

THE BEACON
1970





The Faculty

The Beacon

June 1970

Volume V

James J. Reynolds

Junior High School 43

1401 Emmons Avenue

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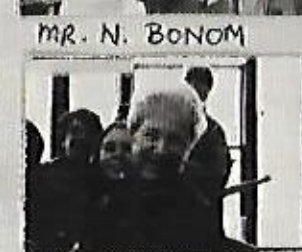
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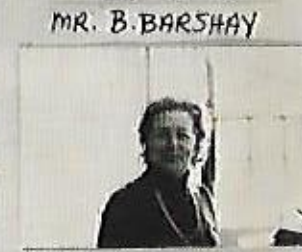
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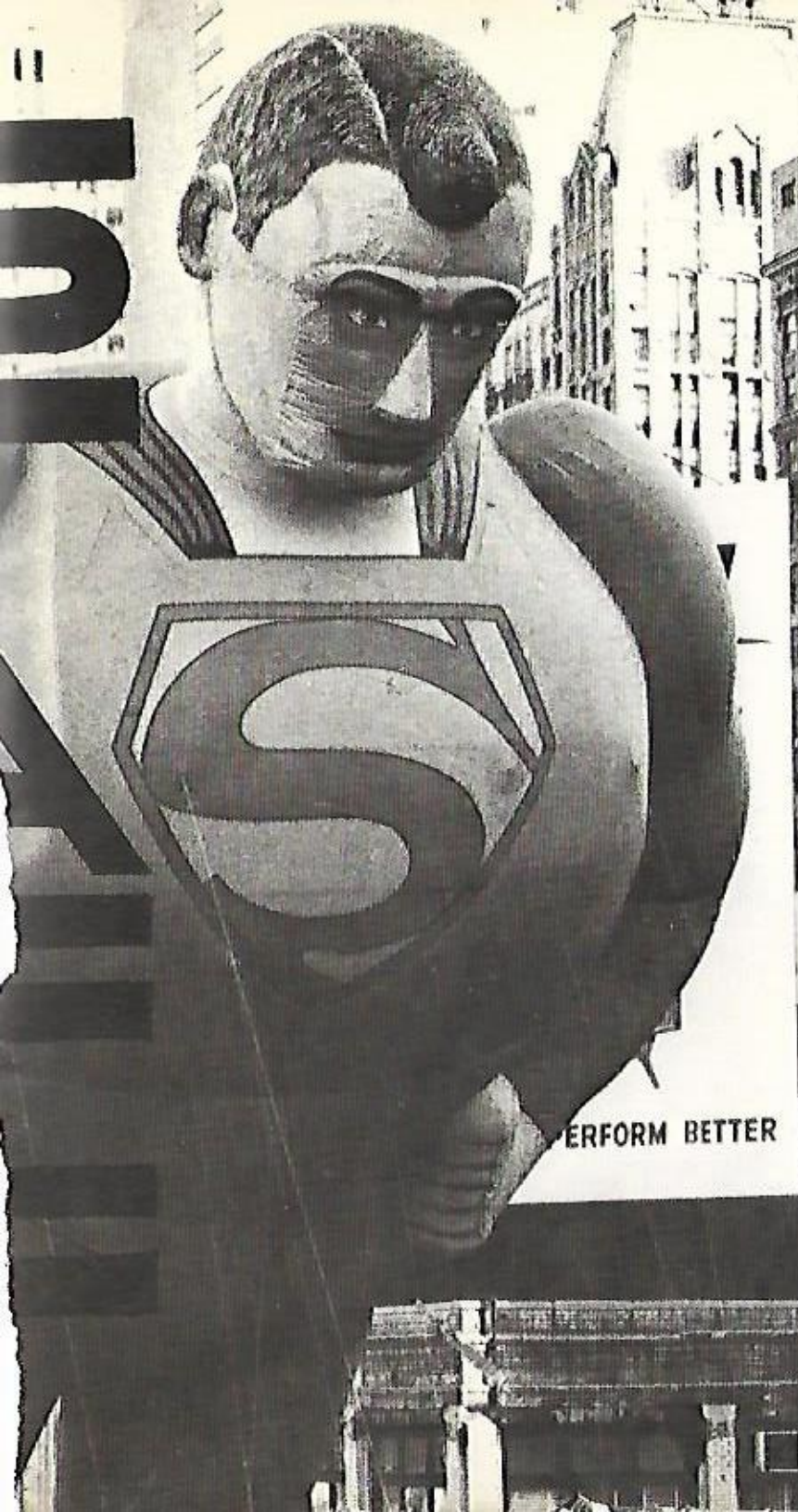
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CITIZEN



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Ralph S. Cohen

Dear Boys and Girls,

At the beginning of each venture, be it a new term, a new job or a new hobby, one feels the exciting spark of hope. What wonders does the future offer?

Let us think of this new decade as an empty blackboard on which you will do the writing. You hold the chalk and, to an extent, control the events that will be written. The 1970's can bring nothing to you. What you bring to the 70's will determine what kind of decade it will be.

Contemplation followed by complaining will not erase existing problems. Correct what dissatisfies you. Making constructively your byword will bring about the world you want to enjoy.

Have a happy, healthy summer and may 1970 be the bridge to a decade of peace.

Sincerely,
Ralph S. Cohen

George Orwell, author of *1984* and *Animal Farm*, concerned himself with the destiny of mankind. Orwell believed that modern man is unable to cope with the demands of his history. This is a frightening statement. Is man actually unable to cope with the future? What disastrous upheavals will the next ten years bring? Will war, poverty, persecution, and man's greed prevail; will it lead to man's violent end?

Woodrow Wilson had called World War I "the war to end all wars", yet mankind witnessed World War II, the Korean War, and now, the Vietnam crisis.

The 1960's were a combination of violence and progress. This decade left us with memories of riots and dissension. It also brought drastic changes in the arts, politics and economics. Emotions ran rampant.

The past ten years brought us such influential and brilliant public figures as Martin Luther King Jr., John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy. These men gave us new goals to seek. Martin Luther King Jr. strove to abolish, peacefully, the racial discrimination present in our society. John F. Kennedy strove to unite America and protect democracy. Robert Kennedy sought world harmony; he said, "The works of our hands, matched to reason and principle, will determine destiny."

The new decade will determine the destiny of the students of James J. Reynolds Junior High School. During the next crucial years, we will prepare for higher education and our chosen occupations. We will face radical and complex changes. If, each day, one person will try to bring happiness to another, this will be a major achievement for man. Let us sincerely hope that the 1970's will fulfill our dreams for the future. Let us all find a purpose for living.

Howard Manis, 9-4

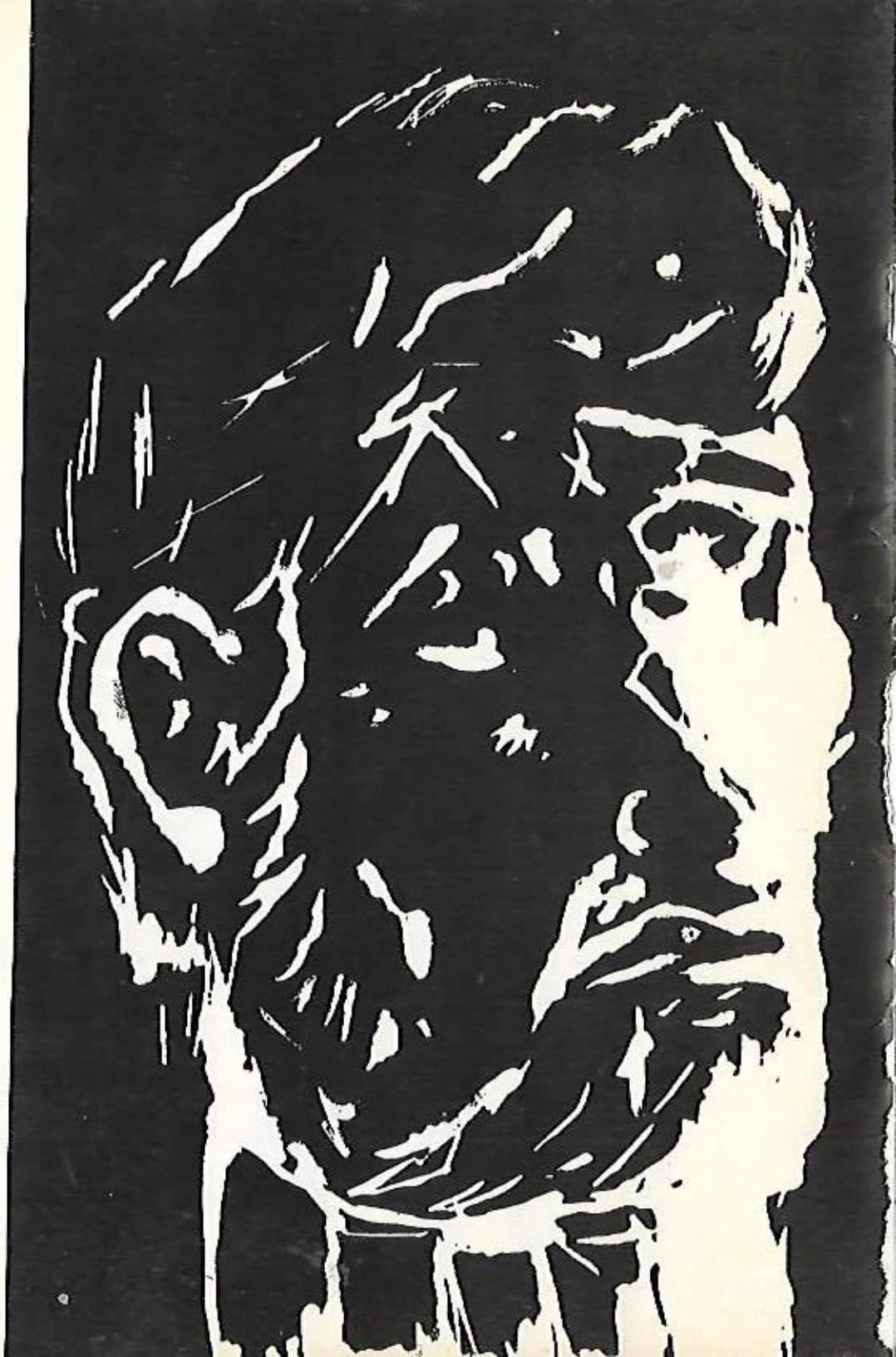


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EDITORIAL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Faculty Fotos	2
Staff	4
Principal's Message	6
Editorial	7
All the Dreams	10
The Runner	11
Downfall	11
John Dewey, An Experiment	12
Limericks	14
July Day	16
Why	17
The Tell-Tale Clock	18
The Badgery of Julius Caesar	19
Brighton Beach	20
School Blues	22
Interview	23
The Ballad of Bartholemew McHoozit	24
Europe or Bust	25
A Fish Tale	26
Art Folio	27-29
I Get Annoyed When	30
The Quest of Toothless Tessie	31
Observation	32
1960 — 1970	33-41
Letters from the Future	42
Spring	44
Autumn	45
The Outcast	46
Escape	48
Sunset	49
Teralingo	50
The Class of 1970	53-63
Dreams by the Sea	65



**men build
too many walls
and not enough
bridges**

Lettering by — Cathy Frankel, 9-SPE1
Eugene Leiner, 9-SPE1

The Reverend Dominique Pire

— Recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize, 1958



All the Dreams

*I am tired, and have a headache.
 I'd like to be sleeping.
 What dreams my mind would make!
 I would change myself to some strange animal —
 Maybe a bear, or even a cannibal.
 Possibly of a strange species, something immense —
 A monster ten times bigger than the schoolyard fence!
 I could be a vagabond — tired, poor, and old,
 Or a gallant knight — brave, strong and bold;
 I might be a solemn man — earnest you see,
 Who would plunge his sharp mind into clever trickery.
 But dreams are dreams,
 Reality is true.
 Now I have homework
 That I must do!*

Brian Diamond, 8-SPE2



Drawings by Debbie Pincus, 9-SPE2
 Lori Wallach, 9-3



The Runner

*The countdown has started, the shot-gun sounds,
The runner takes off like a jet.
He strains to take an early lead,
And already's covered with sweat.
He runs as hard as he possibly can,
So that he doesn't fall behind.
Already he has visions,
Of trophies in his mind.
Soon he is caught up to,
And his legs are raised real high.
His knees are tightened up like knots,
But he never stops to sigh.
Now he uses his last bit of strength,
Without a second of rest.
Then all can see how proud he is,
When he is crowned, the best!*

Gary Stein, 9-SP1

Downfall of a Ball

*While having a catch one afternoon,
I heard the rumbling of a truck.
My ball rolled out into the road;
Well, that was my tough luck.
As I watched the bounding vehicle,
It was then, somehow, I knew
My ball would never, never last
Through the air it flew.
I saw the driver of the truck,
Munching hungrily on some bread,
With tousled hair and tired eyes,
His uniform was red.
And so it came at last to pass,
The driver took no heed,
Of my happy, rolling ball.
He sped on with blinding speed.
So now, my gaily bouncing toy
Lay there on the dusty street,
No longer firm, no longer round,
But flattened like a sheet.
So don't let your ball roll into the road,
Be careful, watch it over,
Or it will share the fate of mine,
And be lost to you forever.*

Gary Stein, 9-SP1



I believe . . . the discipline of the school
should proceed from the life of the school
as a whole
I believe . . . education is the fundamental
method of social progress and reform
John Dewey
My Pedagogic Creed (1897)

JOHN DEWEY — AN EXPERIMENT

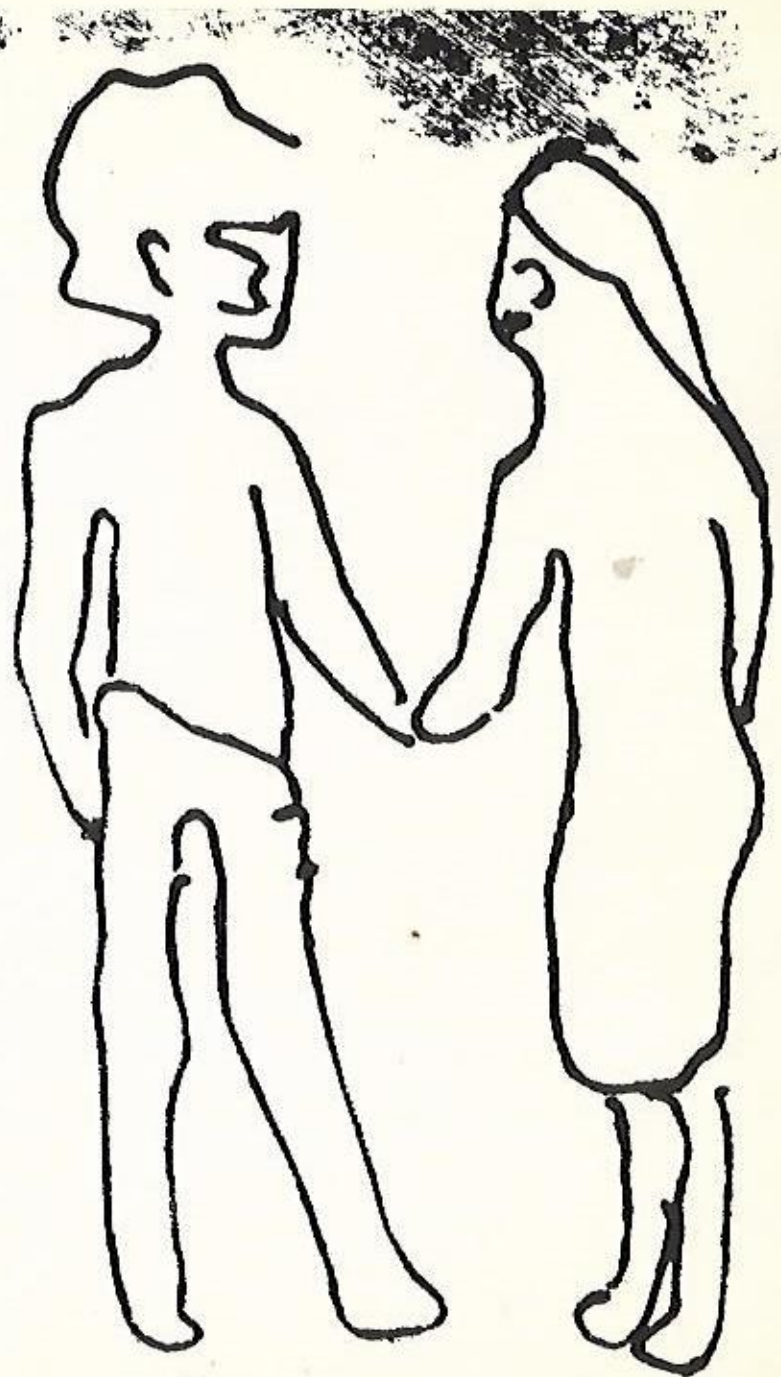
John Dewey High School, an experimental school, opened its doors in September, 1969. Though a part of school district 21 in Brooklyn, John Dewey accepts voluntary students from any district. The school's main focus is on the student as an individual.

Unlike the conventional nine-to-three school day, classes at Dewey begin at eight o'clock and end at four o'clock. The school day is broken into twenty-minute modules and one class may be anywhere from one to three modules in length. Every two months students are given new programs that are made up on a computer. There are no numerical grades at John Dewey; students receive pass or fail ratings and a detailed progress report. Unassigned study periods allow students to devote extra time to the subjects of their choice. The school is ultra-modern, containing laboratories, workshops, fully-equipped gymnasiums and many libraries.

