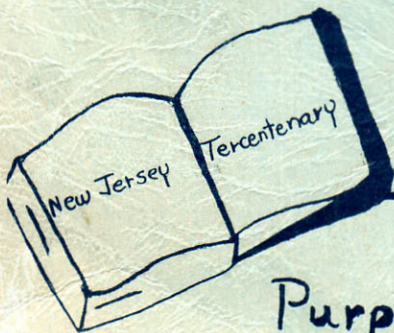
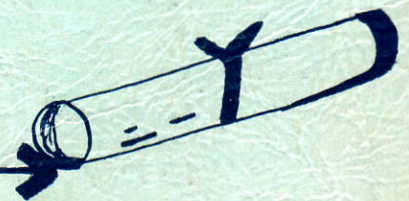


WHITEHORNE MESSENGER



Purpose

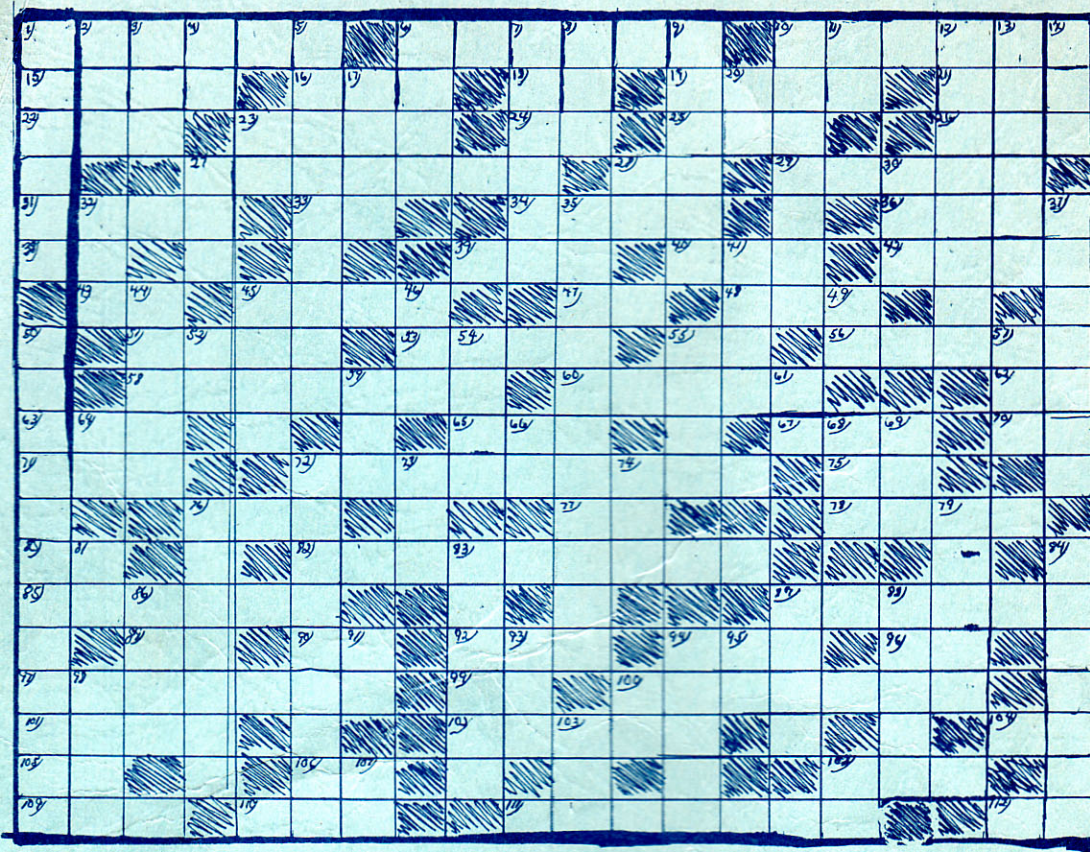


Progress

this masterpiece was BY Paula Tallaw

H.B. CROSSWORD

By Susan Katz, Nancy Stetson,
Lynne Barrett, Liz Gottlieb



Across

1. Mr. Babb's arch rival
2. Cross-country English teacher
10. Not straight---
15. Unicorn fish
16. Whatcha say?
18. Diphthong
19. The ----- curtain isn't soundproof
21. Bullfighter's cry
22. Khrushchev's face
23. Mata ---
24. Time in afternoon
25. Nothing
26. These (French)
27. Hungry Teacher
28. Nickname for smallest girl in school
29. Living in actively moving water
31. He makes blood red.
33. Postscript
34. Tiny Stream
36. Parts of a play
38. Interjection
39. Metal
40. Used for hearing
42. Small, high plateau
43. Our fair state
45. Mariañ ? the librarian
47. Preposition
48. To pester
51. Musical composition
53. Pain
55. Scale note
56. Boat (____ John B)
58. Historical Mrs.
60. Wrecks
62. Me and you
63. Shake your head
65. To be in a horizontal position
67. Secretary's initials
70. Homonym
71. Article
72. He's a "smoothie"
75. Either
76. Tax Consultant

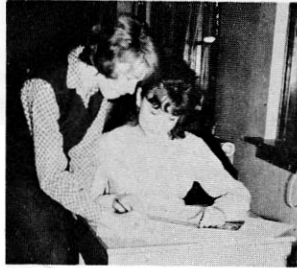
77. Note of scale
78. Teacher of Best? Homeroom
80. Blood factor
82. Member of "Filmstrip of Month" Club
85. 50th State
87. Round square
89. Conjunction
90. Character in Little Women
92. Part of a machine
94. Animal dwelling
96. All right
97. Girl's name
99. Hindu God
100. A Press Club adviser
101. Man's nickname
102. Mistake
104. Linking verb
105. In (French)
107. Ex teacher's last initials
108. Metal
109. Bone of body
110. See 65 across
111. Chief cook and bottle washer of Foods lab.
112. 8th Period French teacher's initials

Down

1. Irish dictator
2. Less than two
3. Remove
4. Prefix-to do again
5. On key
6. Gee _____
7. Lizard fancier
8. Hurried flight
9. Rhymes with jingle
10. Pennsylvania French
11. One (French)
12. Diane's daddy
13. To office

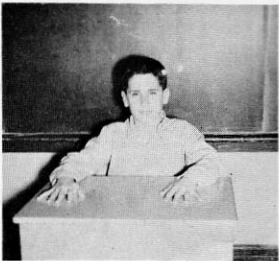
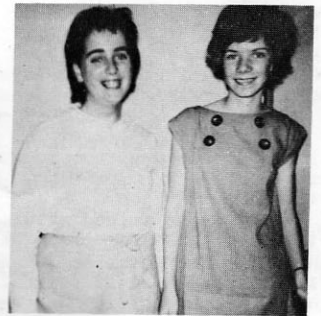
(Continued on inside of back cover)

WHITEHORNE MESSENGER



MEET THE PRESS

- Co-editors-in-chief. . . .Lynne Barrett, Pam Murray
 - NewsNancy Stetson, Susan Katz
 - FeaturesShelly Levinson, Liz
Gottlieb, Bruce Comiskey,
Kevin Campbell, Sharon
Zandman
 - SportsRusty Bershad, Mary Ann
Sheets, Lenny Klehr
 - Art.Sandi Craig, Caryn Chavkin,
Chris McClaskey
 - Photography.Dave Lenkowsky, Larry
Burdett, Scott Friedland,
John Jacobus
 - TypingDick Teimer, Carol Wax,
Diane LoCicero
 - Indispensable Impediment .Ken Krasner
 - Faculty AdvisersMembers of the English
Department
 - InspirationsRobin Totaro, Carla Tallau
- Henry B. Whitehorne Junior High School, Verona, N.J.



The policy of The Whitehorne Messenger is to stimulate writing among students, to keep our patrons in touch with the news of the school, and to foster and increase the Whitehorne spirit of service.



EDITORIAL

TO: Miss Pam Murray
Miss Lynne Barrett
co-editors in Chief
Whitehorne Messenger

FROM: Mr. Vincent Geiger
Superintendent of Schools

To have worked in one position for over a quarter of a century must seem to you in the Junior High to be almost as long as the Tercentenary. We aren't as old as Methuselah, although we may seem to be.

During this time, there have been many changes in the Junior High. Not too long ago, the Junior High was also the High School and there were 993 students in the Whitehorne Building and the Bloomfield Avenue Building on double session. Now there are 368 in the Junior High and 902 in the High School. The Bloomfield Avenue School is now in use for some Junior High classes, and some special classes, modernizing the Junior High.

There was not always a well-drained and fenced athletic field behind the Junior High. This was our first football field, which was not fully conditioned until football became a reality in Verona. Desks were all fastened to the floors. Lighting was of the old incandescent type, not the nice fluorescent ones as at present. Classroom floors were uncovered - not asphalt tile as at present. All wood trim was dark as contrasted with the bright, modern colors. Auditorium chairs were wooden with squeaky slat backs, three in a section.

At one time, part of the public library was housed in the Bloomfield Avenue School where the shop is now located.

When pupils attending grades 7-12 were housed at the Civic Center schools, there was one small office for the principal. There was no large outer office occupying one entire classroom as at present. The principal for grades 7 and 8 had his office in the Bloomfield Avenue School.

