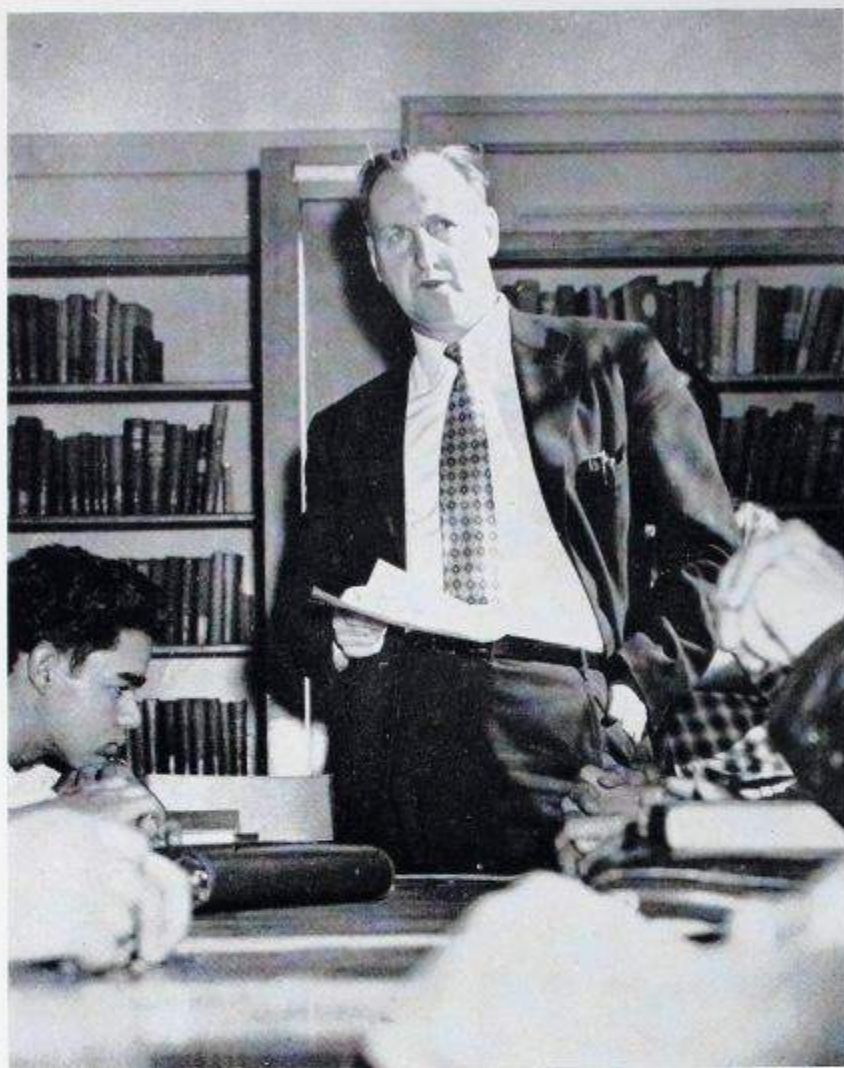
LEAVING the tools and studies of my future profession behind me, I shall step up to receive my diploma from Dr. Keller. I am not really leaving this training behind, but am merely waiting and looking for a chance to use my specialized abilities outside my comparatively sheltered school life. I feel that I have practiced my future vocation enough to get a head-start in the world, realizing that I may be one of the truly successful that have and will come from the ranks of the Senior Metropolitanites.

When I think back to the Photography training

I have received at the Main Building, and the stage training I received at Performing Arts, I realize that all this was free, along with an education that will help me into college and also toward becoming a better citizen.

I feel that upon leaving Metropolitan, I am taking with me a key to the threshold of success. I am not closing the door upon my vocational training at Metro by graduating, but am walking a well-trodden path to success visible only because I went to Metropolitan.

Henry Grossman



CHIEF COUNSEL

MR. ALEXANDER DRAKE

Senior Advisor

A Senior's Grief

*Little cuts from classes,
Little slips marked "Late,"
Make the Senior wonder
If he'll graduate.*

Winfred Stephen, Fifth Term

Teachers Beware

DOWN through the years there have been several so-called disasters in and about Metro. But now a far greater catastrophe is hovering over our dear old Metropolitan Vocational High. Yes, this year of 1953 brings the departure of a great and illustrious class from the institution. Much worse than that, however, it will mean the advancement of a group of adolescent imbeciles to the honored position of SENIORS! Of course, this group will never be able to reach the required mental and physical perfection for

this position, which for the past years has been so capably filled. Nevertheless, custom demands that this drastic step be taken.

To the teachers and instructors of this sanctuary, I say, your efforts to teach these creatures have been in vain. 'Tis better you arm yourselves for your own protection, have your life insurance renewed immediately and, by all means, have the bars on the third and fourth floor landings made more secure.

Sam Paino

BEAUTY CULTURE

and

BARBERING



THOMAS BOYKIN

"Tea"

263 Patchen Avenue
Brooklyn 33

Barbering

Honor Society, 1 term
G. O. Rep., 2 terms
Class President, 1 term
Class Treasurer, 1 term
Lieutenant of D. P., 2 terms



JOHN CALVIN PHILPOT

"Big Pot"

111-51 168th Street
Queens

Barbering

Lt. of Deck Patrol, 2 terms
Honor Society, 1 term
Top Marks List, 3 terms
President of Sect., 1 term
G. O. Member, 5 terms
100% Attendance, 6 terms

JOYCE BUTLER

"Shorty"

169-22 107th Avenue
Jamaica 33

Beauty Culture

Secretary of Honor Society,
1 term
Class President, 2 terms
Honor Roll, 4 terms
Secretary, Beauty Culture,
6 terms
G. O. Member, 6 terms
Glee Club, 6 terms
Perfect Att. Certificate
Class Secretary, 3 terms



THEODORE R. PHILPOT

"Teddy"

111-51 168th Street
Queens

Barbering

Honor Society, 2 terms
G. O. Member, 7 terms
Captain of D. P., 2 terms
Vice President Sect., 3 terms
Top Marks List, 3 terms

DAVID LICHTENSTEIN

187 Rochester Avenue
Brooklyn

Beauty Culture

Shop Manager, 3 terms
G. O. Rep., 3 terms



ELIZABETH TRAPANI

"Liz"

321 Madison Street
New York City

Beauty Culture

Glee Club, 4 terms
Class Secretary, 3 terms
Honor Society, 2 terms
Library Service
G. O. Member, 3 terms
Top Marks List, 2 terms
Clerical Assistant
Perfect Att. Certificate, 1 term
President of Honor Society,
1 term

TEODOLINDA MOUSSOT

"Ann"

40 Jackson Street
New York City

Beauty Culture

Glee Club, 6 terms
G. O. Rep., 1 term
Top Marks List, 3 terms
G. O. Member, 6 terms



LUCILLE R. TUCKER

"Lulu"

1503 Charlotte Street
Bronx

Beauty Culture

Glee Club, 5 terms
G. O. Rep., 1 term
G. O. Member, 5 terms
Secretarial Asst.
Top Marks List, 2 terms
2 Awards, 1952 Field Day

LIBIA CONSUELO PABON

"Libby"

225 West 20th Street
New York City

Beauty Culture

G. O. Member, 4 terms
Worked in G. O. Store,
1 term
Top Marks List, 4 terms
Scholarship Certificate,
1 term



EDWARD MELVIN WYCHE

"Mel"

1717 Dean Street
Brooklyn

Barbering

Office Practice, 2 terms
G. O. Member, 7 terms
G. O. Rep., 3 terms
Class Treasurer, 1 term
Class Secretary, 2 terms
Basketball Team, 1 term
Deck Patrol, 3 terms

**CAMERA SHY
CAESAR VESCERA**

A Tall Story

I WAS on vacation this summer, you know, and I had the most wonderful time. I was swimming in the Arctic Ocean off the coast of Greenland. I had hired a seal to pull me around for one quarter of a dollar an hour. We were heading back to my iceberg, not far from Alaska, when we came up to a large iceberg with black spots all over it. It had red liquid dripping down its side. This sight amazed me so, that I motioned to the seal to pull me towards it. To my astonishment, the floating thing of beauty turned out to be an icecream berg; butter pecan, no less, and the red liquid strawberry syrup. All these black spots were luscious pecans roasted to perfection.

My brain was moving fast. How could I put this berg to good use? I quickly discharged the seal, paying him for his services. Alaska was some three hundred and fifty miles away, so it took fifteen minutes to get there. I went straight to a large factory, still dripping wet from my little trip. At the factory, I bought a year's supply of dixie cups. Using ingenuity, I soon became a

dixie cup tycoon. But, as the years passed, the ice cream was used up and, through bad investments, I was bankrupt. Why, I was so broke that I was even pulling those seals around the Arctic for twenty cents an hour, a nickel less than I was paying them.

Then came my big break; I was picked up by a Russian submarine and sent to work in the salt mines. During the time I was working there, I smuggled lots of salt out. Finally, I escaped with my salt, and became a salt tycoon. Why, I made so much money that I was burning the ones, fives, and twenty dollar bills. How was I supposed to know that it was against the law to destroy money? When I got out of jail, my money was gone and I decided to go home.

My father was delighted to see me again and asked, "Have a nice vacation, son?"

"Not as exciting as last year's, pop," I answered.

Mike O'Brien, *Seventh Term*

Beauty

*Beauty is simplicity;
Love of simplicity is wondrous.
If thou hadst made no other utterance,
Simplicity would suffice.
Life is infinity where beauty doth dwell.*

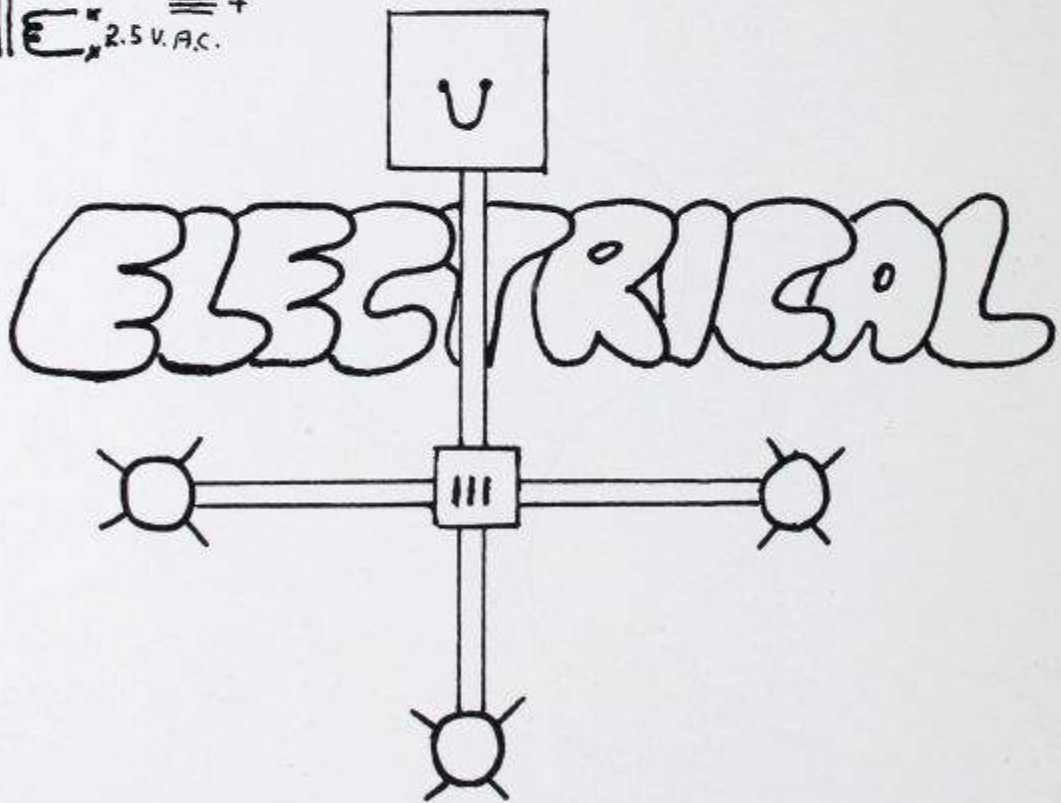
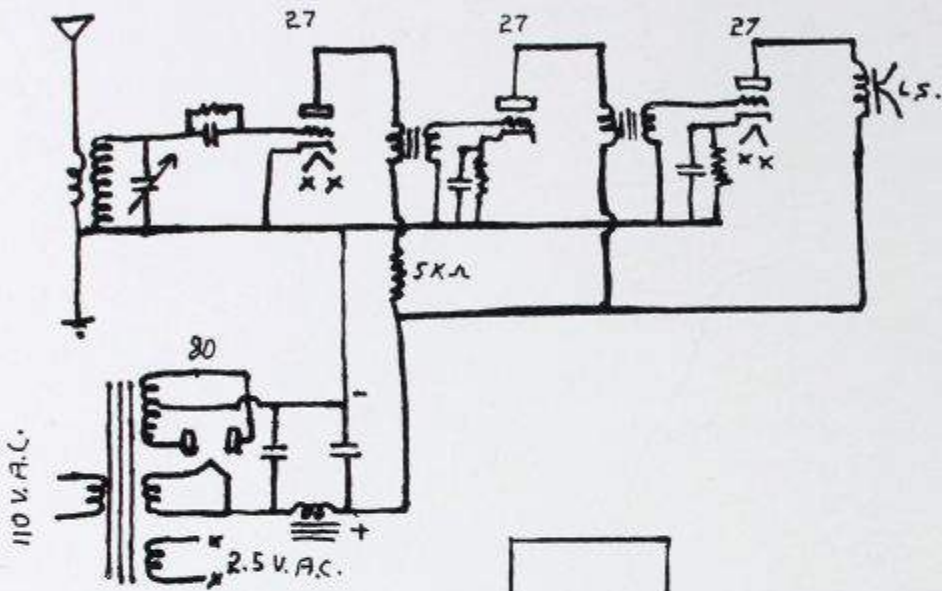
Chas. Collings