Students attending Dewey are learning with minimum tension. They enjoy classes and are not totally trapped, as was Pip in the bramble-bush of letters, nor are they mystified with those nine thieves in math. All required academic subjects are taught in this new school as well as special "extras" such as painting, sculpture, photography, creative writing and technology.

In concept, John Dewey High School is dynamic. Great strides in education can be made with Dewey as the foreleader. Let us hope the experiment is successful.

Howard Manis, 9-4





*There is a man named Rickles,
Your funny bone he tickles;
He acts like a clown,
And won't let you down,
'Till a tear of joy trickles.*

Jay Felsenstein 9-SP3



2



3



4



5



6

*A man from Hoboken said, "Why,
Can't I wiggle my ears if I try?"
He wiggled and jiggled,
Till he chuckled and giggled,
And finally gave up with a sigh.*

Howard Manis 9-4



9

*I know a girl, Sara Susan,
Who is always constantly losin',
So they sent her to school,
And they taught her the rule,
But the rule she is always confusin'.*

Francine Canin 9-SP3



10



7



8

*There were two men who were known,
For being the first to have flown,
People thought them insane,
Those Wrights with their plane,
But soon all the people were shown.*

Francine Canin 9-SP3



11



12

*There once was a man named Tom,
Who loved to fool with bombs.
The doorbell rang,
There was a loud bang,
And then there was nothing but calm.*

Mark Katz, 9-SP3

There once was a Beatle named Paul,
The rumors about him were tall.
They said he was dead,
And minus a head,
But Paul isn't dead at all.
Susan Banco, 9-SP3



13

There was a young man with a beard,
Whose parents wanted it sheared.
The more they yelled,
The more he rebelled,
Because he enjoyed looking wierd.
Susan Banco, 9-SP3



19



14

There once was a young girl named Winnie,
Whose figure was not very skinny.
She lowered her hems,
To cover her stems,
And made a maxi out of her mini.
Susan Banco, 9-SP3



17



18

There is a man named Weaver,
Who worked as hard as a beaver.
He achieved first place,
Won the pennant race,
But lost to Knosman and Seaver.
Alan Newman, 9-SP3



15



16

There was a man named Bill,
The doctors said he was ill.
One minute he sneezed,
The next minute he wheezed,
And soon they were reading his will.
Jay Felsenstein, 9-SP3

There once was a boy named Ted,
He was always overly fed.
He ate much that day,
He blew up they say,
And now he is laid up in bed.
Jay Meisner, 9-SP3



20

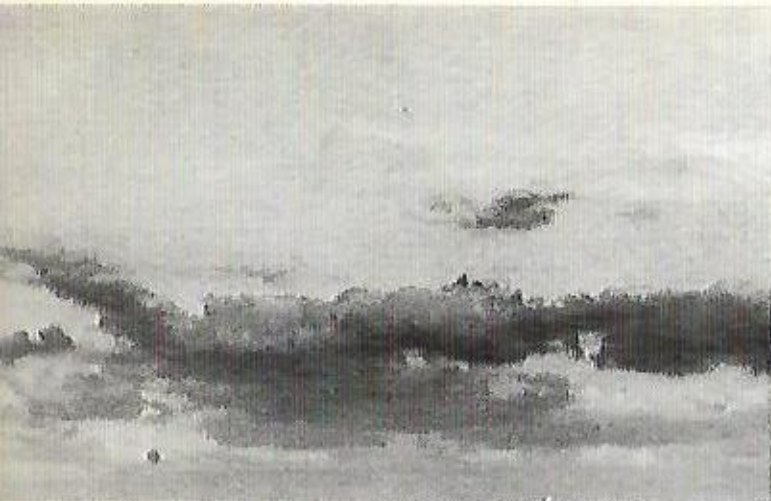


21

There once was a man named Gil,
As manager he gave us a thrill.
The series he won,
With many a run,
He fulfilled his great aim with skill.
Jay Meisner, 9-SP3

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Photograph by Jeffrey Brooks, 9-13

JULY DAY



Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10

It was a warm, sunny, July morning, and eight year old Jeffrey and his parents were going to the beach. Jeffrey made a special point of bringing his shovel, because today was the day that he was going to dig the biggest hole ever dug on any beach.

When they reached the beach, Jeffrey ran a few yards from the blanket and picked the spot where he would start digging. He started eagerly.

"Boy, is this hole going to be big!" he said.

His father sat down in the warm sun with the weekend paper and his mother turned on the radio, then lay down to get a tan.

It was almost time for lunch. Jeffrey's mother got up and fixed the sandwiches. After the lunch was made she went to tell her husband to come to the blanket. As she walked away, the radio announcer reported, "Heavy storms and high waves near the shore this evening." Jeff's mother didn't hear this warning, and when she and her husband returned to the blanket, the radio was blasting with rock music. She shut it off and called her son.

"Not now, ma, I'm still digging."

The afternoon passed with Jeffrey still digging away. Once, during the day, his father asked him if he wanted to read his favorite section in the funnies. Normally, Jeffrey would have said yes, but today he said no thanks; he would rather dig.

Two hours later, Jeffrey's mother came to see the hole and to tell Jeff that it was time to go.

"Aw ma," begged Jeff, "can I please stay to finish? It won't be much longer." Jeffrey had already dug a hole ten feet wide and eleven feet deep.

Since it was only one block back to the house, his mother agreed, but told him that he should be home as soon as he was finished. Jeff thanked his mother and she left.

It was close to 7:00 and Jeffrey was just about done. The sky overhead had turned an eerie gray, but Jeffrey was so engrossed with his project that he didn't notice.

"Just this one last shovelful and I'll be finished." He struck the sand. All of a sudden, a huge wave, with a great crash and roar, swept over the hole. It filled with water immediately and Jeffrey's small body was waterlogged and carried out to sea.

You know, after the sand had leveled off, you couldn't tell that there had been a hole there at all.

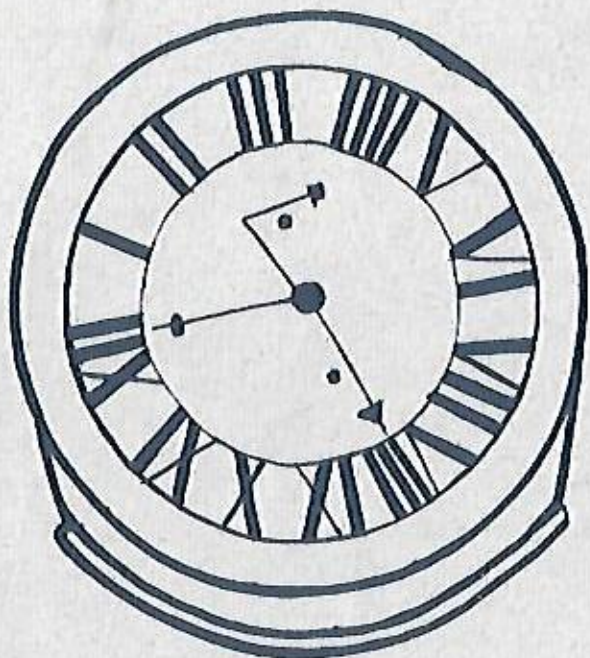
Caroline Gervasi, 7-SP2

Why

*Little children living in fear,
Of the guns and shells you hear.
The bombs you see burst all around,
Save yourselves — don't make a sound.
Little children you make me cry,
How many more of you must die?
All this fighting has to cease,
So little children can live in peace.
Little children have to die,
Please, can someone tell me why?*

Tracy Schneider, 9-SPE2





THE TELL-TALE CLOCK

Insane! — on the contrary. Though I do exhibit various odd traits, I crave knowledge and function properly. In reality, I like school; there was no hatred of subjects or teachers. I am not mad. But, there was a clock! Yes, it was the clock. It vexed me, the clock which had an opaque appearance. The minute hand was broken and it thumped constantly.

This was the clock that observed me take numerous tests; it usually laughed in mockery. The sound was unbearable. I decided to rid myself of the agony and destroy the clock. I am not a madman, for a mad individual would not approach the deed as cunningly as I did.

Every afternoon, at approximately four-thirty, I would ride my bicycle in front of the school. I would shine the light in the window and concentrate on the precise area in which the antagonizing clock hung. I chuckled at the idea. This act was repeated for several days. Finally, one night, just as the janitor was leaving the school premises, I found an ingenious way to enter the building: I crept through an opening in the basement window.

The room housing the clock was open. I approached the wooden monster in a rage of revenge and destroyed its complex instruments. I took up a few planks from the wooden floor and camouflaged my deed. Oh, how cautious I was! How could I know the inevitable clammer would be heard by a passing pedestrian?

I was suspected. How, I didn't know. The following day the fools brought me into the room where the clock has been destroyed: they interrogated me, searched me, and hounded me. I remained calm. The principal and his staff denounced the destruction of school property. All were impossible. After a period of time, they were convinced of my innocence. The poor, misguided, gullible fools! Suddenly, my ears were alarmed by the piercing sound of a familiar thump. It grew louder and louder. I began to talk rapidly in order to rid myself of my uneasiness. The thumping did not cease. Louder and louder! It's the clock. I couldn't stand it any longer. They laughed at my agony. "Animals!" I cried. "I confess; I destroyed the clock. Tear up the planks! Stop the torturous thump of the agonizing clock."

Howard Manis, 9-4

THE BADGERY OF JULIUS CAESAR

When Rome was coming into power, there was a Julius Caesar. When he was coming back from a vacation in Crete, the fair people of Rome were getting ready to greet their illustrious leader. Flavors and Molasses, two tribunes (the equivalent of the city dog catcher) did not like Caesar and did not like to see the people celebrating his arrival. They walked the stony streets of Rome to break up the crowd of people, which consisted of Caesar's fans, including Alexe Hente, who wanted his opinion of his new coffee. Flavors started yelling at some of the people in the crowd.

FLAVORS: You there, with the torn toga, who are you?

COMMONER: Well, if you must know, I'm a blender.

MOLASSES: A blender?

COMMONER: Yes, I blend moles with a dye so that they won't be noticed on a person's body. I'm a blender of bad moles.

FLAVORS (angry): Well, get back home. That goes for all of you!!! Caesar doesn't deserve this celebration. You there, with the red cape and basket, where do you think you're going?

GIRL: I'm going to grandma's house.

MOLASSES: You're in the wrong story kid.

With these immortal words, the crowds separate. Several hours later, Caesar returns to watch a race in which his dear friend, Malarky Antonus, is participating.

CAESAR (turning towards his wife): Capricornia, go stand in the path of Antonus so that he may touch you and cure you of your tantrums.

CAPRICORNIA: Are you crazy? You know what a clod that Antonus is. He's bound to smash into me!

Minutes later the race begins. Meanwhile, not far from the tracks, Kayo Kashas, a nobleman, is telling Engelbert Brutus, another nobleman and friend to Caesar, of his plan to get rid of Caesar so that they can obtain power. Brutus, being gullible, agrees to help Kashas, and the two conspirators go to round up

followers.

A half hour passes and the race is over. Malarky Antonus, badly beaten and bruised, stumbles to Caesar's side. On the way to Caesar's palace they pass Kashas and Brutus.

CAESAR: Look over there at Kashas; he has a lean and hungry look.

ANTONUS: Yes, he's been sick.

Many nights later, Capricornia screams in her sleep. Caesar, awakened by her screams, looks at his wife.

CAPRICORNIA (excitedly): Julius, I just dreamt that I saw you going to the council meeting tomorrow. You were stabbed and your friends bathed in your blood.

CAESAR: You have the most disgusting dreams in the world. Forget it and go back to sleep.

The next morning Capricornia pleads with Caesar not to go out but, being stubborn, he pays no attention to her. At 12:45 he leaves for the council. He is stopped in the street by Fruit of the Loomus.

LOOMUS: Oh most honorable Caesar, I have heard Kayo Kashas and Engelbert Brutus conspiring to kill you!

CAESAR: Engelbert Brutus... ENGELBERT BRUTUS! I don't believe it. You're worse than my wife.

Later, in the council building, Caesar calls the meeting to order. Suddenly the members pounce upon him with their knives. Last to stab Caesar is Brutus.

CAESAR (dying): Et tu, Engelbert?

BRUTUS: What does that mean?

CAESAR (groaning): You too, Engelbert?

BRUTUS: Yes, me too. Now I'll be in power.

Caesar dies. The news of his death spreads, and all Rome is happy. Brutus is given Caesar's palace, not because they loved Caesar less, but because they loved Rome more.

Igor Stiler, 9-SP3

BRIGHTON BEACH



The old woman was sitting on the bench, tears falling endlessly down her withered cheeks. I walked silently past her and heard muffled sobs. I couldn't stand it, turned around, and quickly ran to her.

I spoke softly, "Please don't cry."

She turned her wet face upward. "Nobody cares . . . go child, you wouldn't want any of your pretty friends to see you with an old lady who looks like me."

I finally exclaimed through my amazement, "Someone does care; I care; God cares. Please don't cry."

Neither of us spoke, for words were not needed. Between us, reflected in our eyes, an understanding was established.

Then the silence was shattered. A young woman harshly shouted, "Ma, get in here will ya. The dishes ain't done; the wash ain't finished. Will ya hurry it up? You sure ain't going to get much work done sitting there."

"I'm coming," sighed the old woman.

I watched her struggle to her feet and begin to shuffle off toward her impatient daughter. "Good bye," I called.

She stopped, turned, and gave a final wave of her hand.

"Come on. You know I've got a date tonight. The house has to be cleaned before eight o'clock."

I turned and fled.

Carol Street, 9-8

*The dam which holds back cruelty
is broken,
And the stream in which I now swim
Overflows.
I try not to drown in the
civilization.*

Melissa Wolfe, 9-9

On Sunday Morning, It's Peaceful In Brighton

*From my window, the faint sound of a passing bus can be heard.
I rush down the stairs to meet one.
As I leave the building, I become relaxed,
Because on Sunday morning, it's peaceful in
Brighton.*

*The sun is slowly rising over the solitary, tall, white
building in the east, casting a faint glow over everything.
You can hardly hear the waves crashing against the deserted
shore, but you know they are there.
An early riser is up and about, though half asleep, on his way
to buy the paper and read about what is happening elsewhere.
But, to me, elsewhere doesn't matter.
For on Sunday morning, it's peaceful in Brighton.*

*I make my way across a deserted avenue.
Some old men are standing on the corner talking.
They discuss many things they dislike — war, youth, politics.
Everything that doesn't seem to concern Brighton.
These things don't matter.
Because on Sunday morning, it's peaceful in Brighton.*

*Suddenly, a roar and rumble breaks the stillness.
The sound comes closer.
It stops at the designated spot.
I board the bus and start out for another place of peace,
A house of worship.
Though the calm has been momentarily shattered,
Nothing can really disturb it.
Because on Sunday morning, it's peaceful in Brighton.*

Caroline Gervasi, 7-SP2





SCHOOL BLUES

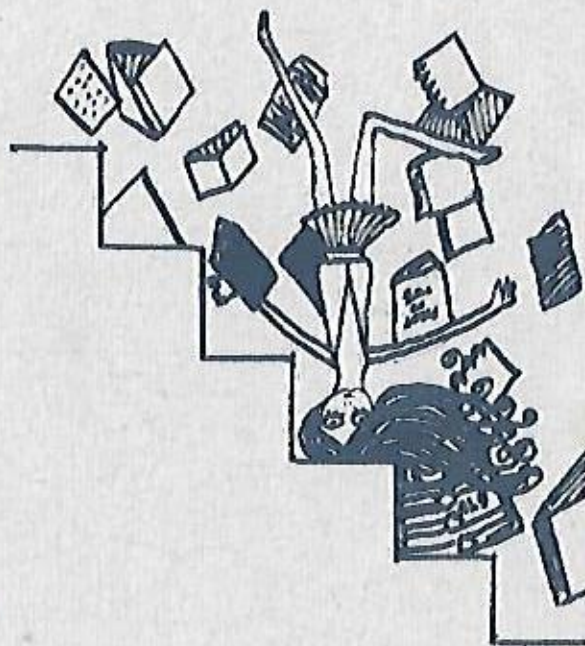
1

How do you like to spill down
the stairs,
Down with your books, once
new?
Oh, I do think it the shocking
most thing,
Ever a student can do.

Up in the air and over my feet,
'Till I'm in line with the floor.
Everyone steps right over me,
Oh, my body's so sore!

Then I look down on the next
flight or two,
Upon the steps that follow,
When up in the air I go flying
and true,
My stomach most surely feels
hollow!

Andrea Lynn
Schwartz, 9-SPE2



3

Foreign languages vex me,
Bleed me, beat me, hex me,
Hang me, dang me, trick me,
In whole, they all defeat me.

French, Italian, Spanish,
Drench me, clench me, vanish.
German, Greek and Yiddish,
Sound like backward British.

Polish, Chinese, Yugoslavian,
Resemble ancient Hungarian.
Russian turns me furious,
Swedish yellow makes me
curious.

Andrea Lynn
Schwartz, 9-SPE2



2

Oh math,
I do feel such wrath
At you.

Decimal points fly;
Fractions leer and spy.
I want to cry,
"Oh me!"
Coin problems come-a-
creeping,
Even when I'm sleeping

Oh math,
I do feel such wrath
At you!

