



GE-3-9111

THE PERFORMER

49-9454
5:30 45-15

Frank Cutler
49-9324

*Dolly Rosner
158 Tompkins Ave
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

3 DEPARTMENTS (COUNT 'EM) 3



STUPENDOUS NEW '52 EDITION
Super Spectacle Sublime

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President—Jill Andre
Vice-President—Arthur Mitchell
Secretary—Glenda Silverman
Treasurer: Dance—Laura Masoff
Drama—Carole Bergenthal
Music—Geraldine Scheiman

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Faculty Adviser—Mrs. Margaret Davison
Budget Manager—Alice Lubell

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Rose Volkman

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Charles Argilo
Vera Schlesinger
Pauline Warshaw

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Theo Rubinstein
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Sonya Gray
Shirley Pearlman
Sandra Werner
Sonia Werner



THE STAFF

RING MASTER



Greetings!

Everybody knows the remarkable story of Helen Keller. Blind and deaf from babyhood, she learned to "see" and to "hear" through her fingers and actually to talk with her voice. She became not only an educated and cultured woman, but an active, forceful citizen with great power for good. She is peculiarly gifted. So it is especially interesting to know what would have thrilled her most if her sight could have been restored: "Were my Maker to grant me but a single glance through these sightless eyes of mine, I would without question or recall choose to see first a child."

Most of you, my gifted children, are thirteen or fourteen when I first lay eyes upon you and seventeen or eighteen when you depart. To see you grow mentally, spiritually, and physically is a rare privilege. To help you find your way in this amazing world is a great joy. To make possible your development in the performing arts is a tremendous satisfaction. You are giving shape and substance to your own souls and you are pleasing

others. And, as I see you over a period of three or four years, like a speeded-up movie, you become young men and women.

You are my children, gifted in the performing arts. I salute you as very wonderful people. But, in good conscience, we think of the many other wonderful people in Metropolitan, gifted in other arts, graphic arts, construction arts, transportation arts—arts that make it possible to live and work and travel comfortably. These are the arts of navigation and engine operation, which carry people and goods to far points of the world as master mariners and engineers; the art of photography whose devotees have learned to make pictures so well that they rival the great painters; art of the cosmetologist who makes other people beautiful; or the art of printing which makes the page good to look at as well as readable. All these artists have been educated through art, for art, and with art. They are my gifted children.

FRANKLIN J. KELLER

LION TAMER



For four years, under the guidance of an understanding faculty, you have struggled to meet the exacting challenges of the curriculum. You have given expression to many of the specialized talents that have characterized successful students at this unique experimental school. Individually your dynamic personalities have contributed much to the fine spirit and the high standards that prevail. As a group, your perseverance, cooperation and sense of school loyalty have stamped you as seniors who know how to get things done as good citizens should. In the organization and administration of all activities you have achieved wonders.

Fortified with these success attitudes, as well as desirable "human qualities", you should move forward with self-reliance worthwhile life goals. We shall long remember you as the first-four-year graduating class; we shall miss you as individual personalities that endeared themselves to us. We hope you will always remember the School of Performing Arts!

We are justly proud of you and we have confidence in your ability to succeed. We have faith that you will do your share to make this a happier and a better world.

My best wishes to you and your parents.

FRANK H. PAINE
Teacher-in-Charge

MISS WOHL, MISS BOAL, MISS LYNCH

JUGGLING MARVEL
OF THE AGE



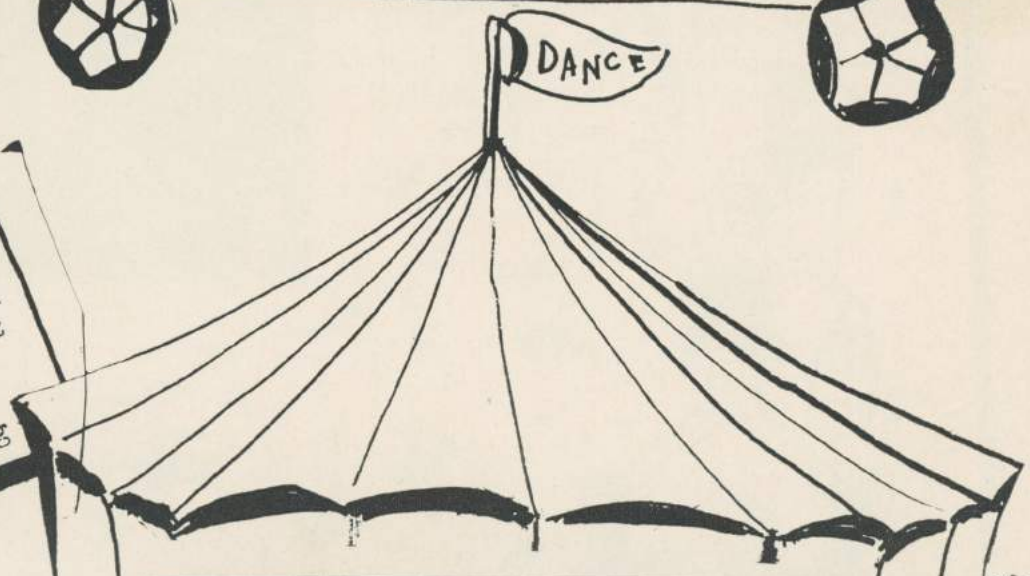
IN SUICIDAL
EQUILIBRISTIC FEATS



CONVULSING CLOWN
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Mr. Howard*Mr. Olvin
Mr. Garshon*Mr. Walters
Mrs. Provet*Dr. Dyke
-Chairman
Miss Bank



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NOW
DOORS OPEN

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AND
SOCIAL
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Mr Bleich
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Mr MARCUS



Ronald Andersen—Music
4707 11 Ave., B'klyn
Band—6 terms; 6 concerts



Sylvia Clark—Drama
894 Riverside Drive, N. Y.
Yearbook Clerical Committee; Assembly Program; Audition Assist.; Chorus—5 terms

*Dolly dear —
may love & happiness be
with you always,
ever,
Jillington*

Jill Andre (Jillington)—Drama
604 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

Senior Class President; Section President—2 terms; Sec.—1 term; Honor Society—4 terms; G.O. Rep.; Chorus; Audition Assist.; Acad. Sec'y

FO 8-3674



Marcia Crandell—Dance
27-35—167 St., Flushing
Dance Club; Interborough Conf.; Pres. and Vice Pres. of Class

*Dolly, we
kindly read
it. I hope
that all your best
wishes come true
It's been really swell
Love Marcia*

Charles Argilo—Music
369 Troutman St.

Dance Band—5 terms; Orchestra—8 terms; Senior Show Committee; Class Pres.—1 term; All-City Orchestra—3 terms



Charles Drac—Music
316 Chauncey St., N. Y.
Band; Dance Band; Concerts; Pres. and Vice Pres. of Class

Carole Bergenthal—Drama ✓
440 E. 6 St., N. Y.

Secy G.O.; Pres. of Class; G.O. Rep.; Chorus; Art staff of Yearbook; Sr. Class Treasurer



Abraham Dweck—Music
1932 E. 52 St., B'klyn
Music Concerts; Dance Band; G.O. Shows; Chorus; Senior "Hop" of Feb.

