

Metropolis



MAIN BUILDING
78 Catherine Street



SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
120 West 46th Street



SCHOOLSHIP JOHN W. BROWN
Pier 73, East River and 25th Street

WESTERN UNION ANNEX
60 Hudson Street

METROPOLITAN VOCATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL
Franklin J. Keller, *Principal*

New York

New York

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Main Building - S. S. Brown

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 Senior Advisor, Downtown

Cover design by Mr. Albert Aster, a former member
 of the Metropolitan Faculty.

Left to right: Robert Saviano, Alfred Haughland, Al Passaro, John Bitoff,
 Vito Monaco.



Dedication

Main Building

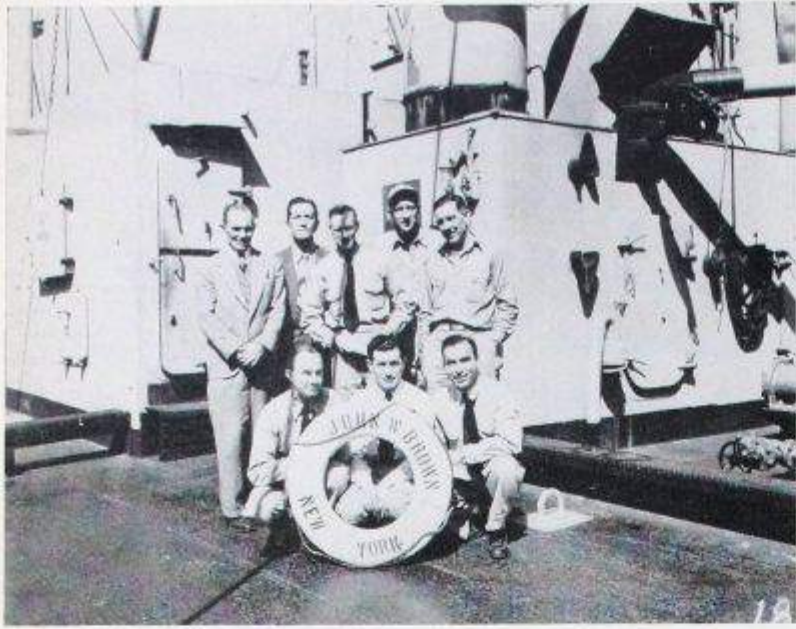
We, the graduates, dedicate this Yearbook to Dr. Keller and to the faculty of Metropolitan. During the past four years they have helped us in countless ways, and they have displayed their loyalty to us often under discouraging conditions. It is a source of wonder to us that they have had the fortitude to perform their work so well. They have prepared us for our trades and for the equally demanding job of citizenship.

We live in a world of unrest and chaos. We have a job on our hands to help straighten out that world, and Metropolitan has given us the tools to work out that task. We are grateful and humble that we have had the unique fortune to attend a great school in a great country. We shall remember Metropolitan and our teachers in machine shop and engine room and photography studio.

Honor Society

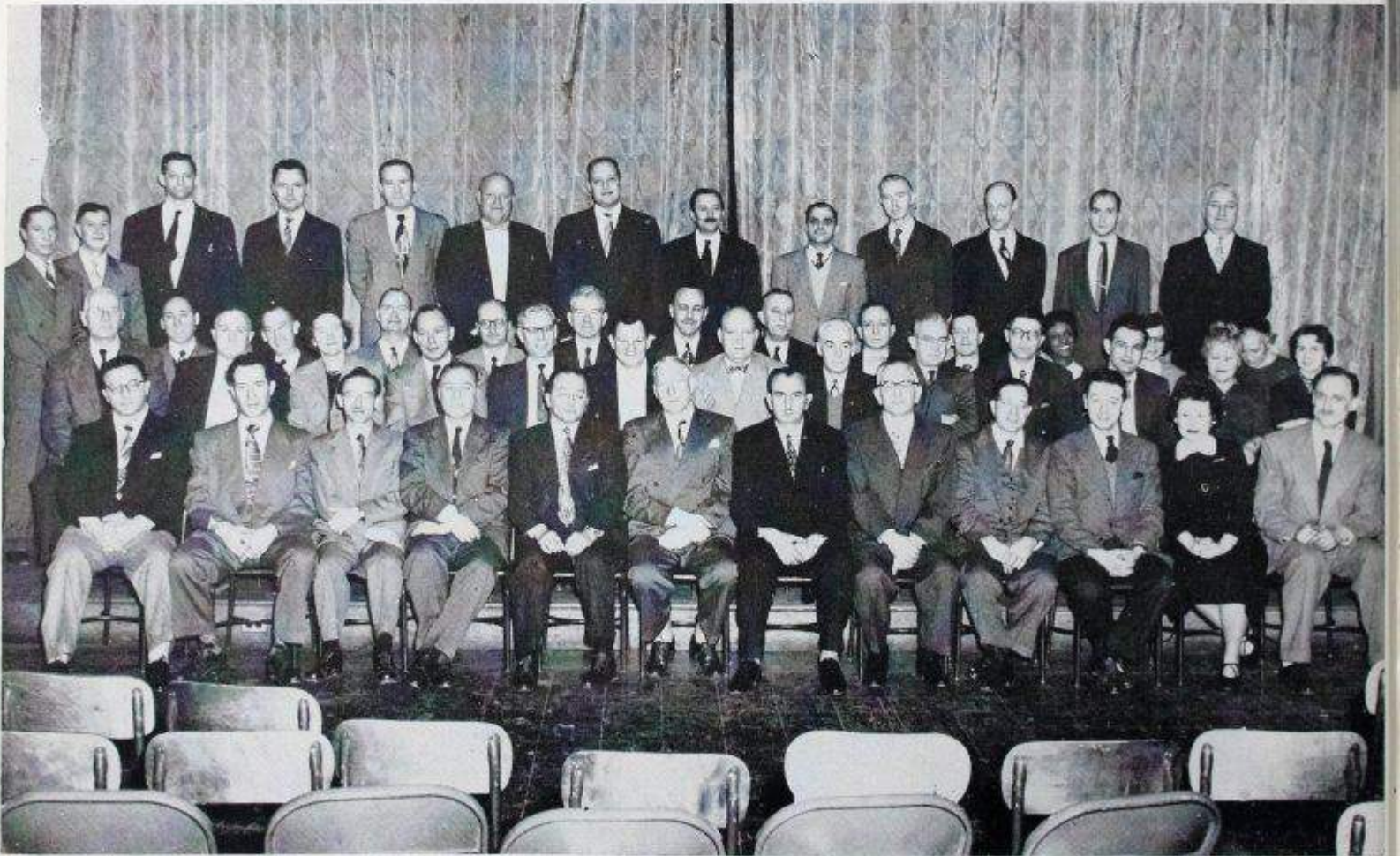
Main Building





Faculty

S. S. J. W. Brown



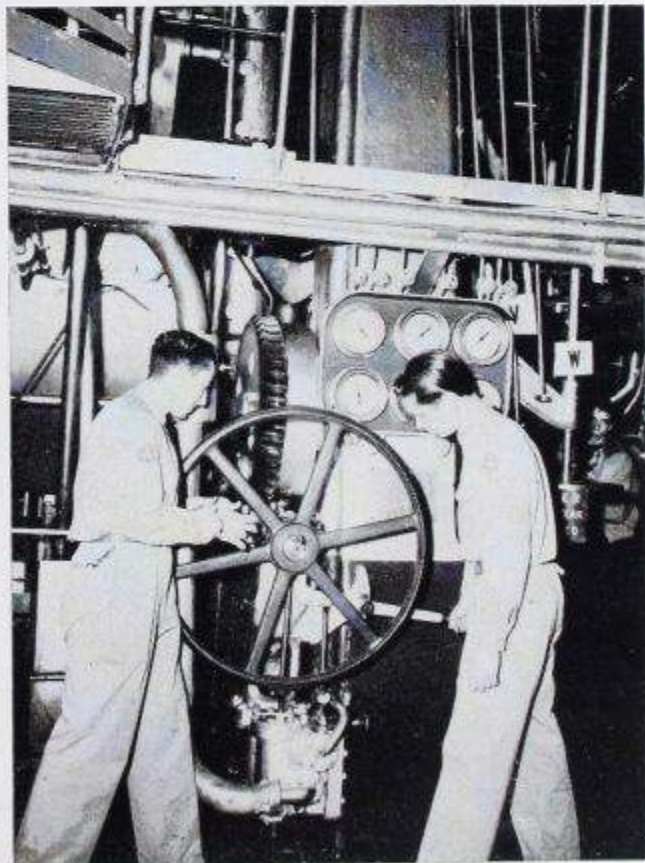
Faculty - Downtown

Shops Downtown



I hear America singing, the varied carols
I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his
as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures
his plank or beam . . .
The boatman singing what belongs to him
in his boat, the deckhand singing on
the steamboat deck . . .

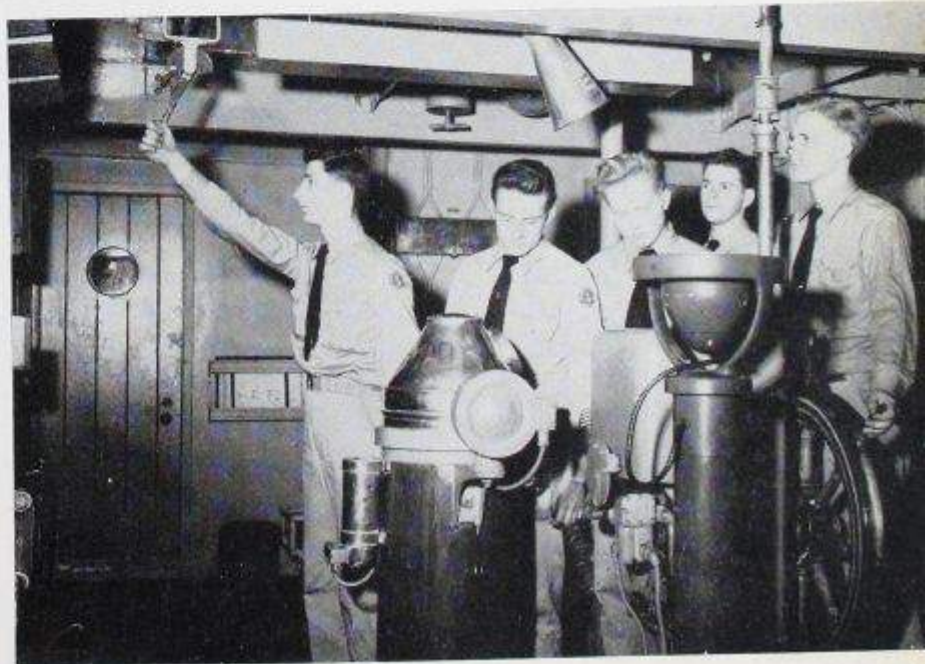
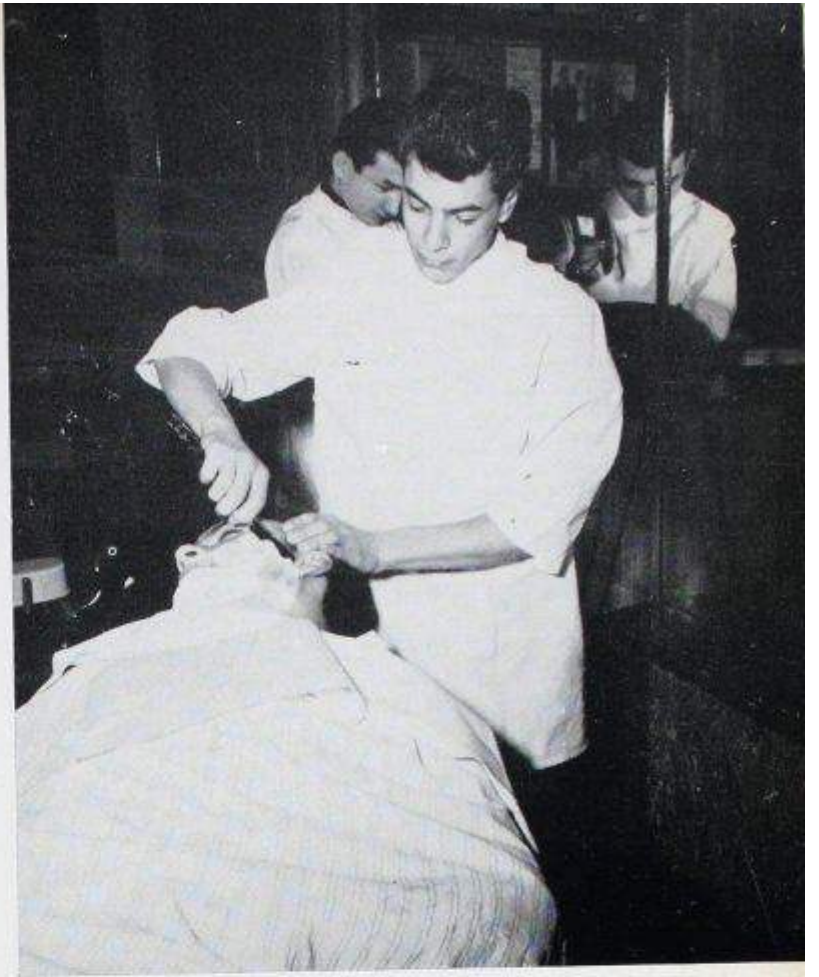
WALT WHITMAN





A bar of steel — it is only
Smoke at the heart of it,
smoke and the blood of a man.
CARL SANDBURG





Unseen Harvests

A Message From Dr. Keller



H. G. Wells writes of "unseen harvests," the pupils whom a teacher never sees in their later triumphs or failures. Sir William Osler, the great physician, thought that "No bubble is so iridescent or floats longer than that blown by the successful teacher." Erasmus thinks that "to be a schoolmaster is next to being a king—in fact it is the noblest of occupations." I like Walt Whitman's lines best of all, because they make me think of you.

And these I see, these sparkling eyes,
These stores of mystic meaning, these young
lives,
Building, equipping, like a fleet of ships,
immortal ships,
Soon to sail out over the measureless seas,
On the soul's voyage.

Only a lot of boys and girls?
Only the tireless spelling, writing, ciphering
classes?
Only a public school?

Ah more, infinitely more;
(As George Fox raised his warning cry,
"Is it this pile of brick and mortar, these dead
floors, windows, rails, you call the church?

Why this is not the church at all—the church is
living,
living souls.")

And you America,
Cast you the real reckoning for your present?
The lights and shadows of your future, good or
evil?
To girlhood, boyhood look, the teacher and
the school.

To me your eyes will always be sparkling. I shall be with you in your soul's voyage. I think of you and you and you, who have given me brief glimpses of those stores of mystic meaning. In the autobiographies, which you were good enough to write especially for me, many of you have told me, although I didn't ask you to, about your love and respect for your father and mother—how they have been working and sacrificing in your behalf. Some of you have told me (simply and beautifully although, again, I didn't ask) about the intensity of your faith and your understanding of the faiths of others. Were it not that there are so many of you (and you would be embarrassed) I should be delighted to name those boys and girls each of whom has already been an inspiration. It is a tremendous pleasure to tell the admission officers of maritime, technical and liberal arts colleges that they can well be proud of you as their students. You, or your parents, or grandparents, have come from all parts of the world, bringing with them the exquisite culture of their ancestry. Some of you have told me how you have prized this heritage. This too is what will make you great people.

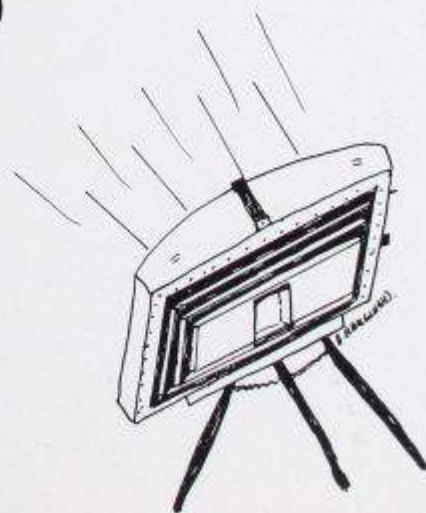
However, much of my harvest will be unseen. I am sure it will be all rich, all golden, all beautiful. Your eyes will still be sparkling and full of mystic meaning.

FRANKLIN J. KELLER
Principal

Faces

to

Remember





ALIKO, MEHMED
62 East 4th Street, Manhattan 3
Maritime Engines
"Happy"
Attendance Award, 1 term.

BECKER, JOHN
560 Morgan Avenue, Brooklyn 22
Maritime Deck
"Hans"
G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Officer, 1
term; Section Officer, 3 terms.



ARTAUD, DENIS
508 West 171st St., Manhattan 32
Maritime Engines
"Frenchy"
Deck Patrol, 2 terms.

BERLFEIN, DAVID
1536 Allerton Avenue, Bronx 69
Maritime Deck
"Dave"
G.O. Member, 5 terms; G.O. Alternate, 2
terms; Deck Patrol, 1 term.



BARCOMB, WARREN
137-30 Jamaica Ave., Queens 35
Maritime Deck
"Baldy"
Attendance Award, 1 term; Top Marks
List, 5 terms.