Andrea Lynn Schwartz,
9-SPE2

4

Orthoclase feldspar, gypsum
and calcite,
Sodium chloride is actually
halite.
Talc is number one and
diamond's labeled ten,
Therefore apatite is five and
quartz is seven.

Arteries, veins and ventricles
galore;
Auricles lead to the heart,
which thrives on keeping
score.

Protoplasm, cytoplasm both
surround the brain,
Amoebas, parameciums start
fission once again.

Atoms, shells, formulas and
nuclear formations,
CO₂ and HCl are chemical
equations.
In case you like to cook, here's
fair warning to you:
Never add AS to anyone's beef
stew!

Andrea Lynn
Schwartz, 9-SPE2

Illustrations by Marlene Hollick, 9-SP1
Andrea Lynn Schwartz, 9-SPE2

????????????????????????????

I am a part of everything. No matter where you look, you'll find me. I take up little space, but make up all space. I am one made up of millions. All my parts work together to form links, to form shapes, to form all structures. I can be a person, a plant, a building, a boat or a car. All living things are made up of me. I have electrons, neutrons, and protons. I have one nucleus, the main power source of my energy. Without me, you would not be here. There would be no earth, no oceans, no universe; there would be nothing. Who am I?

????????????????????????????

Gordon Gattsek, 9-10

INTERVIEW

One of the most popular television shows of teenagers today is *DARK SHADOWS*. This super-scary soap-opera, filled with vampires, werewolves, and other creatures from beyond, excites the nervous system every weekday at four o'clock in the afternoon. *DARK SHADOWS* features fourteen-year old David Henesy, portraying David Collins, a boy haunted by the supernatural. David gladly consented to be interviewed for *THE BEACON*.



Q. How do you manage school and television acting?

A. I go to Professional Children's School on West 60th Street. They send me correspondence sheets with all of the work for a week or two. I have to get the work into school by a certain time. Sometimes I do my homework in the studio.

Q. What advice would you give to someone who is about to enter show business?

A. Be wary of some people who aren't so nice. Don't get upset if you lose at an audition.

Q. What type of music do you enjoy most?

A. I like folk music and medium rock. I listen to the Beatles, the Stones, and some other groups.

Q. Is it true that there is going to be a *DARK SHADOWS* full-length film?

A. Yes. The script has been written but it has not been filmed yet.

Q. What other professional appearances have you made?

A. I did "Oliver" at the Mineola Theatre and also a few commercials.

I thanked David for spending some time with me. I am sure the students of James J. Reynolds Junior High School join me in wishing David Henesy much success.

Francine Canin, 9-SP3

The Ballad of Bartholomew McHoozit

*The temperature was twelve below,
On that very frosty day.
The wind did howl; the wind did blow;
It blew the snow away.*

*Bartholomew McHoozit
Was this brave kid's given name.
Whether win it, whether lose it,
It's how you play the game.*

*The contest was at three-fifteen,
This contest it would show,
The greatest one on trampoline
This side of Ohio.*

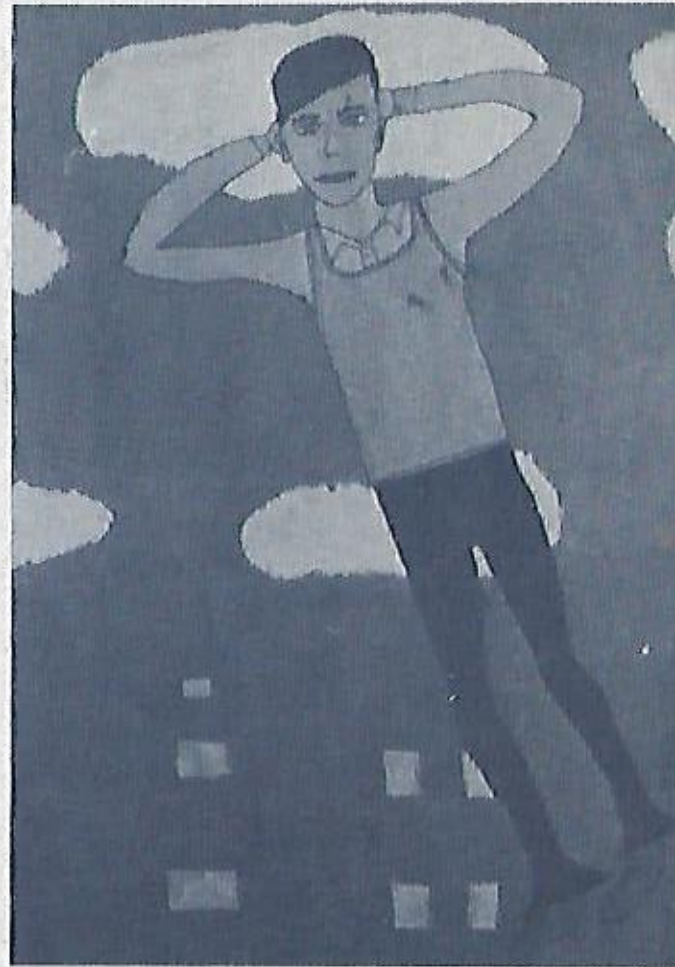
*For years José was champion
Nobody dared compete.
But now Bartholomew had come,
To take the winner's seat.*

*José mounted his trampoline,
Bartholomew did the same.
The time, exactly three-fifteen
'Twas time to start the game.*

*José began with somersaults,
His heart was all afire.
He knew he'd surely win this game,
Because he'd never tire.*

*José had scored ten thousand points,
A perfect score, no faults.
Bartholomew looked straight at him,
Then began his somersaults.*

*He did them with finesse and grace,
The judges all did smile.
A grin came from his shining face,
Then up he jumped, a mile.*



*In spring the birds do sing and fly,
The clouds are all around,
And José reigns as champ supreme . . .
For Bartholomew never came down!
Igor Stiler, 9-SP3*

I had just finished my homework when the voice of a man calling, "Come on down" brought me closer to the television set. The advertisement was about a flight to Florida. Since the television set is the greatest hypnotist of all, I found myself listening even more intently to the next commercial which begged me to take a trip to Europe. The words of the announcer beat like a drum in my ears. "Fly now, pay later!" I made up my mind then and there, that was for me!

I telephoned the airlines, and was given choice reservations for a tour of Europe in three days, leaving Kennedy Airport on Monday morning at 9:47 A.M. Telling my mother that I was on school-crossing duty, I left the house at 7:30, hid my books in the dog house, and took a taxi to the airport. The reservations clerk, told that I was picking up the ticket for my father, offered no resistance. The luggage was checked, and I boarded the plane.

I was beginning to get nervous as the plane revved up its engines, taxied about the airfield, and with a swoosh, was airborne. Looking out the window and feeling a little nauseous, I thought about my parents; I could see them crying when they were informed about the plane crash. These morbid thoughts disappeared when the stewardess brought our lunch. I had the works — steak, potatoes, ice cream and soda. With my stomach full, and the plane running smoothly, I was able to look out at the sky and imagine that I was an astronaut on his first orbit

EUROPE OR BUST

around the earth. My fantasies were suddenly interrupted with the Captain's announcement, "Please fasten your seat belts. We are going to land in fifteen minutes at London airport".

The plane landed safely, and our tour guide met us in the airport. We boarded the bus which was to take us sight-seeing. At Buckingham Palace, we saw the changing of the guard; it reminded me of the March of the Wooden Soldiers. Back onto the

bus. Inside the Tower of London, the display of the crown jewels fascinated me. Back onto the bus. In Westminster Abbey, we saw the impressive tombs. It became clear to me that they were going to show us everything they had promised in these three short days. Exhausted, we went to our hotel, had dinner, and then saw the show at the London Palladium. I had no trouble sleeping that night.

I awoke the next morning feeling wonderful. The tour guide greeted us and arranged for our breakfast, after which we boarded the boat to France. A little seasick from the voyage, thrilled by the sight of the Eiffel Tower and the Arch de Triomphe, I went to our French hotel only to find the clerk paging me. It was a telephone call from my parents who, by this time, had called the police, and after a thorough search, learned that I had taken the tour. Though we spoke on a Trans-Atlantic phone, my father had no difficulty making his voice carry, "You miserable . . . , wait until I get you home!" Finally, my mother took over, and through her tears advised me that I'd be permitted to complete the tour, but I would have to pay father back out of my allowance. I knew it would take a lifetime.

After France, we went to Italy and when I learned we were going to the Vatican, I arranged for an audience with the Pope. I told the Pope about my adventure, and he assured me he would say a little prayer so that things would be all right when I arrived home. The tour was soon over and the dreaded return flight came.

The newspapers had picked up my story as a human interest feature, and the airport in New York was full of reporters, police, school officials and a crowd of sight-seers. Standing out like giants, among all these people, were my mother and father. The doors of the plane opened. I walked down the steps and found my father's arms around me. "Son," he said, "you are a chip off the old block. When I was your age I wanted to do the same thing." As my parents held me tight, I said a silent "Thank you," to the Pope.

Joseph Landolfi, 9-3

Photograph by Bart Lasky, 9-10
Illustration by Eugene Feiner, 9-SPR1



FISH-TALE

ACT ONE

Two fish swimming back and forth in a rather small, rather dimly-lit tank.

Bubbles come from the mouths of the fish as they converse.

HERMAN: *(looking up at the surface of the water)*. Boy, that guy really burns me up! Look at the food he gives us.

IRVING: Putrid, putrid, putrid! Not fit for a pig!

HERMAN: He takes all the good food himself and gives us small crumbs from the 29¢ can.

IRVING: *(crossing through the seaweed)*: And the water, do you remember the last time he cleaned it?

HERMAN: Why ask? Just try to look out of this fogged-up tank.

IRVING: To make matters worse, I got hit on the head with his fish net when he took out poor dead Jerome. The little guy got sucked into the air tube. Well, after I was hit and going up for the third time, the sucking fish came over and almost licked me to death.

HERMAN: That reminds me of the time the air pump burst after he tried to fix it and we were almost asphyxiated.

IRVING: *(flipping up some sand with his tail fin)*: His son is no better than he is. Almost all of us were killed that time he put the thermostat on the heater up to 109 degrees.

HERMAN: We really shouldn't be complaining like this. After all, this is still a private tank. We're away from all those horrid fish-eating fish.

The two fish peer out of the bowl and see their master approaching, bag in hand.

IRVING: *(swimming under the castle in the corner of the tank)*: Oh, oh. We spoke to soon. You'll never guess what he just bought for the tank.

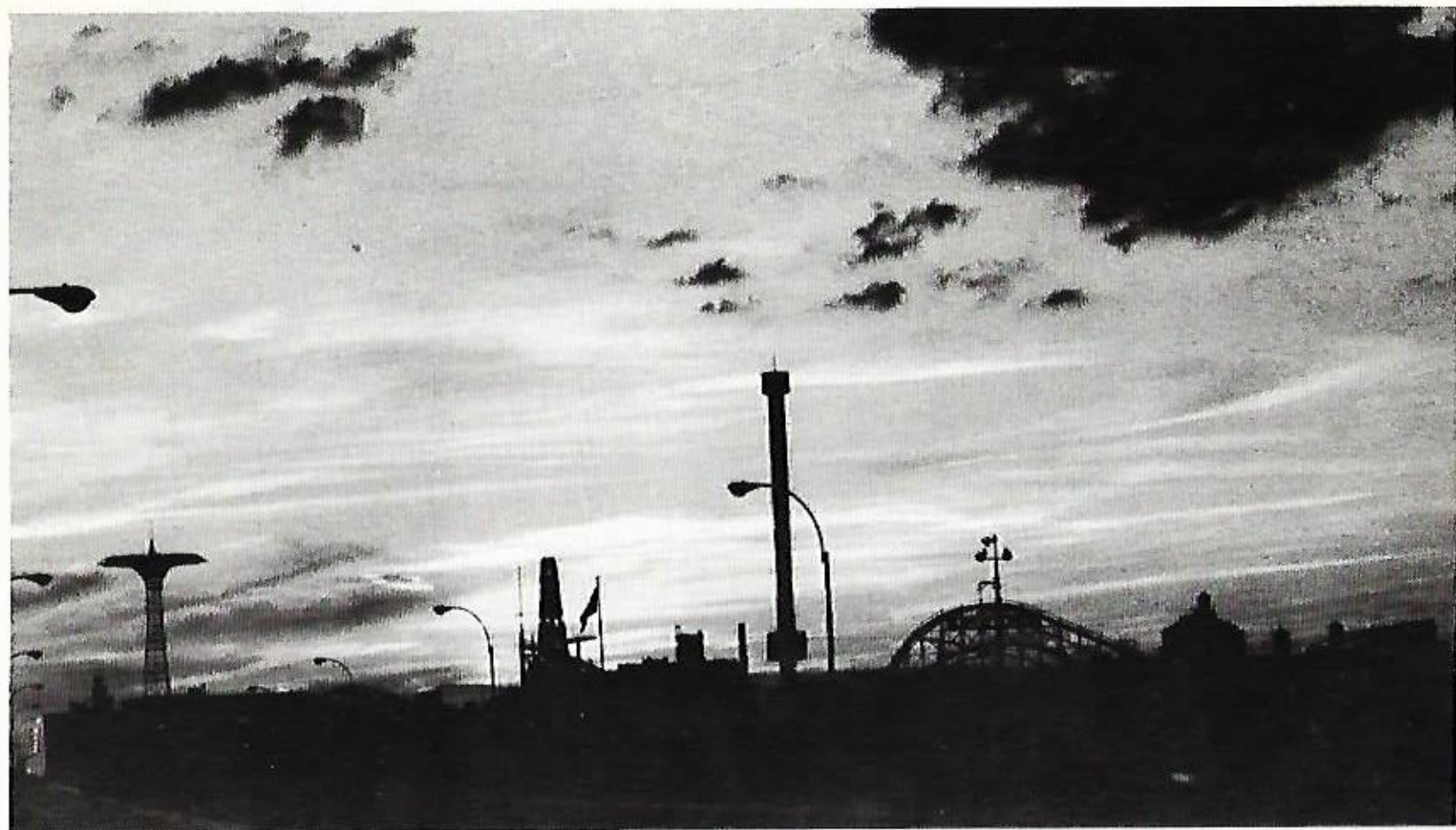
HERMAN: What?

IRVING: *(burying his head in the sand)*: A pair of cute baby piranhas!!!

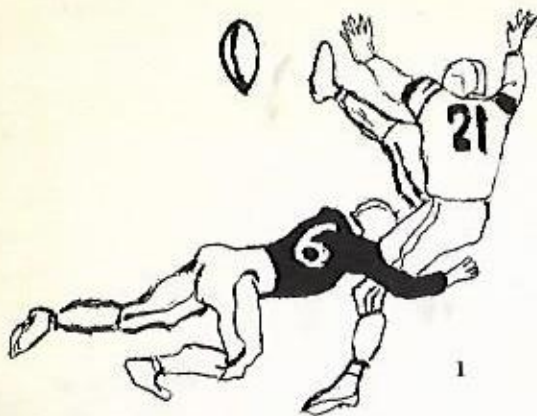
Blackout

Jay Meisner, 9-SP3

Illustration by Carl Cabbie, 8-244



ART



1



2



4



3



5



FOLIO



7



8



12



10



6

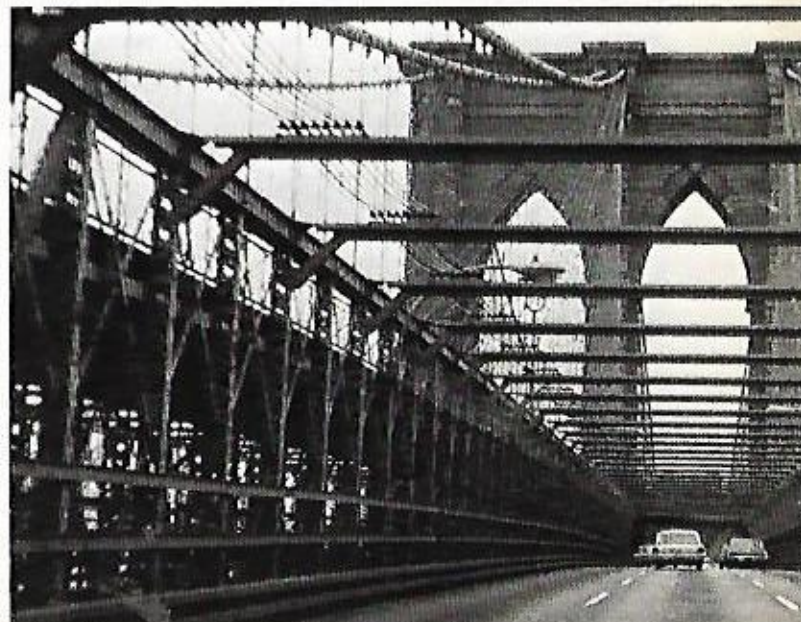


9

1. Clair Wildman
2. Kevin Stempel
3. Jerry Nicholson
4. Larry Braverman
5. Adrienne Katz
6. Mark Bayarsky

7. Amy Siegel
8. Jill Miller
9. Marilyn Rubenstein
10. Kevin Stempel
11. Bart Lasky
12. Melissa Wolf

11





Jay Rodstein, 9-SP2



Sue Brosky, 9-SP2

... I fail a test and have to get it signed.

Sue Liberman, 8-244

... I'm watching a great program, and I have to take the garbage out.