Green Mansions

*Her body was so firm,
Her hair so dazzling,
As she danced with the wind.
There was music in the air
When she disappeared into the mist.*

Sam Belzinsky

RADIO



NATHANIEL D. BERLIN
"Nat"

9530 Avenue L
Brooklyn
Electrical Shop

Honor Society, 4 terms
G. O. Rep., 2 terms
Business Editor Year Book
Assembly Student Leader
Deck Patrol, 1 term
Visited other schools and
talked about Metro.
G. O. Member, 7 terms
100% Attendance, 6 terms



SAVERIO J. CAMARDA
"Sam"

328 19th Street
Brooklyn

Electrical Installation
G. O. Member, 7 terms
100% Attendance, 5 terms
Top Marks List, 5 terms
Honor Society, 3 terms
Class Secretary, 4 terms
Class Treasurer, 1 term
Treasurer of Senior Class



LOUIS FRANK CERNILLI
"Cindrellee"

30-89 14th Street
Queens
Electricity

G. O. Member, 6 terms
G. O. Rep., 3 terms
Class President, 1 term
Class Vice President, 1 term
Asst. Lighting Engineer
Senior Class Vice President



SERAFIN CORCHADO
145 North Elliott Walk
Brooklyn
Shop Radio

Sound Crew, 1 term
G. O. Member, 8 terms
G. O. Rep., 6 terms
Chairman Entertainment
Committee, 2 terms
Manhattan Council, 2 terms
Chairman Dance Committee,
2 terms
Tug o' War Team, 1 term
Editor Yearbook, 1 term
Vice President Sect., 1 term
Secretary Sect., 1 term



ROBERT DALY

204 East 112th Street
New York City
Electrical Shop

G. O. Member, 6 terms
100% Attendance, 3 terms
Volleyball Team
Vice President Sect., 1 term
P. S. A. L. Bronze Pin



RAYMOND B. ELLIS
"Scotty"

33-14 31st Avenue
Astoria
Electricity

G. O. Member, 6 terms
G. O. Rep., 3 terms
Class Vice President, 1 term
Chief Lighting Engineer
Senior Class President



GREGORY PAUL GENTILE
"Greg"

103 Hester Street
New York City
Electrical Installation

G. O. Member, 6 terms
Art Staff, 2 terms
Honor Society, 1 term
Top Marks List, 3 terms
Class Treasurer, 1 term



ROBERT MARK GIOVATI
79 Irving Avenue
Brooklyn

Electrical

Honor Society, 3 terms
100% Attendance, 4 terms
Top Marks List, 2 terms
President of Sect., 2 terms
Senior Class Secretary
Sect. Att. Monitor, 4 terms
Var. Baseball Team, 1 term
Basketball, 1 term
G. O. Member, 6 terms
G. O. Alternate, 1 term
G. O. R ep., 1 term



WILLIAM EDWARD HENRY
"Midge"

110-29 156th Street
Queens

Maritime Radio

Vice President Sect., 1 term
President Sect., 2 terms
Secty.-Treas. Sect., 2 terms
G. O. Rep., 2 terms
Sound Crew, 4 terms
Two Cross Country Certificate
Awards
One Indoor Track Certificate
Captain Track Team
Cross Country Gold Medal
Five Major Letters
One Minor Letter
Deck Patrol, 4 terms



JOSEPH TAMBURELLO
"Jojo"

318 Suydan Street
Brooklyn
Electrical

G. O. Member, 5 terms
Deck Patrol, 2 terms
Basketball Team, 2 terms
G. O. Rep., 3 terms
Sports Editor of Yearbook





BARRY S. ASHENBAUM
 136 Amboy Street
 Brooklyn 12
Photography

Section Secretary, 3 terms
 G. O. Member, 6 terms
 Drama Class, 2 terms
 Library Assistant, 1 term
 Class President



SAM BELZINSKY
 100 Henry Street
 New York City
Photography

G. O. Member, 5 terms
 Secretary of Sect., 3 terms
 Honor Society, 2 terms
 100% Attendance, 1 term
 G. O. Delegate, 1 term
 Top Marks List, 5 terms



EDWARD HENRY BERGNER
 76 Aster Court
 Brooklyn
Photography

G. O. Rep., 6 terms
 Honor Society, 1 term



HENRY BOGUN

"Hank"

533 East 147th Street
Bronx

Photography

G. O. Member, 6 terms

CHARLES L. COLLINGS

"Charlie"

35-21 28th Street
Queens

Photography

Honor Society, 2 terms
Section President, 1 term
Photography Special Assignments
Photography Editor Yearbook
Section Secretary, 2 terms
Treasure Honor Society, 1 term

G. O. Member, 6 terms
100% Attendance, 6 terms
Science Lab Squad

LOUIS FUENTES

"Bunty"

1009 Kelly Street
Bronx

Photography

Service Squad, 4 terms
Captain of Service Squad, 2 terms

G. O. Rep., 5 terms
Danced in School Musicals
Played in School Dramas

HENRY M. GROSSMAN

100 West 76th Street
New York City

Photography

Literary Editor Metropolis

ROBERT KRANK

"Bob"

945 East 163rd Street
Bronx

Photography

G. O. Member, 6 terms
School Photographer
Swimming Team, 1 term

Camera Shy

LAWRENCE LARRY HICKS



JOHN LEWIS LACITIGNOLA

"Lassie"

255 Avenue W
Brooklyn 23

Photography

G. O. Member, 5 terms
Swimming Team, 1 term
Section Secretary



RONALD MARKOWITZ

191 Boerum Street
Brooklyn

Photography

G. O. Member, 6 terms
Photography Reporter, 2 terms



ARLISS J. PACK

"Arlie"

366A Monroe Street
Brooklyn

Photography

Deck Patrol, 3 terms
G. O. Member, 8 terms
Section President, 1 term
Vice President, 1 term
Class President, 1 term



LIONEL RICHBURG

"Richie"

357 Greene Avenue
Brooklyn

Photography

Swimming Team, 3 terms
Class Vice President, 1 term
G. O. Member, 7 terms



THOMAS SMALL

130 Clifton Place
Brooklyn

Photography

Deck Patrol, 5 terms
G. O. Rep., 2 terms
G. O. Member, 5 terms

Camera Shy

HERBERT M. BROWNSTEIN



THE SKIPPER
CAPTAIN JOSEPH SCHELLINGS

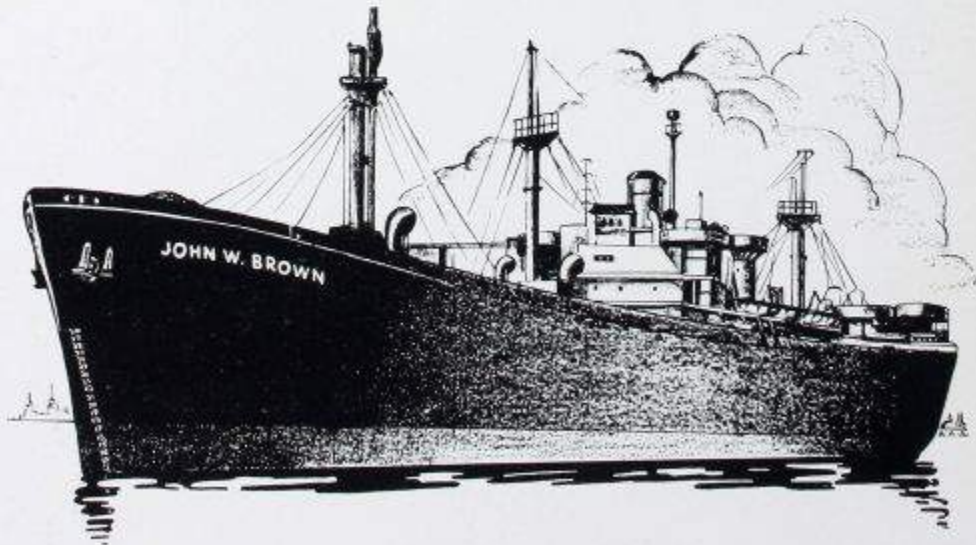
MATES

Norman Adie	Frank Krustangel
Meyer Bishansky	Warren McConnell
Alexander Donegan	William Patterson
Walter Fitzpatrick	Martin Reed
Adolph Schultze	

The Brown

*Some fellows think of the ship as a tub
And say some day it will sink like a sub.
But if fellows knew about the boat,
They'd know that they're the ones to keep it afloat,
And if guys learn what we went through,
The things for which the teachers fought.
Then they will know about the boat—
That it will always stay afloat.*

Andres V. Rolon, Seventh Term





FELIX M. COSME

"El Supremo"

149 Bond Street
Brooklyn

Maritime Deck

Handball Tournament
G. O. Member, 4 terms
Life Boat Race

MELVIN N. PEEL

"Leep"

35 West 139th Street
New York City

Maritime Deck

G. O. Member, 7 terms
Senior Bo'sun
Senior Coxswain

RICHARD TAPIA

611 Casanova Street
Bronx 59

Maritime Deck

G. O. Member, 3 terms
100% Att., 3 terms

**SALVATORE JOSEPH
TRIPOLONE**

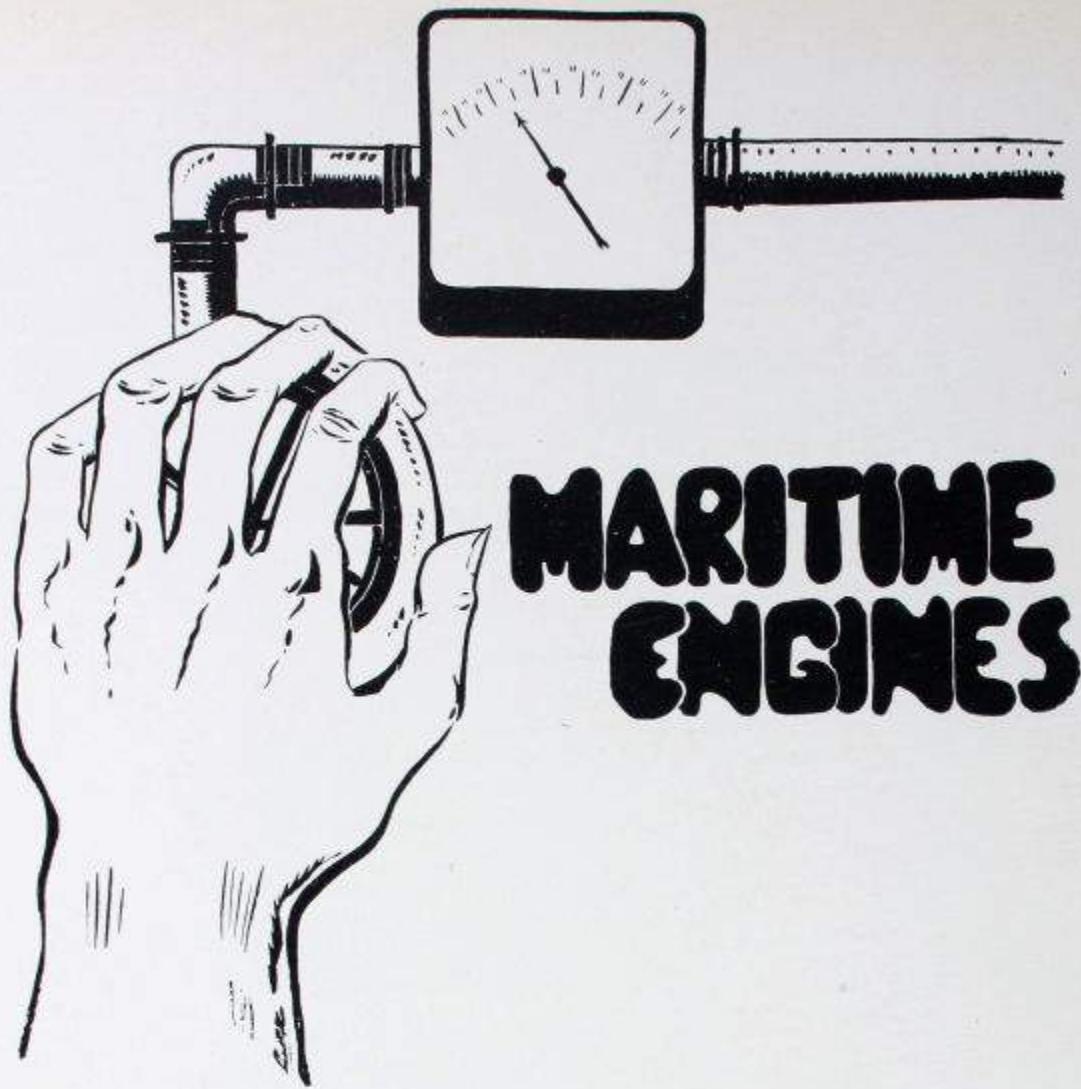
"Trip"

22 Pike Street
New York City

Maritime Deck

100% Att., 5 terms
G. O. Member, 2 terms
Reporter for "Log
Book"





MARITIME ENGINES

THOMAS A. AGALIO
"Tom"

146A 30th Street
Brooklyn 32

Maritime Engine

G. O. Member, 6 terms
G. O. Rep., 2 terms
100% Att., 7 terms
Service Squad, 1 term
Honor Society
General Office Asst.

EDWARD F. CARNEY
"Irish"

1708 East 54th Street
Brooklyn

Maritime Engine

G. O. Member, 5 terms
Engine Relay Team, 1
term
School Baseball Team,
2 terms

ERNEST R. CHANDLER
"Lil Brother"

176-01 110th Avenue
St. Albans

Engineering Shop

G. O. Member, 3 terms
Assembly Program
100% Att., 4 terms
Secty. of Class, 2 terms
Deck Patrol, 1 term
Book Room Assistant

