



Volume I, Number 6

Stamford High School

April 1973

Ten Cents

King for a Night

by Jim Olson

The scene was crackling with excitement last week when the Communications class met to pick the winner of the "King For A Night" contest sponsored by the *ROUNDTABLE*. Every guy in the room watched Mr. Palley closely as his hand went into the giant barrel to choose the one who would win the all expenses paid date with this year's homecoming queen, Suzy Creamcheese. We all held our breath as he slowly unfolded the paper and said, "The winner is Nathan Detroit". Then the room rocked with laughter and shouting as two members went to get the lucky winner.

Nate came in, and Mr. Palley introduced the two daters to each other.

There was a moment of awkward silence, then Suzy smiled and everything was alright. Jon Cash presented the symbolic check to Nate after which he made a short speech to the class, thanking them. But all he really said was "Wow".

The date took place last Friday night and the complete account of it, as required by the administration, appears in this issue.

The raffle was a complete success, with over two thousand tickets sold. The money will be used by the *ROUNDTABLE* to help meet production costs. We'd like to thank everyone who had a hand in making this contest possible, especially Mr. Catania. And our tremendous thanks goes to Suzy Creamcheese for going through with the whole thing.

I know that there are a lot of disappointed ticket-holders out there, but all I can say is, "better luck next year!"

**TRAVEL TO
TACOMA,
WASH.!**



Construction went smoothly on auditorium renovation. (Photo by Ryan)



DRAMATIC FACE-LIFT



by Jean Dixon

It's happened at long last, the auditorium of SHS has been remodeled. The staff of the *ROUNDTABLE* was taken on the first tour of our new magnificent hall. It will be several years, however, before the students are allowed to actually sit in the refurbished seats and view productions.

After much prodding the Board of Education finally gave in to the renovation. They shall be the first to occupy the seats and stage, using them for their biweekly meetings. Many thanks are due to Dr. Carpenter for finally allotting the funds.

As we walked through the swinging doors and handed gloves (for the protections of walls and barrier ropes) we noticed the new paneling and paint. The simulated walnut paneling, with embossed woodgrain, encompassed all the walls and the new "Evening in Paris" blue and white paint covered the ceiling. The ceiling itself is very impressive. The brass chandeliers of yester year were taken down, and in their

place are imitation plastic chains with fiberglass globes. The lights shine on the new blue nylon velveteen draperies, behind which are new De-Luxe venetian blinds. The draperies match the carpeting, upholstery, stage curtains and the blue in the flag.

The auditorium now only holds 600—a significant decrease but the new seats take up more room and there is more room between rows—new innovations for the comfort of our students. The new seats are not only upholstered in the same blue nylon velveteen as the draperies—but are Scotchguard fabric as well! Also protected is the carpeting: Plastic runners have been permanently installed on the main aisles.

The *ROUNDTABLE* staff was actually allowed to sit in these chairs. Although ours were still sealed in plastic and only a few of us at a time could sit, we still enjoyed the honor of being among the first few people to relax in the new atmosphere of the auditorium, this shall go down in annuals as one of our highest honors.

Although our Thespian Society is now forced to perform in the small auditorium—they too agree it is worth the hardship. The new auditorium will be a thing of beauty for a long time. Protective measures will be taken to preserve this "beauty" when other students are finally permitted through the doors, they will be issued gloves, like ours. If any student loses his gloves, he loses his auditorium priveleges. This is harsh, but a necessity of which we are to enjoy the hall for a long time. One more note; like the Student Lounge, Freshmen and Sophomores will not be allowed in the auditorium. If they are ever in any productions, they will be viewed with constant suspicion.

Congratulations to the Class of '78, for they will be the first graduating class allowed to enter the "new" auditorium. Let's hope they appreciate our struggle for SHS. Meanwhile, the auditorium is guarded night and day to protect it. Let's hear it for the Board of Education and their innovations.

Allison-Lyes, Flick-Lives

Nostrils A No-No

by Kevin Myler

The Thespian Society will present *DEEP NOSTRILS*, an X-rated play on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd at 8:30 P.M. Although some of the material in the play is of morally questionable nature, the play has many good qualities which have prompted the Advisors—Mr. Palley and Mr. Viti, and the Thespians to chose it as their late spring production. In the words of the director, Mr. Viti, "The play has redeeming social value." Other factors were also considered in the selection of *DEEP NOSTRILS*. Mr. Palley, the play's producer said, "This is a school production and we are operating on a very limited budget. *DEEP NOSTRILS* can be presented very cheaply. Props will consist of four chairs and two tables; costumes of fig leaves and string. Besides it should be a valuable experience in improvisation for the students."

Because the play is X-rated, no one under the age of 21 will be permitted to either read the script, rehearse, perform or view the play. Pasquale Cognetta, Vice-President of the Thespian Society said, "Even though all the members of the cast are under age, and can neither rehearse or perform the play, I'm sure it (the play) will be a huge success. An actor can do anything he sets his mind to."

Tickets for this production are \$2.50 and will be on sale starting May 17th. Only students of Stamford High School over the age of 21 will be permitted to purchase tickets. Anyone who qualifies and wishes to see the play should contact either Mr. Palley in Rm. 205 or Mr. Viti in Rm. 209. Why go to New York when you can see it right here in Stamford High School?

ROUNDTABLE STAFF*

SWEN FFATS - Relym Nivek, Noxid Naej, Neslo Mij, Annayllop, Tnek Kralc.

SERUTAEF FFATS - Henur Ave, Tiorted Nahtan, Ttenrab Sirhc, Setaoc Sillyhp, Esaep Nerraw, Dlanodcam Retep, Etanargemmop Ettegroeg, Noxid Naej, Relym Nivek, Resieps Ailec, Samats Yram, Namretep Yma, Draw Ydnih, Tnek Kralc, Swehttam Sirhc, Ttenrab Laup.

STROPS FFATS - Telaj Nwad, Ttenrab Sirhc, Ecir Dnaltnarg, Rezzihw.

TUOYAL FFATS - Noxid Naej, Ttenrab Sirhc, Heirteid Enelram.

OTOHP FFATS - Nitupsar, Senoj-Gnortsmra Ynohtna, Neslo Ymmij, Enobkcab Airolg.

GRAPHIC ARTS - Gary Gosney, Guy Hope, Tom Nolan.

ADVISORS - First floor - Harold Spiller; Second floor - James Palley; Third Floor - Peter Rembetsy.

The Round Table is published monthly October through June except for the months when it is not published.

THIS WEEK'S MENU

- MONDAY: Salisbury Steak, Mashed Potatoes, Green Beans or Tossed Salad, Cherry Surprise.
- TUESDAY: Frankfurter on a toasted roll, Baked Beans, Carrot and Celery Sticks, Peach Halves.
- WEDNESDAY: Chicken Breasts and Legs, Diced Carrots, Tossed Salad Banana Cake.
- THURSDAY: Macaroni and Tomato Sauce, Italian Bread, Tossed Caesar Salad, Jello and Whipped Cream.
- FRIDAY: Deep Dish Tuna Casserole, Lettuce and Tomato, Celery Sticks, Chocolate Pudding.

which he took some of the pictures for this book. He began taking pictures of airplanes when he was a child and has been interested in photography and flying ever since.