Janet A. Burgess—Dance ✓
901 Walton Ave., Bx.

Class Pres.; Treasurer; G.O. Rep. Dance Concert; Chorus; Sr. Party Committee; Sr. Day Com.; Social Comm.



Joan Feingold—Music
245 West 107 St., N. Y.
Sec. Treasurer; Sr. Band; Music Concert

John Buwen—Dance
131-33—234 St., Laurelton, L. I.

Dance Concerts; Assembly Programs; G.O. Shows; P. A. Shows



Annette Feldman—Dance
1630 St. Johns Place, B'klyn
Sr. Show Com.; Dance Rep. of Sr. modern group; Dance Concert; Class Pres.—2 terms

*The very best to
you always
Annette*

Grendell

• Harriet Fuhrman—Dance

1511 Brightwater Ave., B'klyn

Dance Concerts; Assembly Programs;
Audition Assist.; Class Sec'y

*103 Collyer Ave
New City, N.Y.
10952*



Karol Hebold—Drama

103 E. 84 St., N. Y.

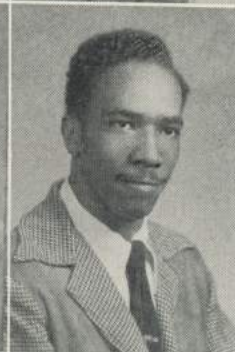
Assembly Programs; Audition Assist.;
Chorus

Herb Gardner—Drama

57 Lincoln Road, B'klyn

Art Editor of Yearbook; Sr. Show
Lyrics; Writer and Performer in As-
semblies; Auditions; Assist. Eng.
Assembly Director; Xmas Shows; G.O.
Rep.

*142 E. 71st
N.Y.C.*



Frederick Jefferson, Jr. (Jeff)—
Music

836 Dawson St., Bx.

Sr. Band; Library Assistant

Howie Garfin (Speedy)—Music

712 Fox St., N. Y.

Orchestra; Band; Dance Band; Vice-
Pres. of Class; Yearbook Photog-
rapher



Alison Koprowski—Dance

203 W. 14 St., N. Y.

Chairman Graduation Comm.; At-
tendance Monitor; Deck Patrol

Emanuel Goldsmith (Manny)—
Drama

1233 Simpson St., Bx., N. Y.

Honor Society; Vice-Pres. of Honor
Society; Assembly Programs



Arline Kurash—Music

1475 Montgomery Ave., Bx.

Advertising Manager for Yearbook;
Sec'y of Class; Prom. Comm.; Library
Assist.

Sonya Gray (Tony)—Dance

35-36—76 St., Jackson Heights

Vice-Pres. of Section; G.O. Rep.;
Dance Editor of "Spotlight" Dance
Concert

*Dolly,
The very best
of luck to one of
the dear departing
Luv,
Tony*



John David Leech—Dance

105-15—66 Road, Forest Hills

Assembly Programs; Dance Concert

Maureen Hayman—Drama

1860 Morris Ave., Bx.

Yearbook Editor; Honor Society;
Sec'y and Treasurer of Class; Chorus;
Audition Assist. Interborough Con-
ferences



Pamela Levy—Music

8503 114 St.

Honor Society; Perfect Attendance
—7 terms; Music Concerts; Sec. Treas.
—1 term

Dolly - she eats, she has temper tantrums & she's real sweet.
 Alice Lubell—Drama
 483 76 St., B'klyn
 Yearbook Budget Manager and Clerical Comm.; Social Comm.; Highest Average in Class; Vice-Pres. of Section



Carmen Morales—Dance
 75 E. 106 St., N. Y.
 Dance Concerts; Honor Society; Taught Dance Classes

Kruger
 Laura Masoff—Dance
 19 Adler Place, B'klyn
 Honor Society; Class Pres.; Vice-Pres.; Treas.; Sr. Show Choreographer; Xmas Show; Lit. work on Yearbook



Michelle Newton—Dance
 46 Downing St., B'klyn
 Assembly Programs; Lib. Ass't

H. 257 W. 86 St. N.Y. 212-799-4915
By Kruger Gallery 870 Madison 212-734-6436

Sandra Mazure (Sandy)—Dance
 2805 Webb Ave., Bx.
 Pres. of Sec.; Audition Assist.; Vice-Pres. of Sec.—2 terms



Robert Northern—Music
 1009 Prospect Ave., Bx.
 Columbus Day Parade; G.O. Shows; Class Pres.; Sec'y of Class

Mona Mellis—Drama
 121 Crown St., B'klyn
 Yearbook Literary Editor; Sr. Show Comm.; Xmas Show; Assembly Programs; Honor Society; Auditions Assist.; Chorus; Vice-Pres. of G.O. and Sec'y Man. Council and City Council Rep.; G.O. Rep.



Alice Okonoski (Al)—Dance
 183 Greenpoint Ave.
 Yearbook Art Staff; Concert; Music; Auditions Assist.; Perfect Attendance and Punctuality—1 term

Harriet Miller (Terri)—Music
 162 W. 54 St.
 Chorus; Orchestra



Shirley Pearlman—Drama
 1730 Harrison Ave., Bx.
 Honor Society; Pres. of Class; Treas. and Sec'y of Class; Interbor. Conf.

S. Dolly you'll always live in my thoughts May you find happiness. I'll miss you Shirley

Arthur Mitchell (Mitch)—Dance
 536 W. 143 St., N.Y.
 Vice-Pres. of Senior Class; Sec'y and Vice-Pres. of Class; Aud. Assist. Rotary Performances



Gloria Perna (Glo Gi)—Drama
 627 E. 222 St., Bx.
 Pres. Social Comm.; Photog. Comm.; Alternate G.O. Rep.

Smith + U 2 41480
Dolly you will love the program I know I will at home life too. I'm always there

going to a wonderful party full of love hard by storm Arthur Mitchell

North Shore Hop

Selma Rabinovitz (Sunny)—
Music
412 W. 110 St., N. Y.
School Band; Chorus—2 terms



Melny
Vera Schlesinger—Drama
Wetheroll St., Forest Hills
Chairman—P. A.; G.O. Photography
Committee; Senior Day Committee;
Honor Society
800 West End Ave
Nyc
212-663-5737

Dolores Rosner (Dolly)—Drama
158 Tompkins Ave., B'klyn
G.O. Class Vice-Pres. and Sec'y;
Yearbook Art Staff; Music Concert



"mia"
Marilyn Schorr—Drama
1921 Yates Ave., Bronx
Audition Assistant; Yearbook Literary
Committee; Ass't Stage Man. for Pro-
duction—'52

Theo Rubinstein—Drama
975 Washington Ave., B'klyn
Section Pres.; Honor Society; Year-
book Art Work; Designed Sr. Button;
Sec'y



*We shall be the
unsung heroes of
Backstage - 150 Ave
we get 3 meals a day
love, mia*
Anne Shedletsky (Red)—
Drama Segal 1316 Cuatro Cerros
69-33 Kissena Blvd. Alhambra, N. Mex
Social Committee; Literary Commit-
tee; Class Secretary; Audition As-
sistant; Planning Committee for Eng-
lish Assembly 505-296-5666
87123

Lolita San Miguel—Dance
337 E. 38 St., N. Y.
Class Vice-Pres.—3 terms; Honor So-
ciety; Dance Concerts; Auditions
Assist.; Interborough Conf.