A few years ago, both home economics rooms were fully re-equipped and modernized. More time and space have been provided for industrial arts. General Science became a required subject in grades 7 and 8. Modern languages - Spanish and French - have been added to the program. Algebra is now taught in the eighth grade for those who are able to profit from it.

The Verona Schools - the teachers and pupils therein - are wonderful. I leave with a heavy heart, but with the best wishes for every Junior High School pupil.

MESSAGE FROM OUR PRINCIPAL

Students:

Congratulations to all the student editors and contributors on the publication of this issue of the Whitehorne Messenger. After a lapse of several years, it is wonderful to see this magazine returned to its original format--a booklet of original creative writings. At this level of public education there are so few opportunities for students to share their creative talents, to encourage students to expand their imaginations, and to develop their powers of written communication. The Whitehorne Messenger is unique in that it provides an appropriate means for filling this important need. I am very proud of your achievement, and I am certain every student and adult reader shares my feeling of happiness and pride on this occasion.

B. LoCicero



Three hundred years of New Jersey history have passed, bringing

education; making the mold from which we are cast.

evolution brought freedom and

change in the people which

echoed throughout our history.

Nothing can stay our progress, for we know that

Today is the stepping stone for tomorrow.

Each individual can help by achieving within his own abilities.

New Jersey has inspired in us

loyalty and given us our

rights so we can say that

Yesterday brought us these things which gave us our today.

Today will give us a better tomorrow.

PEOPLE, PURPOSE, PROGRESS

The Adventures of Samuel Plevinsky III

"Ouch! Stop it! Mommy, tell Bob to stop hitting me with his pillow. Ouch! Ouch!:"

Later that night Samuel Martin Plevinsky, III started to think. "Hmmm," "he said to himself," "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to leave this house so that stupid brother of mine can't beat me up any more. I think I'll go west and become the greatest cowboy sheriff in the West." And that night Sam dreamed of becoming the "Fastest Gun West of the Mississippi".

The next morning Sam started to pack his necessities. He got his ten-gallon cowboy hat, his Roy Rogers cowboy shirt, his Kit Carson cowboy rifle, his Wild Bill Hickok pistols, his Zorro sword, and, of course, his favorite pants. And these were his \$1.98 Wyatt Earp cowboy pants.

Sam packed his belongings on his authentic "49-er Gold Rush" wagon, and off he went to the wild, blue yonder.

As Sam passed his parents' room, he noticed that it was four o'clock, time for Roy Rogers to go on television. "Gosh," said Sam. "It's almost time for Roy Rogers to go on television. I don't want to miss him. Today he's going to catch the notorious "Dalton Gang".

For the next half hour Sam watched Roy Rogers escape peril after peril to be able to finally catch the "Dalton Gang" in their secret hideout.

As fast as the Lone Ranger could draw his gun, Sam was out of his house and running down the street.

"After all," he thought, "the sooner I get to the West, the less time it will take me to catch some rustlers."

As Sam ran down the street, he began to daydream, when suddenly he banged into someone. And, of all the unlucky breaks in the world, Sam's was the unluckiest. The person he had banged into was his brother Bob, who was holding a big water-gun.

Bob chased Sam all the way home and soaked Sam from his Davy Crockett coonskin hat down to his Buffalo Bill riding boots. He kept squirting Sam for the next half hour until their father came home. When Mr. Samuel Martin Plevinsky, Jr. found out what Mr. Samuel Martin Plevinsky III had tried to do, you can bet your Buffalo Bill boots he wasn't the happiest man alive.

David Oremland, Grade 7



Pepper

I am writing this story out of respect for my cat-- he is alive, but, considering the life he leads, may soon not be. I have a young sister who is positively fascinated by the cat. I will describe a normal incident in his life.

My sister will pick him up by one of three methods--- front feet, back feet, or will lay him across her outstretched arms, after which, using any of these methods, she will carry him to her doll carriage and drop him in--- like a bomb from an airplane. Next, after suffocating him with blankets, she shoves him across the room in the buggy, watches him crash into some obstacle, and pounces on him as he slinks away. Strangely, he takes it for granted that he is slowly being killed. There is, however, one consolation --- he's supposed to have nine lives.

I have had some cats previous to this one, but I have never seen one with so strange a ritual as Pepper has. Upon finding a wool sweater or other garment, he mounts it, grabs the clothing in his mouth, places his paws on it, all the while purring like an idling engine. It is hard to get him out of this weird state.

Another thing--if you wish to have him fall asleep on your bed, you must lie stone still. At the slightest movement, his muscles tense up--and you can actually feel this--then if the disturbance continues, he will pounce on your toe, foot, or hand.

No one is sure of what he does outside at night, but he must lead a full second life. He prowls around next door and fights with our neighbor's cat, then slinks into our back yard to bother the dog. You may think that he would come home hungry in the morning---but as a matter of fact, he looks quite contented---probably thanks to our

friends' handouts or garbage cans.

Our dog was young when we got Pepper, so the animals get along very well together. When they feel extra playful, they will do an imitation of the Lone Ranger. If the cat is on the couch and the dog on the floor, Pepper will jump on the dog and take off. "Hi-Ho! Silver!"

Danny Boys Grade 7

Message from the President of the School Senate

As I look back over this successful year, I feel it is one of great accomplishments. In my opinion, we have shown that a two-year junior high school can carry out a full extra-curricular program. The Whitehorne Messenger attests to the fact that we have fulfilled our vows. At the beginning of the year it was thought that there would be no newspaper, and a magazine seemed entirely out of the question. Through the perseverance of the students, and with great cooperation on the part of the faculty, we have published four successful editions of the newspaper, and I'm sure you'll agree a highly successful magazine.

This year the School Senate has met regularly at least once a month. The accomplishments of the Senate, I'm sure, have been equal to those of any other year. We have completely revised the constitution. With the help of the fund-raising committee, we sponsored a highly successful movie. The outcome of this project will be that all the expenses of the Eighth Grade Class Night will be taken care of, and the evening will not cost the students anything. Also, if it can be managed to have any money left over, it will be donated to the new school library.

The credit for all this success belongs to YOU!! In closing, I'd like to thank Dr. LoCicero, Mr. Litwhiler, and the entire faculty for all their help, advice, and patience in helping to make this a better school.

Lenny Klehr

A Star

Once upon a moonlight night
A star above shone very bright.
With all my might I tried to see
What made it stay, just hanging free.



I wished I could become that star,
Away from life, in space so far.
And finally my wish came true---
I shone alone up in the blue.

Sandi Craig, Grade 8

Camp

It is the year 1947, the exact date unknown, the place a corner into which I was thrown. As my body hit, I felt nothing --- nothing but hate run through my soul. Yes, I knew what it was now to feel and have hate, also to forget love and happiness.

All the "Golden Years" that I had experienced in youth were gone forever. Why? Why did He allow it? Why did God forget us? The only one in whom I had faith and hope.

I screamed, for overwhelming pain had suddenly struck my heart. My body convulsively jerked. Beads of perspiration had already formed on my head, for I felt them slowly trickle across my cheek and about my eye.

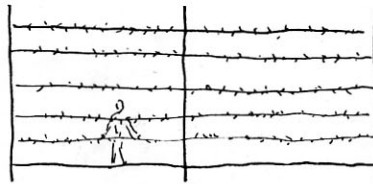
I could not bear it much longer, the filth, the debris, and the minute vermin which filled the wrinkles of my rags and wounds.

Suddenly a joyful hope arose within me. Warm, thick liquid poured into my stomach. Once every other day I awaited this sensation of food. It lasted a short minute or two, for I was allowed a gulp only.

Of course, there were thousands, if not millions, of people in this sort of hell. I was not the only one; yet sorrow and loneliness raged within me.

The endless time meant nothing, for death would come sooner or later. I slumped back into my corner as my short stubbled hair flattened against the bloodstained wood. My eyelids, like lead, had fallen and I wandered into a deep sleep.

Gail Kesselman, Grade 8



Harlem Vignette

It was a cold, grey day. Still and tragic, but yet it wasn't a hard grayness. A sort of softness seemed to settle over everything which made the day not so useless.

As Carmen walked through the lonely streets, the sun was just beginning to set. She was cold and sad, wrapped in her threadbare sweater. Her mind was all in a tangled web. All she could see was the three boys running away.

Carmen had just come in from seeing a friend. Everything looked the same --- the rundown tenements, the air of poverty and fear, the garbage cans lying in the street, Mrs. Fabranza's skinny dog looking for something to eat.

Suddenly she was pushed on the stairs as the boys ran past her. She heard a low groan of pain, but something sickly and deathly came with it also. An air of death seemed to settle over the shabby tenement. Numbly she ran over the remaining three flights of stairs. What she saw on the floor shocked her so that she couldn't scream. All she could do was cry and caress the limp, dead figure. Her father had been stabbed to death with a trench knife.

Carmen walked on --- a figure disappearing into the shadows with no place to go.

Sue Newkirk, Grade 8

THE WINDOW

I found myself on the edge of a window,
I reached out for help but was anyone there?
Just emptiness to greet me and wind to blow,
Oh come, I thought where are those who care?
My throat was sore for trying to call
For help, but in vain it ever did seem.
Then the world became hazy and I fell,
Screaming and falling I found the end of
my dream.