In the beginning of the book Jonathan is living with a flock of gulls and he is not satisfied with their way of life. While other gulls spend their time grappling for food, he spends his time trying to perfect flight, working on control, speed and aerobatics. He is an outcast from the flock, for his so-called irresponsibility, but you get the feeling that the main reason is that he didn't conform to their standards of how a gull should live.

SCHOOL

on a rily dips and goes or ate of heaven is not a place n and reach other ir s is good enough so ter level of conscious to mind is about th ons for living. Anoth live life his own way w roads to happiness e author did a beau agulls body. This h nlems today.

AUTHOR'S OF THE ARTICLES

Peter MacDonald: Charlie Chair

Paul Mathews: A.F.S. Everyone Moon Rocks April Tour

Chris Barnett: Platter Chatter Name the Contest Horrorscopes

Michele Caputo: Suzy Creamcheese

Jean Dixon: The Sound of Music

Jon Cash: Teacher of the Month

He lives a lonely life and spends it working on perfection in his flight. I realize that it is a higher level of happiness to be being closer and closer to what he has learned. He spends his time trying to perfect flight, working on control, speed and aerobatics. He is an outcast from the flock, for his so-called irresponsibility, but you get the feeling that the main reason is that he didn't conform to their standards of how a gull should live.

The description is also done in a very well. When Jonathan alides through miles per hour, you feel like you're right there along side of him. I really like the author's style. It's not too wordy or lengthy and it's very easy reading. I recommend this book to anyone who has an hour or so with nothing to fill it with. It's really easy reading and I would go as far as to say that it is a really beautiful experience. I honestly can think of nothing in this book that I didn't like except maybe that it didn't last long enough. It makes you wish that you were with it longer so that you could spend more in time read.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

By the powers invested in me by the state of Connecticut I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Dear Editor,

I am just writing you to inform you as to my opinion of one of the members of your staff.

His name is
Chris Barnett

and I think he is doing a splendid job. His excellence with a type writer is fast becoming legend here at Old S.H.S. This is not to mention his other talents...

I mean with, like lay out.

It is my belief that he should be given more freedom because of his artistic sensitivity. Also he should be able to dangle his participle without censure.

Thank you for your time,

C.B.

To the Editor-

This doesn't have much to do with school but I need a ride to Tacoma, Washington this weekend & if anyone is going that way could you please contact me in HR 367.

Thank You
Meg LeBros

Dear Editor,

I think Dawn Jalet was absolutely right, and I couldn't agree with her more.

D.J.

Dear Editor,

This may not have anything to do with school, but I'm going to Tacoma, Washington this weekend and I was just wondering if anyone needed a ride.

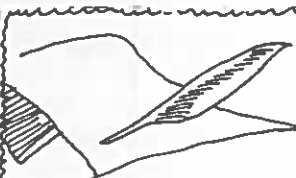
Hopefully,
Tim Vane

C.K.

Dear Editor,

I read the editorial by Dawn Jalet and boy was I mad. But then I started to think. So now, in a little while, (after the next beer party) I'm going to quit all my clubs and start a new one. Anyone will be able to join, except "super-jocks" "freaks" and "straights", because they already have their own clubs. Thanks for setting me straight, Dawn.

On April 1st, 1971, Boy Scouts of America announced that its Explorer Scout Division would admit girls. BE Prepared Boys!



HOW TO WRITE GOOD

% J. PALLEY

Room 205


Name _____

HR _____

BIRTHDATE _____, 19____

BLOODTYPE _____

SIGNATURE _____



"This is my island,"
The Beachcomber
shouted. So the
seagulls let him
have it.

New Faces

by Eva Run

David Mummery - has been SHS for two years. Before coming to SHS he worked as head custodian at the University of London. His future plans include marriage to an attractive janitress I met while working in London. Frank Uhlhorn - has been working at SHS for ten years. He has only fifteen years left before he retires and redeive his golden broom.

Tom Cohen - is a new addition to the SHS Custodial Staff. Straight from Harvard College he received a degree in Creative Writing. You've probably noticed an improvement in graffiti on the second floor washrooms.

Patrick Donaghue - came to SHS four years ago. Before coming to SHS he was a professor of Health at U.C.L.A.. Mr. Donaghue believes SHS has a friendly staff and cheerful students.

Cynthia Scott - joined the SHS Custodial Staff this past September. She previously worked at St. Joseph's Hospital for four years until a robot with a white apron and a nurse's cap replaced her. She hopes her work at SHS will be permanent.

Learn to Write Good

by Chris Barnett

Have you ever been reading a newspaper and thought to yourself, "I can write as well as this"? If you have, why don't you send for your copy of "How to Write Good"? Written and edited by that former Daily Planet reporter, William Randolph Hearse, it is an informative guide to all the rules of writing that professionals employ every day. Some of the topics covered are: The Dangling Participant, Hearse's own story of his bout with impotence; Verbal False Limbs, Pulitzer Prize winning essay on the Thalidomide Babies; and Who and Whom, a how-to chapter dealing with manners to avoid using them.

If you can learn to master phrases like: deceptively quick, justifiably so, and deadline rip-off, you too can enter the high power, big money business of the "newspaper" game. So send 10 cents, before June, to: "How to Write Good", to J. Palley, Room 205. If not satisfied with our course, your money will be cheerfully deposited in our bank account in the Activities office.

"How To Write Good"
J. Pally, Room 205

Reach out in darkness,
Take all my love,
my love,
yea take them all!
Reach out in darkness
and you may find a friend.

The Sound of Music

By

the banks of the old mill stream

It's showtime again and our Thespians have been working away on yet another production. This year's springtime musical is the well known "Sound of Music." Already the cast has been chosen and rehearsals will begin any day now.

To truly capture the atmosphere of this moving story, Director Richard Viti is flying (courtesy of his stewardess friends) the entire cast and crew to a little chateau in the Swiss Alps. The climax of the trip will be the final dress rehearsal, performed at the Zurich Mental Asylum for the benefit of Lonely Goatherds and a few deranged Antelopes.

THE SAGA OF JOHNNY C

OR
A YOUNG MAN IS GONE

By the dawn's early light

On a hot August night in Gringo Pass, In the county of Karka Too, A brave young man was met by death At the hands of his own love true.

It all began the year before In far off Aberdeen. When Johnny C., a lawyer's son, Fell in love with a movie queen.

He pasted pictures on his walls And saw her movies often, He never dreamed that one year hence She'd put him in his coffin.

Well one fine day (John's lucky one) There came to Aberdeen, A movie company, which by chance Started Johnny's movie queen.