*my
Dolly's Broadway
Baker's
hands of
Glenda*
Glenda Silverman (Sissy)—
Dance
103 Hawkstone St., Bx. 521
Valedictorian; Senior Class Secre-
tary; Section President; Honor So-
ciety—4 terms

Geraldine Scheiman (Gerry)—
Music
940 Tiffany St.
Honor Society—1 term; Sect. Treas.
—1 term; Senior Treas.; Advertising
Committee; Orchestra; (Perfect Att.
and Punctuality—6 terms.)



Eddie Simmons—Drama
192-20 C 64 Circle, Flushing
Co-author Senior Show; Section
President—2 terms; 6 Assembly Pro-
grams; 2 Christmas Shows
2140 Trently Lane
Beverly Hills, Cal. 90210
office 852-2811(213)
Home 213-273-4188

Rita Schier—Drama *Gardner*
1635 Union St., B'klyn
Class Sec'y—2 terms; Discussion
Leader—2 terms; Head of Scholarship
Committee; Honor Society; Auditions
Assistant; Advertising Committee;
(Assembly Chairman)



Eve Slatner—Drama
61 East 98 St.
Section Treasurer; Section Secretary

345 E. 56 St
271-4469

TR 6 72 85
Wa 3-3031
594 B.S.D. 161st

George Tablan (Cyrano)—

Music

150 DeKalb Ave., B'klyn

Art Committee; Assembly School Orchestra



Chair
Pauline Warshaw—Drama
150 W. 21 St., N. Y. WA 9-0645
Audition Assistant; Social Committee;
Photography Committee; Chorus
*90 Dolly, 522 E. 85 St.
737-1277
Success! Bug 674-5577
Pauline*

Natasha Taubman—Dance

G.O. Representative; Class Secretary and Vice-President; Dance Programs



Phyllis Weitz—Drama
240 E. 175 St., Bronx
*Silverm... Dolly has —
yes, you!
ask me (around)
But where!
"The Oldm"*
Class Treasurer and Secretary;
Chorus; Audition Assistant; Party
Committee; Graduation Committee;
Advertising Editor; Senior Day Com-
mittee; Assisted in Office
624 Rittenhouse Lane
Strafford, Pa. 19087
215-688-7130

*To the doll
the little wardrobe
mistress and a swell
actress I'll always
remember you!
Natasha*

Rose Volkman—Drama

2215 Newkirk Ave., B'klyn



Sandra Werner (Sane)—Dance

910 West End Ave., N. Y.

Clerical Work for Yearbook; Assisted in Office; Wrote Songs for Senior Show; Usherette

R.S.E.

Class President and Vice-President; Literary Committee; Audition Assistant; Senior Show Committee; Honor Society; Chorus; Christmas Party

*World of my life!
How can I exist without
you? All my love
me*

Barbara Wagner—Drama

3517 72 St.

Literary Committee



Sonia Werner (Sone)—Dance

910 West End Ave., N. Y.

Social Committee; Party Committee; Senior Day Comm.; Class Secretary; Office Work; Honor Society; Usherette

*To the most
Beautiful
mistress
had a chance to
dress me.
Tom Jack*

*Electra Brenal
172 W. 79 St
apt 53
Nyc 10024*

Prof at City Univ



Jack Wyzenbeek (Preacher) *(The other 1/2)
Sonia*

Drama

12 Villa St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

G.O. Alternate; Audition Assistant; Chairman—Senior Day Committee; Vice-President of Class

*Dear Dolly —
What can I say*

CAMERA SHY

Carolyn Jorin—Dance

996 Simpson St., Bx.

Dance Concerts; Auditions Assistant

Robert Goldhammer—Music

3824 Bronx Blvd., Bronx

Class Treasurer—4 terms; Chairman of Graduation; Musical Comp. and Director of Senior Show (Auditions Ass't; Accompanist; Instructor)

John Steinmetz

*Mayone Grey Harnick
24 A.P.W.*

*ABC TV.
NY NY 10023. 212-799-0505*

OL 2-1444

Rob

P.A. PARADE

CIRCUS 52



Rita S.



Maureen



George T.



Shirley P.



Phyllis



Alison



Charles D.



Dolly

Eve S.



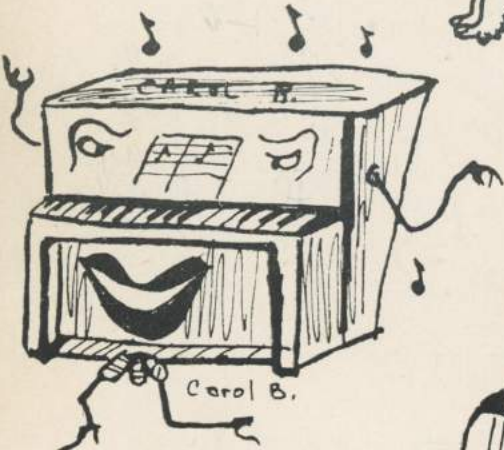
Jack W.



Bob G.



Barbara W.



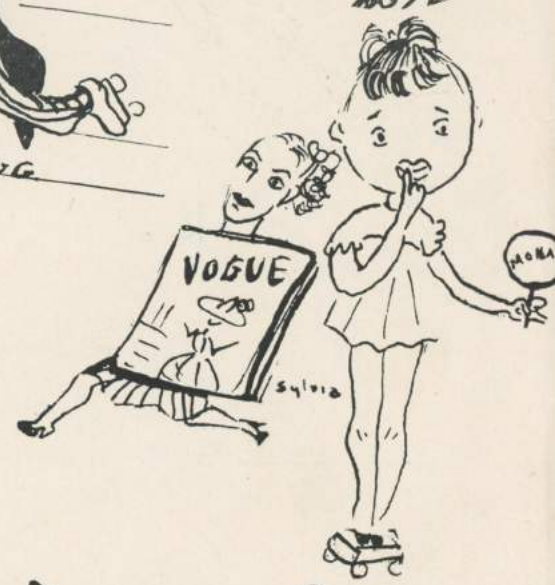
Carol B.



Johnny



ROSE VOLKMAN



Sylvia

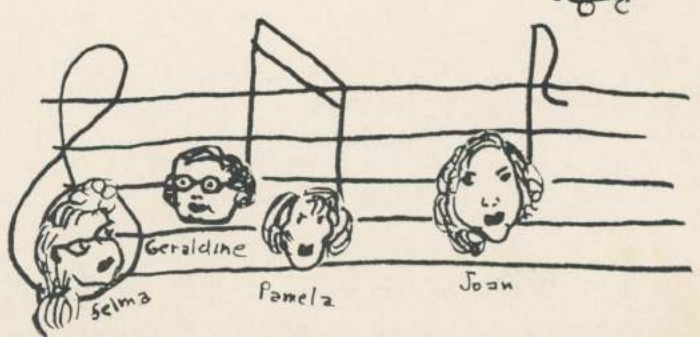


Michelle

Sonja G.



Arthur



Selma

Geraldine

Pamela

Joan



Alice L.

