



EMERALD ISLE ESCAPADES

GUYS

AND

DOLLS

Thespians Travel to Ireland

by Chris Barnett, Ace Reporter

"We're going to Ireland to perform Summertree?" That was my first reaction to the news of our trip. The Irish Tourist Board had asked us, the cast of Summertree, Lisa Stafford, Pat Cognetta, Beverly Robotti, Paul Soloman, Frits Olsen, and I, to bring our play to the land of blarney.

The next weeks found Mr. Viti, our director, busily engaged in making the proper preparations. There were passports to obtain, equipment to requisition, and theaters to contact. As the time before departure grew short we began rehearsals of our play. All went well, lines and cues once thought to be forgotten, now returned. Summertree became second nature, like license plate numbers or batting averages. The day before we left was spent checking and rechecking our luggage and tickets, and occasionally pinching each other...not for the usual reason but to remind ourselves that we were really going to see Ireland.

The trip to Kennedy, where we were to catch our plane, was fraught with nervous conversation which continues until we boarded our flight.

"New York, Boston, Shannon, and Dublin.", drawled the loudspeaker. The chatter subsided as we left the earth for the sky and we all took the time for one final thought of home. Our ocean trip took eight hours. We disembarked in Dublin at 12:30 PM and we were led to a waiting bus. Here we found 17 bodies competing for the space that 12 bodies usually fill. This was an omen.

Our bus driver took the scenic route, it's amazing how rural Dublin really is, passing cow pasture after cow pasture. But soon the aroma of newly composted manure was replaced by that of automobile exhaust. We were relieved because although the quality of the air



Presently we were deposited at the entrance of our "home away from home", the Ormond Hotel. Here we were overwhelmed by the trouble the Irish Tourist Board, here after known as either Board Falte or "those ++&!\$&", had taken to expose us to both the urban hustle and bustle and the rural hominess of the Emerald Isles. Our hotel was situated on the second busiest boulevard in Dublin and beside it lay the asparagus green River Liffy.

Monday found us traveling across Ireland, to Claremorris where we were to perform in a drama competition, on a Silverline bus. In contrast to our last time on a bus we now had a vehicle that seated, comfortably, 55, while our whole party consisted of only eleven, the cast, Gina Kraut, Mr. James Palley, Miss Barbara McGil, and Mr. Viti.

The country side was breathtaking and we spent many happy moments all during our trip fiddling with our instamatics and 35mm's.

We arrived in Claremorris at 7:30 PM, to find that the adjudicator expected a one act play rather than a two hour full

"The big time", and altho we had a few problems with props, cues, and dialogue, we acquitted ourselves quite well and did finish well in the competition.

Tuesday found us traveling across Ireland on our Silverline bus. We stopped many times to satisfy our photographic appetites. When we got back to the Ormond, in Dublin, we found that we were no longer to receive two meals a day. Breakfast was to be the only meal served.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we all went our separate ways. Some to go horseback riding or shopping or simply sightseeing. Personally I chose the latter and, along with Mr. Palley, saw a great deal of what Dublin had to offer travelers: Trinity College, Dublin Castle, Four courts, Jocko's Carry-out, Christ's Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and, on Wednesday, we saw King Oedipus at the famous Abbey Theater and had a chance to meet the actors backstage.

The weather was exceptional during our week in Dublin, never failing to be seasonally warm and very sunny.

Saturday, our last full day on the Emerald Isles, we decided to

Abbey Tavern (Author's note: there must be something about the name Abbey, everything is referred to as the "famous Abbey"...), a singing tavern. The remainder of the daylight hours were spent doing a final bit of sightseeing and purchasing any souvenirs we wished to bring back to the States.

That night we all took a double-decker municipal bus to Hoth where the tavern was. The exterior of the building was rustic and typical of all the rest of the Irish architecture. Our table, like all the others in the room, was hewn from oak and looked like it had been pilfered from the set of the MGM movie "Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest". We ate dinner and sang along with the traditional Irish ensemble, again training the camera's eye on everything and everyone we found nptable. On the bus back to our hotel we were still singing, glowing from the evening of fine food and entertainment.

When we returned the whole cast and the advisors crammed into the room which Gina, Lisa, and Beverly used. There we held an impromptu Easter service. Afterwards we all went back to

For five nights standing ovations greeted the hard-working cast of "Guys & Dolls" last month. "Guys & Dolls" was perhaps the largest musical that SHS has ever done. It was performed, under the director of Joseph Downey, on May 11, 12 and 13, and held over to a second weekend of May 18 and 19.

In April the production was still unorganized and chaotic due to the extremely large cast. But when Mr. Downey took over direction, the show shaped up enormously.

The audience loved it especially during the song "Take Back Your Mink" when Miss Adelaide (Sandy Johnson and Dyan Aretakis) led her Hot Boy Dancers into the audience, and onto male laps.

Gina Kraut who played Sarah Brown three nights choreographed Miss Adelaide's dances—along with the rest of the dances. Also enjoyed by the audience was the big Crap Shooters dance which had almost all the male cast members dancing in it.

The star-crossed lovers in "Guys & Dolls" are Miss Adelaide and Nathan Detroit (Pat Cognetta), and Sarah Brown (Gina Kraut and Stephanie Zavras) and Sky Masterson (Mike Morris). The late 40's show, well played by the student actors, is a representation of gangsters in New York.