And since they needed local boys To help with props and such,

I FEEL LIKE I'M FIXIN

TO PRINT RAG

By Chris Mathews
and Paul Barnett

^{As} Performed by the Mormon
Tabernacle choir at
Carnegie Hall, September 8
and 9th.

1,2,3, What are we writing for
Don't ask me I don't give a damn
Next story's on Vicki Vandamm

and it's 5,6,7,
This is the fourth estate
We ain't got no time
before the deadline
Whoppe, we're all a gonna die! *



MR DRINKWATER

Teacher of

the Month

Into Gringo's saloon he stumbled that night

Hot, tired, and dying of thirst,
He ordered a beer and glanced round the room
And recognized Tiny MacWurst!

'He's one of the crew' screamed John to hin self
And left his cool glass untouched;
He called to Tiny and asked where to find
The one that he loved O so much.

"Turn around" said Tiny and started to laugh
For there at the bar stood she
With an arm through that of the King of the Hills
Despicable Dan MacNee.

MR. DRINKWATER

"Get away from her!" poor Johnny cried.

Dan turned his head and laughed.

She laughed too and called to the bar

Clark Kent

In light of Mr. James



"Hubcaps" has been dabbling in customizing since the age of seven. His first attempt resulted in the only raked and lifted tricycle on his block. He hopes to break into the pro- customizing circuit and to see his name in lights on the Marquee de Sade.

Knight Light

TONY ZUCCHINI

by Kevin Myler

This month's Knightlight personality is none other than Tony Zucchini. "Hubcaps", as he is known to close friends, is an energetic youth who participates in many activities both during and after school. Tony is currently doing a great deal of research into school disciplinary procedures and is the Activities Supervisor of the second floor boy's room.

Tony's after school time is spent chiefly at his place of employment, Louie's Chevron. When not pumping gas, he is generally working on his car. Says Tony, "My car is me. It's a real beauty—a '66 Chevelle SS 396 claiming 525 horsepower. She's got an Edelbrock aluminum Hi-Rise C-4B manifold, two Holley 650 Duel-pump carbs, 'fuelie' heads, Crane cams, Hooker headers, Monroe air shocks, and "88's" in the rear. That baby can really haul. I can pull a wheelie in any gear—including reverse. But she's not only fast, she's a real looker, too—custom inside and out. She's had 20 coats of Intergalactic Black Lacquer followed by a \$300 pinstriping job and 30 coats of Custom Crystal Mirror-Finish Lacquer. The wheels are Show Chrome Astros. I also put in Lucas sealed-beam Flamethrower headlamps and of course I got tinted windows all around. And I rewired my back-up lights so they're always on with the other lights. This is so anybody that pulls up from behind me knows I'm running a hot car. The interior is Snowflake White leather—rolled and pleated. Besides walnut trim, of course, I've got my booties and dice, and my Hurst Competition-Plus Shifter is covered with Midnite Blue crushed velvet. Air conditioning.

Testing

...1, 2, 3

by Amy Peterman
and Bindy Ward

The Board of Education is seriously considering a resolution for a new type of school day where testing would replace teaching. The proposed day would have seven periods, each period consisting entirely of tests or quizzes. This system would minimize teacher's load and more effectively measure the student's comprehension. Mimeographed lecture sheets and a list of assignments would be distributed at the beginning of each class. These sheets would be read and completed at home in preparation for an exam the next day.

The pros and cons were discussed by a band of professionals brought in for advisory purposes by the Board of Education members. Speaking of the psychological strain placed on students by this new day, Dr. Herman Faustus stated: "What the devil! They've got to get used to it sometime."

Dr. Yen Casey of the Medical Association, responding to the qualms of Board members about student's lack of sleep, asserted: "It has been proven that students require no more than two hours of sleep. It is a strange faculty that they have. Amazing...just amazing."

Spokesman for the teachers' point of view was union leader Joe Blowe of the Stamford Education Association. Mr. Blowe, in a formal statement, declared:

"Yeah, like, teachers deserve a break. For the salary we get paid..."

Arthur Asks

What's the most ridiculous situation you can think of?

by Celia Speiser
and Mary Stamas

- Joanne Vito—If I could fall in love.
- Shari Tenca—If I dropped 50 lbs.
- Laura Zdanowicz—If I was on Magic Mountain with the Obhogg.
- Pat Lynch—If I bench pressed 500 lbs.
- Bill Brisson—If I saw John Fontanue leave the school.
- Wayne Chiello—If I inherited a '65 chevrolet pickup.
- Phil Sofer—If I found only half a million dollars.
- Jan Morann—If I wrecked up Albert's car.
- Gloria McMillan—If I see R.L. on Oct 9th again.
- Fritz Olsen—If I fulfilled all my responsibilities.
- Lisa Mercado—Being able to spend my life with Mike.
- Mike Sabia—Getting accepted to college.
- Dawn Jalet—Going back to Whiteface and being a ski bum with Jack.
- Sam Marsico—Inheriting a million dollars and meeting a beautiful girl.
- Sue Mihalik—If I pass my geometry test.
- Kevin Gladden—If Linda learns how to say "Hello" correctly.
- Duna Gelf—If my brother introduced me to all his friends.
- Wendy Eaton—Having A.P. for my own.
- Allison Picke—If I had E.D., T.C., T.H. & J.T. all around different fingers & R.B. for someone else.
- Nicole Wise—Having everyone happy with no complaining.
- Jim Banks—Seeing my picture on the cover of Sports Illustrated.
- Bruno Giordano—If I got me some brains.

But the real question of the evening was whether or not tests should be substituted for teaching. After heated debate the problem was resolved when Miss Marilyn Fitzpatrick, originator of the idea, delivered her summation. Miss Fitzpatrick has spent the last few months observing the Stamford Public High Schools, and her conclusion was:

"The way the schools are conducted now, I can't see any difficulty in implementing the proposed plan to substitute testing for teaching. After all, that is really the way school is operated now."

MOON ROCKS

Danger from the Sky

by Clark Kent

Ever since the astronauts of Apollo 11 brought back the first moon rocks, we have been assured that every possible precaution has been taken to make sure that these rocks are harmless to man. Everyone has been carefully quarantined and studied, and we have been told that they are absolutely safe. But, it seems that NASA scientists have overlooked or perhaps hushed up, a theory which, if true, poses grave consequences for the fate of mankind.

An article which appeared in the SCIENTIFIC WEEKLY JOURNAL (Dec. 1972), reveals that Dr. Claude Acheson of Santa Monica college has documented evidence which proves that the moon rocks have been behind a series of strange and seemingly unconnected events.

Dr. Acheson's investigation began when strange things started to happen around the college, after one of the moon rocks was sent there on loan from the Houston Space Center. Paint began to flake from the ceiling of the newly painted Parker Science Hall. The water bottles on the mouse cages had to be refilled twice a day instead of the usual every other day. A small crime wave started, and thefts from dormitory rooms increased. And a record amount of rainfall was recorded in the area for a period which was later discovered to correspond closely to the time of the moon rocks stay at S.M.C.