Dreams

We, the members of the first four-year graduating class, can proudly review the innovations and improvements made during our Performing Arts days. Some changes surpassed our ambitious dreams: the growing recognition of Performing Arts scholastically as well as artistically, the realization of having our own graduation exercises, and, of course, our very own yearbook. When I mention yearbooks and dreams, I feel it is only right to extend by sincere gratitude to those who have helped in the development of this book, including parents, staff members, Mr. Kunins, and Mrs. Davison, who contributed endless effort to this venture.

As is common to all members of the species "teenus-Americanus", half of our days (that portion of the usual twenty-four hours not occupied with homework) have been devoted to dreams. These dreams, our most precious possessions, we now leave in your

hands, you, the future seniors of P. A., with one admonition: "Dreaming won't make it so."

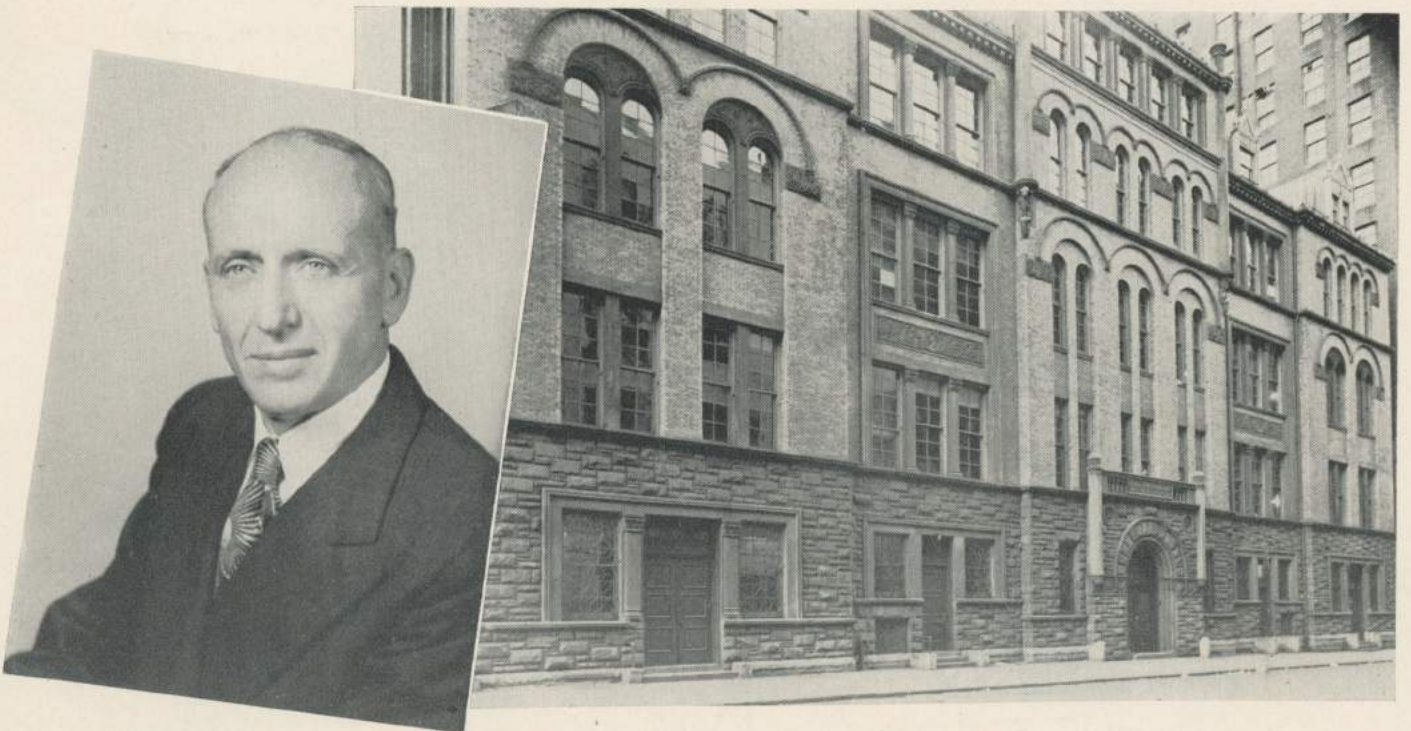
Our fondest dreams centered about a building—an efficient plant with an adequate staff, spacious structure, ample rehearsal halls, an acoustically correct auditorium, and a modern stage, properly lighted.

Now that we near professional status, and have fulfilled the dream of earning a Performing Arts diploma, it becomes our obligation to justify the faith placed in us by the Board of Education and by our teachers. We must maintain the high standards set by our school as we enter into higher educational fields.

Yes, we will go on, dreaming new dreams, of Broadway stardom, of concert hall success, but somewhere in that beautiful future we will find the way to make our dreams for Performing Arts come true.

MAUREEN HAYMAN

Editor



SAWDUST

Ode to a Spring Night

The spring night is dark, with few
Stars spreading light
It's soft and thick and faintly
Sweet with lilac and new grass growing.
A spring night is quiet, so silent
Calm
A tired world sleeps
Sleeps and dreams
Of peace on a spring night.

Laura E. Masoff

Lullaby

Sleep child
In your cradle of tears
Dream of a life you won't own
Sleep child
In your refuge from fears
You will very soon be alone
Sleep child
Before the dawn breaks
And bugles call loud in the morn
Sleep child
As your father take
His leave of his love and firstborn

Theo Rubinstein

*(Winner of honorable mention in poetry contest open to
academic and vocational high schools.)*

The Addict

I am an addict
My drug: knowledge
The more I know
The more I must know
The habit once learned cannot be forgotten
Not, that is, until death
What a hopeless habit I have
What earthly good can come of it
We live and learn
Only to die and forget.

Shirley Pearlman

DISCOVERY

It was just an ordinary afternoon. I came home from school and had two cup cakes and milk. There weren't any orders to be delivered in my father's grocery store—only two or three. I sat around and read the paper and sang a song.

At about five o'clock the phone rang. I answered.

"Hello, dairy . . . Yes, madam, one moment, please."

The lady wanted an order delivered. My father motioned to me. He took the order. I sat around and read the newspaper and sang another song.

At about five thirty the order was made out and I went to deliver it. It was another one of those top floor affairs. I rang the bell.

"One moment, please," answered a young woman's voice. I waited. I think I fell asleep holding that package of groceries.

The door opened. A little dog jumped at me.

"Don't be scared. He doesn't bite. You'll have to come and hold the baby."

"Oh, you're giving him a bath."

"Yes. Do you want to come and hold him while I get the money for you?"

The baby was sitting in a little tray of water. Its mother's fingers held it under the armpits.

"Is it a he or a she?" I asked.

"A she."

"It's kind of difficult to tell," I said.

"I guess it is," she laughed. "She's only six months old."

I put the package down and went to hold the baby. I saw that it was a she. She kept trying to crawl out of the pan. It was just an ordinary baby. I was scared to death.

"Hello," I said. "Boopbee boop." (What the latter words meant I knew not, but I had heard that they were useful in beginning conversations with babies.)

She smiled at me. I pointed my finger at her. She smiled again. I began to breathe more rapidly. Perhaps I was holding her too tightly? I hadn't washed my hands. She was such a tiny thing. She tried to get out of the position in which I held her.

