

1967

ANNALS '67

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

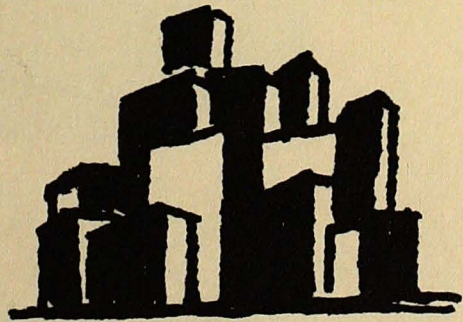
Dear Mr. McNeil,

In a few weeks it'll all
be over, and everyone can breathe
easier. But paid or not, this
masterpiece of blood, sweat and
tears is here. Thanks for your
help and advice and other
assorted extras -

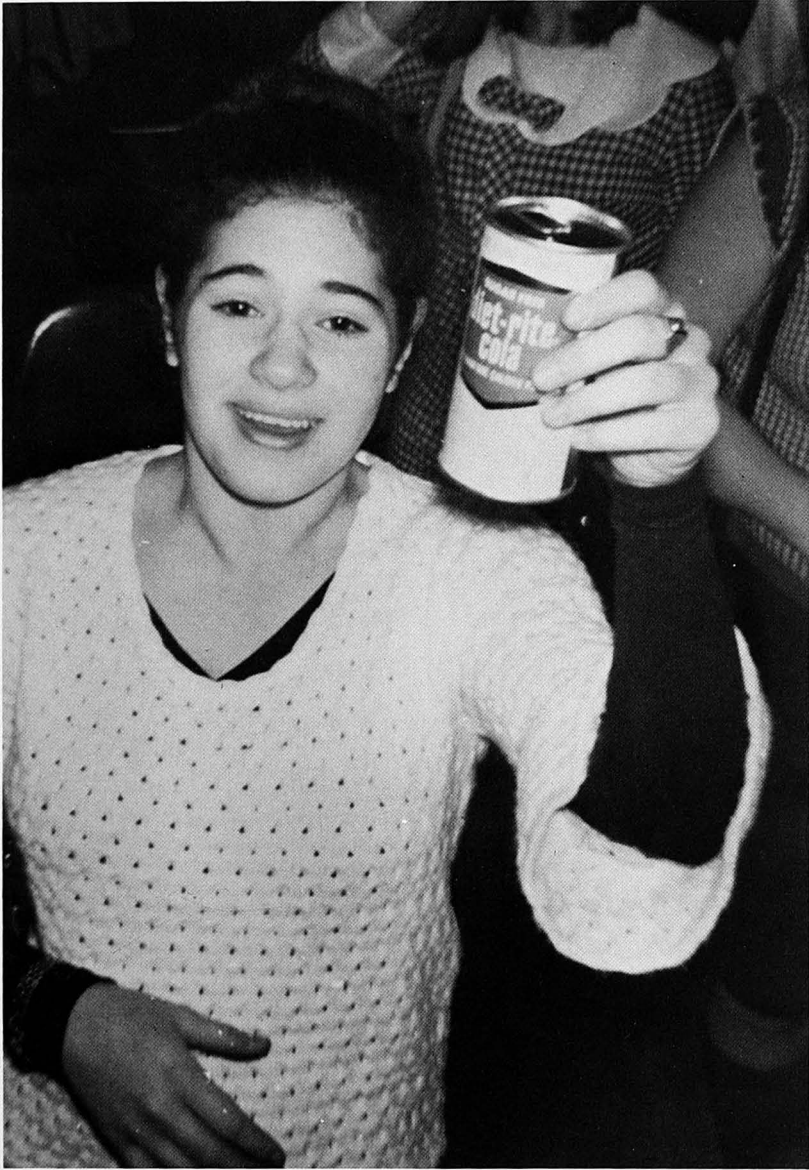
Love,

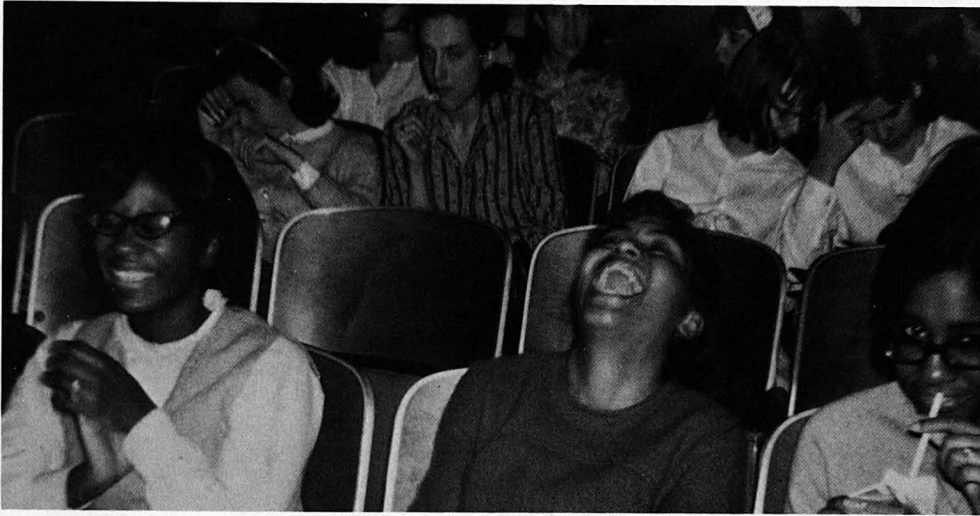
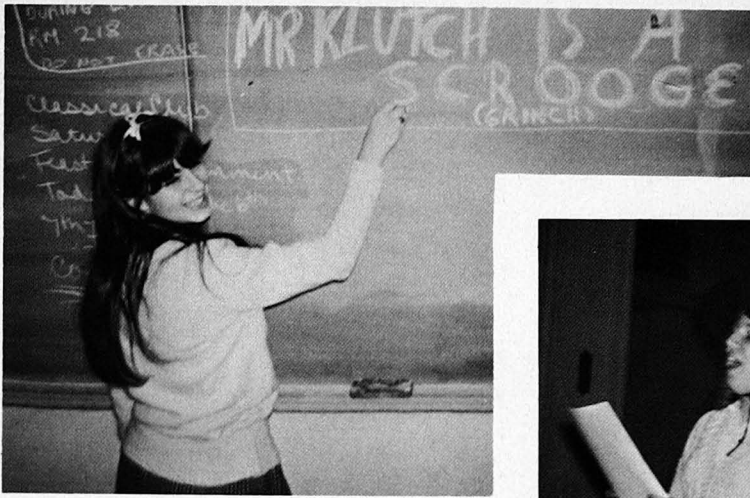
Kitty

+ the "Annals" Staff

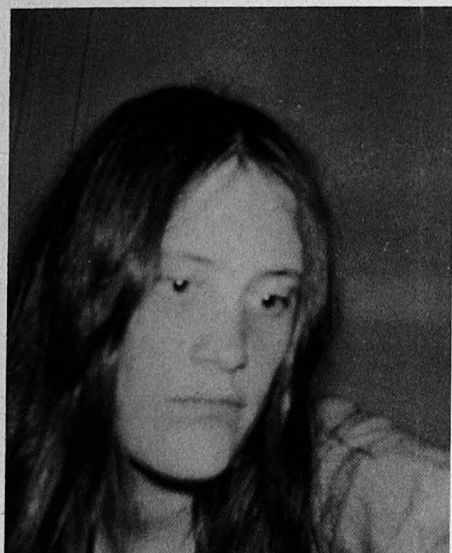


Dedicated to the City of New York...

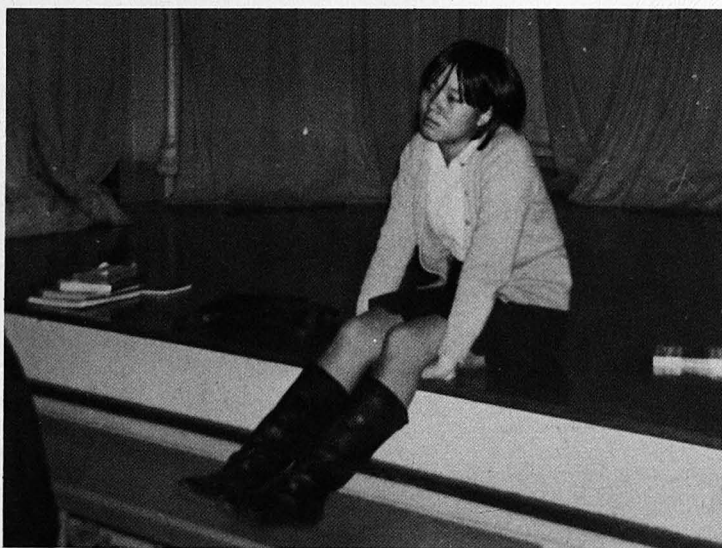




It was the best of times,



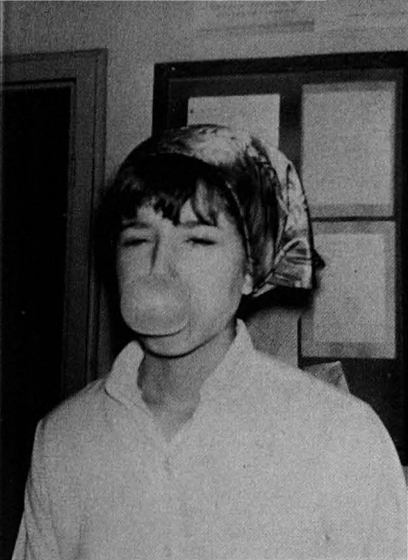
it was the worst of times,



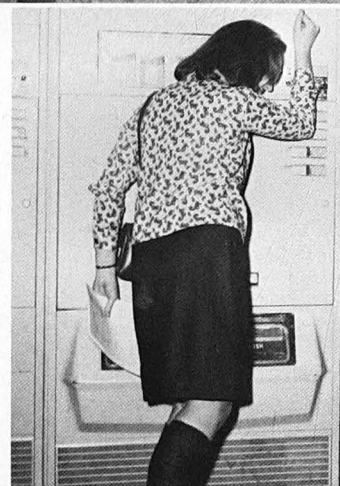


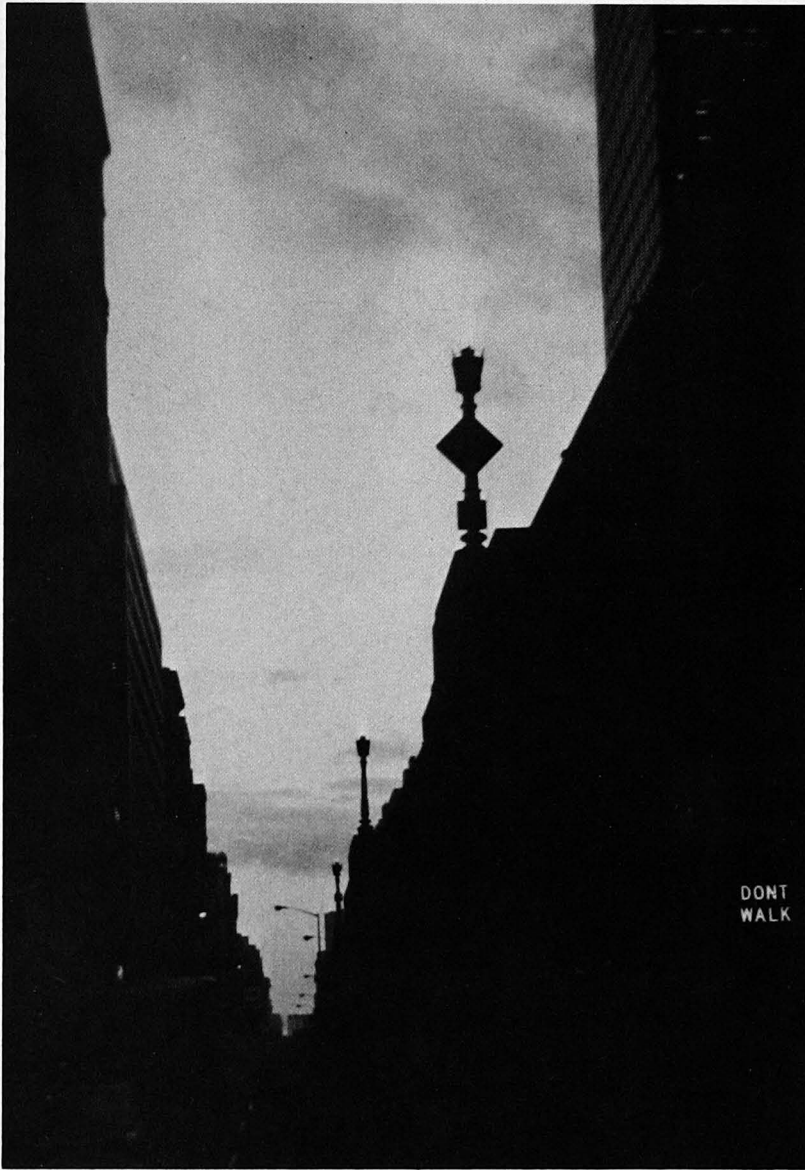
it was the age of
wisdom,





it was the age of foolishness,





it was
the spring
of
tall cities,
small buildings,

skyscraper dreams,

and we had

everything before us...



ey
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5).
When
ions of Sha.
by G. Wilson
Noble, \$6; pay
issue of a 1930
three new essays
duction by T. S. E.
Original.
Paperback or PAINTING
RIGHT of (Paragraph
Shahn Publishers,
Grossman

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Edited by MARGARET FARRAR

ACROSS

- 1 Half of a "bravo!"
- 2 States: Fr.
- 3 Home of the Bruins.
- 4 As well.
- 5 Element.
- 6 Knot of wool.
- 7 Girl's name.
- 8 Curved mark over a vowel.
- 9 perience.
- 10 ke the original.
- 11 Summits.
- 12 Capable of.
- 13 Emperor.
- 14 Be eager for.
- 15 Live from _____.
- 16 All fifty.
- 17 Organize.
- 18 Spanish numeral.
- 19 Baby girl: Sp.
- 20 Lovable man.
- 21 Select.
- 22 Girl's nickname.
- 23 River into the Seine.
- 24 Glengarry.
- 25 Immediately.
- 26 Superfluity.

- 21 Resorts.
- 22 Butter portions.
- 23 Nip-up.
- 24 Council, Spanish style.
- 25 Consumers.
- 26 Hand: Lat.
- 27 French writer.
- 28 Tennis term.
- 29 Gazetteer.
- 30 Hounds' sounds.
- 31 Man _____.
- 32 Very charming.
- 33 Small in importance: Colloq.
- 34 Possessive.
- 35 Way out.
- 36 Relatives.
- 37 Europeans.
- 38 Was curious.
- 39 Bistro.
- 40 Eurasian border river.
- 41 Track.
- 42 Affectation.
- 43 Voucher.
- 44 Weight in India.
- 45 Certain curtain decor.
- 46 Speaker's sound.

DOWN

- 1 College building.
- 2 Saint of Dec. 1.
- 3 "_____ I cared!"
- 4 Stood.
- 5 Make resentful.
- 6 Third: It.
- 7 To _____.
- 8 Hebrew letter.
- 9 Cheap.
- 10 Not grand.
- 11 Importune.
- 12 Wide-awake.
- 13 Brews.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
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14				18				22	23				
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64													
67													

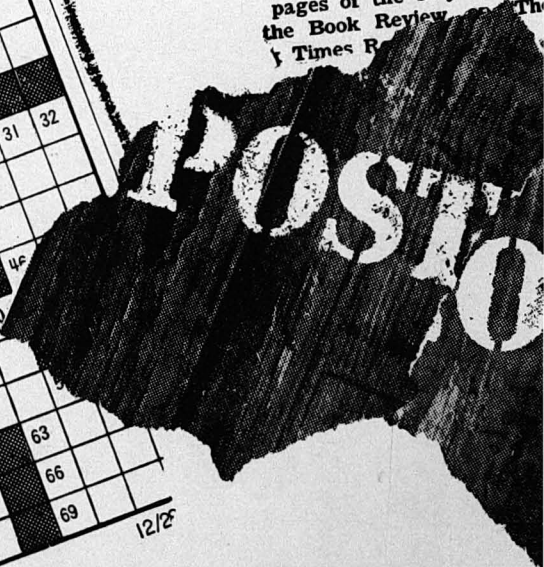
BEACON PRESS

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

YO	PLAN	REVS
RES	AERY	EXIT
ALT	WEAL	ACRE
LEIS	MOORAGE	
ONNA	PINS	ASH
SNOW	DROPS	SKIERS
HASP	ZIP	NYANDOU
OPTIMAL	JAR	FRAU
TURNON	LIFE	GUARD
SAG	EDOM	SANOWL
TROLLEY	AS	ANDOU
ROTE	CORD	LIERE
ASHE	ALIII	ESSEN
DESK	LAMB	

SPEAKING C

ROGER JELLINEK
JRNING the brittle ye
pages of the 50-year-old v
the Book Review on Th
Times R



Annals 1967

Hunter College High School

Directory

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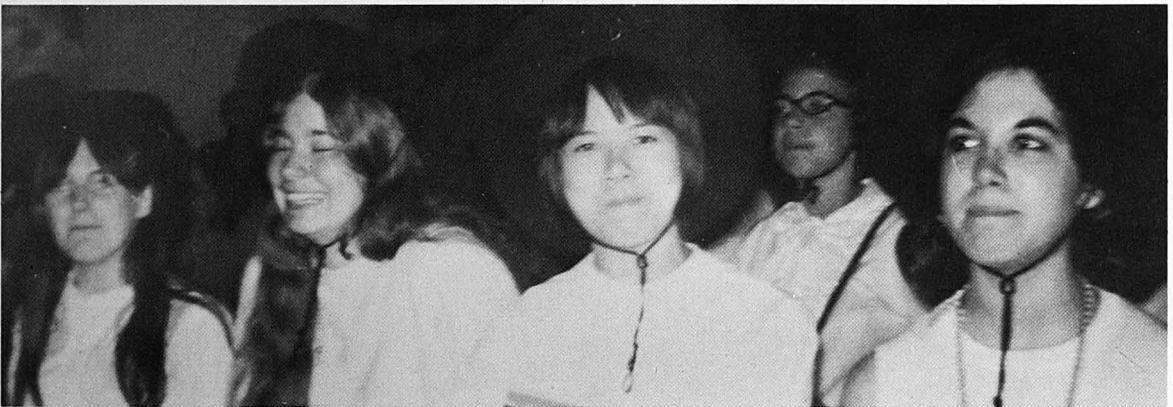
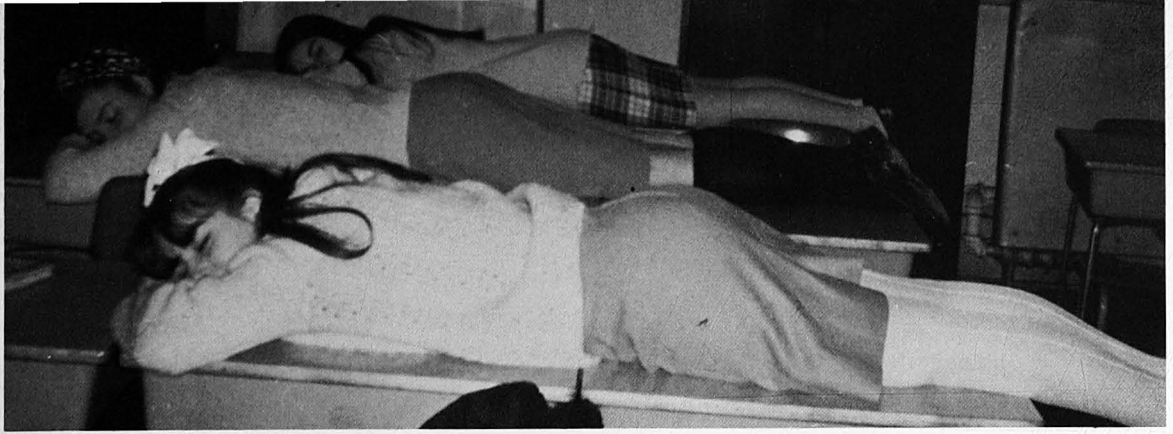
BOOKS: T

to English models, whi'
offending the youn
of actually
street

BILLS

We converged
from far corners
of a
populous place,

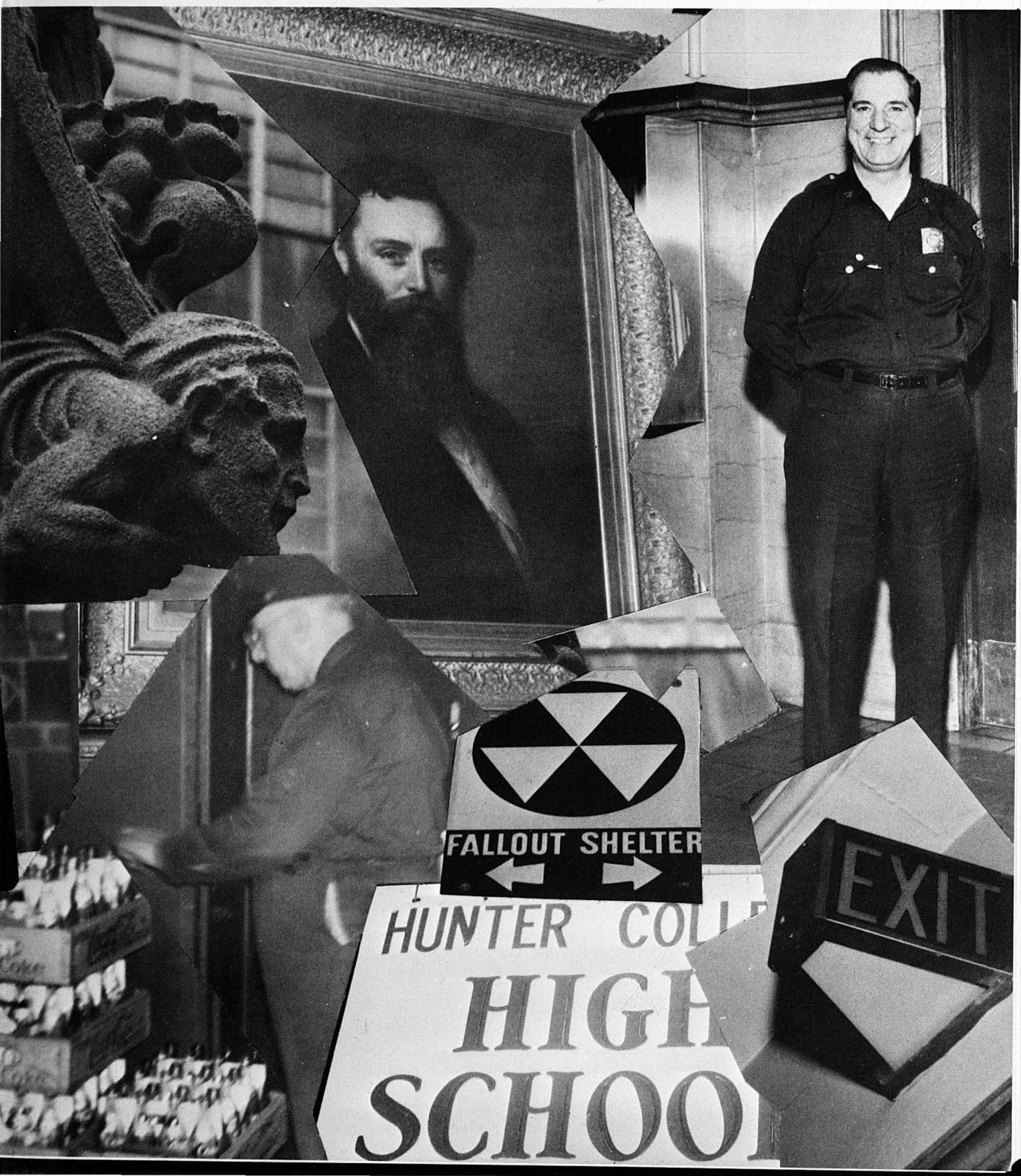


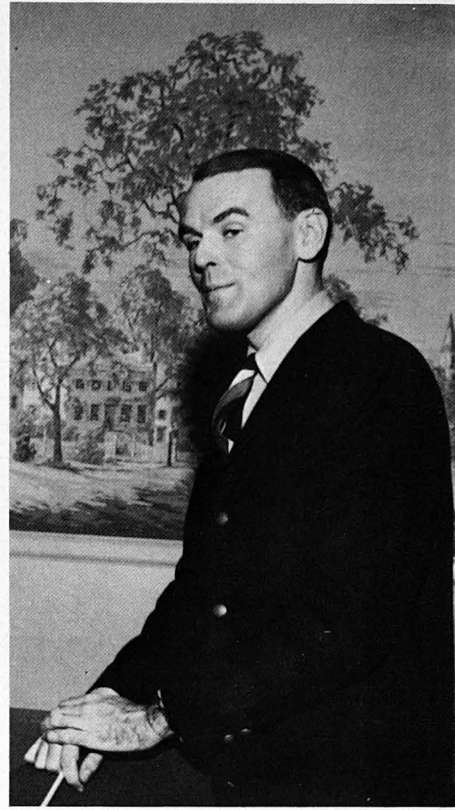




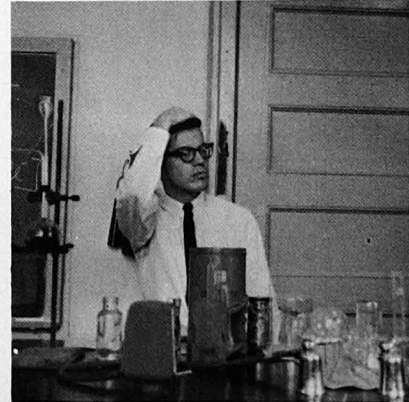
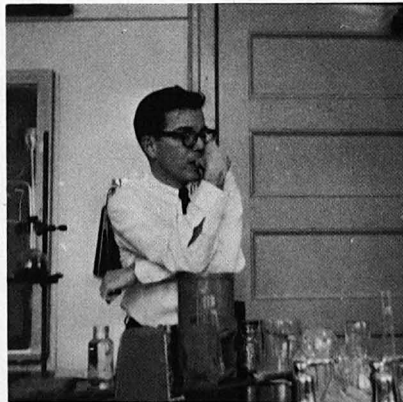
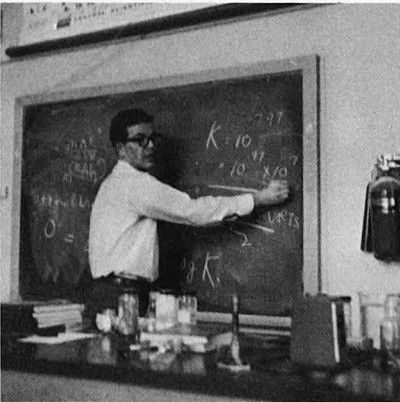
and formed at its core,
a city within a city,

so contrived that each part made a whole:



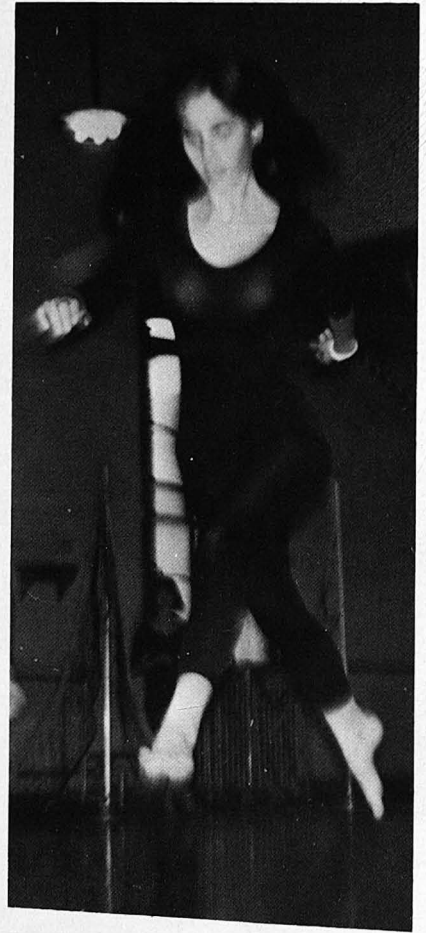


the leaders





and
the followers.