Janis Hersh, Grade 7

IS THIS you?

Some people hate to go to school.
This doesn't include me.
Some folks say that I'm a fool
'Cause school's where I like to be
I like the classes -- homework, too.
I think the teachers are great.
I adore the work we have to do,
And always study 'til late.
I can hardly wait to have a test.
Oh! they're so much fun!
My marks are better than the rest.
I'm always the first one done.
The teachers are all in love with me
They think that I'm ideal!
They think I'm just perfect, you see.
You can imagine how they feel.

By now you must be wondering just who I really am---
Someone who knows so very much
And doesn't have to cram.
But I regret I have no name that I could ever list.
For such a perfect person could really ne'er exist!

Lynn Gorman, Grade 8

LIMERICK

There once was a soldier named Hay
Who continually got in the way.
The captain despised him
And one day surprised him,
By sending him home to stay.

Joanne Tucci, Grade 8

For My Friend Pierce

Nov. 1, 1979
Grand Moor Sanatorium

I, like any other honest Englishman, rented a flat in a fine section of London - 21 Westbury St. I would get up and go to work as any other Englishman, return home to eat

dinner as any other Englishman, and then retire as any other Englishman.

Unlike any other Englishman, I began experiencing extraordinary emotions within myself. I found myself asking at least once every day - "Who am I?" Was I somebody, or just a thing placed on this earth to eat food, drink water and sleep. I found myself looking into the mirror longingly, searching for some indication that I was a person and telling myself that I should come out from wherever I was. I soon began feeling very desolate and forlorn.

I tried to escape from this unknown feeling. Finally it overcame me. I became a servant to this unknown force - but only at night.

The night of October 26, this thing drew me to the Grand Moor Sanatorium. I find it hard, even to this day, to relate the horror and trepidation of being drawn by this force to this place. Fear, apprehension, and dread built up inside of me as this thing threw me into a barred room where that awful morbid sound of hideous laughter accompanied my entrance into it. During the day I would find myself leading a perfectly normal life, but at night this thing would bring me to Grand Moor.

Before I am able to continue with my story, Pierce, I must first describe to you Mr. Moorely, a mad scientist who owns Grand Moor. He is a dark, tall man with a long nose that reminds you of Cyrano de Bergerac. He wears dark, ghastly-looking glasses that are always at the tip of his nose. You always see him walking around in his long white jacket, a test tube in one hand, and stroking his beard with the other. He always has a bright gleam in his eye.



To get back to my story, this thing forces me to do a thing a sane man would not do - kill. Each night I would always be a different person, and on the following morning, in my Westbury flat, I would read a big headline saying: "It strikes again," never guessing that I was it.

One day it suddenly dawned on me, not quite knowing how, that I was overcome each night by the power of Mr. Moorely. I then looked straight into the mirror and told myself that tonight I would kill Mr. Moorely. The only thing standing in my way was that each night I was overcome by his power. Yet I could not kill him during the day. I made my decision right then and there - that I would overcome Mr. Moorely's power and then return to my flat as the conqueror.

That night, when all was still, I flung on a black cloak and went to Grand Moor, creeping silently so that not even the mice could hear me, up to Mr. Moorely's room. Then, with my bare hands, I choked him to death, thus letting out all my fear and hatred for him.

I am now spending all my remaining days at Grand Moor. I tried to explain to the people why Mr. Moorely had to be killed, but no one understood. However, you understand, Pierce, you understand.

Iris Pfeffer
English 8f-28

SCHOOL NEWS

Class Activities

The VRD sponsored the first school canteen on October 17. Dancing, games, prizes, and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

Colors clashed at the 8th grade "Clash Canteen." The two "clashiest" were Kathy Schug and Tom Smith, who both received prizes. The Spot Dance was won by Vivian Grossman and Bob Chesnut. There were dancing, games, refreshments, and films. Chaperones were Mr. Babb, Mr. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Ritsema, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpless, Mr. Winterhalder, and Mr. and Mrs. Zorge.

Over Christmas Vacation a New Year's Party was sponsored by the VRD with a program of dancing, refreshments, and games.

The Seventh Grade "Hillbilly Hop" was the "greatest". There were dancing, games, films, and refreshments. Prizes for the "most hillbillyish" costumes were won by Mary Ann Sheets and James Callahan. The door prize was won by Susan Katz. Sharon Zandman and John Tesser won the Spot Dance prizes. The chaperones were Mrs. Kalijarvi, Mr. Litwhiler, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Winterhalder.

During Winter Vacation the recreation department held a roller skating canteen at the high school. Because of a snowstorm there were fewer than expected. Those fortunate enough to get there played musical chairs on skates, did Irish jigs, races, and trains. There was also plain skating. The canteen lasted from two to four, and everyone had a good time.

The second 8th grade canteen was held on April 4th. The program included games, films, prizes, and refreshments. The chaperones were Mr. Collura, Mr. Hatchett, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Shields, Mr. Strazza, and Mrs. Weller.

There will be an 8th grade Class Night in June.

Susan Katz
Grade 7



Projects on Display

This year several classes have done projects. Many were very good and so to be seen by all, were put on display in the lobby.

One of Mrs. Ritsema's eighth grade history classes had a display of projects dealing with the colonial period to the Civil War.

"Biology" was the theme of Mr. Wacker's seventh grade classes' projects.

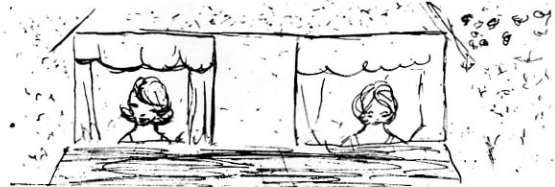
Eighth graders from Mr. Lipari's history classes had projects displayed of the Civil War and the Reconstruction period.

The art classes have displayed work all year. In particular were the showings of clay work in the showcase and oil paintings on the bulletin boards.

Reaction to snow differs with age --- the age of whoever is reacting, that is. It seems that the older one grows, the less one likes snow. To the toddler, snow is a white bewilderment, falling from nowhere. By the same token, the child loves snow because he can play in it. To the adolescent, (how I hate that word) it may mean the "calling off" of school or winter sports. To the adult, snow means worry, ice, cold, slush, driving troubles, and to an artistic few, beauty.

Recently the season of snow commenced for the year. At the time I was gazing out of my window; I could not sleep. Above me the sky stretched, a sheet of pearl-gray velvet tinged with rose. Dawn was approaching rapidly when the first white herald of the army to follow fluttered down from the heavens. I sat drinking in the beauty of the sky, snow, and the dark cospice of fir trees silhouetted against them, when the silence and my solitude were interrupted by --- what? Thunder? No. Cannon? No. Horses? No, none of these. My father was starting the wheezing, coughing, sputtering car. From the kitchen issued the moans of my mother and the clanging of pots being tumbled from the shelf. My parents were equally dismal over the snow. To my father, a commuter, it meant dangerous driving today and even more dangerous ditto tomorrow; the snow was sure to freeze into an icy glaze or melt into slush. To my mother the snow meant shoveling, cleaning wet garments and wet floors, bringing out the warmest and bulkiest clothes. I, after gobbling my breakfast, left for school, not heeding my mother's cautions about wearing boots. When I reached the warm, dry haven, otherwise known as school, I was, to use a vulgar expression, sopping wet. I had trudged through drifts, patches, and snow-covered thickets; tumbled and fallen until I was so dizzy I feared some sort of "rapture of the snow." I was convinced that snow was a nuisance.

Yes, snow is a nuisance all right, but a very lovely one. What other substance is as white and soft? (Don't say your towels, ma'am. No detergent's that good!) What other so gleaming and diamond-like? Did I say snow brought



on rapture? It does, but not the type I meant then. It brings a rapture to the young as they set about their merry games. The old say they don't like it. Don't believe them; they delight in its beauty, its quiet, its perfection. At least they love it until they find the white invaders have stilled the motors of their cars or ruined their carefully cleaned paths. But, no matter what, no matter how old I grow, I'll always marvel at the snow.

Lynn Barrett
Grade 8

Boys

Boys are very mixed-up creatures,
Some look so odd, and have queer features.

They also change their moods quite often,
But girls can make their cold hearts soften.

But never underestimate
The excuses they give when they are late.

They'll always have a perfect reason.
Like in the fall, "it's football season."

But still they come in very handy ---
Like giving girls a box of candy.

But what would this dear world be like
Without these guys like Tom and Mike?

Sandi Craig
Grade 8

WHITEHORNE MAZE

The maze is a grid of 30 numbered cells. The left and right boundaries are labeled 'STAIRS'. The maze contains several rooms: 'OFFICE' (cells 12, 13, 14), 'Lobby' (cells 14, 15, 16), 'Auditorium' (cells 16, 17, 18, 19, 20), 'Balcony' (cells 21, 22, 23, 24), 'Cafeteria' (cells 25, 26, 27, 28), and 'Kitchen' (cells 28, 29). The path starts at cell 17 and ends at cell 30.