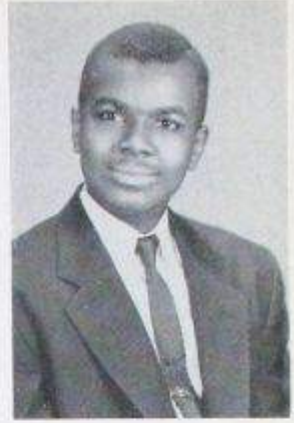
BERRIOS, MAXIMINO
45 Jackson Street, Manhattan 2
Boatbuilding
Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 1
term.



BEAM, DONALD
2025 Walton Avenue, Bronx 53
Maritime Engines
"Donny"
G.O. Member, 4 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms;
G.O. Treasurer, 1 term; Section President,
2 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Attendance
Award, 1 term.

CAPERS, WILLIAM
224 West 140th St., Manhattan 30
Electrical Wiring
"Joe"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 6 terms; Deck Patrol, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; Ping-pong Champion, 1 term.



BITOFF, JOHN
1859 East 34th Street, B'klyn 34
Maritime Deck
"Admiral"

G.O. Rep., 7 terms; G.O. Treasurer, 2 terms; Section President, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 5 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Bus Patrol, 1 term; Editor-in-chief, June 1954 Yearbook; Bosun, 7 terms; Board of Governors, 5 terms; Student Representative to Rotary Club; City Council Rep., 5 terms; Student Chairman, Assembly; Swimming Team, 2 terms; Essay Winner, Propeller Club Contest; Honor Society, 6 terms.



CIUFO, MARIO
11 Pauw Street, Richmond 1
Maritime Engines
"Cue"

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Section Officer, 1 term.



BLUNT, CURTIS
157-07 - 108th Avenue, Jamaica
Woodworking
"Curt"

G.O. Member, 7 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section President, 3 terms; Deck Patrol Captain, 2 terms; Glee Club, 4 terms; Shop Foreman, 2 terms.



CORNELLA, RICHARD
457 West 42nd Street, Manhattan
Maritime Deck
"Weasel"

Attendance Award, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term.



BOWMAN, DAVID
86 LaSalle Street, Manhattan 27
Barbering

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Senior Class Officer, Treasurer; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Baseball Team, 3 terms; Basketball Team, 1 term; Handball Team, 2 terms; Track team, 5 terms; Ping-pong Award, Field Day Award.



COTOV, MARIJAN
340 - 61st Street, Brooklyn 20
Boatbuilding

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms.





COWAN, MITCHELL
1082 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn 6
Machine Shop
"Duke"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Assembly Programs, 2 terms; Visual Aids, 6 terms.



DOLSHUN, EDWARD
120 East 1st Street, Manhattan 3
Radio Communication
"Mig"

G.O. Member, 5 terms.



DENNIS, WALTER
1429 Prospect Avenue, Bronx 59
Maritime Deck
"Dennis the Menace"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Deck Patrol, 6 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Deck Captain, 2 terms; Deck Lieutenant, 1 term; Boat Crew, 2 terms; Boatwain, 2 terms.



DRAKE, JAMES
152 West 143rd St., Manhattan 30
Radio Communications

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Treasurer, 1 term; G.O. Secretary, 1 term; Top Marks List, 5 terms.



Di BERNARDI, PETER
2561 East 16th Street, Brooklyn 35
Maritime Deck
"Penguin"



EBERT, DAVID
932 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn 6
Electrical Wiring
"Killer"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 5 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Swimming Team, 1 term; Lighting & Sound Chief, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 1 term.



Di MAGGIO, BARTHOLOMEW
3110 Mickle Avenue, Bronx 69,
Maritime Deck
"Bob"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Bus Patrol, 1 term; Bosun, 1 term; Lunch Patrol-Ship 1 term.

GAGLIANO, SAL
 111 Eldridge Street, Brooklyn 2
 Woodworking
 G.O. Member, 2 terms.
 1275 - 69th Street, Brooklyn



ESQUIBEL, LEON
 180 South Street, Manhattan 38
 Boatbuilding

G.O. Member, 7 terms; G.O. Rep., 4 terms;
 Attendance Award, 2 terms; Glee Club, 1
 term; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor Soci-
 ety, 4 terms; Honor Society President, 1
 term.



GENTILE, ANTHONY
 1275 69th Street, Brooklyn
 Boatbuilding
 "Tony"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Deck Patrol, 5
 terms; Top Marks List, 6 terms.



FAZIO, CARLO
 630 - 10th Avenue, Manhattan 36
 Maritime Deck
 "Shorty"

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Section Officer, 1
 term; Attendance Award, 5 terms; Top
 Marks List, 4 terms.



GIACALONE, VINCENT
 57 Arlington Avenue,
 Valley Stream, N. Y.
 Maritime Deck
 "Hack"



FREEMAN, JAMES
 48 West 136th St., Manhattan 30
 Electrical Wiring

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section President,
 1 term; Deck Patrol Lieutenant, 5 terms;
 Top Marks List, 2 terms; Basketball Team,
 2 terms.



GONZALES, RAUL
 639 East 137th Street, Bronx 54
 Maritime Engines
 G.O. Member, 4 terms.





GONZALEZ, SANTOS
70 Lenox Avenue, Manhattan 26
Maritime Engines
"Lunie"
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Track team.



GUARDINO, LILLIAN
148 Meserole Street, Brooklyn
Beauty Culture
G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Glee Club, 8 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Shop Manager, 2 terms.



GULI, JAMES
65-40 - 80th Street, Queens, 79
Maritime Deck
"Gutch"
G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Pres., 1 term; G.O. Treasurer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 6 terms; Honor Society, 1 term.



GUZMAN, ALBERT
218 East 102nd St., Manhattan 29
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Attendance Award, 5 terms; Top Marks List, 5 terms.

HARRIS, WILLIAM
104 West 144th St., Manhattan 30
Electrical Wiring
"Willie"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Senior Class Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 6 terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Swimming Team, 1 term; Basketball Team, 1 term.



HAUGLAND, ALFRED
760 - 41st Street, Brooklyn 32
Maritime Deck
"Al"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 5 terms; Section Pres., 3 terms; Vice-Pres., 1 term; Sec'y, 1 term; Treas., 2 terms; Seniors Class Treasurer; Bus Patrol, 1 term; Attendance Award, 5 terms; School Newspaper, 1 term; Top Marks List, 6 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Honor Society Treasurer, 1 term; Art Editor of Yearbook, 1 term; Winner of Nation-wide Essay Contest; Ship Newspaper, 4 terms; Class Busun, 5 terms.



HEZEL, RONALD
727 - 56th Street, Brooklyn 20
Radio Communication
"Hez"

Section Officer, 4 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 5 terms; Honor Society, 3 terms; Disc Jockey, 2 terms; Sound Crew, 2 terms.



JACKSON, EDGAR
2638 - 8th Avenue, Manhattan 30
Electrical Wiring

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 6 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms.



HINRICHS, RICHARD
321 Bleecker Street, Brooklyn 37
Commercial Photography
"Henie"

G.O. Member, 3 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Section Officer, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms.



KARCHER, LAWRENCE
79 Saratoga Avenue, Brooklyn 33
Radio Communication
"Larry"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 5 terms; Volleyball Team, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Library Squad, 1 term; Sound Crew, 2 terms; Assembly Student Chairman, 1 term.



ITO, ROBERT
41-01 - 108th Street, Queens 68
Radio Communications

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms.



LAW, JOAN
421 East 70th Street, Manhattan 21
Beauty Culture
"Shorty"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Vice-President, 1 term; Glee Club, 6 terms; G.O. Aep., 1 term; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor Society, 1 term.



JACKSON, ASHTON
34 Monroe Street, Brooklyn 38
Maritime Engines
"Baldie"

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Bus Patrol, 2 terms.



LEWIS, ROBERT
66 East 99th Street, Manhattan
Barbering
"Bobby"

G.O. Member, 7 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Shop Manager, 2 terms.





LOFTON, DEANNA
10 Bradhurst Ave., Manhattan 30
Beauty Culture
"Jerry"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Senior Class Sec'y and Treasurer; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Honor Society, 3 terms; Honor Society Sec'y, 3 terms; Beauty Culture Bookkeeper, 1 term.



MANFRE, PASQUALE
46 East First Street, Manhattan 3
Barbering
"Patsy"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Cut Hair in Bellvue, 4 terms.



LOZINSKI, STANLEY
35-33 - 33rd Street, Queen 6
Maritime Engines

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 3 terms; Alternate Rep., 1 term; Deck Patrol, 3 terms; Honor Society, 3 terms; Art Editor of Yearbook.



MARCHIANO, PETER
549 - 18th Street, Brooklyn 15
Electrical Wiring
"Mush"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms; Lighting Squad, 2 terms; Volley Ball Team, 1 term.



MAHONEY, GEVAIS
84-10 - 34th Avenue, Queens 72
Electrical Wiring
"Gerry"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section President, 1 term; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Lighting Squad, 1 term; Home Room Leader, 2 terms; Swimming Team, 1 term.



MARSHALL, WILLIAM
174 West 97th St., Manhattan 25
Maritime Engine
"Eskimo"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term.



MAIONE, DONALD
767 East 231st Street, Bronx 66
Commercial Photography
"Don"

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms.

McDONOUGH, CHRISTOPHER

240 Kane Street, Brooklyn 1

Maritime Engines

"Mac"

G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 2 terms.



MARTINSON, EDWIN

461 - 46th Street, Brooklyn 20

Maritime Deck

"Marty"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Vice-Pres., 2 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Bus Patrol, 2 terms; Swimming Team, 1 term; Major Letter man.



MITCHELL, CARL

215 East 113th Street, Manhattan

Maritime Deck

"Mitch"

G.O. Member 4 terms, Deck Patrol 1 term, Attendance Award 1 term.



MAYS, SIDNEY

140-A Lexington Avenue, B'klyn 16

Beauty Culture

"Sid"

G.O. Member, 6 terms.



MONACO, VITO

285 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 11

Commercial Photography

"Vimon"

G.O. Member, 6 terms.



McDONALD, HENRY

1647 - 8th Avenue, Brooklyn 15

Electrical Wiring

"Harry"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Section Officer, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; Co-Captain, Swimming Team, 1 term; Volleyball Team, 1 term.



MUSCARELLA, THOMAS

118 Madison Street, Manhattan 2

Commercial Photography

"T.C."

G.O. Member, 6 terms.





NASTASI, MICHAEL
 90 Douglas Street, Brooklyn 31
Maritime Engine
 G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Track Team, 3 terms.



NEGRI, JOSEPH
 591 Watkins Street, Brooklyn 12
Maritime Business
 "Joe"
 G.O. Member, 8 terms; General Manager
 of G.O., 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms.



NIXON, ROBERT
 4912 - 4th Avenue, Brooklyn
Woodworking
 "Mr. Vice-Pres."
 G.O. Member, 2 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms;
 Attendance Award, 5 terms; Swimming
 Team, 1 term.



NONNENMACHER, JOHN
 518 Morgan Avenue, Brooklyn 22
Maritime Deck
 "Jay Jay"
 G.O. Member, 2 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term.

NORRIS, ALFAIR
 403 Astoria Blvd., Manhattan 2
Electrical Wiring
 "Curley"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term;
 Section Officer, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 7
 terms; 3rd Lieutenant-Deck Patrol, 1 term;
 Top Marks List, 1 term; Discussion Leader,
 2 terms.



OLSHEFSKY, CHARLES
 90-10 - 77th Street,
 Woodhaven 21, L. I.
Boatbuilding
 "Shorty"

Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance
 Award, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term.



PAOLERCIO, FRANK
 743 Oakland Place, Bronx 57
Beauty Culture
 "Pao"

G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 3
 terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor So-
 ciety, 2 terms; Bellevue Barber, 1 term.



POPPER, WILLIAM
 1255 Longellow Avenue, Bronx 59
Boatbuilding
"Pops"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Glee Club, 5 terms;
 Top Marks List, 2 terms; Band, 1 term.



PASSARO, ALBERT
 270 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 11
Commercial Photography
"Val"

G.O. Member 6 terms, Section Sec. 1 term,
 Sec. Pres., 4 terms, Deck Patrol, 4 terms,
 Glee Club 6 terms.



RAINEY, HERBERT
 303 West 120th Street, Manhattan
Maritime Engine
"Herby"



PISCHINGER, KARL
 1276 - 3rd Avenue, Manhattan 21
Machine Shop

Attendance Award, 2 terms; Deck Patrol,
 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms.



RENIERE, ROBERT
 149 Broome Street, Manhattan 2
Boatbuilding

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Section Officer, 2
 terms.



PJEROV, STEVEN
 42 - 10th Avenue, Manhattan 36
Maritime Deck
"Chickenhead"

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Attendance Award,
 2 terms.



RISKA, RUDY
 108 Madison Ave., Manhattan 38
Boatbuilding
"Risky"

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Baseball Team, 6
 terms; Handball Team, 1 term; Intramural
 Volley Ball Champs, '54





RIVERA, ALFRED
108 Mill Street, Brooklyn 31
Boatbuilding
"Little Al"

G.O. Member, 3 terms; Section Sec'y, 1 term; School Monitor, 1 term; Swimming Team, 1 term.



SAMUELS, FRANK
213 East 114th Street, Manhattan
Maritime Stewards
"Lil Dave"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms.



RODRIGUEZ WILFRIDO
102 East 97th Street, Manhattan 29
Maritime Deck
"Woody"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Vice Pres. of Senior Class; Top Marks List, 3 terms.



SAVIANO, RALPH
253 North 8th Street, Brooklyn
Commercial Photography
"Perry Como"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Section Officer, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Worked on 1953 Yearbook.



ROSSMAN, EUGENE
12-22 - 35th Avenue,
Long Island City, N. Y.
Boatbuilding
"Yudy"

G.O. Member, 3 terms; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Teams, 1 term.



SCHOENFELD, WILLIAM
53-03 Junction Boulevard,
Elmhurst 78, L. I.
Maritime Deck
"Schosh"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 4 terms; Alternate Rep., 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms.



ROWE, CHARLES
599 Madison Street, Brooklyn 21
Printing

G.O. Member, 11 terms; Section President, 1 term; Attendance Award, 11 terms; Deck Patrol, 8 terms; Deck Patrol Captain, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 5 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms.

STEUR, LAWRENCE
 486 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn 6
 Commercial Photography
 G.O. member, 8 terms; section officer, 6
 terms.



SIGNORILE, FRANK
 121 Seeley Street, Brooklyn 18
 Maritime Engines
 G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term;
 Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award,
 5 terms; Senior Engine Boat Crew.



STRUTHERS, WILLIAM
 322 - 57th Street, Brooklyn 20
 Radio Communication
 "Scotty"
 G.O. Member, 2 terms; Section Officer,
 2 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term.



SMALLS, FREDIX
 269 West 133rd St., Manhattan 30
 Maritime Engines
 "Jefty"
 Section Vice-President, 3 terms; Deck Pa-
 trol, 2 terms; Handball Team, 1 team.



SWITZER, PAUL
 271 Parkside Avenue, Brooklyn
 Commercial Photography
 "Switz"
 G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 8 terms;
 Section President, 1 term; Attendance
 Award, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms;
 Bookroom Squad, 1 term; Honor Society,
 1 term; G.O. Council Committees; Acting
 Chairman of G.O., 1 term.



SNEIDER, WALTER
 620 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn 12
 Commercial Photography
 "Professor"
 G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 1
 term; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor So-
 ciety, 2 terms; Photo Stock Room, 2 terms.



SZATHMARY, JOAN
 501 - 72nd Street, Manhattan 21
 Beauty Culture
 "Hunky"
 G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term;
 Section Officer, 1 term; Glee Club, 6
 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Honor So-
 ciety, 1 term.





SZINN, ROBERT
61-13 Madison St., Ridgewood 27
Maritime Deck
"Bob"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms;
Section Officer, 4 terms; Bus Patrol, 2
terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Bus Patrol
Captain, 1 term; Boatswain, 6 terms; Ship
Newspaper, 2 terms.



VASQUEZ, RAPHAEL
410 West 22nd St., Manhattan 11
Electrical Wiring

Section Officer, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 2
terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor So-
ciety, 3 terms.



TRINGALI, ARTHUR
2447 East 12th Street, Brooklyn 35
Beauty Culture
"Artie"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 6 terms;
Alternate Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 1
term; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Bookroom
Squad, 1 term; Manager of Senior Term
Shop.



VICITAL, HOWARD
2082 Prospect Avenue, Bronx 57
Maritime Engines

G.O. Member, 3 terms.



TUCCILLO, EDWARD
331 Grand Street, Brooklyn 11
Machine Shop
"Eddie"

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 1
term.



VILARINO, MANUEL
55 South 3rd Street, Brooklyn 11
Maritime Engines
"Manny"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer,
2 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Deck
Patrol, 4 terms; Honor Society, 1 term.



VALENTINE, ADRAIN
851 East 163rd Street, Bronx 59
Maritime Engines
"Lover"

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 1
term; Track Team, 1 term.

YORIO, BENIAMINO
133 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn 8
Maritime Engines

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 6 terms; Honory Society, 4 terms.



WENOWSKY, SEYMOUR
19 New Lots Avenue, Brooklyn 12
Commercial Photography
"Sim"

G.O. Member, 6 term; Baseball Team, 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; 100% Attendance, 1 term; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Honor Society, 1 term.



WHITAKER, ROBERT
169 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn 21
Printing
"Bobby"

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Assembly Programs; Assistant Art Editor, Yearbook; Swimming Team, 2 terms.