...int of City Hall to Replace Tradit...



Copy of a colored engraving of City Hall, which was done in 1825 by I. Hill from an original drawing...

'Key to the City' Custom Ended Here

By CHARLES G. BENNETT

New York has quietly abandoned the practice of giving keys to the city to distinguished visitors and honored guests.

A revision of the Lindsay administration is to substitute a copy of an 1825 print of City Hall for the former key used to cost \$3 and the case it came in \$13.

gin at the bottom for the Mayor to inscribe a personal message.

The first public presentation of the new gift was made by Mayor in a City Hall yesterday when Alfred H. suspension should be

appearance, about 6 inches long. The top of the oval loop above the suspension should be

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...L. I. July
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City Hall

Faculty

THE NEW YORK TIME

City Hall Cupola Being Repaired

Statue of Justice on the Tower Also to Be Refurbished

By PHILIP H. DOUGHERTY

n U.S.
3,000

The "lady," 9 feet 6 inches tall and demurely robed—her name is Justice—was joined atop City Hall's tower yesterday by three bare-chested men—Pete Kane, John Skochylas and Tony Leach.

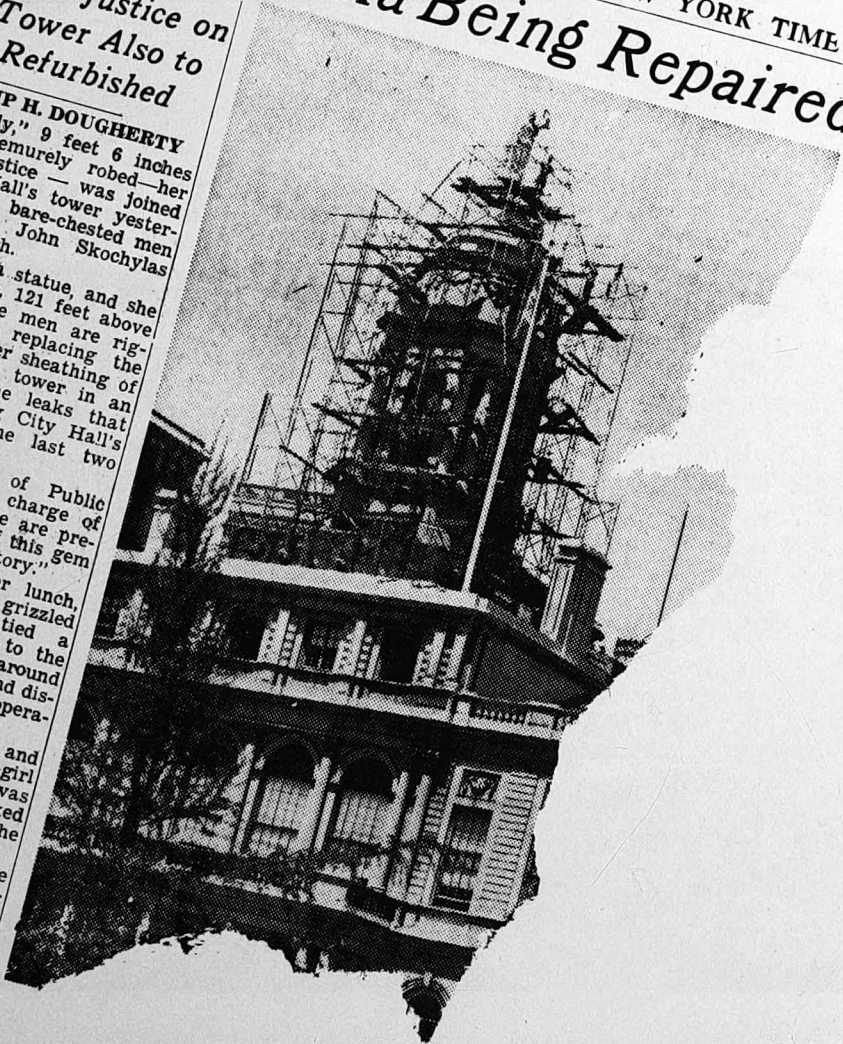
The lady is a statue, and she is always there, 121 feet above the ground. The men are riggers who are replacing the lead-coat sheathing of the 60-foot tower in an effort to stop the leaks that have plagued City Hall's cupola for the last two

Department of Public Works, which is in charge of the repair, said, "we are preserving the structure and history."

Just after lunch, the foreman, a grizzled man named Tony, tied a rope around the scaffolding around the tower and yelled to the workers, "Tony," and dis-

the tower and fix the girl. The girl was working when the

were yesterday





Annals is a memory book, a souvenir—of our years together here at Hunter College High School. What, I wonder, will you still remember when you leaf through these pages in the years ahead? Probably, you will be amused by the clothing styles and hair arrangements which are the mod today. And I am reasonably certain when you examine the photographs that you will be able to identify yourself as well as your school colleagues and the faculty.

Will you recall, as well, our all too brief interview, the Senior Seminar Program of Independent Study, the ways in which you were given opportunities to think for yourself, to associate with stimulating students and teachers—with teachers who really cared about you as a person, to learn at least two foreign languages with considerable facility, to grow as a human being? These are but a few of the memories we hope you will continue to hold.

We hope, too, that you will be utilizing your many talents to help others as well as yourself. Hunter College High School is designed, in part, to provide students with a wealth of leadership experiences. We will be surprised and disappointed if you have settled for a life of mere existence instead of a life filled with novelty and verve.

You leave us with memories, too. It is our sincere wish that you return often to rekindle these memories. I speak for all the faculty in thanking you for making the life of a teacher so truly rewarding.

Bernard S. Miller

Principal

Dear Seniors,

My best wishes go with you as you start a new and exciting phase of your life.

You have faced the many changes in our school as well as in your world, with understanding and a deep sense of involvement. I hope that you will meet each new challenge with faith in your own ability and enthusiasm for finding a resolution.

A welcome will always be waiting for you.

Affectionately,

Mildred A. Busch

Administrative Assistant





We



Senior Advisers

Mrs. Greenspan

Mr. Kizner

love



you



We



Senior Advisers

Mrs. Greenspan

Mr. Kizner

love



you

Administration



Mrs. Camille Diniro and Mrs. Della Meehan



Miss Anna Galschjodt



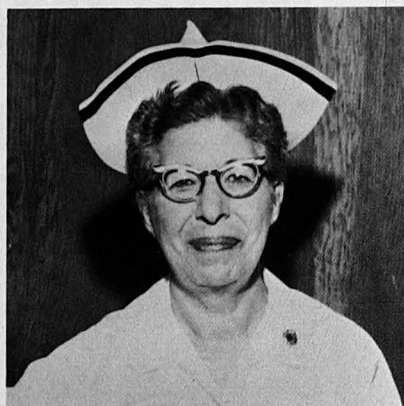
Mrs. Edith Sipes



Mrs. Ruth Rubin



Mrs. Helen Hancock



Mrs. Thelma Brolin



Mrs. Margery Copeland

Guidance

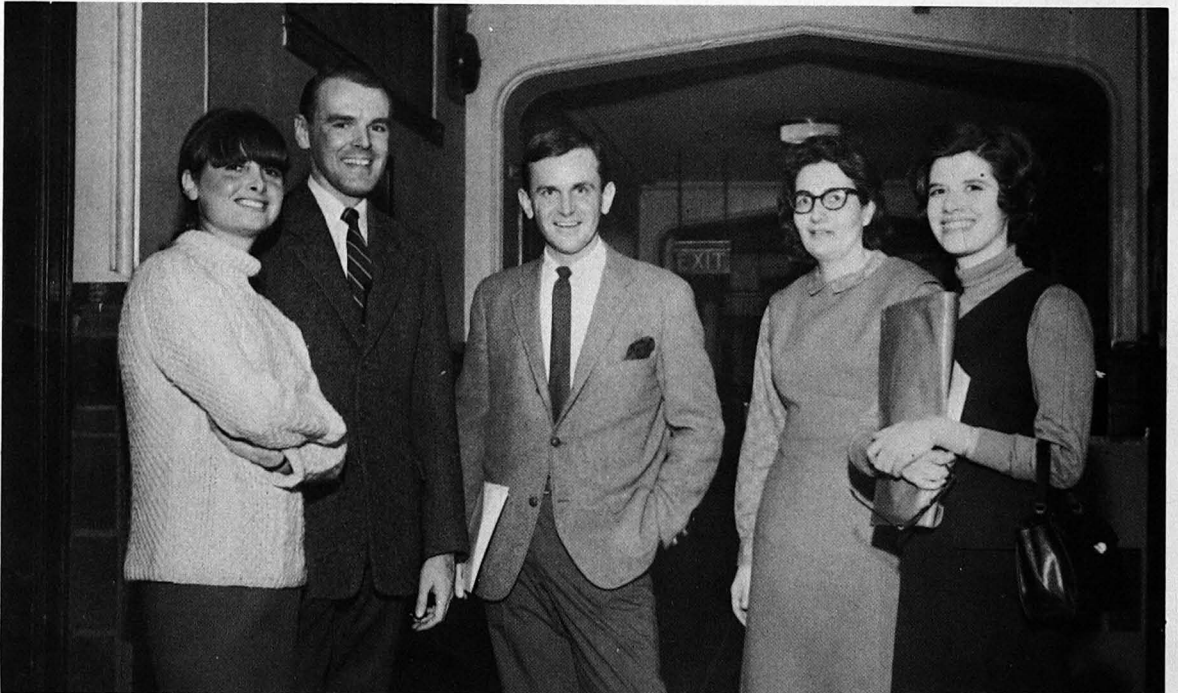


Left to right—Mrs. Lemoine Callender, Mrs. Geraldine Rothman. (Director), Mrs. Rosemarie Conway.

English



Seated, left to right—Mrs. Dorothy Young, Mr. Richard Corbin (Chairman). Standing, left to right—Mrs. Rose Marie Laster, Mr. John McNeil, Miss Mildred BruBaker.



Left to right—Mrs. Marian Decker, Mr. Richard Peck, Mr. Ned Hoopes, Miss Miriam Burstein, Miss Peggy Monk-meyer.

Foreign Languages



Dr. Rose-Marie Daele
(Chairman)



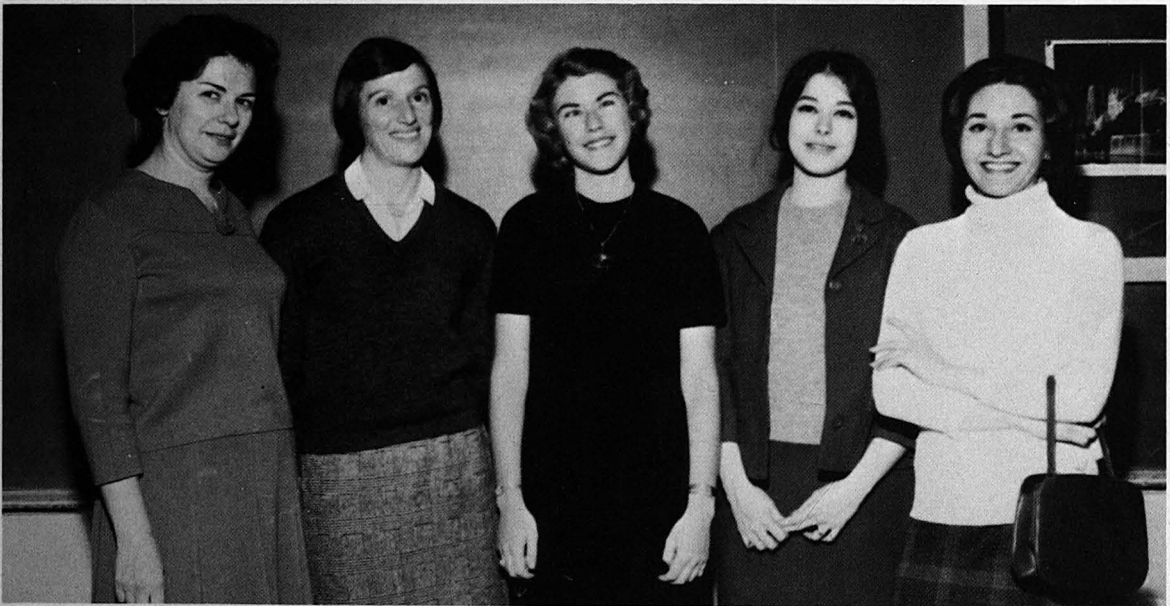
Miss Jacqueline Wahl and Mrs. Maria
LoFrumento



Mrs. Barbara Ellberger and Miss Gisela
Rummel



Miss Louise Neill and Mr. Irving Kizner



Left to right—Mrs. Mary Rodriguez, Mrs. Luisa Ghnassia, Miss Linda Eisen, Miss Carol Hoffman, Miss Edith Shreiber.

Mathematics



Left to right—Mr. Richard Klutch, Mr. Douglas Bumby, Mrs. Pat Allaire, Miss Margo Galson, Mr. Harry Ruderman (Chairman). Also—Dr. Mildred Lawton.



Seated, left to right—Miss Mary Gargiulo, Mrs. Lillian Scott, Miss Ruth Morgan. Standing, left to right—Mr. Mark Nadel, Mr. William Lee.

Science



Left to right—Mrs. Margery Goldsmith, Miss Ray Miller, Miss Helene Kosbi, Mrs. Joyce Yard, Mr. Henry Lee, Mr. Robert Bryan, Mrs. Emily Boggs (Chairman), Mr. Ronald Hall, Miss Sandra Friedman, Mrs. Anne Sutton. Also—Miss Miriam Batt.



Mr. Steven Schwartz



Mrs. Anne Heckel



Mrs. Anita Wells

Social Studies



Miss Mary Cronin (Acting
Chairman)



Left to right—Mrs. Hemdah Kreiser, Mrs. Susan Rocque, Mr. Richard Plass, Mrs. Anna Morello, Mrs. Jane Greenspan.



Left to right—Mrs. Laurie Szubin, Miss Susan Griffen, Mrs. Renate Wheelock, Mrs. Janet Baer, Miss Joan McCarthy.
Also—Miss Loretta Walsh.

Fine Arts



At the piano—Dr. Ralph Dale (Chairman). Standing, left to right—Mr. Norman Curtis, Miss Ellen Taaffe, Mr. Harold Carle, Mrs. Martha Kraus.



Miss Susan Bauer



Mrs. Josephine Guccione and Miss Clare Enrico

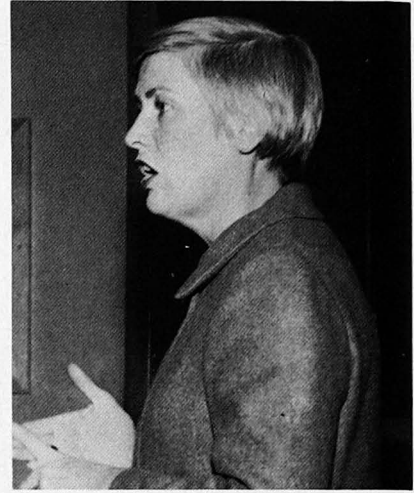
Health and Physical Education



Miss Dede Thomas and Mrs. Margaret Krieg



Mrs. Alice Feinberg and Miss Jo Ann Mullen



Miss Jean Binnie (Chairman)



Miss Georgine Brennan



Miss Claire Kropf



Speech



Left to right—Mrs. Pauline Schlesinger (Chairman), Miss Ingrid Wekerle, Miss Miriam Balf. Also—Mrs. Patricia Hale Minos.



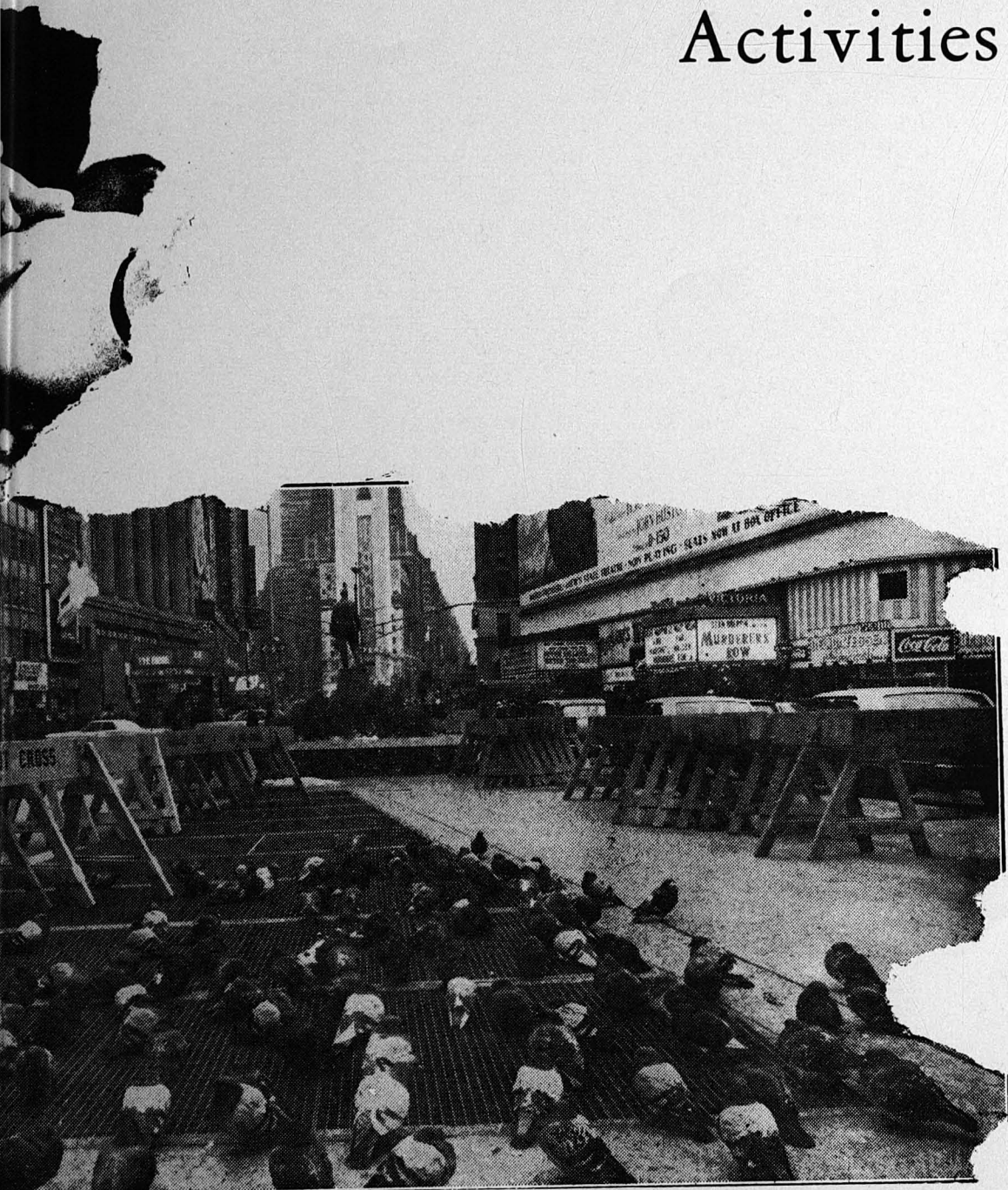
Miss Peggy Moran





Times Square

Activities



ation, Times Square is an empty desert on the morning after, with nobody around but just us pigeons

(NEWS photo by Ed Clark)

General Organization



At the New York Public Library: Left to right—Susan Wyman, Judy Gruber, Janis Checkanow, Diane Barnes, Ellise Delphin, Ellen Dolnansky.



President	Ellen Dolnansky
Activities	Judy Gruber
Vice-President	
Administrative	Janis Checkanow
Vice-President	
Treasurer	Ellise Delphin
Corresponding Secretary	Diane Barnes
Recording Secretary	Susan Wyman

Athletic Association



At the 161st Street (Yankee Stadium) station of the Woodlawn line: Left to right—Lois Radisch (Secretary-Treasurer), Marlene Vergos (President), Karen Boxer (Vice-President).





In the Rizzoli International Bookstore: Cathy Ross being carried by, left to right—Shelly Goldklank, Linda Heisner, Doris Aberback, Judy Bass.

Argus

Editor-in-Chief Cathy Ross
 Literary Editor . . . Shelly Goldklank
 Art Editor Sherry Goldfarb
 Assistant Art Editor . Doris Aberback
 Literary Secretary Judy Bass
 Business Manager . . . Linda Heisner

What's What

Editor-in-Chief Ella Kusnetz
 Managing Editor Deborah Asher
 Copy Editor Etta Milbauer
 Features Editor Karin Abarbanel
 News Editor Ettie Ward
 Business Manager . . . Loretta Locicero



At a newsstand at 68th and Lexington: Left to right—Karin Abarbanel, Loretta Locicero, Deborah Asher, Ella Kusnetz, Etta Milbauer, Ettie Ward.

Big Sisters



At F.A.O. Schwarz: First row, left to right—Debby Israel, Rita Broser, Betty Levin, Jane Taylor, Penny Tzetis, Karla Sloves, Susan Siegel. Behind them, left to right—Heidi Javna, Liz Schiff (Chairman), Donna Bosco, Vera Vogelsang, Doris Aberback, Miriam Salholz, Roberta Moldow, Ellen Borgersen, Maureen O'Connor. Also—Barbara Isaacson, Michele Winter.

Sigma

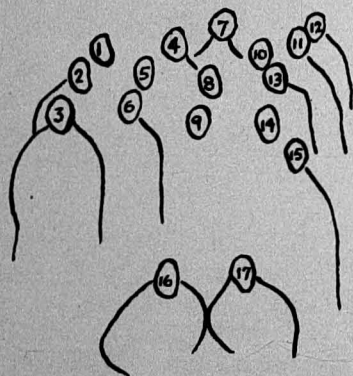


In the Allied Chemical Building: Left to right—Betty Levin (President), Karla Sloves (Secretary), Roberta Morris (Treasurer).



Annals

Editor-in-Chief	Ruth Katz
Associate Editor	Debby Israel
Art Editor	Pei-loh Chia
Knocks and Boosts Editor	Heidi Javna
Literary Editor	Dody Ober
Photography Editor	Doris Abrahams
Business Manager	Kitty Wigderson
Knocks and Boosts Staff	Susan Aaron, Shirley Adams, Myra Dembrow, Robin Ellsberg, Sofia Galson, Shelly Goldklank, Bess Kupfer, Eileen Reinhardt, Florence Tomsky
Photography Staff	Jamie Alden, Carol Seligson
Business Staff	Connie Barbara, Miriam Salholz, Marilyn Sands, Linda Schoenbaum, Carol Seligson
Junior Representatives	Karin Abarbanel, Atina Grossman

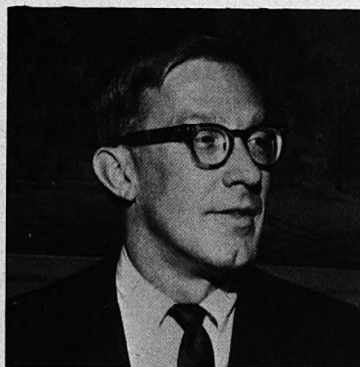


Near the Plaza Hotel:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Myra Dembrow | 10. Ruth Katz |
| 2. Debby Israel | 11. Doris Abrahams |
| 3. Florence Tomsky | 12. Shirley Adams |
| 4. Bess Kupfer | 13. Dody Ober |
| 5. Miriam Salholz | 14. Kitty Wigderson |
| 6. Connie Barbara | 15. Heidi Javna |
| 7. Jamie Alden | 16. Eileen Reinhardt |
| 8. Linda Schoenbaum | 17. Sofia Galson |
| 9. Marilyn Sands | |

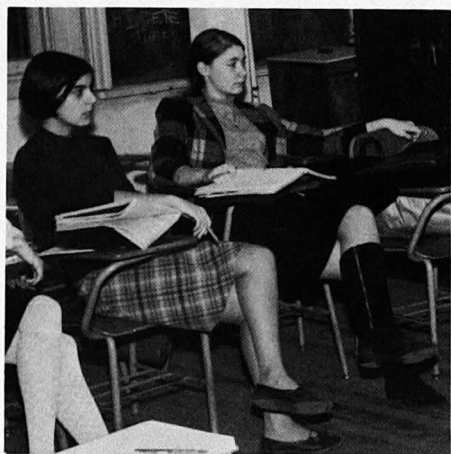


Mrs. Decker, Literary Adviser



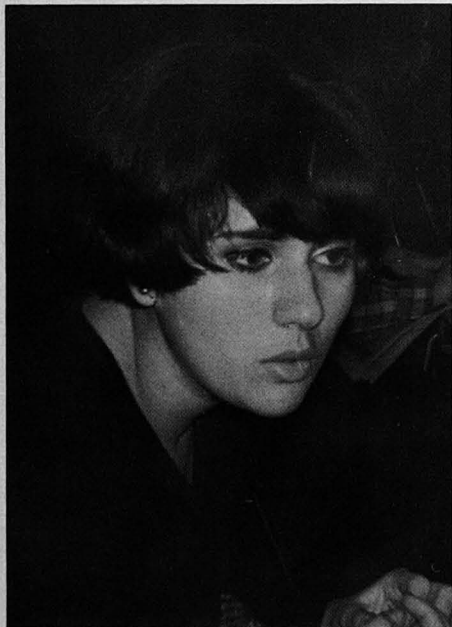
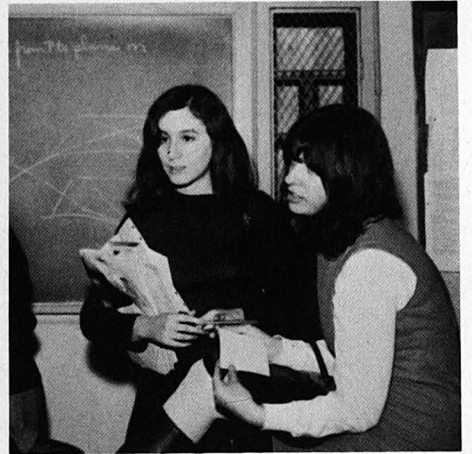
Mr. McNeil, Financial Adviser

We came
angry
young
people,





and found
together
that we
were not
so angry.