JOSEPH DUDZIENSKY
"Little Joe"

219 Kings 2nd Walk
Brooklyn

Maritime Engine

Swimming Team, 1 term
G. O. Member, 4 terms



GEORGE JACOBS
2411 Voorhies Avenue
Brooklyn
Maritime Engines



AURELIO G. RODRIGUEZ
"Yeyo-Rod"
60 East 98th Street
New York City
Maritime Engines
Commendation for Scholarship
G. O. Member, 3 terms
Shipped out two summers on
Norwegian ships

JOSEPH THOMAS LAPLACA
"Duke"
250 Grove Street
Brooklyn
Gas Engine



JOSEPH WILLIAM SLATER
"Rusty"
534 Prospect Avenue
Brooklyn
Maritime Engine
G. O. Member, 8 terms
G. O. Rep., 4 terms
Honor Guard (at assembly),
2 terms
Honor Society, 1 term
Assistant to Program Com-
mittee, 2 terms
Shop Relay Team, 1 term

ANTHONY TONY LEBRON
"Tubo"
790 East 158th Street
Bronx
Maritime Engines



LOUIS VASSALLO
"Luigi"
1440 Park Avenue
New York City
Maritime Engine
100% Attendance, 2 terms
G. O. Member, 8 terms

G. O. Member, 3 terms
JWB Engine Relay Race,
Field Day
JWB Engine Life Boat Race

SAM ROBERT PAINO
"Happy"
420 Melrose Street
Brooklyn
Maritime Engines



JAMES WAGNER
"Butch"
3168 Avenue W
Brooklyn
Maritime Engine
G. O. Member
M. T. E. Relay Team

G. O. Member, 6 terms
Class President, 2 terms
Honor Society, 1 term
G. O. Rep., 1 term
Top Marks List, 5 terms

PETER PERAGINE
"Perry"
1891 Gleason Avenue
Bronx
Maritime Engines



Camera Shy
RONALD E. BRANEY
"Ronnie"
114 Java Street
Brooklyn 22

100% Attendance, 10 terms
G. O. Member, 8 terms
G. O. Rep., 5 terms
Deck Patrol, 6 terms
Honor Society, 1 term

WILLIAM ROMAN
"Bill"
864 Fox Street
Bronx

My Boat

*My boat sits all winter waiting for the day
When I start to use it, the day it breaks a wave,
The day it slowly starts to move down the silent water,
I'll use it all the summer; I'll use it every day.
But then it happens; the day must come
When I must put my boat away.*

Wilbur Diehm, *Third Term*

A Deck Hand's Grief

*Here I sit dressed in gray;
My pride is dead and carried away.
I wish I were there to set the pace;
Then maybe we would have won the race.
It's a deckhand's pride to win a race
But even to lose is no disgrace:
It's not one crew, as you all know,
It takes more than that to run a show.*

J. P.

LIFE BOAT RACE — EAST RIVER

Deck Versus Engine Crews in Preparation



The Ship

*On the ship we go
Once a week we row.*

Ira Weiner, *Third Term*

A Summer at Sea

THIS summer I went to sea on a Norwegian ship, the *Marathon*. It was a tanker weighing 11,000 tons. It had a mixed crew and I got along with everyone. The first port we went to was Las Piedras, Venezuela, to load oil to bring to Livorno (Leghorn), Italy. We were there five days. I made many friends there. The houses in the city were two to three-story houses. It was a nice place, and I also made friends with some American soldiers who were stationed there. From there we went to Falmouth, England. That is at the Land's End part of England. We were there seven days. It was a small town and the people were easy to get along with, and I also made friends there. It had a nice countryside with a castle at the entrance of the harbor. I enjoyed the trip very much.

Michael Grande, *Third Term*

Woody's Log

THIS past summer I made a trip on a Norwegian ship, named the S. S. Atna. The voyage took one month. I learned many things which one can not learn on any schoolship. The first port the ship hit was San Cristobal in the Panama Zone. I was a bit disappointed because I expected the city to be exotic. However, the American influence was seen everywhere.

From Cristobal the ship sailed to Buenaventura, Columbia. It is a very warm and friendly but simple place. I noticed the children sometimes go without food for several days and they have very little to wear. It was really sad. The next stop was at a small port called Tumaco. This port was in worse condition than Buenaventura. It was good to sail out of there after staying for three days. On the return trip I was given the job of O. S. on the 4-8 watch. I learned many things during the trip: how to make coffee, how to handle lines and how to get along with my shipmates.

W. Rodriquez, Seventh Term



Camera Shy

THOMAS DANIELY

"Tommy"

724 East 158th Street
Bronx

M. T. Boat Building

Office Assistant

Assembly Program

G. O. Member, 8 terms

ALEC RALPH DORSEY

"Anselmo"

2 St. Nicholas Terrace
New York City

Woodwork

Chorus, 8 terms

Band, 1 term

Service Squad, 1 term

Honor Society, 1 term



JOHN J. GIANCANA

"Boo"

82 Menahan Street
Brooklyn

Maritime Business

G. O. Member, 6 terms

G. O. Vice President, 1 term

Top Marks List, 2 terms

Sales Lab, 4 terms

Sect. President, 1 term

Business Committee

D. P., 1 term



LAWRENCE MICHAEL ROSEN

"Michale"

743 East 180th Street
Bronx

Steward Department

Office Practice, 4 terms

G. O. Rep., 1 term

Service Squad, 1 term





SECTION 3

Mr. Jerome Leichus, Advisor
 President—Jeremiah O'Halloran
 Vice Pres.—Fred Merlino
 Secty.-Treas.—Moe Nagrod

Front row, left to right: Olsen, J. Morales, Pelo, Meruno, Muller, Hall, Ortiz, Medina. Middle row: Moberg, Mohn, Meyers, McQueeny, Mr. Leichus, Krejci, Balthe, Pecoraro. Top row: Nunes, Popper, Callinan, Spearman, Parsley, O'Connell, Normoyle, O'Halloran, Arce.



SECTION 4

Dr. Rita Morgan, Advisor
 President—Louis Cernilli
 Vice Pres.—Raymond Ellis
 Secty.—Curley Parrish
 Treas.—Ronald Hezel

Front row, left to right: Gambrone, T. Cipola, Polis, Tamburella, Dr. Morgan, Ellis, Cernilli, Parrish. Middle row: D. Cipola, Slammon, Meyers, Vasquez, Rodman, Fernandez, Hezel, Norris. Top row: O'Sullivan, Mahr, Ito, Balen, Licht, Blythe, McGinn.



SECTION 6

Mr. Jacob Rosenkrantz, Advisor
 President—John Philpot
 Vice-Pres.—Ted Philpot
 Secty.—Ernest Chandler
 Treas.—Sam Belzinsky

Front row: Rich Fitzpatrick, Frank Faviano, Joseph Dudzienski, George Castillo, Daniel Capers, William Freeman. Middle row: Patsy Rienzi, Nicholas De Filippo, John Philpot, Mr. Rosenkrantz, Thomas Boykin, Joseph Agnese, Ted Philpot, Tam Busso. Top row: Jacob Chugerman, David Ebert, Sam Belzinsky, Ronald Braney, George Boettcher, Ray Del Valle, Arthur Ahern.



SECTION 12

Mr. William Griffey, Advisor
 President—Joseph Santiago
 Vice Pres.—John Vega
 Treas.—Howard Schumsky
 Secty.—Howard Schumsky

Front row: Rulledge, Picerno, Alexander, J. Santiago, Salvador, Richardson, Roman, Vega. Middle row: Salerno, Zawacki, Romero, Mr. Griffey, Smiles, G. Rivera, Alexander, Reistad. Top row: Metaksa, Zimmerman, Verdejo, Summers, T. Santiago, Sherman, Ryan.

SECTION 16

Mr. Henry Hirschberg, Advisor
President—Barry Ashenbaum
Vice Pres.—Arless Pack
Secty.—Henry Mehrtens
Treas.—David Bowman

Top row: E. Moon, Cicero, Choice, Columbo, Mehrtens, Pack, Heyward, Switzer.
Middle row: Gilbert, Carter, Riska, Mr. Hirschberg, Bowman, Borgis, Totten, Moses.
Front row: De Angelo, Koehler, Calabro, Zamparelli, Cozzolino, Di Pietro, Zizzo, Ashenbaum.



SECTION 46

Mr. Bernard Arrow, Advisor
President—Robert Szinn
Vice Pres.—Edward Carney
Secty.—Robert Hutcheon
Treas.—Howard Glasgow

In front: Mr. Arrow. Front row: Robert Hutcheon, Howard Glasgow, Edward Conaty, Lawrence Barnett. Second row: Joseph Kennedy, Clyde Tower, Steven Rubin, Harry Le Claire. Third row: Donald Cimato, Robert Szinn, William Tichy, John Gooden. Fourth row: La Vergne Dawson, Fred Limeweber, Robert Swoboda, Louis Vassallo, Stanley Bennett. Standing: James Ennett.



SECTION 26

Capt. Martin Reed, Advisor
President—R. Tapia
Vice Pres.—Felix Cosme
Secty.—Ed Ortiz
Treas.—J. Palomba

Top: Captain Reed. Standing: R. Velasquez, Ortega, A. Ytana, Ed. Ortiz, Pagan, N. Nilsen, Walter Dennis. Bottom: F. Gaston, Richard Tapia, J. Palomba.



SECTION 35

Mr. Morris Kunins, Advisor
President—Clarence Tuttle
Secty.—William Tuttle
Treas.—Saverio Camarda

Front row: Scull, Devita, La Barbiera, Corchado, Martinez, Lipetri. Middle row: Johanson, Fredrickson, Barcelo, Mr. Kunins, Hedgecock, Rodden, Camarda. Top row: Daly, Marshall, Ciufa, De Luca, Collister, Marshall.





SECTION 51

Miss Frances Butterfield, Advisor
 President—Joyce Butler
 Vice Pres.—Dorothy Martis
 Secty.—Lucile Bossert
 Treas.—Joan Szathmary
 G. O. Reps.—Joan Szathmary,
 Joan Law

Front row: B. Nelson, P. Henley, D. Martis,
 J. Butler, L. Tucker, J. Law. Middle row: V.
 Dorato, G. Sigmund, Miss Butterfield, J.
 Szathmary, M. Small. Top row: A. Williams,
 M. Oliver, V. Austin, P. Matthews, G. Doug-
 las, L. Bossert, A. Maussot.



SECTION 77

Mr. Bernard Hertzig, Advisor
 President—Vincent Fairbrother
 Vice Pres.—Charles Blount
 Secty.—Henry Grossman
 Treas.—Frank Rogers

Front row: W. Masterson, J. Torrey, M.
 Nalick, F. Rogers, T. Nesbitt, M. Cowan,
 E. Busse, A. Falzon. Middle row: V. Fair-
 brother, T. White, T. Small, C. Collings,
 Mr. Hertzig, H. Grossman, A. Smith,
 R. Saviano. Top row: T. Freeman, D. Picci-
 rillo, B. Viruso, L. Steur, C. Blount, L. Hicks,
 R. Lloyd, H. Nepton, D. Porter.



SECTION 55

Mrs. Ruth Weiss, Advisor
 President—Mrs. Carruth Rhett
 Vice Pres.—Christine Mitchell
 Secty.—Lorraine Shepard
 Treas.—Deanna Lofton

Front row: Deanna Lofton, Christine
 Mitchell, Shirley Wilkes, Lorraine Shepard,
 Sylvia Miller. Middle row: Joyce Epstein,
 Dorothy Waychowski, Mrs. Aicha Brahm,
 Mrs. Weiss, Marjorie Johnson, Josephine
 Vacanti. Top row: Lillian Guardino, Ida
 Massey, Libia Pabon, Annamay Kenny, Eliz-
 abeth Trapani, Mary Morlan.



SECTION 44

Mr. Harold Horn, Advisor
 President—Victor Mendolia
 Vice Pres.—Michael Natale
 Secty.—Fred MacPhail
 Treas.—Ronald Ostling

Front row: Roy Johnson, Michael Natale,
 Fred MacPhail, Ronald Ostling, Richard
 Gomez, Olendo Camardella, Cleveland
 Jones, Marimino Berrios, Michael Manning.
 Middle row: Robert Byrne, Alfred Rivera,
 Carmelo Ramirez, Frank Huckabone, Mr.
 Horn, Luis Caballero, Richard Buckholz,
 Michael Grande, Robert Rodgers. Top row:
 George Fox, Joseph Connolly, Joseph King,
 Victor Mendolia, Edward Bergner, Charles
 Thorson, Ralph Eccleston.

SECTION 10

Mr. Elias Maier, Advisor
 President—Robert Giovati
 Vice Pres.—Anthony Blasi
 Secty.—Robert Lasher
 Treas.—Gregory Gentile

Front row: Clancy, Hensen, Karlson, Redd, Hickman, Ricart. Middle row: Giovati, Gentile, Lascher, Mr. Maier, Remere, Donald Johnson, Williams. Top row: Ristau, McIntyre, Pope, Sloan, Baumann, Werthmuller, Mahoney, Blasi.



SECTION 36

Mr. Max Birnbaum, Advisor
 President—John Bitoff
 Vice Pres.—James Guli
 Secty.—D. Barnett
 Treas.—S. Wenowsky

Front row: S. Wenowsky, G. Becker, P. Safina, R. Costas, R. Lewis, T. La Russo, D. Castillo, A. Fermo. Middle row: R. Augustine, E. Veve, J. Bitoff, Mr. Birnbaum, J. Guli, S. Zimmerman, A. Piner. Top row: R. Smith, C. Goodwin, G. Schofield, D. Barnett, W. Brown, J. Williams, C. Olshefsky, D. Byrnes.