Mark Schwartz, 8-244

... my table is called last in the lunch room.

William Ryla, 8-244

... I ask my mother something and she says, "Go ask your father.", so I ask him, and he says, "Ask your mother."

Jane Granat, 9-8



Marcy Fallick, 9-SP2

I GET ANNOYED WHEN . . .

Linda DeCosta, 9-SP2

Bonnie Hoffman, 9-SP2



... I sit on a seat and there's gum on it.

Sue Liberman, 8-244

... I get 100% on a big test, and I find out it didn't count.

Mickey Mahler, 9-8

... I have 29¢ for the bus and I'm all alone.

Kevin Jaker, 9-8

... my sister screams, "Where are my shoes?" as I rush out of the house wearing them.

Linda Miscagnia, 8-244

David Bliss, 9-SP2



THE QUEST OF TOOTHLESS TESSIE OR NEVER LEAVE YOUR PLATES IN A GLASS

Tessie Snick of Trump Village awoke after a peaceful night's sleep. Beginning her daily routine, Tessie reached over to the glass of water on her nightstand. As she looked at the empty glass a chill ran through her body; her brand new dentures had been stolen!

Tessie quickly dressed and ran to the maintenance office. "Someone stole my dentures!" she shrieked. Even though Tessie didn't have a tooth in her mouth, she was understood. A denture thief! Everyone in the office put his hand to his mouth to make sure his own priceless dentures were safe.

Within an hour, notices were slipped under every door warning denture wearers to beware of any strange persons.

Trump Village trembled with fright. No one dared to soak his plates that night. Poor Mrs. Snick; she had no money to buy a new set of teeth. She was scorned by her neighbors and nicknamed "Toothless Tessie".

Rudy, head official of the maintenance office, thought of a plan. Mrs. Snick would pretend to buy a new expensive set of teeth. Hopefully, the denture thief would return to the scene of the crime.

That night, Tessie was awakened by a man wearing a black mask. He demanded Tessie's new set of teeth. When Tessie refused, the man pulled something from his pocket. Tessie looked and screamed, "Oh no, no! Please, not that!" There, in the thief's hand was an old, cracked denture.

Rudy suddenly barged into the room and unmasked the thief. It was Dr. Beezly, Tessie's dentist. "I had to do it!" he cried. "It's my secret hobby. I love dentures."

As the police led Dr. Beezly away, Rudy handed Tessie her dentures. Rudy, looking out the window, spoke softly, "Yes Tessie, the people of Trump Village can breathe easier again. Everyone can soak his dentures without fear, and they owe it all to me, Rudy Holmes, defender of the dentures."

Robert Weinberger, 8-2



Illustration by Andrea Lynn Schwartz, 9-SPE2

*The rain poured down heavily
all night long,
Leaving only small puddles
and wet window panes in
the morning.*
Carol Mayer, 9-SP1



1960  1970

DO YOU REMEMBER?

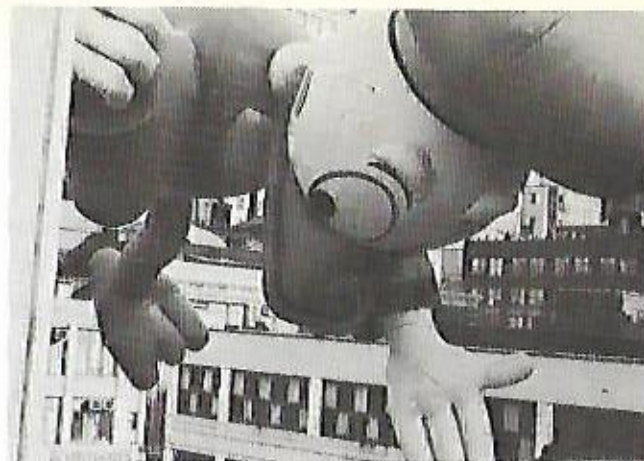
7¢ egg creams

Paper dresses

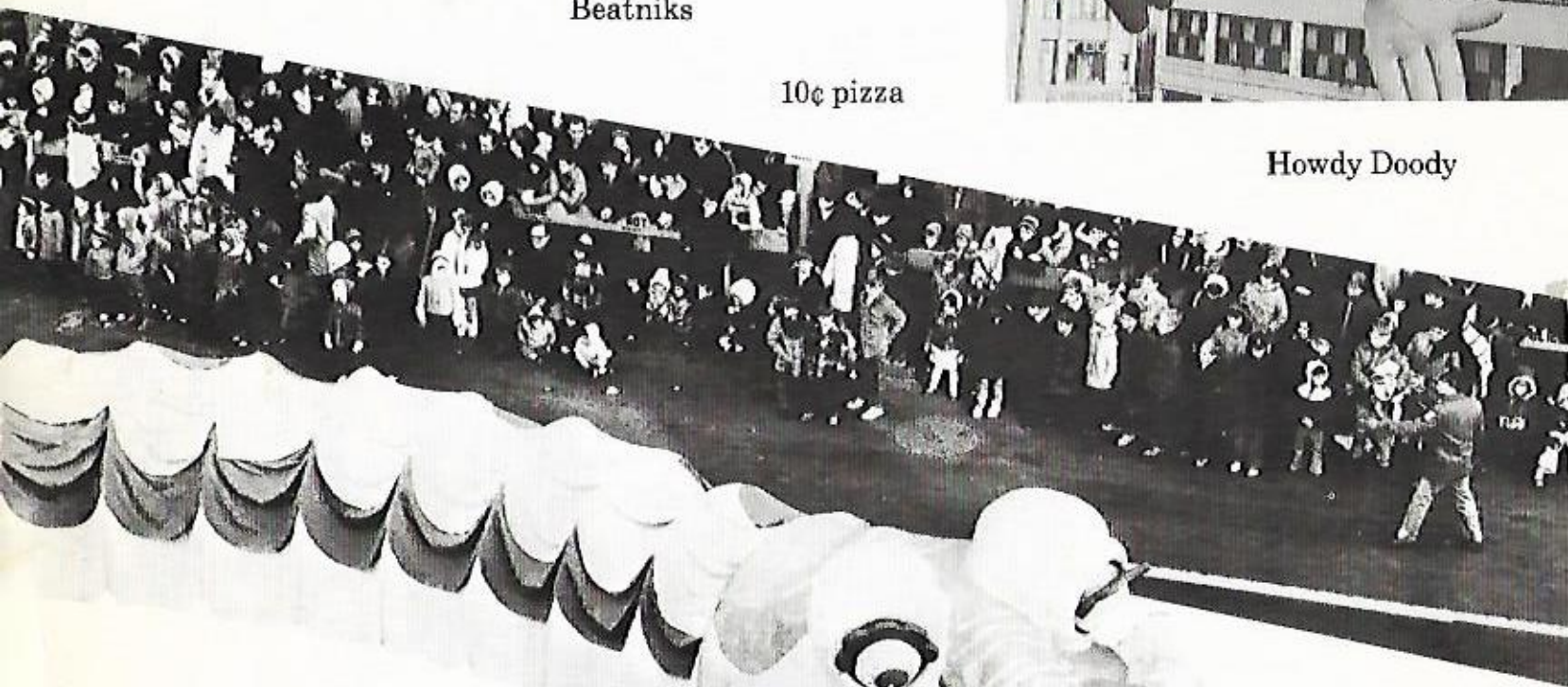
Hula-hoops

Beatniks

10¢ pizza



Howdy Doody



Go-go boots

Bow-ties

The Twist

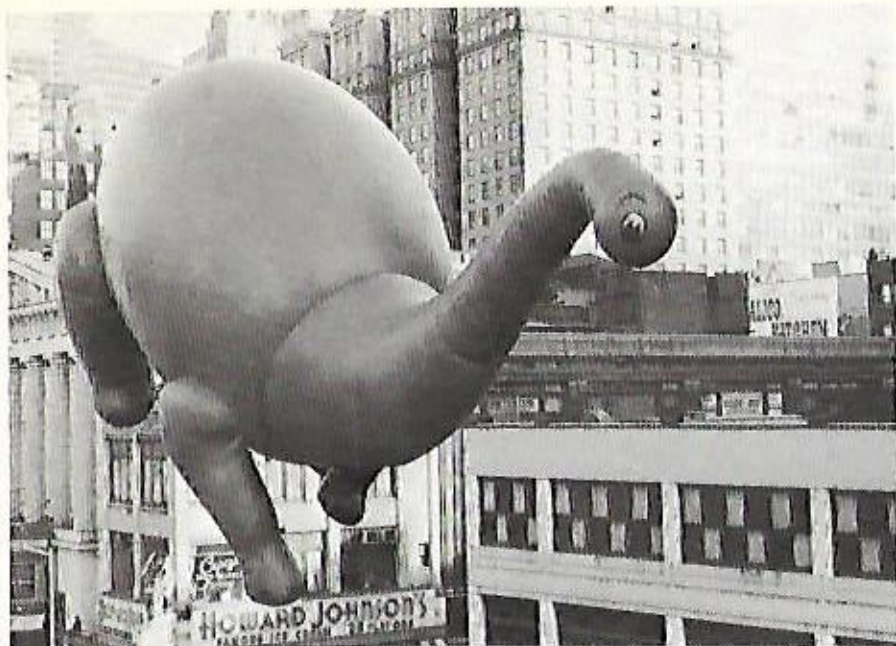
Car 54, Where Are You?

Pedal-pushers

The Mouseketeers

Giant Steps

Nehru shirts



Jack Paar

5¢ candybars

Pogo sticks

Flash Gordon

50¢ movies



Soupy Sales

15¢ carfare

The Limbo

My Little Margie

Blame It On The Bossa Nova

35¢ Pocket books

Headache bands

10¢ hot dogs

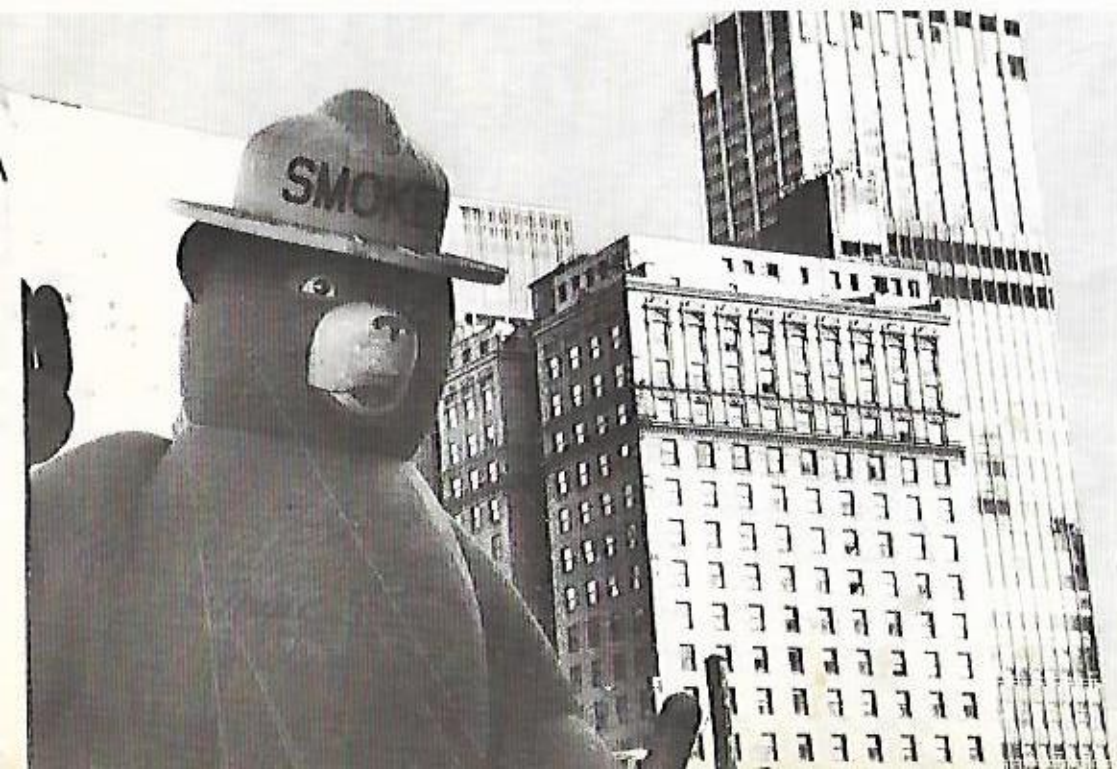


The Lone Ranger

Suspenders

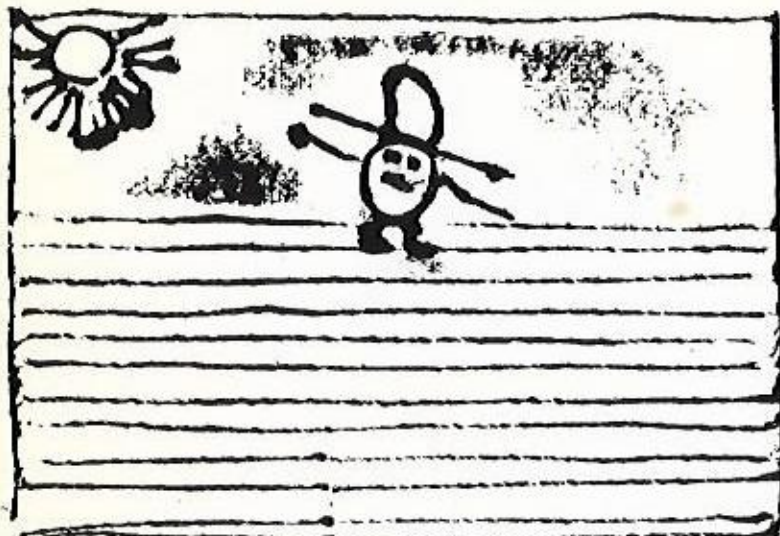
Baseball cards

Photography by Jeffrey Brooks, 9-13



TEN YEARS AGO

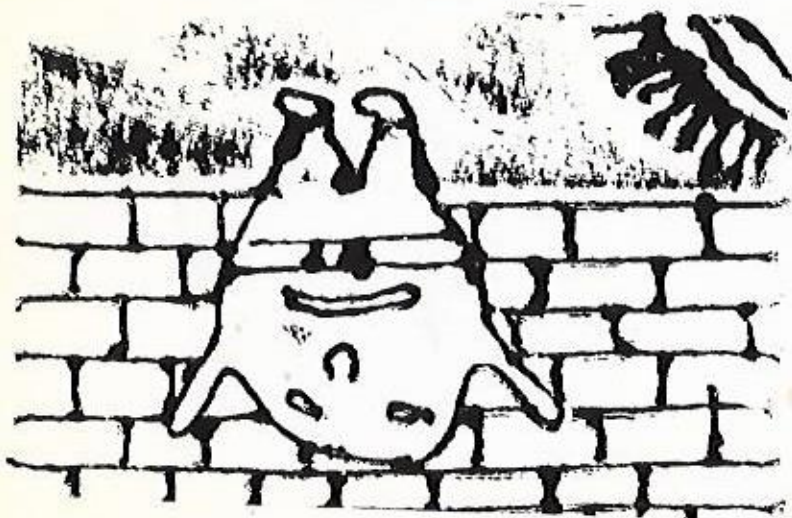
By classes 7-8 and 7-9



... I was down South

String Print by Nurettin Tahrán, 9-12

... I couldn't read.



String Print by Marshall Nazinitsky, 9-12

... I went to see Santa Claus and he gave me a toy.

... I was in bed sleeping and I woke up to find a yellow bird on my bed and I kept it.

... I had brown curly hair and a funny nose.

... I remember I used to wear small dresses, with white high-top shoes.

... I could get every doll I wanted.

... I weighed 49 1/2 pounds; I was fat.

... I was afraid of the train.

... ladies wore their dresses longer.

... I wrote all over the walls.

... I didn't go to school.

... I was two years old.



String Print by Cathy Schiro, 9-12

... I remember myself eight years ago, but not ten years ago.

... I was still wearing diapers.



Some of your teachers
TEN YEARS AGO



CHANGES IN THE 60's

ART

New York City is a monumental example of the current art trends. The past decade has seen a virtual renaissance in the art world.

In the early sixties, everything was pop and op. Now, ten years later, art isn't only a painting hung on a wall; today, art is everywhere. Just look at that bus with a Peter Max poster on it. Your drinking mugs may be decorated with a Campbells Soup label or an American flag. Art can be painting your body, or painting the side of a brick building. Art is a light box, a crushed car, a ten-foot paper mâché figure, a shaped canvas, an exciting photograph or dyed cloth. Posters returned to the attention of art critics and collectors as important contributions whether they were used to protest or to proclaim. What would Toulouse Lautrec have thought if he could see the fluorescent glow paints spelling out the word LOVE?

One can go to any of the fine art museums to see the works of old masters and contemporary artists or, if he so desires, he can go the 68th Street Lexington Avenue subway station where a group of students from Hunter College used paint and balloons in their campaign to redecorate. In one day the station was covered with dashing murals, decal foot prints, orange leaves, paper sunflowers and birthday balloons.

In 1970, art can be found everywhere — and anywhere.

Mindy Feenberg, 9-SP3

Andrea Lynn Schwartz, 9-SPE2

BASEBALL

The 1960's have seen many changes in baseball. The interior of the balls themselves has changed from sawdust to cork. The pitchers' mound which was fifteen inches from the ground is now only ten inches from the ground. The strike zone, which was originally limited by the area from the shoulders to the knees has been changed to the area from the letters on the players' shirts to the knees.