"Boopbee boop poo," I said. (I thought the added word might arouse her interest in me.)

Someday she would be a grown woman. From this little smiling baby would come another human being.

"Boopbee Boop. Boobee boop poo."

What was that sentence in the prayer book? ". . . who in His goodness reneweth the creation every day continually . . ."

"Here's the money," said the lady.

"Thank you."

"And keep the change."

"Thanks."

I walked out of the apartment. I was perspiring.

Emanuel Goldsmith

Slum Lullabye

(Based on the observations of a cab driver)

Listen
And maybe
Above the insistent chatter of my meter
You can hear it
The lullabye of the slum
Hollow tones echoing amongst the garbage
Of deserted alleyways
Are the swelling chords
Of the slum lullabye
Some do not hear it
Their ears stuffed with security
But listen
Listen to the slum
Its children howl and whine and its buildings decay
In strict time
To the lullabye of the slum
Its wash ripples and billows in the wind
And its subways moan and mutter
In tune
With the lullabye of the slum
Hear it throb discordantly from the streets
Orchestrated by time
Dedicated to decay
Listen

Herb Gardner

Slush

Cold buildings
And neon signs
Foreign to my nature
Snow
It came during the night
Modifying the vulgarity of the
Cold buildings
And neon signs
And Second Avenue
A white canyon
And I have triumphed over the
Cold buildings
And neon signs
Night
And I return to find
My white canyon gone
And in its place
Slush
And mirrored in the muddy waters
Of the slush
Are the cold buildings
And neon signs

Herbert Gardner

Reflection

An aquarium set into the wall glorified the lobby. Finger-like ferns danced rhythmically in the gentle currents of water. My intent gaze took in every minute detail of that world behind the glass; but when my "artistic" and "scientific" curiosity passed, I found myself seized with a dull feeling of purposelessness—the purposelessness of existence. The snails slid up and down the transparent wall of the aquarium, their tiny mouths opening and closing, opening and closing. The fish swam back and forth, eating, burning up energy as they moved, moving to get it back again. On and on.

But "purposelessness of existence" sounded a note of futility which was contrary to the whole philosophy I had been building up for at least a year. My immediate reaction was therefore to push away the thought and brand it unimportant, meaningless, and inapplicable to our lives. But such an action could only be temporary, and it was necessary that I think the disturbance out to put my mind at guiltless ease. "Is existence really without purpose?" I put the question firmly.

At first, I tried to work out a very neat explanation by describing mankind as an entity entirely apart from the fish. But all life is one; though we see it as separate distinct forms, all these are linked and basically the same. All have separate existences, and yet all is one existence. In fact, sometimes I can see that even the line between life and what we classify as "inanimate" objects is non-existent. For who can say there is no life in that dynamic world of wind and water, sun and

rock? And everything—part of one unified whole—therefore is one.

But even these parts are not purposeless. The fish performs its function in life without thinking about it. It is only man that worries about why he exists. Who can tell—perhaps the fish already knows the answer and that is why he no longer has to think about it. If an animal or plant uses its capabilities, it is performing whatever function it has. But life, as we see it, has been building up to a more and more complex form, a more greatly aware being. Man uses his awareness to wonder why he is aware. He usually comes to one conclusion or another and follows it—if he has the willpower. Since man has the ability to think in this manner, of course there is nothing wrong in his doing so. There is everything right. It is right that men make whatever they can out of what they have and that different men follow their different inclinations; for in that way only can the full range of possibilities, which mankind in general possesses, be realized. Men serve their purpose simply by living.

Of course, it is argued that some men really do not live; they do not use their potentialities fully. It appears that fish don't have that problem, but then they don't have such a great freedom of choice in the matter. As life becomes still more complex, the problem may grow—or may be solved.

What the ultimate purpose of everything is I do not know, but purposeful or purposeless, we can't go wrong if we just live and find joy in living.

Alice Lubell

Looking Back

Looking back on my life so far, I realize that the happiest days of it were when I went to boarding school.

I was only eight then. Because of the danger of the frequent air raids, I was evacuated into a safer area in the southern part of England.

Maesfen Hall was a beautiful old building with ivy crawling up its walls; it was as picturesque as any ancient English castle, and it was said to have been built before the reign of Queen Victoria.

We had more than two square miles of woodland around it, so you can see that we were never cramped for lack of space. And although the building was so huge and grand, we had a very limited student body, so that each one of us received more than ample share of individual attention.

I loved everything about the school. There were innumerable things to explore. One never had completely finished searching school groups for new things that one might have missed before. As for the teachers, I loved most of them, with the exception of a few whom I enjoyed hating.

Yet although I loved it so much, I was constantly waiting for the war to end. I dreamed of the days when I would once again be reunited with my parents, and most of all, go to an ordinary school again. Often, I walked around the building moping and feeling sorry for myself, envying the girls who had been left behind to lead "normal lives."

I wasted a great many weeks like that, and it was not until much later that I realized that those years in boarding school could have been and should have been the happiest of my life. But I guess it's that way with most people. It's hard for us to take full advantage of the present, and what we have, instead of wishing for what we have not.

Shaw once said that youth was wasted on the young, and it has taken me quite a number of years to fully appreciate his remark.

Eve Slatner

The King's Morgue

Has never heard a lark,
This fabled King.
He reigns within a realm of dark
Death cannot sing.

Pluto and Jupiter his brother
Dolphin, Trident,
Saturn for father, Rhea, mother,
Be he their descendant.

The strongest falter here,
will crumble and break
One turbulent wave they cannot rear,
And he holds their wake.

These their eyes their portals are
from whence,
Peered there the eyes of mortals
But never hence.

Here there is no time
Life is forbidden
Here embedded in the sands of time
Lifeless lay hidden.

Of near forgotten day,
These moored,
In their morose, moribund lays,
Eternally here secured.

Charles Argilo

"Full fathom five
thy father lies
Of his bones are corals made
They are pearls that were his eyes" . . .
—Shakespeare

The Star That Cried

The time was today minus the time it would take a spider to spin a silvery web to cover the earth. That's when it happened. A baby star was on its way to its home in a cloud, after playing all night with the moon, when it found that it had lost its way. It stumbled around in the heavens, very bewildered and frightened, not knowing which way to sparkle. It ran after one cloud, then another, looking for its own. But it couldn't be found! The poor little baby star thought that all twinkle was gone and it would never find its home cloud. It began to cry. The tears were hot and heavy and they rolled down the points of the baby star and hung there like misty pearls.

Many miles away there was a town called Earth. Some of its inhabitants were sleeping and some were singing and others were doing both. In one house there were five little girl babies, each one sister to the next and all looking exactly alike. Four of them were sleeping in the one bed, but there was not enough room for the fifth sister. She had to sleep under the bed. It was very quiet in that little room, with each forehead shining like living alabaster in the reflection of the dying moon.

In the heavens the baby star kept sobbing and sobbing, looking, ever looking for its cloud. One by one the tears rolled off and floated gently down to the town called Earth. Down, down, down, gently, gently, gently, glistening, smiling wistfully, they fell—more beautiful than the dew on the flowers in the Garden of Eden. One by one they came to rest on the foreheads of the four little girl babies who lay sleeping in the bed. The fifth little girl baby, who was asleep underneath the bed, never knew what it was like to have the tear of a baby star light softly as mist upon her forehead.