SECTION 17

Mr. Robert Lehman, Advisor

President—Walter Toehlke
 Vice Pres.—David Haa

Secty.—Melvin Wyche
 Treas.—Donald Harris

Front row: Donald Harris, Bertil Kraft, Mr. Lehman, Donald Hoff, Paul Coleman. Middle row: Isaiah Jackson, Rene Estrella, Butler Long, Rosario Congialose, Carlos Esquerete, Wilbur Diehm, Robert Taylor, Richard Anderson. Top row: Anthony Gentile, John Miklosz, Carl Anderson, Walter Toelke, Melvin Wyche, Eddie Elba, Jack Willis, David Haa.





SECTION 50

Mr. Herman Jacobs, Advisor

G. O. Rep.—Louis Fuentes

Alt. Rep.—Craig Jones

Front row: Wilfrido Rodriguez, Frank Pitorino, Robert Kranks, Mr. Jacobs, John Amato, Craig Jones, James Guzman. Middle row: William Condiano, Frank Signorile, Anthony Gargiulo, Richard Tuttle, Anthony Borzellieri, Theodore Kraskow, Stanley Schwartz. Rear row: Philip Vogel, William Ularsik, Peter Marchiano, Henry Bogan, Joseph Gallaro, Marijan Cotov, Louis Fuentes.

The 1952 Classic

BASEBALL, a game that has been the national pastime for so long, is still thrilling millions of people.

There are many tales and humorous stories to be told about the game, but one event can never be equalled; the 1952 World Series!

The recent series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees will go down as one of the greatest ever played. The first game of the series was held at Ebbets Field, the home of the Brooklyn Dodgers. The opening pitchers were Joe Black, representing the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Allie Reynolds for the Yanks. The score at the end of the game was 4-2, with Brooklyn taking it. The Yanks hit one home-run, while the Dodgers chalked up three.

With Brooklyn besting the Yank's best pitcher, the sportswriters started to change their odds and it looked as if Brooklyn would stop the Yankees' string of three World Series in a row. But the Yankees came back and took the second game. The series continued that way with each team taking one and losing one. The outstanding highlights included Duke Snider's four homeruns, Carl Erskine retiring nineteen Yanks in order, tremendous catches by Furillo, Snider, Mantle and Pafko.

The deciding game was won by the Yanks who kept their winning record intact, making their fourth series' victory in a row.

So all hail to the Yankees and hail to the Gallant losers, the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Joseph La Placa

The Metro Baseball Team of '52

THE school team started off pretty badly because of sloppy playing, and after we had dropped the first few games, we lost our coach, Mr. Birnbaum. Mr. Weissberger took over as our new coach and we soon won two games in a row. The most spectacular game was against George Washington High School. They were in second place and needed the game to have a three way tie for first place with Franklin, and Commerce High.

It was a nip and tuck battle all the way. At the end of the regular seven innings, the game was tied at nine-nine. The Washington team was furious because the game meant a great deal to them. We played one extra inning before the umpire called the game because of darkness. Although it ended in a tie, I believe it to be one of our greatest accomplishments of the sports season at Metro.

Seymour Wenowsky

Good Sportsmanship

SPORTSMANSHIP means your ability in sports; and it also means the qualities and conduct of a sportsman.

One good example of good sportsmanship was this year's World Series. The Dodgers were just as happy as the Yanks were, even though the Yanks won the series again. There weren't any disputes between the two teams. It was thrilling from the first game to the last one and a wonderful example of good sportsmanship was shown.

A good sportsman should know how to lose

and take the jeers that come as a result. He should play fair and square all the time! He should also be honest and gallant. He should try to do his best all the time. All these good qualities make a sportsman more popular.

Jackie Robinson is the best example of sportsmanship I've ever known. He had to take and endure all the insults, wise remarks, and nicknames the fans gave him. But he remained honest, patient, and courageous and achieved for himself the title of a top performer all the way.

Ivan Garcia

SWIMMING TEAM

Mr. William Kenney, Advisor

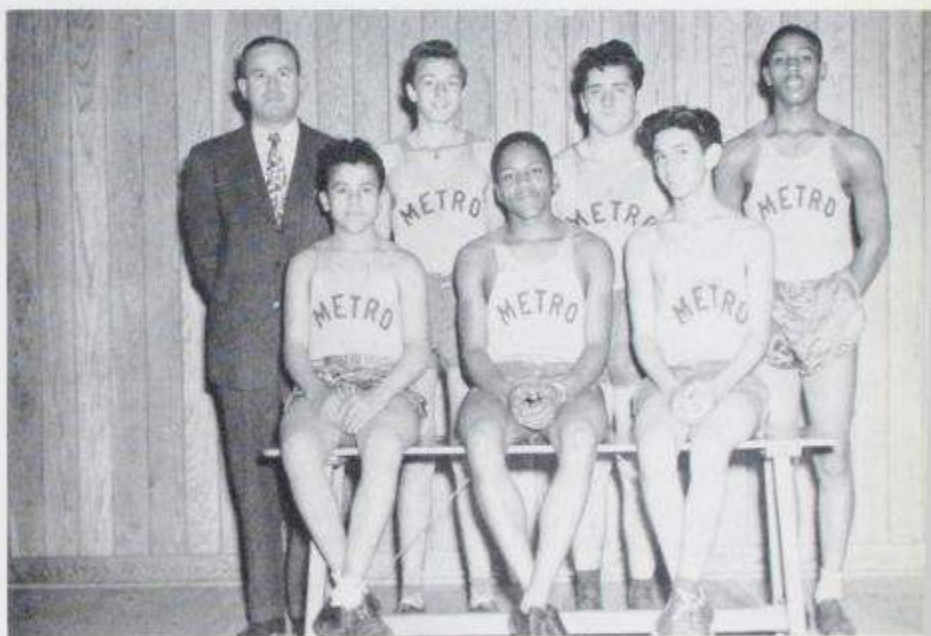
Standing: Estrella Di Stefano, Mahoney, Torres, Hall, DeLuca, Early, Weglorz. Sitting: Rilly, Harris, Martinez, Schumsky, Lozano, Whittiker.



TRACK TEAM

Mr. Max Birnbaum, Coach

Seated: H. Arbello, Wm. Henry, (Capt.) T. Busso. Standing: Mr. Birnbaum, E. Kucinsky, M. Nastasi, D. Bowman



METRO GLEE CLUB

Mr. Henry Ziegler, Director
Secretary—Lillian Guardino

Front row: Patricia Matthews, Elizabeth Trapani, Mr. Ziegler, Mary Davenport, Lillian Guardino. Second row: Barbara Nelson, Christine Mitchell, Margot Small, Vera Austin, Shirley Wilkes, Joan Szathmary, Anna Moussot. Third row: Ida Massey, Geraldine Sigmund, Dorothy Wychowski, Lorraine Shepherd, Pauline Henley, Joan Law, Marjorie Johnson. Fourth row: Earl Nioton, Leo Esquibel, Melvin Peel, Gus Martinez, Craig Jones, Tommy Ferrante, Al Passaro. Top row: Russel King, Alex Kolesnikoff, Alec Dorsey, George Tanis, George Brown, Allan Sachs, John Popp.





Honor Society

Mr. Edward Abramowitz, Advisor

President: Elizabeth Trapani

Vice-President: John Bitoff

Secretary: Joyce Butler

Treasurer: Charles Collings

Left to right:

Fourth row: Porter, Paino, Slater, J. Philpot, Tucker, McGinn, Bitoff, Collings.

Third row: C. Anderson, Haa, O'Sullivan, Mr. Abramowitz, Boykin, Berlin,

Yorio, Haugland. Second row: Murry, Meyers, Gentile, Ingraffia, Camarda,

Damico, Soto, Peregrine. First row: Tanis, Vidal, Belzinsky, Law, Trapani,

Butler, Bergman, Kudes, Dorsey.



"WITHOUT OPPRESS OF TOLL"

CONTAINING treasures of literature, a wealth of words, and a theme behind a cover, books may slowly decay on the shelves of a library, only to be reborn when someone reads the written tale or while the memory of the story exists.

When one nonchalantly picks up a seemingly inert object called a book, he may not realize that behind this false front lies an exciting and interesting world known as literature.

Literature! A musical sounding word defined as "writings of a period or of a country, especially those kept alive by their beauty of style

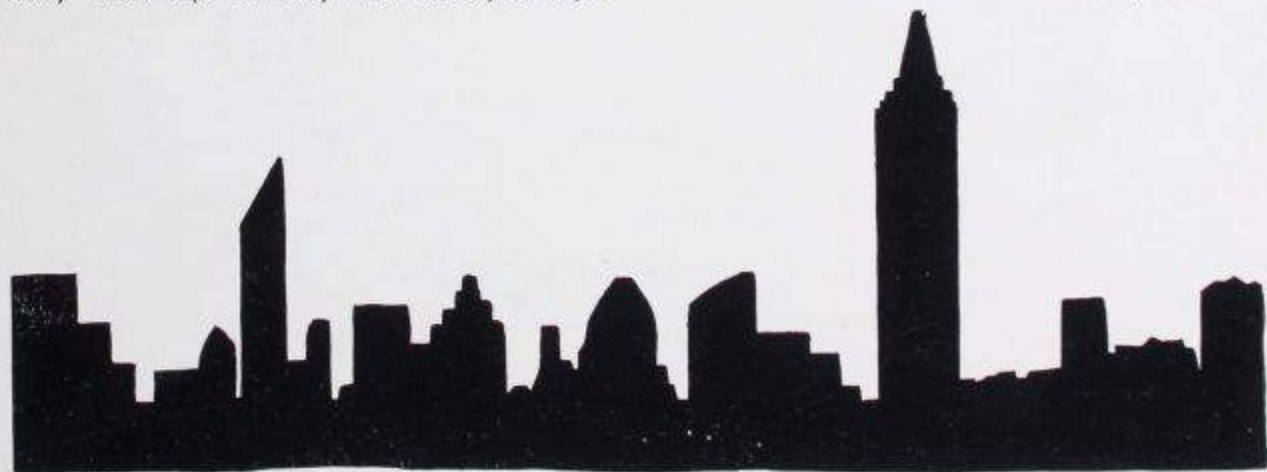
or thought." Literature can never die or moulder when we, the living, still have memory of our exciting trip through these descriptive words.

Our Metro library contains many of these travel tickets to the land of good literature. Mrs. Reinisch, our school librarian, has become more than a librarian. She is an ambassador between the worlds of reality and the fiction found in the books which she so kindly selects for us.

As Emily Dickinson says:

"There is no frigate like a book,
To bear you lands away."

Henry Grossman





SOCIALITES

Class Celebrities



Best Looking

Boy—Sam Paino
Girl—Anne Mousot

Best Dressed

Boy—Louis Fuentes
Girl—Lizzie Trapani

Wit

Joe Tamburello

Athlete

Bob Giovati

Clown

Sam Slater

Most Likely to Succeed

Charles Collings

Smartest

Henry Grossman

Politician

John Giancana

Most Popular

Serafin Corchado

Gentleman

Ray Ellis



OUR CITY COUNCIL

G. O. Meeting

Vice President Giancano
has the floor.

Mr. Philip Pines, Advisor,
offers a suggestion.



Testing

When it comes time for me to take a test,
I'm a little different from the rest,
I always worry and always fear,
When so-called test day edges near.
I study hard and start to pray,
Thinking I'll pass my test that way,
I sit in my seat, and I'm ready to pass (?)
My heart feels funny and skips a beat,
Then all of a sudden my nerves are a quiver,
I'm ready to write and my hands shiver,
I get the funniest feeling inside me,
My mind goes blank and there I be,
I forget all I know during the test and then,
Right after it's over, I remember again.

William Boykin

What's That?

WHAT is that thing coming up
the hall? I can't quite make
it out. It's staggering as if it were
about to fall any minute. It couldn't
be a human—that . . . that . . .
thing! Why it couldn't be. Look!
Now it has stopped and is swaying
from side to side. It's getting
closer, but it's still confusing. What
is it? It's all hunched over and
cringing. I should run and call for
help, but I can't move. I'm frozen
to this spot. I've got to find out
what it is. It's still coming nearer
. . . nearer . . . OPPS! It fell! It's
lying on the floor in a heap. It's
getting up now. It's coming toward
me . . . closer . . . closer . . . I
can't understand it yet. Wait! It's
near me now. I can make it out!
I can! It's . . . we'll look and see
what it is. Geeeee! A crushed and
trampled student who forgot to
move when the lunch bell rang.