Dr. Acheson expanded his investigation by writing to colleagues at other universities, asking for details of any unusual occurrences. Dr. Acheson reported that his office was "swamped with replies". We were getting as many as thirty or forty pieces of mail a day.

From a small town near Boston, Mass. came a report that a statue of Paul Revere, which had stood for over 150

(Continued on page 6, col. 2)

The Adventures of Joe Student

by Kevin Myler

I awoke bright and early and jumped out of bed ready to greet the new day. I showered, got dressed, ate breakfast, and still had time before I had to leave for school, so I sat down and read ahead in my history book.

Arriving at school I went to my locker and entered homeroom at precisely 7:55 as I do every day. First period was a breeze, I had done all my homework so all I had to do was sit and listen. Second period was study hall and I read over notes that I had taken the day before. Third and fourth periods were spent doing a Physics Lab. My experiment was a success and I got an A. I went to Calculus class fifth period. We had a test on Chapters 10-12 involving the first and second derivatives and differentials. No sweat, I knew the material backwards and forwards.

Lunch period was nice and peaceful, I had plenty of time to eat my lunch and engage in quiet conversation with my friends. I went to sixth period where I gave a very well-organized, indepth oral report on "The Importance of Mass Communications in the Modern World." I got an A, of course. Seventh period, English Class, passed quickly. I handed in a book report and spent the rest of the period actively participating in a class discussion.

After school, I went to the library to do research for a history paper. Then I walked home to hit the books, preparing for another successful day of learning.

Vested Interest

by Amorel Sessa

Here at Stamford High School there is a problem that has been around almost ever since the school had a cafeteria. This problem is that the students who finish early with their lunches and go upstairs before their wave does. After countless suggestions made by the members of the faculty, there is now a solution.

Sometime in the near future, during your 5th period class, you will receive a vest (Similar to the ones you used to wear in gym) with a number on it. The number tells everybody what wave you eat on. And if by some rare chance the numbers wear off, each wave will also have pastel colors.

So far, one rule has been made for this new dress code at SHS. Any student who goes for 7 or more days in one quarter without wearing a vest (And without a signed note from home with a suitable excuse like "Daniel was not wearing his vest today as our dog chewed it and it needs repairs") will automatically flunk lunch.

Black Knight of the Month

CHIP WENTWORTH

by Chris Barnett

The Knightlight shines this month on a tennis star. He is, in the words of his coach, "one of the sweetest fellas you'd ever want to meet and has one of the best forehands this guy has seen in a long while". In case you are still in the dark as to the identity of this Wimbledon wizard, he is Chip Wentworth.

"Chipper", as he is affectionately known, commented that tennis is "numero uno" in his heart. I asked him how he got his start in the game. He replied that he learned it the hard way, from the clay jungles of Wee Burn to the Woodway Country Club.

His philosophy on tennis is summed up in this inspiring quote, "A winner never loses and a loser never wins".

But tennis is not his only interest. After school Chipper opens up his yacht in Greenwich Harbor to children bused over from the Stamford Yacht Club. There he allows them to experience something they may never have gotten an opportunity to do otherwise. He also enjoys Broadway, traveling aboard, and listening to fine music. His favorite groups are Perry Como, The Boston Pops, Nat King Cole, and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

On the subject of what to do following graduation Chip was undecided whether to enter the Harvard Law School or to join the Pro-Tennis tour.

His ideas on Stamford High are that there should be more students from the "ridges" because out of 2300 only 400 are. Chip also thinks that although this school does offer many courses and activities there are not enough designed to interest his peers. "We are always shunted off and regulated to such activities as the Student Advisory Board, Ski Club, and the Swim team. Or such courses as Calculus, A.P. French, or Senior Seminar by the administration. Of his idols the first to come to his mind were Dupont Chemical Company, Billy Graham, and of course the rest of the Nixon team.

Mercedes Benz is what he wants for Christmas. When queried as to which teacher is the most compassionate in this school he replied "Mrs. [redacted]" (Mrs. [redacted] recently took a leave of absence due to pregnancy).

When asked what some of the other things his group doesn't like about SHS he said, "There should be more music for us on the P.A. in the morning, we don't like to come to school and hear music we don't enjoy".

After this interview I have learned a great deal about a

MOON ROCKS (Con't from p. 3)
years, fell over one night in July of 1969 for no apparent reason.

A crack mysteriously developed in a dam on the Kahulawassee River. And a whole orchard of orange trees was mysteriously destroyed one night, just 30 miles from Cape Kennedy.

"But", says Dr. Acheson, "These are just local phenomenon, and though they are a great help to us in this project, what we are really looking for is the connection between the moon rocks and national or even world-wide events or trends." This is the most frightening part of the report, the great number of national occurrences which have happened after the arrival of the moon rocks.

Dr. Acheson and his team of scientists have compiled a list of unusual phenomenon which they have already shown to have a direct link with the extra-terrestrial minerals. It is a very disturbing list. Some of the more important events on it: —the infestation of the New England states by moths, over the past several summers.

—the high death rate among public figures, such as Jackie Robinson, Harry S. Truman, Michael James Brody, Lyndon Johnson, Wally Cox, and Edward G. Robinson.

—the winning of the world series by the New York Mets, which occurred some three months after the rocks arrival —the strange weather being experienced by the Northern Hemisphere, which has brought unusually warm weather to the north and cold weather as far south as Florida.

—the many instances of multiple murders all across the country.

—the end of the Vietnam war. —the demise of many large, important magazines and newspapers, such as LIFE, and the HERALD TRIBUNE.

Dr. Acheson ascribes these occurrences to the effects of the imbalance that now exists between the earth and the moon. "Since time immemorial, the moon has exerted a gravitational pull on the earth, which can be readily seen in the action of the tides. But even the theory held in the Middle Ages that the moon has some effect on the mind of man, seems completely plausible in the light of this investigation," says Dr. Acheson. "They had the right word for it, it seems, lunacy, which comes from the Latin word, moon. It's entirely possible that these people from the Middle Ages were not quite as ignorant as we previously thought."

Dr. Acheson explains that, even though only about 200 pounds of these rocks are present on the earth, it is enough to tip a scale which has been balanced for centuries. This imbalance or False Sublunary Equipoise as Dr. Acheson and his team have dubbed it, has caused most of the phenomenon to occur along the Eastern seaboard where most of the rocks are located.

NASA has been significantly silent on Dr. Acheson's report,

spokesman admitted that they were aware of the study but called it "ridiculous". When told of this, Dr. Acheson's reply was, "It should be quite obvious to anyone why the government would seek to cover up any information of this kind." There is no doubt in my mind that those moon rocks are responsible for a great many strange events which have taken place, or are about to take place, all over the world. They are a menace to mankind and I call upon the United States of America to organize some sort of project to return these alien rocks to where they came from. Until such time as they are returned, humanity is in grave danger."