I, as an actress, am like that fifth little girl baby. My four sisters are the actresses who

got parts in a play that I also tried out for. They were the ones who were touched by a star tear and who will probably achieve success. I was not touched, and, at this moment, my success in theatre is a very dubious thing in my heart. Prior to this time, I was not beset by any doubts. I felt if I worked hard enough, that I would eventually achieve what is naturally mine—artistic success. The thought of not even having the chance to work or to prove myself never entered my mind. It was quite startling to discover that the things people have told me about theatre are actually true. They've told me that disappointments are commonplace events and that everyone must have his share in order to be successful. They've told me that after a while one develops a protective shield around one's heart so that the disappointment won't hurt. I used to smile and listen politely, thinking all the while that I'd never need to protect my heart from anything. Wasn't I young, eager, and willing to work and prove myself? All I wanted was the opportunity, and who would deny me that? I have found out that it is not so easy to prove yourself in theatre, however. People just don't want to hear you. Living with my own happy family I was once sheltered from the indifference and thoughtlessness of the world around me. I never knew the meaning of sorrow or discontent or disappointment. Adverse conditions were never a part of my existence.

I know now, from my experience, that these people have told me the truth. But I cannot do what they do. I cannot shut my heart in an iron vault and pretend I don't care. My heart is young and vulnerable and when it sees my sisters doing the things I want to do and know I can do equally well, I cannot help looking at the sky and wishing that a star would cry for me.

Rose Volkman

Mohammed Quereshi

During a week-end spent in Washington, D.C. I visited the International Student House and made several friends of the people who live there. I first saw Mohammed Quereshi at a dance, and was drawn to him instantaneously.

We felt each other's presence always, while we sipped coffee, chatted, laughed in separate groups—always apart. Our eyes met in quick, fleeting glances. For those split seconds, though I danced with other men, our hearts were bound. They clustered 'round me, fawned and flattered, while he feigned interest in his friends and smiled to me only with his eyes. Despite his charming and vivacious manner, I felt that he was somehow subdued.

At last we met, by chance; but I perceived the subtlety of his actions, each deliberate, self-assured, significant. We spoke of music and dance, his life and mine, of Omar Khayyam, of East and West. I was thrilled by his interests, his knowledge, and con-

trolled enthusiasm. He was demonstrative, but that with an air of calmness. He seemed to understate even the most profound of his feelings and yet conveyed to me their full intensity and meaning.

In our talk he told me of a rose, placing its dance symbol between us with a graceful, pantomimic movement of his hands. "You see," he said. "Once you take the rose", he clasped the imaginary bloom and drew it to his heart; then looking down, he exposed the emptiness in his hands, "the beauty is gone." Looking into my eyes, he said, "The strongest emotion lies in the anticipation of having the rose."

Time ran from us; I didn't want our talk to end just then. I was fascinated and attracted by his restraint and sensitivity. My heart leapt when I realized that we were saying, "Good-bye." But he told me that he expected to be in New York in the near future, and we parted with the promise to meet soon again.

Glenda Silverman

Saint John's in the Wilderness

I was ten years old at the time and it was my second season at Camp Laughing Water, alias Ha Ha Drip Drip, alias Giggle Giggle H₂O. After two weeks of begging, pleading, and pestering, we had finally succeeded in getting our counselors to agree to an overnight hike.

Right after lunch, on a bright Monday afternoon, we packed our sleeping bags and sent them, along with the food, on ahead in the camp truck, while we set out on the four mile trek by foot.

During the four hours it took us to get there we sang every camp song we had ever learned. After having repeated some of our favorites three or four times, we resorted to "My Country 'Tis of Thee" for something new.

It was twilight when we reached our destination and as we approached, one by one, the singing gradually died out. Soon God looked down on a tired bunch of girls gazing with awe and admiration at a little old-fashioned, ivy-covered church.

The sun was setting and it looked like a golden halo around the little church. In the awed silence the chirping of the birds and the din of the katydids resounded like a chorus of angels.

The name suited the place perfectly—St. John's in the Wilderness. There were only three buildings in sight: the church, the farmhouse where the minister, his wife and his fourteen children lived, and a community house which served as a school, recital hall, barn, and theatre.

All three buildings were deserted. The minister and his family were attending the wedding of one of their children in another town and were spending the night there. They had been kind enough, however, to leave us a few glasses at the outdoor well and had left the community house open for our use in case it rained.

While most of the others drank some of the cool well water, or played chopsticks on the

(Continued on Next Page)

Saint John's in the Wilderness

(Continued from Preceding Page)

piano in the community house, I went across the road to get a closer look at St. John's in the Wilderness.

The church was completely covered with a protective coat of ivy, except for a few stained glass windows which peeped through to gather light. Like most country churches, this one had a graveyard at its side. Separated from the graveyard by a low wooden fence was a cow pasture.

I went into the graveyard and read the inscriptions on some of the tombstones. The story they told would be enough to fill a book. I traced a family line all the way down from the first minister of St. John's. I met his wife, their children and the dozen families that had branched out. I saw a mother and her new-born babe lying side by side. I saw the husband join them later. I saw Susan, who was just about my age when she died of diphtheria in 1899. I saw soldiers who were brought home to rest at the place they had died to save and keep

free. I saw the story of St. John's in the Wilderness from its beginning to the present. That night I dreamt of its future.

I could have slept on the floor in the community house that night, but I preferred to sleep in the cow pasture under the stars. I wasn't afraid, as so many of my friends were, to sleep so near a graveyard. There were girls, I said, younger than I, sleeping in the graveyard. I'll bet they weren't afraid.

That was the first occasion on which I ever regretted my lack of artistic ability. I wanted nothing more than a painting of the church in its halo at twilight.

In a way, this essay has fulfilled my wish. I have painted a picture of everything that happened that day: the hike, the songs, the well water, the house, the sky and, most important of all, the church, St. John's in the Wilderness.

Shirley Pearlman

"Symphony Pathetique"

(My Symphony)

It makes my feet twinkle,
It makes me want to dance;
It thrills and excites me,
It sends shivers up my spine.
Like a little parade pony
It makes me want to prance.

I want to sing, to love, to cry,
To whirl in circles till I drop.
Sometimes, it makes me feel quite lonely;
Then, I'd like to be a filmy bubble
That floats way up to the sky
And is gone with a pop!

A thousand bells quietly chiming in the air
And then I feel so sad;
And yet it seems like honey
Sweetly dripping from the comb.
In my mind a thousand thoughts
Are to be had.

It now swells and soars so warmly
With rich color, dashing and vivid;
A soul so deep and true, and then
Dashing like a clear, cool mountain stream,
So rushing, slippery, and limpid.

Then, too, at times, it has the steady drone
of a bee,
So calmly, so constantly, and gently
A purpose keeps pushing it onward,
Now still, now peaceful, now tranquil.
'Tis the end of my symphony.