Expansion draft has hurt both leagues considerably. Suspense was limited in the early sixties when the World Series was bound to be won by either the Yankees, the Giants or the Dodgers, year after year. Today there are better teams and stiffer competition. Greater tension on the ballfield brings more and more fans to the games.

In recent years two new stadiums have been built: the Astrodome in Houston, Texas, and Shea Stadium in Flushing, New York.

Both leagues now have two divisions, East and West.

Many records have been set on the ball field in the sixties. Babe Ruth's record of four home runs in one game has been met by Willy Mays and Ted Williams.

The big excitement for New Yorkers came when the Mets, who have been in last place for seven years burst out in 1969 and beat the Baltimore Orioles for the title of World Champions.

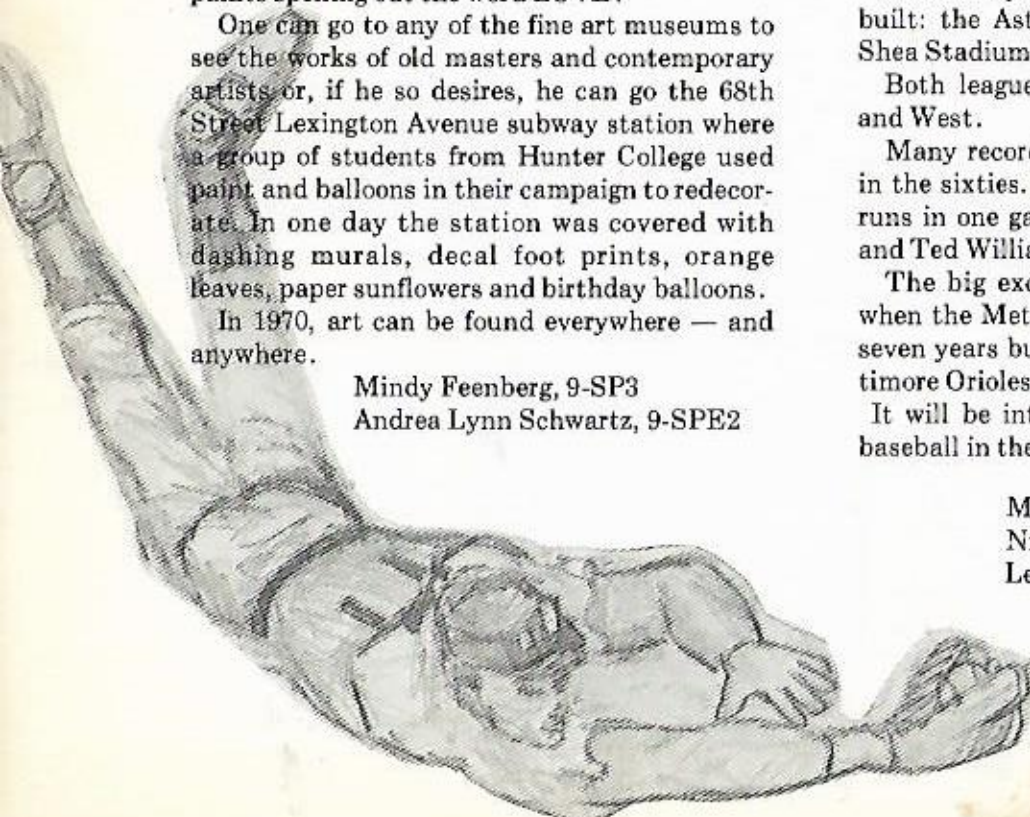
It will be interesting to see what happens to baseball in the 1970's.

Mike Bartfeld, 9-11

Nick Lambros, 9-11

Lee Mazzilli, 9-11

Illustrations by Mark Bayarsky, 9-7



MUSIC

*"When the moon is in the seventh house,
And Jupiter aligns with Mars,
Then peace will guide the planets,
And love will steer the stars . . ."*

The Age of Aquarius

The music revolution — new and different kinds of music from the "hard rock" of young groups to the mysticism of the Far East!

Throughout the 60's, music has changed drastically. No longer do people wait for Tin Pan Alley or Hollywood to dictate what they shall perform or listen to. Instead, they form their own groups, write their own music.

"Rock and Roll" began with rhythm and blues. Some authorities say the saxophonist and singer Louis Jordan made the first rhythm and blues impact. Others believe rock music goes back to obscure Negro artists, such as Lightnin' Hopkins and Chuck Berry, who sang and played in Southern Delta country. Elvis Presley brought rhythm blues to the public in 1956.

In 1960 the "Twist" was introduced by Chubby Checker, a singer from Philadelphia. "Twisting" and "Monkeying" took the place of 1930 "Jitterbugging" and "Lindyng".

Rock and roll spread across the world. In England, a new musical sound rose. By February 1964, 68 million people watched the Beatles on television. Show and the pop revolution really began. For about two years, English groups such as the Rolling Stones, the Animals, and Herman's Hermits

The Miracle

*They said it was impossible, that team could never win,
In ninth position they would stay; they were really in a spin.
They pointed to this problem team and listed all they lacked,
But all the experts overlooked one very important fact.*

*The New York Mets surprised them all and made the city see,
The most important factor, was always you and me.
With fans like New Yorkers giving spirit and cheer,
The Mets performed a miracle — from last to first this year.*

Mindy Herman, 7-8

dominated the music scene. In 1963, the Beatles wrote and sang "Hard Day's Night;" it was cheerful nonsense sung to a melody based on 12-bar formula. Today the Beatles write and sing about life in depth. "Sargeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts club Band" and "Eleanor Rigby", recorded in 1967, told about the lack of communication among people.

For two years, George Harrison studied the sitar, an Indian guitar-like instrument, and the oud, a Middle Eastern lute, with Ravi Shanker, which has influenced pop music. In the late 1960's, the Beatles had discovered how to make use of a string quartet, an electric organ, mellaton, fuzz tones, tapes played forward and reverse at different speeds, reverberation, shifts from 4/4 to 5/4 and other meters, paper and comb hummings, and a forty-one piece orchestra, which created many new sounds.

Many musicians use the Moog Synthesizer, perfected by Robert A. Moog. The synthesizer, which looks like a telephone switchboard with piano keys attached, can produce almost every sound known to man as well as original sounds. It can imitate the sounds of nature as well as those of any other musical instrument. Used for classical as well as rock and roll music, the Moog has been bought by singing groups, musicians, and many colleges. Mr. Moog considers the synthesizer a creative instrument, not a machine or computer because the sounds that come from it are made by the person who is working it.

The Moog Synthesizer, and other new instruments have brought us psychedelic music, defined as music that is aimed at producing a mind-expanding, distorted effect, which is performed at deafening levels with flashing lights.

It has been said, "Because of a few young men and women, our ears will never be the same again."

by Sharon Kane 9-SP3
Robin Kernitzky 9-SP3
Seth Weine 9-SP3



NEWS OF THE 60'S

TWIGGY ARRIVES

AIRPLANE HIJACKED

P T BOATS ATTACK U.S. DESTROYERS IN GULF OF TONKIN

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. AWARDED NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

JOHN LINDSAY MAYOR OF N.Y.C.

ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICTS

BEATLES ARRIVE IN N.Y.

TRANSPORTATION STRIKE

J.F.K. ASSASSINATED

HUMAN HEART TRANSPLANTED

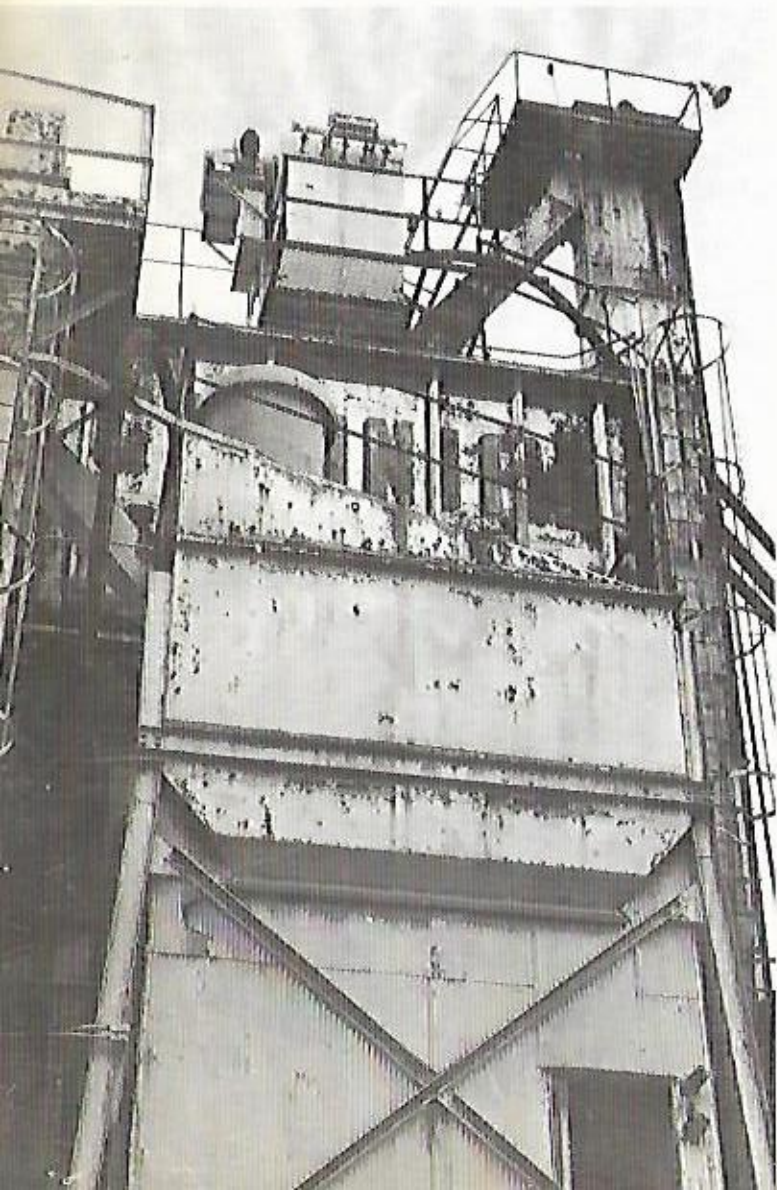
WATER SHORTAGE IN N.Y.C.

MINISKIRTS ARE IN

SCHOOL TEACHERS STRIKE

NEW MEDICAL USES FOR LASER BEAM

MET OPERA HOUSE TORN DOWN



LYNDON JOHNSON 36th PRESIDENT OF U.S.

CIVIL WAR SPLITS CYPRUS

N.Y. METS WIN WORLD SERIES

ROBERT KENNEDY ASSASSINATED

WIG SALES UP

MAN LANDS ON THE MOON

POWER FAILURE IN N.Y.C.

MORATORIUM GOES TO WASHINGTON

SANITATION STRIKE

RIOTS IN CHICAGO

ATOMIC TEST BAN SIGNED

BIAFRANS STARVE

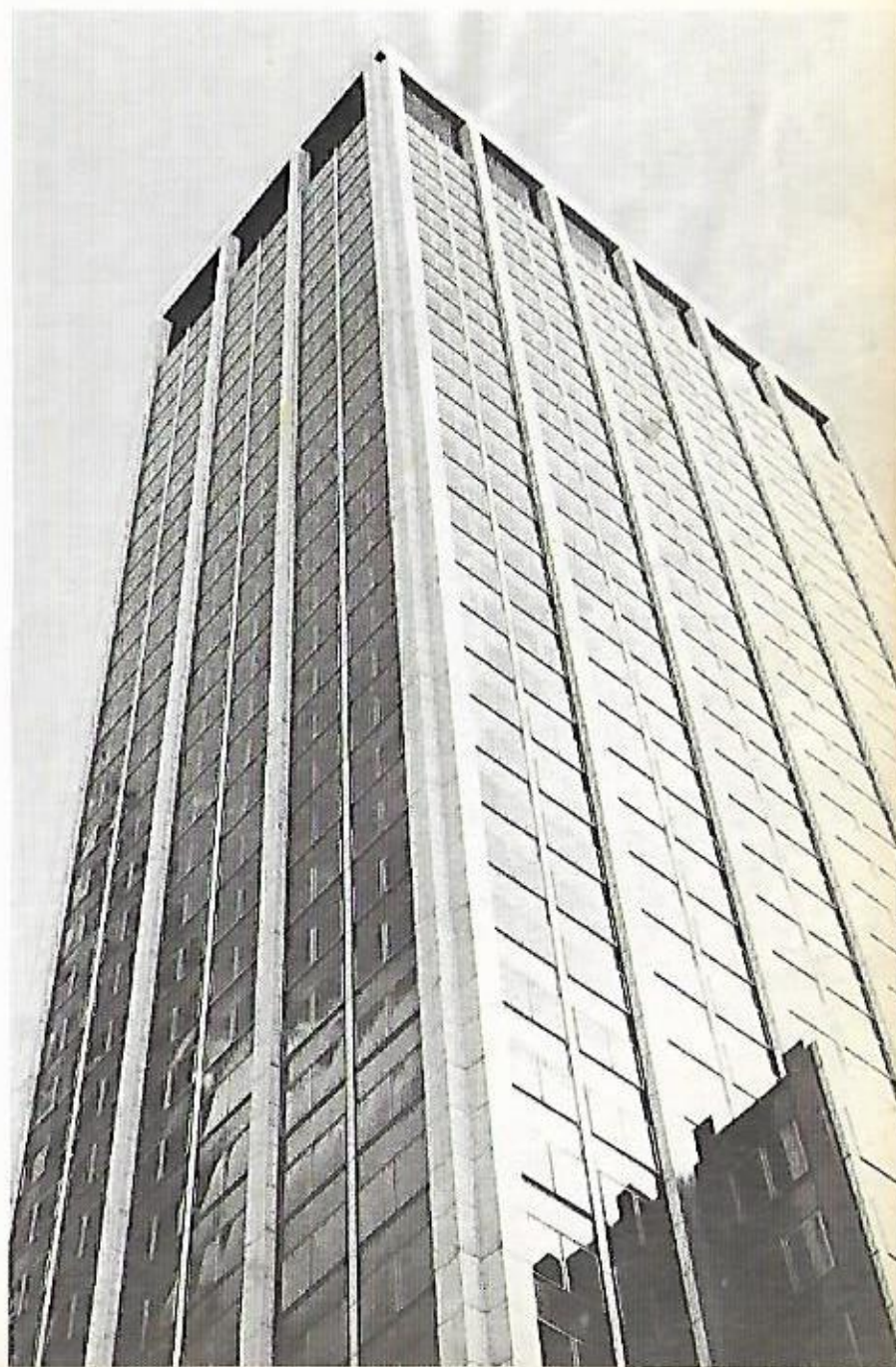
STUDENT UNREST

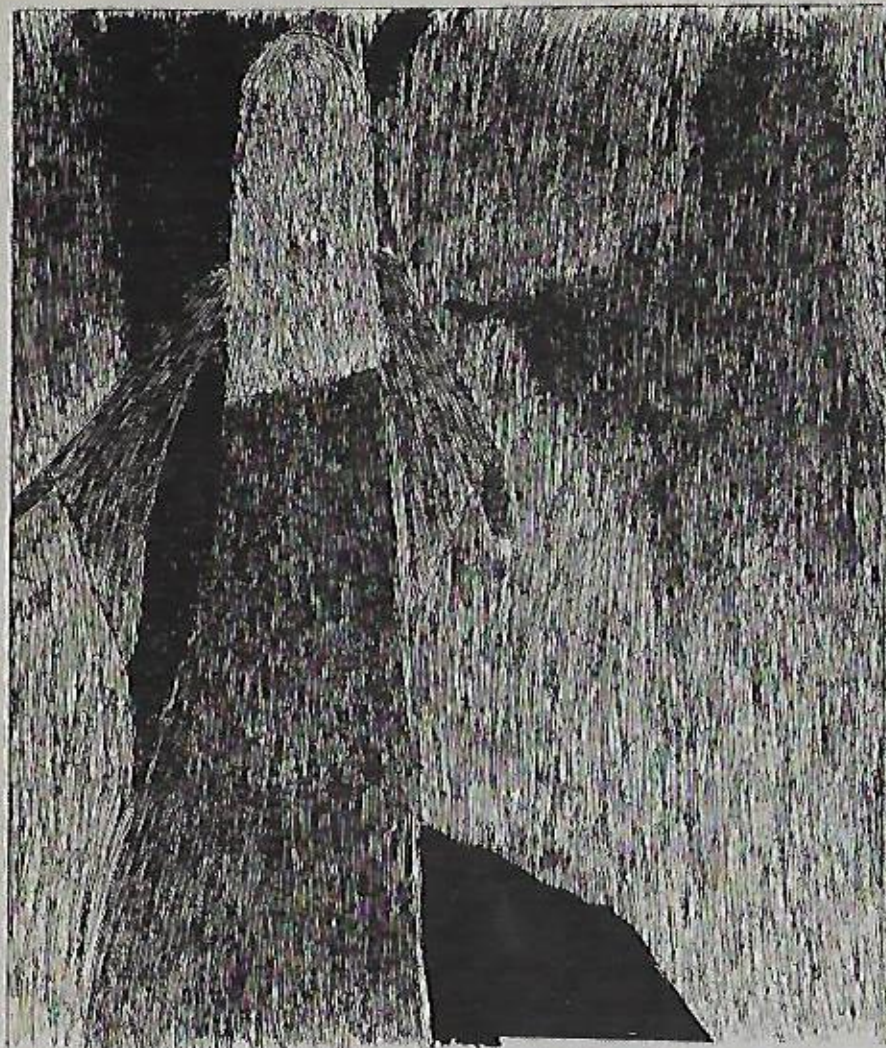
RICHARD NIXON 37th PRESIDENT

BERLIN WALL ERECTED

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. ASSASSINATED

Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10





LETTERS FROM THE FUTURE



James J. Reynolds
Junior High School
1401 Emmons Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
September, 1980

Dear Francine,

Well, here I am. I accepted your invitation to visit Reynolds and see how it has changed. I certainly haven't been here for a long time!