Help Mr. Morris escape from Mr. Babb and get to the ^{cm.} _{l.g.} cafeteria.

MÉLANGE*

* See Mr. Collura

When Will People Understand

When will people understand ---
That my heart is easily broken,
By cruel remarks which are spoken,
That the color of my skin
Should not be considered a sin,
That when denied citizen's rights,
I can not reach great heights,
That by obtaining knowledge,
I hope to be acknowledged.

Joan Oremland

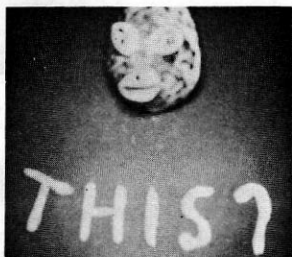
FADS

Every school year has its fads and fancies. This year was no exception.

Starting around November and continuing until the middle of January we had small dolls called trolls. I think everyone knows what they look like but do we know the purpose? They were to fool with when bored or maybe to attract a teacher's attention. Whatever the reason, they were in abundance until they had to be expelled from school.

Now the fad is the Beatles. The halls hum with their sound, and talk of their handsomeness. Book and notebooks are adorned with their names and pictures. Magazines appear in the halls and in homeroom only to disappear during class, but the rage lasts.

What will be next?



For the "Old Time Movie" characters, please check the ones you think most fitting.

Tonto

Mr. Morris
Mr. Wold
(with his cigar, too!)

Villain

Mr. Murphy
Dr. LoCicero
Dr. Grant
(he even has the mustache)

Saloon Girls

Mrs. Sampson
Mrs. Shields
Mrs. Sharpless

Bartender

Mr. Lenaeus
Mr. Litwhiler
Mr. Collura

Sign Carriers

Mrs. K. and Mr. K.
Mr. Ringle and Mrs. Von Hake
Mrs. Zorge and Bucky Hatchett

Hero

Charlie the janitor
Mr. Wacker
Mr. Babb

Heroine

Mrs. Sharpless
Mrs. Henderson
Mrs. Zorge

Temperance Women

Mrs. Kalijarvi
Mrs. Ritsema
Mrs. Doherty

Poker Players

Mr. Winterhalder
Mr. Jorde
Mr. Wold

Dancing Couple

Mr. Lipari and Mrs. Curley
Mr. Strazza and Mrs. Levy
Mr. Wold and Mrs. Weller

Elena Randazzo, Grade 8

What would you do with a:

Hispano-Suiza

- Mrs. Sharpless: "Keep it if it was worth my while."
Alan Kaplan: "Save it for a rainy day."
Russ Scott: "Lock it up in a safe."
Mr. Morris: "Wrap it up and put it in the back of Mr. Babb's station wagon."
Nancy Kanas: "Feed it some parakeet food and see what happens."
Kathy Schug: "Kill it before it multiplies."
Amy Schnetter: "Give it to Mr. Wacker to dissect."
Mr. Wacker: "Fry it for dinner."
Joan Grissing: "Think about it for awhile."
Lynn Barrett: "Put it in my brother's room, and see what happens."
Pam Murray: "Throw it in the air and hope it flies."
Mike Gregory: "Give it to Kingsburg. He'll take anything that's free."

Liz Gottlieb
7 W

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO AT HIGH SCHOOL?

- Pam Murray - Seeing new people and a shorter walk
Nancy Kaplan - happiness
Tom Courtney - My brother's football helmet
Kerry Mucci - basketball
Gail Kessleman - better marks
Manuel Almeida - different teachers
Carla Tallau - straight A's
Wendy Weiss - a year book, boys, a dance
Robert Philips - "girls!"
Diane LoCicero - 7:00 A.M. detention with Mr. Iuso
Vivian Grossman - the closer I get to driving
Mike Berman - football
Robin Totaro - more boys and dates
Karen Landgraf - a boy!

Sharon Zandman
Grade 7



President John F. Kennedy

An Eternal Remembrance

Our beloved President, John Kennedy, recently met an all-too-soon death at the hands of an insane but sharpshooting fellow countryman. The physical remains of this truly "man of our times," have been laid to rest until the end of the days, amidst other tombs and markers at Arlington National Cemetery.

I cannot help but think of this man, so full of vigor, spirit, and ideas, as still living in my mental reaches, as well as all other Americans. The only way for him to "live on" is in our minds and our actions.

He left enough impact and accomplishments for the whole world to retain. In the far reaches of South America, skilled men and women are helping poverty-stricken people to help themselves, through the Peace Corps, instituted by his awareness and understanding of man's plight in foreign lands. His other goodwill and foreign aid measures were so great as to plunge the world into mourning at the news of his death.

Right here in the land of which he was Chief Executive, he began a strenuous fight against the unconstitutional acts denying man's equality. He understood that discrimination, which does exist everywhere in the United States, even right here in the borough of Verona, was one special thing he wanted completely abolished.

In two short days, the official mourning period will be ended, but I myself will never let the image and ideal of John Kennedy go out of my mental reaches. For when John Kennedy passed away, he went "down with a great shout upon the hills," and left "a lonesome place against the sky."

Sue Levinson
Grade 8

"MEETING THE CHIEF"

A never-to-be-forgotten moment in my life surely was the time I saw, watched, and listened to the late President Kennedy in person. If the assassination had not occurred, my experience would still be lodged deep in my mind. Since the President's death, it leaves even more impression for my having seen him. For every time I hear the words "President Kennedy" or "the assassination of President Kennedy", my mind goes back to the day of May 23, 1963.

My father, an architect, had been working for a few years on a Memorial to be put in Battery Park facing the Statue of Liberty. The memorial was to honor those who had lost their lives in the Atlantic Ocean during time of war and whose only final resting place was the bottom of the ocean. His part of the job was to design the

IN MEMORIAM

Memorial, and he designed a huge eagle to represent the United States as it was laying a wreath on a wave. My whole family was excited about it, because it was a huge, momentous structure which would become a landmark of New York, and because it was gaining publicity on television and in print, and we had received the chance to see it. But I think our anticipation reached a high point when my father came home one night and said that President Kennedy was thinking of dedicating it, since he had been in the Navy and had lost a brother who had been in service during the war. Tickets arrived for the dedication and there were four, enough for all of us.

The dedication came on a cold, brisk day in the month of May. We all arrived early in New York, for this was one event that we were not going to miss any part of. We waited there, cold, but happy in our anxious awaiting of his arrival. When we heard the cheers and shouts of the crowds, we knew he was approaching. Our eyes piercingly looked for a glimpse of him and finally the President came, a young, vigorous smiling man, whose youth shone from him and left a lasting impression on me and I'm sure on all that were there. No matter how many times you saw him or watched him on television, you had to see him in person to know what he was like. Every written description of him was not fair enough, for he possessed a majestic bearing and look that made you respect him and like him. With him also came Mayor Wagner of New York City and Majority Leader Mansfield, who both were, as I guess everyone was, overshadowed by the President. The ceremony was not long, consisting of prayers for the dead from clergymen, impressive speeches by the three men, and a final playing of taps. The entire ceremony, starting with a twenty-one gun salute from a ship in the harbor for the President, to the playing of taps, was one of the most impressive sights I have ever seen. And what, perhaps, added the final touch to my remembering it was that later that night, watching films of the ceremony on the television, I saw my family's pictures which were taken as a camera pointed at the crowd during the ceremony.

In the speech that the President made, he quoted an old saying, I believe Welsh, which went like this, "The sea is so big, and my boat so little." Perhaps the sea of ignorance, greed, poverty, bigotry, and fanaticism was too big for him. But let us hope not. Let us hope that he helped to destroy the sea that destroyed him. The lucky thing about this country is that when one boat is destroyed, another takes its place. And the new one will find the sea rough, and the fight hard, but it will be calmer for him and others because of ripples sent through it by the boat that was destroyed.

Richard Seltzer
Grade 8

The Last Profile

Ever since the tragedy of November 22, Mrs. Kennedy has shown herself to be the possessor of a gallant soul. She has shown her mettle, maternal love, wifely devotion, and has earned I am sure, universal approbation.

Our nation, when tragedy struck, was dumbfounded and shocked beyond words at the horror of it all. And yet, while we were still recovering our wits, the thoughts of this nation flew to the widow and children of our late President. Our prayers and good wishes went with her and, I am certain, helped sustain her in this time of crushing sadness.

Even before our national loss I have thought the First Lady to be the possessor of great charm and graciousness. She had led our country, inspired fashion, and made the First Family an example to be held up for the world to view and emulate. Then, at the zenith of her life, she was widowed. This celebrated First Lady lost a husband, President, and one of the master spirits of our age. In the face of her bereavement she participated in two grueling funeral cavalcades. She showed her integrity, nobility, and self-control. And, when the funeral had ended, she entertained the numerous chiefs of state who had come to pay their respects to her late husband.

In summing up I wonder how to express my thoughts, my sympathy for Mrs. Kennedy. It is a hard task which many are attempting. Perhaps I can thus: Mrs. Kennedy has earned along with her husband, our President, a niche in the temple of fame.