The cast, which includes a male and female chorus, a mission band, the Hot Boy Dancers, and gangsters is led through the confusion of the plot in order to fulfill a bet made in the outset of the play, by Nathan Detroit and Sky Masterson. Masterson is notorious for betting "as high as the sky" and Detroit needs a grand so he can hold his "permanent floating crap game of New York". The bet is that Masterson cannot ask Miss Brown, of the save-a-sou mission, out to dinner in Cuba So, the plot thickens.

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GRAPHIC ARTS - THE STAMFORD FORUM

COLLAGE PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF "FLASHBACK"

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All unsigned editorials represent the expressed opinions of this newspaper. From time to time guest editorials will appear. These will be signed and are solely the opinions of the author, unless otherwise specified.

All replies to editorials and letters to the Editors should be placed in the "Letters to the Editor" box in Room 205. Letters must be typed, double spaced and submitted not later than three weeks prior to publication. Names will be withheld upon request. No unsigned letters will be accepted.

Point of view: by Walter Dembowski

There is a movement afoot throughout the colleges and universities of the country to remove the classics from their curricula—a cry for relevancy that is regrettably filtering down into the high schools, including our own Stamford High. And I object—strongly.

Crime, war, drugs—the newspaper delivered to your home tonight will no doubt abound in such stories. And yet, these subjects have been around a long time, and people have written about them with an insight worth studying. *Crime and Punishment* pursues crime from various angles; *The Red Badge of Courage* paints one boy's experiences with war; *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* details the horrible results of a doctor's experiments with drugs. And, I dare say, a goodly number of "modern day" topics, with the possible exceptions of water pollution, nuclear devastation and television re-runs, all have "spokesmen" from out of the past.

"What's the use of reading some old book, anyhow?" is a common enough question. And it deserves an answer, which I am only partly equipped to provide. First off, the classics still serve as one of the easiest ways going to learn history—not so much the date-event type history, but rather attitude, way of life, cause and effect. *A Tale of Two Cities* is an unparalleled study of the French Revolution and its aftermath, while the prologue to *The Canterbury Tales* parades a panorama of medieval characters before the reader. *Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn* paint the Mississippi life a century ago, and others, but the bulk is still understandable and well worth the effort—both for meaning and style. And, this I offer purely as an afterthought, maybe, just maybe, if the student of today has difficulties understanding a Shakespeare or a Dickens, it's not because he wrote weirdly, but rather that our own language has decayed a little.

Let this be clearly understood—despite my pro-classic zeal, I am far from anti-modern. I avidly devour mysteries and science fiction and can often be found reading Wodehouse, Bradbury, Hailey, Stone, Uris and similar authors. But, my point is this. Without wishing to slight the writers of today, I must declare that most recent books are not "deep", in the sense that there is little present in the works that a reader could not pick up on his own. Add to this the fact that an average person, whether student or adult, will, if given a choice, enter a library and emerge with any number of modern books anyhow, while the classics are left to fend for themselves. The logical conclusion, then, would seem to be that school would be the ideal place to expose students to the "rarely-discovered" classics, which often require discussion of such aspects as style and depth of meaning to be fully appreciated.

Maybe—horror of horrors—just maybe, with the proper exposure, students might actually learn to like the classics and

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editors:

I am writing you this letter to tell you what I think causes most of the pollution in Stamford. The main problem is that the people just throw things all over the streets and in the water. They do not care how their home town looks. They just say that they are not the only ones who dirty the streets. So what can you say? That it is not your problem? Well it is our problem and the thing we should do is get together and try our best to clean up the pollution.

Thank you,

Randy Thompson

Dear Editor:

I would like to bring everyone's attention to the "Girl's" sports. I've seen letters in the Advocate and sent a few to Mr. Catania. I also think the students should be aware of the situation.

The girl's teams don't get much respect or support from the students or teachers. Not very many take time to watch or to cheer for the girls. But they can always make it to the boy's games.

There has been some confusion with the Girls Basketball team. We had to forfeit our last two games which I think was unfair to the coach and to the teammates.

The track scored fairly well in the States last year and set a new record (it took only time and effort). But now they have a new team with eight sweatsuits for 34 girls while the boys have about 50.

I think that after you read this article you as a person should try to support the girls teams. We would like to thank our coaches—Mrs. Bradbury, Miss Adamson, for their time and effort for working with us.

Thank You,
S.H.S. Girls Team

Dear Editor:

By interviewing the custodians, a matter of great importance was brought to my attention. It seems that in recent years, the conditions of our school has been deteriorating considerably. In particular, eating manners are almost non-existent. One day, last week, this interviewer went to the cafeteria after all lunch waves terminated and was confronted by a deplorable mess. Food was splattered on the walls, rubbed into chairs (probably meant as a bad joke), and ground into all corners of the room. After speaking with the custodians

Maybe a lot of kids don't realize that food thrown carelessly on the floor or in the corner of the room can draw ants, roaches and mice. It's doubtful that they don't know and more than likely just don't care. But this is our school and leaving food around is just another way of destruction, like writing on the walls or damaging things.

Following a custodian around as he mopped the grimy floor, he related to me a story that had happened two weeks earlier. It seems that some student failed to discard properly the remnants of his peanut butter and jelly sandwich, leaving it in a deserted corner of the lunch room. It was kicked under a metal floorboard in a corner of the cafeteria and left. After two weeks several teachers were complaining of numerous ants and a strange odor. After examining the cafeteria, the custodian found a dead rat, and ants swarming around it. Who's to blame for this?