YATES, JEROME
125 West 166th Street, Bronx 52
Radio Communications



ZAWACKI, CLEMENT
511 East 73rd Street, Manhattan 21
Maritime Engines
"Clem"

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep, 1 term; Section President, 1 term; Vice-Pres., 2 terms; Senior Class President; Attendance Award, 1 term; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Bookroom Squad, 2 terms.



Camera Shy

DISTEFANO, ANTHONY
1325 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn 30
Electrical Wiring

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Swimming Captain, 2 terms; Handball Captain, 1 term.

ERSCKOFF, GEORGE
374 Pearl Street, Manhattan 38
Woodworking
"Jonny"

GAZZA, MICHAEL
1214 - 69th Street, Brooklyn 19
Commercial Photography
G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Yearbook Staff, 1 term.

GREBLER, MARTIN
363 Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn 7
Commercial Photography
"Greb"
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section President, 1 term; Glee Club, 1 term.

JOHNSON, EDWARD
2945 White Plains Road, Bronx 67
Maritime Engines
"Eddie"
G.O. Member, 7 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 1 term.

KRASKOW, THEODORE
377 Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn
Commercial Photography
"Teddy"

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term.

KRASNER, MARVIN
651 Southern Boulevard, Bronx
Commercial Photography
G.O. Member, 7 terms; Section Officer, 3 terms; Visual Aids, 1 term.

LLOYD, RICHARD
1465 5th Avenue, Manhattan 35
Electrical Wiring
"Lee"
Handball Team, 1 term; Visual Aids Squad, 7 terms.

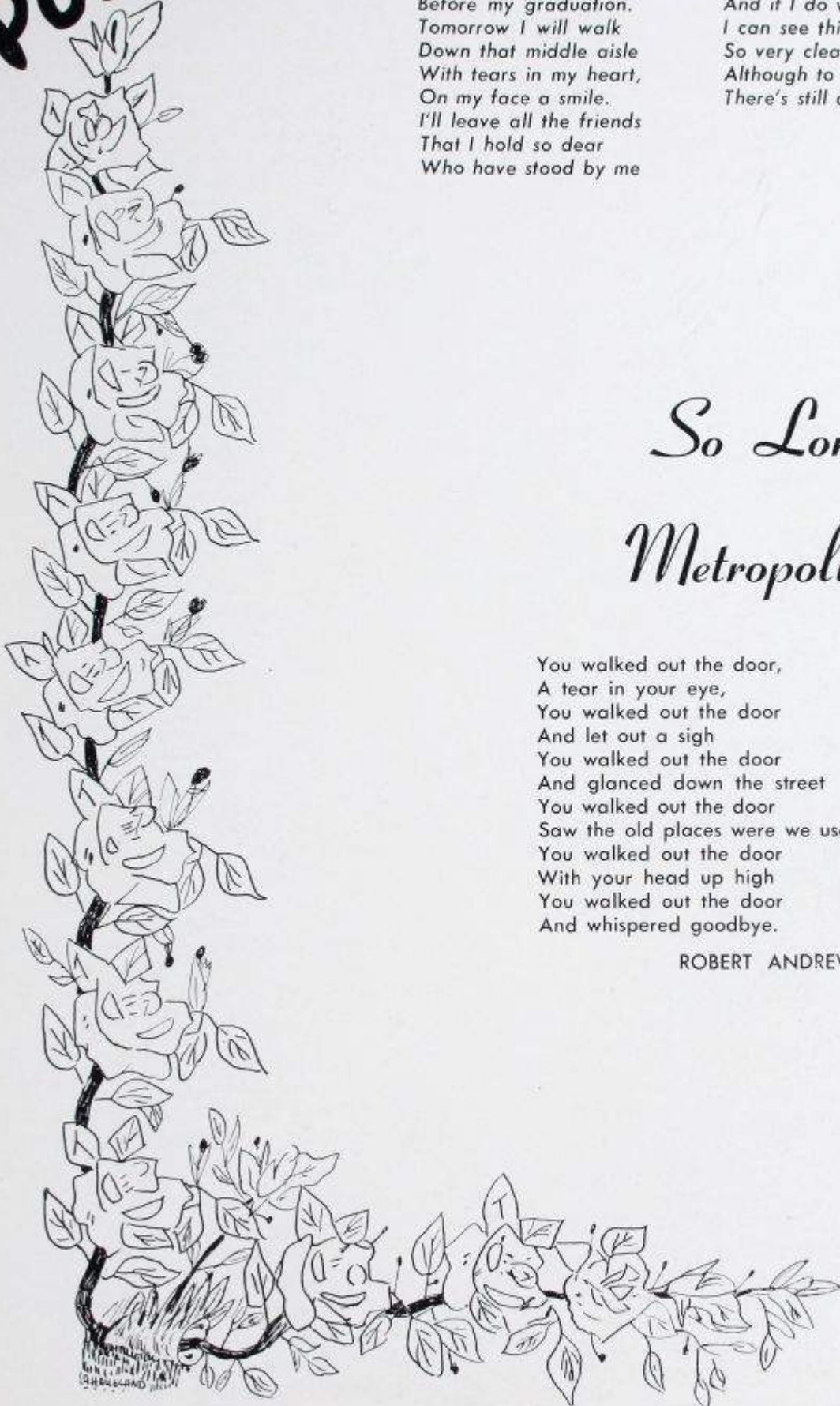
ODONITS, GILBERT
37-58 - 100th Street, Queens 68
Commercial Photography
"Gil"
G.O. Member, 3 terms; Swimming Team, 1 term.

THORSON, CHARLES
342 Hudson Walk, Brooklyn 1
Maritime Engines
"Cholly"
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section President, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Bookroom Squad, 1 term; Coxswain, Senior Boat Race.



Mr. Nathan Luloff
Administrative Assistant

POEMS



The Vision

I stand in the moonlight
With anticipation,
For tonight is the night
Before my graduation.
Tomorrow I will walk
Down that middle aisle
With tears in my heart,
On my face a smile.
I'll leave all the friends
That I hold so dear
Who have stood by me

Through every year.
It's hard to believe I'll never
See most of them again
And if I do where and when?
I can see this night
So very clear,
Although to my graduation
There's still another year.

FRANCES MAZZUKA
Fifth term

So Long Metropolitan

You walked out the door,
A tear in your eye,
You walked out the door
And let out a sigh
You walked out the door
And glanced down the street
You walked out the door
Saw the old places were we used to meet
You walked out the door
With your head up high
You walked out the door
And whispered goodbye.

ROBERT ANDREW WHITAKER, III

Sounds of the Sea

There are many kinds of sounds.
There are the sound of the sea:
The waves pounding on the reefs;
Shrieking of the sea gulls gliding
 endlessly through the air.
The vibrations of the fish pursued by
 predatory fish.
The booms of the manta crashing on
 top of the water.
The rushing sound of water of a
 current.
The crushing crunch of fish feasting
 on shell.

The pounding of waves against the
 hull of a ship.
The mooing of foghorns.
The ringing of a ship's bell.
The cracking of bacon on the frying
 pan.
The shuffle of feet in the captain's
 cabin.

The throbbing of the ship's whistle
The creaking of ship's plates in the
 hull as she pitches.
There is the clatter of feet of the
 crew running on deck.
The rustle of paper in the yeoman's
 office.
The tapping of the typewriter in the
 opposite room.

EDWARD ORTIZ

The Day Before Graduation

'Twas the day before graduation,
When all through the school,
Not a senior could be found who was
 Breaking a rule
The freshmen were noisy, and having their fun
While Seniors were hoping soon the day would
 Be done

I, in my classes, and Jim in his too,
Were hoping and hoping this day would be
 through
When out in the hall there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter
The uproar was at a terrific pace
You would have thought it was a horse-race
The reason for this was plain to see,
Th bell had rung, and the hour was three.
After a while, the dust did clear,
And we deemed it safe to leave from here.
We stepped out the door, and sure as could be,
A little voice piped up, "Hey, wait for me"
He ran down the hall, and was he loud,
Giving all he had to catch up to the crowd
I walked down the street with a feeling
 of relief,
For in my heart was the firm belief,
That tomorrow'd come without a doubt
And I'd be in—I mean, I'd be out.

ROBERT WHITAKER

"Semper Paratus"

August 15, 1953 was one of the warmest days in that month. There were about twenty of us in Grand Central Station that day. We looked like an ordinary bunch of sailors, but there was a difference. Just above the cuff of our uniforms, there was a silver shield, which many people think is a decoration.

We got aboard the train and about five hours later reached our destination. Cape May is a quaint little sea shore town, what little we saw of it. A truck with canvas over it doesn't give much view. Before we knew it we were in training, and I mean training. We learned everything from hand to hand combat to small boat handling. This service is known the world over for its excellent boat handling in rougher weather.

But now the test came, and we had to pass it. The sky was black and overcast, and rain began to fall in buckets; the ocean whipped the shore with huge thrusts. All personnel were called to man the patrol craft. I heard one officer say, "There are some people in yachts caught out there." We had to find them and rescue them, for that is our job. In a thirty-foot whale boat the waves look like mountains falling on top of you. Then all at once we caught sight of a floundering craft, with panic-stricken people aboard.

We towed the vessel into the dock and secured it firmly. While doing so, the young couple and their children thanked us for saving their lives. So, when you see a sailor with a shield on his right sleeve, you will know that he is a member of the United States Coast Guard, a government agency devoted to helping those in distress. Their motto is, "Semper Paratus," "Always Ready."

JOHN W. BITOFF

First Jap Plane

"General Quarters" had sounded a half hour before. All the men on the "Yorktown" were jumpy. The Task Force had had three Kamikaze attacks in two short hours. Jim Gordon was more on edge than most of the men because it was his first time under attack. He wanted to prove

himself a man to the rest of the 40 MM. gun crew. If he could only shoot down a Jap plane, they might stop calling him "the kid."

The ship's port guns suddenly opened fire on a blurred object to his left. It was a plane. The shells were bursting slightly behind the interloper. He elevated his 40 MM. to the correct height and followed the plane until it was within range. His gun was in the best position to shoot down the attacker, and he proceeded to do so. "Now I'll be one of the guys," he thought as the shells from his weapon intercepted the plane. The attacker's wing cracked off, and the fuselage burst into flames.

"I got him, I got him. My first Jap plane," thought Jim gleefully. A slight grin spread over his face. As he followed the plane down he noticed "U. S. Navy" painted in white block letters on its side.

His grin faded. He started to cry.

Hit Parade

"It Couldn't Be True"	Failures
"Marie"	Why I don't do homework?
"We Three"	Mother, Mr. G., and Me
"I've Got The Blues"	Report Card time
"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	In the?
"Slow Poke"	Guy who winds clock
"Come With Me"	Truant Officer
"Nothing Could Be Finer Than To Be In Carolina"	Miss Butterfield
"Forgotten Promise"	G.O. President
"I Need You So"	Diploma
"Dagnet"	Mr. Cohn
"You Never Walk Alone"	If you fail
"Money Honey"	Mr. Weigarten
"Stranger In Paradise"	Freshmen
"Dear Hearts and Gentle People"	Dr. Keller

Famous Quotations

Capt. Shellings "My Friend"
 Capt. Reed "I don't care"
 Capt. McConnell "Put on your fighting clothes"
 Mr. Fritz Patrick "Two Cups of flour"

Mr. Krustangle "Your uncle is a horse head"
 Mr. Paterson "Get out of those lockers"
 Capt. Donegon "Well"
 Capt. Bushanski "Joe Jerk"
 Walter Dennis

Last Will and Testament

Mr. Battaglia	A new set of "Wentworth" math books
Miss Gottlieb	A new over-night bag
Mr. Lipton	Don't fire Mr. Godfrey
Mr. Bishansky	A word is always wise to the sufficient
Mr. Shillings	A clean ship is always a safe ship
Mr. Zeigler	More talent scouts
Mr. Stroback	A school full of ambitious boys and girls
Mr. Jacobs	A draft set
Mr. Feinstein	Signing our lives away
Mr. Rosencrantz	A modern science room
Mr. Morris	A pension

Alfred Haugland

Metro Productions

"Beneath The 12 Mile Reef"	Homework Papers
"Escape from Fort Bravo"	Out for coffee on school time
"Knights of the Round Table"	Honor Society meeting
"Hell and High Water"	Meeting graduation requirements
"Terror on a Train"	Coming to schoo during rush hour
"Little Boy Lost"	Freshman's first day in Metro
"Take the High Ground"	Let the lunch line through
"From Here To Eternity"	After Metro—then what?
"Public Enemy"	The new teacher
"The Wild One"	Name your own candidate

The Train

As long as a river.
As powerful as thunder.
Driving through dark and light
Without relief in his destiny.

He hopes nothing.
He feels nothing.
Only movment he knows
Forward or backward, obeying a man.

ALBERT LOZANO

R 111
ORCHESTRA
 1954
MAY 2
 Sunday Evening
 at 7:00 o'clock
Ticket \$1.50
SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
 division of Metropolitan Voc. High School
Thieves' Carnival

N 112
ORCHESTRA
 1954
MAY 2
 Sunday Afternoon
 at 2:00 o'clock
Ticket \$0.75
SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
 division of Metropolitan Voc. High School
Four Ring Circus

G 113
ORCHESTRA
 1954
March 6
 Saturday Evening
 at 8:40 o'clock
Ticket \$1.00
SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
 division of Metropolitan Voc. High School
Music Concert

THE SCHOOL
of
PERFORMING
ARTS
presents



ORCHESTRA
 THERESA L. KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM
 11th



SANFORD SHUKAT
Class President

Senior Class Officers



EXECUTIVE BOARD

Lower—left to right—Renah Kaplan, Judith Chazin; Upper—left to right—Bruce Marks, Chuck Israels; Missing from picture—Sanford Shukat, Susan Pleshette.



MR. HAROLD SACHS
Senior Advisor

CLASS OFFICERS

Sanford Shukat, President (missing from picture); Lower—left to right—Florenct Rumstein, Secretary to Faculty Advisor; Ethelle Wolin, Co-Treasurer; Sybil Weiss, Secretary; Upper—left to right—Shirley Neger, Secretary to Faculty Advisor; Joseph Catinella, Vice-President; Dorothy Stasney, Treasurer (missing from picture).

YEARBOOK STAFF





HONOR SOCIETY

Mrs. Ruthel Provet, Advisor; Judy Chazin, President (seated second row fifth from left).

Honor Society



*G. O.
Council*

G.O. COUNCIL

Barbara Pinter, Chairman (seated fourth from right).

Pago Press

PAGO PRESS STAFF

Jessie-Lynne Forrest, Editor (first row, second from left); Rita Gorenstein, Associate Editor (seated third from left); Mr. David Boroff, Faculty Advisor.



Dedication

To the members of the Academic Department:

These few words of appreciation are long overdue. We, the seniors of 1954, would like to express our feelings about the Academic Department and our academic work.

You have done much to give us a sensitive understanding of the world in which we live and of which the performing arts are a part. You have helped us overcome the curious parochialism that living in the specialized world of dance or drama or music can create. Moreover, your efforts have helped us to inter-relate the performing arts with each other and with the larger world outside the arts. Our academic work has enabled us to see things in perspective . . . as a whole.

In performing Arts we have lived in a small, comfortable community with many different kinds of people. Now we are ready to enter a larger society which presents harsh conflicts. It is our responsibility as members of this society to use the understanding gained here to secure the highest fruits of civilization—peace and brotherhood—in the world community.

We shall always remember our academic teachers with gratitude and affection, and hope that these feelings will provide a small measure of the reward to which you are entitled.

Sincerely and affectionately,
SENIOR CLASS OF 1954

Message to the Graduates

We share your joy and satisfaction as you move forward to new adventure in education and work, armed with the potential powers gained through a good high school education. We hope that some of the words of wisdom proclaimed to you as gems of thought will remain with you as part of your personal experience. My treasured meetings with you have convinced me that you have not been overwhelmed by temporary limitations; on the contrary, I believe you have been transformed by your hopes for the future.

Under the patient and watchful guidance of your teachers of academic and career subjects, you have achieved standards of attendance, scholarship, performance, and professional attitude that compare favorably with any other group. It gives me personal satisfaction to know that you have completed your heavy school responsibilities with credit to yourselves. Individually, your leadership qualities have contributed much to the success of this class of graduates. Together, you have worked in spirit of unity in thought and action in a commendable manner.

By your thoughts, feelings and deeds you have demonstrated a firm faith in yourselves and an understanding of others. Since your training in the field of dance, drama and music has taught you, in a measure, to distinguish between appearance and reality, illusion and truth, you should be qualified to use good judgment in making important decisions. Physical stamina, mental acumen and emotional control are most valuable in the professional arts.

The spirit of learning has made you helpful, wise and humble in your associations with companions, teachers and parents. These attributes will fortify you to meet the challenges you will encounter wherever you go. Many times you may feel called upon to use the endless sources of



FRANK H. PAINE
Teacher-in-charge

power outside yourselves to help you solve difficult problems. Since we are justly proud of your achievements, we have every confidence that you will continue to perform according to the best standards set by successful workers. Just as your cheerful smiles and cooperative attitudes have contributed to the spirit of good will at PA, so will you continue to apply your knowledge and skill in a specialized activity as useful citizens in the community.