Lynne Barrett
Grade 8

One With Courage

The shocking and sudden death of our President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, on November twenty-second, left us in a state of grief. But what of this charming, beautiful wife? Mrs. Kennedy gave us an image of the perfect First Lady, always smiling and gracious. How would this affect her and how would she stand up under the tremendous pressure?

In her time of greatest sorrow Mrs. Kennedy must be in the public eye. Her thoughts must be hidden. The great self-control and courage of Mrs. Kennedy make all of us admire her tremendously.

Mrs. Kennedy once wrote a book titled Profiles in Courage, about men who have shown wonderful courage and peace of mind. His wife could be included under this heading. She had to be a guide and pillar of strength to her young children and help the other members of the family by her presence. How many of us admire and feel a great comfort in her bravery!

Many poignant scenes revealed her great tribulation but never did she break down. Newsmen, cameras and flashbulbs popping in her face did not ruffle her. How many times she must have wondered how she could go on, how she could face another moment of stress?

The grief of a nation reflected the grief of a First Lady. Many will remember the courage of one woman who must now stand alone in sorrow.

Pam Murray
Grade 8

PROFILE IN PERFIDY

I MARRED THE FACE OF HISTORY

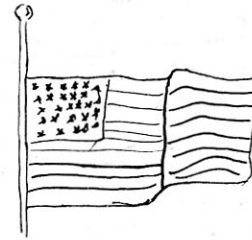
I pushed the box aside and snuffed out my cigarette. The window was open and I raised the gun to the sill and steadied it as my moving target approached. A breeze swept in the sixth floor window of the Texas Book Depository and ruffled my hair.

The first motorcycle in the cavalcade was passing the triple underpass and I suddenly realized that my target was in range: The target made a left turn off Houston Street on to Elm Street in a black Lincoln. I studied my target—a man with a full head of brown hair, a smiling dark face and a trim black suit. He seemed, to smile at everyone except me, but that didn't matter.

I aimed my gun at his head. He turned and smiled again, a warm smile. It seemed as if the smile were intended for me. "This man deserves to die," I told myself. "He wants to be against communism, a worthy cause. How could he understand the hardships of a poor man, for he was rich. Why, even in their "Constitution" it says there is freedom of speech and press; yet, when I handed out "Fair Play For Cuba" circulars, I was fined. Stupid fools! They know nothing of hardships."

Then I realized my subject was getting out of range. I looked again through the scope and aimed. The woman sitting next to him turned. She was wearing a pink suit and hat and she smiled at the crowd, clutching a bouquet of red roses. She turned away though and her brown hair shone in the November sunlight.

The man turned to wave again and I aimed with great caution. Slowly I squeezed the trigger ever so gently and nice and a shot rang out and hit its mark -



the throat of the man in the black suit. I ejected the shell and quickly reloaded, hardly realizing that I ever possessed such speed and accuracy. I aimed again, this time at a man who turned to see what had happened, I suppose. Again I squeezed the trigger gently and the bullet whizzed straight to its mark. I went to reload again, almost as if to see if I could hit my first target a second time. The I stopped and realized I had completed the task I had set out to do. I had killed a man, no, a tyrant, and the world would be forever free of him. I smiled with pride as I watched the woman in the pink suit cradle her husband in her arms as blood flowed quickly from his head. She started to climb onto the back of the car to try to find help. No one knew what to do. No one knew what was happening, and I did that. I marred the face of history.

Wendy Weiss
Grade 8

The real beauty of fallen is only seen at night, when no people stir to ruin its loveliness. Grove Avenue, at twelve-thirty in the evening, is rich in this beauty, especially to a tired babysitter, who has just earned two dollars.

It is crisp and cold, causing both the father of the child she sat for, and the girl herself, to shiver, and remark about how bitter the cold is. As he drives her home, he talks of the party, but the babysitter only half-listens because of the gorgeous fairyland before her sleepy eyes. Yes, at this time snow is beautiful to anyone. When you go out, you see nature at its fullest glory. The street lights up the snow until it sparkles. And this light causes patches on the snow, dark patches, which are the shadows of houses, stilled cars, and snow banks. Early Christmas lights shine on some of the houses, and because of the cold, illuminate the surrounding snow with colorful patches of red, yellow, blue, green, and pink. As you watch, some of the houses turn dark, and people lie down to sleep for the night. Yet, the snow seems to hold the light, even when its source is gone. Icy snow crunches under tires as a car approaches on the left, and its lights momentarily blind you, as they reflect off the snowy hood of the car in which you are riding.

On the sidewalk strolls a cat, who walks with professional ability on his paws, and shows up in great contrast to the snow, for he is black in color. He walks on the icy walkway, unflinching, heading directly to his owner's home, for it is too cold even for him on this clear, white night.

Trees lower their limbs downward because of the weight of the precious snow on them. Even though they are not standing the way nature intended, they look more beautiful tonight than they do without their snow-white, heavy, crowning.

Snow's late-night, breathtaking whiteness is a sight no one should miss. The sights of snow are multiplied tenfold after dark, with only the man-made lights on. Go out of your way to look from your window some night, and see the sights I mentioned here. And see if their loveliness does not take your breath away.

Cheryl Spinweber
Grade 8

CHRISTMAS IN THE EYES OF MANY

When I was little, Christmas was the biggest event of the year, besides my birthday. To me, it had special meaning when I was little. All I could think of was joy and merriment. I loved to go hunting for many different and unusual presents. I remember the big, fat, jolly, old Santa Claus and his eight reindeer pictured every place. The spirit of the festive holiday was always in me. As I grew a little older, I was more interested in giving, not receiving. I would like to decorate the tree and make cookies and candies. Shopping was more fun than ever. But, soon I realized, Christmas isn't a happy event for everyone.

Shopkeepers are the one kind of people that are the merriest. If you ever go into a shop, they are brimming and beaming with delight especially when they hear their favorite music, the cash register. Even so, if this could continue throughout the year, it would be wonderful.

With important entertainers and people, Christmas is time for parties. They perform and get a big kick out of all the New Year's antics going on.

In different families, Christmas is always a little different. Customs change here and there, but still the Christmas spirit and feeling is everywhere you go and look.

The saddest part of the whole Christmas idea and thought is the way some people just don't care for plain fun and enjoyment. It would be like an adult who would not be kind to little children and give to poor people a little something. Why can't everyone have the true Christmas spirit as it was long ago? This is a great celebration for a great happening and event in the world.

So I hope everyone will remember, Christmas is different in the eyes of many.

Carla Tallau
Grade 8

T'was a misty Night---
Not a soul was in sight.
Near the scene
Lay a castle
Shadowed
By evergreens.
Overhead shone the moon
Which cast a yellowing glow
Upon the trees and sky
And dusty dune
Over which was heard
A cry,
A moan,
A tortured groan.
Over the dune came
A figure
White-clad,
Gracefully dancing,
Prancing,
Mad.
Traipsing,
Winding,
In and out of
Evergreen trees.
It continued its dance,
Its trance,
Then---
Limply
It fell
Upon the ground,
Without a sound,
All was still.
Then came
A cry,
A moan,
A tortured groan.

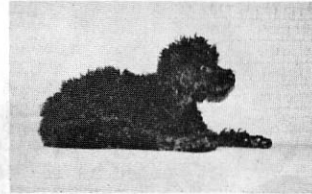


Hetty Kadison
Grade 7

"BIJOU"

There is no dog that's at all like mine,
She looks like a dog, and she barks just fine,
But it's at my dog you draw the line
'Cause she's a "people dog."

If my little dog could have her way
She'd take a bath 'most every day,
'Casue she enjoys to splash and play
For she's a "people dog."



My Bijou does not lie on the floor,
A chair or a couch she prefers much more.
To sleep anywhere else would be a chore
'Cause she's a "people dog."

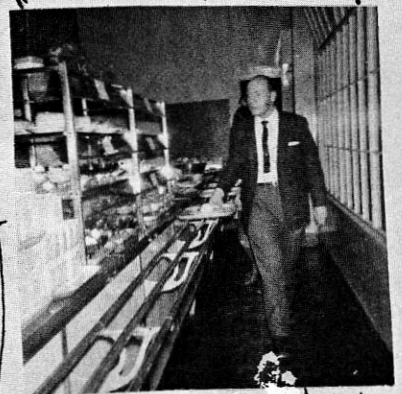
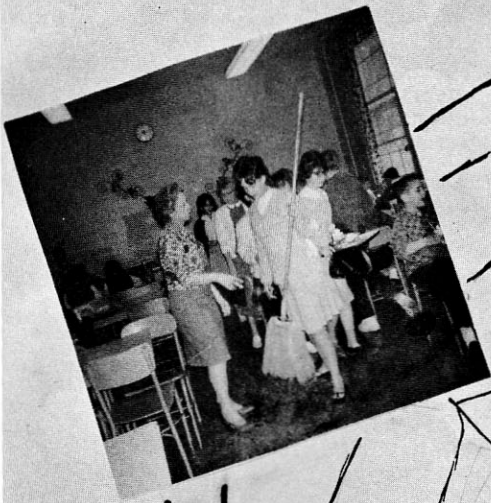
But I love my Bijou with all her queer ways,
How she jumps upon the piano and plays,
And how she runs around in a daze,
'Cause she's a "people dog."