Are these the manners of future adults of America? It really has no meaning, like destruction never does. Why not pick up the lunch bag and throw it in the garbage can by the door instead of in the corner?

Thank you,
Eva Runch and Pam Hodge

April 10, 1973

To the Editor:

As students, we all occasionally complain about a teacher's indifference or insensitivity, but rarely do we appreciate or acknowledge the teacher who goes out of his way for us. For example, how many are aware that the tri-high school art show held at Silberman's Furniture Store on Hope Street was conceived by our Chairman of the Art Department, Mr. Preu, and accomplished largely through his efforts?

As an art student myself, I appreciated the opportunity to enter works for exhibition in a show sponsored by the Stamford Art Association and juried, or judged, by an outside panel of three judges. But more importantly, it was gratifying to me as a student that Mr. Preu cared enough to spend the many extra hours he did working on the show to insure its success.

I feel that the teacher who voluntarily gives freely of his time and energies outside of the classroom deserves special recognition....

I'm sure others will join me in giving Mr. Preu a resounding vote of thanks!

To the Editor of the Round-Table:

This is a letter of protest, referring to a certain area of production of this newspaper. I am a member of the staff and I write my share of articles. I also do small drawings for fillers. My drawings are small—they don't take that long to execute—but there is time and effort spent on each of them. In the March issue of The Roundtable, two of these fillers had names scrawled on them. They had been in perfect condition when I submitted them. These are my sketches—if the "artists" wish to submit some of their own, I am sure the layout staff might consider using them—but keep your hands off mine! If you want to scrawl—try doing some original graffiti—but don't write your names on my work.

Thank you for airing my complaint.

Jean Dixon

AN OPEN LETTER TO STAMFORD HIGH STUDENTS

An Open Letter to SHS

I am writing this to the students at Stamford High School. I was walking down the hall the other day during sixth period and I saw something that bothered me. On the floors of the halls I saw crunched up paper, stepped on food and other various types of debris and in the water fountains there was chewed up gum. Now I don't know how you feel but I think these messes are unnecessary. I know many of you are not thrilled with the idea of coming to school every day but since you must spend at least five or six hours a day here, I think it would be a little nicer if we kept the school a little cleaner. I know that on each floor there are at least two trash cans near the water fountains which are used to throw trash in. I don't think it is too much of an effort to walk over to one and throw your debris out in the proper place instead of on the floor in the water fountain or in the desks. This bothers me, not only because I don't like messes but because I feel this is a reflection on Stamford High students. Is this the impression we want to give?

Celia Speiser



WHAT ARE THE TEACHERS DOING THIS SUMMER?

By Connie Wilson
Paul Matthews
Sally Lombard

Mrs. Fufeld—"I'll be traveling in Europe."
Mr. Crockett—"I'm going to take a magic holiday."
Mrs. White—"Reading"
Mr. Malloy—"Hopefully painting houses."
Mr. Muchinsky—"I'll be traveling in Spain."
Mr. O'Meara—"I run the Roxbury Swim and Tennis Club."
Mr. Carlson—"Undecided"
Mr. Palmgren—"If they don't hire me for summer school, I'll sit in my hammock under my elm tree and drink beer."
Mrs. Soltonoff—"Painting and art work."
Ms. Mainelli—"I'm going to a summer institute in New Hampshire to study and relax."
Mr. Skruck—"I'll enjoy being away from kids."
Mrs. Golenbock—"I'm planning to go to Europe but I'll believe it when I get there."
Mrs. Lowe—"Among other things sleeping late, going to the beach, pool, theater and shopping."
Mr. Catania—"Trying to write my Ph.D. thesis."
Mr. Tenca—"Working at Buster Brown Textiles in Greenwich."
Mr. Ceritelli—"Actively seeking to keep my wife in the kitchen, barefoot, and pregnant."
Mr. May—"Going to Fairfield University."
Miss Uhrich—"I'm going to 'slum' on the beach."
Mr. Chiapetta—"Building stone walls, playing golf, drinking beer and enjoying my family."
Mr. DeFeo—"Probably go to school—what can I tell ya?"
Mr. Downey—"I'm going to sea and I'll take one course later in the summer."
Miss Sherman—"Finishing my masters."
Mr. Scanlon—"Travel?"
Mr. Gradilone—"Going to school."
Mr. Gardner—"I'll be working here (S.H.S.)"
Mr. White—"Working and sailing."
Mr. Lehman—"I'm going to Bermuda and New England."
Mr. Kovacs—"Working on curriculum committee and teaching summer school."
Mr. Viti—"I'm going to graduate school."
Mr. Scher—"Partially home to enjoy family and partially travel."
Miss Hickey—"Nothing."
Mr. McWilliams—"Everything."
Mr. Anderton—"Travel to New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and Florida."
Mr. Martin—"Painting my house, restoring a side car and building a kayak."
Miss Weiner—"Playing golf every single day and then a two week vacation from golf in Europe."
Mr. Bellantoni—"Playing golf, teaching, summer school and painting the house."

Miss Jerman—"I'm spending six weeks in Spain."
Mr. Prenz—"I shall be at the Cape where I shall paint, sail, swim, fun and bicycle."
Miss Lewis—"I'll be working on my pottery."
Mr. Sylvester—"Playing golf or caddying."
Mr. Spiller—"I'm going to have a ball-going to Canada and Newfoundland."
Mrs. Steglich—"I'm going native in Hawaii."
Mr. Rembetsy—"Teaching photography in New Canaan."
Miss McSorley—"Staying home and taking a few courses at Southern then on to Ireland in Aug."