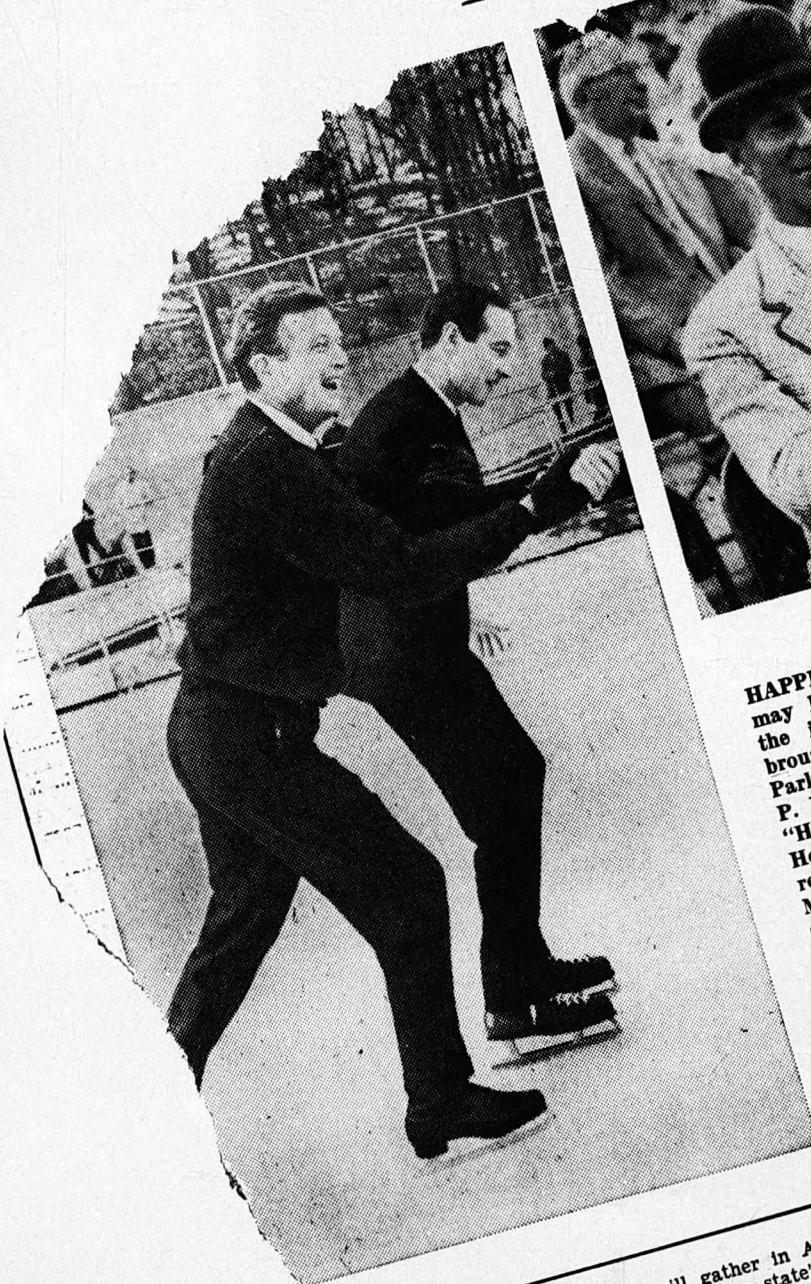


Sometimes, we conflicted,

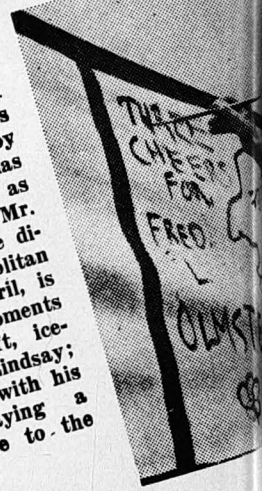


but in moments we came together,
finding each other as people, in
a world choreographed by the
dancing images of our minds.





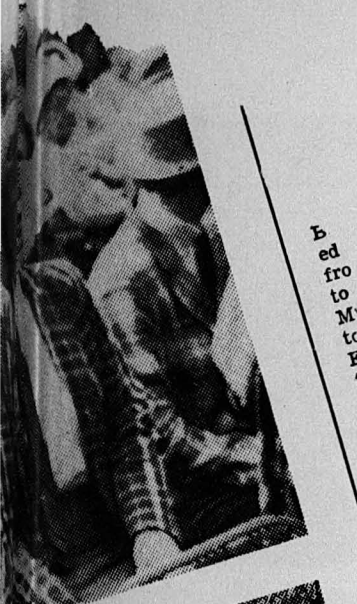
HAPPENINGS: New York may have seen the last of the imaginative innovations brought to the city's parks by Parks Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving and known as "Hoving's Happenings." Mr. Hoving, who will become director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in April, is shown here in light moments at Central Park: left, ice skating with Mayor Lindsay; above, at a concert with his family; right, paying a Hovingesque tribute to the park's designer.



an independent, level of fact-
I want to
... in a
and final
had the
Robert
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fects

gates who will gather in Albany
next April 4 for the state's con-
stitutional convention.
The result opens the way for
the first complete over-
word... complex,
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Central Park Seniors



Ed
fro
to
M
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E
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The New York

THE CHRISTMAS: Last-minute shop

What Happens at Happening? Well,

the absentee

By PAUL HOFMANN

Two West Side boys
the radio yester
at the C

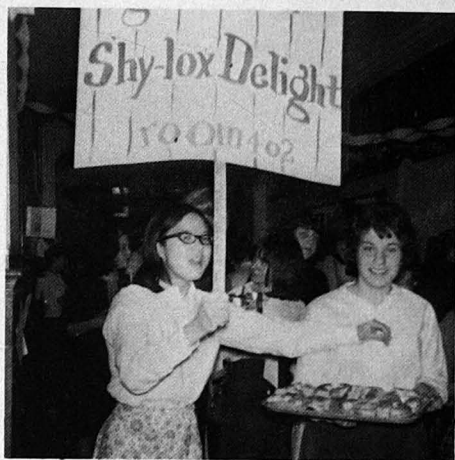
Sure
drive of how po
ind their

Seniors 1967



Eighth Grade

Seventh Grade



Ninth Grade



Tenth Grade

Once upon a
time...



Junior Year



Junior Year

THE JUNIOR SONG

("The Longest Day")

The newest Junior Class is marching.
Now it is no mystery
That '66 will be a flaming
Year in Junior history.

Chorus:

Bright and aglow
Juniors on the rise,
Forever on the go,
Always attracting eyes,
We steal the show
And we'll take every prize.
Onward and up we'll attain great heights.

You've never seen a class like ours.
Compared to us the rest are wrecks.
Over all the Juniors tower,
And we're loved by Stuyvesant and Tech.

Our spirits high, our voices ringing,
We want it down in history
That '66 we are proclaiming
The year of the Junior Jubilee.

(Repeat Chorus)

We are telling you our story.
We want it for posterity
That the Juniors in their glory
Reached the peak of supremacy.

Hunter rise, you are observing
A class of smiles, yet full of tricks—
Hunter High—we are presenting,
The Junior Class of '66.

THE SENIOR SONG

("I'm Gonna Live Till I Die")

Hunter rise, Hunter cheer,
Seniors '67 are here.
The class with style and grace is gonna take its place,
And we will sing so everyone can hear.

'67 will be
A great year in history.
We're gonna take the town, and turn it upside down,
And we'll be glad to accept the city key.

Chorus:

We're the first class that's really first class.
We're far ahead of all the rest.
Lower termers know that our term is
By far and wide the very best.

Harvard waits for us all;
Every college waits for our call.
CCNY knew they had reached the sky
When a Senior visited their halls.

We are great for the state.
Washington has told us we rate.
They hoped that we'd consent to help the President,
But we just told them that they would have to wait.

(Repeat Chorus)

We're the most "in" of all.
Our TV show starts in the fall.
The pop art trend came to a crashing end
When Batman hung a Senior poster on his wall.

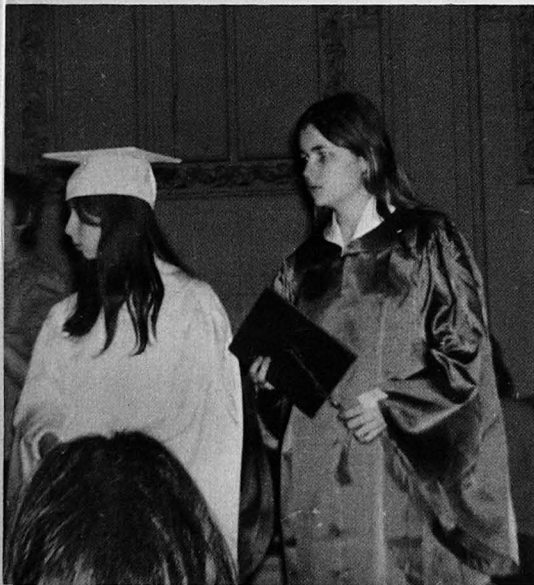
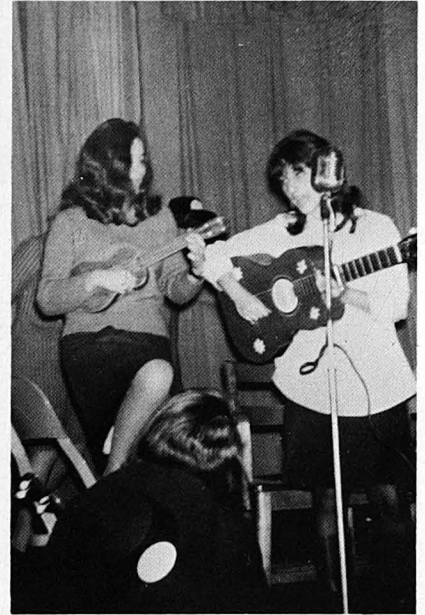
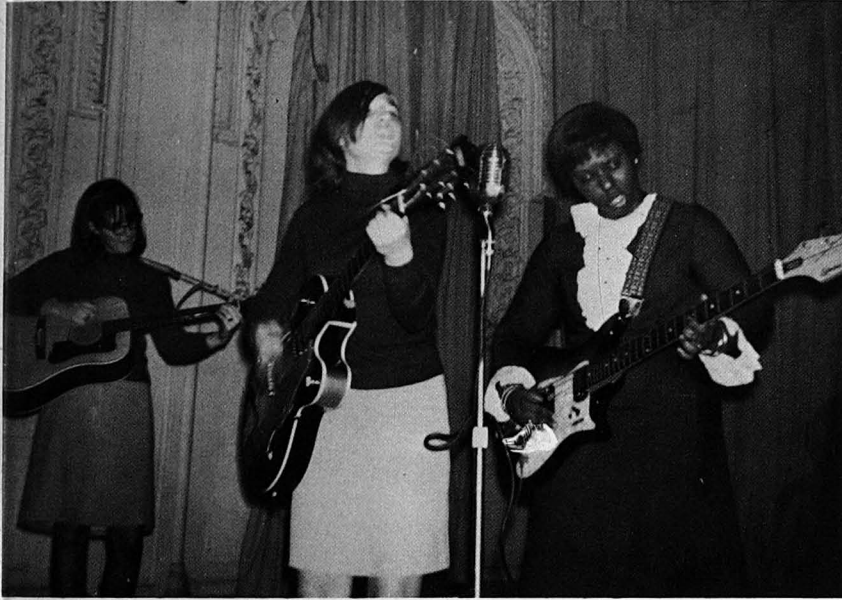
Here we are, here at last,
After five hard, long years have passed.
We are presenting you with something great and new,
'67's Senior Class.

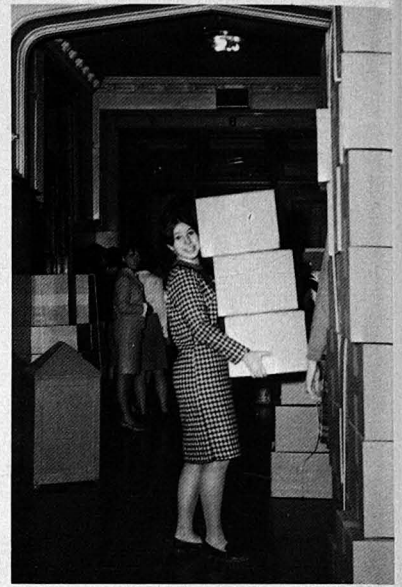
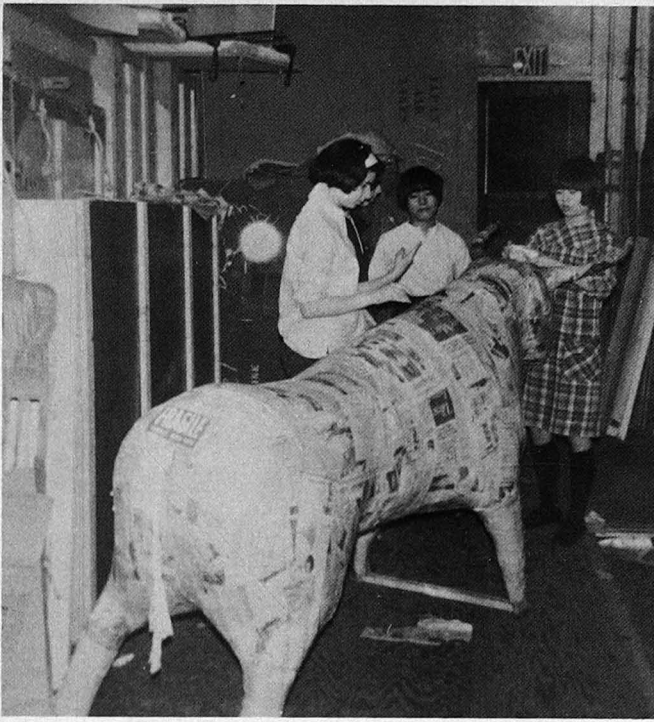


Playing in Central Park: Left to right—Linda Grossman (Senior Vice-President), Pat Yuan (President), Karen Roubicek (Treasurer), Mari Miya (Secretary).

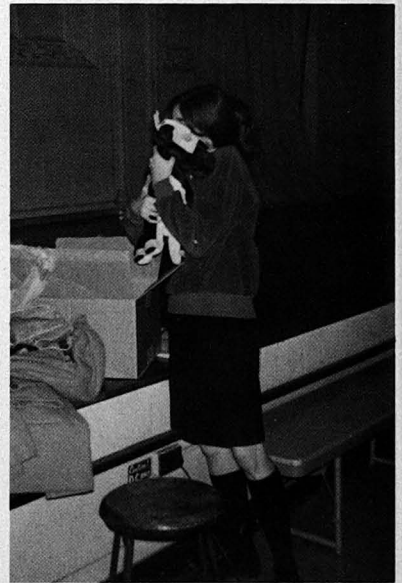


Seniorators





Acabullco



ACABULLCO'S SONG

"Spanish Rose" introduction:

We're introducing our mascot today,
From the rings of Mexico, far, far away,
presenting Señor Acabullco!
Olé!

"Spanish Rose" I:

Acabullco was born of the nob'lest parents
Of Spanish extract of the highest strain,
Inherited a sense of gallant honor,
Great talent and a highly gifted brain.

He grew up and was recognized at once as
A fighter who was destined for the ring,
Once trained he was the greatest in all Mexico,
And everywhere the bullfight fans would sing:

"Toreador":

Señor Acabullco, fighter of reknown,
Should be awarded a bullfight crown.
He is destined for glory and fame.
Sing praises unto his name,
The greatest hero in all Mexico,
Señor Acabullco.

"Spanish Rose" I:

He was the toast of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.
He even made a hit in Monterrey.
They feted him at many a fiesta,
Where no one had a word for him but praise.

"Spanish Rose" II:

In each ring his show was just grand,
His services so in demand,
That each matador
Acknowledged for sure
That he was best in the land.

"Spanish Rose" I:

But then he decided to give up fighting.
He felt that fighting wasn't really right.
He left the ring, the honor and the glory,
And slipped across the border one spring night.

In America he joined a group of pacifists,
And took a small place near the Rio Grande.
His life was just becoming rather settled.
When he was kidnapped by a gypsy band.

"Hernando's Hideaway":

Acabullco's life was in jeopardy,
And no one was more scared than he,
For he was kept both night and day
Locked in the gypsy hideaway.
No rest, no sleep, no food to eat,
That he survived was quite a feat.
—Devised a plan to get away,
Escaped from the gypsy hideaway,
Befriended by a dancing bear,
A character beyond compare,
And with his help and that of fate,
Acabullco successfully escaped.
Then guided by a distant star,
He ran and ran so very far,
And after wand'ring through the day,
He reached the ranch of LBJ!
Olé!

"Spanish Rose" I:

He promptly was invited to a barbecue.
The steaks did sizzle, and the wine did pour,
Then LBJ himself approached and asked him
To join the US Diplomatic Corps.

"Spanish Rose" II:

Said Lyndon, "Oh, we need your aid.
The people in Spain are afraid
Of a holocaust, for our H-bomb's lost,
Though it's the safest H-bomb made,"

"Spanish Rose" I:

So he flew across the ocean in an aeroplane
And calmed the Spaniards, then went for a swim
In the Atlantic and, of course, recovered the bomb.
The triumph was all on account of him.

He was lauded and applauded throughout the world
For his great diplomatic victory,
And they said as they had said so many times before,
"Acabullco, no one is as great as thee."

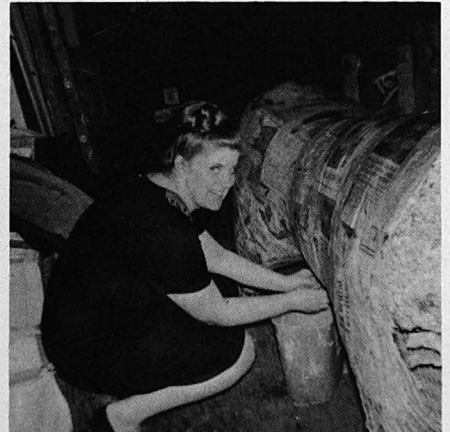
—Made a ticker-tape parade for him in New York,
He addressed the UN and Mayor Lindsay,
And Thomas Bailey wrote another chapter
On his contribution to diplomacy.

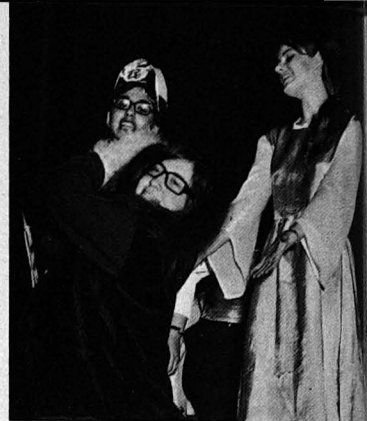
"Spanish Rose" II:

Then a Senior he met on the street.
No one else was he so thrilled to meet.
She spoke fluent Español,
And his heart she stole.
And that's why we're here to greet—

"Spanish Rose" I:

Señor Acabullco, diplomat and fighter.
Our honored Senior mascot's here, and so.
We sing to him and welcome him to Hunter,
The marvelous Señor Acabullco.





the
Senior Class of 1967

welcomes you to

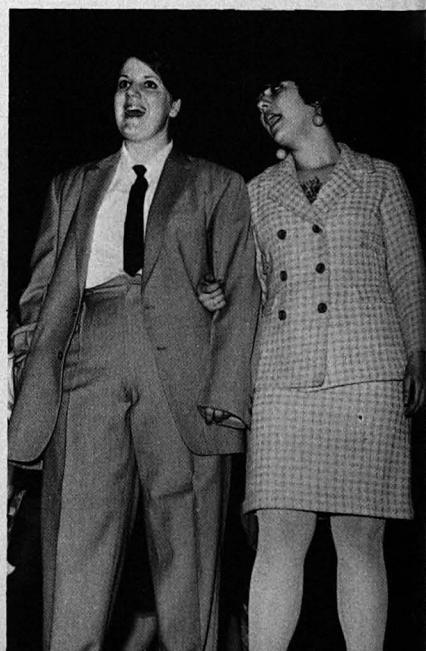
NEVER CLEVER
LAND

To keep the lethargic lower
termers lively, we decree that each
pubescent publicity committee construct
a creative and colorful bulletin board
in honor of our Ball, the acclaimed
Asabullo. The arduous endeavor of each
cunning committee should keep in tune
with our thoughtful theme and purposely
peaceful procedure.

Take humble heed of these
worthy words. The Happy Contented
Heavenly Senocracy is finally a fruit-
ful force. From this day forward,
the Reigning Seniors hold the reins
and shall run down fun, frolic and
freedom upon you, our sincerely
sweet subjects. It is the desire of
Senior Asabullo and the Suspicious
Seniors that all the temporary sub-
jects of the land of FANTASY, as
our day, the 23rd of March in the
year 1967, shall be beaming and
bright and happy and gay.

The End

march 23, 1967



OPENING

("Man of La Mancha")

Hear us now!
Hunter hear now our tribute to you
And six years that have gone by too fast.
Years with memories
Of Caesar and Shakespeare and Pooh
We sing now before you at last!

And we try to remember
The June, the September,
The daydreams of summer in spring,
And the locker room noise,
And the Stuyvesant boys,
All the work, now the triumph
We sing.

We sing of the stair climbing,
Of papers, and tests, and Uniforms,
Of the cut classes, the late passes,
The nightly dreams of college dorms.

Hear us now!
Hunter hear now our tribute to you
And six years that have gone by too fast.
Years with memories
Of Caesar and Shakespeare and Pooh
We sing now before you at last!

And we try to remember
The June, the September,
The daydreams of summer in spring,
And the locker room noise,
And the Stuyvesant boys,
All the work, now the triumph
We sing.

We grasp at the past, and we cling—
Our moment, our triumph,
Our sing!

MARCH OF THE CLASSES

("When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

The sevens are marching looking keen,
Hurrah, hurrah.
They say they'll make the Radcliffe scene,
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Their confidence is well displayed.
In Core they always make the grade,
For they're intellectually gifted
So they say!

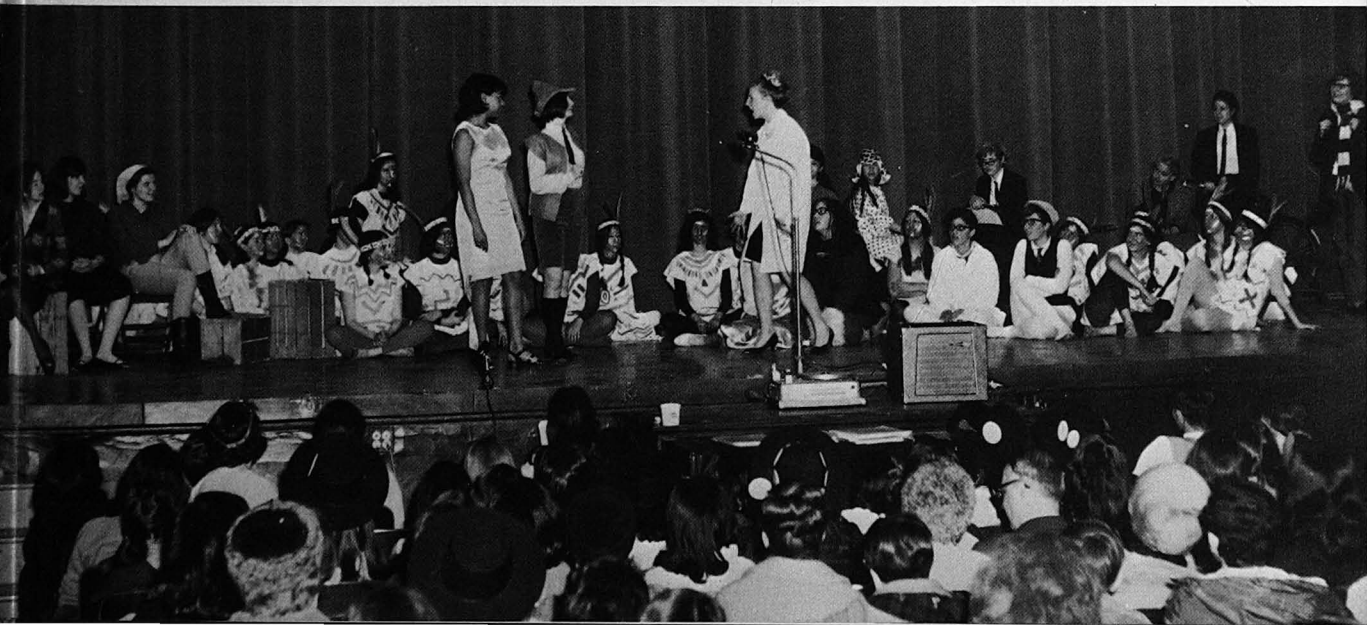
The eights are marching heads held high.
They know the score.
All Hunter knows their presence now.
They've been before!
As buddies they advise the new.
They tell them just what they can do,
For they're intellectually gifted,
Aren't you?