Ellen Straus, Grade 7

Happy

On May 22, 1961,
That's when all the fun - begun.
I came home from school and what did I see,
But a little gold puppy awaiting for me.
He cried all night 'cause he felt so strange,
But the next day, he felt "at home on the range".
He barked so loud he sounded like a cello,
And so we named him "Most Happy Fellow".
He's now an important member of our household
And he loves and protects us from dangers untold.
If you love loving as much as I do,
A Golden Retriever is the dog for you.

James Steinitz, Grade 7



Caught
by the



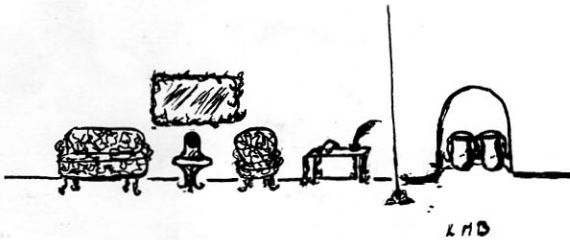
Camera



Off-Broadway Blooms!

THE MARQUISE AND THE BARON

Characters: The Marquise (Dorothee) - the twenty-year-old, pampered only child of good family who strives to present the picture of a beauty. The Baron (Theobald of Hoonoswot) - the only suitor of the Marquise. Josephine - the pert French soubrette who's curiosity from the top bow of her be-ribboned cap to the tips of her toes. Madame la Marquise - society-conscious mother of the Marquise (she should be rather shrill, overly-dramatic, and overweight). Jean - the doorman - He is supposed to present a caller's name to Josephine who consults her mistress as to the advisability of permitting his entrance. However, they sometimes take matters into their own hands.



Scene: Not too far from the right of the stage is a partition. To the right of this is a small entry wall decorated in pink and white. Against the back wall of the entry way are two extremely large vases. (Large enough to hold a human). To the left is an ornately furnished parlor of the 1750's in France. This is a blue, gold, and white decor. This must contain a desk, chair, and couch. Against the back wall is a large clock set at one o'clock. On the wall behind this is a large mirror.

Note: Behind the vases should be a moving panel which slides open. As the curtain opens, the Marquise is buried in a popular book of the day. Josephine is reading over her shoulder in a most obnoxious manner. The Marquise appears to be unaware of her. A rap is heard at the door and Josephine drags her eyes from the book to answer it. Jean's head pops into the room. He speaks in a low tone to Josephine.

Josephine: Mademoiselle la Marquise, it is the Baron.

The Marquise: Oh! (she blushes, starts up, sits down, is in a great flurry) Send him in. (While Josephine opens the door, takes the Baron's cloak, hangs it on a rack, we see the Marquise composing herself).



The Baron: (with a sweeping bow as he enters the parlor) Mademoiselle la Marquise!

The Marquise: Monsieur le Baron (she extends her hand for the Baron to kiss). I am so glad you called. (Josephine is standing in the entry way, ear to the door. She reacts accordingly throughout the following)

The Baron: (humbly) Mademoiselle la Marquise, I wish to ask you --

The Marquise: (eagerly. She has for months tried to bring him to his knees in proposal) Yes?

The Baron: That is...I mean to say --

The Marquise: (with bated breath) Go on.

The Baron: Mademoiselle la Marquise, would you do me the honor --

The Marquise: What?

The Baron: Would you allow me the liberty --

The Marquise: Please -- (she is "dying" of suspense and hope)

The Baron: (Rattling off his prepared speech very fast) Mademoiselle la Marquise, would you do me the honor of allowing me to be your escort to the Count's ball on Friday?

The Marquise: Oh! (She is crestfallen)

The Baron: (He has been anticipating refusal. He says, almost eagerly) You refuse?

The Marquise: (She strives to hide her disappointment. After all, a ball is better than nothing. Oh no! I mean I'd be delighted to go, but (she searches her mind) isn't this rather late to ask?)

The Baron: But it has taken me a full week to sum up the courage to ask.

The Marquise: But why?

The Baron: (hesitating) Well, er, you are so, uh, beautiful and charming, ah, that I felt, um, that you could not, uh, possibly prefer me, uh, to the many, uh, suitors for your hand.

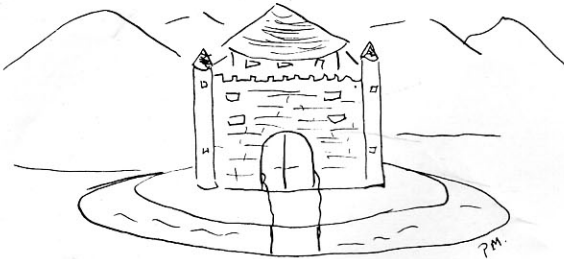
The Marquise: Well, I (She blushes. Her mother has told her often never to reveal the fact that she is not besieged with suitors). That is I -- Well you see I, um, have not been receiving callers for the past few days. (This is a lie but the Baron apparently accepts it).

The Baron: In that I am fortunate.

The Marquise: Yes you -- (She realizes the immodesty of what she was about to say) That is --

The Baron: (Overlooking her transgression and elated at his success). You will be ready at seven?

The Marquise: Yes. (Now she is hesitant) Monsieur le Baron, uh, I would prefer, er less formality, um between us. Could you, that is would you, call me Dorothee?



The Baron: If I may be so bold, would you call me Theobald?

The Marquise: Yes, Theobald (She delicately allows her hand to slide into his. Josephine avidly listens at the door and is unable to hear for their voices have dropped quite low. She leans against the door, not noticing the top.)

The Baron: Dorothee, I... (There is a loud crash as Josephine falls flat on her face into the room)

The Marquise: (Outraged at the loss of her golden opportunity, she screams) Clumsy fool! Out! What were you doing? How could you possibly...? Eavesdropper! May I never set eyes on you again!

The Baron: (Baffled at her sudden change from a delicate flower to a screaming blade of crabgrass) But Dorothee...

The Marquise: (So distraught is she that she blames even the Baron) Mademoiselle la Marquise to you, you (she splutters helplessly) You bunion, you! (The bewildered Baron takes his leave, leaving his cloak. He picks his way awkwardly over the prostrate maid) Now do you see what you've done? You've driven him away. You blundering Fool! (The Marquise bursts into a flood of tears and sinks to the couch).

Josephine: (picking herself up) Mademoiselle..

Madame la Marquise: (offstage) Joo-se-phine, Joo-se-phine! (she bustles from left fashionably attired) Jo.. what! My child, whats the matter? (she looks around, notices the Baron's absence) Ah, so he's left. Do not worry, my child. Just follow mother's teachings of love and all will be well.

The Marquise: I've followed your teachings up to now and what good have they done? (She lapses back into tears. Her flustered mother takes her leave.) Josephine flicks a duster over the mantle and moves the hands of the clock very slowly from one o'clock to four o'clock. Jean, the doorman, enters. They confer in the entry way.)

The Doorman: It is the Baron. Should we let him in?

Josephine: (After some thought) Let him in, in a few minutes. (Jean leaves. Josephine tiptoes to the desk and writes furiously. Picking up her paper she wakens the sleeping Marquise). Mademoiselle, the Baron is here. Prepare yourself.

The Marquise: But Mama... (Josephine is in the entry way with Jean before she can finish).

The Baron: I have come to get my cloak. I left it here.

Josephine: Oh! But Monsieur, have pity of this Marquise. Read this.

The Baron: But.. ..

Josephine: Read! (She blocks the view of the vases. While he talks, Madame la Marquise climbs into one vase.)

The Baron: (Reading) "Cher Journal, I am desolate. The Baron cannot return my adoration. If he would only come back! But no, he will not and I must take drastic action." Oh! I must forgive her! Thank Heavens! (he looks to the parlour).

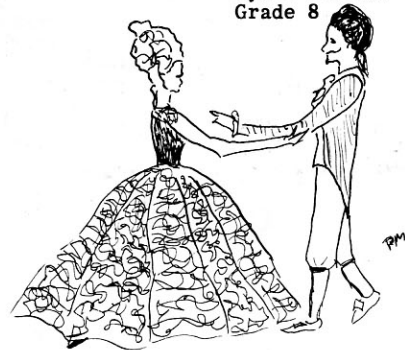
Josephine: I must watch. (She hides in the other vase)

The Marquise: (Running to the entry way) Theobald!

The Baron: Dorothee! (They embrace) (Josephine and Madame rise from their vases and shake hands.)

CURTAIN

Lynne Barrett
Grade 8



A BOW(WOW) TO YE BARD !

April 23, 1564

April 23, 1964

Did Shakespeare know he was "really great"?

Did he guess that someday it would be our fate

To study and write about his famous play(s)

And, in the Space Age, celebrate the Bard's Birthday...

Happy Birthday to you,

Happy Birthday to you,

Happy Birthday, dear Shakespeare,

Dog Biscuits to you!!!