As you make your way into a world of new ideas and new ventures, you will soon learn that you must use your abilities and talents in fields in which you can be happy and successful. We shall miss that charm and warmth of your endearing personalities that have stamped themselves indelibly upon the lasting, invisible murals in PA. We do hope that you will always remember Performing Arts and that you will always feel free to return to us for guidance and direction.

Best wishes to all of you.

FRANK H. PAINE
Teacher-in-charge

Dance



Drama



Music



Planning



Creating



Shaping



I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the spirit clothed from head to foot in song.

Stephen Spender

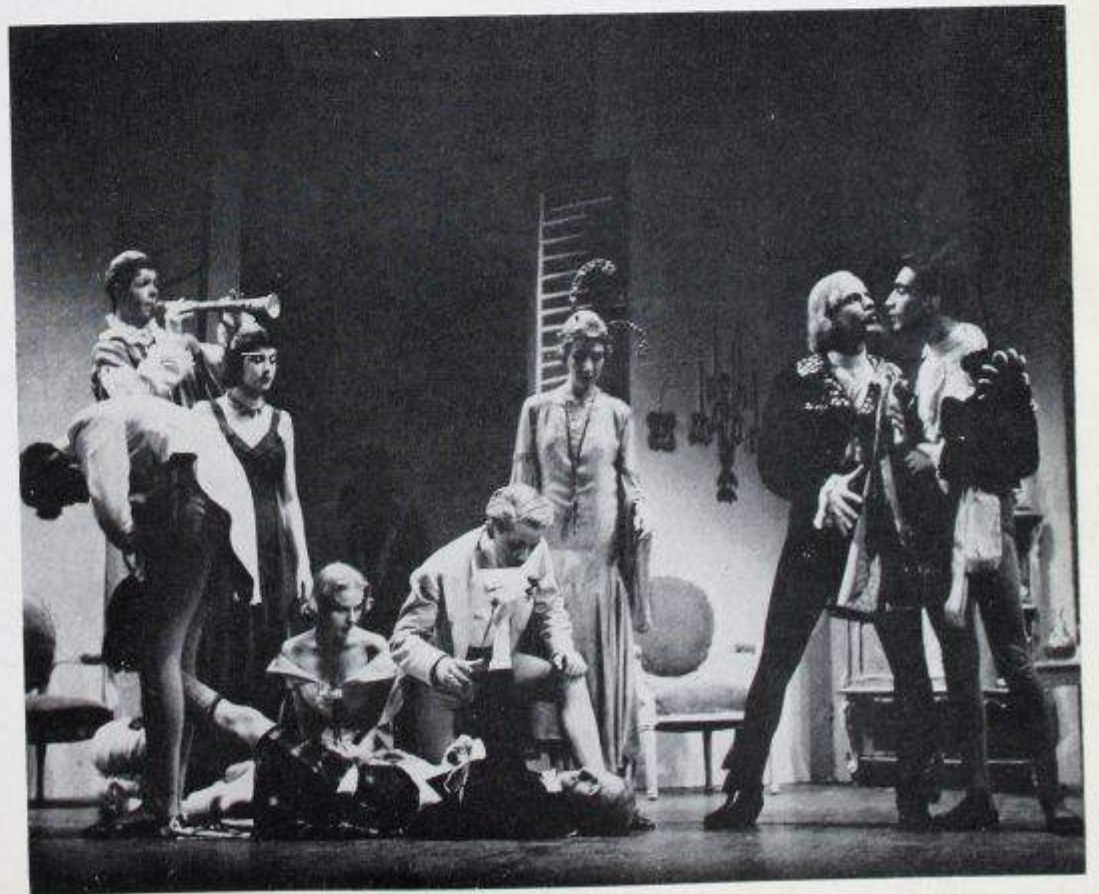


Assembly Programs





"Mad sire? Ah, yes
—mad indeed, but
observe how they
light up the sky."





AMATO, EDWARD
102 Cumberland Walk, Brooklyn
Music

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Band Concert, 3 terms; Columbus Day Parades; Played at P.A., Metro, and Western Union graduations; Maypole Day Program.



BARRIOS, MERCEDES
164-08 Lithonia Avenue, Flushing
Dance

G.O. Member, 2 terms; Audition Assistant, 2 terms; Dance Concerts; Dance Assemblies; Nurse's Assistant, 1 term.



ARENAL, ELECTA
150 West 80th Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Attendance Awards, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 8 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Dance Concerts, 3 terms; Dance Demonstrations; Audition Assistant; TV appearances; Jacob's Pillow performances; World Affairs Club; AFSC Seminar.



BECK, STANLEY
1744 Watson Avenue, Bronx 72
Drama

Drama Prod., 1952-54.



AUSTRIAN, DORIS
2259 Creston Avenue, Bronx 53
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 3 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; 100% Attendance, 6 term; Health Committee, 2 terms; Audition Assistant, 4 terms; Dance Assemblies, 2 terms; Dance Concerts; Honor Society, 2 terms.



BECKER, ALAN
66-40 - 108th Street, Forest Hills
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Glee Club, 2 terms; Orchestra, 5 terms; Band, 5 terms; Dance Band, 1 term; All City Orchestra, 2 terms; Columbus Day Parade, 2 terms; Played at Graduation, 2 terms; Board of Ed. Concert, 4 terms.



BAGGS, CURTIS
33 - 71st Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; Rotary Club Award; Dance Concerts; Dance Assemblies; Drama Production; Audition Assistant, 1 term; Stage Manager for Dance Assemblies, 2 terms.



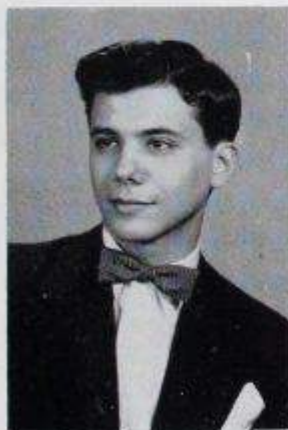
BYER, JANET
45-50 - 193rd Street, Flushing
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Dance Concert; Dance Assembly; Audition Assistant.



BYER, MARTHA
45-50 - 193 Street, Flushing,
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; P.A. Assembly; Metro Assembly; Senior Production, 1954.



CATINELLA, JOSEPH
64-29 Alderton Street, Forest Hills
Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Vice-Pres., Senior Class Literary Editor, Yearbook; Drama Production, 1954; Editorial Committee, PAGO Press; Sec'y, Borough Conference School Forum; N. Y. Times Forum; Dr. Keller's Seminar, 1 term; French Club, 4 terms.

CERONE, MICHAEL
737 Fox Street, Bronx 55
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Symphonic Band, terms; Dance Band, 2 terms; Lunch Room Squad, 5 terms; Band Librarian, 2 terms.



CHAZIN, JUDY
177-41 Edgerton Road, Jamaica
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Chairman of Executive Committee, Senior Class; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 8 terms; Dance Auditions; Dance Assemblies; Pres. of Honor Society; Vice-Pres. of French Club; World Affairs Club; U.N. Seminar; Washington Seminar.



COATES, JANET
48-25 - 43rd Street, Queens
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Audition Assistant, 4 terms; Dance Assemblies; Dance Concerts.



DIXON, DELORES
772 St. Nicholas Ave., Manhattan
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 8 terms; Glee Club, 5 terms; Track Team; Orchestra, 2 terms; French Club; Christmas Show, 1 term; Music Concerts, 5 terms; Appeared on "Music in Our Schools" on TV.





EISENBERG, HELEN
751 Walton Avenue, Bronx 51
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Dance Assemblies; Health Committee; Audition Assistant; Dance Concerts; Prom Committee; Yearbook Committee; Danced at Main Building; Sec'y of Academic Classes, 8 terms.

FEIN, PAUL
124 Norfolk Street, Brooklyn
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 1 term; Band Concerts, 4 terms; Orchestra Concerts, 4 terms; Dance Band, 2 terms; Dance Concert, 1 term; Columbus Day Parade, 1 term; All City Orchestra, 4 terms; N.Y.C. Teachers' Symphony Orchestra, 4 terms.



ELLENBOGEN, LENORE
82-09 Cherry Chase Road,
Jamaica Estates
Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Honor Society, 5 terms; Audition Assistant; Drama Production; Christmas Shows; Drama Workshop; Senior Show, 1954; Metro Assembly; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Represented P.A. at Speech Teachers Convention, and Queens College; Assembly Program for Parents Assoc.

FELDMAN, SHEILA
1421 Oriental Boulevard, Brooklyn
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms; Literary Co-Editor of Yearbook; Orchestra Concert; Band Concerts; Played on WNYC, "Young America Plays"; Christmas Show, 1953; Dance Accompanist.



EVANS, JACQUELINE
307 Amsterdam Ave., Manhattan
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; 100% Attendance, 1 term; Glee Club, 2 terms; Drama Production, 1954; Yearbook Staff; Actor's Fund; Usherette at Equity Library Theatre; Representative on "Music in Our Schools"; Educational Film Shorts.

FISCH, ELAINE
1997 Anthony Avenue, Bronx
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section President; Attendance Award, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Dance Concert; Danced at B'klyn Museum, Needle Trades H.S.



EVERT, JUNE
1170 - 6th Avenue, Manhattan
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Glee Club, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 5 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; Drama Auditions; Drama Production, 1954; Hostess to Faculty, Deans, and Parents; Assistant Dance Teacher for Mr. Dorfman.



FRISHMAN, CAROL
34-47 - 90th St., Jackson Heights
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Dance Concerts; Audition Assistant; Honor Society; World Affairs Club; French Club; Assembly Programs.



GAINES, JUDITH
521 West 111th Street, Manhattan
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Pres., 3 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Orchestra Concerts, 4 terms.



GERACE, ANNE
788 North Oak Drive, Bronx
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; French Club; Audition Assistant; Prom Committee; Fund-raising Committee.

GITLIN, JOY
182-14 Midland Parkway, Jamaica
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 4 terms; Top Marks Lists, 8 terms; French Club; World Affairs Club; Poetry Club; Interborough Conference; U.N. Seminar; Washington Seminar.



GOLDBERG, RHODA
100 - 31-67th Drive, Queens 75
Dance

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Honor Society, 2 terms; Yearbook Staff; Dance Concerts; Punctuality Award, 4 terms; Health Committee, 1 term; Audition Assisian; Dance Assemblies; Prom Committee; P.T.A. Performance; Performances at Main Building.



GORDON, STEPHANIE
1630 Undercliff Avenue, Bronx
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Alternate Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Glee Club Member, 2 terms; Yearbook Staff; Drama Production, 1954; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Represented P.A. in "Music in Our Schools"; Represented P.A. on TV; Christmas Shows, 2 terms; Stage Manager and Light Crew for Assemblies.



GREIF, MARJORIE
8 West 13th Street, Manhattan
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 8 terms; Orchestra Concerts; Music compositions played in assemblies, music concerts, and on radio and TV.





HARRIS, BETTE
69-79 Park Drive East,
Kew Garden Hills
Music

G.O. Member, 7 terms; G.O. Rep., 3 terms;
Section Officer, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 6
terms; Chorus, 1 term; Office Typist, 2
terms; Band, 4 terms.



ITALIANO, JOE
57-28 - 136th Street, Queens
Drama

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Section President,
1 term; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Drama
Production, 1954; Audition Assistant, Sound
Crew for Assembly, 2 terms; Represented
P.A. at Queens College and Speech
Teachers Convention; Christmas Show; TV,
"Living Blackboard."



HAUFRECHT, MARCIA
431 Riverside Drive, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 1
term; Usher at Dance Concert.



JAFFEE, LOUISE
300 East 211th Street, Bronx
Music

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Soloist on WNYC,
"Young America Plays"; Band Concert;
Dance Concert Accompanist; Accompanist
for Dance Workshop; Metropolitan Assem-
bly Accompanist; Yearbook Staff; Dr. Kel-
ler's Seminar Assembly Program.



HOFFMAN, THELMA
45 Jackson Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Dance Concert;
Danced in Assemblies; Lecture and Dance
Demonstration at Astor Hotel.



JUNDELIN, ROBERT
47 Arden Street, Manhattan 34
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 4
terms; Attendance Award, 5 terms; Honor
Society, 3 terms; Drama Production, 1953,
1954; Scholarship to the French Center of
Dramatic Art.



ISRAELS, CHARLES
5 Riverside Drive, Manhattan
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 1
term; Senior Class Officer, 2 terms; At-
tendance Award, 2 terms Top Marks List,
4 terms; Editor of Yearbook; Orchestra, 4
terms; Dance Band, 4, terms.

LABOWITZ, BURTON
4205 - 15th Avenue, Brooklyn 19
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 5 terms; Orchestra; Band; Health Committee Representative; G.O. Representative.



KANIUK, PAUL
1129 White Plains Road, Bronx
Music

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Bookroom Squad, 2 terms; Orchestra, 5 terms; Band, 5 terms; Dance Band, 3 terms; Columbus Day Parade, 2 terms; Lunchroom Patrol, 5 terms; Played in Graduation Ceremonies, 3 terms; Board of Ed. Concert, 4 terms.



LAND, SANDRA
65-39 - 108th Street, Queens
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section President, 1 term; Glee Club, 1 term; Honor Society, 2 terms; French Club; Math Club; Band; Metro Graduation, 1953; Christmas Show, 2 terms; Thanksgiving Show, 1 term; Participated in PTA meeting.



KAPLAN, RENAH
63-33 - 98th Street, Forest Hills
Music

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Executive Committee of Senior Class; Top Marks List, 7 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; Vice-Pres., Honor Society, 2 terms; Orchestra, 5 terms; Band 5 terms; Performances on WNYC and in American Music Festival; Soloist in Concerto Concert; Played on WQXR, "Music Talent in Our Schools"; Chorus, 2 terms; Assembly Programs.



LAZARUS, BARBARA
464 Beach 138th Street, Queens
Dance

G.O. Member, 7 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Section Officer, 1 term Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Honor Society; Yearbook Staff; Poetry Club; Audition Assistant; Dance Concerts.



KAUFMAN, VIOLET
3343 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Danced in Assembly Programs; Danced in a Public School for Underprivileged Boys.



LEWIS, ROGER
1845-A Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn
Music

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Orchestra, 3 terms; Band, 5 terms; Dance Band, 2 terms; Band Librarian, 2 terms; President of Health Committee, 2 terms; Lunchroom Squad, 5 terms.





LIBERMAN, ANNETTE
910 Sheridan Avenue, Bronx 51
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Business Committee, Yearbook; Glee Club, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 3 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; President of Health Committee; 2 terms; Senior Show Committee; Drama Production, 1954; Student Council; N. Choral Speaking Group; Representative to Jr. UNESCO; Rep. to Herald Tribune Forum; Christmas Show; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Represented P.A. in "Music in Our Schools"; Represented P.A. in "Young Book Reviewers" on radio.



LIBIEN, LOIS
2190 Grand Concourse, Bronx
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; G.O. Rep., 3 terms; Yearbook Staff; Senior Business Committee; Casting Committee for Senior Show; Drama Production, 1954; Junior UNESCO; U.N. Choral Speaking Group, Leader; Cain Park Summer Theatre; Christmas Show; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Represented P.A. at "Young Book Reviewers" on radio; Stage Manager and Light Crew in Assembly Programs.



LITT, JAMES
198-04 Carpenter Avenue,
Hollis, N. Y.
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms Concerto Concert, Soloist; Orchestra, 7 terms.



MANIGAULT, THEODORE
523 West 187th Street, Manhattan
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Attendance Award, 4 terms; Deck Patrol, 3 terms; Band Concert; Christmas Ensembles at Bd.; Columbus Day Parades; Graduations; Orchestra Concert; Dance Band; Metro Assembly; Band Librarian; Arbor Day Services.



MANNACIO, NORMA
1225 Nelson Avenue, Bronx
Music

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 6 terms; Deck Patrol, 6 terms; Glee Club, 1 term; Orchestra, 6 terms; Played on WNYC, "Young America Plays"; Chorus, 1 term.



MARKS, BRUCE
291 East 55th Street, Brooklyn
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Pres., 1 term; Executive Committee, Senior Class; 2nd Place in Math Contest; Tell-Tale Theater; A.F.S.C. Seminar; Dance Concerts; Assembly Programs; Math Club; World Affairs Club; Audition Assistant, 2 terms.



MAROULIS, JEANETTE

MESSNER, HATTIE
186 Kosciusko, Brooklyn 16

Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 6 terms; Glee Club, 2 terms; Assembly Show; Christmas Show.



MARSHALOV, RITA
39 West 67th Street, Manhattan

Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Wrote and Acted in Senior Production; Christmas Shows, 2 terms; Performed for Mobile Unit for Cerebral Palsied Children.



MORDENTE, ANTHONY
15 Tuxedo Avenue, New Hyde Park

Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Dance Concert, 2 terms; Treasurer of Newman Club; Dance Auditions; Danced in Assemblies; Sold Ice Cream for G.O., 2 terms.



MELTZER, CAROLE
370 Fort Washington Avenue,
Manhattan

Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Yearbook Committee; Glee Club, 3 terms; Music Concert; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Christmas Show; Business Committee, Seniors Class; Senior Production; Represented P.A. on "Music in Our Schools", T.V.; Represented P.A. on "Young Book Reviewers" on radio; Represented Drama Dep't in Elementary School Production of Hansel and Gretel.



NEGER, SHIRLEY
1115 Sheridan Avenue, Bronx

Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 3 terms; Personal Secretary to Senior Advisor; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Assembly Programs; Danced at Cooper Union, Prospect Heights H.S., Brooklyn High School of Homemaking; Dance Concert; Demonstrator and Sec'y at Dance Auditions.