R. E. Chandler

The Marts of Trade

G. O. Store

Mr. Weingarten, Mgr.
(top Right)





THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

1. We Made It

I CAN still remember, in 1939, when I was munching on a sandwich, that I heard a booming sound in the distance, after which I soon began to hear planes. A volley had just been fired from an anti-aircraft position on a nearby hill, when my mother grabbed me, with my father following with my brother under his arm. We rushed into the cellar. The raid was brief but destructive. My father knew that it was only the first of more to come so he called some neighbors together, and after making brief plans, went to a score of families with children and told them to bring their children to his house the next morning at eight o'clock. At that time, my father was working for a bus company, and, as the owner had been killed, bought one of his largest buses. At eight o'clock, we set out toward the children's homes and then to a hidden part of the country with sixty children on board. We hadn't gone more than a few miles when we were caught in a fierce raid. I saw buildings crumble all about us, but we got through all right, without any serious damage. Later, we found that the bus had been hit by twelve bomb fragments, two of them through the window. We arrived at midnight, and as they were expecting us, were issued quarters immediately. During my two years there, my father brought six more buses full of children, many of them orphaned by the war already. Not long afterward, we (my brother and I) were taken to the country to live with my grandparents. From there we watched, as the night was lighted up with a "Christmas tree" (an arrangement of flares) as Tallin was almost completely demolished by a raid that lasted for three hours, killing almost three thousand people. Meanwhile, a group of men had been secretly building a boat in the Noca-ranna forest on the coast of the Baltic Sea. We were soon hustled on my father's truck again and taken to the sea shore. A number of people had been gathered and were still arriving. In half an hour, we were ready to go. We still begged our friends and grandparents to come along with us,

but they would not leave their homes. As we set out, there was not a ripple to be seen. We hadn't gone more than ten minutes when suddenly a red flare rose clearly in the night sky. Pretty soon we were chased by two Russian coast guard boats, but we disappeared in the darkness. The same night we encountered one of the Baltic Sea's severest gales. When water started to come over the gunwales, we threw everything overboard to lighten the ship. I can still see it, when my father lifted me on the half-deck to see the world for the last time, when he thought that it did not matter whether he drowned outside or inside the boat. He ripped the floorboards up, and there he saw it, a hole almost three yards long and the width of the plank. When he shouted that he had found the leak, it gave the people renewed hope and they started bailing with everything they had handy. After plugging the hole with shirts from the men's backs, the level started to recede rapidly. Soon we got on our way and were picked up by a Swedish coast-guard cutter. The whole thing lasted about three days and two nights. We were still between the cliffs near the coasts, when a Swedish coast-guard cutter stopped us, saying there was a mine directly underneath us. It was detonated against the cliffs. Three days before the trip, a man who everybody guessed was a Russian, was always present at the boat, measuring it with his steps and taking notes of it. The mine could have been planted. I was terrified at the cliffs hovering big above us. We were sucked still farther toward them when, suddenly, a schooner appeared and led us out of the devil's hole to Coruna, in Spain. After being stocked up entirely by the people (God bless them) we set the course for Florida. When we had covered two-thirds of the way we were caught in the heart of the biggest hurricane known in these waters for half a century. In New York harbor, Ellis Island was flooded—so far did its force range. The wind was blowing at 110 miles per hour, with stronger gusts. In the first

(Continued on Next Page)

two minutes the foresail was ripped to shreds, and a new one had to be made immediately, for we had to keep our head in the wind or sink. When the fore-sail did not help, a sea anchor was rigged out of a large water barrel we had on deck. That finally kept our head in the wind. For the second time our lives were in the hands of Captain Anderson who had been at the wheel for three nights without sleep. But one of the hardest jobs, and the most dangerous, was up to my parents, the cooks. During the hurricane, they had to carry food for the poor wretches below.

After the hurricane their hands were scalded

terribly up to their elbows, with huge boils on their legs from the burns. Twice she thought it would be easier to jump overboard, but a look at the calm face of Captain Anderson in the dim light of the binnacle showing so clearly in the wheel house gave her different thoughts. When I went on deck after the wind had slackened some, I was terrified at the waves which were sixty feet at that time, and they had shrunk a great deal.

I cannot understand how the boat could withstand such bashing by the waves. Some still say it wasn't the boat, but God. It was a miracle, but, somehow, WE MADE IT.

Indrek Lepson, *Third Term*

2.

How I Escaped the Communists

I WAS born October 25, 1936 in Latvia. My father was on a submarine as a lieutenant. When I was four years old, he took me for a ride. I enjoyed it very much.

When I was seven years old and school started, I couldn't go. At that time, the war started between Russia and Germany. In 1939, the Russian army entered Latvia, and took over the government. One year later, the Germans fought their way to Stalingrad, and now they were the bosses. Before the Russians left, they destroyed everything, and deported thousands to Siberia as slaves. We were the lucky ones, who escaped the deportation by hiding in the woods. By 1944, the air attacks grew harder every minute. We were sitting all nights and days in shelters. The front came back, and everybody started fleeing their homes. So did we.

We were the last ones who left Riga, the

capital of Latvia. On our way to Germany, our skies had an air attack by Russian planes. They flew at a low level, and started shooting with their machine guns. They shot all our life boats and dropped bombs and torpedoes. Luckily, the bombs missed and so did the torpedoes. But we got a hole in our hull. It took us four days to get over. In Germany, it was the same with the air raids every night and day. The Nazis put us in a camp but that was better than concentration camp. In 1945, when the war was ended, the American authorities gathered all displaced persons. They made up D. P. camps and supported us. I arrived in America on May 14, 1950. In September, I started school in the sixth grade. The second term I was in the seventh grade and third in the eighth. Last September, I entered Metropolitan Vocational High School.

Gunars Tress, *Third Term*



I DON'T know what to do. Is it true or isn't it? Maybe somebody's playing a hoax . . . or maybe not. I don't know. No one knows. Let me tell you what I'm talking about.

My name is Alex Burnawiski and this is December in the year 1952. I was working in the Everglades for my company (I started about a month ago), doing some research. My job was to bring back species of wild flowers and land. At first, it was pretty lonely out there all by myself with about a thousand animals around me. Come to think of it, I was even a little afraid. I don't know of what, but I was afraid.

Days passed and I seem to have broken out of my feeling of loneliness when it happened. I'll never forget that day. It was terribly hot. I had started my work early in the morning, about seven o'clock. I had been working about two hours until . . . until . . . I found it. I don't know why I picked that particular spot . . . but I did. I had been digging with my shovel for some specimens of the ground where some rare flowers grew, when I struck something. At first, I thought it was a rock, but as I kept on poking it with my shovel, I saw a smooth, shiny surface. I dug all around it to free it from the dirt. After all the dirt was off, I saw what appeared to be a stellar container, and to my amazement it was. I bent down to reach for it. It was very cold. A chill ran up and down my spine. I picked it up and stood on my feet. There was no writing on the outside, so I didn't know what it was. I tried to unscrew it but it was tight as a clam, so I brought it back to my hut.

When I got to the hut, I immediately went for a hammer to knock off the top. I raised the hammer and gave it a sharp blow, but nothing happened. I hit it a little harder but still nothing happened.

I kept banging it with terrific force, but I didn't even dent it. I got so angry I flung it against a tree, and to my amazement, the top opened. I ran over and picked it up, but there was still another container inside of it. It wasn't as hard to open as the other one because of a small button on the side. All I did was press the button and the top opened. I looked in the container. All I found was a piece of paper. I

reached in and pulled it out. It was slightly brown on the edges. My fingers trembled as I opened the paper. Many thoughts ran through my head. I thought for a moment that it was a map of buried treasure, but that dream was quickly dispelled by a terrible nightmare as I began to read it. I just couldn't believe what my eyes were reading. I shut my eyes and counted to ten and then opened them, thinking that it was all a bad dream . . . It wasn't.

I immediately packed up and left. When I arrived in New York, I hopped a cab and rushed right over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I showed them what I had found, but they laughed at me and threw me out. I then ran over to my company and showed it to my boss. I figured that, with his influence, he could get someone to listen to him. I ran to his office and burst in there like a madman. He blew a fuse for what I did, but when I explained, he quieted down and then told me that I was working too hard, or that someone was playing a joke on me. He told me to go home and take a two months' vacation. I darted out of the office and ran all over town to all the newspapers and police stations and millions of other places, but they all thought that I was a prankster. It was then that I knew all was hopeless; my plans to change the future.

Now I walk the streets, a tired man who tried but failed. The most I can do is go home to my wife and four children and go on my vacation and live as if nothing had happened. But way down deep, in back of my sorry heart, as I grow old, I will know that someday my children's great-great-grandchildren will not live very long because people wouldn't listen to me. And why will I feel it way down deep? I'll tell you why. Because of that piece of paper. Do you want to know what was on that paper? I don't think that I should, because then, you, too, might feel the same way that I feel now. Well, if you insist, I'll tell you. As I opened the container and unfolded the paper, I read . . .

"To whom it may concern,

"I, Thomas Alexandrew, born in 1900, am the only survivor of the planet Earth in the year 2052.

... You see, I was a scientist and I invented a time machine. I went into the past and saw our country being built up. I then travelled in the future until I reached the 2052. I was shocked at what I saw. All America was in ruins. As I travelled around the world I found, to my amazement, that all Earth was the victim of a third world war. According to a newspaper I found, dated February 24, 1953, the U. S. and Russia were having an atomic war. The scientists predicted that the war wouldn't last three more days and not a single soul would be left on earth if the war didn't end. Well, when I left to try out my machine, it was only September 29, 1952. I tried to get back to my time when something

went wrong with my machine and I was forced to land in the Everglades.

"I have been in this year 2052 for four days and I am slowly dying of starvation. There is only one more chance. I have invented this steel container that I can shoot back into the past. In it, I will put this letter. I only hope and pray that someone finds it soon and tries to prevent a war. But if no one does find it, my letter will be useless.

"And now I'm getting weak from lack of food and cannot write any further. Right now the only thing I can do is pray to God and hope."

Well . . . now do you believe me? Now do you know why I feel so bad inside; or do you think I'm crazy like the others? I wonder!

Thomas Ferrante

"The Call of the Sea"

*Walking up the plank
I heard the voices;
Voices of the ship, voices of the sea,
They beckoned to me.
I knew it was "The call of the sea."
They were strange voices;
Some deep, some shrill, like winds in a stormy night.
Some were like the roar of the surf on the flowing sands.
I heard shrill sounds, like wind tearing thru the rigging of a ship.
Many men have heard this call;
Many men have followed it,
And they knew it was "The Call of the Sea."*

Richard Tuttle, *Third Term*

I Love You So

(A Tin Pan Alley Tune)

*Your eyes are like sparkling stars
That shine in the skies above,
From your sweet ruby lips
Come wonderful words of love.
When you're near me, my heart works like a piston,
I just can't seem to get you out of my system.
My love for you is too deep to ignore,
It's even deeper than the ocean floor.
And when I look into your eyes
I ask myself why
I love you so.*

Melvin Peel, Jr.

Ballad of the Sea

*Down by the sea, the beautiful sea,
Lived a maiden fair.
Her skin was white as the golden sand,
And the sun glanced off her silky hair.*

*Her teeth were like pearls
That come from the deep;
And her voice was soft
As a bird's first peep.*

*Her eyes were like whirlpools
Ever twisting and turning;
And her bosom as white
As the foam that was churning.*

*A ship chanced to pass through this sea
And the Captain stopped at the beach to repro-
vision.
The maiden fair with golden hair,
Sitting on a rock, made quite a vision
To the surprised captain,
Who never dreamed a maiden dwelled there.*

*The captain engaged her in conversation,
And though he asked many questions,
Her answers were always evasive
And this became an obsession.*

*They wined and dined on the shore,
The maiden, captain and crew,
At a feast that will be remembered for evermore
By the captain and a few.*

*They slept that night upon the shore
And, when they awoke,
The ship was there no more.
They thought it was a joke.*

*They did not notice the maiden was gone
Nor little did they realize that she,
The maiden that sat on the stone,
Was a siren of the sea.*

Barry Ashenbaum

The One That Got Away

THERE stands a lone fisherman on the rock bound beach.
The surf like thunder booms.
The foam Schaefer's fresh from the tap.
He gets his tackle, readies the plug and wire clipped on his line.
He casts over the foaming breakers once, a dozen times more.
And then a striper hits like a sudden storm.
The pole is bending, the fish headed for the rocks.
The drag is running free, as he runs and almost knocks the fisherman off his feet.
His arms are tired and the fish is almost done.
He's almost in the breakers now.
The fish's belly hits the bottom and, with one tremendous run, he snaps the line
upon a rock.
You see, the fish has won.

Edward Parsley, Third Term

A Pupil's Conception of High School

BEING a pupil in Metropolitan gives me an opportunity to give you my conception of the average student here.

By the average student, I mean the group that sets high standards between the "honor society" and the "dishonor society."

After freshman orientation, his mind becomes a maze of doubts put there by the upperclassmen. He visualizes the classes and studies as a condemned man would visualize his fate. The teachers, in his imagination, are old and decrepit creatures whose only purpose in life is to make this freshman miserable.

His impression of the English class is that of a person being hung on the torture racks and being beaten with nouns, pronouns, vowels and all of the other material that gives the dictionary its weight.

In History class, the pupil is willing to believe the teacher because a senior has told him the teacher is old enough to know.

Math is the most agonizing of all for our hero. He tries hard—but, after adding his wrongs, subtracting his rights, multiplying his feelings, taking the tenth root of the teacher's feelings and dividing the result by his homework, he understands why they put him on the second floor in a corner instead of on the fourth floor by a window.

It would seem as if lunch period would appeal to our little darling but, after sampling the city's idea of a well-balanced nutritious lunch, the freshman contents himself with patronizing the neighborhood gyp joint, if he can afford it. If not, he is satisfied with starving to death.

His mind is relieved of its burdens of the morning when he attends shop. If he is majoring in Photography, he is much impressed by the models (female, of course) who greet him so warmly, and is then dismayed when the instructor slaps a pair of horseblinds on him and tells him that he has to wait two years before he can return the greetings.

The deck student learns the life at sea isn't all "peaches and cream," when he gets on his scaffold in December and chips the paint off the side of the John W. Brown, until he breaks into Capt. Shelling's quarters.

The end of the day is over for our friend and he goes home cursing the teachers for the few hours' homework he has to do, regretting the choice of schools he has made, pondering over the suffering he must endure tomorrow but wise to the fact that play has ended and school has started.