Betta Betta

B.S.

by Pollyanna

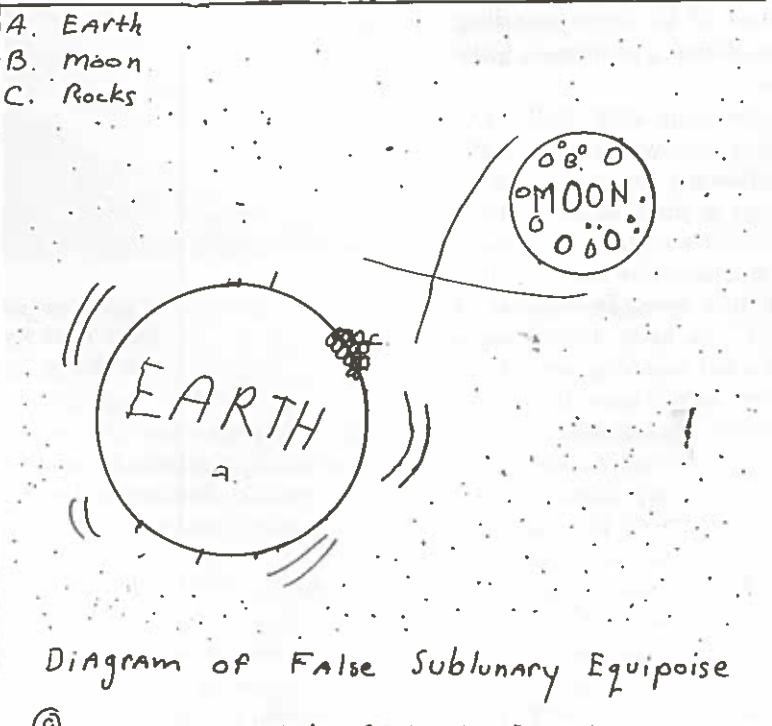
How many of you girls haven't joined a club this year? Well, the time has come for anyone who has been left out of the fun and opportunities to join the best club in SHS.

Our club, the Betta Betta Betta Society, is open to all girls 5 foot 2, with red hair and blue eyes. Those are the only requirements. Everyone fitting those qualifications will be welcomed with open arms.

During the year, we are planning to perform many projects, such as supporting a wayward orphan in Brooklyn and a clothing drive for the poor in Beverly Hills. Isn't that keen?

Meetings are held every six months, or so, at the home of one of our members. We devote some time to our projects, but the most important events are activities for the pleasure of the members, trips to Disneyland, the circus, and Playland take up most of the agenda.

Sounds like fun, doesn't it? So, any girl who meets our reasonable requirements, now is the time to sign up. See our president, Suzy Creamcheese, in Room 618 today! A note to our members: Our yearbook pictures will be taken next Tuesday. Be sure to wear your pink sweaters, plaid skirts and blue hair ribbons. Uniformity is a must!



Kicked Again

By Lord and Taylor

I had never in my entire seventeen years on this earth won anything, so I remember that day very clearly. It was very early in the afternoon on February 14, Valentines day. I received a pass from my sixth period class to report to Room 205 for a meeting with the ROUNDTABLE staff. To my surprise I found out that I was the lucky winner of "a date with the Homecoming queen contest," sponsored by the imaginative communications class. I suddenly realized that I had bought a ticket earlier last month. Now I was a winner, or was I? Well at least I had a date, which I had very few of in the past.

The homecoming queen seemed to be a very pretty, intelligent girl. I was told that I was to pick her up that Friday night at 7:30, and we were to see the movie of her choice.

Well, Friday was soon here, and of course I was a nervous wreck. I had decided to buy her a corsage, after all she was a queen and nothing was too good for her majesty.

As I approached her front door, I tried to preview the evening in my head. I knew exactly how I was going to act. I rang the front doorbell, and two seconds later, there she stood. She was wearing a long red dress and a glittering gold crown—just like in her pictures! Boy was I excited. I handed her the corsage and she seemed tickled to death. I offered to pin it on her, and I almost had it on when she sighed, "Oh, you pinched me," and a tiny tear trickled down her soft snow white cheek. At that point I knew I had a real winner on my hands. She placed a white cape over her shoulders and we were off! I opened the door of my tiny VW, and watched her carefully climb in. Before I could warn her, her crown was tumbling to the ground, knocked loose by the doorway of the car. Little did I know that proved to be the high point of the evening. Her choice of movie was, "Snoopy Come Home." So we went to the line, which extended from one corner to the other that was

made up of children the oldest of whom was about 6½. Was I in for fun. The audience was a mixture of high strung temperamental youngsters, popcorn throwing rude brats, and of course a Queen. When Snoopy was turned away from his house, tears again came to her eyes. Finally we were forced to leave because the great dramatic impact of the show was too upsetting for her. It was none too soon for me. I was getting tired of dodging squished raisenets. Climbing into the car was done without incident. We proceeded, at the request of the queen to Baskin Robbins ice cream parlor. She was determined to order a chocolate sundae with banana icecream. At that point I decided not to order anything. She efficiently gobbled down the mess without even smudging her ruby lips. By the time she was finished, her flower had wilted and she said she had to be in by 10:00. On the way home she rested her head on the seat and fell asleep. After all, we had had a big night. As I pulled in her driveway, she awakened. She said she was happily dreaming of Snoopy. I was happy for her. I walked her to the door and trying not to make the evening a total loss bent over to give her a good night kiss. She stopped me saying that she was very much in love with a West Point Cadet who loved Snoopy and banana ice-cream. Oh well, kicked again! I didn't like banana ice-cream anyway. Maybe next time I can win a date with the Prom Queen and really be in for a swell time.

Munch No More

by Amy Peterman
and Bindy Ward

The Stamford High Media Center (library) has a new policy. No one will be allowed in the library possessing a lunch either outside or inside his stomach. This was arrived at by the library staff who have stated that food in the library attracts bugs.

The policy, called the Book-Bug Plan, will be enforced as of April 10, 1973, machines are being installed outside the upper and lower levels to X-Ray the body before entrance. The doors have been mechanized and will remain locked if any food is detected.

The LAB (Librarians Against Bugs) feel that this plan will be more effective than the previous one. Until bag on his person but there were too many violations of this rule. The newer stringent regulations should curb the hordes of cockroaches presently inhabiting the media center.

The Librarians have agreed to comply with the rule. On April 10 they will begin fasting. Nurses will be stationed outside the library in the event of any fainting or unpleasantness



Clarence Award

JAMES PALLEY

by Ralph Edwards

A special April Fool's issue of *THE ROUNDTABLE* calls for a special April Fool's Clarence Award. In the opinion of *THE ROUNDTABLE* staff there is only one person qualified to receive this award—the one and only Mr. James Palley. (We had intended to wait until the June issue in order to avoid any reper cussions that might result from the presentation of this award, but the April Fool's issue seemed too appropriate to pass up.)