MENDELSSOHN, CORNELIA
87-73 - 153rd Street,
Jamaica 22, N. Y.

Drama

G.O. Member, 4 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; Assembly Stage Crew, 2 terms; History Award, 1 term; Casting Committee, Senior Show; Drama Production, 1954.



NICOLAIDES, MELISA





NORYCH, ELANE
1547 - 39th Street, Brooklyn
Drama
G.O. Member, 6 terms; Glee Club, 2 terms.

PLESHETTE, SUZANNE
465 West End Avenue, Manhattan
Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Section President, 2 terms; Executive Committee, Senior Class; School Theatre Committee, 8 terms; Prom Committee; Audition Assistant; Actor's Fund Volunteers; Represented P.A. on Radio and TV; Assemblies; Drama Production, 1954; Christmas Show; Health Committee; Student Seminar; Represented P.A. as Speaker at Schools.



PARNELL, JEANNE
102 Cumberland Walk, Brooklyn
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Attendance Award, 1 term; Dance Demonstrations; Dance Concert; Audition Assistant.



PUGLIESE, PENNY
463 Beach 139th St., Belle Harbor
Dance

G.O.G.O. Member, 7 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; 3rd Place in Math Contest; Dance Assemblies; Dance Concerts; A.F.S.C. Washington Seminar; Sec'y, Math Club; World Affairs Club; Poetry Club; Audition Assistant.



PELKEY, SANITA
452 East 182nd Street, Bronx
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Deck Patrol Captain; Assembly Science Show; Audition Assistant; G.O. Sale.



RITT, MOREY
72-72 - 112th Street, Forest Hills
Music

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Glee Club, 1 term; Top Marks List, 7 terms; Played on WQXR "Music Talent in Our Schools," WNYC "Young America Plays," and "American Music Festivals"; Soloist in Concerto Concerts; Assembly Programs; Orchestra Concerts; P.A. String Quartet.



PEPINE, ARTHUR
307 Jefferson Street, Brooklyn
Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section President, 1 term; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Christmas Show, 2 terms; Assembly Programs.



RUDMAN, ARLYNE
125 West 96th Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Audition Assistant;
Dance Concerts; Assembly Programs.



ROBINSON, JAMES
92-16 - 190th Street, Hollis, N. Y.
Dance

G.O. Member, 9 terms; Deck Patrol, 2
terms; Section President, 2 terms; President
of Newman Club, 2 terms; Dance Audi-
tions; Dance Assemblies; Dance Concert,
2 terms; Sold Ice Cream for G.O., 2 terms.



RUIZ, BRUNHILDA
138 East 112th Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 3
terms; Dance Concert; Member of Robert
Jaffrey's Ballet Company; Danced at Pros-
pect Heights H.S., School of Homemaking,
Cooper Union, P.S. 101.



ROGERS, POLIGENA
22 East 112th Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Assembly Programs;
Danced at P.T.A. meetings; Christmas
Shows; Danced in Main Building; Dancel
at Prospect Heights H.S.; Scholarship at
the Katherine Dunham School of Dance;
Danced on WOR-TV and WPIX; Danced
at Museum of Natural History; National
Education Alliance.



RUMSTEIN, FLORENCE
2707 Collier Avenue, Far Rockaway
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 5
terms; Personal Sec'y to Senior Advisor;
Attendance Award, 6 terms; Top Marks
List, 5 terms; Assembly Programs; Dance
Concert; Danced at Prospect Heights H.S.,
Cooper Union, School of Homemaking;
Dance Demonstrator at Auditions; Photog-
raphy Committee, Yearbook; Will and
Testament Committe, Yearbook.



ROSSI, ELENA
7405 - 12th Avenue, Brooklyn
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section President,
2 terms; G.O. Rep., 3 terms; Top Marks
List, 2 terms; Orchestra Concerts, 2 terms;
Track Team.



RYAN, HAYNE
2877 Grand Concourse, Bronx
Drama

Section Officer, 7 terms; Attendance
Award, 2 terms; Drama Productions, 4
terms; Represented P.A. at Indiana U.;
Tell-Tale Theatre; Director of Senior Show;
Assembly Programs; Christmas Show; Au-
diation Assistant.





SAUL, PETER
40-27 - 48th St., Long Island City
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Attendance Award, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Dance Concerts; Audition Assistant; Honor Society, 4 terms; Assembly Programs; Dance Demonstrations; World Affairs Club; Poetry Club; A.F.S.C. Seminar; Herald Tribune Forum Host; Drama Production.

SCHWARTZ, LEAH

24 West 68th Street, Manhattan
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Dance Concert; Poetry Club.



SCAFORDI, ALBERT

122 Harrison Avenue, Brooklyn
Music

Band, 4 terms; Dance Band, 1 term.



SHUKAT, SANFORD

81-37 - 166th Street, Jamaica
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; President of Senior Class; Top Marks List, 2 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Honor Society President; Dance Band, 4 terms; Band, 6 terms; Orchestra, 2 terms; Columbus Day Parades.



SCHLEIN, JUDY

22 Met. Oval, Bronx 62
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Top Marks List, 6 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Deck Patrol, 2 terms; Co-Chairman of Daily Mirror Youth Forum; Manhattan Borough Leader of Inerborough Conference; P.A. Rep to Jr. UNESCO; Dr. Keller's Seminar, 2 terms; Dance Editor of School Paper, 1 term; Washington Seminar; Social Studies Award; Audition Assistant, 4 terms; Dance Concerts; Assembly Programs; French Club; World Affairs Club; Represented Bd. of Ed. on "Excursion" — Interviewed Former President Truman.



SILBERBERG, LOIS

75-12 - 184th Street, Queens
Music

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Deck Patrol, 1 term; Glee Club, 1 term; School TV Show; Orchestra, 2 terms; French Club, 1 term; Christmas Show, 3 terms; Tanksgiving Show, 1 term; G.O. Shows, 3 terms.



SCHNEIDER, BARBARA

2275 Barker Avenue, Bronx 67
Music

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section President, 3 terms; Top Marks List, 1 term; Assembly Programs; Audition Assistant; Represented P.A. at various schools throughout city; Orchestra Concert; Band Concert; Played on WQXR "Musical Talent in our Schools", WNYC programs, "Young America Plays" and "American Music Festival"; Soloist in Concerto Concerts; Original Compositions played in Assembly and on WNYC.



STAPLETON, GERALDINE
34 Butler Place, Brooklyn 38, N. Y.

Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Top Marks List, 1 term; Drama Production, 1954; Audition Assistant; PAGO Press; Yearbook Staff; Actor's Fund.



SIMON, VERA
117-01 Park Lane South, Queens

Music

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Attendance Award, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 7 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Math Contest Award; Orchestra Concerts, 7 terms; Assembly Programs; Accompanied Dance Concert; Math Club.



STASNEY, DOROTHY
274 Prospect Place, Brooklyn

Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Senior Class Officer, 2 terms; Attendance Award, 1 term.



SINIS, MARYANN
25-40 Union Street, Queens 54

Drama

Section Officer, 2 terms; Glee Club Concert; Yearbook Business Committee; Senior Production; Stage Manager for Assembly; Represented School on TV Show.



STERN, MIRIAM
124-32 Rockaway Blvd., Queens

Music

G.O. Member, 7 terms; Attendance Award, 6 terms; Glee Club, 2 terms; Top Marks List, 7 terms; Honor Society, 4 terms; WNYC radio program; Orchestra Concerts; Assembly Programs.



SPELLMAN, LARRY
1560 Selwyn Avenue, Bronx 57

Music

G.O. Rep., 4 terms; Orchestra, 4 terms; Symphonic Band, 4 terms; Dance Band, 4 terms.



STROBEL, RONA
9 West 82nd Street, Manhattan

Drama

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Section Officer, 2 terms; Drama Production, 1954, Health Committee, 1 term; Audition Assistant; Art Committee, Yearbook; Business Committee, Yearbook; "Living Blackboard" telecast, 7 Programs.





URIS, JOANNA
225 West 86th Street, Manhattan
Dance
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Office Work, 3 terms.



WAKSMAN, PAULA
730 Fort Washington Avenue,
Manhattan
Drama
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 7 terms; Top Marks List, 8 terms; Honor Society, 6 terms; Dr. Keller's Seminar, 1 term; Leader at Interborough Conference Discussion, 1 term; French Award in 6th Term; Student Speaker at Arbor Day Ceremonies, 2 terms.



WEINGARTEN, ROBERT
607 West End Avenue, Manhattan
Drama
G.O. Member, 5 terms; Section Officer, 1 term; Christmas Show, 1 term; Wrote Senior Show; Senior Entertainment Committee; Drama Production, 1 term; Poetry Club, 1 term; Casting Committee for Senior Show; Production Manager for Drama Production, 1954.



WEISS, SYBIL
11 Riverside Drive, New York 23
"Billy"
Drama
G.O. Member, 8 terms; Honor Society, 1 term; Senior Class Secretary; Senior Production; School-Theatre Comm., 5 terms; Top Marks List, 4 terms; Assembly Programs; Secretary Section, 2 terms.

WOLF, LENORE
1411 Avenue N, Brooklyn
Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Section Officer, 4 terms; Top Marks List, 7 terms; Honor Society, 5 terms; Senior Production; Music Concert; Choral Speaking Club; Delegate to Herald Tribune Youth Forum; Interborough Conference; N. Y. Mirror Youth Forum; Senior Show Committee.



WOLIN, ETHELLE
2634 West Street, Brooklyn
Dance

G.O. Member, 6 terms; G.O. Rep., 2 terms; Health Committee, 2 terms; Co-treasurer of Senior Class; Assembly Programs; Danced for Students Art League; Dance Concerts; Dressing Room Monitor.



WORTZEL, TOBY
480 Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn
Drama

G.O. Member, 8 terms; Entertainment Committee; School Theatre Committee; PAGO Prss, 4 terms; Audition Assistant; Assembly Programs; Casting Committee, Senior Show; Christmas Show; Poetry Club; Student Seminar; Writing Committee, Drama Production, 1954.





A Message From Mr. Marcus

In dedicating this issue to the Academic Subjects, you pay honor not only to them, but to yourselves as well. By this act you show your understanding of the need and value of a well-rounded regimen, of a life that sees values in subjects and activities not strictly vocational, although they contribute materially to vocational success and happiness.

Since I am most closely related to the Social Studies and English departments, I should like to join with you in casting a retrospective eye on the efforts of the teachers in those fields to contribute toward your personal development.

The Social Studies department has tried to help you become a worthy member of your community, your nation and the world. You have been taught to recognize your neighbor's right to enjoy the same freedoms which you cherish, to accept responsibilities as well as rights, to hear and read not only open-mindedly, but critically, to recognize propaganda and to evaluate it, to use reference material to establish facts, and to appreciate the American heritage.

Your English teachers have endeavored to help you explore the richness in the world's literary heritage and to know yourself better through understanding others. They have helped you acquire a taste for good books, magazines, motion pictures, radio and television programs. Your speech and your writing have been improved as a result of their efforts.

It is our hope that these personal qualities, so vital and necessary, will be with you and contribute to your success beyond Metropolitan. You take with you our affectionate good wishes.

HARRY L. MARCUS
Chairman, Academic Subjects

"Some Bits of Poetry"

By Toby Wortzel

MOODS

Like grey toned skies they come
Like rainy days and starless nights
Like the end of summer
Then they pass

And so
All life is
Perpetual motion
Never standing still
But going round and round
In
Grand and glorious circles.

SNOW

Snow has fallen
Breathes slow and delicate
Blanketing the streets
Everywhere everywhere white.

The snow is lover
Falling falling vibrating touching
It murmurs "Shh, be still be still
I shall soothe."
The lover caresses.
Dead silence now.
Strange music this lover brings
that stills and hides
the violent heart.

FOR A MODERN LOVER

I will not say I love you then.
All right, I will not say it.
I will not say I love you more than God;
I'll refrain from my song of you, of the music,
you breathe unto my soul
Of your eyes and lips and face which is now my sun.

I will not say I want you more than Life or Love
for Love's sake.
I will not say, no I will not say "I love, I love" . . .
For tomorrow
Why tomorrow
I may not.

ON THE BUS

The Negro man sits swaying with the jerking motion
Of the bus —
The lines on his brow
Indicate his sadness
He bows his head
Looks out the window —
A gaze set with the weariness of the ages

The bus belches on.

The women blabbering
With their bundles of meat and chicken.

And the rain
Magically persistent,
Beating hard and
Sliding off the windows.

Far more pleasant than the babbling
Of old mouths.

BEGGAR MAN

There is a beggar man
Who sits near the subway stairs at
Sterling street.
He sits there with hat of pencils in his lap
And begs.

The people rushing down the stairs
. . . Always rushing to catch a train . . .
Never see him.

So involved with their own lives
They never stop to toss a penny
Into the beggar's hat.

As I hurry down the stairs
(For I'll be late for class!)
I wonder as I look back for a second —
"Why, I am doing the same things."

Dance

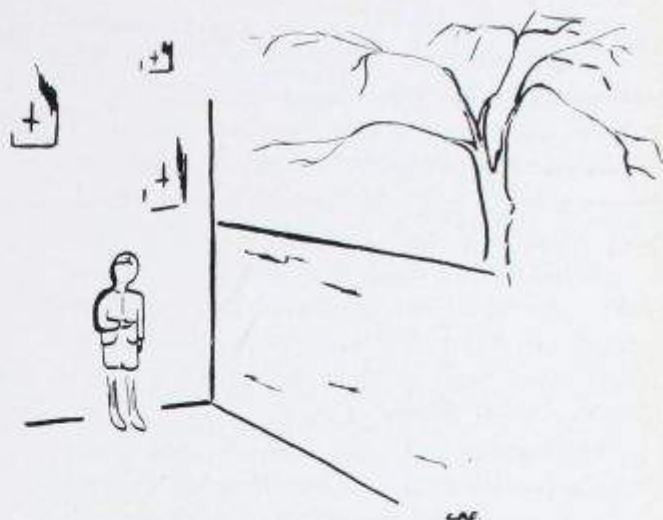
Dance! Dance! Dance!
Whirling and whirling
Like leaves in a September storm,
Beating and burning
In the heat of an insane force
That pushes you around and round,
Reach up now
To the God that fills your heart with such exuberance
Fall down now
To the Hell that scorches you
with loosened fury.
Dance! Dance! Dance!
The music swells and echoes
As your muscles tense and struggle against the
soul that whips them.
Dance out the ache that digs in your heart
And the scorn that laughs and scrapes,
Dance out the love and desire
Buried in stifling, inward tears.
Oh, yes! Dance!
Give leave to the joy of beauty
Or the hate of a futile existence
Your legs are numb
As they kick memory thin
And your feet trample out
The fire of injustice.
Your arms stretch to encircle the infinite —
Hold it close
Dance! Dance! Dance!

June Evert



Below The Wall

Robert Weingarten



From the top floor of a New York City apartment house, take the elevator to the basement, step out into the clear fresh air of the terrace, walk to a low iron spiked fence, climb over it, climb down an old notched wall, into a forest. Not the city anymore, not the country. Not real, not unreal. A private world, a space, in time. A space, though not real, filled with flies, mosquitoes, worms in the ground. A space in time, nevertheless.

Look out of your parents' bedroom window, you see the river. The Hudson river, and Riverside Drive. Country in the city. Look straight down at the ground, and you're looking at the terrace where the occupants of the building are allowed to go privately (but rarely do). But look between the terrace and the drive, five stories down. From above, it looks like a sloping mass of green. But when you've climbed down the wall, the green becomes grass, and vines growing wildly, and bushes . . . bushes forming the shapes of caves, and just as mysterious. And trees, tall trees, the only part of your private wilderness that communicates with the outside, the people above. The leaves of the trees even touch the windows, but you don't care. Let them have their trees, you still have your private grounds. Large, and private. No one comes down here. Originally it was intended for the benefit of the older people, but no one comes. No one, that is, except your friends. Those of your age, who share your interests, whose legs are strong enough to guide them down the wall. Grown ups can't come down here. They'd get stuck on the spikes, or fall, when they miss an opening in the wall. Maybe this place was once

intended for adults, but they were careless. They didn't stop it, when the weeds began to grow. They let the flowers bloom wildly, then die. Now, it's no use to them. They don't want to crawl into bushes forming the shapes of caves. They might get dirty. But you, you're young yet. This is your private place. You can't go everywhere your parents can. Why should they be able to go everywhere you can?

This place is forbidden. You're not allowed to be here. That's why you love it so much. That's why you're willing to get killed almost when you climb secretly down the wall. That's why, if you're chased by the super one day, you'll be back the next day. The super doesn't matter. He rarely comes. And if he comes, you can outrun him. That never matters to you.

And if you're sad, and want to mope, crawl into the bushes. Scream if you like. No one can see you. You know that. You know they could look for a year for you here, and never find you. The time you once ran away, down here all day, with a pile of comic books. You could have stayed a whole year down here, and they never would have found you. John could have brought you food. He knows, also, the secret parts of the forest. You share them together. You and he. You share the grounds. It's large enough for two. For him anyhow, because he's like you. You agree on things. All your life he's shared your secrets, though you maybe didn't have many, for you haven't lived too long. But he's known always just how you felt.