I walked up the front steps and went inside the school. As I entered, the students were passing through the halls. Obviously the dress regulations have been abolished. The clothing is wild; everyone is barefoot. The boys and girls all wear tags with numbers on them.

I took the escalator to the fourth floor and walked up and down the corridors. As I peeked into each room I had to be careful not to step on the mats which make the electric glass doors swing open.

I looked into room 411 but I didn't see any blackboards or chalk. There was a gigantic computer built into the wall; its brilliant colored lights flashed on and off. A man stood next to the machine, pressing its buttons. The students were laughing; can a machine tell jokes too? Suddenly, I realized that the man was my ninth grade social studies teacher! Although his hair is graying he looks basically the same. His expression however, which had once been a laughing one, was now one of complete boredom.

I walked down to the cafeteria where some students were having lunch. The room looks like a restaurant. Four people sat at each small round table; food was in glass cubicles along the walls. Everyone ate when he wanted and talked as much as he wanted. I finally asked one of the students why he was wearing a number. He told me that the computers know all the students by numbers instead of names.

I am going to leave the building now. I will take one last look around before leaving my alma-mater. No, I certainly hadn't been here for a long time.

Susan Banco, 9-SP3

Ink Drawing by Adrienne Katz, 9-2

Pencil Sketch by Danny Schreiber, 9-SPE1

Dear Susan,

September, 1980

I just received your letter and was fascinated by your reactions to Reynolds, 1980. Most of your observations are accurate but student dress is still a problem. Teachers do disapprove of our clothing. They say our space suits are ridiculous. They try to convince us to wear what we used to back in '69. We protest, but we no longer march as in the 1960's; we just push a button on our suits which sends off energizing power and we fly over and around the school. It's a blast.

Francine Kunder, 9-8

Dear Susan,

September, 1980

School is not the only thing that has changed in the past ten years. How about stores?

The year is 1980. The place, Suburbia, U.S.A. It is no longer a chore to go shopping. We simply drive our electric cars or airmobiles and within minutes we arrive at the shopping center. As we approach the entrance to the supermarket, we are directed into the store. There, our vehicle is placed on a huge conveyor belt and we proceed to pick up an order sheet with a complete list of groceries, meats and produce. After completing the form, we simply insert it into a giant computer. Within seconds, the food appears in the pick-up basket. Included in the package are dehydrated fruits and vegetables. There are also tablets of soup, meat and poultry, as well as powdered milk and ice-cream. You just pop any of these items into a processor and presto, the food exists in its original form.

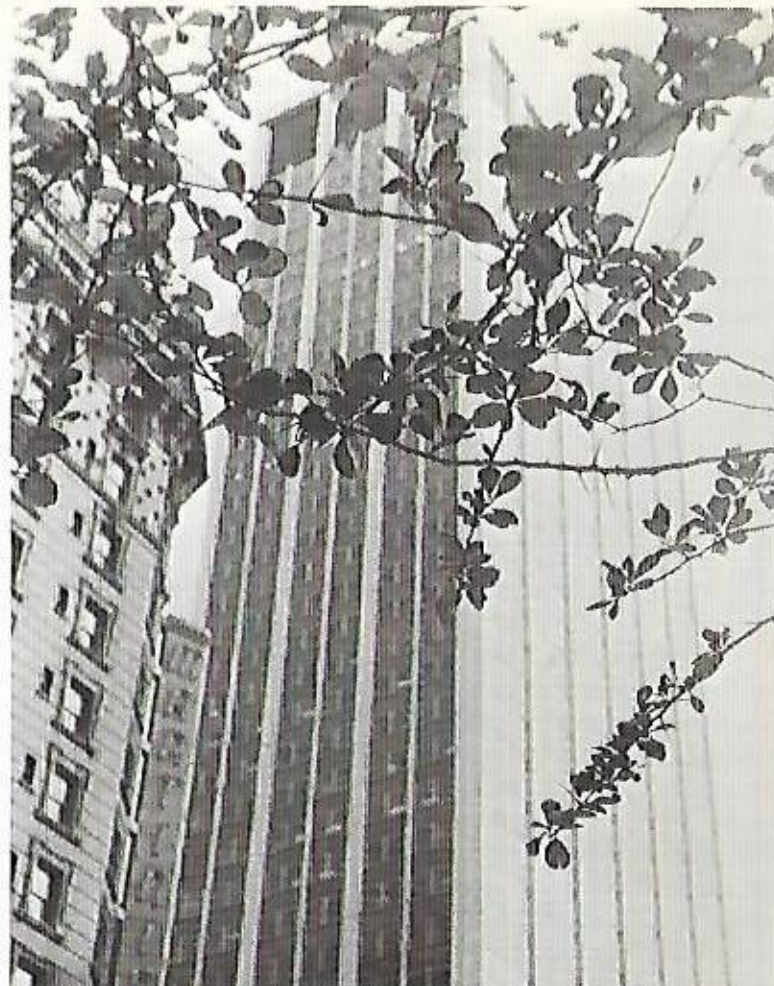
On the way out we receive a bill which has been checked by an electric computer. In just a few minutes we are riding along a twelve-lane elevated skyway headed home.

Alan Ditchek, 9-SP3

Pencil Sketch by Mark Bayarsky, 9-7

Linoleum Block Print by Sherry Mendlovic, 9-SPE2





Spring

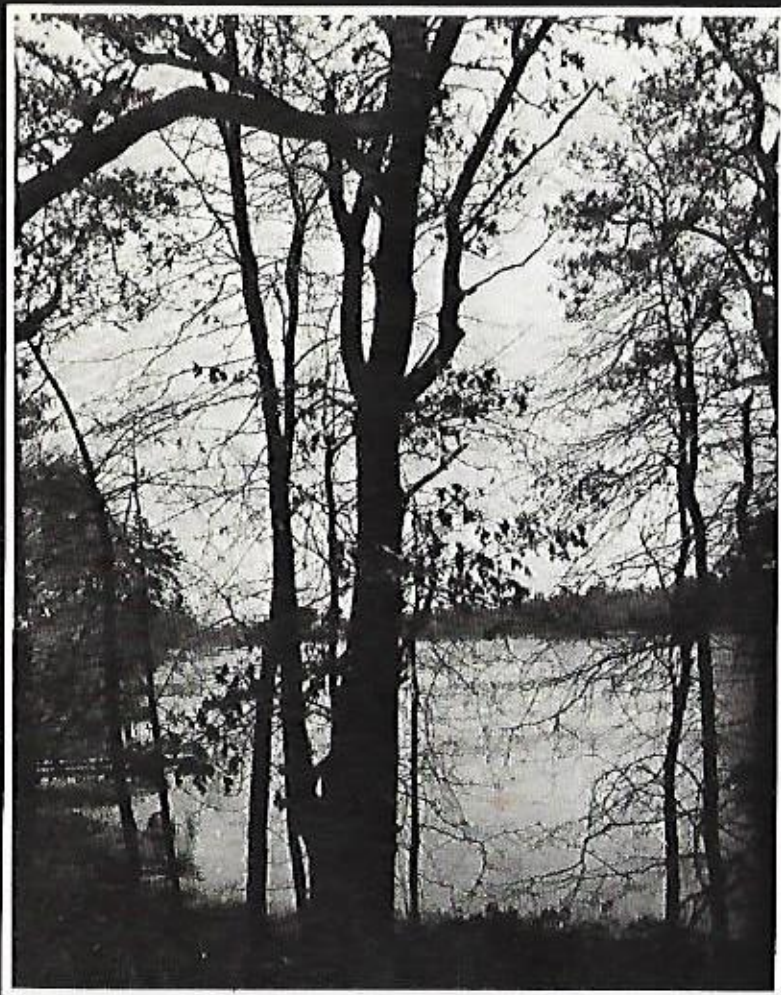
*A rainbow of time
In the cycle of eternity.*

*To run unfettered
In a grassy dell,
Cares absorbed by
Earth's warm moist shell.*

*Dreams of conquest
On an unwritten page,
To mold a life
While the clay is fresh,
A spring of life.*

Steven Safner, 9-SPE2

Linoleum Block Print by Andrea Lynn Schwartz, 9-SPE2
Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10



Autumn

*The trees trembled,
As the leaves tumbled,
When the wind was near.
Autumn is here.*

Henry Salama, 9-6

Color

*Orange are the leaves
That trees wear in fall,
Orange are the leaves,
That are big and small.*

*Brown is the earth,
Where flowers grow,
Brown are the groundhogs,
Snug and low.*

*Gray are the clouds,
Which come our way,
Gray is the sky,
On a rainy day.*

*Black is the darkness,
Comes the night,
Black are the stars,
Until they show their light.*

*Green is for grass,
That lies on the ground,
Green are the trees,
And the plants all around.*

*Yellow is the sunshine,
So bright and warm,
Yellow are the buttercups,
And bees that swarm.*

*Purple are the violets,
That are so fine,
Purple are the juicy grapes,
Which grow on a vine.*

*Red are the sunsets,
That light up the sky,
Red is the sunrise,
Dazzling the eye.*

Theresa Faust, 9-10

Illustration by Judith Pensky, 8-4

Photograph by Bart Lasky, 9-10

THE OUTCAST

One day I met a frog, who told me things
"The other frogs won't play with me, and
"Why?" I asked, with deep concern, you seem
"You really think that?" asked the frog,
"I for one am different; the others have no
Sitting on the waterlillies, that is where
"Their leader is a bullfrog, who thinks he
Surrounded by his jumping slaves, boy
"While the others tend to him and bring him
He calls out his dancing girls, and gives
"And when the dance is over, the day turns
Into the high grass he goes, and
"He wakes the others at the crack of dawn, to
'Hurry up, I'm starved,' he croaks, 'I've
"That is why I have to leave, this life is not
I'm tired of this slavery, now I wish to
"I really have to run away, it's getting kind of
Help me launch my lilly-pad, for I must
As he drifted past the river bank, a tear came
I looked at him; he looked at me; we
"Enough of this," I heard him say, and then he

were bad.
I am very sad."
like all the rest."
and stuck out his tiny chest.
minds,
they dine.
Knows it all,
he has his gall!
food and drink,
each one a wink.
into night,
there he spends the night.
make his breakfast stew,
got a lot to do!"
for me;
be free.
late;
meet my fate."
to my eye,
both began to cry.
waved "Good bye!"

Lynn Abramowitz, 9-3

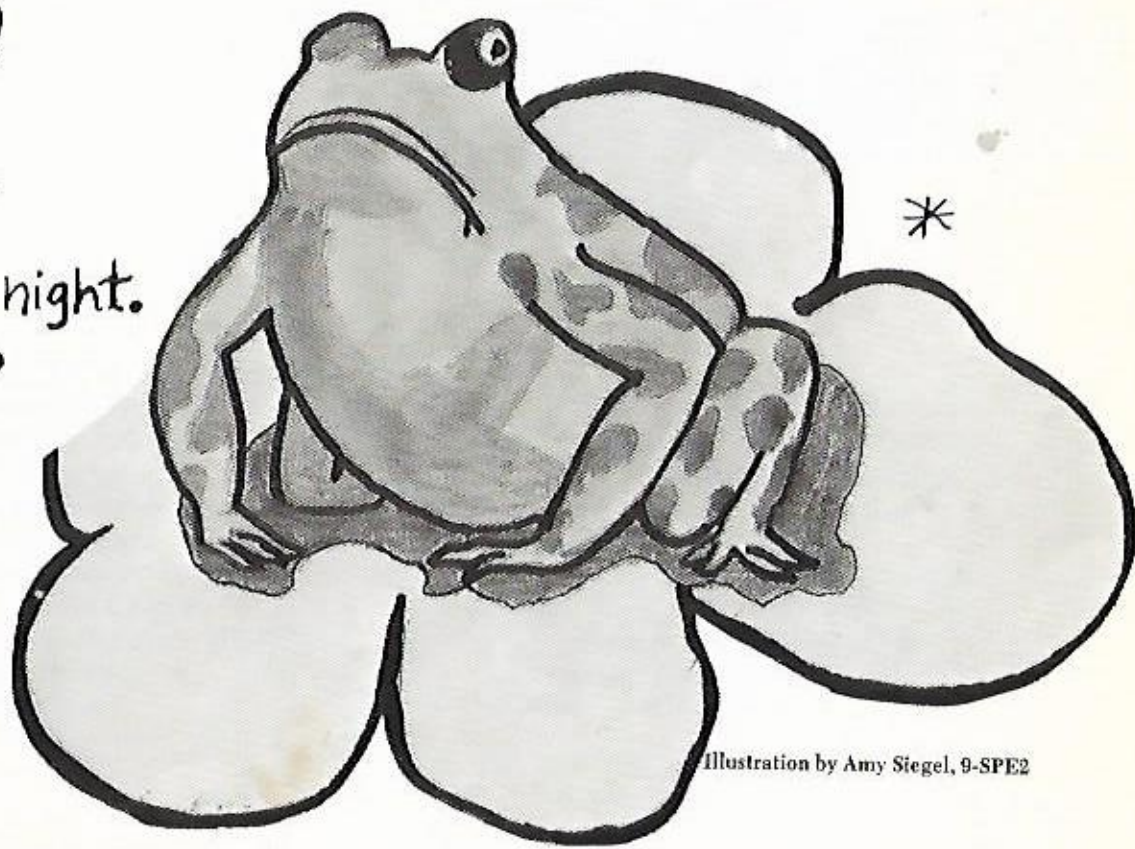


Illustration by Amy Siegel, 9-SPE2

I dream of escaping to the serenity of the forest, where I hear the rustling sounds. Leaves flutter and gentle fawns cluster by the spring. I dream of being left alone with nature and feeling alive and clean like a child roaming about in a wonderland.

I dream of waves, crashing and trembling as though they're scolding the world for all its wrongs. I see a beach where sand castles come to life. The beauty of nature brings out my inner dreams and allows me to escape from reality.

Marcy Carroll, 7-1

ESCAPE

*I watch the whitecaps foaming
Jolt and plunge about in fury
Sense a mighty angry squall —
And hear the sound of distant thunder.*

*I scan the vast horizon,
Hoping for a reef or island —
A ring shaped island, or an atoll,
To safely shield me through the storm.
Debbie Klein, 8-SPE2*

*Outside it is snowing gently, the ground is being
covered with a moist sprinkling of soft
flakes of stardust.*

*It's early, not yet dawn. My eyes hurt as I look
upon the dazzling brilliance of the still
untouched and clean snow.*

*The beauty has taken a hold of me; I have an urge
to walk in the sea of jewels.*

*I dress quickly, a strange feeling of anticipation
going through me. I run outside and then
I know what it means to be young
and free.*


Anne Silverstein, 9-SPE2

Sunset

*The smoldering sun has left the sky,
Out from the horizon, gleams its last golden ray,
Like a magic wand sprinkling colors upon the heavenly canvas.*
Steven Safner, 9-SPE2



Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10



Ke internasjə lingo si naskata ? Mos
vidi ke TERALINGO venan in-mundo.

How is an international language born?
Let's see how TERALINGO came into
the world.

TERALINGO

Adopted from the treatise, *TERALINGO — Past, Present, & Future* by Warren M. Altkin.

IN THE BEGINNING

At the age of five, I was introduced to my second language, Yiddish. I began to compare Yiddish to English.

At the age of eight I studied Italian so that I could communicate with my immigrant neighbors.

My curiosity about linguistics expanded and soon I studied French, Spanish, and Russian.

"Why not an international language?!", I asked myself. On December 23, 1968, TERALINGO was born.

TERALINGO

TERALINGO has the simplest pronunciation and spelling system in existence. Every word is spelled according to its pronunciation. The alphabet is the same as in English except that the letters C, H, Q, W, X, and Y are omitted.

Letter	Pronunciation	Example
A	as in "father"	astro (star)
B	ball	bela (beautiful)
D	doll	deka (ten)
E	let	entri (to enter)
F	fall	fini (to finish)
G	go	gemo (gem)
I	machine	intereso (interest)
J	as "y" in "year"	juna (young)
K	kick	kato (eat)
L	love	lako (lake)
M	man	mano (hand)
N	no	ne (no)
O	old	ovo (egg)
P	put	poni (to put)
R	three	rio (river)
S	say	solo (sun)
T	take	tran- (across)
U	rule	utila (useful)
V	very	vi (to go)
Z	zoo	zoaparko (zoo)

Grammar

TERALINGO has an ultra-simplified grammar in which every part of speech can be recognized by its distinctive ending.

All nouns and pronouns end in "o", e.g. peno (pen), mo (I, me). The plural adds "s".

Adjectives end in "a", e.g. azura peno (blue pen), bona junonos (good boys).

Adverbs end in "e", e.g. rapide (quickly).

Prepositions end in an apostrophe, e.g. in'blanka kaso (in a white house).