Mr. Palley is in charge of the writing of this newspaper (a distinction which in itself makes him Clarence material) and is also very involved in other student activities such as the Ski Club and the Thespian Society. (Incidentally, there is no truth to the rumor that Mr. Palley, because of his money-handling experiences in the Ski Club, has been offered a position as Chief Security Officer for a Swiss bank.)

"Fearless Leader" as he is know to those on *THE ROUNDTABLE* staff, has the unique ability to communicate with students on their own level. The following incident is a good example of this ability. The members of the Communications class (home of *THE ROUNDTABLE*) were sitting around in their usual informal manner. A few students were sitting around Mr. Palley's desk conversing with him when the subject of music arose. Suddenly, "The Pistol", as he is affectionately known in the Print Shop, produced a red and blue kazoo from his desk drawer and began "kazooing" a little tune. Just at this time, Mrs. White, head of the English department and Mr. Palley's immediate superior, walked into the room. Mr. Palley looked up to see Mrs. White standing in front of his desk and gave one last, rather unenthusiastic and slightly flat "toot" on the old kazoo before turning a radiant red and hastily returning it to his desk drawer. The Communications class, struggling to recover from an acute case of hysterical laughter, then witnessed a strange phenomenon: an almost complete lack of communication between an English teacher and a Communications teacher, neither of whom seemed to be able to say



A pert and perky member of the English department, Mr. Palley has never been known for nor is ever likely to be known for, his musical ability.

Mr. Palley also has one or two other weak points in communication, particularly in rooms 365 and 106. (He makes frequent and often unfruitful visits to both of these rooms prior to the time of publication of any issue of the newspaper.)

The staff of *THE ROUNDTABLE* firmly believes in a "Do unto others" policy and having "done unto others" all year, we feel that we should do unto ourselves. So, Mr. Palley, the April Fool's Clarence Award goes not only to you, our Fearless Leader, but to ourselves as well, *THE ROUNDTABLE* staff

TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS.

Dominoes, Gin Rummy, Tennis, Ball-Room Dancing, Hangman, Parcheesi, Religion, Chess, Checkers, Cat's Cradle, Tic-tac-toe, Dueling, Sex, and Layout.

Love without irritation is just lust. You may always be right but I know everything.



Knight Light

SUZY

CREAMCHEESE

A.F.S.

Everyone!

by Warren Pease

by Phyllis Coates

Suzy Creamcheese, this month's Knight Light personality is a cheerleader, class secretary, library aid, and member of Sing Out. Suzy also belongs to many school clubs and is a member of the Shirley Temple Fan Club. Suzy idolizes "Miss Temple" (as she calls her) and has been taking tap dancing lessons since the age of two. She spends most of her spare time with her adopted brother, a Vietnamese orphan, and her adopted sister, an underprivileged Indian from New Mexico.

Asked if there were any changes she'd like to see made in the school, Suzy answered, "Golly no, I think the school is just dandy."

This active young lady does not devote all her time to her family and school activities; she loves the Osmond Brothers and has seen every concert appearance they have ever made. "I'd travel anywhere to see Donny." Suzy also enjoys David Cassidy and Andy Williams.

After high school Suzy plans to attend UCLA. She has not decided exactly what courses she wants to take, though she feels UCLA is a "super" school and has a lot to offer. Suzy has no other plans for the future but hopes to be happy always.

As this interview came to a close, Suzy told me that she would like to have everyone be her friend. So don't be surprised if one day, when you least expect it, a curly-haired blond comes up to you and says, "Hi, I'm Suzy Creamcheese."



HORROR SCOPE

CAPRICORN (the goat)-Beware of the lonely goatherds in the "Sound of Music" article. Also sometime during this month you will find yourself on the horns of a dilemma.

AQUARIUS (the water bearer)-you have a heavy burden to bear but don't get into a lather over it, its just water over the falls. Also watch out for false friends...they may leave you high and dry.

TAURUS (the bull)-you've got to take the bull by the horns don't try to side step your problem. Even though this advice may make you see red it isn't just so much...

CANCER (the crab)-Try to keep from receding into your shell. It is your time to howl. Keep your cool, don't be grouchy or some of your friends may arm themselves to the teeth.

SAGITTARIUS (the archer)-don't horse around this month. It could mean trouble. And if it does you don't want to wind up on the short end.

PISCES (the fish)-something around school will smell fishy in May. You will have something to celebrate but stay away from liquor you may get stewed to the gills and find yourself in hot water.

LEO (the lion)-false courage may be your downfall. Pride is your "Mane" fault and you see yourself as a king. Good news in April though.

LIBRA (the scales)- you will make an important decision this summer but be sure to weigh both sides of the issue. **VIRGO** (the virgin)-nothing as usual.

GEMINI (the twins)-you will be very busy during the next few weeks. So much that you may see double. But hang loose or you will seem like twice as much work. Minnesota is the state for you.

SCORPIO (the scorpion)-you've a 'tail' to tell but try to refrain. You may wind up worse off in the end. You will receive a poison-pen letter.

ARIES (the ram)-don't butt your head against the wall but change with the times. You may find yourself in Los Angeles over your next vacation.

Charlie Chair

Not by the hair on my chinie, chin, chin.

This is a story about a chair. It was a wonderful, strong chair, with all the makings of greatness.

Our story begins with Charlie sitting in Ferdinand's Furniture Store, contemplating his beginnings. He, (I call him he because, did you ever hear of a female chair called Charlie?) had begun as a tree in an enchanted forest about 500 years ago. One day a woodsman wandered into the grove in search of an enchanted tree with which to make a chair. As it so happens the man could not find his prize, so he sat down and thought, "O great Father, will thou leadest me to my quest", and sure enough a dwarf (named Dwarf) appeared. (Of course, no good enchanted forest can be without a dwarf, can it?) He told the woodsman where to find his tree and sure enough, by nightfall he was sitting in a freshly made chair by the campfire, smoking one of those funny cigarettes.

The woodsman was good to Charlie, but everyone has their drawbacks. He would come home at night, after the big buffalo hunt and retire to a night of sitting by the fireplace. This was alright, mind you, but after rolling around in buffalo chips all day long it didn't go well with the atmosphere. So, Charlie had to move on and by selling and trading and being sold again Charlie ended up at Ferdinand's.

Charlie was then interrupted in his thoughts by a customer coming into the store, what do you suppose he wanted, a chair? Well, you're wrong! It was a hold-up man and he robbed Ferdinand's of everything. Ferdinand put up a good struggle for Charlie and his other chair friends but got shot doing it. Now Ferd is dead. It was nice to own you thought Charlie.