You both sit down here, and through the trees you watch the sun setting across the river. You sit and gape, for you've never seen anything quite so beautiful in your whole life. You've seen the sunset from your parents' bedroom window, but it's one thing to watch the sunset from your parents' bedroom window with them, and it's another thing to watch the sunset from your private world, with the person who is really closest to you. Neither of you talks, because you have nothing to say. And when the last rays from the sun are flashing across the sky, reflecting in the river, then you see the lights . . . electric lights from the George Washington Bridge are beginning to come on, and the lights in the building are being urned on, and you know it's time to go upstairs. Even when you ran away, this was the time to go upstairs, because . . .

II

You've gotten older now. You don't go down there anymore. You might get dirty. Lord knows, you might get stuck on a spike, or fall and break your legs. But others have come to take

your place. And you might sit at your parents' bedroom window, look down there, and watch the children climbing down the wall, then running back up, even once in a while being chased by the super. In a way you envy them, but in a way you don't. You have other interests now, and you can't go back. You climbed down, and you climbed up, for the last time. You can't go back anymore. Not to that place, not to that world. The world of childhood. But even though you can't climb back down this wall, you never can tell when you'll climb down another wall into a newer, more exciting world.

Knock Wood

Rona Strobel

" . . . and then there's the time when I walked into a tree and said, Excuse me . . . "

The only time we even consider trees is when we become lost in our thoughts to the extent that we stop thinking about ourselves (or else, feeling poetic, drift to nature for subject matter). At that time only are we truly humane. (Humane? A word derived from human, but humans are not humane . . . a paradox.)

There are some fifty odd trees that I pass on the way to and from the subway station. Most of these are in a small park; others are living on my block, and still others lean their curious eyes to the street from the sides of numerous private houses like so many old women.

Across the street from my house is an old man who has seen many generations of boys playing ball on the street. I remember when he was interested in the games, but now he concerns himself only with growing to a height where he can get more sun. The first trees I pass are a middle aged couple with identical personalities. Neither one contributes, but merely passes on that which he receives. I always cross the street at this point for the next is a young boy who delights in pranks, innocuous but frightening. The little devil is forever dropping snow, water, leaves or cats.

Turning the corner I greet with pleasure the magnolia steadfastly refusing to doff her Easter clothes. If I must be a bit catty, they are getting a good deal of mud on them. Such a lovely pink dress too!

After a struggle up hill and a stroll downhill I come to the little park. Many bushes and trees are sure that I am the one that fenced them in — at least they look at me as if I were the culprit. Around a bend in the path and before a hill is a small, pretty girl, who surrounded by many not-so-pretty (but strong) girls, is frightened. The bigger ones having chased her into a corner, she cringes against the fence. I hear a train coming and I race madly down the hill. All of the elderly ladies turn their heads and stiff bodies to each other and whine tch, tch, tch.

Behind The Asbestos

Rita Marshalov

I had thirty minutes to make it to the Metropolitan Opera House. Thirty minutes in which to eat, wash, dress and grab that ever tardy bus. All night long the night before I had waited for that phone to ring and for Mr. Berlin, the assistant stage manager, to tell me whether he could smuggle me into the Met to see a performance of the Sadlers Wells Ballet Company.

For four years I had waited to see the Sadlers Wells again. It finally came to New York, and I rushed to call Mr. Berlin in an attempt to buy some tickets from him. He said that the people had not forgotten the performances of four years ago, and there was not one ticket left. My voice fell with obvious unhappiness.

"But," he informed me, "I might be able to sneak you in by one ruse or another. Wait for my call tonight."

He didn't call and I went to bed crying with disappointment.

The afternoon of the next day found me still in my pajamas hard at work cleaning my room — just another day. The phone rang.

"It's all right," Mr. Berlin said. "I made it. Be down in half an hour." I have been on many buses in my life, but I don't think I ever knew one quite as slow. It crept and crawled at an agonizing pace, stopping for every red light and for all the passengers who moved with underwater vagueness.

Backstage at the entrance the house manager gazed at me with a blank stare.

"Oscar Berlin?" he echoed stupidly. "Just one minute."

Just one minute, and it was already two thirty!

"Places, please," I heard them calling from within. Oh where was he? He couldn't, he wouldn't let me down!

"He's right inside by the wings. Go ahead in."

Inside, Mr. Berlin informed me that we had plenty of time. They never started at two thirty. I relaxed, and with my mind off that worry I began to realize the awesomeness of where I was. Here was the smell of the scenery and the rush of the men carrying the flats with amazing swiftness across the stage.

"Watch out." And I was jerked out of the way before I could be hit. Two little ballerinas in identical dresses chattered with very British accents and stopped to stare when they saw me. They looked no more than twelve years old, though they must have been older to be members of the company. I felt like a horrible intruder — a very ordinary human being daring to step into the world of skilled goddesses!

I stepped across the stage with lingering looks at the ballerinas adjusting their head dresses or flexing their toeshoes, not knowing which of the dancers would turn out to be famous. Was that Nadia Narina, Prima Ballerina? Oh, how terrible

I felt in my street shoes on her floor.

I finally managed to reach the safety of the other side and was ushered to a little metal protuberance in the wings where I was to sit.

"We might as well make you useful," said Mr. Berlin as he placed a Kleenex box on my lap with the instructions that I was to distribute them to the dancers as they came off. I couldn't even touch the box. It just sat on my lap, and I looked at it reverently.

The ballet was "Sylvia." The stage was set, the lights were focused, and you could hear the applause of the audience as the conductor entered the orchestra pit. The overture started. Behind the curtain Nadia Narina repeatedly practiced fouette turns while one male dancer, quite close to me, hummed a few bars of music as he stretched. As if at a signal dancers fell into place. The curtain rose.

It was wonderful, I kept telling myself.

Do you realize where you are? Do you realize how close you are to your Gods? And truly, had I reached out I could have touched the net fringe of a tu-tu or the smooth wool of tights.

But somehow I wasn't spellbound. Somehow I wasn't carried away to a land of sweet beauty where only the spirit could enter. For I wasn't seeing immortals — phantoms of a dream that I



had seen from the audience those four years ago. I was seeing humans, profusely sweating humans. I was close to their mortal flesh. I could feel their vibrations, could almost sense their heartbeats. I could see a live foot with the muscles strained in an extension. I could hear the heavy breathing like a harsh wind, whenever they stopped. Nadia Narina's arms were there, flashing before my face too real. I wanted to be transported.

Two little gray fawns were playing and tumbling about. One gray fawn leaped over the other and fell. He was right up again, but that was a hard fall, and I heard the dancers gasp. One ballerina standing with her arms high in position and her toe pointed averted her head to laugh. She said something to the male dancer near her. He smiled and whirled away, she after him.

It was terribly difficult to follow the story. I couldn't be caught up long enough. What I saw was not the ballet "Sylvia" but the life of the Sadlers Wells dancers on stage. After the characters had danced their bits they would come off into the wings all breathless and talking. The perspiration rolling down them had drenched their clothes, and as they snatched a tissue the whole character that they had created on stage shattered to bits. Though they went on again it was impossible to piece these broken fragments together to create one overall picture.

In between acts I stood on stage and watched them change scenery. They were exquisite paintings, these settings, but they were still scenery and not the woodland home of the Forest King and his wife.

The British stage manager stood by me and watched in silence. After a while he said, "You're terribly disillusioned, aren't you? It's not what it seemed out there."

"Why, yes — but not really," I stammered.

"Do you want to be a dancer?" he asked.

"I did."

"And now?"

"An actress. I'm not good enough to be a dancer."

He looked at me.

"Then as an actress I hope you've gained a valuable experience. Your dream world has been shattered. Stop thinking about it now. Look around you. Do you like what you see?"

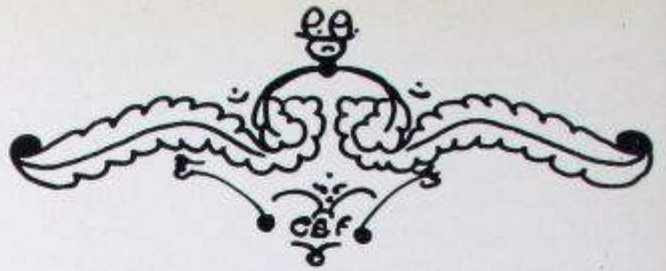
I looked around me. I saw the huge sets, layers behind layer, and smelled their good strong smell of paint and canvas. I heard the men shouting to each other across the stage. I saw the dancers practicing before the next curtain. I felt their thrilling live rhythm, and a special excitement arose within me, far different and much more real than the excitement I had felt as a member of the audience.

I looked up.

"Yes," I said.

"Good! Because this is what you'll be living with. This is the reality that will keep you going when your illusions have failed you. Remember that."

I have. I always will.



Office Boy

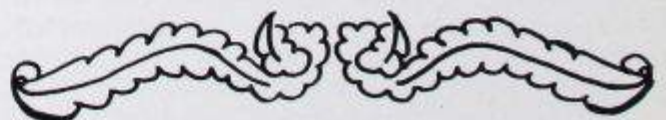
Joe Catinella

He heard a whistle somewhere in the distance. It was very low and mournful, and George wondered what time it was. He turned over on his other side and blinked his eyes towards the small alarm clock. It was six o'clock. George smiled. How early in the morning it seemed up here; yet at home he would be up around this time getting ready for work. First his own alarm would have him up by at least five, and he'd be dressed by five-fifteen, breakfast would be over by five-thirty, and he'd be gathering the dishes, washing them and getting ready to leave. Yet now, everything was different. The pink pattern shimmered on the ceiling, and George shivered a little in bed. These August mornings could be chilly — especially in the mountains. He blinked his eyes once more, and yawned and tossed.

He looked at the alarm again. It was six-ten now. George shivered a little, but decided to get up. He briskly tossed the quilt to a hazy but luminous brightness, cold and startlingly lovely. In the red dust of a bright, cold morning, George rose, stretched and began to dress.

He walked down the steps quietly, so as not to disturb the other boarders, and opened the screen door. The fact that the screen door was already open, was a sign that Mr. Brenner who owned the place was up and working — even at six-thirty. He walked down a long, narrow path that led to the dirt road.

Yes, it was chilly, but how wonderful it felt to walk down a brown road in the early morning. A swallow hummed in a tree, and the leaves rustled softly in the gently fanning breeze. George looked up at the sky, and suddenly began to whistle. He felt good — and everything around him looked good. In the back of his thoughts he remembered the office again, and



how, day after tomorrow, he would have to return again. Office-boy wasn't a bad job, and there always was a chance for promotion — even though he hadn't graduated from high school; yet he still wished that he could stay here a little longer . . . it was so pleasant.

He wondered where he would walk. There were two fine possibilities: the main road to town, and the dirt one to the railway station nearby. Town was fun usually, but in the mornings there wasn't very much to see or do. George turned to the dirt road again, and walked gaily on. High on a distant hill, he could see the steeple of a church, and a small cemetery behind it. Old crosses, meandering and narrow, filled the plot. The sun was coming up a little more now, and the air was freer and clearer.

He came toward the railway depot. It was empty. George wondered whether a train would come along soon, and if it did, whether anyone would leave on it. The platform was small, but there was a little station room inside George could see. He wondered what it looked like, and walked in.

There was a spittoon at the far end of the dank, dark little room. An old, yellow newspaper lay on the floor, filled by cigarette butts and candy wrappers. He began to walk toward the steps when a form struck his eye. Well, there was somebody waiting for the train after all. George smiled amicably, and walked toward the steps again. But he saw that the form was that of a woman, and he turned to look.

She had long yellow hair, which came around her neck and hovered close near her waist. Her skin was pure, creamy white, and it met her yellow hair. Her lips were full and red.

She wore a simple black dress, and her thin coat was yellow, like her hair. She was very yellow and lovely, George thought. A small flicker of surprise was on her face, but she smiled then. George walked over to her slowly. He was a good head taller than she, he noticed then. And then he became aware that his body was longer and stronger. The sun was red now, and her hair was red-yellow. There was brightness everywhere, and George blinked his eyes.

She turned her small green eyes up to his strong features and brown hair, and her eyelashes, he noticed, were clearly set apart, one from another. How curiously lovely! A bird flew past them quickly and alighted on one of the tracks away from them, looking for food. George stared into her eyes, and she looked back at him.

She wet her lips gently and gave George a wide smile then. Her teeth were even and white.

George was surprised at the smile, and his heart rose a little, and he didn't think of Saturday night dates, and the sodas, and the fumbling, but stared into the morning brightness of her green, careful and perfect eyes. She smiled once more, and George raised his hand and touched her cheek. She laughed quietly, ever so quietly. He came closer to her, and touched her side gently. She raised her lips up to him and he kissed them. Then she backed away a little, but he came to her once more and kissed her fervently, knowing for the first time the poetry of his young manhood and of the things that he had missed, and he wondered who she was and where she was heading.

He was about to speak to her, to say what he felt, when he heard the sound. He had hoped it would be delayed, never come at all, but the whistle was shrill and mournfully near.

She backed away from him then, for the first time, and walked a few steps. She smoothed her hair, and wet her lips, then glanced toward where he was standing. George stood there — awkward, confused and very young. He stared at her longingly, not knowing what to do or say. The train came puffing in slowly, a mass of tarred metal, and she walked up to it.

She handed the conductor a small green ticket from her purse, and went up the three steel steps into a compartment. He walked nearer the train — in hopes of what? A signal, communication perhaps. He stiffened as he saw her move to a window alongside where he stood. He looked at her hopefully, his courage renewed. She just sat there looking the other way. She did not look toward him once. And the train puffed out as noiselessly as it had come in.

George sat there all day, waiting for her to come back to him. The afternoon grew much warmer, and the station platform was sunny and drowsy. When twilight came and a pale moon tried brightly to emerge, he stood up slowly. He put his hands into his side pockets and walked down the wooden steps, leading to the path. He noticed that the air was colder now than it had been that morning. From across the mountains, he could see small flashes of light gleaming in homes and cottages as night settled once more. Her long yellow hair was beautiful and very bright. To see her again next summer — this was a wish to brighten the year to come. And they might love longer, permanently.

An owl hooted in a poplar tree in the distance. He'd love her once more, in another summer when he got leave from the office. He wouldn't be office-boy forever. He smiled in the darkness, and walked faster.



The Old Man

Paula Waksman

He was a little old man. There was nothing unusual about him — his shoulders were a little stooped, his face was covered with innumerable tiny wrinkles and his walk was slow and careful. He had come to this country only a few years ago and was living with his daughter and her husband and family in a small apartment in the city. It was an apartment house resembling every other house on the street, and its only distinction was that it had an empty lot next door with grass and a few trees growing there. The old man loved the outdoors, having been a farmer in the "old country," and his greatest pleasure was getting up in the morning, rushing through breakfast, and going out to the lot and sitting on a big flat rock. There he would sit until the sun went down, feeding the squirrels, talking softly to the birds, and watching the children play. The children had long since ceased to wonder about him — it did seem rather strange that he should just sit there in the same place, day in and day out except when it rained. But he was a nice old guy — and they let it go at that.

The truth was, the old man was afraid of the city. He hated the closed in feeling he got when he saw the big, tall, ugly buildings that modern man called "progress." He hated the dirt and the noise and hurried, tense pace of everything around him. He was too old and sickly to go off by himself somewhere in the country; he had

to live and he couldn't support himself anymore. Every night he thanked God for this little refuge in which he could escape for a little from the noisy, belligerent city.

Then one day the little old man got sick. The family thought this was the end because he hadn't many years left anyway. They had resigned themselves when all at once he took a turn for the better. One sunny day he asked to be put in the chair by the window so that he could watch the children playing on the lot. He looked out the window, and his expression of contentment changed to one of dismay. Instead of the children, a group of men were walking around. There were many trucks and — yes — two of the trees were gone. They had been torn up along with the rock he always sat on.

He called his daughter and in a frightened voice asked what was happening. She put down her dish towel and wiping her hands on her apron, she came over to the window and looked out.

"I thought I told you, Pop. They're putting up a new apartment building there."

The little old man looked at her a moment with disbelief and then turned slowly back to the window. He didn't say a word — just sat there — and the tears streamed down his wrinkled face.

The Campus

Morning: You're free at last from the growl and clatter and smells of the tunnel below ground. You make a mad dash past the frankfurter stand, Zimmerman's and Jade's—pony tails and hatboxes bouncing up and down as you strain to make the 8:20 bell. One boy is trying to run dragging his

cello. Dr. Dycke should see you now . . . this is one time you're carrying out your *intention*. You've made it; there's time enough. You stop for a moment to survey the street from your sanctuary in front of the building. The street has a stripped, austere quality in the early morning hush. You see

it all: the drug stores, the tailor shop, the stage doors, the show-biz newspaper officer, the church, the radio station—a sleepy eyed man leans against the Century Hotel. A few people push energetically against the wind on the way to their jobs. The street has a somnolent quality, but you feel the tension throbbing underneath, and you know it will soon be convulsive with movement. You raise your eyes to the ledge overhead where two pigeons are parading back and forth like nervous sentries guarding a valuable prize. The rear-guard of the students comes panting to the entrance. You notice the new Italian hair-dos. (Somehow over Easter half the girls got shorn.) You pull the tarnished door-knob and start up the stairs. Behind you, breathing hoarsely, is a teacher on his way to the time clock. The students on the stair-case, without a word, flatten themselves against both sides and let him through. The teacher smiles gratefully. Upstairs the students stand around in clotted groups which will disintegrate when the first bell rings. There are quick spurts of conversation. *I'm getting so tired of carrots and celery for lunch. . . . But I'm fed up with animal improvisations already. After all there's a limit—My turnout is good, but she told me I have to work on my extension—So there I am doing a contraction and the dance band upstairs is playing "Twelfth Street Rag."*

Lunch: You go out through the side doors (the front doors are always blocked by the lower termers). Then you're on your way with your special friends, and there is the regular ritual of the "saved" chairs and the discussion about what to eat and figuring out how much you can afford to spend, since you simply have to buy leotards this week. So you eat and talk, talk and eat . . . about what went on in Home Room, about the discussion in your English class, but mostly about dance or acting or music. You start back, avoiding the speeding taxis as you cross, and threading your way through the crowds of people standing in front of the office building waiting for their lunch hour to end. Coming opposite you see Lucille Ball and Desi Arnez, looking like a familiar part of the street. You say to yourself: "I'm lucky. In what other high school do celebrities walk in the same street with you and eat in the same places?" Then you remember that the word "celebrity" is unprofessional. The street crackles with vitality. The kids in front of the building are noisier than they were in the morning.