Conjunctions are hyphenated, e.g. i- (and), u- (or).

Verb infinitives end in "i", e.g. skribi (to write).

Verbs

Present tense ends in "i", past tense ends in "an", future tense ends in "en", conditional ends in "on", perfect tenses use "ib" before the ending, passive uses the verb "si" (to be) plus the verb stem plus "ata".

mo skribi (I write), los skribi (they write)
 to skriban (you wrote), los skriban (they wrote)
 lono skriben (he will write)
 mos skribon (we would write)
 lino skribibi (she has written)
 lono preni (he takes)
 lono si prenata (he is taken)

There are no conjugations or irregular verbs.

The possessive uses the preposition "d-" (of), e.g. libro d-mo (my book).

The negative uses the adverb "ne" (not).

There are no articles, definite or indefinite.

Punctuation is the same as in English.

Vocabulary

The vocabulary of TERALINGO is primarily Latin-based, some words are derived from the Greek.

-Ne to konkordi studi duema lingo faki lo ple
 fakila kompreni za teso?
 -Don't you agree that studying a second language
 makes it easier to understand this thesis?

THE FUTURE

TERALINGO is by no means finished; it will take years of development. The giant leaps of Science will reflect themselves in TERALINGO. Already, technological words from "automobile" to "lunar module" are used internationally.

There are several reasons why the world needs an international language. The language gap would be bridged, bringing understanding and peace to the world. All the books ever written and those that will be written would be available for all men. Cooperative world progress in science would be possible; man could "reach that impossible star".

When we meet intelligent life on other planets, we will be TERANOS, and we will speak TERALINGO.

FINO

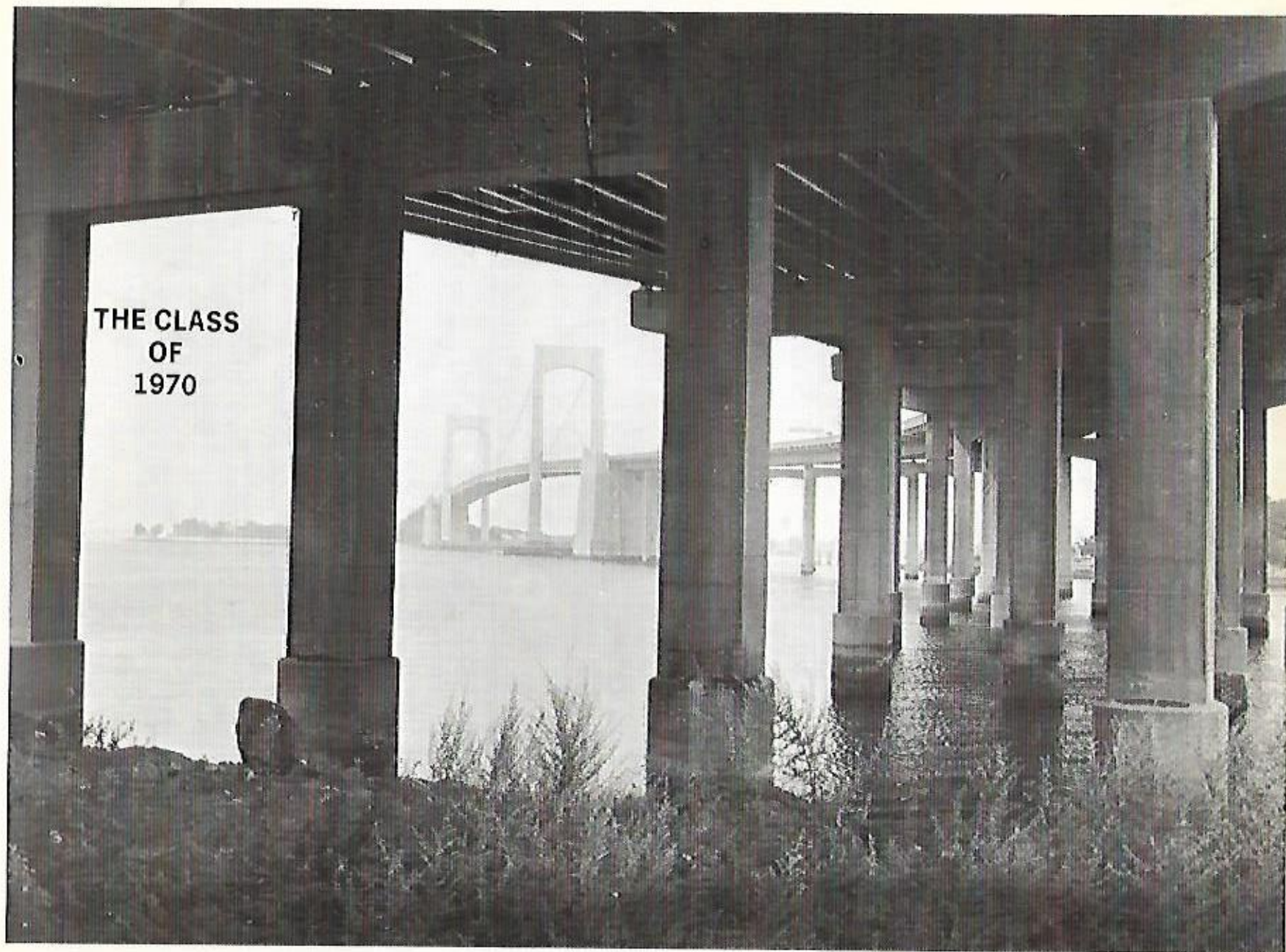
Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10

"OUR VERY BEST WISHES FOR THE NEW DECADE"
from
THE STAFF OF JAMES J. REYNOLDS JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

D. ABBATEMARCO
M. ABRAMS
F. ACKERMAN
C. ADELMAN
A. ADLER
S. AMSTER
R. AUERBACH
A. BARONE
J. BAUM
G. BENTHAM
H. BERKMAN
N. BONOM
M. BRENNER
G. BROMBERG
M. BURNSTEIN
D. BUTCHIN
R. COHEN
W. COHEN
L. DEL VECCHIO
J. DIAMOND
G. FAIGELES
R. FARKAS
A. FEINBERG
L. FLECK
G. FLORIO
L. FOX
M. FRANKEL
S. FREEDGOOD
L. FRIEDMAN

M. FROM
J. GENTILE
M. GERBER
R. GERSHON
J. GILBARG
L. GOLDSTEIN
E. GOODMAN
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V. HAIMOWITZ
P. HUGHES
F. INFERRERA
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A. ROSENTHAL
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A. SAVAT
R. SCHWARTZ
E. SHAPIRO
R. SHARFSTEIN
M. SILETT
S. SILVER
Z. STARR
M. STEIER
S. STORMAN
L. SUSSMAN
S. TURINSKY
E. TURNER
P. WERSCHING
F. WINIGER





9th YEAR GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT



BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Mrs. A. Savat, Mrs. R. Marks, Mrs. E. Namm. SECOND ROW: Mr. H. Leinwand, Mr. S. Freedgood.

Studies by Mark Bayarsky, 9-7

8th GRADE GRADUATES

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Joseph Tumay, 8-6, Mark Felder, 8-3. SECOND ROW: Richard Cooke, 8-SPE 2, Michael Corvino, 8-4, Michael Present, 8-6. CAMERA SHY: Clifford Turk, 8-7.

CLASS 9SP-1

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Lane Schickler, Mark Lilienthal. SECOND ROW: Robyn Sandman, Susan Pearlstein, Lori Goldman, Kathryn Isaacs, Robin Miller, Marlene Hollick, Carol Mayer, Joanne Greenwald, Penny Silverman. THIRD ROW: Susan Getzoff, Ava Lev, Jayne Silverstein, Roberta Fleischer, Fran Schechter, Lois Cohen, Randi Pressman, Diane Levine, Susan Leshnow, MRS. M. OLIVETO. FOURTH ROW: Gary Stein, Sam Rosenberg, Zeff Ross, Bruce Schreiber, Michael Giliot, Greg Ross, Stephen Brooks, Peter Valentine, Michael Leitner.

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CLASS 9SPE-1

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Karen Lerner, Sarit Kamlot, Carol Schneider, MISS J. DIAMOND, Claudia Bernstein, Cathy Frankel, Deborah Tulchin, Naomi Foote, SECOND ROW: Milton Grunwald, Marc Lefkowitz, Robert Flaster, Ira Mandel, Peter Strugatz, Barry Jacobson, Eugene Leiner, Danny Schreiber, THIRD ROW: Mitchell Belgin, Andrew Kessler, Ronald Prager, Jack Zelkind, Joel Davidson, Christopher Fabozzi, Allen Sherman, David Julius, Bruce Bodinsky, CAMERA SHY: Stewart Grodman.

CLASS 9SPE-2

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Joey Garber, Glenn Berger, Kevin Stemple, SECOND ROW: Susan Goldfarb, Robin Shultz, Debbie Pincus, Tracy Schneider, Anne Silverstein, Marilyn Rubinstein, Kim Sutton, Kerri Hisiger, Ellen Wasserstein, THIRD ROW: Sherry Mendlovic, Lois Allen, Clair Wildman, Susan Martin, Amy Segel, Mona Greenman, Sheila Pearlmuter, Joy Kalinski, Andrea Schwartz, FOURTH ROW: Steven Safner, Robert Glickman, David Lester, Victor Uszerowicz, Thaddeus Toombs, Scott Linick, John Guardabasso, David Byck, Benjamin Freeman, MR. R. GERSHON.

CLASS 9-1

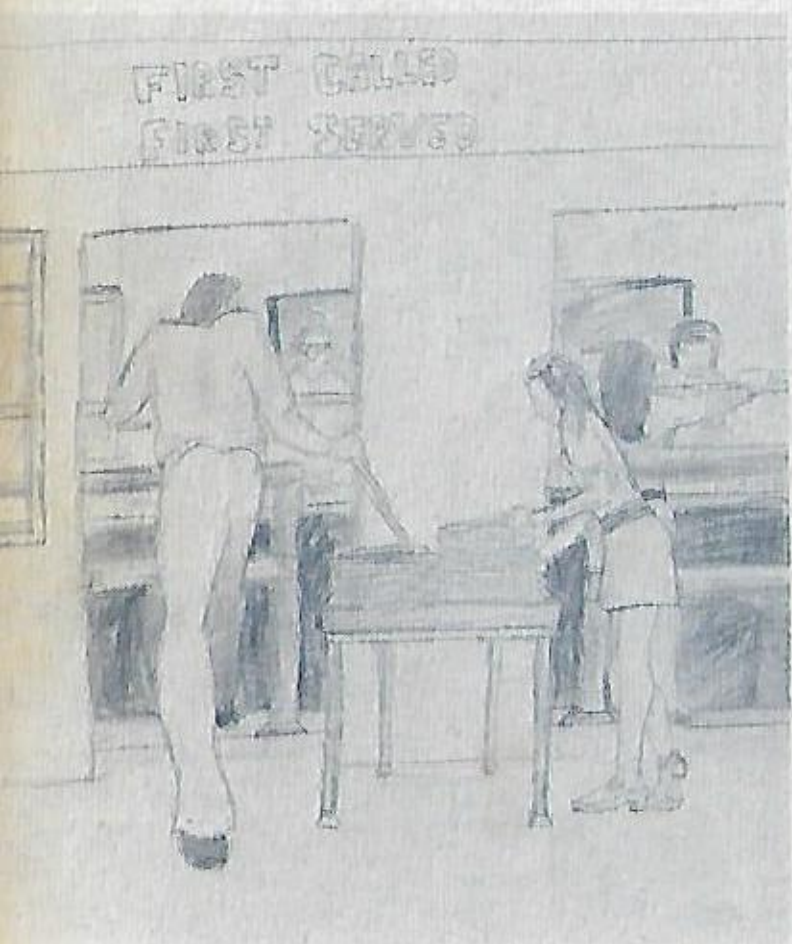
BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Sandy Wesler, Larry Sacco, Ricky Lipsel, SECOND ROW: Joyce Milberg, Roberta Schnell, Wendy Blanc, Robin Feldman, Lynn Rosenberg, Beth Hirshhorn, Stephanie Altkin, Hene Levitz, Gavrielle Gleich, THIRD ROW: Diana Schneider, Elene Gerber, Thea Scheir, Ellen Schlackman, Bambi Teger, Diane Soloman, Linda Scheler, Eileen Phillips, Barbara Kaimowitz, MR. R. SANDERS, FOURTH ROW: Susan Rossi, Perry Gerard, Eileen Kegney, Stephan Frank, Jay Nussbaum, Glenn Morrison, Robert Roffwarg, Jacqueline Thomas, Steve Goldberg, Carol Tortora, CAMERA SHY: Myra Zang.

CLASS 9-2

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Barry Greiper, Bart Steinfeld, Eric Goodman, Keith Howell, Allen Greenspan, SECOND ROW: Marilyn Epel, Elise Moskowitz, Susan Arnell, Deborah Robinson, Doris Golub, Doris Caraballo, Sharon Gershfeld, Sheryl Cohen, Irene Gershoff, THIRD ROW: Carl Darrigo, Hollis Weidler, Janice Novack, Barbara Weber, Alice Rosiner, Adrienne Katz, Kathy Manduro, Jeanette Byk, Linda Nathanson, Noel Monahan, Myra Melamed, MR. S. FISCHER, FOURTH ROW: Jeanette Rabinowitz, Larry Marks, Richard Berlin, Robert Felder, Steven Manowitz, Irving Greenberg, David Schraeger, Stuart Handman, Marty Platzman, Ruth Schoenberger.



Sketch by Susan Schwartz, 9-3



Drawing by Mark Bayarsky, 9-7

CLASS 9-3

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Randall Marks, Mitchell Kaufman, Vincent Niechi, Steven Lipscher, Garrett Postyn, Stanley Karp. SECOND ROW: Debbie Salinas, Sheila Milberg, Bonnie Forman, Harriet Peritore, Nelida Moya, Cindy Cohen, Fran Henderstein, Leslie Zelli, Sharon Ashley. THIRD ROW: Carole Singer, Luanne Montalbano, Shari Stone, Lynn Abramowitz, Jane Gleitman, Debbie Tumarkin, Robin Wenger, Lori Wallach, Wendy Gildner. MR. G. FAIGEL. FOURTH ROW: Cheryl Horowitz, Susan Andreyckis, Joseph Landolfi, Vicki Cohen, Ronald Parks, Steven Bookman, Jan Ginn, Ellen Switsky, Woody Slikin, Susan Schwartz. CAMERA SHY: Bella Riskin.

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CLASS 9-5

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CLASS 9-6

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Laurelie Stokes, Ethel Langschultz, Leslie Grossman, Susan Tausner, Ann Campanella, Debbie Santano, Nora Tamman, Miriam Kohlenc, Toby Berman. SECOND ROW: Mark Goldberg, Janice Rothenberg, Laurie Adelman, Debbie Holst, Stephanie Tomlin, Leonore Messina, Valerie LaFond, Jackie Chemtob, Alan Schrier, MRS. R. SHARFSTEIN. THIRD ROW: Steven Rivela, Richard Rubin, Edward Guastafeste, Glen Beatrice, Michael Finn, Gregory Douglas, Henry Salama, Michael Ackerman, Eric Shafran. CAMERA SHY: Joseph Nicosia, Monica Bordoy.





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CLASS 9-9

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Douglas Klein, Mitchell Dennett, Larry Braverman, Dorian Christian Archetto, Richard Lipchitz. SECOND ROW: Melissa Wolf, Jacqueline D'Angelico, Lori Steinfeld, Cheryl Morra, Catherine Caputo, Angelica Ramirez, Elyse Friedman, Laurie Horowitz, Helen Schlissel. THIRD ROW: Bonita Reyna, Marlene Dickens, Joan Abrams, Judy Levinowitz, Joann Cipriani, Barbara Bloom, Juliana Dixon, Shelley Wolf, Denise Romano, LaDonne Bailey, MRS. G. BENTHAM. FOURTH ROW: Johannie Land, Scott Berger, David Kaufman, Michael Berg, David Rittberg, Howard Kay, David Cohen, Leonard Jacobs, Marvin Schachter, Diane Weinberg.

CLASS 9-10

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Grace Donzelli, Carol Leven, Theresa Faust, Camille Grandison, Doreen Connaughton, Anna Martone, Felicia Bastot-ski, Malissa Burton, Edith Au. SECOND ROW: Louis Zweier, Bart Lasky, Debbie Davis, Lauren Shavensky, Avise Young, Desiree Huntley, Patricia Ruvolo, Edward Alvarez, Milton Blum. MR. N. ROSENBLATT. THIRD ROW: Jay Herman, Jerry Nicholson, Michael Smith, Gordon Gattsek, Otis Gilliam, Wade Moss, Alexander Drori, Sanford Snyder, Michael Bonsante. CAMERA SHY: Kenneth Chavis, Robert Levy, Thomas Mangiaracina.



Sketch by Kevin Stemple, 9SPE-2



Sketch by Clair Wildman, 9SPE-2

CLASS 9-11

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Debra Weitz, Kandi Jablin, Gloria Woods, Darlene Rood, Denise Taylor, Sharon Herring, Dorothy Milligan, Susie Ng, Terry Eskenazi. SECOND ROW: Enrico DeFalco, Anthony Griggs, Gloria Scott, Lucy Sannino, Luisa Hinds, Laurie Woods, Connie Mingardi, Valerie Wigfall, Denise Travis, Susan Schneider, Earl Robertson, MR. G. MANN. THIRD ROW: Kam Chiu Ng, Mitchell Flicop, Glenn Flunory, Nick Lambros, Eric Gerstein, Lee Mazzilli, Robert Graziano, Michael Bartfeld, Mark Dyrnes, Yolounders Jackson. CAMERA SHY: Michael Turner, David Epstein, Blanca Lopez.