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

by Amy Peterman

Mr. Vincent, social studies teacher and advisor of the S.H.S. National Honor Society, has an idea. He envisions reviving the lately deceased Future Teachers of America Club and bringing it not only back to life but into active participation in the school. According to Mr. Vincent, there are still students who are seriously considering teaching as their future career. And these students would like and deserve a chance to experiment with teaching in some form. Well, is this true? Future Teachers of America—Where are you?

If you are one of those kids interested in future teaching, don't hold back because you think there's no place for you. There's plenty for you to do. Right here in Stamford High. Mr. Vincent feels that student aides could really be helpful, especially in large classes. During tests or class work time, an aide would circle round the room, answering kids' questions and checking to see that the work was being handled correctly. Whether or not the aide would actually teach a class for a day or two is totally up to the teacher but it's a real possibility. Of course, if the classroom isn't your favorite place, even to practice teaching, Mr. Vincent has another suggestion—the department offices. Ditto boy (or girl), messenger, and general "go-for" are the jobs open there. At any rate, one thing should be clear, if you want to try out teaching you can get a chance. Mr. Vincent is in room 154—look for him. Future Teachers of America—if you're really out there—Speak up!

BULLETINS (Con't from p.5)
school and their wishes should be respected—if not by all but by a few. The itching hands are a small part of the student body. O.K., if you don't like S.H.S. voice your opinion instead of furtively scratching obscenities into the boards and desks. Some people like it here.

S.H.S. TRACK Bulletins

by Dawn Jalet

A sport which is fast becoming popular across the nation, fast became the top sport at Stamford High this year. The excitement of track and field has swept the country.

The girls' track team once again had a consistent season, despite a record number of rain-postponed meets. The team won a great number of their meets, and lost a good number of them by close scores. For instance, in losing to Roger Ludlowe, 97 to 84, the Knights won first places in seven of thirteen events. In the meets they won, the girls captured the majority of first places.

One of the new stars for the girls was freshman Betty Deveson in the 880 and 440 yard runs. Jan Bromfield, also a frosh, ran several events, but was best known for being a member of the 880 medley relay team which also featured Debbie Danton, Cathy Markowsky, and Jodie Breakell. The relay team kept the spot of top relay team in the state. Sophomore Patty Nolan continued her domination in the mile run.

New faces in the field events were Brenda Baster, who set and broke her own school record in the shotput, and Karen Rissolo in the javelin. Sophomore Diane Battle paced the high jump.

The girls have proved by these fine performances that they are more than worthy of the publicity and recognition given their male counterparts.

On the subject of male counterparts, a brand new coach formed almost a brand new team into one of the great powers of the FCIAC. Coach Bob Prarat began an indoor track team this winter which competed in the developmental indoor track meets. Of the city teams, we always managed to follow close behind the heels of Rippowam.

But as soon as the regular season began, the Knights began to show their domination of the county. There was no reaching Harrison McKinney as he starred in his best events, the 100 and 220 yard dashes, and as a member of the 880 relay team.

Performances by Ken Schmidt, Dave Austin, Dan Downey, and Tony Balzano in the running events were superlative. Juniors Joe Faubel and Bob Moffatt led Stamford High to victory on the track also.

Of great importance was the performance of junior Paul Murphy. His slight figure sped over the hurdles and maneuvered itself over the high jumps and triple jump. Sophomore Casey Gawlak was a

Casey led the team to triumph by capturing both mile runs.

In the field events, Russ Gladwin proved valuable in his specialty, the pole vault. Sophomore Doug Garner threw the shotput far enough to beat out the other competitors, and Tom Toth did the same for the siscus. Ray Downey starred in the javelin, including a win in the City Championship.

The Knights, under the tactics of Coach Prarat, rolled to an undefeated season with nine wins, including the City Championship. They also qualified six performers for the State Competition. Congratulations for a super season, team. We're all quite proud of you!

NOTE TO TRISTAN FROM ISEULT:

Why must our story be a tragedy. For three months I've searched for you This is my last plea. Reveal your identity...your Queen awaits you.

DRIVE DEFENSIVELY

by Eva Runch

Have you ever stopped to think that driving brings out your inner personality? You may not have realized this before, but when a person is handed his license, a surge of power comes over him. Once on the road, his real attitude toward his fellow man surfaces. Let's examine this phenomena more closely.

Everyone has known at one time or another the refined, dignified lady who always does the right thing, never losing her grace and charm. But have you ever been fortunate enough to be in a car behind her in a traffic jam? Here's when all her buried hostilities come alive. She waits patiently, like everyone else, for ten minutes, but then suddenly there's a complete reverse in her character. She leans on her horn, which only serves to anger the drivers around her. And then it builds up. She succeeds in changing to another lane (which is moving as slowly as the one in which we are) and tries cutting other people off in order to gain speed. This is her true personality, believe it or not.

Then there's the elderly man who's been happily married for nearly thirty-five years. One would think him to be content in every way. But that, too, changes. He drives along at a moderately slow pace until a cute girl is driving behind him. Then, from a lamb to a lion! He steps on the gas, and becomes overly courteous. It's like his repressed desires are becoming a reality.

So, from now on, when you're out riding around, observe your fellow drivers. See if what I said isn't true. More likely than not you'll discover

Lumieres

There is going to be a picnic at 2:30 at 42 Brandywine Road on June 10 for any freshmen, sophomore or junior who wishes to join the Lumieres, which is a community service club as well as a social school club.