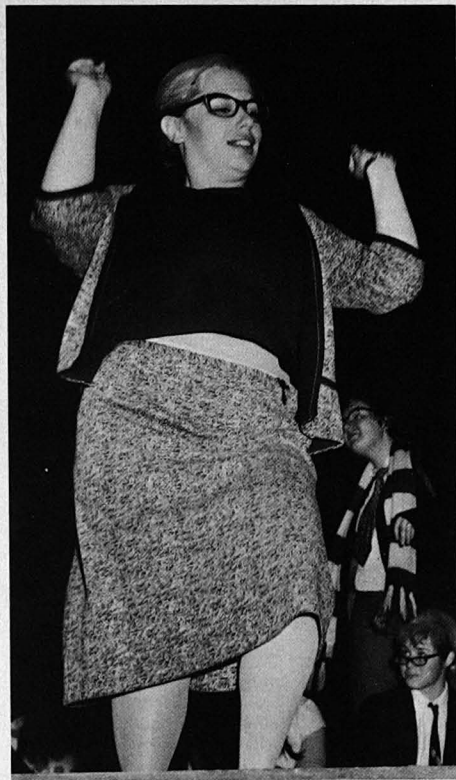
The Freshman class is upper class.
They dance with boys,
And underfoot the sneakers show.
They're filled with poise.
Their concern for grades has just begun,
But still they never miss the fun;
And it matters not, for they are gifted, too.

Oh, Sophomores are in between.
They're growing old.
They'll soon be upper classmen,
And they know, they know.
Their grades now count, and soon they'll rate,
If good enough 'Accelerate,'
And finish high school in five instead of six.

The Juniors are aspiring to be Seniorites.
They burn the candle at both ends
All through the night.
They think they'll make the Radcliffe scene,
Although the competition's keen,
For an 85 at Hunter is really a 92.

Oh mononucleosis is for Senior year.
Sex ed, speech class and music
Are all given here.
If you have luck, you'll catch the germ
And come to school just half the term.
You can never be overcut in STUDY HALL!





ELEANOR SCHNEIDER

("Eleanor Rigby")

Eleanor Schneider leaving the building and sneaking right out the front door on the first floor . . .

Where is she going? I think she's going to cut because math is a bore.
I'll tell you more:

Chorus:

Oh, the sneaky students,
Where do they all belong?
Oh, the sneaky students,
What are they doing wrong?
But none of them are lonely people
'Cause they are not the only people.

There's Sarah Palowski here in the College all morning and signing in late. She had a date

With all the others up in the North Lounge where everyone here congregates.
Isn't that great?

(Repeat Chorus)

Eleanor Schneider on one sad morning was doing her English report. Cliff notes she bought.

When she had finished, she came to the High School and by the policeman was caught—

To Miss Busch was brought.

All you sneaky students,
Take warning from our song.
All you sneaky students,
Don't stay away too long.
Get expelled, and you'll be the only people,
And you'll be very lonely people.

ORDINARY GIRL

("Ordinary Man")

I am a quiet, loving girl,
Who enjoys spending an evening in the silence of my room,
Who likes an atmosphere as restful as an undiscovered tomb.

A pensive girl am I, of philosophic joys,
Who likes to meditate, contemplate,
Free from humanity's mad, inhuman noise.
Just a quiet, loving girl . . .

But—be a girl in Hunter High, and your serenity is through.
They will knock you down the stairs, pierce your ears and pull your hairs,
Then go on to the enthralling fun of trampling over you.

Oh—be a girl in Hunter High, and you're up against a hill.

If you want to eat your lunch, then you have to fight a bunch
Of the screaming seventh graders, like a group of wild marauders, out to kill.

You want to study in a study,
But a committee has to meet.
So then you run down to the basement,
And it is cold with ice and sleet.

Oh—be a girl in Hunter High, and you invite eternal strife.

I'd give anything to know how they ever made me go,
For I'm very much more willing for a dentist to be drilling
Than to ever be a girl in Hunter High.

I am an ordinary girl,
Who desires nothing more than just the ordinary chance
To buy a dress, and do my hair, and to go to a co-ed dance.
An average girl am I, of no especial hope,
Who likes to live my life free of strife
Omitting the problems with which I have to cope.
Just an ordinary girl . . .

But—be a girl in Hunter High, and you are giving up your life,
Isolated in a school where a saint could break a rule.
If you think a nun's secluded, then you've really been eluded in your plight.

You want a cigarette at lunch time,
But it's raining in the street.
So then you go into the girl's room,
And Dr. Miller you do meet.

Oh be a girl in Hunter High,
Be a girl in Hunter High,
Be a girl in Hunter High.
How could I ever be a girl in Hunter High?



HIGH MARKER

("Big Spender")

The moment you walked in the room,
I could tell you were a man of compassion—
A real high marker,
Good looking, so refined,
A guy who would help a gal of my kind.
So let me get straight to the point:
I can't stay another year in this here joint.
Hey high marker, how about doing some-
thing nice for me?

Chorus:

Oh I know I've had fun, fun, fun,
And I've had a few laughs, laughs.
Must I pay for my good time?
Must I pay for my good time?

Of all the teachers I know
You stand out as being a real free thinker.
You're no stinker.
Discerning, and so fair—
I could tell that you would be a fellow who'd
care.

So lend an ear to my plea
And come up with an A? a B? a C?
Hey high marker, how about doing some-
thing nice for me?

(Repeat Chorus)

My average is oh-so-o low.
Mom'll kill me 'cause she wants me in
Vassar.
Just go and ask her!
Ivy League and all the rest—
How can I explain I wasn't doing my best?
I know you may think it's a joke:
I've applied to both Smith and Holyoke!
Hey high marker, hey high marker,
Hey high marker, hey high marker,
Hey high marker, how about doing some-
thing nice for me?

B-4

("How Much is that Doggy in the
Window?")

How much is that sandwich in the window?
I only have a dollar bill.
I can't use my pennies either,
All four hundred and eighty-two.

My ice cream is melting on my fingers,
My Ring-Ding is growing a mold,
My Hershey bar hasn't any almonds,
My milk carton is full of holes.

Oh, B-4 we worship and adore you,
Your pretty metallic machines,
You swallow our money, and you leave us
No fuller than we were before—B-4!

LOCKER ROOM

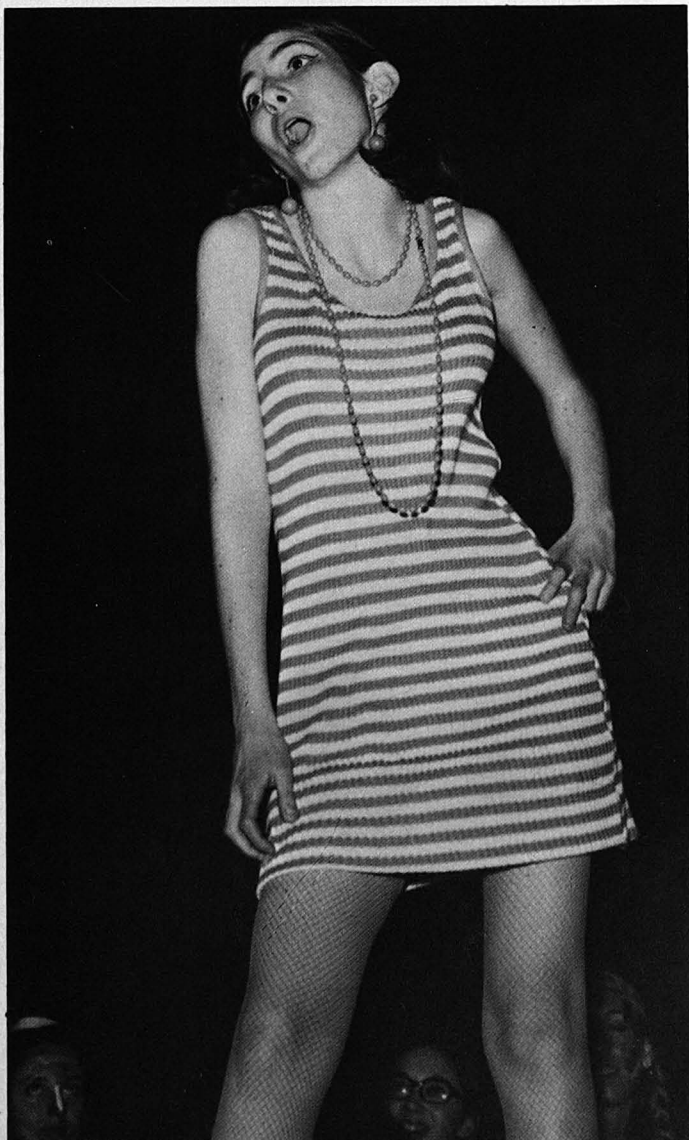
("Life on the Wicked Stage")

Life in the locker room is more than Hunterites.
It's bugs and roaches.
Toxic odors overcome her as the Hunter girl
approaches.
As she staggers by the stairs to go up,
She controls the urge to throw up.
Life in the locker room is more than anyone
can bear.

Life in the locker room is crawly, slimy things
and insect strangers.
When I entered, I was not informed of arthropodic
dangers.

I am sure my sneakers are quite dirty,
But the roaches think they're purty.
Every time I go downstairs, I'm greeted by a bug.

Life in the locker room has terrible effects
upon my studies.
I can't find my books, and all I've got
are slob for locker buddies,
Three week's lunches and a mildewed raincoat.
'Help me' is my sad refrain note.
Someone send a fumigator and a painter in.





SCHEDULES

("Favorite Things")

Monday ain't Monday
 And Tuesday ain't Tuesday
 'Cause Wednesday is Thursday
 And Friday is Sunday.
 That's how we pass our weeks
 Here in this school.
 I showed up on Christmas
 And felt like a fool!
 No lunch Tuesday
 'Cause on Wednesday
 We lost our last class.
 I went to assembly
 On the wrong day
 And then had to get a pass.

We had shortened classes
 Last Sunday morning.
 We got out late Thursday—
 The sun was just dawning.
 These are the small things that
 Get me confused.
 Explained it to Mommy;
 She thought I was boozed.
 Can't we once have
 Normal weeks here?
 Can't we just be plain
 When making up schedules
 For our assemblies?
 Then nobody would complain.



PELHAM BAY BLUES

("San Francisco Bay Blues")

I got the blues every day on the Uptown Pelham Bay.
 It's crowded and noisy and smells like moldy hay.
 I tried to take the express,
 But had no success.

The Woodlawn train just passed me by, I think I'm
 gonna cry.

There's a man with his elbow in an unconventional place.
 The air conditioner is blowing his toupée in my face.

If I ever get home alive,
 I'm gonna learn to drive.

No more riding every day on the Uptown Pelham Bay.

Finally, I got a seat at 77th Street.

The little old lady in the combat boots couldn't quite
 compete.

Oh dear, I'm late again.

It's almost, half-past ten.

How can I tell Mrs. Hancock I left at eight o'clock?

I'm sick and tired of the Horn and Hardart ads.
 The underground atmosphere really isn't so bad.

It's perfect unity—

Togetherness, can't you see.

It's not so bad—riding every day on the Uptown
 Pelham Bay.



HUNTER DANCES

"Has Anybody Seen My Gal?":

Five foot two,
 Acne, too.
 Why must he step on my shoe?
 His horn-rimmed glasses make me blue—
 boo-hoo-hoo.

Will he call?

I'm too tall.

Here I stand against the wall.

I wonder why I came at all.

And though a Hunter dance leads to romance,

Still, I'm all alone.

I could stand a helping hand.

I'll dance with the chaperone.

If I could

Could find one guy

That didn't wear a corny tie,

I wouldn't feel so bad;

I wouldn't look so sad.

I'd introduce him to my dad.

"Baby Face":

Baby face, oh every boy here has a baby face.

They're all fourteen, and they all have bad taste.

What a waste.

My Friday night is ruined.

My social life is, too, and

Tell me why his hands are shaking when he holds me
 'round my waist?

Ya know he's been to school;

He knows the six-inch rule.

Boy, he is no Alan Bates!

SPEECH

"Laredo":

When I entered Hunter, I heard about speech class;
I thought I could do well by just keeping still.
But then I was asked to stand up and read minutes;
I was sadly informed that my voice was too shrill.

We acted in plays, and we memorized speeches;
Six times I was chosen to act out the door.
I tried out for PGID, but they didn't want me,
So now I'm a Senior, and speech is a bore.

"Cielito Lindo":

"Time," "mine" and "thine":
Speech class and clinic.
We dentalize, stammer and stutter.
My tongue in cheek turns into butter.
"Dance," "trance" and "prance":
This is my weakness.
All afternoon I spend in clinic.
My speech teacher must be a cynic.

SEX ED

"What's That I Hear?":

What's that I see now written on the wall?
I've seen that word before.
I learned about that; yes, I think I did,
In a classroom on the sixth floor.

Chorus:

There are many things you can't read in *Candy*,
Handy things, strange and new.
Now I'm grown up and unexpurgated,
If my mother only knew, if my mother only knew.

When I was young, I had many doubts and fears.
Don't say that ignorance is bliss.
Now I have wisdom and a CBS career.
Look at what the city schools miss.

(Repeat Chorus)

Now I am ready to go into the world.
Now I can graduate.
With a knowledge of the finer things in life
Now I can choose a mate.

(Repeat Chorus)

"She Cried":

And when I told mom she needn't tell me anymore,
She cried.
And when I told mom that CBS had done it all,
She cried.

She thought that sex was a thing for parents and
fools,
But now she finds that we learn it in school.

And when I told her a color film had caught my eye,
She cried.
And when I told her I knew just when, where, how and
why
She cried. She cried.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION

"Somewhere":

There's a sock somewhere,
Sneaker and sock somewhere.
I must find it before the bell;
Teachers yell and expell.
Someday, some way,
I'll find a new place for changing.
Dressing rooms need rearranging.
Phys. Ed.

"Sixteen Going on Seventeen":

I am 4-2; you are 4-3; 4-4 has broke
her knee.
The cage ball has got loose, I'm tying a
noose;
Please come and climb a rope!
Totally unprepared am I.
My gymsuit's full of holes,
And in attempting volleyball,
The weight fell on my toes.

"Somewhere":

There's a shoe somewhere,
Stocking and shoe somewhere.
Somewhere under this hopeless mess
Is my dress, so I guess.
Help me! find it! Phys. Ed.



ENGLISH

"Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation":

When first I entered 7A
Each day was a happy day
'Cause English mixed with history so well.
But when I found that, as an eight,
I'd have to take my English straight
I knew that high school English would be . . .

"Johnny One Note":

Johnny Tremain
Worked like the devil to get in the army,
they say,
But he'd be a C.O. today.

"Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation":

In Hunter I saw right away
We'd view things in a different way,
Seeking psychologic tendencies.
Though Ivanhoe to fear was blind,
His father's hatred blew his mind.
Macbeth had an affinity for trees.

Chorus:

A constant stream of poetry
Is not enough to culture me.
I get English class and study hall
confused.

The novels I seek clarity.
My grammar's sparked with novelty.
From Freshman English I won't be
excused.

We're more enlightened than they say.
We get sex ed before 12A:
Hester's Pearl was more than just bad
luck;

Ulysses's wife was true, we know,
While he was busy with Calypso;
Holden Caulfield's favorite word was . . .

"Poor Old Marat":

Poor old Hamlet,
The jig is up:
Your daddy's a ghost
And your ma's a slut.
Poor old Hamlet,
You're all psyched up.

"Lyndon Johnson Told the Nation":

Junior year is good for sleeping,
Though the Regents test comes creeping
Disguised as uniform 11B,
And grammar is a bloody bore,
But take it just a few months more
Or get 200 on your SAT's.

(Repeat Chorus)

As Seniors we are competent,
But there's a state requirement.
The seminar's designed to free us all:
You choose not just the course of study,
But, if your schedule is too heavy,
You can choose an extra study hall.

In Hunter English is unique.
In twelfth grade it meets twice a week.
But despite its faults one thing is true:
Parsing phrases we were spared.
All in all, quite well we fared.
In college, Hunter English, we'll miss
you.

HISTORY

("Shake Hands With Your Uncle Sam")

Sit down in your history class, my friend, and simply
just relax.

We'll fill your head with people dead and all assorted
facts.

America and the world around, there's lots for you to
know.

You may get lost, but don't be cross. We'll try to take
it slow.

There's Sophocles, Socrates, Nero, my hero, and
Brutus who'd shoot us and Caesar himself,
Charlemagne, what a pain, William, who killed
'em, and Henry I, II, III, in books on the
shelf,

Popes of the Vatican, Shakespeare, it's that again,
Louis, oh fooy, and Peter the Great,

Voltaire and Robespierre, Thomas More, what a bore,
Henry the Eight and the fate of his mate.

We've covered the Nines' curriculum, but do not think we're
through.

Columbus sailed, a fact bewailed, in 1492.

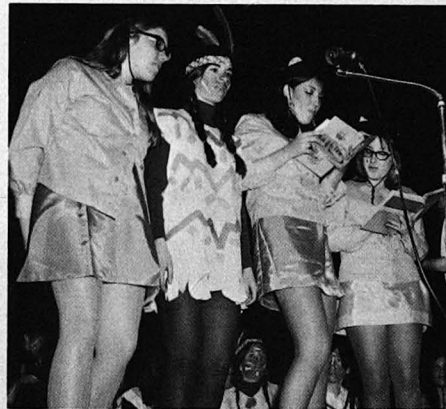
He started AMERICAN history; we place on him the blame.

We must discourse, with much remorse, on things of New
World fame.

There's Standish, outlandish, Lord Baltimore,
here is more, Captain John Smith and that
squaw he was with,

Witches of Salem, Sam Adams, all hail 'em, and
here Paul Revere with his horse, why of course,
Henry and liberty, Johnny and Boston tea, good old
George, Valley Forge, pale Nathan Hale,
Tyler and Taylor and many a sailor and Lincoln,
keep thinkin', the Overland Mail.

You may be overwhelmed, my friend, but don't forget the rest.
There's eco. and diplomacy before the Regents test.
And if you haven't had you fill, at Hunter there is more.
Political Issues and AP's await you on floor four.



SCIENCES

("I Left My Heart in San Francisco")

I cut my heart in three wrong places,
Right through the front and out the
back.
The place where paramecium fight our
bacterium,
Our bio lab, we don't prepare; we don't
care . . .

The H_2S smells like my breakfast,
While chlorine gas floats through the
air.
The Halogens I couldn't learn; my oxide
wouldn't burn.
I know a chemist I won't be; set me free . . .

And physics, too, was a disaster.
A syllabus, we haven't one.
The little cars we have to slide while
placing weights inside
Went off the edge onto my toe; let me go . . .

Oh science class, I've tried you often,
But we just don't seem to combine.
If I get out alive I'll be lucky,
And hope we never mix again.

BIOLOGY

"Hi Ho, Hi Ho":

Bio, bio,
Dissecting we will go.
With little knives
We end frogs' lives.
Bio, bio, bio, bio,
You know
The Regents was a blow.
It's not that it was hard—oh no!
It wasn't on bio.

"Down by the Old Mill Stream":

Down in room 214,
Where I saw my first spleen,
(Not the liver but the spleen)
And I turned olive green.
What a morbid scene.
I learned that frogs' kidneys
Can be removed with ease,
And that their ovaries
Resemble canned green peas.

Oh yes, biology
Taught me to be
Aware of what goes on inside of me,
And I can clearly see
That my heart is just a part of my circulatory system
which includes my white and red corpuscles, my lymph
nodes, my capillaries and my aorta . . .
Down in room 214.

MATH

("Mame")

My mind goes blank while taking a test—Math!
Equations and squares have got me depressed—Math!
I cannot calculate it 'cause two plus two will
never equal four.
If $A^2=B$, then how can it come out to 64?

My circle's looking out of my square—Math!
Hypotenuse-leg just never seemed fair—Math!
How come it seemed so simple when I looked into
the back of the book?
My reasoning is faulty so I guess I better have a
closer look.

Sines, cosines, tangents had me confused—Math!
Why must I learn things I'll never use—Math!
Then we did graphs and logs and complicated
trigonometry.
Quadratics had me stumped—my average took a
drop to 43.

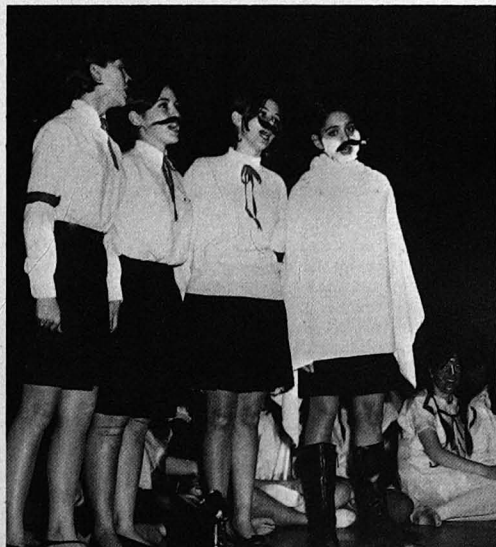
Graph paper makes the best paper planes—Math!
Protractors I have learned to disdain—Math!
If we don't memorize it—
You may not realize it—
We'll never utilize it—Math!

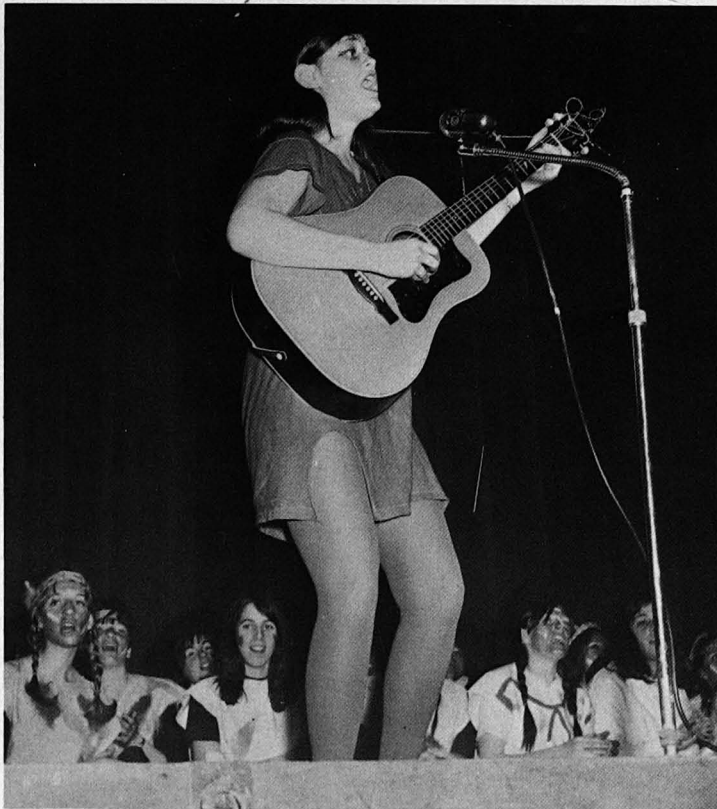
FRENCH

("Michelle")

Français, oi veh,
I canhot speak in this foreign tongue,
this foreign tongue.
Français, oi veh,
Must I die while I am still so young,
still so young?
Jean Valjean and Dantes and Candide,
Where do the accents go?
I surely hope you know.
'Cause on this petit examen, I'll get un zéro.

French class, alas,
Parler, lire, écrire, I cannot do, I
cannot do.
French class, alas,
I am bidding au revoir to you, good-
bye to you.





TO MRS. GREENSPAN

("You Didn't Have to Be So Nice")

Mrs. Greenspan, you've been great.
You've helped us in so many ways.
With Seniors you will always rate,
And we'll not forget these days.

Never can we thank you quite sufficiently
For all you've done to bring us victory,
so you see—

You didn't have to be so nice.
We would have loved you anyway.
You gave us so much good advice.
You helped to ease us on our way.

And then there were those times when we were
down and blue,
But we knew that we always could rely on you,
to pull us through—

For showing us just what to do,
For making each day pass with ease,
For good times we have shared with you,
We thank you for the memories.

You didn't have to be so nice.
We would have loved you anyway.

TO MR. KIZNER

("Georgy Girl")

Hey there, Mr. K.,
Seeing you just brightens up our day.
Just a quick hello is all it takes to end
our dismay,

so listen . . .

We think your're the most.
If we had champagne, we'd make a toast
To the finest guy a class has had the chance to
know.

You're always understanding when anyone's
feeling blue.
Good sense and guidance we owe to you,
our hero . . .

Hey there, Mr. K.,
Seeing you just brightens up our day.
If we had all night, our words we would
devote to you,
No one so true—
Our own Mr. K.

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS

("Letter From Home")

Mr. Kizner, Mrs. Greenspan,
Should I apply to U. of Pakistan?
I am troubled; I am worried.
Upper Volta U. would take me if I hurried.
Why not Vassar, maybe Bryn Mawr?
About the Regents, could I win more?
Oh, my mother would be in heaven
If I got accepted by the Sisters Seven.

Get me in!—No matter
What I have to pay. It's better!
Do not leave me hanging in the air.
I might get taken in somewhere.
Hunter might, if you would just ask them right,
Admit me to a course at night—
Oh piteous sight!
I'll go to Hunter at night!

Dearest teachers, please take pity.
I was just turned down by City.
Oh, the pain sticks in my ribs.
Could you try to get me into
Katharine Gibbs?



FAREWELL

("New World Symphony")

We'll soon be walking all alone, striving for
our goals,
Proud of heart and high of head, marching to
what Future holds.
Where can I go? What must I do? From
whom am I to learn?
These choices we have made for ourselves—
it's our point of no return.
You'll, too, one day be where we are: nervous, true,
yet bold.
Decisions you will make for yourselves, and your
own futures will mold.
The world is wide—life is too short. Learn
what is in your stars.
Try and realize all of your dreams. Find out—
just who you are.
You'll stand before those ancient doors: the lady or
the beast choose.
You may choose the right one but then find it locked—
what form of entry to use?
Not by a password or ringing a bell will
doors open magically,
But by earning the right to enter inside—
go now and find the key . . .