Jill Andre

The Secret

The late afternoon sunlight endowed the tiny village with a misty beauty. Bits of mica glinted mysteriously from the stones that paved the twisting path. The little houses nestled on the moss were peaceful and still. Everything was ready. Reaching carefully into her pocket, Candice took out her Little Man. He held her hand tightly, almost afraid to look. "Go on," she urged him gently. Trembling with excitement he stepped onto the tiny path and started towards the house. It was all just the right size for him. He could sit nicely on the toadstools and swing his little legs. He could climb the slender trees she'd fashioned so lovingly of moss and twigs. Watching him she broke into a happy laugh. "I shall make you a beautiful suit of the ribbon on Alice's hat," she promised him. "It will be all rose satin, and you will have it for your very best!" He began to caper about in the most astonishing way, his little pointed shoes hardly touching the ground. Then Mother's voice cut the evening peace. "Father's home, girls! Come to supper."

With a sigh, Candice arose from her crouching position and went dutifully into the house. Alice came pelting down the stairs, her blonde curls flying. Her father picked her up, laughing. "So here's Daddy's sweetheart! And how have you been keeping yourself, princess?" The child bounced around excitedly in her Father's arms, launching into a detailed description of the birds' nest Mother had found, and how she was going to let her look into it every day to see how the eggs were doing, and how there were baby birds in the eggs waiting to hatch out. As she babbled on, her Father carried her into the dining room and set her down in her chair, still talking. Candice followed silently.

She'd sat down and spread her napkin before she remembered. Her Little Man! She'd left him out there by himself and it was growing dark out! With a gasp she jumped up and ran out of the room. Her Mother looked after her with a frown. "Now where's she off to! Honestly, I can't keep track of that child. She's always slipping off by herself without a word."

Candice found her Little Man where she'd left him, weeping bitterly. She picked him up gently and whispered comforting things like, "There, there," and "It's all right." When he'd subsided to a hiccuping sob, she put him tenderly into her pocket and went slowly into the house.

"Candice, we were just sitting down to eat. Couldn't that have waited?" asked her Mother when she slipped back into her seat. "Where did you go off to anyway?" Candice lowered her eyes.

"I forgot something," she said.

"Well, what was it that was so important it couldn't wait?" her Mother snapped. Candice couldn't tell her.

"Your Mother asked you a question, Candice," her Father reminded her sternly. She started to twist her skinny brown braid nervously, her dark eyes fixed on her mud-stained skirt.

"I forgot my . . . Little Man," she finally muttered. "I couldn't leave him out there." Her parents exchanged puzzled glances. Alice began to giggle and said:

"Oh, Candy is always talking to somebody she's made up!" Alice's eyes were bright with merriment at the silliness of her big sister.

Her Father cleared his throat. "Is this . . . little man . . . imaginary, Candice?" he asked her. She nodded dumbly. "Don't you think you're old enough to have outgrown that sort of foolishness?" her Mother asked. "You're nine now, Candice, and it's about time you acted it. You will please forget about this nonsense. No more imaginary playmates, Candice. It's about time you made some real ones." Candice vowed fiercely to herself never to forget about her Little Man, but she sat down to supper without further comment.

The next morning she got up and went down to her little town early. During the night the dew had fallen, and it sparkled and shimmered like a magic village. Hugging the thought of it to her, she hurried in to breakfast. After she'd stuffed down a roll and cereal, she slipped out again. Where the village had been there was nothing but crushed twigs and ferns, scuffed up mosses and bruised rose petals. Alice had run right through it, not even noticing.

Heartsick, she stared at the ruins of her labor. The magic was gone and the illusion destroyed. Dry-eyed, she stared at what was left. Then she stooped down and began to cover it over with earth. She didn't want to look at it any more. The Little Man didn't try to help. He just sat there, the tears running down his tiny face, not even bothering to wipe them away.

Then Alice came whirling by, her chubby legs pumping excitedly, shrieking, "Mother, come see the eggs! They're so beautiful, so beautiful, so beautiful!" Suddenly Candice was trembling with anger. She wanted to make Alice stop, and tell her what a hideous thing she had done. She wanted to hurt her and stop her laughter.

Swiftly she walked to the young maple where the robin's nest was. With trembling hands she took a stone and crushed the speckled eggs, every one of them. Then she began to cry.

Mary Anne Burnham

Americanism

A senator once said, "It's high time we stop thinking as Republicans and Democrats and start thinking as Americans." I take a further step and say, "It's high time we stop thinking as Americans and start thinking as human beings." Nations are not blobs of color on a map; they are people—living, breathing, thinking people. It's time we all learned one another's language. Though we seem to be separate countries, we have in common the fact that we are all inhabitants of the earth. And we have something else in common which we forget, and that is that we all want to live. While we are living, we inhabitants of the earth, let's love; it's much easier than hating.

One thing I have thought of quite often is that we buy and sell property and even fight over it. But who ever said that it was ours in the first place. We only borrow it for a lifetime. Here we are fighting on our little planet when there are so many more planets that we could be exploring. Let's say in two hundred years everybody who is living now will be dead. All the people who claim they own property now won't be here to claim it. In two hundred years it will belong to somebody else who claims **he** owns it. But the most futile thing is that they kill each other to get that little bit of property that they never could own. Much nationalism is like that. In two hundred years the boundaries of this planet may be completely changed.

What is there to this Americanism? We in America are free. I have the privilege of writing this now and putting in it just what I feel. But, there seems to be two opposing ideas of government. How can these ideas be stopped? Will shooting at them stop them? Will hitting them over the head stop them? Or standing on a soap box in Union Square, or character assassination? Will these stop an idea? No. The only thing that will kill an idea is a better one. Americans are spoiled. The minute they hear a three letter word which refers to a color, they run. Democracy was not formed two hundred years ago by Jefferson or Franklin or any group of men. Democracy was formed when the first man thought for himself. It is only in a democracy that a person can think freely. Let's not be afraid. Let's not hide our heads. Democracy can be put up against any form of government. Our Declaration of Independence says that God gave man certain rights. If we believe that, we are not going to allow any other power to take them away. This is the true belief of an American.

And now I step back in place, for I'm just a tiny grain of sand on the shore of eternity and for one brief moment I was allowed to step out and say, "World, you are one!" I thank God for that privilege.

Ed Simmons

A Discovery

Birds are seldom seen in this great metropolis, except for the domesticated pigeon and the winter sparrow. We are familiar with the fact that they are shy, preferring the quiet woody sections which are the only remains of a wilderness that was so great a few centuries ago. Over this long period of time, birds of many species have migrated from the north to the south of the continent, and also across the gulf into South America, each autumn. About a hundred and twenty-five years ago there were still many varieties of birds, great flocks of them which nested in the deep forests of the mid-west, and also in the swamps of Florida and along the shore of the Atlantic. Audubon, a great artist and naturalist of the nineteenth century, studied American birds, and he spent hours sketching and painting them, and learning their habits of nesting, mating, feeding, and living. During his life, the white man was moving west and settling rapidly, using up the lumber and mineral resources at a great rate. Many birds were shot as game, and the feathers of the more beautiful birds were used as decorations on women's hats. Anyway, the bird population grew smaller and smaller until some species became extinct, and now the wilder birds which were known to man are never to be seen.