Afternoon: It's almost four-thirty when you leave the building. On your way out, you watch a skinny-legged boy in leotards practice a scene with a girl in a yellow costume. Two other girls watch,

their lips pursed in professional vigilance. A dance student tries a turn she learned that day. You can see the bunched up muscles at the moment of greatest strain. When you go out the building, the sun is beginning to set over Luxor Baths. You start down the street, your mind filled with intricacies of technique. You feel exalted by a vision of life dedicated to your art. You turn the corner and you hear "Cuban Mambo" racketting with idiot repetitiveness from the hat shop. You go on.

New York

This is New York.

These are the people of New York.

These are the dreams of the people;

Concrete bodies with bones of steel,

Monuments to the sweating man, the creating man . . .

Burning eyes like plates of gold.

Burning with the fever of man's ambition.

High heads wearing the clouds, wearing the sky;

Breathing thick black breath into the sky;

Blowing slim fine smoke out at the sky.

We have made you, New York.

We have made you from scraps of molten iron.

We have made you from sand and mud and water.

We have made you from melted ore and pewter.

We have made you with body oil, body grime, body power.

We have built you with human passion, city.

We have built you with human soul, city.

We have loved you and built you with human laughter.

And now you can stand, New York,

Work of a hundred years;

Evolution of a thousand peoples;

Offspring of the wedded dreams of millions.

You are a child from the womb of creation,

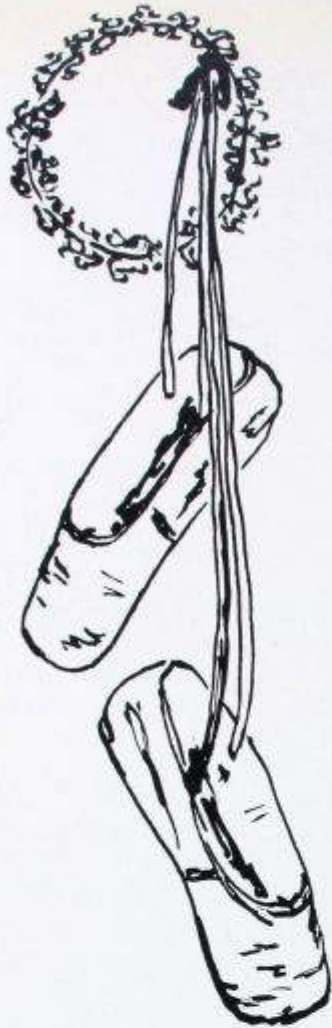
Fathered by the yearnings of seven continents.

You are the heartbeat of a nation, New York.

You are the pulse of America.

RITA MARSHALOV

This poem won for Rita Marshalov a \$1,000 college scholarship in a contest sponsored by the Tex and Jinx program.



Campus

Breakfast signs in with
 Toast and two jumbo eggs
 Toast and two jumbo eggs and bacon
 Served with marmalade
 And two jumbo eggs

Meet me at three and tell me your troubles
 Over a coke and a ten cent check and a juke box
 Have a coke and tell me your troubles
 About art and aesthetics; and parents and loneliness

The fraternity meets
 At our alley door step
 Tired old men sleeping
 And they too are young
 With dreams and we
 Laugh passing by

Glass and brick rising
 Massive structures
 Blackened iron touched
 Blithely by the sun
 Steel crossing steel
 Parallels of strength
 The flutter of a bird
 Searching for the sky.

Geraldine Stapleton

The Time That Was

1950

PRESIDENT ANNOUNCES U. S. WILL MAKE HYDROGEN BOMB SCHUMAN PLAN ANNOUNCED

You walk through the building at 120 West 46th Street, and you see the students in the classrooms on the third floor—algebra, history, geometry, biology—hard cover notebooks with English notes and doodles decorating inside covers. You hear:

"The importance of the American Revolution, as it were . . . " and

"Miss Katz, I understand the part about angle, side, angle, but in the other triangle . . . "

"Macbeth exists on two levels—as a bloody melodrama and as a philosophic play . . . "

The bell rings and students attend homeroom, and then another bell—the rush to lunch in the basement, paper bags and hard boiled eggs and tomatoes . . .

"I've got to watch my diet—my leaps aren't as high . . . "

"To be or not to be"—what is his intention in the scene?"

"Where is my partner? We've got to learn these lines . . . "

Lunch is over. Afternoon shop!

Music history and orchestra class—strains of violin seeping through the walls, downstairs . . .

"Tout a jete, arabesque, plie"

Point your toe hard to the floor . . .

Downstairs . . .

"Keep your sounds high, Cherubs . . . "

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW DIES AT AGE OF 94

Special P. A. Assembly: JOSE FERRER PAYS TRIBUTE TO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MRS. ROCKWELL—DANCE DEPARTMENT LEAVES P. A.

"BORN YESTERDAY"

"Harry, do me a favor will you, . . . DROP DEAD!"

"SUNSET BOULEVARD" — Gloria Swanson — and William Holden, face down in a swimming pool. LIFE VISITS SCHOOL FOR FUTURE B'WAY STARS ON THE "GREAT WHITE WAY":

"THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING" . . .
"GUYS AND DOLLS."

"when you see a guy reach for stars in the sky . . ."

". . . goodnight, Irene, goodnight Irene, Irene, goodnight . . ."

"It isn't fair for you to taunt me . . . my darling it isn't fair . . ."

DRAMA PRODUCTION

"Green Grow The Lilacs"—

days warm clear, sitting in a classroom behind a desk—it would be nice to go up to the park now, just walk or sit on the grass . . .

"We could leave our books in my locker"—

"Uh, uh, I'm working on my project now and I've got rehearsal after school, anyway . . ." "Tomorrow maybe . . ."

3 o'clock finally, and you walk out the door into the street, into the warmness which is not yet city-muggy-warm, but soft . . . and sweet . . .

SPRING-TIME COMETH WITH THE ICE-CREAM MAN

He stands in front of the building as he did at lunch in his white jacket, bending over the white cart.

"chocolate, chocolate chip, banana . . ."

it won't be dark for long—do your homework and then there is time to go for a walk or gaze out the window to look at the stars

"Teachers give so much more homework in the Spring . . ."

1951

CHINESE COMMUNISTS OPEN BIG DRIVE AGAINST UN FORCES IN KOREA

TRUMAN RELIEVES GEN. MACARTHUR OF COMMAND

CADETS ARE DISMISSED FROM WEST POINT FOR VIOLATING HONOR SYSTEM

YANKEES WIN WORLD SERIES DEFEAT GIANTS 4-2

THEY BEG TO GET INTO THIS SCHOOL

FUTURE STARS AT HIGH SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS

"the dances must be prepared . . ." "your body is your instrument . . ." "the actor must remember that the voice is . . ." "Go, get a late pass."

OLIN DOWNS—MUSIC CRITIC NEW YORK TIMES IN P. A. ASSEMBLY

WALTER TERRY—DANCE CRITIC GUEST AT P. A. ASSEMBLY

"Technical training isn't enough; The dancer needs . . ."

"THE KING AND I" at the St. James theatre—

"We kiss in the shadows

We hide from the moon . . ."

"Some enchanted evening, when you hear your true love, when you hear him call you . . ."

SOUTH PACIFIC—new hit opens on B'way . . .

The films . . .

"Hey, Stella!!! (according to the Napoleonic code, everything that belongs to the husband belongs to the wife . . ."

"They try to tell us were too young . . . too young, too young . . . to really be in love . . ." coming from the jukebox—Nat "King" Cole, and, "The Tennessee Waltz—and then,

Before you know it . . . no classes, no rehearsals. It is the summer . . . vacation . . . a whole time for yourself—to summer stock or dance and music lessons . . . go to the beach, sleep late, not ride the subway every day, see all the friends you've had no time for, because there were the midterms and the projects . . .

. . . Summer is never very long . . . drifts its way into Fall, quietly, suddenly . . .

"Must buy a new looseleaf . . ."

"This term I'll study French every night . . ."

"And do all my homework" . . .

"Wonder what we are going to do in Acting this term . . ."

"Must go over to Capezio . . ."

"Gee, it is really good to be . . ."

"Hi, have a nice summer?"

"You look great!"

. . . "Just wait, just wait till I tell you . . ."



1952

EISENHOWER DECLARES HE IS AVAILABLE FOR PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

KING GEORGE VI OF ENGLAND DIES

TRUMAN DECLARES HIMSELF OUT OF DEMOCRATIC RACE

"ACADEMIC AND THEATRE STUDY COMBINED AT HIGH SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS
"SCHOOL WAS NEVER LIKE THIS"

Never like sitting in Intermediate with thump thump thumping over your head . . . wondering how long the dancers on the floor above will practice . . .

. . . the piano and bass and trumpet sound reaching past the x-3-24 . . .

. . . never the three o'clock Latin American Club with Mr. Dorfman . . . and 1-2-3 . . . kick, 1-2-3 . . .

Julie Harris on Broadway—"I AM A CAMERA"

ALICE COMES TO BROADWAY . . .

Senior show at P. A.—"Alice in Broadwayland"
. . . tale of an Alice who seeks fame and fortune in Broadwayland . . .

THE CINEMA that year,

"VIVA ZAPATA"

"LIMELIGHT" ("Chaplin's new discovery, Claire Bloom was enchanting . . ." . . .)

"FORBIDDEN GAMES"

P. A. FIELD DAY—Bring your lunch . . . if it rains or you think it is going to, call Dr. Paine here at school before eight a.m. . . .

"Who would like a zero?"

MRS. GREENSTEIN LEAVES P. A.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT OF P. A. SPRING 1952
—does

. . . "MADWOMAN" AT THE KAUFMAN AUDITORIUM MAY 19th

Directed by SIDNEY WALTERS . . .

"Do you hear, Mademoiselle,
those musicians from hell . . . ?"

RAGPICKER: . . . when you have no money, nobody believes you . . . because to have money is to be virtuous, honest, beautiful . . . to be without it is to be ugly and boring and stupid . . ."

MADWOMEN: "Oh, Irma, kiss him . . . if two people who love each other let a single instant wedge itself between them, it grows . . . Kiss him! Kiss him! while there is time, or in a moment there will be another madwoman in Paris!"
. . . Johnny Ray crying "Cry".

You can change your whole body . . . it's elastic . . . "Zaaada-zaazaa . . ." . . . "Use your space".

1953

PRESIDENT INAUGURATED—FIRST REPUBLICAN SINCE 1933

JOSEPH STALIN DIES

TRUCE ENDS KOREAN WAR AFTER 3 YEARS

WAGNER WINS N. Y. MAYORALTY

McCARTHY CHALLENGES EISENHOWER SAYS COMMUNISTS BIG ISSUE IN '54

"SCHOOL OF PERFORMING ARTS SETS EXAMPLE FOR AMERICA"

DR. KELLER TOURS SCHOOLS OF AMERICA—MR. LULOFF ACTING PRINCIPAL

. . . Classes again . . . advanced shop . . . the pattern beginning to take shape and form . . . scenes in Acting . . . Dance and music workshops . . . learning, absorbing always . . .

Whenever we kiss . . . "MOULIN ROUGE"
BOAT RIDE TO BEAR MOUNTAIN . . . Bright day with friends and laughter, swimming and hiking and bulk-packed lunches . . .

"I'll trade the egg salad for your ham and cheese . . ."

DR. KAMINS

MR. ZAMICHOW

MISS DRAIZEN

MME. LANDAU

LEAVE P. A.

BETTY HUTTON GUEST IN ASSEMBLY

"I've worked too hard with my career to allow marriage to . . ."

Mr. Kaplan comes to P. A. ("At your first performance, I'll sit in the first row and blow bubbles")

THEATRE '53

DEBORAH KERR scores in "TEA AND SYMPATHY"

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' NEW "CAMINO REAL"
. . . symbolism some do and do not appreciate . . ."

"THE CRUCIBLE" — witches and ominous parallels

"We were watching a movie on this island in the Pacific, and I asked the fellow next to me for a match . . ."

"PICNIC" . . .

Morris Miller as "Bomber"

Senior acting class . . . M. Miller and "Three Men On a Horse", and William Lennard directing
"Rhythm, rhythm, save the world."

"Down, Miss Katz."

"THE YOUNG AND FAIR" . . .

MUSIC CONCERT GIVEN BY MUSIC DEPT. OF P. A. AT KAUFMAN AUDITORIUM
SENIOR SHOW—"BUZZ"

. . . all three departments writing songs, the choreography, script . . .

SPRING DRAMA PRODUCTION 1953

"RING AROUND THE MOON" . . . Hugo and Fredrick and "I knew he wouldn't come!"

Dance recital at 92nd Street Y. Critics are impressed.

"It was not only great fun," John Martin wrote, "but bore incontestable witness to the work being done by this unique branch of the public school system . . ."

Walter Terry wrote admiringly of the special elasticity that P. A. dancers have.

"The muscles of the young dancers seem to go 'ch-boing!'"

. . . Back to classes for a while, production is over, studying . . . final exams and Regents for some . . .

. . . Another vacation . . . then the end of summer into

1954

MacCARTHY HEARINGS

GENEVA CONFERENCE

"AUDREY HEPBURN WINS ACADEMY AWARD FOR "Roman Holiday"

MOVIES:

"STALAG 17, "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY", "LILI"

WILLIAM HOLDEN WINS ACADEMY AWARD . . .

MARIA RIVA SPEAKS WITH DRAMA STUDENTS . . .

"Tuna fish and crackers, sitting on the floor reading Doestoyesvsky . . ."

"Television offers great opportunities for the actor . . ." . . . those who look down their noses, if it isn't live 'THEATRE' . . ." everything is theatre . . . the circus, Mickey Mouse, Duse, . . . the drunken men you see before the 8:20 class in the street on 46th street . . . you can't help but notice . . . lost, old faces . . . tired . . . and you wonder how they can be that way when there is so much life and so much to do . . .

NEW POETRY CLUB IN P. A. WITH MRS. DAVISON

"we are the hollow men, the stuffed men . . . leaning together . . ."

MRS. ROCKWELL RETURNS TO P. A.

MRS. BOROFF LEAVES—

MR. BOROFF RETURNS

MRS. RUDKO LEAVES

MRS. DAVISON . . . (It's another Keats, we hope!) LEAVES P. A.

"Beauty is Truth; Truth Beauty; that is all ye know on earth; and all ye need to know . . ."

"Time will pass, but will you?"

. . . and you look outside on the street off

Broadway, the atmosphere different now after four years or three years; you don't always look up at the neon light seeing your name there, not when anyone you know is around anyway . . .

"Professional attitude"

"Degenerate sons and daughters . . ."

Broadway sees you every day . . . at night . . . when the neon is its sharpest . . .

"For every light on Broadway there is . . ."

"Life is too strong" . . .

yes,

"Life is too strong for you, it takes Life to love Life."

SPRING DRAMA PRODUCTIONS:

"HOUSE OF DREAMS" FALLS—"Now I can tell you something which is Truth—I love you . . ."

"THIEVES CARNIVAL"—Michael Howard directs

"Edgard, be quiet!"

"But my dear . . ." "I shall crumble—

I shall crumble up . . ."

"FOUR RING CIRCUS" . . . William Lennard directs . . .

"If you're looking for a friend in need, you've come to the right place . . . we're all in need . . ."

Celeste Holm, sprightly and well-groomed in a smart gray suit, smiling into the flashlight bulbs and telling the assembly how it all happened . . .

Meyer Berger fingering his bow-tie telling how to win a Pulitzer Prize through understatement, talking about eclipses in a cow pasture and Dutch Schultz worrying about the dignity of the NEW YORK TIMES and "then I met the fat woman again . . ." William Holden invincibly handsome but looking sleepy at 11 A.M. . . . Robert Goldsand piano playing before an enthralled audience . . . Margaret Webster, deep-voiced and prepossessing looking, saying wise things about theater . . .

Senior meetings with Mr. Sachs . . . the plans for the prom. "Get your dues in, PLEASE! Mr. Boroff buttonholing Yearbook writers in the hall, between lines in rehearsals: "Where's the article you're supposed to write?"

"Would you like a cup of tea?"

Production is over, the dance demonstrations done. The tempo slows down. Another spring, another summer, but this time it's different. Graduation . . . the large decisions . . . the small anxieties . . . old allegiances suspended . . . new allegiances not yet forged.