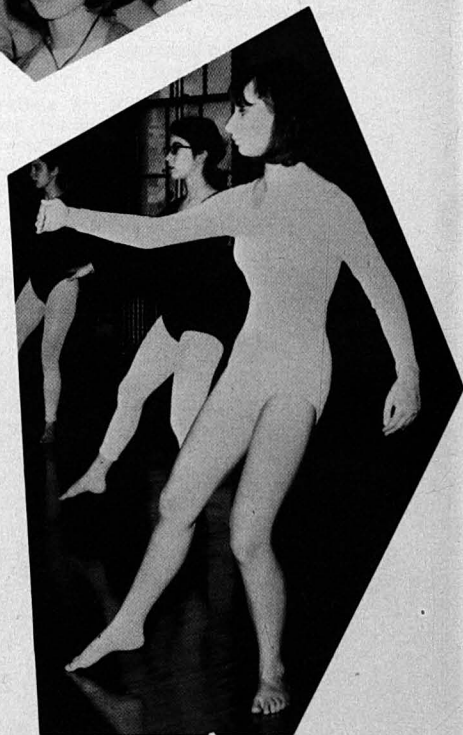
TO HUNTER

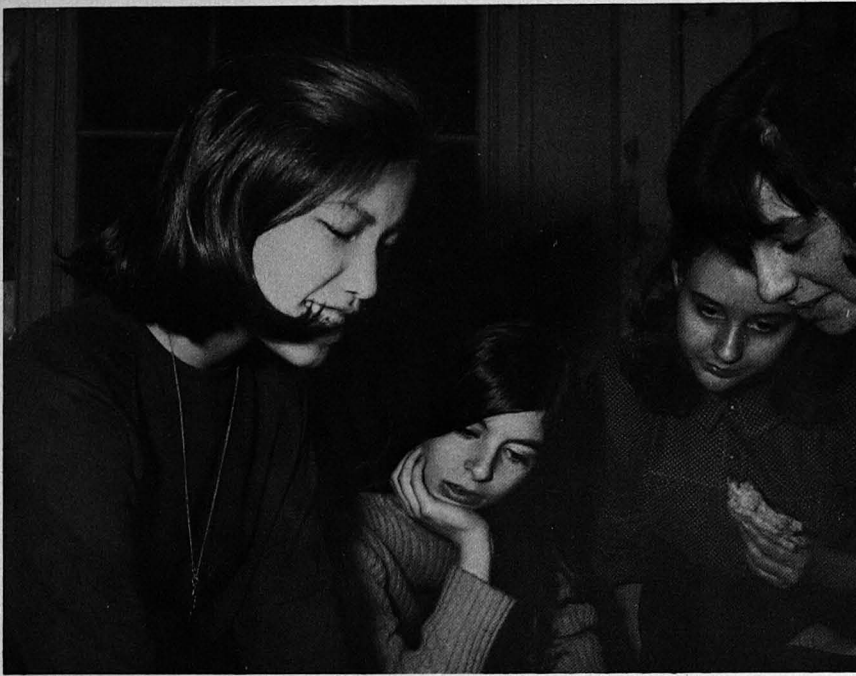
("Baby")

Hunter, we will miss you,
We will miss you 'cause we won't be back
next fall.
Hunter, we are ready,
We are ready now to step beyond your
halls.
The days have grown much fewer
And soon we will be gone.
And though we'll always miss you
We too must move on.
It doesn't matter where we are,
You always will be loved.
Hey, Hunter, we've never felt this way.
We've never felt this way.

so let's pretend
just
you and me
be whatever you want to be
and you can be
my special friend
and we'll play let's pretend

Because we are .
individuals,





We
had
more



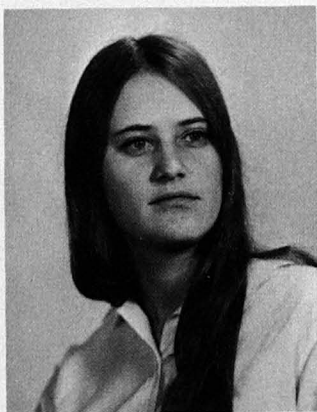
to give.



SUSAN SANDRA AARON
Don't part with your illusions.
When they are gone you may
still exist but you have stopped
living.



DORIS ABERBACK
We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of
dreams.



DORIS ABRAHAMS
And maybe I can make you
laugh;
maybe I can try . . .



SHIRLEY-MERI ADAMS
One may walk over the highest
mountain, one step at a time.



JAMIE ANNE ALDEN
"You'll get your chance."
they say.
"Your time will come."
"But when?" I ask.
"Why not now?"



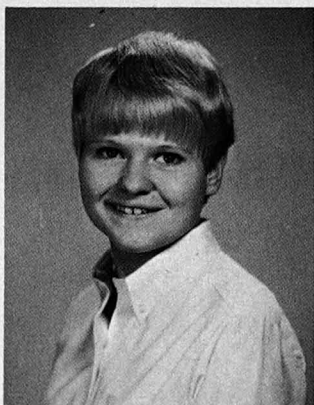
MARIA ANDRIETTA
If you do not expect
the unexpected—
You will not find it.



MARIE ARMENTANO
I know. But I do not approve.
And I am not resigned.



DEBORAH ASHER
Sometimes to be silent is to lie.



BRENDA BAARDSEN
You can't roller skate in a
buffalo herd, but you can be
happy if you put your mind to
it.



ANDREA BACHRACH
"Isn't this a face you can trust,
Charlie Brown?" . . . even.



CONSTANCE ANN BARBARA
O lovely chance, what can I do
To give my gratefulness to you?



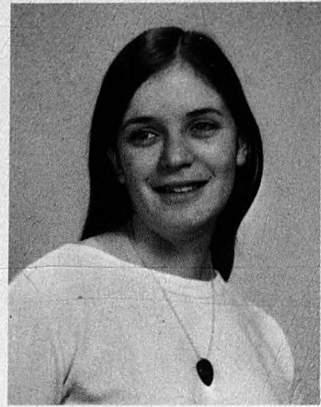
SHARYN BARBEE
I will follow the right side even
to the fire, but excluding the fire
if I can.



MARCIA BARTFELD
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in
sight.



SHERI BERENBAUM
I still believe that people are
really good at heart.



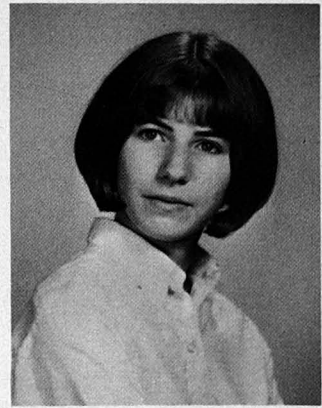
ALEXANDRA BECK
I am a lover and have not found
my thing to love.



TATIANA BERG
Time is a circus packing up and
moving away.

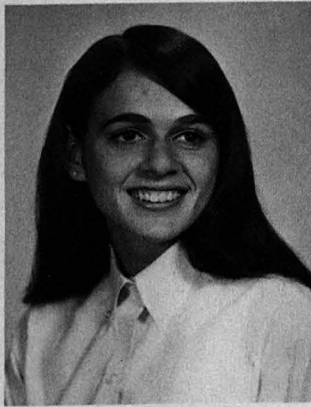


ADRIAN MERI BERKOWITZ
Live in the singular number,
caring more for the approval of
your own conscience than for
the applause of the crowd.



ANNE BERKOWITZ
... anger and hope and doubt;
what am I all about?
Where am I going?





RACHEL TOVAH BERNSTEIN
If you can wait and not be tired
by waiting,
or being lied about, don't deal
in lies,
or being hated, don't give way
to hating,
and yet don't look too good nor
talk too wise . . .



**ACQUANETTA RHONDA
BERRY**
There's a patch of old snow in
a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.



JOANNE BISAGNA
Happiness is the only good.
The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way to be happy is to make
others so.



RISA BISGEIER
What's in this grab bag
That I call my mind?

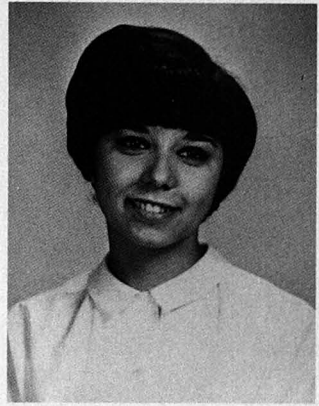


LYNETTE BLUMENTHAL
Dearer to me than the Evening
Star,
A Packard car, a Hershey bar,
Or a bride in rich adorning,
Dearer than any of these, by far,
Is to lie in bed in the morning.



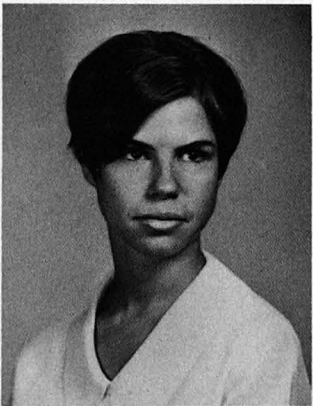
ELLEN BORGENSEN

The trouble with unicorns, useful as they were, and ornamental, was their turning up on unsuitable occasions and commenting pointedly on eminent and important persons, who appeared unflattered . . .



DONNA FRANCES BOSCO

How dull it is to pause,
to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd,
not to shine in use.
Destiny is to strive,
to seek, to find,
and not to yield.



KAREN PENNY BOXER

Love is a happy feeling that stays in your heart for the rest of your life.



ROSALIND BRATHWAITE

Paradise is there, behind that door, in the next room; but I have lost the key. Perhaps I have only mislaid it.



HARRIET IRIS BRAUNSTEIN
and who's gonna be the one
to say it was no good what we
done
i dare a man to say i'm too
young
'cause i'm gonna try for the sun.



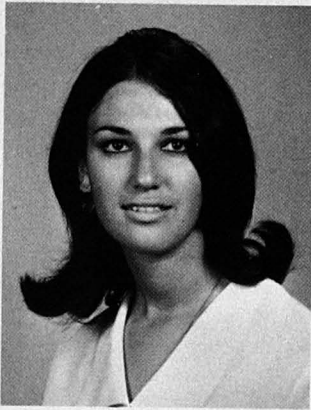
RITA BROSER
The most wasted day of all is
one on which we have not
laughed.



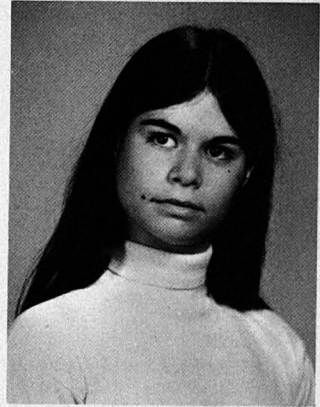
JACQUELINE CAMP
It were not best that we should
all think alike; it is difference
of opinion that makes horse-
races.



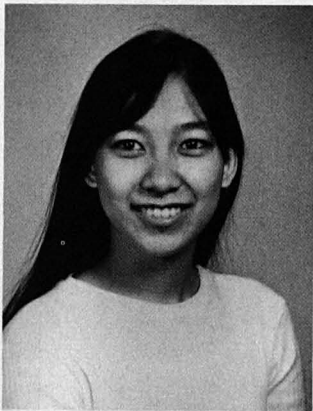
LESLIE CARROLL
To dream the impossible dream
...



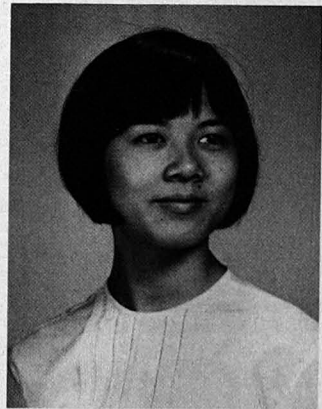
NATALIE CHAPRASTIAN
My love will come . . .
in from the pouring dark.
(With a hey nonny nonny,
even!)



JANIS CHECKANOW
where everything is possible
and the best is just beginning.



FAY LAI CHEW
Each day was better than each
yesterday, and
Every nightfall was more star-
etched,
More moon-radiant than any
others.
Eternally, it seemed, the world
would smile.



PEI-LOH CHIA
This accidental
Meeting of possibilities
Calls itself *I*.



**MARY VIRGINIA
CONNELLY**

It is only with the heart
That one can truly see;
For what is essential
Is invisible to the eye.



MAIA DANZIGER

You find that you can't go on
Because all of your hope is gone
And your mind's filled with
much confusion
Because happiness is just an
illusion . . .



YVONNE CELESTINE DAVID

We are friends together
In sunshine and in shade.

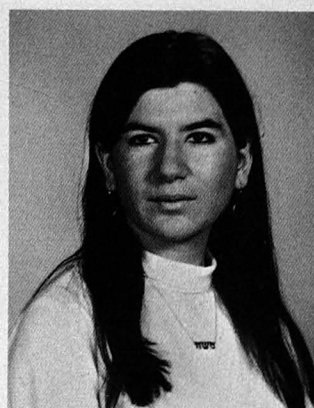


ADRIENNE MICHELE DAVIS

It is early.
I shall yet be footloose.



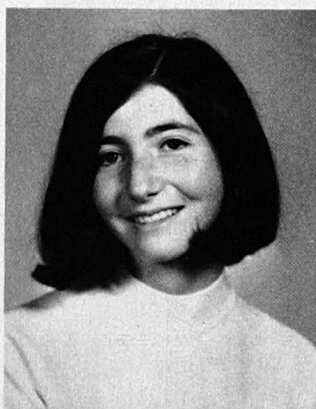
ELLISE DELPHIN
Second to the right and then
straight on till morning.



MYRA DEMBROW
Curiouser and curiouser!



ANNEMARIE DIMINO
The place where optimism most
flourishes is the lunatic asylum.



ELLEN DOLNANSKY
Our hearts were young and gay,
and we were leaving a part of
them forever . . .



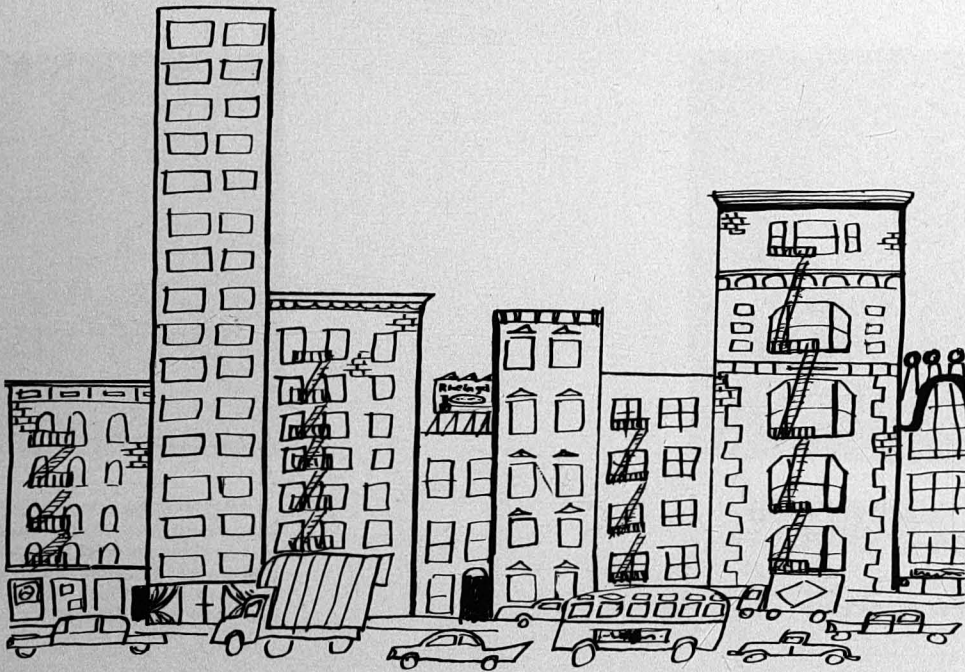
FRAN DREHER
The best way out is always
through.



CHRISTINE DUISIN
Perfection is not for the pure
of soul; there may be virtue in
sin.



SUSAN EDELSTEIN
"And can *all* the flowers talk?"
"As well as *you* can," said
the Tiger-lily. "and a great deal
louder."





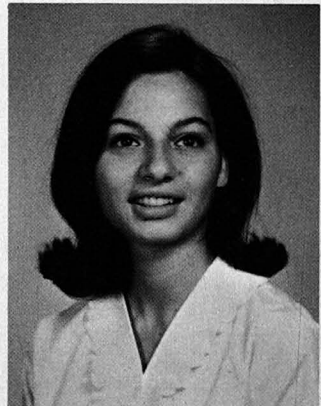
HARRIET EDWARDS
It seems to me that I am like a
small child playing on the beach,
while the great ocean lies un-
discovered before me.



DEEDEE EISENBERG
And if the earthly has forgotten
you,
say to the still earth: I flow.
To the rapid water speak: I am.



ROBIN ELLSBERG
Behold, this dreamer cometh . . .



ROSEANN EPPOLITO
Keep me away from wisdom
which does not cry, the philo-
sophy that does not laugh, and
the greatness which does not
bow before children.



JUDITH RANA FARBER
Life is Action and Passion.



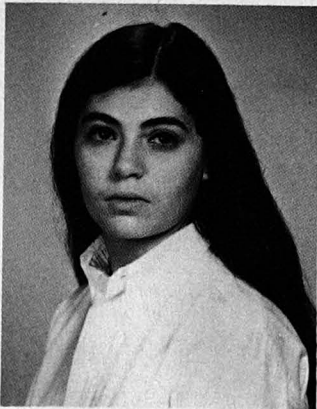
MICHELINE FEDYCK
Keep cool; it will all be one
a hundred years hence.



CAROL AILEEN FENDEL
Remembrance (memory or recol-
lection) is the lone paradise from
which one cannot be banished.

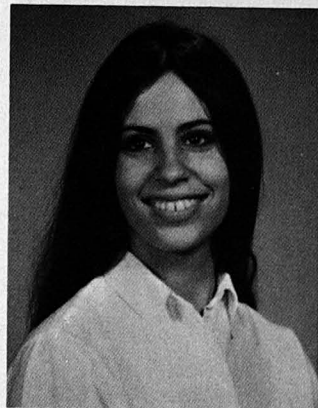


COLLEEN FINNEGAN
It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments
the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.



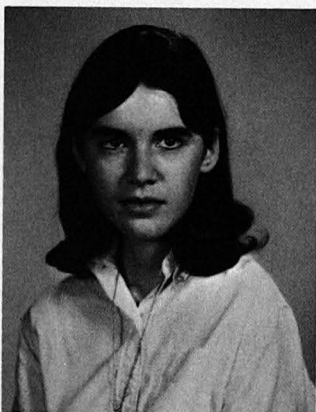
MARY-ANNE FISCHER

The line is cut;
I'm not at an end.
So I'll take my stand
And remain as I am
And bid farewell
And not give a damn.



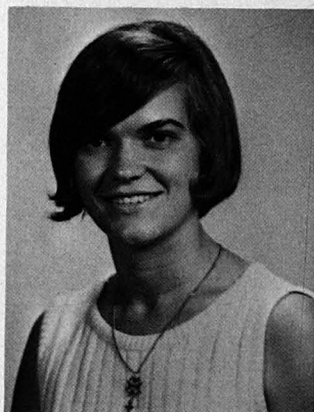
ANDREA FISHBEIN

There is a destiny that makes
us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives
of others
Comes back into our own.



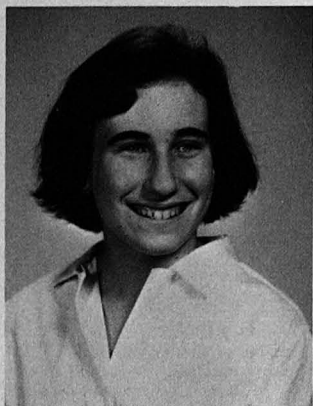
ELLEN F. FLYNN

Long ago I learned how to sleep,
In an old apple orchard where
the wind swept by counting
its money and throwing it
away.

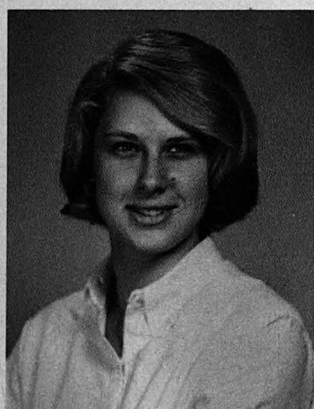


DANIÈLE FOURNIER

I think it may not be impertinent
to say the heart needs stars to
live secure and a little gold to
keep it pure.



**LINDA SUSAN
FRANKENTHALER**
All men should strive to learn
before they die
What they are running from,
and to, and why.



KAREN FUCHS
Full moon and flowers
Solacing my seventeen
Foolish years of song.



HANITA FREIDOWITZ
To dream the impossible dream
...

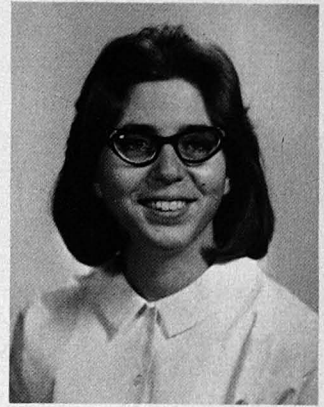


SOFIA GALSON
o mama can this really be the
end
to be stuck inside a mobile
with the memphis blues again



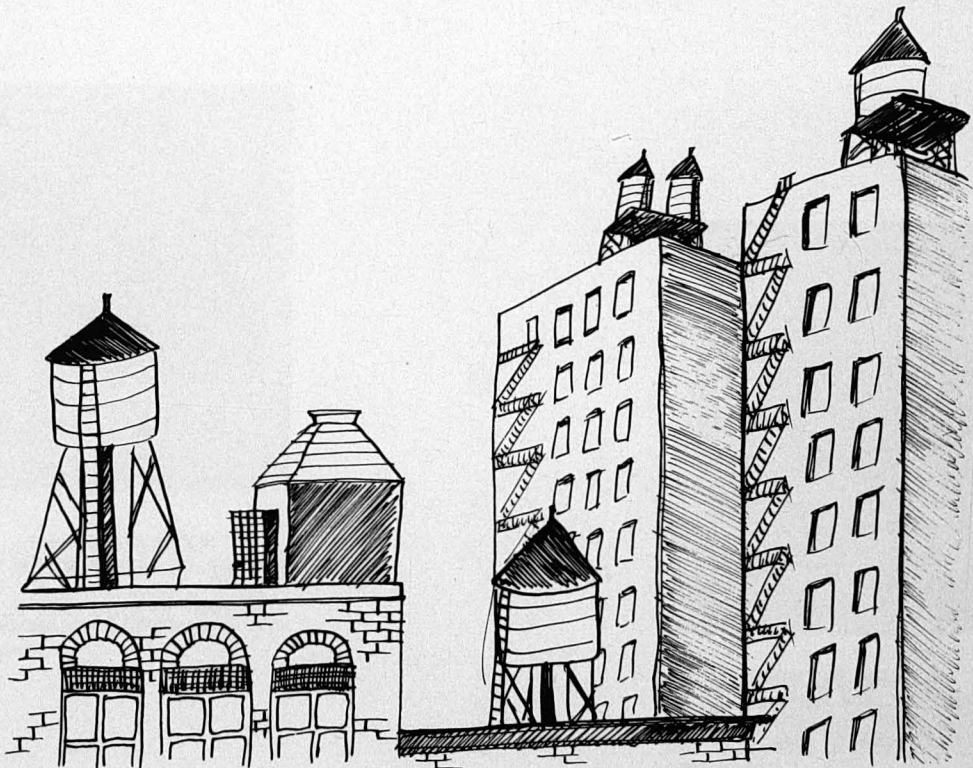
SABINE GLOBIG

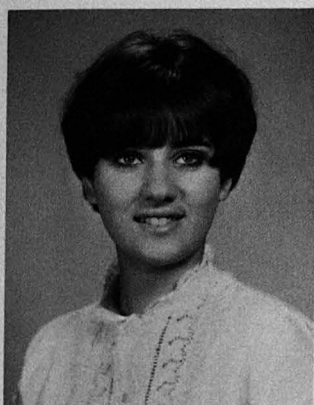
I shall be telling this with a
sigh,
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the dif-
ference.



MARILYN GOLDEN

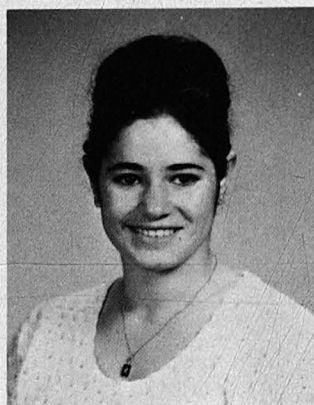
Trouthe is the hyste thing that
men may kepe.





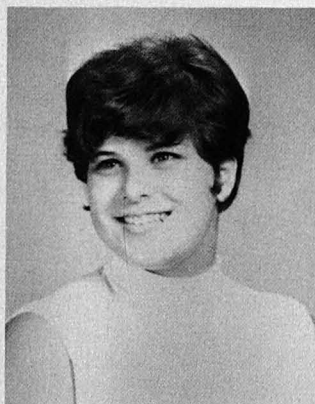
**SHERRY BARBARA
GOLDFARB**

Love is the tyrant of the heart;
it darkens Reason, confounds
discretion; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to
desperate madness.



**SHELLY ELLEN
GOLDKLANK**

To dance is to live . . .
to live is to dance.



RUTH GOLDSTEIN

Love looks not with the eyes,
but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid
painted blind.



BETTY GONG

To a lover of nature,
the wind whispers;
To a hurrying traveler,
the wind 'hollers'.



ELEANOR GREENBERG

Oh, isn't Life a terrible thing;
Thank God!



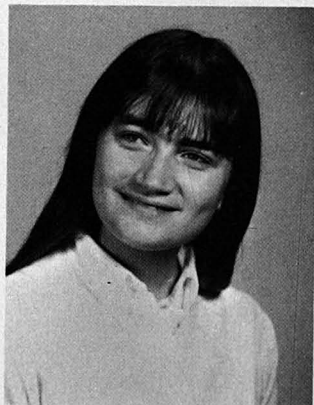
STEFFI GREENBERG
Across the silent stream
Where the dream-shadows go,
From the dim blue Hill of Dream
I have heard the west wind
blow.



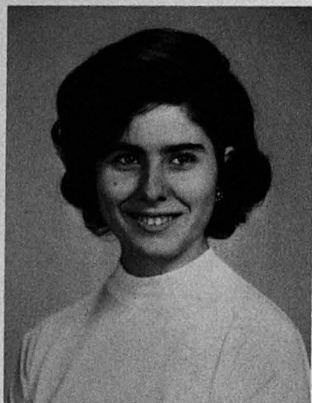
ANNE HELEN GREENE
Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's
likely to go better.



LINDA R. GROSSMAN
You give but little when you give
of your possessions—
It is when you give of yourself
that you truly give.



JUDY GRUBER
Some people look at things as
they are and say why? Others
look at things as they can be
and say why not?



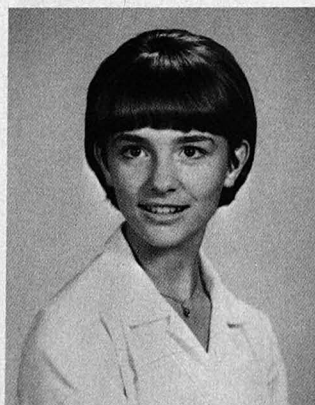
DEBORAH GUSS
From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.



**ANDREA VICKIE
GUTERMAN**
What's this I hear of sorrow,
weariness, anger, discontent
and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters—
Life is too strong for you.
It takes Life to love Life.