"What a drag" thought Charlie, "Now I'll be sold again", But to whom, he wondered. Reminiscing back to past owners he came across the thought of Bertha Big. She was one of the Butt sisters and the thought of the impending doom when her great big posterior came down upon him, crushing his eyeball terrified him. "Get off my eye, Jack!" yelled Charlie. But she didn't hear. (Besides, who ever heard of a talking chair?).

"I hate being a chair", Charlie always complained, "there is no room for change, and not much hope for social mobility. Because my legs are bent". "I've always wanted to be a fish, so that I can swim the oceans and make it with a mussel, or get some angle-fish."

"O Lord," thought Charlie "Why can't I be a fish? Will you please make me a fish?" And guess who appeared? That freaky dwarf again, always popping in and out of places. He took Charlie down to pier 49 and dumped him off into the Bay.

A strong current carried Charlie into the sea and he became an enchanted fish. What a happy day, thought Charlie.

But this story has a sad ending, as it turns out officers Joe Friday and Bill Gannon busted the dwarf for dumping trash into the Bay and indecent exposure, and also for looking kind of weird. Our hero Charlie ended up as Bumble Bee tuna fish.

The moral of this story is the next time you open a can of tuna

Name the Contest

Buy U.S. Savings bonds

I suppose you all remember some of the contests the ROUNDTABLE has sponsored in the past: "Name the Black Knight Contest" and "The Clarence Award." In this month's issue we bring to you, the reader, a contest in which you may take a personal part. It is the "Name the Contest" contest. Yes, here is your chance to submit the contest of your dreams. Be it "Win a Date With the Homecoming Queen," or "What 'is' the Significance of Chaucer?"; everyone who enters will have the same chance to win. So, get involved in your school and the activities it offers and take advantage of this trial offer.

The staff will be the judge. All entries will be kept strictly confidential and in the case of duplication rewards will be given to no one. In our next exciting issue look for a sequel contest, the "Name the Prize" contest. Winners will be notified by registered Carrier Pigeon. Send all entries to: The "Name the Contest" Contest Room 205, Roundtable Staff

BLAH

by Georgette Pommegrante

According to popular belief, there have been some very strange happenings among the faculty at SHS.

Take, for example, the lady who used to occupy a first floor room and secretly left for Holland; Was it due to the rumor that her red sparkle shoes starred in the "Wizard of Oz"? (Makes for interesting meditation.)

Could it also be true that a certain English teacher is rumored to be in training to be an Army Sargent in his spare time.) What about school time? Speaking of English teachers, another has been seen a lot at a certain bar just over the Greenwich line. Also, carry-out drinks have been brought back to the rest of the English Department. (Mostly Coke and Ginger Ale.)

And what about the Math teacher who has lately been visiting her phyciatrist because of repeated visions of y-mx-b and xa-1/2bh. Not to mention her shrink (who in reality is a member of the Art Department. Ever see the skeleton in his closet?)

Just enough time for a few quickies. Does JP lead a double life? Is JM the author of Every thing You Always Wanted to Know About Belittling People? Will GS paint his own bulletin board? Is DS getting an ulcer from period 5? Will SD ever give out an A in "American Studies"? And last (but least?), will I be around to write

Un "Ant"agonistic

by Dawn Jalet

We are proud to announce that this month's Dubious Sports Award goes to the centerfielder of the 1973 Boy's Baseball Team, for his creative and original use of the interim between pitches.

Last week this reporter, equipped with pen and pad, and hungry for a good scoop, ventured into the crowd of fans perched on the promontory overlooking the SHS baseball field. This game being only a scrimmage, I did not expect to find the players in top form. The infield was merely blah as far as I could see.

Quickly I scanned the outfield with my sonoculars, (Special brand of binoculars available only on presentation of \$5.98 American or the equivalent in SHS hall passes) expecting to find it in the same state as the infield. Suddenly something caught my eye. Squatted in the regular waiting position of an outfielder was Milton Marry-young. Instead of the usual "no-batter—strike 'em out", my supersensitive sonoculars picked up the sounds of square dancing music and cries of "Alemande Left!"

I was determined to dig deeper into this unusual phenomenon. After the game, which they had won 4-3 in the tenth on Scot Free's double, I caught him on his way to the locker room. I asked him to please explain what was going on out there in centerfield!

Proudly he led me out to his spot in the outfield. "I'm surprised no one else noticed it," he told me. (I then explained to him about my supersensitive sonoculars.)

We reached centerfield and he checked to see that there was no one else in sight. Tapping his foot three times, he announced proudly, "You are now about to see the one and only Square Dancing Ants!"

I controlled myself by refraining from laughing with disbelief. As he continued tapping his foot, the square-dancing music increased, and a tiny group of ants emerged.

"Square your sets!", declared Milt. The ants obediently did so. As we stood and watched, the ants performed many dances, from "the basket" to "the Virginia Reel."

Seeing that I did not understand what was going on, he explained that between each pitch and batter he had trained these remarkable ants to do every kind of square dance possible.

"That's fantastic!", I exclaimed to him. He beamed proudly, and it was then that I decided to present him with the Dubious Sports Award for April.

Milty, a sophomore who will be graduating in 1975, is definitely a great asset to our team, both in athletic talent and his square dance calling talents. Congratulations to you Milton, and your band of square

TRI-SCHOOL CO-OP LEGAL FIX ANNOUNCED

by "Whizzer"

Much has been written in the past few years about Stamford's schoolboy teams failure to dominate the conference as they traditionally had. This failure has in part been attributed to the opening of first Rippowam and then Westhill high schools which split the available talent first in halves and then in thirds.

Since it is inevitable that one third of a town's athletes will not be as successful as the entire talent pool would be, if they all attended the same school, sportscasters and reporters alike have concluded that Stamford's days as number one F.C.I.A.C. power are over. Norwalk, with two high schools, and Danbury and Greenwich with one, should be the dominant teams of the future.

However, a reliable source has informed this reporter that this is not to be. Stamford will once again rule the roost when the new Board of Education policy on athletics is instituted in time for the 1973-74 school year. This policy called the "Vince Lombardi Doctrine" stresses the importance of winning not only in the classroom, but also on the playing field. Losing does not build character, it creates losers. Since the Board of Education does not want to be accused of graduating students

accustomed to losing, this plan was designed to preclude that eventuality.

According to the "Lombardi Doctrine", student athletes would be concentrated in one school for that particular season. For example, if this year were to be Stamford High's basketball year, Doug Davis, Dale McNeil and Enoch Gainer would be attending Stamford High from October through February; if this were to be Westhill's football year, John Weber, Mickey Haggerty and Curt Kole would have attended Westhill from September through November; likewise, if Rippowam's baseball team was to be number one, the top players from both Westhill and Stamford High would be Warriors from March through May. The three major sports will be rotated among the three schools so that each year one will dominate in each sport. Other sports will not be affected by this rule since the big three are obviously more important to both the school and community.

For 1973-74 Westhill is scheduled to have football, Stamford High, basketball, and Rippowam, baseball. Students selected to participate will be notified before the end of the school year. The remaining athletes will make up the teams of their respective schools.