William Henry

Poem

*The sun was high overhead,
On this calm summer day.
The sea was full of great big ships
Off some distant shore.
The sky was calm above,
The sea was calm below.
And the people on board these great ships
Rejoiced while on their way.
While they rejoiced, the people thought
Of things they had left behind.
And also of other things
They would expect to find.*

Herbert Brownstein

Telephone

*Some people like it
Others shun,
But whenever they hear it
They come on the run.*

John Conaty, Third Term

Summertime

*Summertime will soon be here;
Time of long days and short nights;
Days of warm and lasting sunshine.
Days of fun and gaiety.
To the beaches! To the park!
To the scenic lands of beauty,
That is summertime.*

Joseph Perales, Third Term

God

*When people have lost their loved ones.
They sometimes wonder if there is a God.
I wonder myself but when I go to the sea
shore and I see the heaven so blue and the
clouds so white and the birds flying
over the great ocean, I know if people would
just stop and look around they wouldn't have
any wonder at all if there is a God.*

Gary Sherman, Third Term

Days

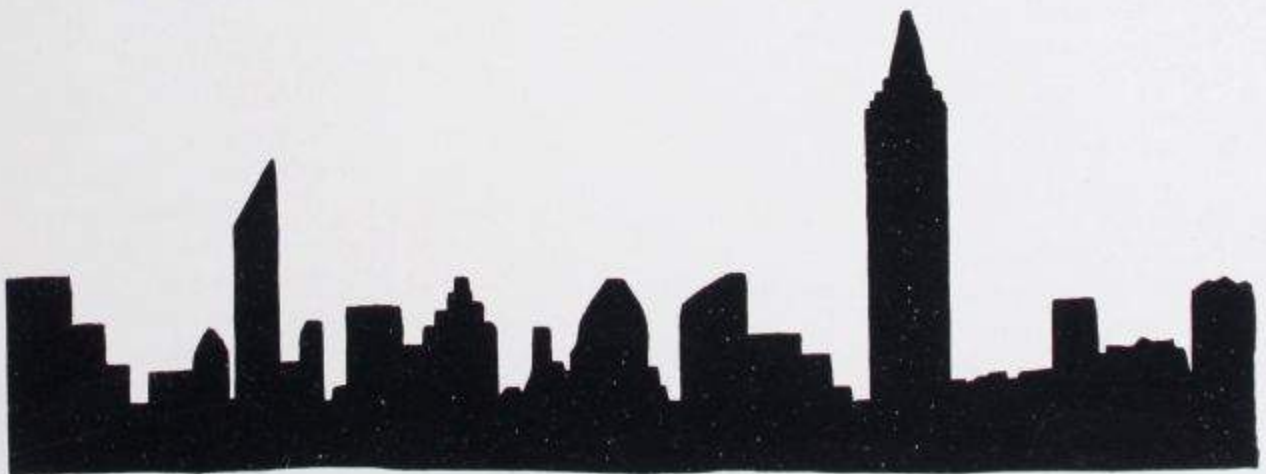
*There are days that are sunny, there are days
That are cloudy.
Some are long, some are short, but they go on and on.
The day is like a man, who is young
At one time and old at another.
The day is young in the morning and ends its life at night.*

Joseph Tamburello

Love and the Wind

*Love is like the wind
Blowing its breeze around,
Causing a stir in every leaf
But never uttering a sound.
To find it, you need but to sit at home
And be as inactive as a bear in winter.
You'll soon find that the wind will
Knock and, when you open, love will enter.*

William Henry



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PERFORMING ARTS

JANUARY, 1953



PLACES EVERYONE

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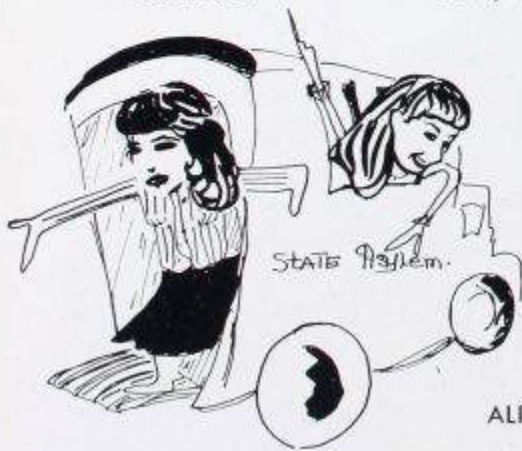
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DEDICATION

by Judy Small

It is usual, in this conventional world, to have the editor of a periodical pen a dedication of high moral ideals for his readers. I am finger-tied. What I feel, innermost, I am ashamed to say (we are so cynical) and you possess the same feelings, anyway.

I thought, perhaps, for a change, you could write to me. Instead of a letter from the editor to his readers, we would have a letter from the readers to the editor. . . . Would it read this way?

“. . . Dear Editor,

“We are happy you have the job. We know the job will be done. It will, won't it? Do it to the best of your ability. If it's that bad, we won't criticize. Oh, yes, we'll contribute—stories, poems, ads—when's the deadline? We'll meet it. It is true that we have History, Chem. and Dramatics, but we'll have the material in on time. Did you say, “meetings”? Oh, go ahead. Don't bother about meetings. We approve. Just don't look so haughty. You'll get it done. . . .”

Seriously though, I've been lucky. The senior class has been cooperative and made my job both bearable and enjoyable. But, more important to me, I learned something from being the editor of a democratic periodical. This is what I found out. The most difficult way of life is the democratic way. Under an autocratic or theocratic or totalitarian system, too often an editor would say, “Write this! Write that! Bring it in by such and such a date.” Sounds difficult, doesn't it? . . . but it isn't. . . . Anyone can learn 2 times 2, if he's drilled hard enough.



In a democratic state, it's up to you, that's hard. No one takes you by the hand, no one puts a pencil in your fist, no one puts a thought in your head. Yes, you've got to do it yourself. You've got to take yourself in hand; you've got to get your own materials; you've got to think it out by yourself.

That's difficult, but that's democracy. The thought occurs to me, that democracy seems to be the easiest form of life, but actually is the most difficult.

So, here we go, out into this world, and though it sounds trite, I believe it to be true, that the mark we make, the dreams we realize, will come out of our own doing, and it will be, truly, a world we make.



ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

by Dr. Paine



AS self-reliant individuals always working in harmony for group success, the members of this graduating class have demonstrated qualities that exemplify the best in our democratic tradition. You have taken advantage of the opportunities given to inform and enlighten you in the use of your own resources. Through individual initiative and personal determination you have mastered the exacting requirements for graduation prepared by teachers who regard you highly.

It has been said that the basic values of life sacred to our early fathers must be rooted deep in our culture. If, by culture, we mean the expression of the whole personality in meeting everyday problems, we have assurance that your noble efforts will inspire succeeding classes to keep alive this fundamental to the "soul of democracy." In the long run you will be remembered by what you do for yourselves and not by what others do for you.

Study without directed activity may be futile to a career; action without intelligent study may not be conducive to success. You have succeeded in the field of dance, drama or music because you have learned to combine study and performance to reach a desired goal.

As you travel through life you will discover that opportunities do not come to you with values stamped in gold letters. You must always be alert to examine and test in terms of your own goals. Goals are determined often by

ideals. Since I have had occasions to talk with you about present and future problems, I know you have high ideals. Hold on to them because they are like tuning forks you must sound often to keep your life on the standard pitch.

It has given me much joy and delight to counsel with you individually and as a group. Your willingness to cooperate and your intense school loyalty have contributed much to the fine spirit that has prevailed. In the organization and administration of senior activities you have demonstrated your ability to plan carefully.

Fortified with these sterling characteristics, you should be able to face life as it is. At times, circumstances and situations may make life seem dark and dreary. During such times do not hesitate to place reliance on God as the eternal principle or spirit. By doing so, you will discover you are clad in a panoply of love that gives strength and conquers adversity. Your own attitude and action will determine, to a large extent, what life will bring to you. We have faith that you will find real, attainable goals on a level that will bring satisfaction to you.

We shall miss you as dynamic personalities that endeared themselves to all of us. We have every confidence that you will do your share as good citizens to restore faith in our shaken world. Wherever you go and whatever you do, always keep in touch with Performing Arts.

My best wishes to all of you.

FRANK H. PAINE,
Teacher-in-charge.

Dr. Paine and Office 20 Years Hence!



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Three O'clock Conference



LITERARY SECTION



UGLY CHILD

by Bea Edelson

TRUDIE was a very little girl. She was a short, chunky eight year old, with thick blonde hair, and a blunt chin. Her eyes were deeply set and her horn-rimmed glasses were perched unattractively upon her nose. Without a doubt, Trudie was a very ugly child. She was an ugly child and she loved ugly things. She collected snakes and all kinds of little crawling animals. She put some of them in bottles, and kept them in her bedroom at home. The others she tied on a string and brought to school. Her greatest pleasure was to dangle them in front of all the little girls. No matter how Trudie's mother scolded, Trudie went right on liking ugly things. Trudie had an old rusty nail that she wore around her neck. She wore it night and day, and even when she took a bath, if she took one. The only time Trudie's mother could take the nail from her was when she was sound asleep. Her mother would creep into her bedroom late at night, and take it off. When morning came she would put it back around Trudie's neck.

One day Trudie wandered down a deserted street and there, in the midst of the gutter, was the ugliest thing she had ever seen. She stared at it and was fascinated by its ugliness. Nowhere on earth had she seen an uglier thing. Her first thought was to add it to her collection, so she picked it up and wrapped it in her handkerchief. When she got home she locked herself in her room and took out her newly found treasure. She found an old, cardboard shoebox, cut holes in the top, and put the ugly thing into it. Every day she watched it as it squished at the bottom of the box. She poked it with a pencil, and laughed with glee at the ugly thing she had found.

There came a time, when she looked into the box, and saw the ugly thing had changed. Instead of being soft and green and squirming, it was hard and brown and solid. She banged on it with her pencil and called it, but nothing happened. It had become a lifeless, dull, rock-like substance. She took the box and threw it under the bed. She hated this Death that had taken away her play-toy.

One rainy afternoon, she took out all her creatures, so that she could count them. She cleaned out her closet, her shelves, and all the nooks and corners of her room. She dug way down under the bed, and took the box out. She had completely forgotten about it. She called through the holes. There was no answer. She took the box into the corner and opened the lid. Out flew the strangest creature she had ever seen. It was yellow and blue and had little orange specks. It flew all around the room and settled on the bedpost. She stared in bewilderment at what she saw. She watched how beautifully it spread its wings, and how gracefully it flew from object to object. She listened to the soft delicate hum of its wings. It perched on her hand and kissed her fingers with its soft wings. It flew from her head, to her nose, and back to her fingertips. Its presence illuminated the room and Trudie felt a delicious dizziness. She suddenly ran to the window and threw it open. Then she ran to get her beetles and flies and her green garden snake and threw them all out of the window. She closed it tightly, as if she were afraid that they would come back again. She sat down on the bed and watched the beautiful creature. Her hand went to her throat and she clutched the nail. One pull, and off it came! The creature flew to the nail and settled itself on it. Trudie smiled as she watched it sitting there. How lovely it was. How wonderful that there was such a beautiful creature on earth. The ugly child, with the blond hair, and the horn-rimmed glasses, was finally what nature had intended her to be. Trudie was beautiful.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

by Judy Small

THIS is a story I would like to tell you. . . . It is about four trees. To get them you must walk along an old rambling road, past the old carved horse which watches over the yellow field flowers, and then past the deep luscious blackberry bushes where the rabbits live. Just beyond is a tree, a young one, covered with glorious fruit; but don't stop here! You have quite a way to go yet.

The road must wind and turn a bit and you will probably pass an army of ants winding their way across your path. Be careful, and don't disturb their march. Suddenly, at the place you least expect, the road will widen . . . and that's when you'll see my trees pointing straight toward heaven.

These four trees have been here since the beginning and have pushed themselves upward ever since. Each is so old that only the topmost branches can bear to hold leaves.

The bark of the first is so rough and its branches so high that no child would ever think of climbing it, but the beautiful bluebird which lives in the valley beyond heard its sighs and started to sing from its tallest branches. The bluebird's song was very sweet and the forest naturally seemed to applaud her when she sang there. The tree was pleased to be noticed and offered the bluebird a home on the branch. Now every day at sunset the concert begins.

My second friend is completely contorted as if she held some secret too horrible to bear. I have asked the other trees and animals about her, but all I have learned is, that once, a very long time ago when she was young, she was the proudest possible tree, with leaves the greenest possible green. The beauty laughed at the other trees that were not so fine looking and beckoned to people passing by to behold her charm. Of course humans acted in the way they must and carved their initials deep into her bark. After a while the life of the tree bled through these wounds which refused to heal. She bent lower and lower so that now humans shudder when she sings her beckoning song.

Now we come to the third. Do not smile because of her tiny size; this is a fine tree. Notice how her branches are interwoven with those of the fourth, which to my mind is the most majestic of all. This strong tree has an erect trunk, sturdy, and its branches jut straight out. The lowest ones reach to its small friend as if to protect her. Once, the red squirrel told me, the little one almost died from lack of sunlight and her strong friend pulled with all his might to separate its topmost branches so that she could see the sun. He strained and pulled nights, days, and nights again. He pulled so long and so hard that finally one of his branches broke off and died at the feet of the two friends. . . . The branch is still there. Poets, and sometimes lovers, sit on it in order to think. Well, the little tree was so happy to have light that she curled her arms about her brother so no one would see the terrible gash in his side, and they have been this way ever since.

Everytime I travel this old road to my trees, I feel a closeness to the truth and I am sure that someday, if we go together, we will find them joining with the clouds and we will hear the most beautiful music ever.



TO BE READ ONLY BY PEOPLE WHO HATE SUBWAYS...

by Diane Shalet

Down
 down
 down in the chasm
Downward still to a couple of fasm
Filthy, dank, dirty sewer
Downward I went
 looser
 and looser
All of us there in the ghastly dungeon
Up and down the platform trungeon
Waiting
 waiting
 for the nasty cur
There it was . . .
 but it stopped too fur
Push
 pull
 yank and
 nudge
Got to get in . . .
 No one would budge.
Squeeze some more
 shove and push
I'm almost in.
 one more sqush
 I was so mad I was gettin' boulder
 Someone was standin' on my shoulder
 There they were the stupid people
 Look at them there . . . look at them geeple
Hearing
 peering
 leering
 and sneezing
Cheering
 sneering
 veering
 and wheezing.
Bragging
 blustering
 bellowing and beltching
 While inside the train . . . from the heat I was meltching.
 Screaming and choking the monster chortles
 I've got you now . . . you silly mortals.
Halitosis
 heartaches
 and heat prostration
Why should we go thru . . . all this frostration?
Especially me . . . who with just one hitch
Has one great problem . . . the seven year itch.
And though crammed and crowded . . . these city troopers
Continue to read . . . their Evening poopers.