MELINDA HAAS
Music and rhythm
find their way into the
secret places of the soul.



LAURENCE HABERT
I am twice blessed:
I am happy,
And I know it.



LINDA HEISNER
Behold, this dreamer cometh . . .



VIVIAN R. HIRSCH
Today is the tomorrow we
worry about yesterday, and all
is well.



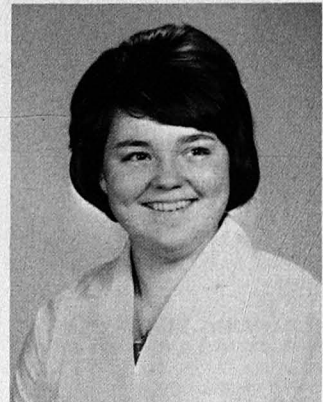
EVELYN HRADSKY
A thousand mile journey begins
with a single step.



ELAINE HRUBANT
Spring is the mischief in me.



HELEN HUBERMAN
Deep red roses
and daisies.



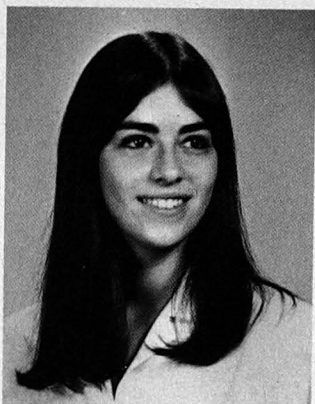
LYNANNE HUEBNER
I have taken all knowledge to be
my province.



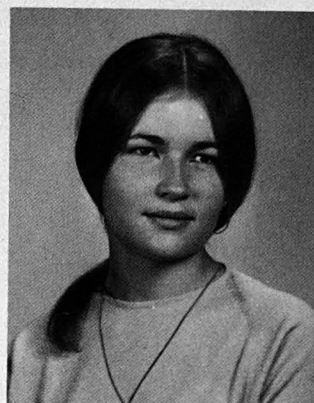
**BARBARA ELLEN
ISAACSON**
... danser avec les pieds,
avec les idées,
avec les mots ...



DEBORAH ISRAEL
Blessed are the children of Israel.



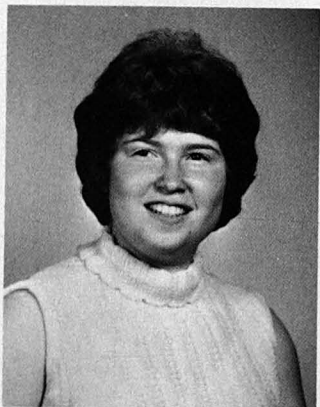
HEIDI EVELYN JAVNA
I am a part of all that I have met.



MARLENE ELIZABETH JEENEL
And let today embrace the past
with remembrance
and the future
with longing.



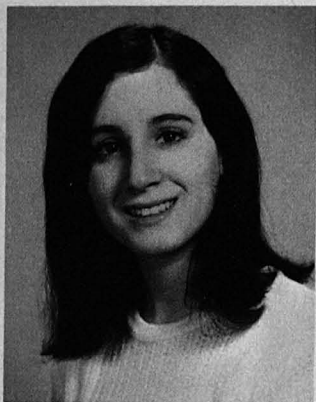
MARTHA KAMARAS
He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.



JUDY KARGER
I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I didn't know.



NAOMI KARP
i thank You God for most this amazing day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes



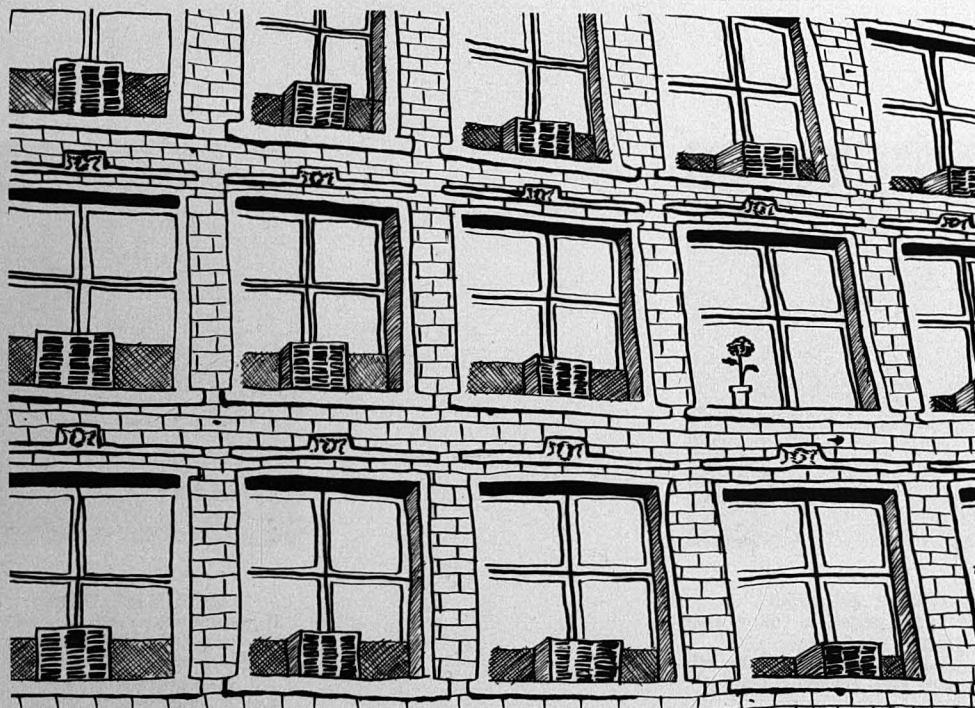
RUTH KATZ

Bring me my Bow of burning
gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds
unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!



NANCY R. KELLERMAN

The bad man is the man who, no
matter how good he has been, is
beginning to deteriorate, to grow
less good. The good man is the
man, who, no matter how un-
worthy he *has* been, is moving to
become better.





ANNE-MARIE KERGIS
"What matters it how far we go?"
his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you
know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the
nearer it is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail,
but come and join the dance."



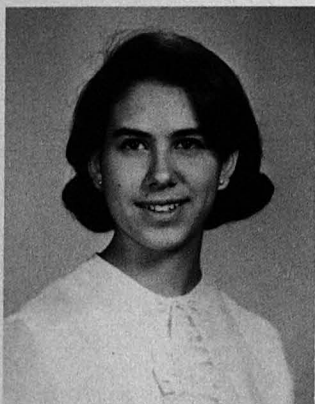
AMELIA KIRBY
And he said: Your children are
not your children.
They are the sons and daughters
of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not
from you,
And though they are with you
yet they belong not to you.



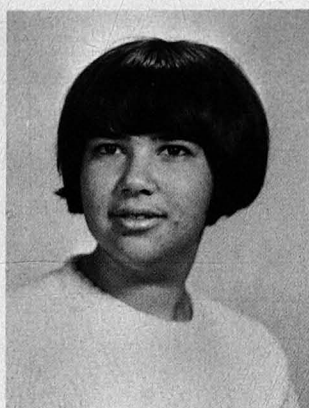
JUDY KLAVENS
This is my quest, to follow that
star,
To be willing to march into hell
for that heavenly cause!



DOROTHY KLEIN
If some kind of sin
you must be pursuing,
Well, remember to
do it by doing
Rather than by not doing.



MARILYN RUTH KOENIG
It is not thy duty to complete
the work, but neither art thou
free to desist from it.



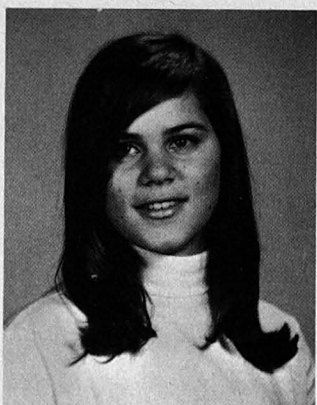
FAE JOAN KOOPER
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?



GLORIA KOPCHA
It lies not in our power
to love or hate,
For will within us is
overruled by fate.



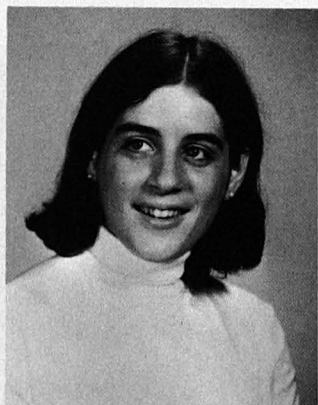
**THERESA TATIANA
KUDLAK**
That man is the richest whose
pleasures are the cheapest.



KATHRYN KUHMERKER
... the mind is restless, turbulent,
strong and unyielding ...
as difficult to subdue as the wind.



BESS KUPFER
Born with the gift of laughter
And the sense that the world
is mad.



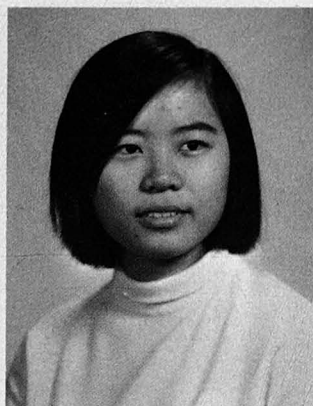
ELLA KUSNETZ
До свидания товарищи



STELLA EMILY KWASNIK
No star is ever lost
we once have seen,
We always may be what
we might have been.



CAROLYN LAX
We may choose something
like a star
To stay our minds on
And be stayed.



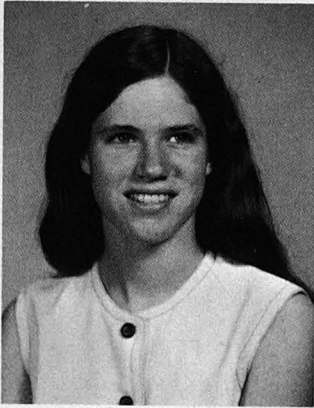
MARILYN LEE
In small proportions we just
beauties see;
And in short measures life
may perfect be.



**SUSAN LYNN
LEMMERMANN**
She doth little kindnesses which
most leave undone.

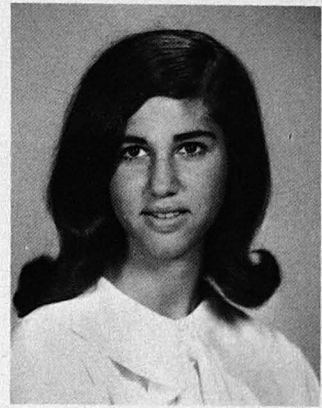


BETTY JEAN LEVIN
I think true love is never blind.
But rather brings an added light.
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common
sight.



JANET LIEVOW

A very popular error—having the courage of one's convictions: rather it is a matter of having the courage for an attack upon one's convictions.



JOANNE LIPSON

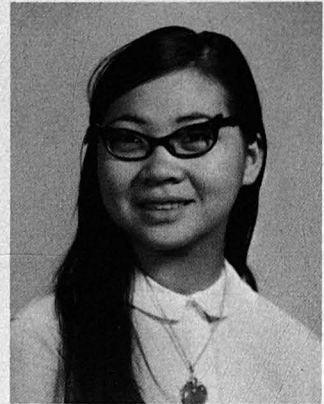
... the earth delights to feel your bare feet and the winds long to play with your hair.





LORETTA JOYCE
LOCICERO

Always remember: the Past is a prerequisite for the Future; and tomorrow the Present will be the Past.



YING LUM

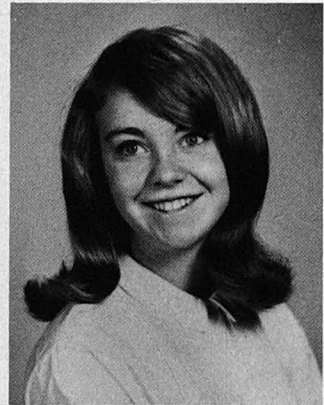
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.



MYRNA DEBRA MARGULIES
With enthusiasm,
anything is possible.



LINDA LEA McCURRY
I cast my own shadow upon my path,
Because I have a lamp that has not been lighted.

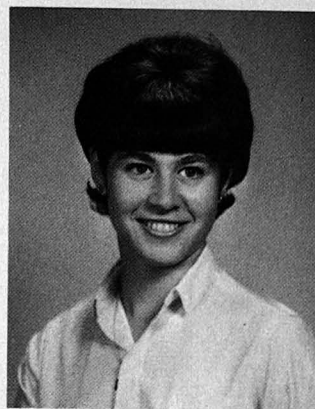


MARY KATHLEEN
McKENNA
I never saw a wild thing
Sorry for itself.



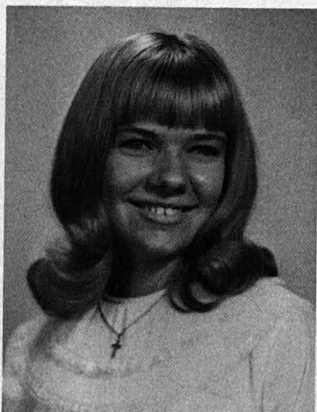
**ROCHELLE JOY
MERMELSTEIN**

Two are better than one;
For if they fall the one will lift
up his fellow,
But woe to him that is alone
when he falleth;
For he hath not another to
lift him up.



JANICE EVA MEYER

To be better far than you are . . .
To try when your arms are too
weary
To reach the unreachable star.



RUBY MEYER

I am not afraid of tomorrow for
I have seen yesterday and I love
today.



CYNTHIA MILLER

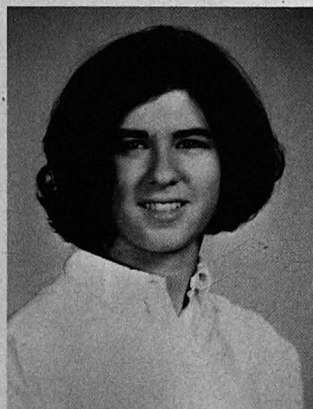
Like petals in the wind we're
puppets to the silver strings of
souls and changes.



NANCY L. MILLER
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!



MARI JOYCE MIYA
Only the children are
pressing their noses
against the window panes;
only the children know
what they are looking for.



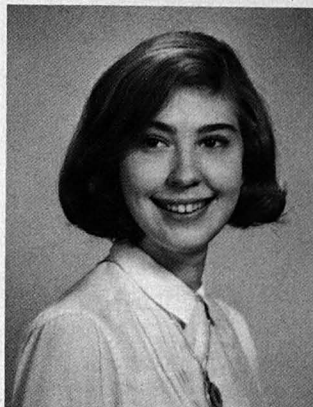
ROBERTA LYNN MOLDOW
It is literally true that the world
is everything to us if we only
choose to make it so. If only
we "live in the present" because
it is eternity.



ROBERTA JEAN MORRIS
And who shall say—whatever
disenchantment follows—that we
ever forget magic . . . the apple-
tree, the singing, and the gold?



BARBARA NASH
Marriage is popular because it
combines the maximum of temp-
tation with the maximum of
opportunity.



JANET NEILL
For I remember stopping by the
way
To watch a Potter thumping his
wet Clay:
And with its all-obiterated
Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother,
gently, pray!"



**ADRIENNE MERRILL
NEUFELD**
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?



DODY OBER
She waits for truth;
And truth is with the dreamer,
Persistant as the myriad
light of stars.



MAUREEN ANNE O'CONNOR
What wisdom is there
greater than kindness?



SARA ELIZABETH OKUN
Laughter is not at all a bad
beginning for a friendship, and
it is far the best ending for one.



MARCIA SUSAN OSBURNE
The universe is a safe to which
there is a combination. But the
combination is locked up in the
safe.



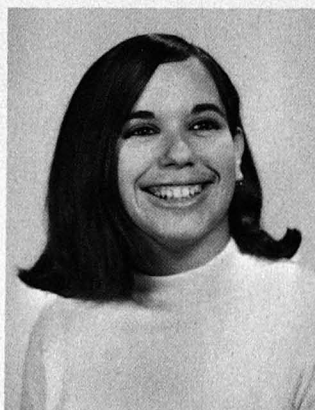
SUSAN OWEN
Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.



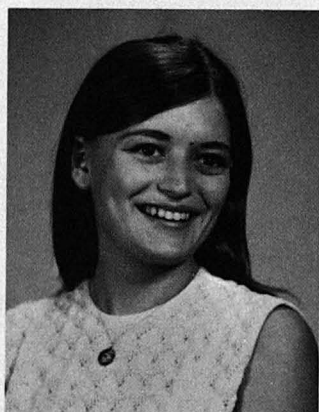
MICHELE OWENS
 Enough, if something from our
 hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the
 future hour;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb
 we go,
 Through love, through hope, and
 faith's transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater
 than we know.



NANCY WILLA PASACHOFF
 Mathematics possesses not only
 truth, but supreme beauty.



MIRILEE PEARL
 Si tu aimes une fleur qui se
 trouve dans une étoile, c'est doux,
 la nuit, de regarder le ciel.



JUDY PERLSTEIN
 Grief can take care of itself; but
 to get the full value of a joy you
 must have somebody to divide it
 with.



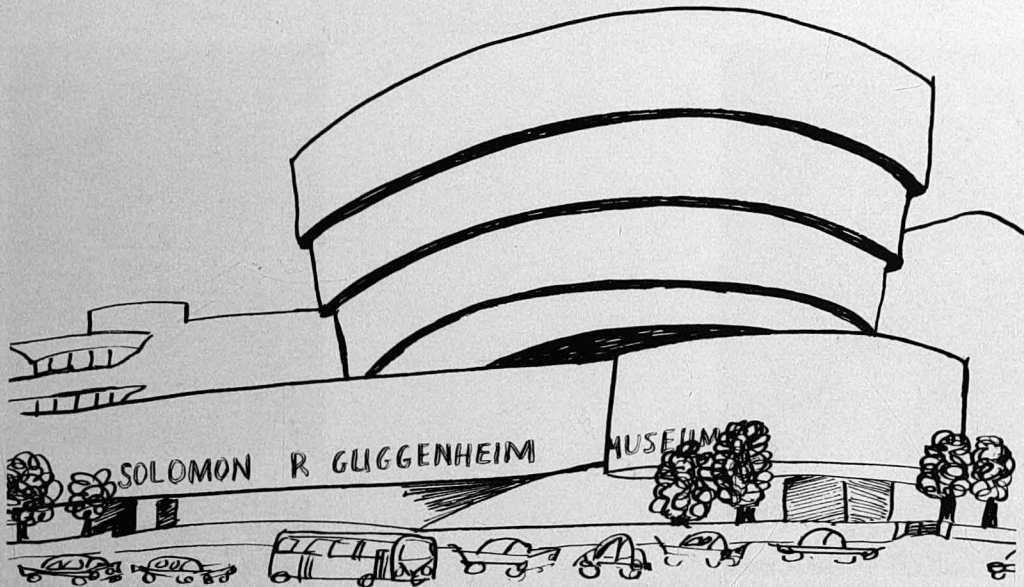
JUDY PERRY
 Learn to live, and live to learn,
 Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
 Little tasks made large return.



ROSEANNE PESCE
I have measured out my life with
coffee spoons.



STACEY PILARINOS
Full many a gem of purest ray
serene
The dark unfathomed caves of
ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to
blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air.





MAUREEN LUI PON
My loves and main interests lie
in the fertile fields of **MUSIC,**
MEDICINE, and **MEN.**



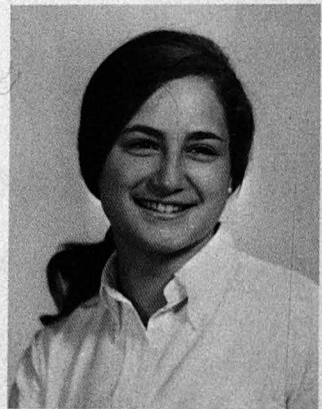
AMY B. PULLMAN
Do you remember

How a golden
broom grows on
the sea beaches



BARBARA SUSAN RAKOWER
Think more of loving
Than of having loved;

Think more of living
Than of having lived.



EILEEN GAIL REINHARDT
Madness is the first step towards
unselfishness. Be mad and tell us
what is behind the veil of
"sanity." The purpose of life is
to bring us closer to those secrets,
and madness is the only means.



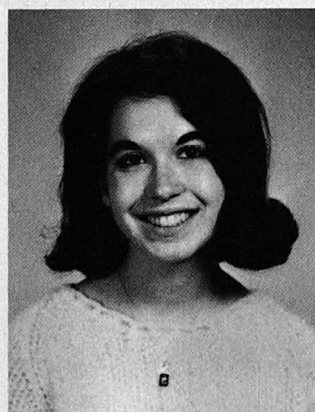
VICKI RIBA
From a certain point onward
there is no longer any turning
back. That is the point that must
be reached!



CAROL CYNTHIA ROSEN
Everything cometh to him who
waiteth—so long as he who
waiteth worketh like hell while
he waiteth.



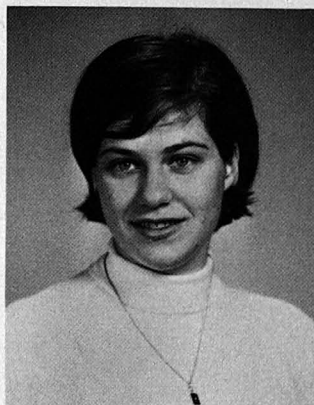
JANE ROSENBAUM
"Cheshire Puss," she began
rather timidly, "would you tell
me please which way I ought to
walk from here?"



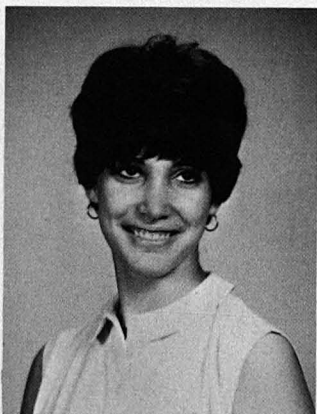
CATHERINE J. ROSS
I have not much time. I have
friends to discover, and a great
many things to understand.



PRISCILLA JANE ROSS
Let the street be as wide as the
height of the houses.



GOLDIE ROTENBERG
Life has meaning only in the
satisfaction we get through being
our true selves and through our
relations with others.



KAREN COLE ROUBICEK
My, how time flies when you're
having *fun*.



MIRIAM ANN SALHOLZ
Life is like an onion; you peel
off one layer at a time, and
sometimes you weep.



LINDA SALOMON
Man is born to live, not to pre-
pare for life.



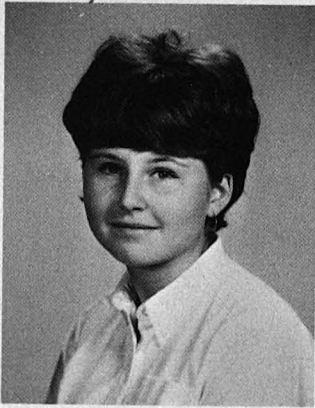
LESLIE SAMUELS
We all live in a Yellow Sub-
marine, a Yellow Submarine, a
Yellow Submarine . . .



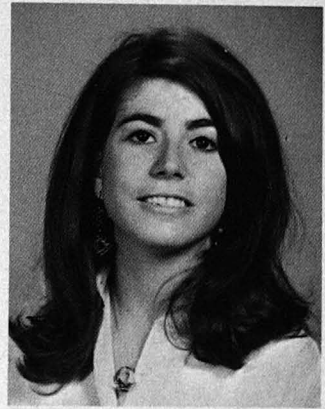
MARILYN SANDS
hist whist
little ghostthings
tip toe
twinkle toe



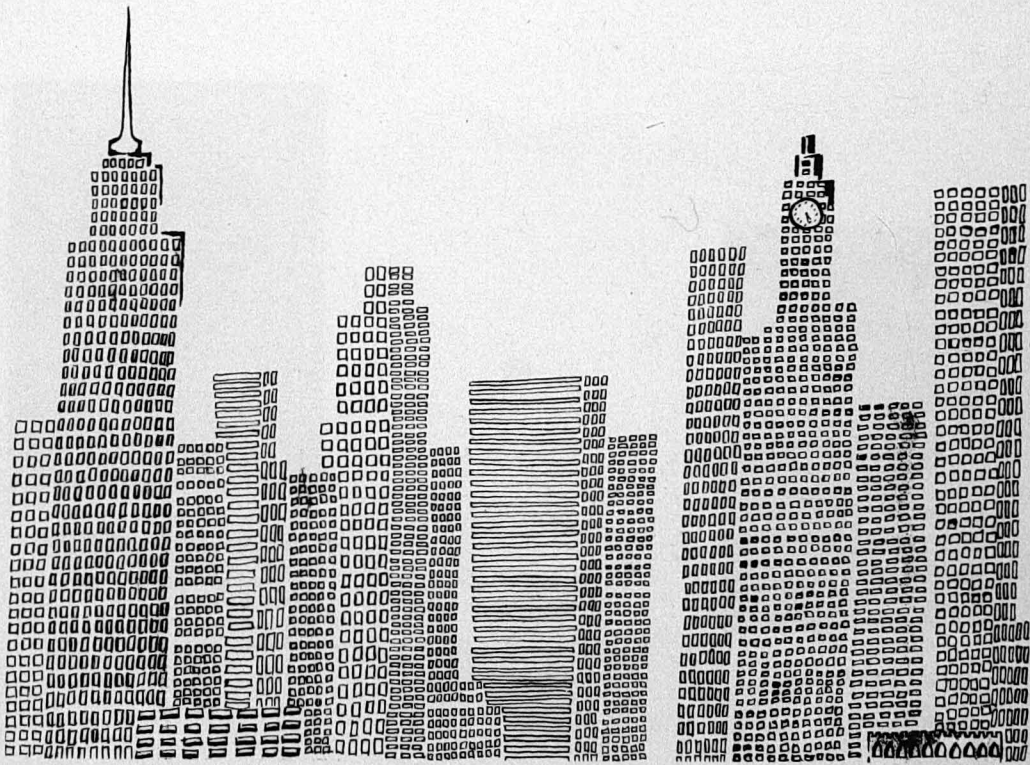
**PATRICIA CATHERINE
SAVAS**
I'll never grow up
Never grow up
Never grow up—
Not me!

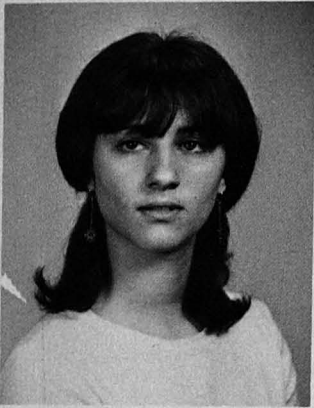


ELIZABETH SUSAN SCHIFF
Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the dif-
ference.