Some of the club's activities include: bake sales and stationery sales for fund raising, visiting our club grandmother, planning parties for the retarded Girl Scouts, participating in our Liberian project, aiding the Red Cross on Thanksgiving, and going to New York City to see a show and eat dinner.

The Lumieres are sponsored by the Stamford Jr. Womens Club.

Debbie Inger
H.R. 231

Editors:

I've taken it as my duty to correct your article (Night Light, March) on Ray Green. Neither I, nor others that I've spoken to, have seen Ray at a Class meeting this year (your article stated that he had attended all of the Class meetings). His stated dissatisfaction with the Class, coupled with his lack of attendance at meetings are perfect examples of the Sophomore Class's problems. We have too many complainers and too few workers. Sophomores, support the Class.

Paul Alan Leder

JUNIOR AND SENIOR PROMS

by Mary Stamas

On Saturday night, May 26, the Junior Class is holding their prom. For the formal prom, the juniors have booked "Boot 'n' Vain". "Surprise" is booked to play at the after-prom.

"Threshold of a Dream" is the theme of the prom. Tickets went on sale on the first Monday in May (May 7).

On Friday night, June 1, the Senior Class is holding their prom. The formal prom will be held at Laddin's Terrace with a wide repertoire of music provided by "Frank Daly's Orchestra". After the formal prom, the kids will come back to the S.H.S. gym for the after-prom. This affair will offer a catered buffet dinner. Continuous music will be provided by "Boot 'n' Vain". "Eternal Peace", "Soul Musicians", or "The Good Guys and the Bad Guys" will play there.

The theme of the prom is "Summer Breeze". Dogwoods are being donated by five nurseries as part of the decoration. The Senior Class is then going to donate them to the school to plant where they wish.

SPORTS WRAP-UP

REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN SHS SPORTS

by Dawn Jalet, Sports Editor

No one expected any miracles out of any of our teams this year, but exciting performances and bright standouts made a few mediocre seasons worthwhile.

Starting with football down first, let it be said that the coaches and players worked and played hard. The fans were ever-loyal in their support of the hard work.

Our team jumped out to a quick 3 and 0 record with wins over Darien, Staples, and Westhill. But this was a season for new contenders, and The Black Knights of SHS were not one of them. Led by Co-captains Ken Schmidt and Mickie Haggerty, the Knights won only one more game after tying McMahon. With the injury to Schmidt the team lagged badly. But in his return performance, a 28-8 win over city rival Rip, he rushed for 225 yards and several touchdowns. The team finished with a dismal record of 4-5-1, but managed to maintain a good team spirit. Student fan support was built up by weekly reports by Roundtable correspondents. Best of luck to the 1973 tri-captains; Bill Brisson, Claude Sanguinetti, and Tom Smith.

On the Cross Country track, it was a year for emerging underclassmen. As expected, outstanding performances were turned in by sophomores Barry Merrill and Peter Larsen, of the varsity and jayvee respectively. The traditionally strong upperclassmen recorded equally strong performances: Dan Downey, Rob Strmiska, Chris Barnett, Joe Faubel, and Tom Meyer. The team did not reach the Western Sectionals, but did capture the City Championship with Rob Strmiska's first place. Once again Mr. Cieota coached his disciples to a fine season with a record of 8 wins and 7 defeats.

Out on the hill, our soccer Knights started the season a little offside by losing their first three games. But together with Mr. Dick Bruce, in his first year as head coach and the will to win, the team battled back and put themselves in a more forward position.

The majority of the team will be graduating this year, including the services of Rupert de los Reyes. Rupert unofficially broke the state record of 24 goals in a season by scoring 25. But the game against Westhill, in which he scored several of his 25, was unofficial because Westhill was not officially recognized as a team.

We as a school commend Rupert, the team, and Mr. Bruce for their fine comeback, which gave them a final record of 6 wins and five losses. Also worthy of recognition was the jayvee team, led by Gene Serpe, Ricardo Ponce de Leon, Bob

The girls' field hockey team did not win many games this season, but built a strong background for next year's team. The varsity team finished with a 2-7-1 record, joining the soccer and cross country teams as city champs by tying with Westhill for the honor.

High scorers were Connie Wilson and Pat Cruse for the varsity and junior varsity respectively. The jayvees also won the city championship with a 4-3-1 record. The girls played a fine season and attracted some small crowds. They all hope that next season they can draw even larger crowds. The game is well worth it!

Stamford High has not had any great basketball power in the past few years; nonetheless, it has continued to bring exciting ball games to the fans and students. Led by co-captains Dennis Jones and Jeff Owens, they played to a record of ten wins and eight losses. "Super-soph", Ernie Cobb, led the offense and later was voted to the second team all-star team. Senior Chris Cutter proved to be the pillar of defense for the Knights.

Some of the most exciting moments came during the streak in which the Knights won eight of nine games. Starting off, they beat Norwalk 79-77 in double overtime; it was definitely the most exciting game of the season. From then on our Black Knights had a fever that couldn't be stopped, as they won eight of their next nine games. Later on, the team hit an end of the season slump, but managed a 10 and 8 record.

Graduation will take away many seniors, but a good number of underclassmen have had at least two years of appreciable varsity experience. Our co-captains for next year will be Gary and Ernie Cobb. Both will be juniors and in their third year of varsity play.