Strap Hanger!

THREE POEMS

TO THE POMPOUS SIR

by Alice Nicholson

Earth is as a drop in a rainswirl
Mountains—but a half-dreamed echo in the
 thunder of the universe
Between a chip of perfection—our sky
And a piece of magnificence—our sea
Man's stench-filled cities lie cradled—
Mere travesties of the whole—
Crippled facades—Fast to crumble with
 swiftly hanging civilizations
All these—singularly enormous
Are, in comparison to the entirety—
 specks
But you, Sir—
Are not even visible.

THE INTROVERT

by Edward Cohen

When I was hurt
I feel into a deep hole.
The fall was horrid
but the bottom was warm and dark.
I snuggled my knees to my chin
and enjoyed the darkness and the quiet
and the warmth of my body.
Soon I wanted to get out.
I reached and reached
and couldn't
reach the top.
I scraped my shin
and cut my face.
I am waiting for my love to pull me out.

THE YET UNATTAINABLE

by Avrom Zaritsky

He sat on a hill,
His gaze extending beyond the horizon;
His eyes were hollow, bleak and desolate,
His mind a rushing torrent of thoughts.
He thought about humanity and man's inhumanity,
Man's building and man's wrecking,
Mankind's progress and mankind's depletion.
The hill, the mound of the dead,
And he, the yet unredeemed peace.

THE MIGHTY LIKES THE ROSE

by Steve Harris

It was late Autumn in Central Park. It was also late afternoon. Nancy walked towards the exit of the park as if she, too, were late. She walked quickly, snappily, yet walking as though she thoroughly enjoyed the trees, the russet, and the rustling of the season.

Nancy walked, and heads turned. A beautiful girl. Nancy loved nature, and nature evidently loved Nancy, for she had made her into one of the most beautiful of women. Springy, like a young tree, brown hair, like the good earth, and a face of character. And female heads turned away.

"Want a flower, lady?"

A stooped old man, with a young rose in his gnarled fingers, offered it to Nancy.

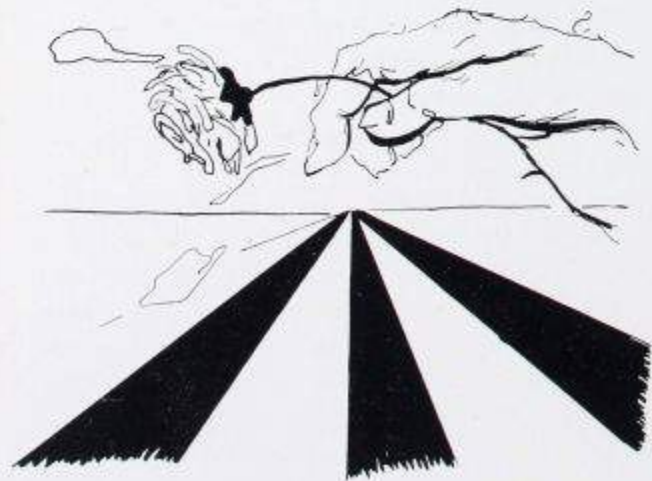
"Only fifty cents, lady," he said, and Nancy looked at it.

"No, thank you," she said, and looking ahead again, moved quickly forward. The old man, turning and pursing his lips, walked away, too, seeking other people.

Nancy came out of the park, and crossed the busy street, with its honking and droning, to a grey building, an apartment house across the street.

The grey of the house was the grey of Nancy's frayed blouse. Yet Nancy looked as though she belonged in this building.

She saw the elevator at once and walked into it. The elevator man looked questioningly at her, but Nancy's forthrightness fooled the elevator man into thinking that she belonged there.



"Take me to the top floor, please," she said.

"You going all the way up?"

"All the way."

The doors of the elevator closed, and the elevator crawled up to the top of its dark enclosure. It stopped, and the doors reopened and Nancy stepped out. She thanked the elevator man, and walked to the end of the hall.

She stopped when she came up to the big, square window, and looked at the street below. Little people. Little trees. . . .

She opened the dirty window as wide as possible. The high, clean air flew in, and Nancy jumped out.

"Now!" she said as she did it. Her body hurtling through space was unnoticed by the myriad little people below.

She thought clearly and quickly on the way down, even if her thoughts jumped quickly from topic to topic.

"It's really a beautiful day," she thought.

She kept falling.

"If I had had any money, I would have liked to buy that rose."

And Nancy kept falling.

"I hope to Heaven I've done the right thing."

Then a man appeared in mid-air, and stopped her fall for a time. He was a man with a little white goatee.

Nancy's hair, which had been blown by the air rushing past her, settled.

The Man looked at her.

"Who are you?" asked Nancy with a great deal of surprise in her voice.

"I've been around here since I was assigned in 1929," said the Man.

"You're not an Angel?" said Nancy.

"I suppose you'd call it that," he said, scratching his little white goatee.

Nancy looked at Him closely.

"Why did you jump? You look as though you could have had more fun down there with the rest of them."

"Well, John and I are finished. I don't know. We're all mixed up. At least I am. He hasn't got much money, and the little that I had was lost. I haven't eaten well in a couple of weeks. And

I just got angry at him at Ninety-Sixth Street, and he told me he never wanted to see me again. I have nothing to live for."

The Man scratched his little white goatee.

"I see," he said.

"I wonder if I did the right thing? I didn't think too much about it."

"A lot of you don't think too much. I hope that money isn't the heart of your trouble."

"Well, John said to me that we can't live on love."

"But conversely, you can't love on money, can you?"

"No, I don't think so," said Nancy.

"Do you think your love for John is the most

important thing in the world?"

"Yes, I know that," she replied.

"All right then, said the Man. Go to Ninety-Sixth Street, and start from the start."

"I wish I could," said Nancy.

The Man scratched his little white goatee.

All of a sudden, Nancy was back in the long hall, waiting for the elevator to come. The window at the far end of the hall was open. The elevator came, and Nancy got in.

"Going down, already?" asked the elevator man.

"Going down," said Nancy.

"Say, that's a mighty pretty flower," said the elevator man.

"THE LORD'S DAY"

by Mary Anne Burnam

IT was Sunday morning. A Sunday morning hush muted the summer sounds. From far off, the whistle sounded, proud and lonesome. It sent prickles up Jonathan's back. Andy jumped down and put his ear to the track.

"She's a-comin'!" he announced. Jonathan swallowed hard and curled his dusty toes tighter around the cross bar. Andy scrambled back up on the fence, steeling himself for the onslaught. The rumble turned into a growl; the growl to a roar; the roar to a piercing shriek. Each car bore the stamp of a different place. Mysterious symbols, numbers, markings, and letters slipped swiftly by, whispering of the great beyond. There was a brakeman walking on top of the cars. He had something red around his neck, and his smile was a flash of white against his swarthy face. Then the train picked up speed—the cars ceased to have corners and distinctive markings. They merged into one long blur of color and sound, dazzling in its intensity. Suddenly it was gone, leaving the Sunday hush unbroken.

Jonathan slid limply down and went to lay his ear to the track. "Still a-singing," he said. Andy stayed put till the fence had relayed the last vibration to the seat of his faded denims, and then he joined Jonathan in staring wistfully at the thin white plume of smoke that floated so serenely above the tracks. Far off, over the edge, there lingered the echo of the mournful cry. Then nothing but the sleepy peace of Sunday.

Jonathan climbed briskly onto the gleaming rail, and began to balance. Andy mounted the other one and together they teetered cautiously down the track.

"That was 'most worth the chewing out I'm gonna get," said Jonathan reflectively. Andy watched his strong, dark toes curling over the steel. Presently he asked, "You wish you hadn't come?"

"Not now, I don't," said Jonathan. "I did before, because Ma thinks I'm in Sunday school. She thinks I'm a-praying. Also," he added uncomfortably, "Ma doesn't altogether approve of you, Andy."

They proceeded in silence till they got to the trestle. Gingerly avoiding the hot tar, they slid down the embankment to the river. Fastidiously removing the cinders from the bottoms of their feet, they held a council of war. They considered fishing, and they considered fighting, and they considered pirates. But mostly, they considered Jonathan's mother, for Jonathan was feeling powerful uneasy by now. He could just see his mother asking of him what the text had been, and if he'd seen his cousins, and if he'd remembered his offering. It made a weight in his chest, and he couldn't swallow around it. He told Andy he figured as how they could get back to where he'd left his good suit and make it to church before his folks started to miss him. Andy said, "Okay," and they lit out for town. While Jonathan was stuffing his shoes on over his wrinkled

socks and hot feet, he was thinking about mother and Andy. Giving a hitch to his trousers, Jonathan set out for the First Methodist Church at a dead run, still thinking of mother and Andy. Every time he'd argued with her about him, he'd ended up learning Bible verses for his pains. Andy kept a little ahead of him, and when they got to Andy's house, he just turned off into his own yard, and leaned wheezing against the fence. He watched Jonathan skid to a stop outside the church and edge into the crowd trying to look as though he'd just sat through an hour of Sunday school and two hours of church. There were Jonathan's folks, shaking hands with the minister, and Andy watched Jonathan take an angelic stand right beside them. Then he turned to go into the house, grinning.

Jonathan shot a wary look at his father, who bestowed a vague smile upon him and went to fetch the little girls. His mother was another case; and simply gave him A Look. Jonathan heaved a small sigh, and gazed back at her steadily. Her lips tightened and he knew he was in for it.

At dinner she began. "I assume you are under no illusions as to the gravity of your disobedience, Jonathan. You have deceitfully remained away from Sunday school and church. You have defiled the Sabbath with unsuitable activities. And," her voice rose sharply, "you have been in the company of a low-minded, disreputable, and un-Christian little darkie . . . !"

"Ma!" Jonathan burst out. Then he stopped. Mother said would anybody like another dumpling. Jonathan couldn't eat but two; he felt so bad. Over the pie she started up again. "Dr. Palmer, Jonathan, preached on 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' I feel it would be profitable for you to formulate your own ideas on the subject. You seem to have your own ideas about everything else. Go to the study and compose three hundred words on the text. Now march!"

Slowly, Jonathan marched. He marched over the worn oak door sill, through the genteel gloom of the parlor, to the shabby, book-lined room that was his father's study. A fly buzzed sleepily against the window pane. Jonathan opened the window a crack to shove him out. Then he went resolutely to the desk, selected a clean sheet of paper and a green pencil, and began:

"Andy is my neighbor, and I'd like to love

him as myself, only you won't let me. You let me love white children I don't much want to love, but because Andy's colored, you don't think much of him.

"When Dr. Palmer asks for money for the Missionary Society, you give him Five Dollars. You told us as how the black Heathen are weltering in misery on the hot Syrian sands, and that it is our Christian duty to uplift them. That is one reason I don't like going to church—it is full of Christians like that; people who are all holy and uplifted about giving wads of money to the heathen, when they wouldn't wipe their shoes on Andy. He is practically a heathen, weltering in, well, not exactly misery, but it's hot in Ohio, too. If you want to help other people, you ought to help people here, not in the hot Syrian sands. You ought to uplift Andy, not people you'll never see. Gee, Ma, just because Andy isn't dyed like you doesn't make him wicked. He's smart as a whip, and is good as me. He is the only one who feels the way I do about smelly old freights and engines. He thinks up wonderful things to do on Saturdays, and he doesn't even want your Five Dollars!"

Jonathan's chin was trembling when he wound up, but he felt better. He knew mother would understand now. She had to . . . but she didn't. She read it slowly as though translating from another language. Then she looked at him.

"This is not nearly three hundred words, Jonathan," she said. "What you are saying is not at all connected with the text I assigned you. 'Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself' does not mean consorting with people of that class. Dirty, illiterate, sweaty, little colored children! Jonathan, your lack of understanding is so very upsetting to me. Can't you see how this association has affected you? Why, the way in which you speak of the Christian Works of the Church . . . though what the mission society has to do with it, is utterly beyond me!" She paused and looked at him. "You will do as I ask in this, won't you, Jonathan?"

Jonathan nodded. He walked blindly out of the room, hearing the freight trains whistle, hearing Andy's excited voice—"She's a-coming soon," and he knew he'd never be as close to anybody in his life . . . and he'd never be so far away. . . .



SENIOR SECTION





AMEND, RICHARD
25-37 14th St., L. I. C.
(MUSIC)

"Amen to Amend"

Class Secretary, 3 terms; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Dance and Chorus Assistant, School Concerts, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 3 terms; Dance Band, 5 terms; Symphony Band, 5 terms; G. O. Shows; Christmas Shows, 3 terms; Perfect Attendance, 1 term.



BARKER, JOYCE
39-60 52nd St., Queens
(DRAMA)

"Incendiary Blonde"

Section President, 1 term; G. O. Member, 7 terms; Assembly Programs; Christmas Shows; Senior Show; Yearbook Committee; Drama Production.



BECKFORD, RUTH A.
360 W. 127th St., N. Y. C.
(MUSIC)

"Dear Ruth"

Orchestra, 6 terms; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Music Concerts; G. O. Rep., 1 term; President of Section, 2 terms; Audition Assistant.



BELIACHEVSKY, BARBARA
499 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn
(MUSIC)

"The Young and the Fair"

Section President, 1 term; Secretary Music Dept., 6 terms; Librarian (Orch.), 4 terms; G. O. Member, 6 terms; Music Concerts, 3 terms; Perfect Attendance, 6 terms; Orchestra, 4 terms.