"Hi, have a nice summer?"

"Just wait, wait till I tell you . . ."

TOBY WORTZEL

LOUISE JAFFE

Performing Arts Anthology of 1954

Dr. Keller—*Top Banana*
Mr. Luloff—*Mr. President*
Dr. Paine—*At War with the Army*
Mr. Dorfman—*All about Eve*
Mr. Kaplan—*The Razor's Edge*
Mr. Landau—*Houdini*
Mrs. Stone—*Let's make it Legal*
Mrs. Schneebaum—*Executive Suite*
Mr. Nemson—*The Quiet Man*
Miss Katz—*Sailor Beware*
Mrs. Gore—*State of the Union*
Mr. Blond—*Call me Mister*
Miss Nethe—*Angel Face*
Mr. Orfuss—*Jim Thorpe—All American*
Mrs. Davison—*Forever Female*
Mrs. Boroff—*Held in Trust*
Mr. Boroff—*The Student Prince*
Mr. Marcus—*Monkey Business*
Mr. Levy—*The Steel Trap*
Miss Boal—*Payment on Demand*
Miss Lynch—*Appointment with Danger*
Mrs. Wilkenfeld—*Every Girl Should Marry*

DRAMA

Dr. Dycke—*Command Decision*
Mrs. Provet—*Main Street to Broadway*
Mrs. Berger—*Lili*
Mr. Olvin—*He Ran all the Way*
Miss Trigg—*Red Garters*

Mr. Howard—*The Moment of Truth*
Mr. Lennard—*Carnival Story*
Mrs. Cooper—*Lucky me*
Miss Ames—*It Should Happen to You*
Mrs. Banks—*Return to Paradise*
Mr. Miller—*The Clown*
Mr. Weiser—*Kind Sir*

MUSIC

Mr. Grossman—*Give a Girl a Break*
Mr. Aaron—*Easy to Love*
Mr. Sachs—*Key Largo*
Mr. Lash—*Go, Man, Go!*
Miss Simpson—*Rhapsody*
Mr. Kupfer—*Make Mine Music*

DANCE

Mr. Strauss—*Mr. Music*
Mrs. Rockwell—*Never a Dull Moment*
Miss Lang—*She Couldn't Say No*
Miss Malinka—*Belles on their Toes*
Miss Moore—*Take care of my little Girl*
Miss Casey—*The Red Shoes*
Mr. Joffrey—*Scaramouche*
Miss Grelinger—*Kiss Me Kate*
Miss Cohen—*Here Come the Girls*
Mr. Hoving—*The Birth of the Blues*
Miss Newman—*Encore*
Miss Broughton—*Jumping Jacks*

Last Will and Testament

Dr. Keller	A new building
Dr. Paine	Late Pass
Mr. Marcus	Visitors Pass
Mr. Olvin	A fire
Miss Grabenheimer	Another Biology Class
Dance Department	Ten trial lessons at Arthur Murry
Mr. Orfuss	A Vacation
Mrs. Gore	Guided tour of the TVA
Miss Katz	An abacus
Mr. Kaplan	A French Class
Mr. Dorfman	License In Economics
Mrs. Davison	Diaper Service
Mr. Lennard	A Script
Dr. Dycke	A Brooklyn Accent
Mrs. Boroff	Mr. Boroff
Mr. Sachs	Gimbels
Mr. Grossman	Local 802 Card
Mrs. Provet	A pair of Dungarees
Miss Lang	Dog Catcher
Mr. Landau	Wildroot Cream Oil
Mr. Aaron	A Board eraser
Mr. Boroff	Promises
Miss Wohl	A Student majoring in Office Practice
Miss Nethe	Stomach Pump
Miss Lynch	Lipton's Tea
Miss Boal	Subscription to "Downbeat"
Mr. Blond	A Pair of Suspenders
Mrs. Schneebaum	Subscription to the Atlantic Monthly

On Hair

From the time of man's first appearance on Earth, the hair covering his scalp has alternately been the scourge and the mainstay of his emotional well-being. When this covering provided by Nature is scanty, he wishes it were abundant! When it is abundant, he drives himself to distraction in his quest of a way to manage it.

In anthropologists' depictions of primitive man, he is always sporting thick, unkempt tresses. Can you imagine his distress when, while aiming his rock at the skull of a woolly mammoth, a chance breeze threw this growth across his face, and thus blocked his vision? And yet without his mane, his pate would certainly have been a chill one.

In medieval times, knights wore their hair shoulder-length; their women's hair, when released, was long enough to reach from their balconies to their lovers standing on the ground below. At the other extreme were the monks, with their bald pates fringed by a thin, retreating fuzz. These are the first bald men encountered in our history books.

The hair fashions of today are actually a representative group: all of the hairdoes, popular at one time or another down through the ages, are to be found in modern society. We have knee-length, shoulder-length, and short styles. Alas, we also have our monks.

There are men who have displayed great strength and strong judgment, and are held in high esteem by those who know them. Yet some of these men actually have inferiority complexes; their baldness makes them miserable, and they are envious of those fortunate enough to have their scalps hidden from sight. When such a person is seen in the company of a knee-length-style woman, one wonders if there is any justice at all.

Yet these men are in a sense, more fortunate than certain members of the opposite sex who plague themselves with artificial styles, colors, and waves. Essentially, their attitude towards hair-length, for example, is no more advanced than that of the primitive person mentioned earlier, despite the millions of years which separate the two. Only the manifestations of their "hair-frustration" has changed.

Fortunately, there are men who have an abundant supply of hair, and there actually are women who are satisfied with their coiffures. Those of us less fortunate may be grateful that mirrors are comparatively infrequent and that one's memory of his own appearance is mercifully brief.

Hair may generally be considered to be very similar to a muscle: one is aware of it only when something is out of place. Moreover, it seems highly probable that the hair problem will be with us every bit as long as aching muscles. Should we, in some way, return to this earth in a far-distant century, we would be certain to see sad bald men and frustrated "shoulder-length" women. Such is life; such is hair.

MOREY RITT

The Artist in the World

The world today is a frantic, mangled, indecisive sphere. Its pulse is frenetic; a spasmodic pump which sends the blood of hope in intense but abrupt spurts. Cynicism is a credo. Youth fears its ability to predict its own death. Age is reticent. We are threatened with the dismalness of an annihilated future. Routine locks its shackles around submissive wrists.

Here, at the locks of those shackles, at the pin-points of fear in young eyes, at the threshold of the elder's futility, at the aura of the infants' innocence must wait the artists. They must loose the shackles; they must purge and give balm to the fear; they must create vibrant remembrance in the aged; they must worship and nurture the innocence of the children and promise them life.

The artists can do it. They see. They eat life like food. It feeds them. Its torrential beauty, its incisory crags, its bewildering stupidities, its infinite glories—all are assimilated by the consummate awareness of the artists.

As individuals who are recognized as people and not as doctrines, they must speak to and for their fellows. They must resent the climate of suicide the world feels. It is through the order which they create that disorder may be exposed in all its naked cruelty. Their affirmation of the omnipresence of life must be full and strong.

Art and Creation depend on the free mind, on liberated intellectual energy, on the emotional thrust whose goal is empathy; on the selfwilled audience who helps create by reacting.

The fact that art is sustained by these makes its rejection of all corrupt and binding dogma imperative.

Artists are prophets. They sense the inherent goodness of life. They know that it is irrepressible and that it will survive.

Let them sound this in a resounding canto for all to hear. Let the joyous minstrels never lower their lutes. Let them dance this with the dynamism and poignancy of movement. Let them illuminate canvas and vitalize stone and wood. And if they don't want to? If some artists don't want to speak the thoughts presented here? Then they must not. Theirs must be loud dissenting voices. For above all, artists must be honest. They, if no others do, must speak their own free, intense, and often dissenting minds. This act is an affirmation in itself.

MELISA NICOLAIDES

Beauty

At sunset the child asked why the flowers had such a sweet odor.

The sage replied that the odor showed their pleasure at being alive, at being loved for beauty's sake.

At dawn the child asked why the flowers cried.

The sage replied that God had just awakened them with a kiss; to another day, to be loved for beauty's sake.

PETER SAUL

Berkshire Concert

The sun had just sunk beyond the far hills of the Berkshires, leaving a golden purple rim above the pines surrounding the concert hall. A low drone filled the air as the crowds gradually settled themselves on blankets or jackets or directly on the grass itself.

A small boy, who had just finished a cup of chocolate milk, carried from the cafeteria on the other end of the lawn, nudged his father to ask a question. Behind them sat an elderly woman, alone, cleaning her glasses, as a heavy man nearby fanned himself with the Tchaikowsky program. The heat of the day was still upon them, relieved only now and then by a teasing breeze which brushed softly by. The sounds of hushed conversation intermingled with quiet spontaneous bits of laughter wafted upward towards the clear summer sky.

Suddenly a silencing wave passed over them. In a moment the silence was filled with four powerful beats and the music began. Released from the hall, it flowed swiftly, smoothly amid the crowd, before ascending, and reaching beyond in every direction.

The elderly hand removed the glasses and set them by her side, as she leaned her forehead against her palm. The breeze carried the soft notes to her ear, there to be lost in the circle of her remembrances. Her mind, like her eyes, was closed to any of the consciousness which may have filled that of the small boy in front of her . . . He was busily engaged in trying to make an ant walk up a strip he'd torn from the cardboard cup .

"C'mon, won'tcha?" he muttered under his breath.

His father reached to take away the weapon, and put his finger to his lip.

"Geez," the boy protested, "I was only—"

A shush" came from a thin woman sitting on the other side.

The boy dug his heel in the grass, and turned to look for a new diversion . . .

Towards the front of the hall where the music swelled loudest, a pretty woman in a white dress leaned forward. Her mind concentrated com-

pletely on one of the second violinists, and her eyes burned with the glow of love and pride.

Twilight at last sent its cool shade upon the listeners. One by one the stars appeared, lending to the magic spell of those who watched.

Two sunburned cheeks moved simultaneously, one to the other. As the air grew cool, he put the jacket gently over her shoulders and drew his arm closer about her. She smiled as the sweet, green fragrance of the Berkshires encircled them.

Further back, a young boy sat, also gazing toward the stars, as the heavy commanding strains transported him to a world of adolescent dreams, ambitions and fulfillments.

The heavy man dropped his program as his head bent sleepily forward. A minute later his breathing became deep and slightly noisy as he inhaled. The thin woman shook his shoulder and "shushed" again. He blinked rapidly, lifted his head taking a great breath of air, picked up his program, and once more stared forward.

The shades of night darkened. Earth and heaven seemed to unite, bound with music from the heart of each.

At last the final movement and the grand applause led by the pretty woman in the white dress—who beat her hands feverishly. The heavy man clapped slowly with his big, cupped hands, while the little boy tried to see how much more noise he could make with two fingers. The thin woman's hands fluttered quickly up and as the elderly woman gently clapped the fragile fingers to her palm. The boy and the girl with the jacket, after applauding separately, laughed as one struck the other's hand. The adolescent boy clapped his hands with the strength of a new determination.

The crowd rose, the conversation and laughter gradually began. The concert was ended.

JUNE EVERT

I Remember, I Remember

The school is a small one, actually a country schoolhouse, sitting squarely in the midst of one of New York City's five boroughs. The building's size and color give one the impression of a chicken coop, and it has therefore been dubbed with that inelegant name. To its four teachers, it is P. S.—; to the group of about one hundred-twenty youngsters, it is affectionately (and sometimes scornfully) "the old chicken coop."

I am one of those youngsters. My hair is in pigtails, which I cannot braid myself. I have to wake my mother every morning to comb my hair.

Sometimes I meet my friends on the way to school. It is a short walk, only three blocks. Sometimes we go across the street to watch the boats in the bay before the bell rings. We talk about the boats we'll own someday, and then we'll be able to sail on the bay, and there'll be other kids watching us.

We don't mind when the bell rings. We're in the first grade, and our teacher, who is also the principal of the four-room schoolhouse, is a very nice lady. It's true that she is rather old, but it's much better to have her than her tall sister, who's younger but meaner. She teaches the second grade. We call her Big Miss Martin, and our teacher Little Miss Martin.

None of us wants to go into the second grade. Sometimes the kids in that class come home crying, and we think how nice it would be if we could only be left back and stay with Little Miss Martin another year. But we also know that to be left back is the very worst thing that could ever happen; so we decide to tell our parents to move somewhere else.

Our parents only laugh at us. We have to resign ourselves to a very unhappy second year. It's not so bad, though. The third grade teacher is very nice, and maybe a year isn't so long, anyway.

The first day of the second grade brings mixed feelings. The teacher is very strict, but we don't care so much. She gave us homework! We run home, yelling "1-A baby" at the first-grade kids, feeling glad that no one can call us that name any more. We run home to tell our friends and parents about all the homework we have, pretending to be annoyed but really very proud.

At last, we find out why second-grade kids go home crying. If we're bad, Big Miss Martin makes us sit at a little table in the front of the room. We have to sit there the rest of the day, with everybody staring at us, and we have to try very hard not to cry.

We finally learn how to behave ourselves, and then the rest of the year goes quickly.

The third and fourth grades rush by, partly because we know that we'll be leaving the "chicken coop" soon. The last two years are wonderful. We're the big shots now.

But underlying the feeling of importance is dread. We've all heard stories of the "spanking-machine" in the big school which awaits us. We know that the teachers will be very strict. We'll have to ride on the school-bus. We'll have to grow up.

Part of our life has passed. We know this. Our days in the little school-house are done. In years to come, we pass the "chicken-coop" like strangers. One day the "chicken-coop" itself comes down to make way for a new and "better" school.

SHEILA FELDMAN

The Room

It is a strange feeling to wake up suddenly from sleep and ask yourself where you are. Then your mind works quickly, and you remember that you have been traveling, and this is just a home for one night.

It is still dark, but there are the first signs of morning. As the light starts to form, you become aware of the room your parents had rented the night before. You dimly make out the huge four-poster bed in which your parents are sleeping.

They are wrapped in a thick-quilted blanket, and their bodies appear in grotesque shapes. You can see your brother sleeping in a smaller bed, and his blanket, of course, is on the floor. Next to his bed is a pink marble sink. One does not often sleep in the same room as a pink marble sink. The new light from outside falls in a sharp, thin line that comes from the terrace. Your brother chose to sleep next to the sink, but the terrace is far more romantic.

You suddenly have the urge to discover what the world looks like at such an early hour. You open the door to the terrace and walk out. The cool air and the freshness of the morning envelop you. You close the door behind you, and the room you have left seems shadowy and lifeless, and you're glad you're outside. You see the sign on the lawn that reads, "Rooms for Rent," and underneath, in small letters, "bathing beach." That, to be sure, is what attracted you in the first place, until you learned that you would leave at seven in the morning; it would be too cool to swim then.

A conversation in the room you just left has begun. You know your parents are up. Your brother is still lazily stirring in bed. You are leaving, and the packing is hurried. You reluctantly leave the terrace and the orbit of your silence and contemplation. The talk has a low-voiced, morning quality. You pack with a ritualistic familiarity.

The car pulls away with curt disregard of the night and the room. You feel a sudden stabbing sense of loss. The room has been a part of your family life, part of your life. You have a fleeting vision of all the many families whose lives were briefly cabined in that room and then pulled away in an impersonal burst of speed.

Suddenly, you feel older.

Stephanie Gordon

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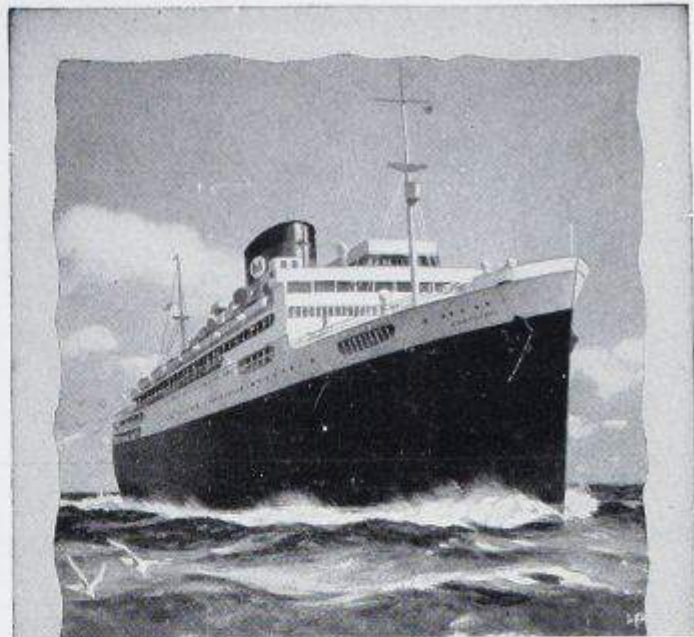
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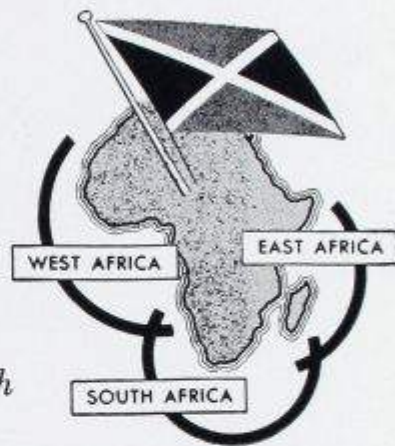
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