The girls' varsity basketball team, coached by Mrs. Patricia Bradbury, pulled off a 4 and 4 record this season. Once again the girls worked hard fighting on and for the court. Their efforts brought them the reward of an even season.

On the other side of the gym, the girls' gymnastics team compiled a record of two wins and four losses. Coached by Miss Teddy Knapp, former Roundtable Teacher of the Month, the team performed well in what is probably the most interesting sport to watch. Their record is no indication of their true effort. A host of freshmen and sophomores helped build up the team, and graduation will take away a number of seniors.

The boys' gymnastics team finished the season with a record of four and five. Mr. Brian Malloy was the rookie coach for the boys.

The wrestling team tried to live up to the image of last year's

forth by the young team and their beginning coach, Mr. Barber. Wrestling is perhaps the most grueling sport of all, and is unfortunately given little recognition. In post-season play, both Bruno Giordano and Rick Weiss placed highly in county honors in their particular weight classes. The team, which finished with a record of three wins and eleven losses, will sorely miss the services of 3-year manager Meg LeGros. Thanks, Meg.

The water was a shade too cold for our swim team this season as they finished with a record of 3 and 9. Mr. Mark Lyons was also a rookie coach: he for the swim team. Rumors that co-captains Paul Celotto

and Andy Svedlow were taking lessons from Mark Spitz were found to be untrue, but the aquatic antics of both proved to be Olympiad-worthy. The relay team was strong and so was the diving of underclassmen Joe Small and Bob Cowic. Paul Celotto broke many records and reached All-American status. With hopes for a better winning season next year, the co-captains will be Bob Marchand and Bill Brisson.

The boys' tennis team played well this season, but the opposition played much better. Proof of this is the string of goose eggs they ran up. Their varsity was formed out of last year's jayvee players. Therefore, the players lacked experience, and this proved to be their downfall.

The girls' tennis team went hand-in-hand with boys. They had plenty of trouble trying to roll up a win here or there. Lack of practice because of a rain-filled pre-season proved to be the biggest blow against them. Nice try, guys and girls. We wish you much luck next season. The girls' team was coached by Miss Rosa Adamson, and the boys' by Mr. Dick Bruce.

The golf team also shared the hard luck of the tennis teams. This year they won only a few of their matches, and lost a lot more than a few. The scores were close, though, so it brought a little consolation to the golfers.

If one considers the state that the boys' baseball team was in after graduation last year, he would have to say that miracles were made at Stamford High this year. The graduation-depleted squad compiled a record of six wins and nine losses.

Replacing a squad of mostly seniors was a tough job. Mr. Pike, their coach, managed to make a team out of the few remaining senior varsity players. The co-captains were Erwin Houser and Curt Kole. Curt had a lot of trouble with his pitching this season, but later on showed signs of his old self from last year. Three sophomore hurlers backed him up; they were Gary Cobb, Jim Zuzola, and Carl

area in hitting this year with a season ending .549 clip. His consistent hitting was a solid foundation in every game the Knights played. Congratulations for keeping up the good work.

The girls' softball team was coached by Mrs. Griffith this year. A rainy season caused many postponements, but this did not affect their playing much. The girls finished the season with a fairly even record and plenty of fond memories. A strong foundation of underclassmen has been built over the past few years, so graduation will not have a devastating effect on the team.

CONGRATULATIONS!

CLASS OF 1974 OFFICERS:

- PRESIDENT - Ed Rebula
- VICE-PRESIDENT - Suzanne Brown
- SECRETARY - Melissa Pappas
- TREASURER - Linda Sentementes

CLASS OF 1976 OFFICERS:

- PRESIDENT - Pat Colucci
- VICE-PRESIDENT - Nicole Wise
- SECRETARY - Linda Baxter
- TREASURER - Laurie Fisher



Graduation is Coming

Eva Runch

Graduation is coming,
and everyone is sad.
Whoever thought saying good-bye to a school could
be so sad?
Everyone's leaving—going their own separate ways.
Some of your friends won't be seen for many, many days.

Your best friend since kindergarten is going away too,
and just like in kindergarten you have to start anew.

Now when you look back, school wasn't all that bad.
How can you forget all the good times you've had?

You say good-bye to your favorite teacher with a tear
in your eye
After promising yourself you weren't going to cry!

But now you'll go out into the world, to climb the ladder.
And your worst school memories won't really matter.
And isn't that what all those teachers were teaching.
To "Go after what you want and never stop reaching."

Now you can be thankful to school and what it tried to do—
to mold a child into a great person—
you.

Stamford High's champion nine players were revealed recently dur-

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

by Chris Barnett
and Paul Matthews

5:15 P.M.

The blue-grey sky was as depressing looking as I felt. As I glanced out the ninth story window to search for some vestige of the sun I saw that someone had scratched in the grime on the pane. "Al's Chicks". "Hmmm..." I thought to myself, "Familiar."

My best brown suit was wrinkled from being slept in and my eyes were as bloodshot as a wino's after a two week bender. The sound of my footsteps echoed in the empty expanse of the dismal hallway as I made my way to the oak paneled elevator. Stepping into the cab I paused to think about the events of the last two and a half weeks. For seventeen straight days I had been hard at work on the Lionetti divorce case. It was a sticky business made stickier by the fact that I was intimate with all the people involved. I had only agreed to fly into the city to take the case because of my friendship with Dave. He was seeing Patti Vetti again and now wanted to divorce his wife of 14 years, Lynn Kivell. I had just finished speaking to his counselor, T.J. Kline. "Mr. Matthews, I'm sorry but I can't agree to your proposal." Even though it had little to do with the case those words of Kline's were still ringing in my ears.