SPORTS

THROUGH

8TH GRADE SPORTS ROUNDUP

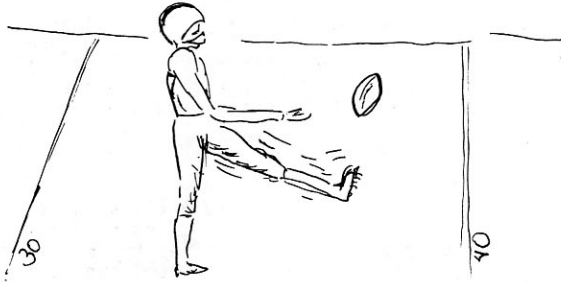
The soccer season started when Mr. Babb, teacher sponsor, held a meeting in which the rules of the game were stated. The following session was used to pick captains and teams. The four captains were Glenn Bisignani, Mike Gregory, Jim Holler, and Greg Swenson. The teams were evenly matched with Gregory's and Swenson's team leading the league by a short margin.

It was a climactic season which came down to the last game of the schedule, in which Gregory's and Swenson's teams fought for possession of first place. Gregory's team squeaked out a 2-1 decision, enabling his team to win the championship.

TRACK

Under the "careful eye" of Mr. "Bucky" Hatchett, the seventh and eighth grade track season opened on April 16. "Bucky" will introduce all the various track and field events, including sprints, long-distance runs, high jump, pole vault, broad jump, and the hurdles among those being taught. The year will be highlighted with a track meet.

Lenny Klehr
Grade 8



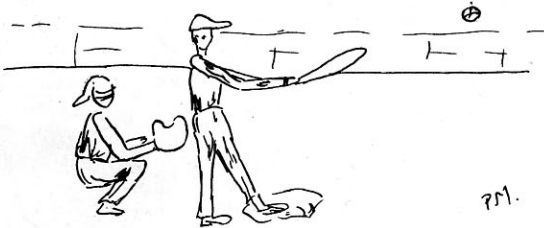
FOOTBALL

Under the direction of Mr. "Bucky" Hatchett, the eighth grade football league enjoyed a successful season. The teams were captained by Frank Miscia, Kerry Mucci, Tom Courtney, and Bernie Weich. Although the turnout was small, all the boys who joined had a good time.

BASKETBALL

The teams were led by their respective captains, Bill Anderson, Kerry Mucci, Greg Swenson, and Bernie Weich. Greg Swenson's team, the Bowery Bums, played fine basketball all year and "walked away" with the league title. Kerry Mucci's team edged Bill Anderson's team for second place, with Weich's team bringing up the tail section of the league. Swenson's team was led by Greg Swenson, Steve Kraus, Lenny Klehr, and Dave Kingsburg. Mike Gregory, Kerry Mucci, and Tom Courtney played consistent ball for Mucci's team. Chuck Riley, Robert Zazzali, and Bill Anderson played good ball for the latter's team. Bart Rubey and "Jumping Jack" Mike Berman did a fine job for Weich's team.

In the championship playoffs, Weich's team, in a big surprise, won first place, with Swenson's, Anderson's, and Mucci's finishing in that respective order.



BASEBALL

Under the leadership of Mr. Collura, the eighth grade baseball league got off to a smooth start when Dave Kingsburg's team, the "Bombers", defeated Jeff Ochs' team. In the second game, Armand Jacobsens defeated Steve Kraus', "The Greatest's."



L. to R. --- K. Mucci and
R. Zazzali



L. to R. --- R. Phillips
and E. Long



L. to R. S. Kraus and
G. Swenson

SEVENTH GRADE ROUND UP

SEVENTH GRADE FOOTBALL

A large number of boys joined 7th grade football this year. Each week different teams were chosen so everyone was a captain. Also, in addition to being captain, everyone played quarterback or went out for some passes. Mr. "Bucky" Hatchett was in charge of both 7th and 8th grade football.

SEVENTH GRADE SOCCER

Two teams competed in soccer this year. The captains of these teams were David Oremland and John Tesser. Oremland's team won two games, lost none, and tied one to prove overpowering over Tesser's team who had a record of no wins, two losses, and one tie. Later in the season new teams were chosen every week.

THE YEAR

BEATLES BEAT JETS

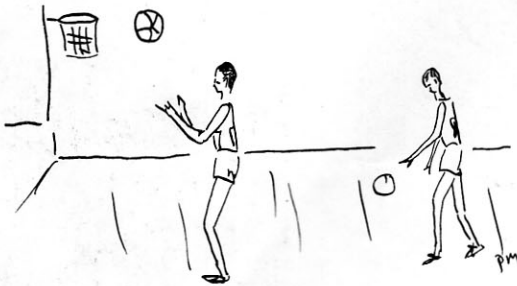
The Beatles of the Seventh Grade basketball league stayed undefeated by beating the winless Jets 16-15 in overtime.

Beatle captain Gary Kistner and team had a 12-3 lead behind Kistner's marksmanship. Then Joe Krackenfels of the Jets sank two foul shots after a walking penalty. Immediately Jet captain, Rusty Bershad, sank a basket. Once penalties set up another basket, this one by Steven Bushberg.

The Beatles, unable to score, Joe Krackenfels made a foul shot which was followed up by another Jet basket by Bershad.

With the score tied, the Beatles' Kevin Campbell scored. Krackenfels, with only 40 seconds left, put in two more fouls. With just about one second left, Bershad fouled Jacobus, who missed the foul shot. The game went into overtime at the score 14-14.

In overtime, Campbell scored after Krackenfels put in another foul shot. Then time ran out. The final score was Beatles, 16-Jets, 15.



SEVENTH GRADE BASKETBALL

The Peckman Raiders defeated the Backboarders in a double overtime game.

High scorer of the game was Alan Price of the Raiders. Also outstanding in the game was Tom Leone.

At one time in the game the Raiders led, 10-1. In the second half the Backboarders completely dominated the game.

Trimmer won the game on a beautiful set shot from the corner.

Following are the scores of the other games played in the Seventh Grade League:

Beatles 16 - Peckman Raiders 7

Backboarders 14 - Jets 7

Beatles 28 - Backboarders 13

Peckman Raiders 24 - Jets 14

Beatles 16 - Jets 15

Peckman Raiders 15 - Backboarders 14

The final standings of the teams are as follows:

	Wins	Losses
1. Beatles	3	0
2. Peck. R.	2	1
3. Back.	1	2
4. Jets	0	3

High scorer in the league is Keith Carlson with 26 points.

SEVENTH GRADE BASEBALL

Fifty-one boys turned out for baseball this season. The captains and the teams are as follows: All-Stars led by Tom Tucci; Trashmen with Jimmy Ferguson as captain; Unlucky 13, under Willie Trimmer; and the Aztecs, captained by Bob DiTrani.

In the first games of the season, the All-Stars beat the Unlucky 13 by a score of 4 to 3. The Trashmen topped the Aztecs, 4-1. In other games the All-Stars won their second game by beating the Trashmen, and the Unlucky 13 defeated the Aztecs. The Seventh Grade League is under the supervision of Mr. Paschal Collura.

Rusty Bershad
Grade 7

G.A.A. GOSSIP

Girls' Sports

Gym Classes

During the year, the girls have had a variety of activities under the direction of Mrs. Frances Zorge.

In the fall we played soccer after learning the rules of the game. Ellen Straus's team won the tournament.

The next activity was basketball which was played in the winter. The best seventh grade teams were Valerie Jones', Marlene Demaol's, and Amy Schnetter's. The eighth grade victors were the teams headed by Joann Herz and Mary Anne Esser.

In the second half of the year we played volleyball which was climaxed by a tournament. In the eighth grade the "Seven Good Guys" won first place, and the "Beatles" came in second. In the seventh grade the "Ringettes" came in first, and the "J.R.M.'s" came in second.

G.A.A.

The G.A.A. was formed by interested girls to play after school. During the winter we played basketball. Three teams were Junior High Jets, captained by Valerie Jones, Verona Gymtrotters under Amy Schnetter, and the Sharpshooters, with Barbara Festa.

Following basketball, G.A.A. sponsored volleyball and tumbling.

Mary Ann Sheets
Grade 7



L. to R. "Casey Zorge"
and "Mickey McClaskey"



L. to R. "Slugger Bristol"
and Moose Totaro

Characters



Adolf Hitler	Commandant
Eva Braun	Joe - an American G.I.
First Lieutenant	Charlie - his buddy
Second Lieutenant	

Scene - a smoke-filled room outside of Berlin. Hitler is giving orders to everyone. There is a long table with surrounding chairs in the middle. There are maps of Europe on the wall. Everyone is busy.

(In a translation from German)
Adolf - And move the fourth to here (pointing to map) so they will protect my darling Eva and my villa. (He sighs.)

Second Lieutenant - But my - (He is interrupted)

Commandant - Heil Hitler! (entering the room)

Adolf - Heil Hitler! (in reply)

(Off in the corner)

First Lieutenant - You see! He even Heils himself. He thinks he is God. Adolf Hitler is going crazy. (loudly) I will join Goering and Hess in the assassination plot.

Second Lieutenant - Yes, me too. It was a bad sign, though, when our first attempt failed and the bomb didn't kill Hitler --- or is it Adolf, the God, nowadays?

(The Commandant, who is behind a waste paper basket, rises, pushing it towards the two.)

Commandant - Aha, I find two conspirators. Working for the Allies, I bet.

First Lieutenant - Oh, cut it out! Everyone knows you are leading the assassination plot. I think Hitler would want to hear all about it.