BERMAN, SONDRA
1871 49th St., Brooklyn
(DRAMA)

"Red Hot and Blue"

Section President, 2 terms; Section Secretary, 2 terms; G. O. Member, 7 terms; G. O. Rep., 4 terms; G. O. Secretary, 1 term; City Council Rep., 2 terms; Drama Workshop; Drama Senior Production; Honor Society, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Audition Assistant, 2 terms.



BURNHAM, MARY ANNE
537 W. 121st St., N. Y. C.
(DRAMA)

"The Importance of Being Ernest"

Section Vice President, 1 term; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Book Forums; Senior Drama Production; Chorus, 4 terms.



BURT, JUDITH SHARON
3 Stern Walk, Brooklyn
(MUSIC)

"Prelude to Fame"

G. O. Member, 8 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; Orchestra Soloist Performance, 2 terms; Soloist on WNYC "Young America Plays"; WQXR Contest "Musical Talents in Our Schools"; Solo Concert with Orchestra on Television.

CAMPO, JOHN ROBERT
2171 Belmont Ave., Bronx
(MUSIC)

"The Quiet Man"

Member of the G. O., 5 terms; Graduation Orchestra, 5 terms; School Dance Band, 3 terms; President of Section, 2 terms.



CASPARY, MARION
1842 Harrison Ave., Bronx
(DRAMA)

"Happy Daze"

G. O. Member, 8 terms; Drama Workshop; Yearbook Committee; Recordings for Educational Guidance Dept.



COHEN, EDWARD
10 Monroe St., N. Y. C.
(DRAMA)

"Student Prince"

Section President, 1 term; Honor Society, 4 terms; G. O. Member, 7 terms; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Drama Production, 2 terms; Drama Workshop.



CORON, LEE
255 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn
(MUSIC)

"Allegro"

Senior Entertainment Committee; G. O. Member, 2 terms; School Orchestra; Orchestra Soloist; Dance Accompanist; Played for Assembly Programs; Vice President of Section, 2 terms; Chorus Accompanist, 4 terms; Played on Television WQXR.



EDELSON, BEA
253 Parkside Ave., Brooklyn
(DRAMA)

"First Lady"

President of 6, 7, 8th term class; G. O. Member, 6 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms; Color Guard Graduation 1952; Chorus, 1 term; Drama Workshop; Senior Drama Production Stage Manager.



EISENBERG, IRENE
1012 Simpson St., Bronx
(DRAMA)

"Lady Be Good"

Honor Society, 3 terms; G. O. Member, 7 terms; Section Secretary, 1 term; Audition Assistant; Chorus, 2 terms; Library Assistant, 1 term; Senior Production, Drama.



FREEMAN, VALDORA YVONNE
108-02 159th St., Jamaica, L. I.
(MUSIC)

"Of Thee We Sing"

G. O. Member, 8 terms; Perfect Attendance, 7 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Secretary of Senior Class; Section Secretary, 2 terms; Vice President of Section, 1 term; Yearbook Committee; T. V. Show, "Music in Our Schools"; Chorus Accompanist, 1 term; Deck Patrol; Music Concerts, 3 terms; Chorus, 1 term; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Color Guard '52 Graduation; Graduation Committee.





GABAY, HARRY
494 Sheffield Ave., Brooklyn
(DANCE)

"We're Just Wild About Harry"

Section President, 2 terms; G. O. Member, 8 terms; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Dance Concert, 1 term.



HARRIS, STEVE
8701 Shore Rd., Brooklyn
(DRAMA)

"Top Banana"

Senior Show Lyrics and Book; Assembly Programs; Drama Production; Senior Drama Production; G. O. Shows.



KOSTYAK, CAROLE VERONICA
150 Colyer St., Brooklyn
(MUSIC)

"Music in the Air"

Deck Patrol, 4 terms; Yearbook Art Staff; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Member of Senior Band, 5 terms; Music Concerts, 2 terms; Music for Drama Production, 1 term.



KREBS, VERA
1631 Nelson Ave., Bronx
(DANCE)

"Look Ma I'm Dancing"

Dance Concerts, 3 terms; Deck Patrol, 4 terms; G. O. Member, 6 terms.

GRAY, MARGERY
51-01 39th Ave., L. I. C.
(DRAMA)

"Tapestry in Gray"

Section President, 1 term; Section Vice President, 1 term; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Assembly Program; Telltale Theatre; Chorus; Yearbook Committee; Senior Drama Production; Drama Production, 1 term; Honor Society, 5 terms; Audition Assistant.



KING, LAVERNE SYLVIA
275 W. 145th St., N. Y. C.
(DANCE)

"Stardust"

Dance Concerts, 2 terms; Danced at P. T. A. Meetings; Metro Photo, took pictures; Metro Assemblies.



KELBERMAN, FAYE
969 Hoe Ave., Bronx
(DRAMA)

"You'll Never Guess What Happened to Me"

G. O. Member, 6 terms; Audition Assistant, 2 terms; "Music in Our Schools" T. V.; Senior Entertainment Committee; Senior Drama Production; Drama Workshop; Chorus, 2 terms; Drama Costume Assistant; Senior Show Committee.



KUSHNER, JUDY NAOMI

180 E. 3rd St., N. Y. C.

(MUSIC)

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"

Section Vice President, 1 term; Audition Assistant; Orchestra Member; Assembly Programs; Dance Accompanist; Top Marks List; Yearbook Staff; Honor Society; G. O. Member; WNYC Performance; T. V. Music in Our Schools.



LEOPOLD, SANDRA

2001 Homecrest Ave., Brooklyn

(DRAMA)

"Broken Hearts and Coronets"

Top Marks List; Honor Society; G. O. Rep.; Senior Entertainment Committee; Chorus, 3 terms; Senior Drama Production; Drama Production.



NEEDLE, CRYSTAL

140 E. 95th St., N. Y. C.

(DANCE)

"Once There Was a Princess"

Perfect Attendance, 7 terms; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Deck Patrol; Senior Entertainment Committee.



NICHOLSON, ALICE

258 Wadsworth Ave., N. Y. C.

(DRAMA)

"Alas, Poor Yorick"

G. O. Member, 6 terms; Section Secretary, 2 terms; Yearbook Committee; Assembly; Drama Workshop; Drama Production; Senior Show; Chorus; Top Marks, 1 term.



NYMALM, EVELYN

2034 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

(DRAMA)

"Mrs. McThing"

G. O. Member, 7 terms; Section Secretary, 1 term; Senior Production; Circle in the Square (Prod.); Chorus.



PECK, SHIRLEE

97-02 181st St., Jamaica

(DRAMA)

G. O. Member, 6 terms; Section Secretary, 2 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; Assembly Programs; Senior Show; Senior Entertainment Committee; Drama Production; Chorus, 6 terms; Audition Assistant.



PEPPER, LLEUELYN MIRELLA

2420 Bronx Park East, Bronx

(DRAMA)

"Flahooley"

G. O. Member, 8 terms; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Deck Patrol; Assemblies; Drama Assembly Program; Drama Production; Audition Assistant; Honor Society, 4 terms; Chorus; Senior Show.





PERATIN, SHEILA INEZ
126 W. 169th St., N. Y. C.
(MUSIC)

"Come Back Little Sheila"

Chorus; Music Auditions Assistant; G. O. Member, 6 terms; Senior Show.

RAMIREZ, CARMEN COCO
101 W. 106th St., N. Y. C.
(DANCE)

"Lightnin'"

Dance Concert Soloist; G. O. Member, 8 terms; Audition Assistant; Participant at Assembly Program; Treasurer of Senior Class; Graduation Committee; Danced for Rotary Club.



ROCCO, MARIE
219 Henry St., N. Y. C.
(DANCE)

"Limelight"

G. O. Member, 7 terms; G. O. Rep., 4 terms; Section President, 3 terms; Section Vice President, 2 terms; Section Secretary, 1 term; Perfect Attendance, 3 terms.

ROSENBLUM, LIBBY

113 Debevoise St., Brooklyn
(DRAMA)

"Time of the Cuckoo"

G. O. Member, 8 terms; Vice President of Section, 2 terms; Chorus; Class Secretary, 4 terms; Class Treasurer, 1 term; Director of Senior Show; Co-Author of Senior Show; Audition Assistant; Student Chairman of Academic; Programming Committee, 4 terms.



ROSENFELD, EVELYN LENORE
514 W. 184th St., N. Y. C.
(DRAMA)

"Miss Liberty"

G. O. Member, 6 terms; Co-Alternate, 1 term; Assembly Show (P. A., Metro); Senior Show; Senior Production; Audition Assistant; Office Assistant, 1 term.

SANDS, DIANA PATRICIA
1170 Tinton Ave., Bronx
(DRAMA)

"Lunatic at Large"

G. O. Member, 6 terms; Vice President of Section, 1 term; Christmas Show; Office Assistant; Drama Production.



SCHLESINGER, HELENE
100 Broadway, Brooklyn
(DANCE)

"Razzamataz"

Honor Society, 1 term; G. O. Member, 7 terms; Top Marks, 1 term; Dance Concerts; Senior Show; Senior Entertainment Committee; Color Guard.

SCHWANEMANN, CAROL ANN
1721 Hobart Ave., Bronx
(DANCE)

"Touch and Go"

Dance Concerts, 4 terms; Audition Assistant;
Metro Assembly.



SHALET, DIANE FRANCIS
85-03 164th St., Jamaica
(DRAMA)

"Hellzapoppin!"

President of Section, 1 term; Yearbook Literary Editor; Music Chorus Assembly; Assembly Programs; Secretary of Senior Class; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Drama Department Audition Assistant; Playwriting Award 7th term.



SMALL, JUDY
317 W. 89th St., N. Y. C.
(DRAMA)

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"

Yearbook Editor; Section President, 3 terms; Honor Society, 5 terms; Top Marks, 1 term; G. O. Member, 6 terms; Chorus, 2 terms; Assembly Programs; Sets for Drama Production, 2 terms; Senior Production; Circle in the Square Production; Book Forum; Murals, Biology and History Class; Audition Assistant.



STANGER, ED
5001 10th Ave., N. Y. C.
(MUSIC)



STETTNER, MARLYEEN BARBARA
2456 Bronx Park East, Bronx
(DRAMA)

"Laughing Gas"

Section Secretary, 5 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; G. O. Alternate, 1 term; G. O. Rep., 1 term; Math Assembly; Assembly Programs; Audition Assistant; Chorus; Office Assistant, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Senior Production; G. O. Member, 1 term; Senior Show.

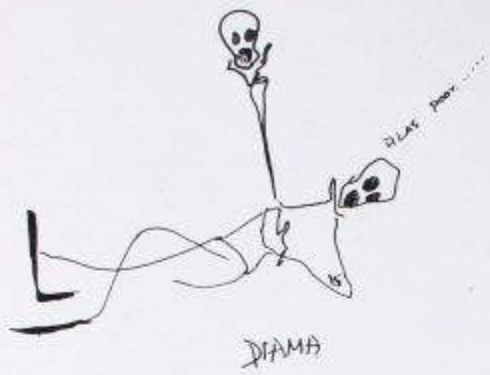


ZARITSKY, AVROM
314 E. 206th St., Bronx
(DRAMA)

"I Can't Help It. I'm Emotional"

G. O. Member, 7 terms; Honor Society, 5 terms; Honor Society President; President of Section; Secretary of Section; Audition Assistant, 2 terms; "Mad Woman of Chailot"; Music in Our Schools TV Program; Highest Average in Senior Class; Drama Workshop; Late Monitor; Lunch Monitor, 3 terms; Yearbook Advertising Editor; Yearbook Literary Staff; Yearbook Publicity Staff; Christmas Party; Assembly Programs.





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FAREWELL

by *Bea Edelson*

Senior Class President

THEY say there are people who always like to have the last word. It's difficult for me to understand this because to me it seems the hardest of all words to say. For the last word must be, to many if not to all of us, "Good-Bye."

We have finished the course that has been given to us and we are now ready to step forward to whatever the future may be. We have come a long way together and looked forward to this culmination of education as a glad event, forgetting that it was to be a time of parting. Now we are forced to remember this and, in spite of our triumph, it saddens me.

To all concerned in the molding of our school, I would like to extend my thanks for the privileges we have enjoyed here. We naturally feel that we are better trained and more carefully looked after than those who attend schools in other places, and we feel grateful to those who have made it possible for us to come to this particular school.

To the faculty, I have much that I would like to say, but that perennial lump comes into my throat and I am choked with the thoughts that hold back the words. You know how deeply we all feel and can only realize what we mean when we say, "God Bless You."

To my classmates, there is only one word left and the last one must be to you. In our work here we have become very good friends, and it is always hard to say good-bye to those we have learned to care for. We have shared our pleasures, our triumphs, and even our disappointments for so long that it will be difficult to realize how we shall miss each others' companionship. Some of us may be together in the future but for the most this is indeed the parting word. I am sure that we shall not forget each other, and that we will always think of these days as happy ones, that make us, as classmates, a little nearer and dearer to one another than mere friends. Let us, as we part, pledge ourselves to remember all the aims and ideals that our education has embedded in us. Let us hope that whatever the future may be we will profit by our experience and we will learn to judge with a true sense of value.

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O is for *other* schools who with *Metro* compete.
P is for its *people*; they just can't be beat.
O is for *once* only; how quickly the years pass!
L is for the *long* time we've waited for this, alas!
I is for *ignorance* we've blotted out its name.
T is for the *time* we've used and now we're in fame.
A is for *always* the same you'll ever be.
N is for *never*, *Metro*, forgot you'll be by me.

Joyce Butler

Prayer of Peace

Dear God in Heaven, I pray
That the world know peace some day.
Let nations all walk hand in hand
Let there be rejoicing over the land.
May all women and men
Know the meaning of happiness again.
Dear God, that is my prayer
And when it happens, may I be there.

Sylvia Miller, Sixth Term

"The moving finger writes and having
writ moves on."

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and its yearbook.

SECTION 61



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