I had an experience which was enchanting, as it would be for any bird lover. One autumn, when I was down-town with my family in the business district on a Sunday afternoon, we discovered a tiny bird huddled up against a building on a shady street. The buildings towered overhead and for that reason there wasn't much light. We carried the bird home, ever so delicately, taking a long ride by bus. My mother knew that it was a hummingbird, one of those delicate small birds which darts about and hovers over each flower as it sucks the nectar from

another. For this kind of food, we substituted syrup with a little egg yolk, and fed it regularly, several times a day from a medicine dropper. Upon looking this bird up, I found that it was the female of the ruby-throated family; only the males have a red throat. The feathers had a lovely iridescence in the sunlight, and the underpart was a soft downy white. It is hard for you to imagine its size. I'm sure it was no longer than my thumb. But it was **so** energetic, flitting its little transparent wings a hundred times a second, a motion which caused it to hang so lightly, appearing to float when seen by the human eye.

We kept the bird for two weeks, feeding it constantly, and strengthening it until it could take long flights across our living room. It grew more assured with each flight, and it seemed to know us, as it would remain suspended in the air before each of our faces. Once we let it loose when we were eating, and it flew to the table and hovered over my father's coffee cup, making us breathless, because it almost dived in. I kept the bird in a wicker basket, covered with a piece of tarleton, to give it freedom and air. In the morning it woke me at five-thirty by its constant chirping, which was a kind of "peep, peep". Naturally, it expected some breakfast at this early hour.

After the sick little hummer had gained her strength and could fly again, we took her up to the Bronx Park, and removed the cover from the basket. With a flash it lit upon a tree; another dart and it was gone. Ah, what a sad moment it was to see that precious little treasure go! But I knew then that a bird's natural home was in the open, with the great blue sky above, and all the sweet-scented wild flowers in the fields below.

Alison Koprowski

Presenting the Drum Majorette

Here we are just about ready to walk out of our circus home into an even bigger one—the world. But before we do, let's prance back over a few years and see how we suffered. No, I don't think we really suffered at all! Those pains we felt were just growing pains—ours and the school's! After all, haven't we been with this group since the first stake was driven and the first tent put in order? I think we should feel that we've borne some of the burden.

But oh, what a wonderful feeling when you've worked hard for something you want and love, and then come to the end of your job—so satisfied!

Even though our tent sagged, often, and the plaster occasionally fell on us, we gained from every class. Nor did the chalk dust deter us from our purpose; and by now, I think, we have begun to see some connection between our academics and our shop classes—the connection between biology and proper breathing, mathematics and extension through space, poetry and music.

Our circus musicians kept the air full of gay notes, while the other rings were hard at work. They played for the dance concerts and the drama productions, and the academic classes enjoyed the sweet melodies drifting across the courtyard. We sometimes wondered too, if the "nets" would hold the dancers above safely, for we heard the delicate pitter-pattering above us, while the

plaster sifted gently down like snow. In the third ring, no one has ever seen "clowns" like our drama students, with their violent "intentions" and their deep emoting.

Our faithful senior animal trainer, Mrs. Provett, has put us through our paces and encouraged our leaps through the hoops. She very rarely cracked the whip, but we all realize now that when she did it was for a very good reason—to insure our graduation—and we love her for it. The ring performers in this circus have worked together and loved it. We ran into plenty of problems, but we found that the happiest way is working for each other. Although we don't have a proper ring for the academic department, we know now that it is the "glue" that binds the three rings together.

We have all grown through our varied experiences under the "big top." Some of us may not go into the performing fields, but we will all have benefited equally as finer citizens and more complete individuals.

Our senior circus parade rolls on down the street to Broadway, but we are just the beginning. There are many other bigger and better acts to follow. But don't think you're rid of us yet. We'll be back many times, to see our wonderful friends, and to be of help in the inevitable growing of Performing Arts.

With much love,

Jill Andre

(President of the Senior Class)



Mrs. Ruthel Provett
Senior Advisor



Mrs. Margaret Davison
Year Book Advisor

Last Will and Testament

We, the graduates of June 1952, from the High School of Performing Arts, being of sound mind and body, and in possession of all our faculties, physical, intellectual, and esthetic, do hereby inscribe our last Will and Testament.

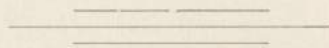
We bequeath to:

- Mr. Sachs: A Dick Tracy G-Man badge
- Dr. Dycke: A class of thirty-year old mature cherubs
- Mr. Bleich: A complete Anthology of Implications
- Miss Field: Three more square feet of sunshine for her room so more pigeons can sun themselves while studying French
- Mr. Olvin: A crew of carpenters, electricians, and stooges
- Mr. Dorfman: A Hopalong Cassidy Club Membership Card
- Mrs. Schneebaum: Vacation with pay for correcting all our autobiographies
- Mr. Orfuss: A baby girl for each boy he has
- Mr. Hoving: "hasta la vista" and a very successful South American tour
- Mrs. Rudko: Large can of "Hair-Grow"
- Miss Newman: A huge painting of a dancer doing a contraction
- Mrs. Provet: Our deepest appreciation and thanks for all you have done for us
- Mrs. Bank: Ten lessons at a Singer Sewing Center
- Mrs. Gore: Best of luck in the coming presidential elections
- Miss Broughton: Dah yah; Dah yah; Dah yah yah yah yah!
- Miss Lang: A year's lease (with options) on room 400 for all her classes
- Mr. Lash: Two bodyguards to keep off swooning females
- Mr. Grossman: The complete works of "The Tall Tales of Julius"
- Mr. Merlo: A section of girls
- Dr. Kamins: A classroom full of pupils who have spent at least five years in France
- Mrs. Davison: A seance with Byron, Keats, Shelley, Chaucer, and William Shakespeare
- Miss Casey: A new tune to hum during her ballet classes
- Mrs. Greenstein: A very happy sabbatical
- Mrs. Walburg: Dance students who are musically inclined
- Mr. Joffrey: Fifteen tons of resin
- Dr. Paine: A large bottle of aspirin and a suit of sound-proof armor
- Miss Boal: All books returned on time
- Mr. Walters: Another course in playwriting with Tennessee Williams as one of the students
- Miss Lynch: The assurance that all P. A. students will be eating a hearty breakfast
- Miss Moore: A tribe of primitive dancers to demonstrate in her dance history classes
- Freshmen: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"
- Mr. Howard: Happy, happy students
- Mr. Chimino: No methods and no madness
- Miss Trigg: Students possessing "controlled exuberance"
- Miss Grelinger: Students possessing complete, sound bodies
- Mr. Carshon: A quiet, private, private, quiet stage
- Dr. Keller: Those memories of the first four years of your baby, "Performing Arts"



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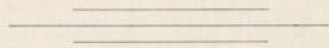
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Section 75

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Here's hoping you have an easier time
making money, than we had collecting it.

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Section 67

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and

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from

Section 59

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to

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Maureen

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Shirley

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Dolly,
Thank goodness
you're out, I couldn't
go through it again.
Of course I'm only kidding.
Lots of luck in the
future.

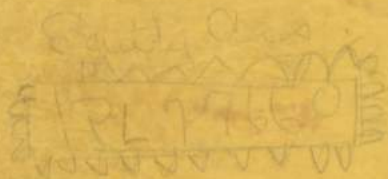
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