ROBIN SCHLEIFER
Like everybody who is not in
love, he imagined that one chose
the person whom one loved after
endless deliberations on the
strength of various qualities and
advantages.





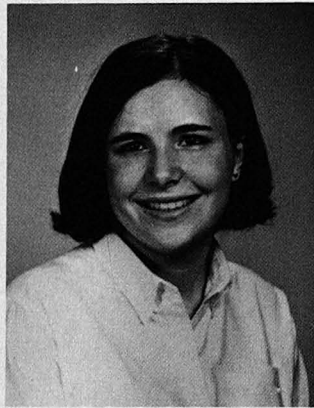
SHELLY SCHNEER

The vagabond who's rapping at
your door
Is standing in the clothes that
you once wore.
Strike another match, go start
anew
And it's all over now, baby blue.



**MIRIAM LYNN
SCHNEIDMILL**

Before an important decision
someone clutches your hand—a
glimpse of gold in the iron gray,
the proof of all you have never
dared to believe.



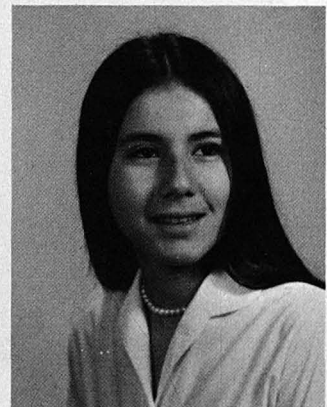
LINDA SCHOENBAUM

Today I have grown taller from
walking with the trees.



KARIN A. SCHULTZ

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.



CAROL DEBBY SELIGSON

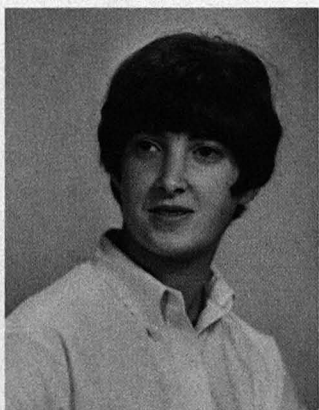
Everyone has his day, and some
days last longer than others.



SUSAN MARCIA SIEGEL
Chrysanthemums, all sere,
that long ago were seventeen,
my offering here!



MARCIA SIMON
The frontier is only the differ-
ence between two ways of look-
ing at things. Any road will take
you across it if you really want
to get there.



KARLA JOAN SLOVES
The reward of a thing well done
is to have done it.



MARGOT SMALL
Hope is a thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the
words
And never stops at all.



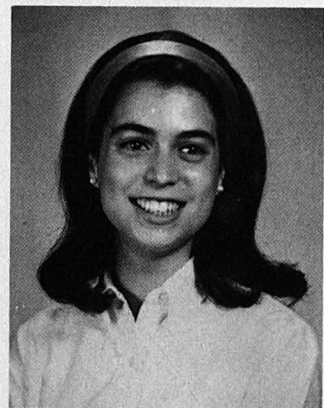
JUNE AUDREY STAHL
You have to believe in happiness,
It isn't an outward thing.
The Spring never makes the song,
I guess,
As much as the song the Spring.



GRISELDA EILEEN SWILLEY
We pardon in the degree that
we love.



BETTE TALLEN
One day all will be well,
that is our hope;
All's well today, that is
our illusion.



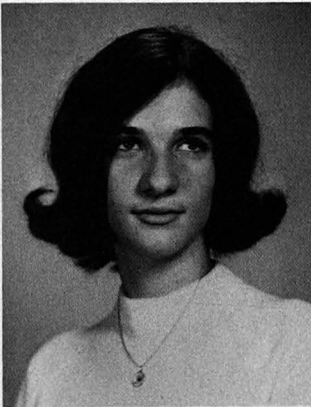
JANE TAYLOR
... as one walked by the sea,
to marvel how beauty outside
mirrored beauty within.



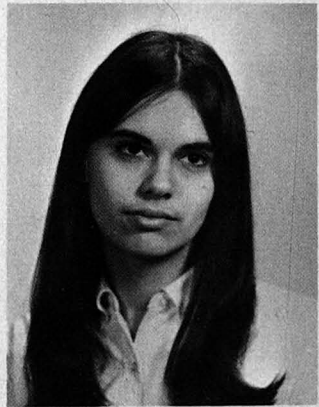
NANCY THOMPSON
unbeingdead isn't beingalive



FLORENCE TOMSKY
The best way out is through.



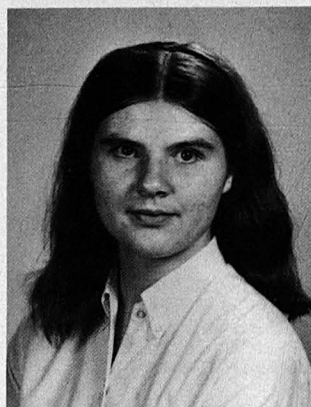
PENNY TZETIS
What we anticipate seldom occurs;
what we least expected generally happens.



MARLENE VERGOS
And forget not that the earth
delights to feel your bare feet
and the winds long to play with
your hair.



VERA DIANE VOGELSANG
All that I know is that I know
nothing.



LESLIE VERNOR WALKER
Cogitor, ergo sum.



MARY HUNG-EN WANG
For there are no ends, no trends,
no roads,
Only follow your nose to any-
where.

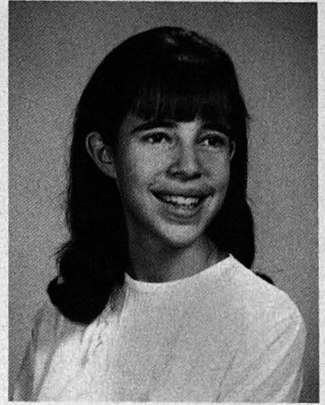


ROSALIND WASSERMAN
Life is a colorful carousel . . .
Reckless and terribly gay.



**BARBARA MERLE
WECHSLER**

A man needs a little madness—
for without it, he can never cut
the rope and be free.



JOAN B. WEIDER

Our life is what our thoughts
make it.



ROCHELLE WEISBARD

I was gratified that I could an-
swer promptly. I did. I said I
didn't know.



JOANNE WESTON

If fortune aids beware of undue
elation. If fortune thunders be-
ware of too deep depression.



**KATHERINE ANN
WIGDERSON**

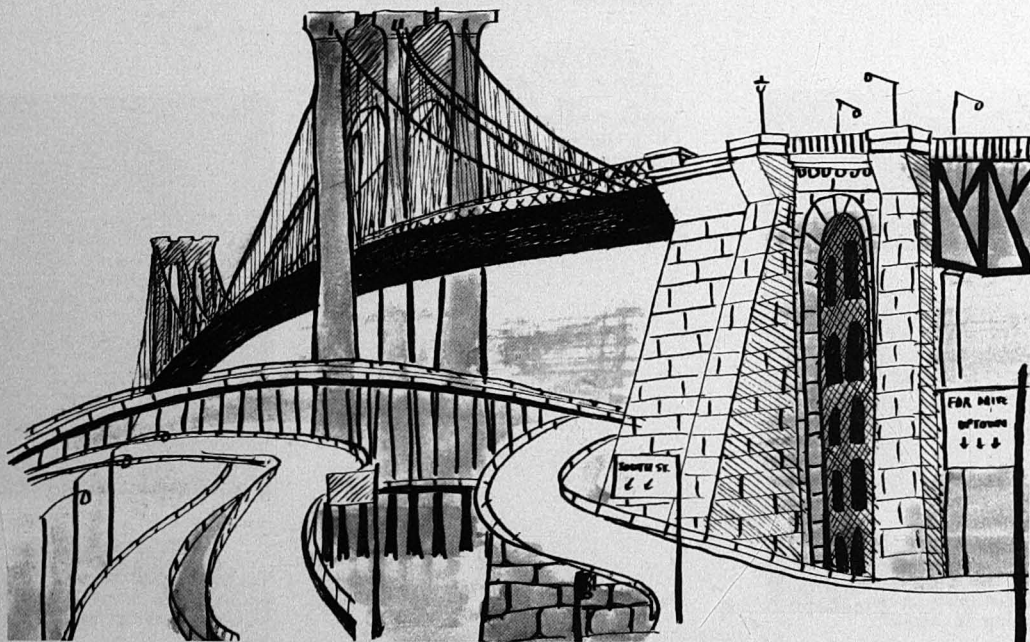
This is an island. At least I
think it's an island. That's a reef
out in the sea. Perhaps there
aren't any grownups anywhere.

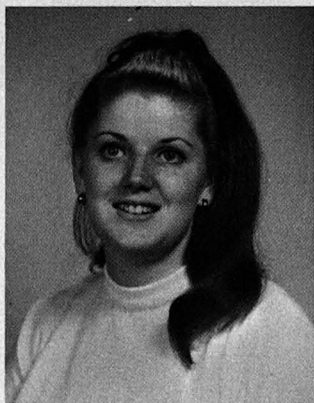


DEIRDRE LEE WILSON
I have been acquainted with the
night.
I have walked out in the rain—
and back in the rain.
I have outwalked the further city
light.



MICHELE LINDA WINTER
If I keep
a green bough
in my heart,
the singing bird will come.





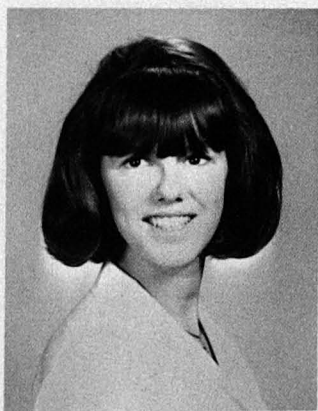
LINDA A. WOHLHORN
For this relief much thanks.
'Tis bitter cold, and I am
sick at heart.



SUSAN WOLFE
I do not fear life,
But please,
Set me free.
Let me live it my way.



MARLENE WOLFZAHN
"There's no use trying," said
Alice: "one can't believe im-
possible things."
"I daresay you haven't had
much practice," said the Queen.



CAROL YAREMKIEWICZ
Out of the nothingness and the
undifferentiated mass, to make
something of herself!



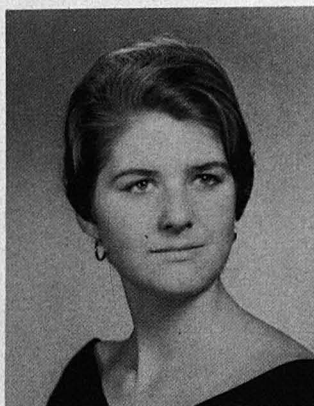
PATRICIA YUAN
To be free, to be able to stand
up and leave *everything* behind—
without looking back. To say
Yes—

Out of Town



MARTINE BERTIN
Harpur College
A happy memory is perhaps on
earth truer than happiness.

JUDY FREEMAN
Hunter College



HENRIETTE HAMEL
State University of New York
College of Forestry at Syracuse
For a crowd is not company,
and faces are but a gallery of
pictures and talk but a tinkling
cymbal, where there is no love.



MARJORY MYERS
William Smith College



SANDY PORTILLA
Many a small thing has been
made large by the right kind of
advertising.



We have been here.

We will scatter with direction, tomorrow.



© 1966, by The New York Times Comp.

Change Stirring on 5th Ave.



Detroit a.
as They A.
Word From

By WILLIAM
The automob"
the car-buyin"
ing each
fighters
a title b
With
still in th
too early i
at the lon.
new autos,
Washington
dustry are st
a trend.

In the
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523,90
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sold
relev.
may
been
in a
date

The New York Times
Fifth Avenue, sometimes called "the most sumptuous street in the world," is slowly changing. E. J. Korvette, discount store, moved in. Best & Co. has been sold to retail holding company steeped in mass-merchandising practices. Small shops are springing up.

Discount and Mass Distribution Units Factors

W. BARMASH

in 150 years
grew along

ered the site
sits today.
s and ponds
nk, otter and
oud, posses
pipe wep
nd later
State P
filled by
ivan scene, the
rolled and the im-
ings rose to make
ue America's fore-
ne thoroughfare.
mping there for the
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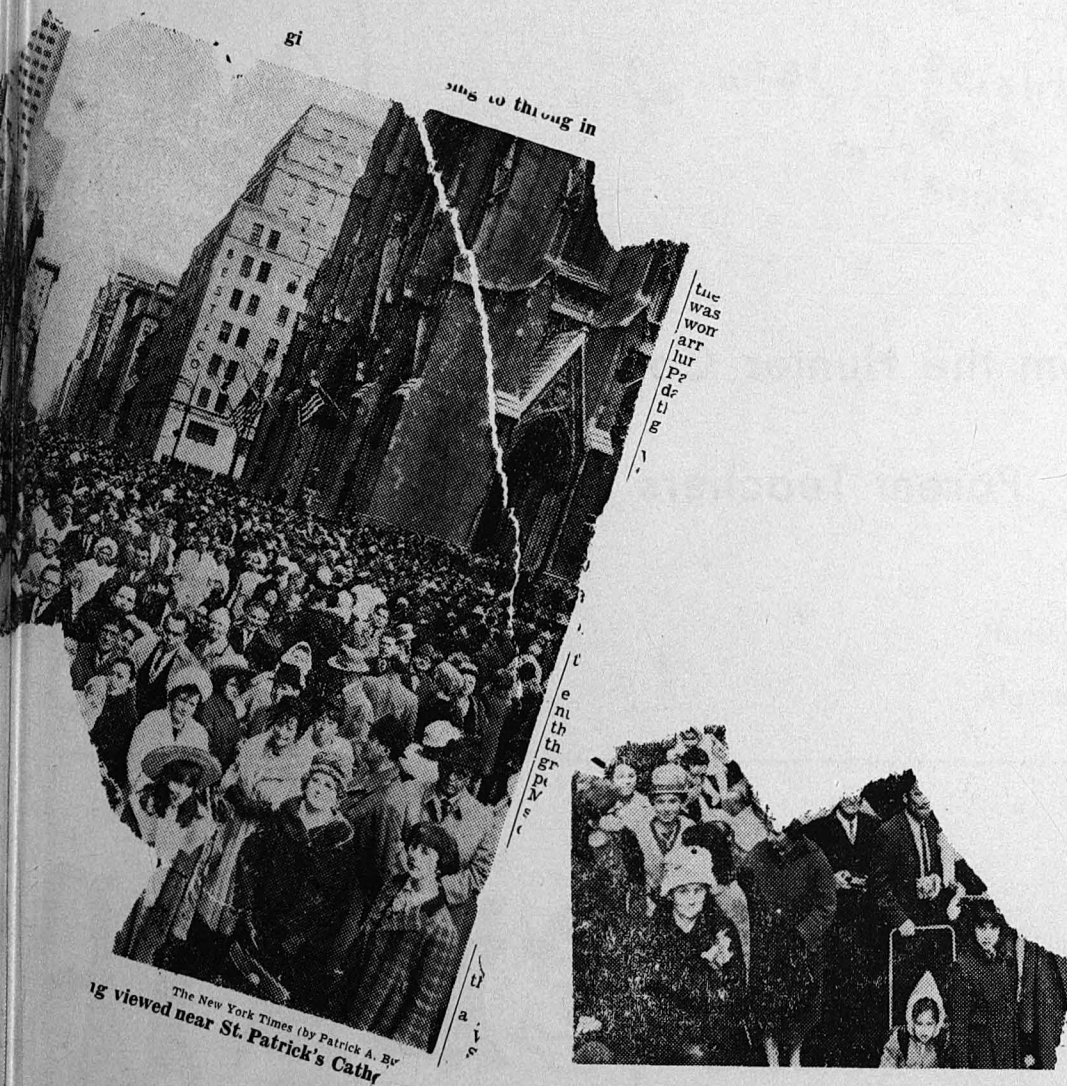
furl
of

1912 the avenue north of 42d Street looked like this.
of old buildings still stand on today's Fifth Avenue.

Week in Finance

1. Few

Fifth Avenue Advertisements



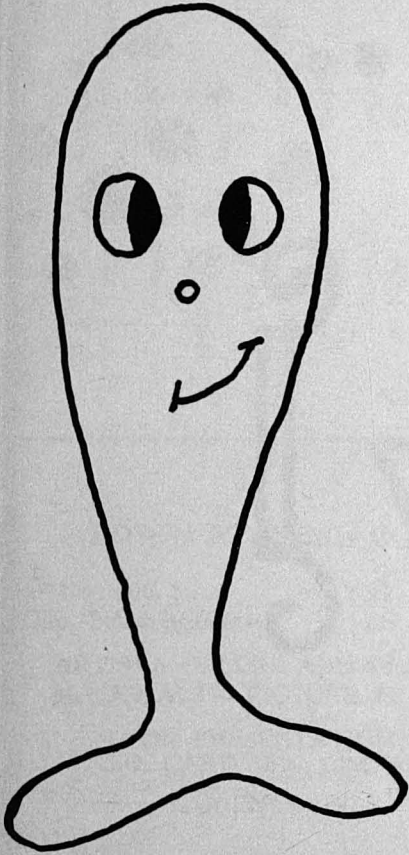
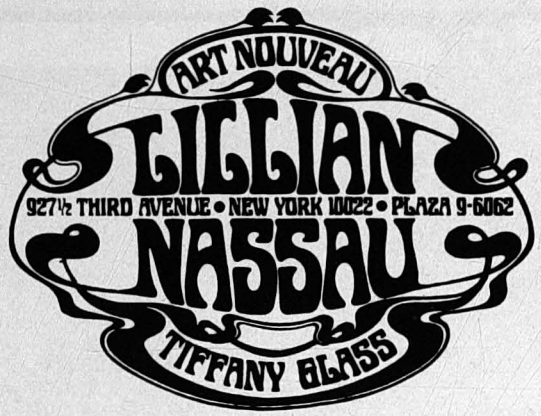
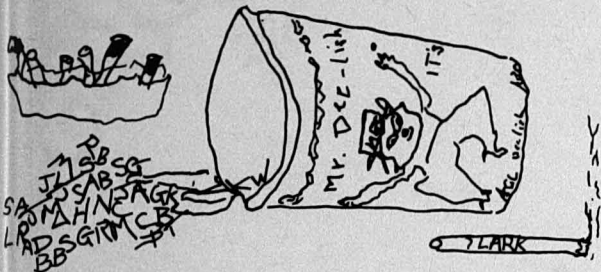
FIFTH AVENUE: East paraders viewing and bei

To Each and Every '67 Senior-

Best Wishes for a Glorious Future!!

From the Hunter College High School

Parent Teachers Association



Happiness makes up
for what it lacks
in height.
in length.

Congratulations
from the
Hunter High School
Alumnae Association

ARALS

Best Wishes
CRAIG and OWENS
Attorneys at Law

1505 Fulton St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

HY. 3-3300

With Love...

G.O.
1967

• ▲ • ▼ •

where
have
all
the
flowers
gone...

MICHELE
ROSALIND
RUBY
MARIAM
KAREN
DANI
JUDY
GLORIA
NATALIE
RITA
FAY
VERA
NAT ALIE
MARLENE
FRAN
VERA
SUSAN
CAROL
RISA
ANDI
520



7A2-1961... Goodbye

EDWIN M. RIEBE CORP.

149 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022
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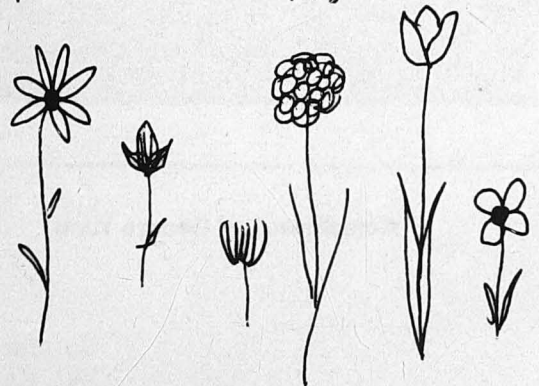
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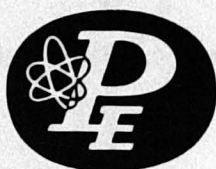
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The time to be happy is now,
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1967



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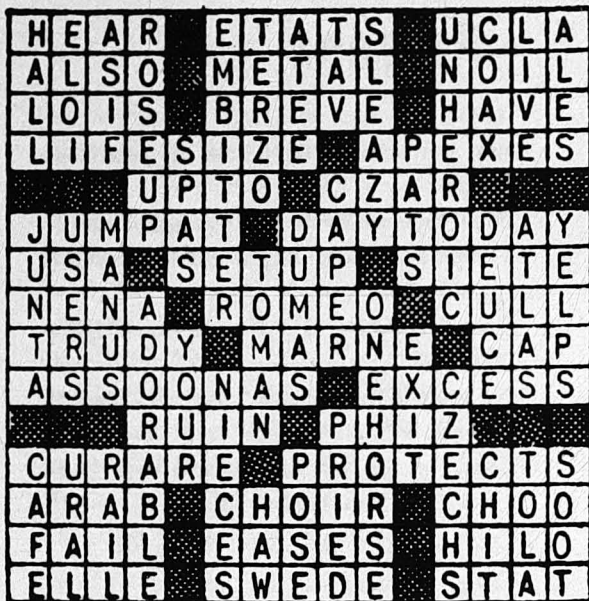
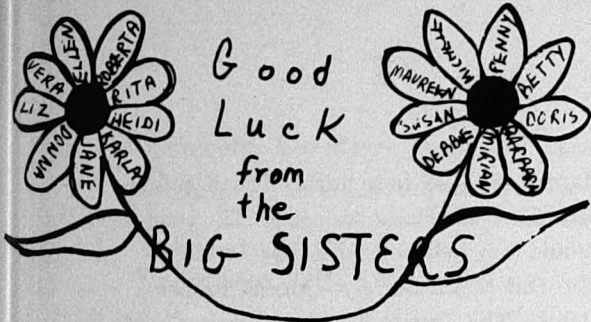
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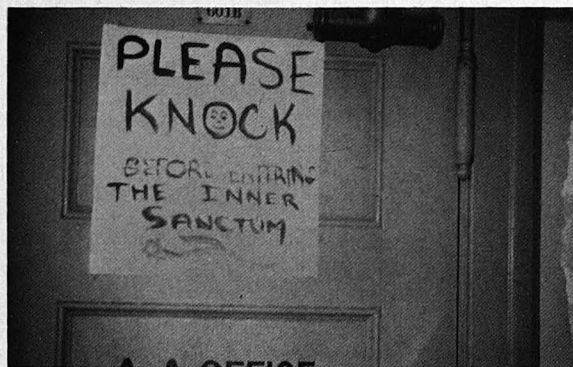
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Love from the Annals Staff
Answer to puzzle on page 8.



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man

From grandmother to granddaughter—
Welcome to the happy ranks of Hunter
graduates!

Rose Till Marks '02 Katherine Ann Wigder-
son '67

No more absence notes! Mr. and Mrs. H.
Sands & S.

Glory to the best class 1967 ever had—
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Katz

Love to Jamie and the Class of '67

Congratulations to the Seniors '67—Mrs.
Rodriguez

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rakower and family—Good
Luck, Seniors

To Liz, an extra special Big Sister—7B1

Adiós y buena suerte—11B4

Richard Plass

Mrs. Edith Sipes

We need all the friends we can get

Love and kisses—Delilah and Mergetroid

Richard Corbin

Sincere best wishes to
the Class of 1967

Mr. and Mrs. Vangel Kamaras and family
Keep the Faith, Baby

Love those Greenpoint boys

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard S. Miller

May your fondest dreams come true—
The Levins

Best Wishes to the Class of 1967—

Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Camp

Dr. Ralph Dale

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Abrahams

Elna V. Sandvik

“Still holding breath

Still often tiptoe

Questioning dew and stars . . .” 11B2

Congratulations Terry—or is it Rachel?

Luv, Linda

Happy days are here again. The Kleins
Mrs. G. J. Connelly

Would you believe: A.P., N.M., S.H.?

The Old Maids Society—Queens Branch
Heidi, “The Greatest”, Good Luck, Love
7B4

Good Luck to Jane and Seniors '67—The
Rosenbaums

Mrs. M. Copeland

Best Wishes to Linda Salomon and her
fellow graduates, from her parents.

Barbara

To have known her is never to forget her.
Good luck, Your little sisters 8B2

Joyce M. Yard. Congratulations to Seniors
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Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Conway, Jr.
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N. Y. C., N. Y.

Work at Hunter is great. Mrs. Rubin

Mrs. H. Hancock

We sat in the back. Leestowicz Productions
Anna Galschjodt

To Debby:—That you shall find at least one
good bass player everywhere. R.H.

Mary E. Cronin

Congratulations, Vivian and her fellow
graduates

Best Wishes 12B⁷

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Congratulations—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Israel
8B3 has a penny made of gold.

Farewell from the Senior Math Team

Karin, Sheri, Naomi, Carrie, Kathy—Good
luck!—Ann

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Winter and Laurel
Good luck to the class of '67

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Meyer, Janice and Carin
To Miriam—Don't tell anyone that you
have 23 little sisters. They wouldn't
believe you.
We love you anyway, Class 8B1

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Boxer
And now—an important announcement
from class 8B4
"Hello, Maureen!"

Continued friendship! Kurt and Lore
David

Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Kuhmerker
BYE BYE
from 11B5

Best wishes to the Seniors Mr. and Mrs.
D. Rotenberg

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kopcha
Gloria Kopcha

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Across from Hunter
TR. 9-1214 Best Wishes

The Winbardemmy
Go get 'em Doris Go get 'em Doris Go get
'em Doris Go get 'em Doris Go get 'em
Doris Go get 'em Doris Go get 'em Doris
Go get 'em Doris—8B8

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
Louise Neill

Corner Pharmacy
1494 York Ave.
YU. 8-9299

12B1: "NO COMMENT"

Jane: We salute you. Good luck! 7B7
Best wishes to 1967—from David Boonin
One down; one to go—The Aldens

Mr. and Mrs. Erich Lemmermann
Best wishes—Mr. and Mrs. D. Goodzeit
and family

Best wishes for good luck
and happiness Always
from Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Bisagna

Best wishes to Vera, the best Big Sister.
From 7B8

"For this relief much thanks"—

The Staten Island Contingent
(Sabine, Brenda, Maureen & Anne Marie)
Good Wishes to All. Mr. and Mrs. Harold
Neufeld

Dear Rita: Thank you for a lovely year.
You have been a GREAT Big Sister.

Good Luck in college. Love, 7B3

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hradsky

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Heisner
wish The Seniors and Acabullo
the best of luck.

Best wishes for a brilliant future to Betty
Levin.