Commandant - (nonchalantly) - Well, in that case, maybe we could use two babbling dumpkooofs such as you. Meet me at 31 Hardunstienstrausen at eleven-thirty on Friday.

The day is Friday, and the huge clock on the church says eleven-twenty. The lieutenants are creeping down an old alley with garbage cans around.

First Lieutenant - Remember now, no noise and don't be seen. When we get to the door, ask for the doctor.

Second Lieutenant - I know, I know. What kind of dumbkooof do you think I am?

(Later on they go to the door, only to find that there are two bells, but only one is the doctor. They go upstairs to find him.)

First Lieutenant (ringing the bell) Are you sure this is the right house?

Second Lieutenant - Yes, I --- (He is interrupted here by the First Lieutenant.)

First Lieutenant - It better be. (The door opens, and a mild-looking man appears and perceives the two men who are dressed in long raincoats with the collars up. They are both carrying suitcases and wearing dark glasses.)

The scene shifts to the small room again. The Commandant with the two lieutenants.

Commandant - Listen, now, he thinks he should be buried in a glass casing so the world can see his ugly face.

Second Lieutenant - Enough of this foolishness! We must act! The Americans are only a hundred miles away now. The nights are getting worse, and I think a bomb went off under my bed last night but it must have been a dud.

First Lieutenant - You have been dreaming. (To the Commandant. When do we act? (Offstage you can hear Hitler say, "I am supreme, I come before all. I am God.) You hear that? He must go.

Commandant - Okay. On next Wednesday you will go to Hitler's bunker. It is next to the doctor's house, the one you saw Friday. Here is your key. (He gives them a key.) It will be unguarded so as to raise no suspicion --- entrance will be easy.

(Eva Braun walks in and goes to Hitler.)

Hitler - Do you not have a Heil for myself? You will be punished.

Eva - Ach! You knew I would have kissed you instead, but you want a heil. (She starts to cry.) You do not love me any more.

(She continues to cry.)

Hitler - If I did not love you, would I ask you to come with me to my bunker, where we can hide until it is safe to come out. The people will throw themselves in front of the Allies if I ask. They love me! I am great! I am their leader, their savior! I am their God! (Eva is not interested and is powdering her nose.)

(It is the following Wednesday. The lieutenants are going down the same alley, only they are going from doorway to doorway hiding.)

First Lieutenant - Ach! Those Americans have taken Hardinstein strassen, but we must reach number thirty-one.

Second Lieutenant - Are you crazy? If we go in there, we will never get out alive. The Americans will have surrounded us. (The first lieutenant goes inside; the second guards the house.)

(They go inside number thirty-one, and two shots are heard from behind curtain. Offstage Hitler says, "I am God! I am invulnerable. "A lady's scream is heard. The two lieutenants run out of the bunker into the alley. The first lieutenant is shot by an American running down the street.)

Joe - Tough luck, Kraut, but your buddy has had it! Anything you want to say before we take you in for questioning?

Charlie - Well, let's get along with it. We haven't got all day!

(The second lieutenant goes to his friend's body and moves the hair from his eyes. He wipes the blood off his hands which he folds on his chest. For only a second the first lieutenant's eyes open, and he catches a glimpse of the man leaning over him. In his mind he feels dizzy. He could have sworn that he had shaved that Hitler mustache off the day before.

Charlie - All right, let's go!

The End

Kenneth Krasner, Grade 8



My First Plane Ride---
Never To Be Forgotten Moment

During February, 1961, I had the most exciting experience that ever happened to me. It was during the winter vacation. My family was going to fly to Bermuda.

We went to Idlewild Airport, now Kennedy International, at about 5:00 P.M. We arrived there about half an hour before the flight. When it was time for our plane to leave, it didn't-until 10:00 P.M. We had to wait three hours before taking off. While we were waiting, we walked around and observed the planes coming in and going out. When we weren't doing that, we read magazines. When our plane was ready to leave, we had to give the baggage to the clerk. Then we boarded the plane, which was a Douglas DC6. We had seats in the rear of the plane. We weren't next to any windows, but some people didn't go, so we changed our seats with the permission of the stewardess. They were all very nice. When the light flashed on and off saying, "Fasten your seatbelts," I became a little nervous. A little while after that I was used to flying. The stewardess came around and gave us some candy to suck on so that our ears wouldn't pop. We looked out at the lights in N.Y.C. and it was colorful with the different lights. It was good weather to fly in. The stewardesses came around and asked us what we wanted to drink. The pilots let us go to the pilots' cabin and watch what they were doing. When we were almost in Bermuda, we could see the lights there. There weren't too many lights because it was 2:00 A.M. Then the light went on that said, "Fasten your seatbelts." Shortly after that we landed at Kindley Air Force Base. We got off the plane and received our baggage, and a taxi took us to the Princess Hotel.

After twelve days in Bermuda, we came home. We went to Kindley Air Force Base and took a plane home. On the way home we could see boats in the ocean. The stewardesses gave us coke and candy. We went up and looked at the pilots' cabin. We couldn't stay there too long because the pilot was grumpy. We read magazines too!

We arrived in New York four hours later. It was a nice plane trip, and I hope someday that I can take one again. (especially to Bermuda)

Doug Bonjour, Grade 8



"Lift Up Your Heads"

Amazingly enough, I awoke before my alarm clock, which was set for four-thirty A.M., rang. I leaped out of the warm, cozy bed into the chill of the room, in spite of the early hour. A spine-tingling thrill was in me, for I was going to partake in an exciting adventure, right here in the little borough of Verona. I was going to observe a lunar eclipse!

After dressing very warmly, I opened the front door, which squeaked louder than ever in the still quiet of the "night". The eeriness of the time just before the first tinges of sunrise are visible over the eastern hills, surrounded me. I looked up and saw Orion, followed by his faithful Canis Major, rushing towards Taurus, the Bull.

(Continued on Back Cover)

Down - Continued

14. Opposite of No.
17. Many periods of time
20. Smallest state
21. Height (abb.)
27. Like father, like _____
28. Chemical symbol for aluminum
30. Hat
32. One (German)
35. Not boring
37. "Seamstress"
41. Flag company minus one n!
44. Manual Arts teacher
45. Instrument
46. Type of potato
49. Girl Scouts (abbrev.)
50. Opposite of SUMMER DROPPER
52. 3.14
54. City in South America
55. Smiley custodian
57. Opposite of in
59. Fish
61. South American (abb.)
64. A reversed HO
66. Principal part of to be
68. Work
69. Fourth period
72. Magazine censor
73. Is (French)
74. Short for 96 across
76. Custodian
79. 1945 Tiddleywinks champion
81. Laugh!
83. Mad scientist of 2b
84. Not Khrushchev
86. Had so many children he didn't know what to do
87. Boys and girls
88. Part of motor
91. Reversed No
93. Needed for canoe travel
94. 1,2,3, you all!
95. Another interjection
98. Caddoan Indians
100. Make
103. Cheer!
107. Opp. she
108. Bone

A cold wind rustled through the bare branches of the tall trees, and to the west in a brilliance of its own, was the moon.

Something was lacking! To my surprise there was no mighty crash of huge cymbals echoing from yonder hills! There was no trumpet fanfare to announce the coming event! There weren't any floodlights playing back and forth in anticipation. I stopped and thought. Then I realized that the course of nature, however varied it seems, comes and goes, and comes again. There may not have been more than five people in the whole of Verona up at this hour, waiting to see the eclipse. Only I knew within that when I beheld this glorious phenomenon, I would be viewing something plotted and planned in the heavens above.

There was a sudden lull in the wind, and I looked to the West. The first edges of shadow were striking the moon's surface, and in my mind I heard huge cymbals crashes echoing from the hills, and also a trumpeter's fanfare.

Suzanne Levinson
Grade 8

ANSWERS

M	O	R	R	I	S		W	E	L	L	E	R		C	U	R	L	E	Y
U	N	I	E		H	E	H		I	A		I	R	O	N		O	L	E
R	E	D		H	A	R	I		P	M		N	I	L			C	E	S
P			S	T	R	A	Z	Z	A		A	G		L	O	T	I	C	
H	E	M	O		P	S			R	I	L	L		U		A	C	T	S
Y	I		N		L			T	I	N		E	A	R		M	E	S	A
	N	J		L	E	V	Y			T	O		N	A	G		R		M
W		O	P	U	S		A	C	H	E		M	I		S	L	O	O	P
I		R	I	T	S	E	M	A		R	U	I	N	S					U
N	O	D		E		E		L	I	E		K		A	J	H		T	O
T	H	E			K	L	E	I	S	S	L	E	R		O	R			N
E			C	P	A		S			T	I			B	A	B	B		
R	H		H		L	I	T	W	H	I	L	E	R			U			L
H	A	W	A	I				A		N				C	I	R	C	L	E
A		O	R		J	O		C	O	G		Z	O	O		O	K		N
L	I	L	L	I	A	N		K	A		D	O	H	E	R	T	Y		A
D	O	D	E		R			E	R	R	O	R		D		O		B	E
E	N		Y		V	H		R		A		G		O	R	E			U
R	I	B		L	I	E			S	H	I	E	L	D	S				S