CLASS 9-12

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Cathy Schiro, Alene Nadler, Clara Kalmanowski, Beth Ellenzweig, Josephine Battista, Susan Weiner, Valerie Trill, Jane Seiden, Tina Taubman. SECOND ROW: Sam Cohen, Marshall Nazinitsky, Maria Fludd, Phyllis Lawner, June DalCortivo, MaryAnn Hoyt, Sandra Hernandez, Mitchell Calistine, Martin Aquado, MR. D. ABBATEMARCO. THIRD ROW: Steven Webb, Jeffery Weinbrum, Nurettin Tarhan, James Savage, Curtis Atkinson, Dennis Archambault, Joseph Griffen, Oracio Crisanto, Daniel Torres. CAMERA SHY: Steven Schwartz, Adriel Watkins, Sharon Washington, Marta Vasquez.

CLASS 9-13

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Helene Kelminson, Shirley Tropper, Hilkat (Hilda) Dincer, Wendy Moskowitz, Mildred Morales, Elisa Ten, Deborah Lockridge, Gonul Cengiz. SECOND ROW: Camillo Vitale, Diane Pisano, Esther Langschultz, Linda Hansley, Linda Greenwald, Jennifer Curiale, Gary Maraviglia, Jan German. THIRD ROW: Ibrahim Erenses, Anthony Tucciarone, Jeffrey Brooks, Ray Kolessar, David Harris, Pablo Blanco, Scott Faver, Lonnie Thomas. CAMERA SHY: Charles Garcia, Deborah Tangorra, Linda Cascone, Emmanuel Clottin, John Apice, David Garced, Charles Lee, Diane Weinberg, Susan Shacknowitz, MR. P. HUGHES.

CLASS 9-14

BOTTOM ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Robinette Price, Elizabeth Dragotto, Charlene Pisano, Susan Bloom, MR. A. FEINBERG, Milevea Vuksanaj, Sheila Ledgin, Roberta Seltzer. SECOND ROW: William Clark, Harold Fox, Diane McGlynn, Sal Sannino, John Equiloni, Lissy Palmer, Nicholas Maddalone, Pedro Gabano. THIRD ROW: Victor Gregg, Frank Beradi, Kirk Clowes, Ralph Hayes, Reggie Huggins, Stephen Tompkin, Pedro Rodriguez.





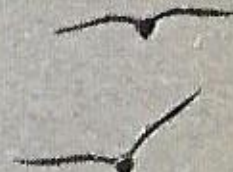
Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10

DREAMS BY THE SEA

*The seagulls cry by the seashore,
The waves gracefully dance upon the beach,
The sun shines with all its glory,
Its power generates all around me,
The ocean breeze sings a lullaby to me,
I close my eyes.
The warm hands of sleep encircle me,
The door of all dreams unravels,
And I enter.
Here my imagination is ruler of all things,
Before me is the galaxy,
Dot after dot of glowing mass,
They revolve in a circular pattern,
Never stopping,
Never gaining speed,
Around and around, dazzling my brain.
Then there's total darkness.
Soon, the rainbow of all rainbows,
The colors breathtakingly fascinating,
Red — orange — yellow — green — blue — indigo — violet,
Hypnotizing and enchanting.
But now the colors are fading away,
Lighter and lighter until they disappear,
And I wake up.*

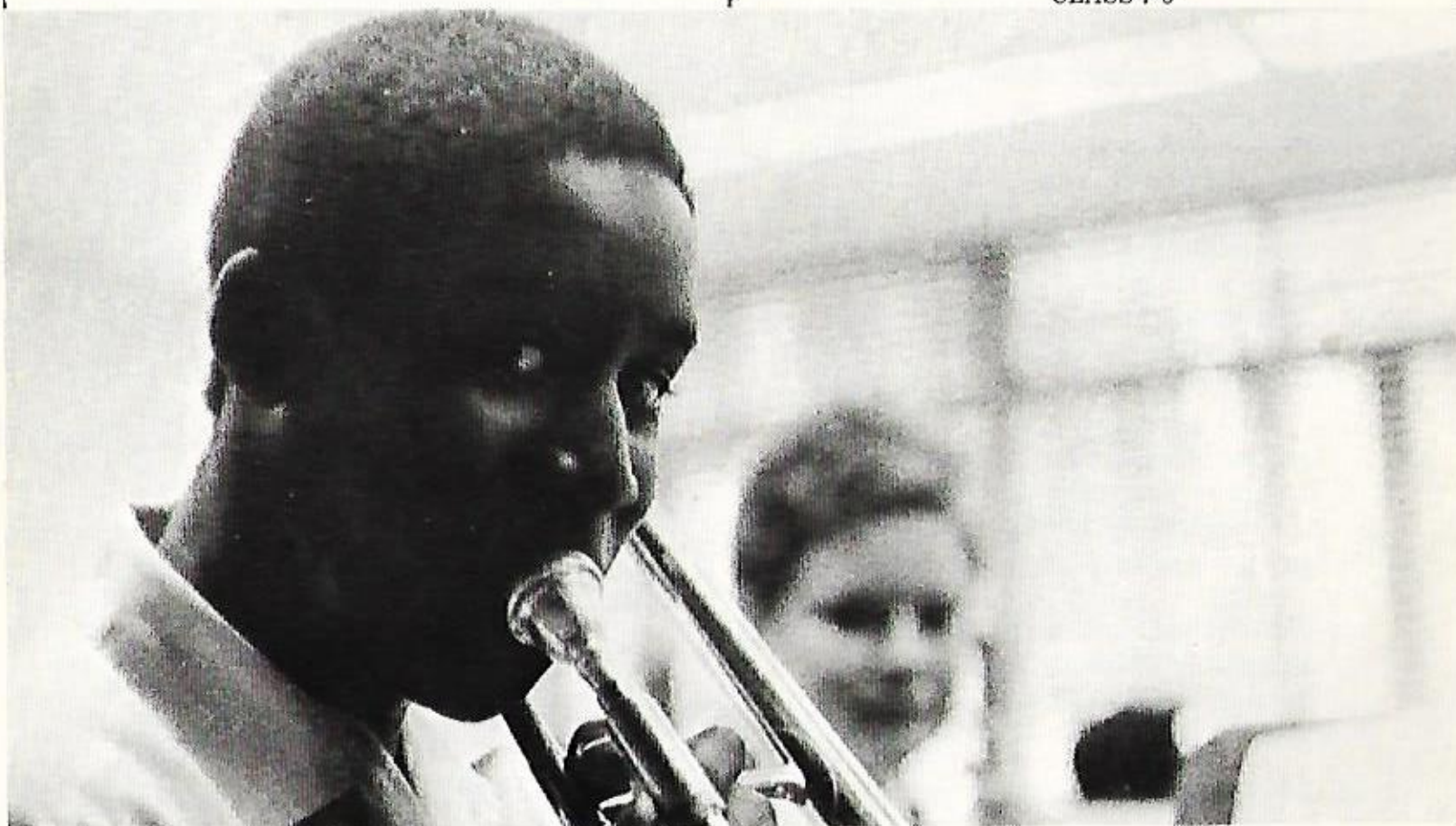
*The sun is lowering into the horizon,
The ocean is calm,
But the breeze has not left.*

Igor Stiler, 9SP3



Congratulations and Best Wishes to the
Graduating Class
from
CLASS 8-12

To all 9th graders,
We are sincere.
Our very best wishes,
To do well next year.
CLASS 7-6



CLASS 8-10

Wishes their best to the graduates


7-7

Wishes joys
To all of Reynold's girls and boys

Photograph by Michael Smith, 9-10

<p>We sweated out the 7th year, We skipped right through the 8th. If we make it through the present year, We'll do it in good faith. Good luck from <i>CLASS 9SP-1</i></p>	<p>We leave in PEACE 9-7</p>				
<p>Beware of the DOT MAN! Good luck from the <i>girls of 9SP-3</i></p>	<p><i>CLASS 9-3</i> says "Glad We're Going"</p>				
<p>Best Wishes from <i>CLASS 9-5</i></p>	<p>Shalom, Adios, Auf Wiedersehn, Arriverderci, Au Revoir ... And Goodbye from 9-6</p>				
<p>Thank you James J. Reynolds J. H. S. We will miss you. <i>CLASS 9-12</i></p>	<p>Broken clothes closets, Disappearing late passes, These are some of the memories, That will follow us from Reynolds. <i>CLASS 9-8</i></p>				
<p style="text-align: center;">CLASS 9-4 LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top; width: 50%;"> <p>Mrs. Katz — Jay Zacker Larry — A box of Kleenex Gerald — A haircut Arthur — A library Jay — Mrs. Katz Henry — Metrecal James — An English Dictionary Jacob — A trip to Columbia, S.A. Stewart — An encyclopedia</p> </td><td style="vertical-align: top; width: 50%;"> <p>Eric — A college scholarship Paul — Curl-free Angelo — Stilts Ronald — Drums Joel M. — A Spanish tutor Joel R. — G.E. electric bulbs Brandon — Barbelis Steven — A jar of mayonnaise Howard — A basketball</p> </td></tr> </table> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top; width: 50%;"> <p>Gail — Success Joanne — Gum Yetta — Ponds Donna — Split ends Carol — Mr. Sherman Ilene — A free lunch Sherry — A mini-skirt Enid — a 7 foot boy Mindy — Crackers</p> </td><td style="vertical-align: top; width: 50%;"> <p>Dale — a Red pencil Willa — Some fat Shelly — A comb and brush Cheryl — Richie Dori — Neutrament Teri — A knuckle cracker Barbara — A bronzed late pass Randy — Science World Jeff — Happiness</p> </td></tr> </table>		<p>Mrs. Katz — Jay Zacker Larry — A box of Kleenex Gerald — A haircut Arthur — A library Jay — Mrs. Katz Henry — Metrecal James — An English Dictionary Jacob — A trip to Columbia, S.A. Stewart — An encyclopedia</p>	<p>Eric — A college scholarship Paul — Curl-free Angelo — Stilts Ronald — Drums Joel M. — A Spanish tutor Joel R. — G.E. electric bulbs Brandon — Barbelis Steven — A jar of mayonnaise Howard — A basketball</p>	<p>Gail — Success Joanne — Gum Yetta — Ponds Donna — Split ends Carol — Mr. Sherman Ilene — A free lunch Sherry — A mini-skirt Enid — a 7 foot boy Mindy — Crackers</p>	<p>Dale — a Red pencil Willa — Some fat Shelly — A comb and brush Cheryl — Richie Dori — Neutrament Teri — A knuckle cracker Barbara — A bronzed late pass Randy — Science World Jeff — Happiness</p>
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<p>Lots of good luck Graduates!!! from <i>CLASS 8-4</i></p>	<p>Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of water ... DON'T BELIEVE IT! <i>CLASS 9-10</i></p>				
<p>8-2 SMILING THROUGH</p>	<p>Best Wishes from 9SP-2</p>				

<p>Best Wishes for Success CLASS 7-1</p>	<p>Section Sheet, Section Sheet, How are thee? I'm full of names, From CLASS 7-3.</p>	
<p>Best Wishes from THE HEALTH CLASS</p>		<p>Best of luck in years to come from CLASS 7SPE-2</p>
<div data-bbox="474 516 663 711" data-label="Image"> </div> <div data-bbox="1310 490 1478 724" data-label="Image"> </div> <div data-bbox="1509 696 1604 724" data-label="Text"> <p>9SPE-1</p> </div>		
<p>The cronies of 9-1 say THAT'S THE KEY</p>	<p>Bye-Bye 9SPE-2</p>	<p>Barry, Bart, Eric, Keith, Allen, Marilyn, Elise, Susan, Deborah, Doris, Sharon, Sheryl, Irene, Doris, Carl, Hollis, Janice, Barbara, Alice, Adrienne, Kathy, Jeanette, Linda, Noel, Myra, Jeanette, Larry, Richard, Robert, Steven, Irving, David, Stuart, Martin and Ruth. CLASS 9-2</p>

<p>8-5 Wishes the best of luck to all of the graduates.</p>	<p>Here is a line, From <i>Class 9-9</i>. Who is doing so fine, In the year "69" (70?)</p>
<p>Rain, Snow, Hail or Sleet, We come to school, To fall asleep. <i>CLASS 7SPE-1</i></p>	<p>Best Wishes To the Graduates <i>CLASS 7SP2</i></p>
<p>Mr. Abrams, Miss Shapiro, Mr. Fleck are three, Mr. Mann, Mr. Haimowitz, and Mr. Brenner you see, Are some of the teachers in the school tree, Of the most fantastic group in "43", The stupendous class of 8-3</p>	<p>As you cover precious grounds, To make the grade by leaps and bounds, We give you what we gave before, The best of luck and much, much more! <i>8SPE-2</i></p>
<p>2, 4, 6, 8 When will 8-8 ever graduate?</p>	
<p>Congratulations to the graduates from <i>CLASS 7SP1</i></p>	
<p>A grander sight cannot be seen The one and only 8-13</p>	
<p>To all the graduates, May you thrive, On the good wishes, Of <i>CLASS 7-245</i>.</p>	

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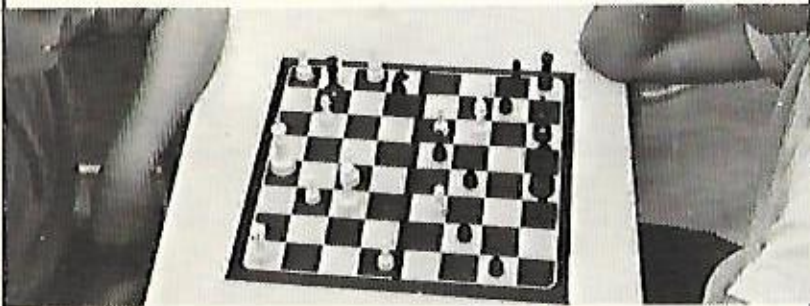

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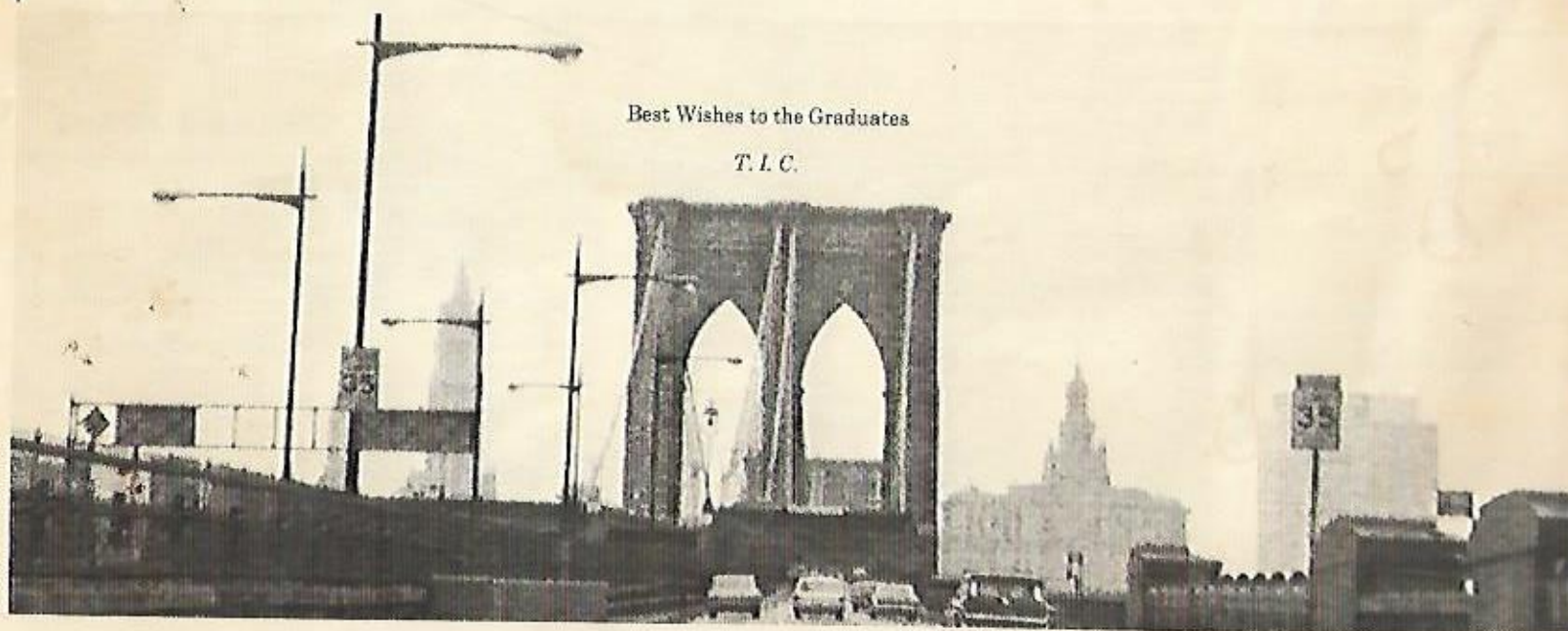
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Best Wishes to the Graduates

T. L. C.



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