Wendy, Gleitch, Cat, Alison, JoAnn,
Vivian, Farimah, Jan, Valerie, Eleanor,
Claudia, Elaine, Evelyn, Ellen, Sari,
Lois, Beverly, Barbara, Judy and Miss
Gargiulo

Fran, Penny and Vera

Class 7B6 would like to thank Donna
Bosco for her kind, understanding help
throughout the past year. Good Luck in
the future.

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Mr. and Mrs. William H. Meyer

Bcero Xopowero from the Russian Club

To the splendiferous Seniors—

After five wild years of fun and games,
I'm going to miss you all. Luck and
love,

Jane ("Greenie") Greenspan

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in your future



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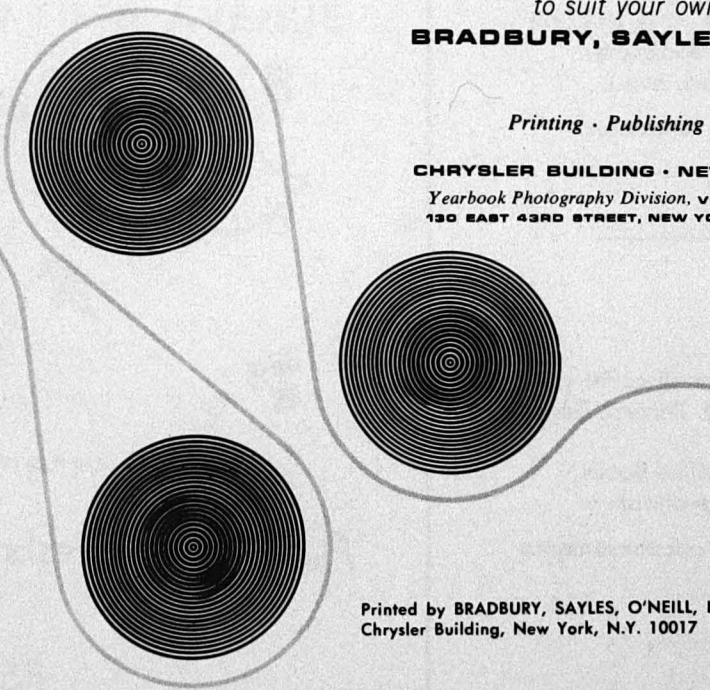
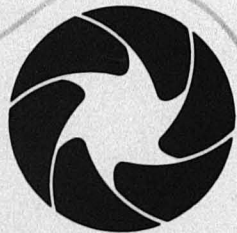
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The editors of *Annals* thank Mrs. Marian Decker and Mr. John McNeil for their assistance, cooperation and encouragement during the past year.

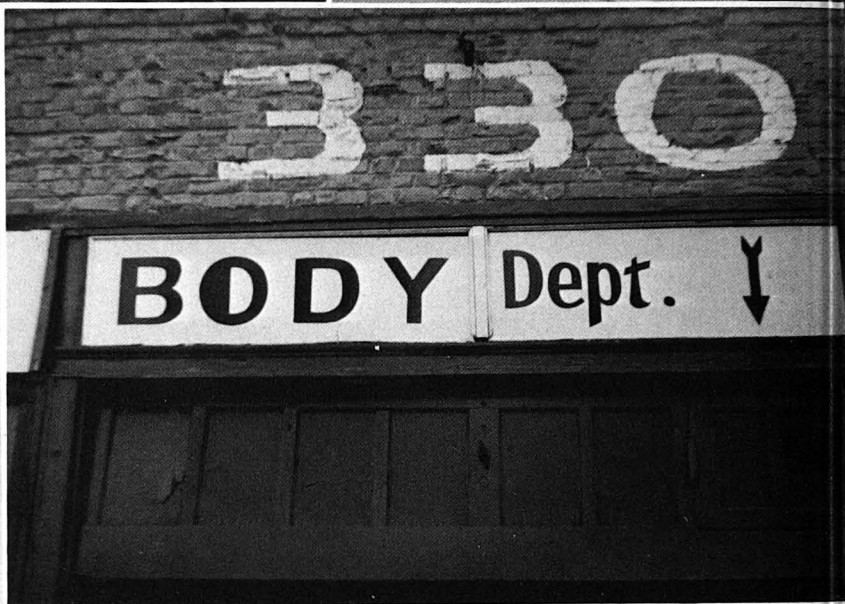
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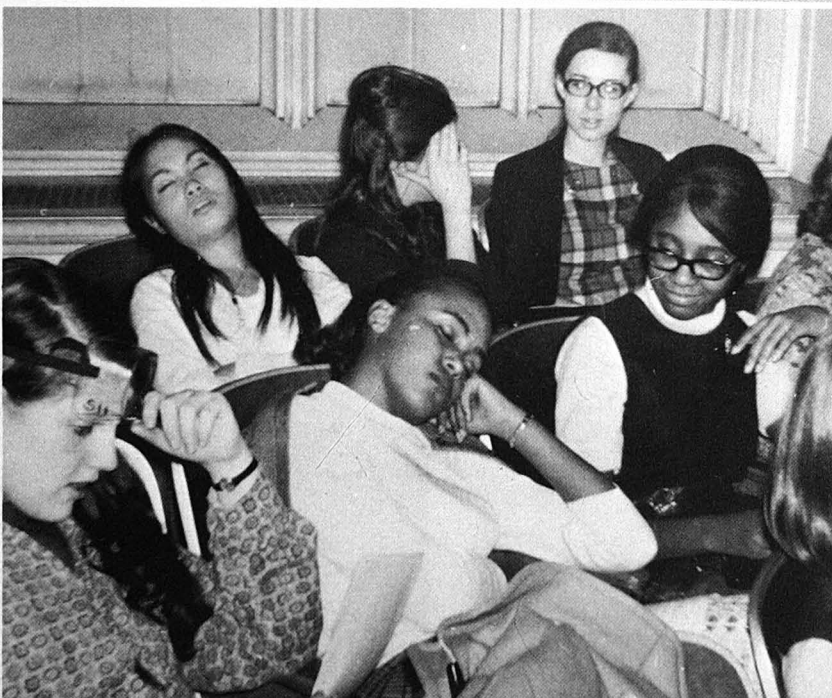
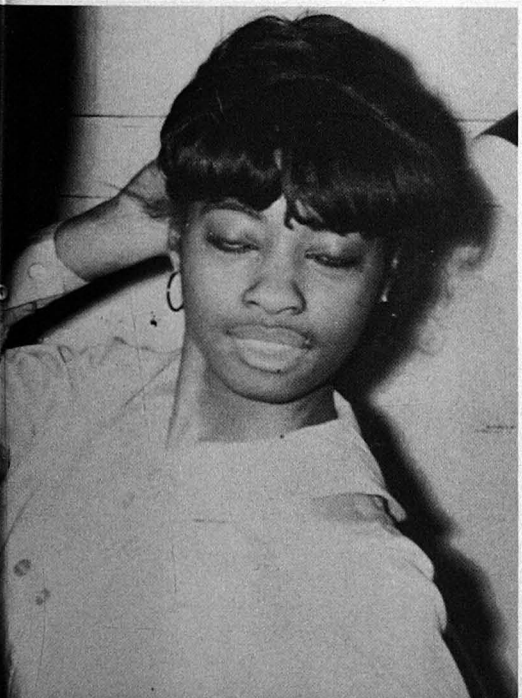
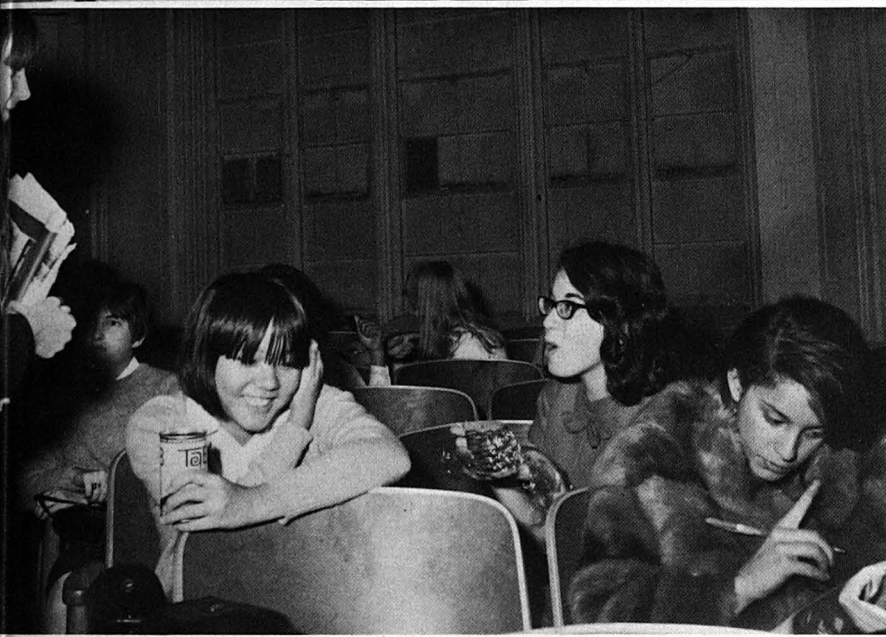
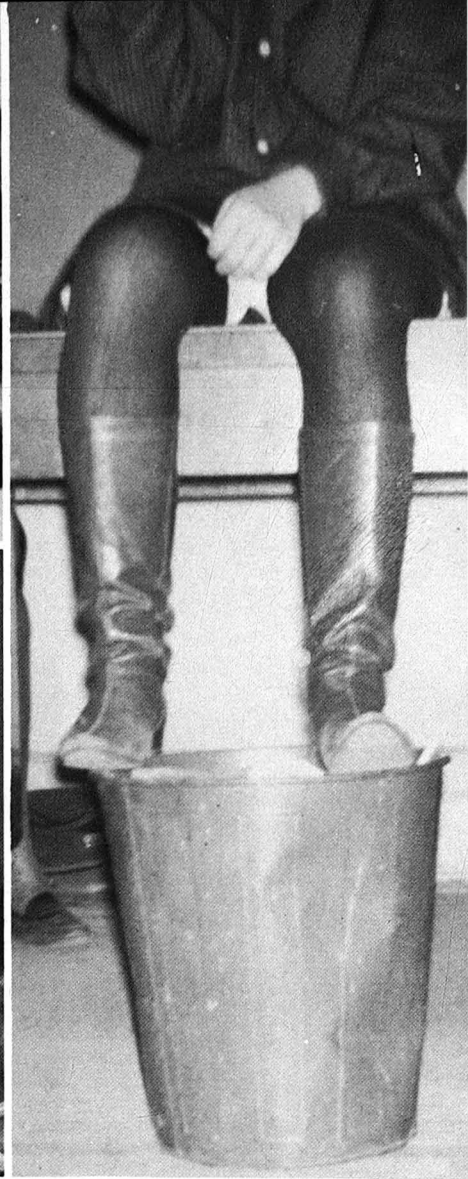
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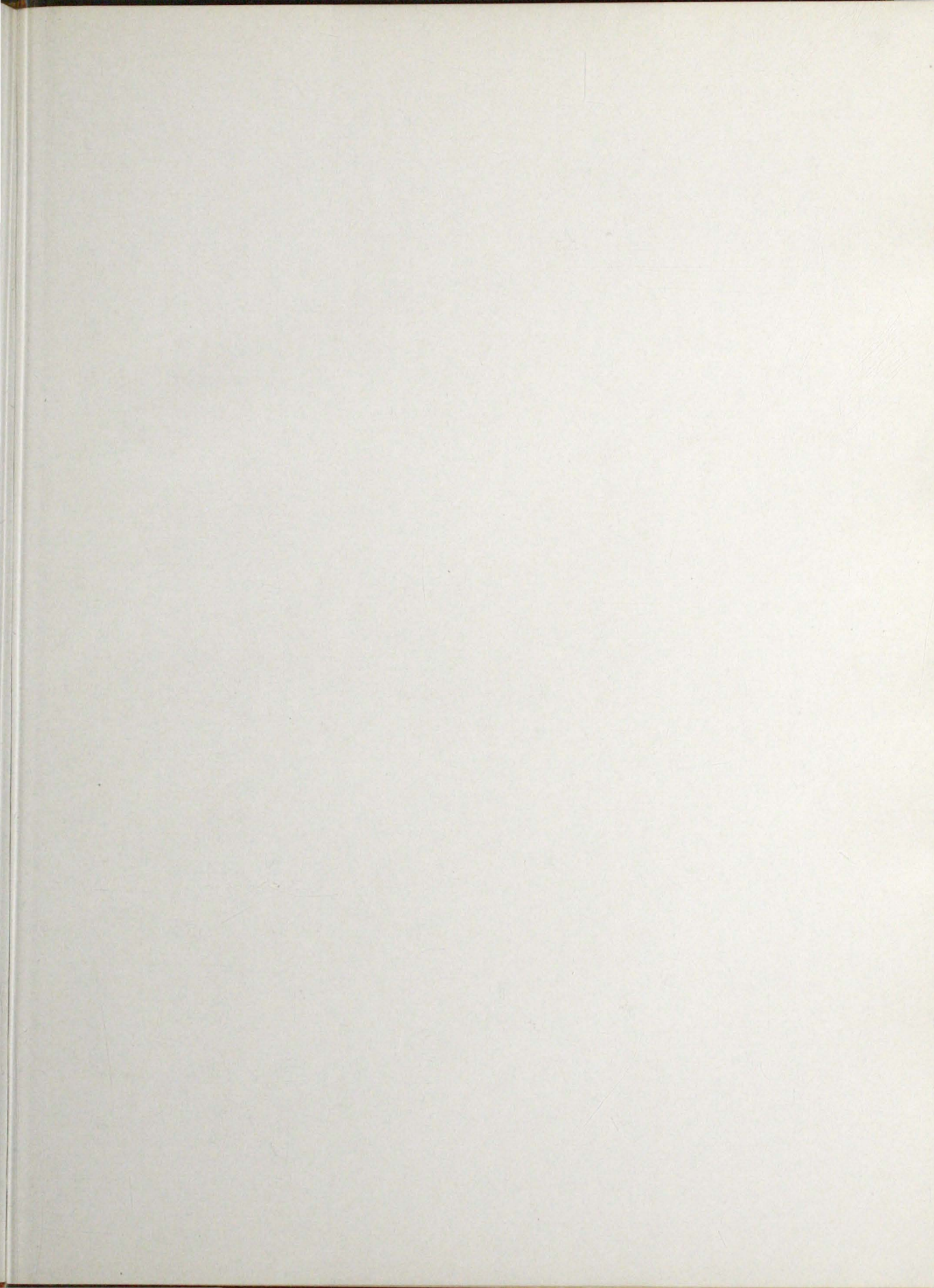
**"Politics make strange
bedfellows." Love, Jerry,
Simon, Gene and
Dick**

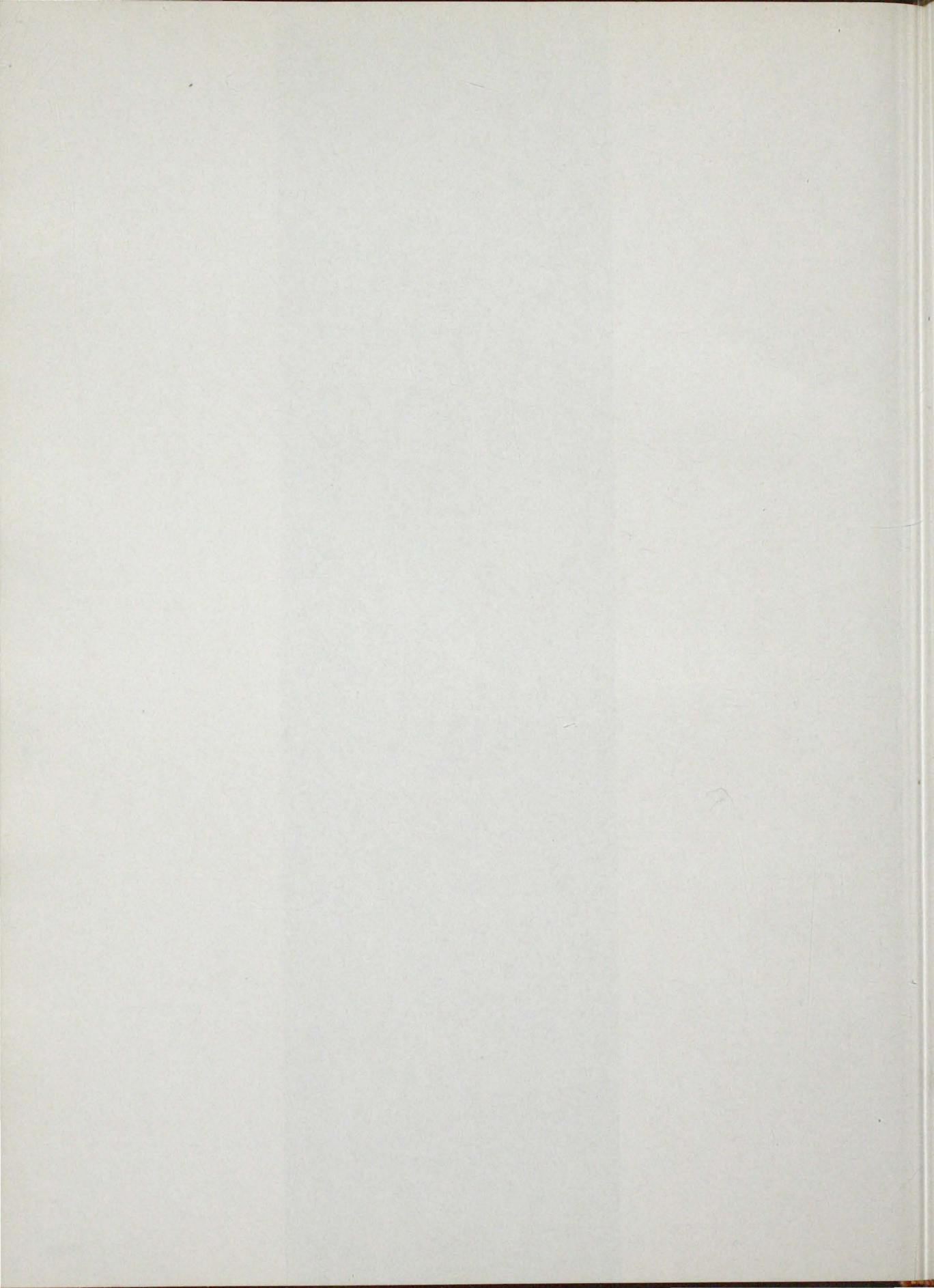
To the Seniors Sixty-Seven-
OLE
Love,
the Sophs



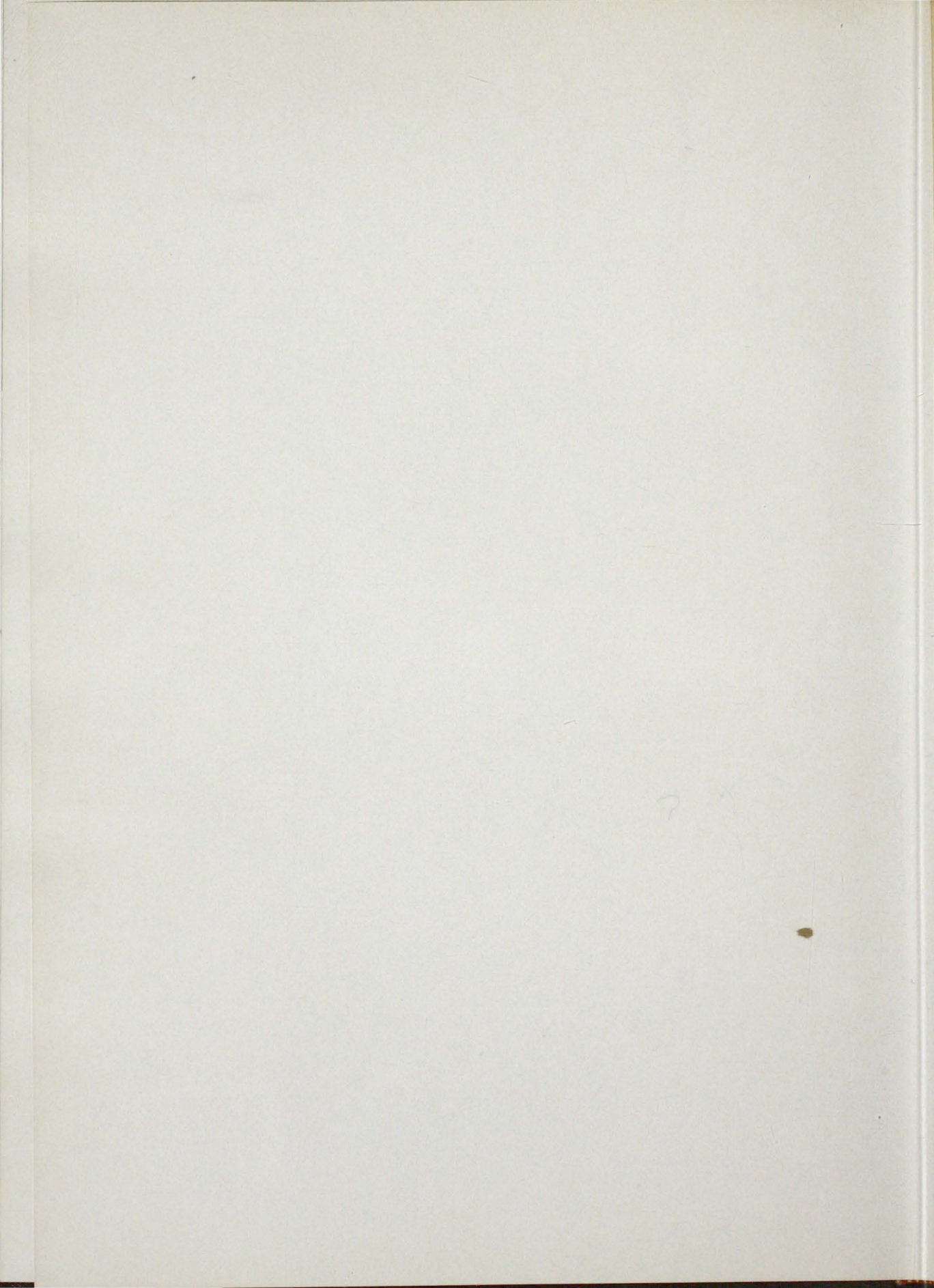


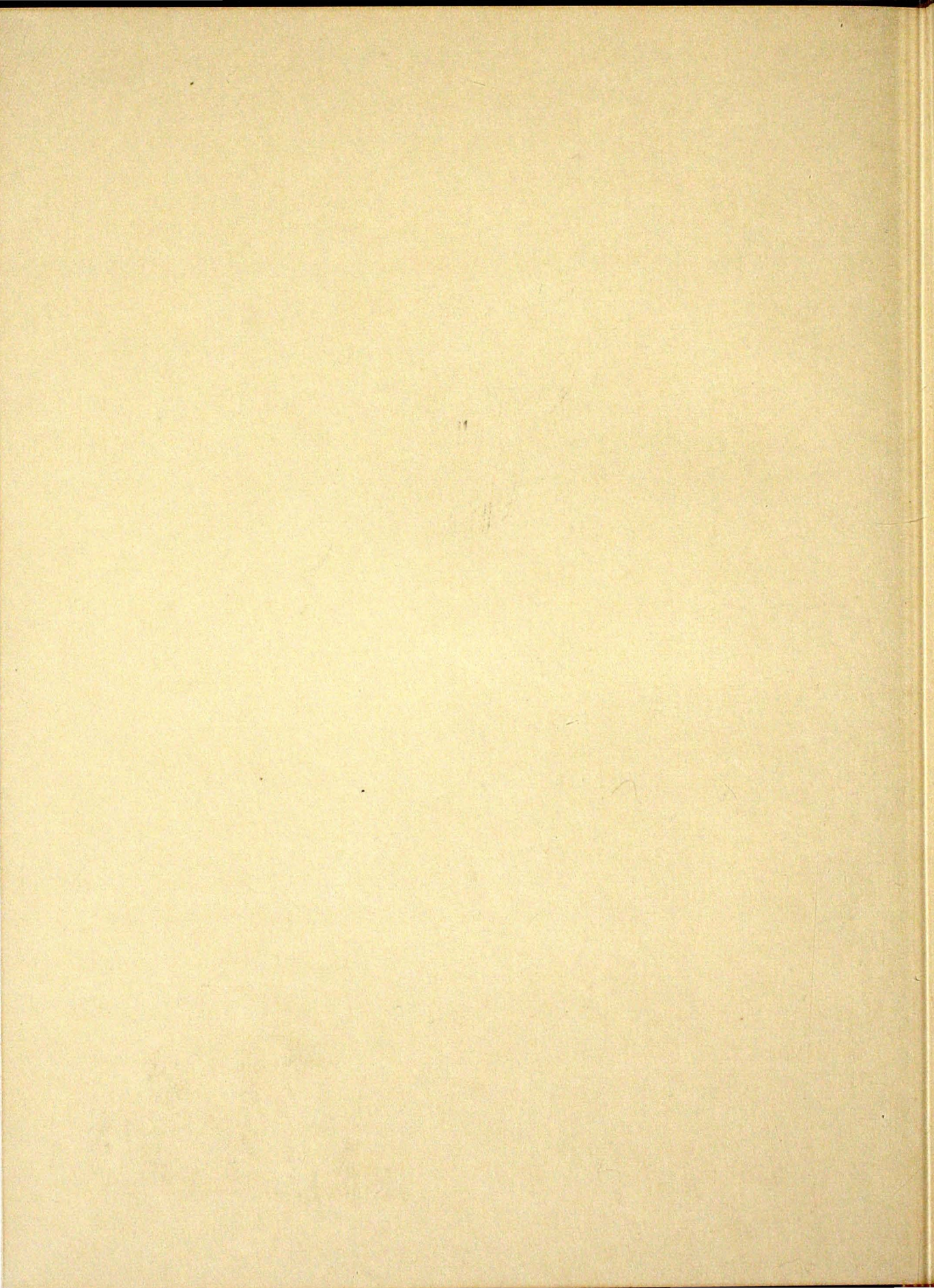












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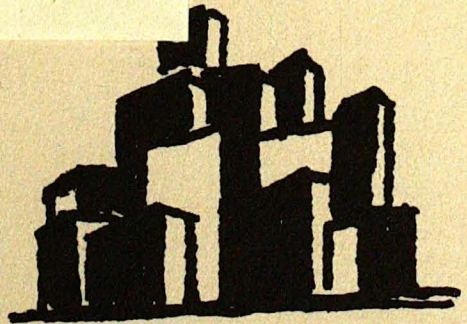
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