Although their chances of winning will be markedly reduced, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have contributed to the revitalization of Stamford's athletic program.

This program will also provide much more playing time for the second rate players. Since the first string will be all at one school, those boys who would normally be relegated to the bench will be able to play at the remaining schools.

The academic problems that may result from students shifting schools during the year will be handled by a special tutorial committee made up of teachers at the three schools who will be relieved from half their teaching loads to work with the student-athletes. The teachers have agreed to this since it is evident that the entire school system will benefit from this shared learning experience.

In spite of small problems that may arise, both the schools and the community can look forward to winning teams in the future. It is apparent that the thrills of victory will overshadow any difficulties encountered in the implementation of this program. After all, when your team is winning, there's harmony in the locker room and music in the air!

It's "Cott" to be Good

by "Whizzer"

Depleted by graduation, the Stamford High School basketball team's future looked rather grim when the season ended. Although the return of Garn and Ernie Cobb was assured, the loss of Cutter, McIntyre, Jones and Owens might have proved to be fatal to the record six straight tourney qualifiers.

However, a source close to the team has revealed that a third Cobb, one much better than the two already here is transferring to S.H.S. from the Walker school in Simsbury, Connecticut. His name is C.O.T. Cobb and he goes 6'8" 230 lbs. He has been selected for all New England prep school team for the past two years and All-American prepster this past season. What makes his transfer to our squad so exciting is the fact that "Cot", as his friends call him, is only 14 years old and will be entering the ninth grade in September. His abilities are so exceptional that sportswriters all over the country are calling him the most phenomenal athlete since Ty Cobb (a distant relative).

Jim Cobb, former S.H.S. athlete and student at Dartmouth College had this to say about his cousin, "He stuffed me practically through the basket when we played one on one, and you know that I'm no slouch of the hardwoods."

Coach Alswanger could not be reached for comment because ever since he heard the news all he keeps repeating is, "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins." Over and over. It's rather distracting. He also jumps up in the air a lot.

Assistant Coach Jerry Neitlich, speaking for the coaching staff said "Any boy can try out for the team and if he can make the squad he's welcome. However," he added, "We can't make any final decisions until we see the films."

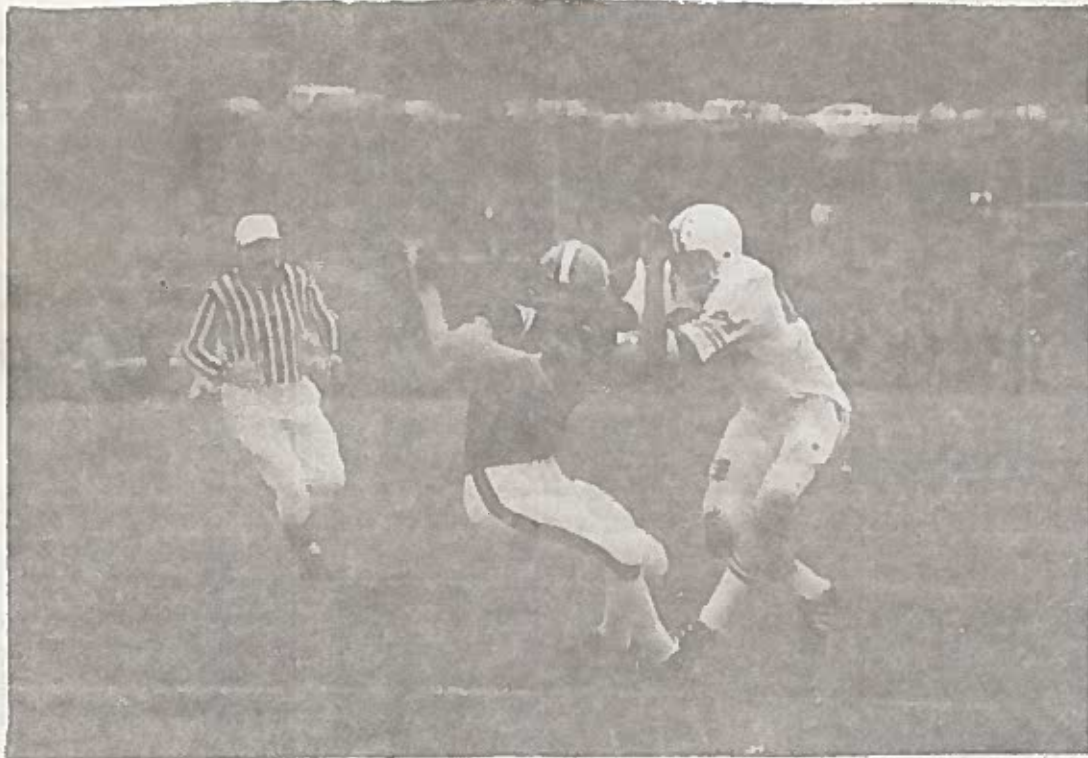
In spite of the reservations regarding his ability to make it in the tough F.C.I.A.C., "Cot" Cobb will be a welcome addition to the Black Knight roundballers. It's kind of nice to have another Cobb around. Kind of makes you feel at home.

A Lotta Bull

After bouncing off 220-pound Greg (Bull) Luzinski twice last season, Larry Bowa, the 160-pound shortstop of the Philadelphia Phillies, is trying to work out a system of avoiding collisions with his muscular left fielder on pop flies.

He suggested that Luzinski wear a bell around his neck. "The first sound he hears, Larry peels off," complained Luzinski in Clearwater, Fla., where the team is training. "I can't yell 'you take it,' because the first sound he hears, he's leaving."

Bowa maintains it is impossible to see the ball while his life is flashing through his mind.



PLATTER CHATTER

This month's supergroup, has not yet attracted the mass audience of the Rolling Stones Alice Cooper, but is just as unique in its own right.

Headed by lead guitarest Earache Clapton, they have been met by rave reviews every where they have played. In Brussels, just weeks after their triumphant tour, fan clubs sprouted up all over the city. The only bummer on their trip was a fire at Wounded Knee

where they forgot to charter a bus to take them to their next concert, and they had to spend the night there. Man, were they red-faced! They later made peace with the promoters and buried the hatchet.

Along with drummer Pete Best and organist Billy Preston, Earache has created a sound which will never be duplicated. Using an intricate and technical system of notes known only to themselves and novice piano students they have contrived to make the world a nicer place and they, the leaders of a small South American country. Besides their interest in music

clothing business, but at best it is only a vested interest.

As soon as their newest album hits the charts Pete and Billy hope to retire to a rubber plantation which they purchased on a lay-away plan, an affair they'd hoped to keep secret. Earache, after retirement, wants to try to get into the publishing business. He would like to try his hand at writing ghost stories at his riverside home in Erie, Penn.

Until that time though, they will continue to write and record for their fans and their bookies, who see neither the humor in this article nor in non-