I felt famished and disappointed at the prospect of returning alone to the antiseptic atmosphere of my hotel room at the Kritz-Almandine, even though the manager of the establishment was Mike Weiss, an old acquaintance. So I decided to find a place to satisfy my hunger. As the elevator creaked to an unsteady halt, I waited for the doors to part before I stepped out. Suddenly, I heard a noise behind me: I whirled around, my hand slipping inside my Martha Stech style raincoat to finger the familiarly worn handle of my Lyon-Rowland revolver. It was only my imagination playing tricks with the shadows in the foyer leading to the front door of the Melissa Gluck Building. The trained eye of a private dick must miss little if he hopes to stay in one piece and I had taken lessons from experts. From where I stood I could see the building directory. I noticed a tiny blot on the glass in the lower right hand corner, just beneath the Vicki Vandamm Glass Makers tag. "Darn that Jan Auchterlonie. She has to sign everything."

I quickly scanned the faded lettering hoping to come across a familiar name or two. Bob Clark, Attorney at Law," said one. Clark was long gone. After his law practice failed he began to hit the bottle and finally ended up being disbarred. After taking the cure in Lexington he plans to open up a chitlin' stand with his former secretary, Rita Little. "Simons Publishing House, Brian Simonds Ed." Simons, he's a cheap novel writer. "Jim Gordon Research Co." Pretty profitable outfit. Can find out anything about anything. "Russ Gladwin and Barbara Small", I don't know what they do but there's always a lot of beer cans and balloons in their garbage. The last of the names on the dusty cracked directory read, "Chuck Lenchek, The Eighth Wonder of the Modern World."

I strode toward the front door and hit it with all the force left in the fatigue worn muscles of my right arm. I stepped out into the gloomy twilight of autumn. I never liked this time of year. "Walter," I said to Walter Dembowski the doorman, "do you know a good place to eat in this town?" "Sure do Mr. Matthews. Two blocks down and to your right,....Chopsticks is the name." My watch said 5:32, that gave me four and a half hours before my flight home to New Smyrna Beach. I decided to walk to the restaurant. I noticed that Stamford sure had changed. It had been 20 years but it seemed like just yesterday that Mayor Bruno Giordano was predicting that Stamford would be the most modern city on the east coast, next to Gibson's Newark. The old 21 story office building looked archaic and dwarfish in comparison with the "new look" of Urban Renewal. Now his son, incumbent Mayor Bruno Giordano, had a plank in his platform calling for a second Urban Renewal program. Dave told me about that, being on the Board of Finance. From what I've heard there had been a fight over that one. Board of Education President, Laurie Ford rammed it through over Board of Finance Chairman Brien Adams dead body, just like he had threatened. Too bad I couldn't get a piece of that account. In the end the one who benefited most was Principal Tom Hess. He got a new school and a couple of new secretaries. (Author's note: Too bad neither of them went to Stamford High or I could have mentioned their names.) "Ian Karasik, Contractors, Tom Hess, Principal" read the orange and black billboard in front of what is to be the new high school. Under foreman, Mike Engler, they had put up most of the buildings in Stamford, each with a two year retractable guarantee.

I thought of how mysterious the three ladies of fate worked. I knew of at least four former classmates who were to be employed at the new S.H.S. All of them, Judy Coughlin, Debbie Dombrowski, Celia Speiser, and Harrison McKinney were dedicated to the proposition that school was not the place to be when they were younger.

5:52 P.M. Finding myself at the entrance of Chopsticks I pushed the door open and entered the establishment. As I waited for the Maitre-di to lead me to a table I searched about the room for familiar faces. It was a warm but overcast Saturday evening and many couples were seated in the crowded restaurant. Sally Kveskin and Sue McGraw, Jeff Owens and Holly Dunne, Tim Burke and Debbie Saltzman, and Jim Gorman and his mother. The subdued lighting made it difficult to determine the identity of any of the other patrons. The mandarin decor put me at my ease as Tony Balzano showed me to a table situated in the far corner of the room. When I reached it I could see that another person was seated there eating. I felt like company anyway so I sat down across from him and had started to introduce myself when he looked up and with a smile exclaimed, "Paul Matthews! I haven't seen you in twenty years. Last I heard of you you were a solicitor who could never make it. Somehow your proposals never attracted anyone." My heart skipped a beat as I recognized the grinning face as that of my old newspaper cohort Chris Barnett.

"Wow, it's been a long time. What have you been doing with yourself since graduation?" I said to Chris.

"Well," he answered, "I've been taking courses from the LaSalle Extension University in hopes of becoming a quadriplegic but since college I've been a professional tissue tester for Kleenex. I "blow for dough" so to speak, and that's

7:12 P.M. The cool air rushed into my lungs the moment we stepped from the restaurant onto the cracked concrete sidewalk. Invigorated by the sudden presence of oxygen in our blood streams we decided to walk to Mike Macari's Bar and Lounge to lubricate our memories. Even though I felt giddy and happy at the prospect of mulling over old times with Chris nothing could subvert the suspicious nature of the detective side of me. There was a lot of activity going on down the block. The sounds of physical labor were carried by the wind to where I waited for Chris to lace his shoe. Something wasn't right. My piercing eyes swept both sides of the street. "Ed McIntyre High Stepper Shoes." "Dave Goldstein and Son, Druggist." "Jane Levy's Veg-all Mart" (You don't have to be red headed to enjoy Levy's real American tomatoes.) "Sinagrello's Pizza Palace." Chris Cutter and Denis Jones were on a step ladder changing the "300 Billion Served Weekly" sign to "Daily." "Jeez," I commented silently, "those places are everywhere." Everything looked kosher but I couldn't help feeling funny. That's the second time today. First in the Gluck Building and then now.

The traffic along Atlantic Street was so heavy that Erwin Houser, Art Davis, and Tony Battinelli of the Stamford Police Dept. could hardly handle it. When we rounded the corner we passed Connie Wilson's "Rent-a-Queen" Shop. The slogan proclaimed, "Need a Queen? See Suzy Cream." She was arranging her window and I nodded to her and her dog. It's a pretty strange dog. Every morning as soon as it wakes up, it faces toward California and remains like that all day. It's the only West Pointer Connie ever got.

As we proceeded I could see the reason for the vehicular difficulty. Neal Phenes Moving Company was removing equipment from Linda Price Furniture Store. I felt the small hairs on the back of my neck stand up, anticipating trouble...a true danger signal. While walking past I looked up just in time to see a silhouette of a large figure in a baseball cap on a shade in a fourth floor window. Suddenly I heard a man shout, "Look out!" followed by a tremendous crash. In one motion I hit the sidewalk and rolled underneath a parked car, drawing my .38 from its well oiled holster, but only silence and an odd groan followed. I got up and brushed myself off when I saw that a safe had hit Chris. All 174 lbs. of Pat Hall Company Safe had landed directly on him.

7:28 P.M. He was still conscious and whispered through his obviously fractured jaw, "Paul, it wasn't your fault, it was a combination of things."

I accepted this and added, "If Kline had given me a tumble and locked up the deal it wouldn't have happened."

I quizzed the moving men, Harold Wahnowsky and Tom Toth, and they told me that they had been ready to quit for the night and had tied the Hall Safe outside of the four story office building owned by the Janis Baker Corporation. "It was attached securely by rope. I don't know how this could have happened." said Jackie Joyce, foreman. A crowd started to gather, the Cove crowd to be exact. Rob Strimiska, Joe Mocariski, Linda Sowitcky, Chris Saladi, and Meg Sordellini were watching the scene.

As Pete Smith went to phone the police from his office in the State National Bank, I took a walk up to the fourth floor to examine the rope. "Neatly severed," I thought to myself, "Not by a knife but by some other razor sharp instrument." There on the floor was a mark, in fact a number of marks. As though someone had been walking in shoes with razors protruding from the soles. "Those could have been used to cut the rope," I noted. I left the building in time to see the patrol car and ambulance arrive. I could see that the officers were Keller J. Wheland and Mike Pindrys. The attendants, Ray Michaud and Phil Soter, transferred Chris to the ambulance and drove toward Virginia Gillespie Memorial Hospital. 7:53 P.M.

I attracted the attention of a Yellow Cab and climbed in. "Where to Mac?" asked the driver in a bored manner. Brusquely I replied, "The hospital and step on it." He told me it would cost me extra to have him step on the hospital and I gladly paid him. I was nervous and to distract myself I searched for the cabbies' name on the back of the front seat. Mel Curry. I didn't feel like conversation so I didn't mention my name to him. For the first time today I had a chance to relax. I arranged my raincoat to serve as a pillow and then lay down on the mottled leather seat to rest for the duration of the ride. It seemed like I had just fallen asleep when I was shaken awake by the roughly calloused, thickly veined hand of Curry's. We had pulled up at the hospital entrance and I paid my fare, \$19.73.

I strode to the information desk and the nurse who greeted me was Dyan Aretakis. "Hi Dyan. Can you tell me which room Chris Barnett is in, he's had an accident." She recognized me, "He's in emergency surgery Paul." The emergency surgery room was on the third floor and I climbed the stairs three at a time, full of nervous energy. I could feel the worn marble stair under my feet, marble that has felt the weight of thousands of people before me. But now I didn't have time to go intellectual. I had a personal mystery to clear up. Reaching the summit of the stairwell I headed for the observation platform of the emergency room. I burst through the door which was flanked on either side by potted palms. A group of medical students sat taking notes on the procedure below, "...ankle bones connected to the shin bone, the..." I noted that there was quite a contrast between them in their unwrinkled blinding white lab coats and the figure I must have presented in my rumpled and soiled jacket. I noticed that a distinguished looking man, obviously an experienced doctor, looked down on the scene with particular interest. It was only when I heard him speak that I recognized him as my old classmate Dan Downey. I assumed that he must have recognized Chris when they wheeled him into surgery but for the moment I sat quietly and unobtrusively watched the drama unfold. Even though I hadn't seen Chris in twenty years I was drawn into the doctor's fight for Chris's life. I was so involved in the battle for my old friend's life that I didn't hear the first words Dan spoke to me, "...worry Paul. Doctors Dan Ambruzo and Christine Stack are two of our most capable men and we're flying in Lew Romer from Boston. Best damn neurosurgeon there is..." I only nodded my head in an affirmative gesture, too enthralled in the drama to react more civilly. A few minutes later nurse Sharon Lee came in with a message for me. "Mr. Matthews?" she asked, "There is a phone call for you at the desk."

It was Lt. Craig McDonald of the SPD. He wanted me to come down and give my version of the accident. "Personally!" I told him I'd come as soon as I saw to it