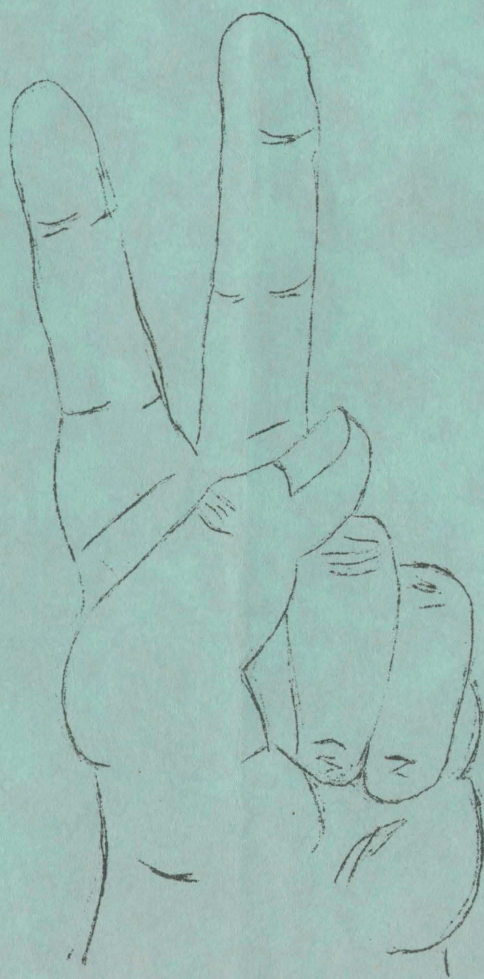


REVOLUTION



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DEDICATION

We, the staff of Revolution, do hereby dedicate our time and effort in preparation of the newspaper to Marilyn Hausman and Jack Gekelman, who, without their help Teen Camp would not have been such a success. We wish that their life is always as happy as they made this summer for us, and hope to see them back with us next year. We join all of teen camp in saying thank you.

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REVOLUTIONS
Camp Jened
Hunter, New York
August, 1968

Published by the campers of teen camp under the
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EDITORIAL

Is the handicapped person being accepted more in society today than in the past?

There was a time which wasn't very long ago, when the handicapped person was thought to be a freak by society. Employers were skeptical to hire the handicapped because of the reaction society would have to their business.

The medical field held little or no hope for the handicapped to be cured or rehabilitated. Many children deteriorated physically because the hospitals lacked the facilities and knowledge to care for them properly.

The majority of handicapped people never received an education and those who did, received it thru home instruction which didn't amount to very much. This was a scant 2 hours a week. And never developed into anything than a grammar school education. They also lacked the knowledge non-handicapped people took for granted and found that they could not cope with problems of everyday living, such as shopping, for food, buying clothing or even a simple thing such as knowing where the nearest mailbox is located.

The relationship of the handicapped person with members of his family was an abnormal situation. Many handicapped persons could not contribute to the family income because of their lack of education and physical disabilities. Another problem that arose was that some handicapped people who needed special medical attention presented a problem to the family income, because most medicines and medical equipment were very expensive. Also, when medical equipment and medicines were being administered, members of the family were detracted from everyday household duties to give the care needed. Brothers and sisters became envious of the attention the handicapped member of the family received.

The attitude of the handicapped person presented an abnormal outlook on life. Many of them were mad at the world and became despondent because of society's attitude towards them.

Some of them felt hopeless and were ready to give up the fight to better themselves mentally and physically. Some handicapped who were totally dependent on others had a feeling of contempt for those who assisted them.

Today more than ever, the handicapped person has more opportunities and a chance to better his life. Jobs are opening up, but the majority of these openings are factory workers (skilled and unskilled). In the professional field, the handicapped person does not have the confidence of the investor (banker or employer) to supply him with the staff or the equipment he need to do the job efficiently.

Great medical advances have been attained and many of the old time killers have disappeared or been prevented by vaccines and other preventive care. Problems are detected at an early age and therapy is given to correct it.

Nowadays even the severly handicapped can get an elementary education, and in many cases go on to further their learning in specially equipped schools. The handicapped person finds it difficult to adjust to competitive situations at the high school level because the elementary school did not give them much of a challenge. Colleges are opening their doors to the exceptionally bright handicapped students, but the standards are higher than for the non-handicapped student. Unless these students are an asset to the school, they are more than likely turned down.

The handicapped person can provide a supplementary income because of the educational and training facilities available. The result of so much more education being provided for the handicapped, contributed to the fact that they have earned more respect from the non-handicapped members of their family and are treated more equally. Ten years ago, a

EDITORIAL
(con't)

relative of a handicapped person wouldn't ask help of him, but today it is a practical thing to do so if he is capable of providing it. Today he fits in with his family, in most cases, smoothly.

The handicapped person is more hopeful of leading a normal life. He still has reason to be depressed with his society. Friendships are still hard to find. Acquaintances shy away from the handicapped person because of his physical appearance. His physical disabilities prevent him from taking part in activities non-handicapped people enjoy. When looking for a job, he finds that many employers turn him down. The result of this is that he will tend to lose his self-confidence. Many handicapped young adults are asking the question, "What will I do in my later years?"

Society's attitude toward the handicapped person must change in order to subdue the animosity between them. They should be accepted for what they are, handicapped, and not the burden society makes them to be. Society should be aware of the problems, especially the children. This would make the young accept the handicapped more readily, by explaining it to them instead of avoiding the issue. Job qualifications should be on an equal basis with the non-handicapped.

Medical care for the handicapped should be increased substantially. More rehabilitation centers should be opened with an intensified therapy program. Research should be organized so that one laboratory has to work on the same project for their own knowledge, before they can specialize in a particular field. This is a tremendous waste of time, money, and brain power. Also, more money should be provided for these research centers. Permanent medical care should be given to handicapped people whose family cannot provide it for them.

Elementary education should be a challenge to the intellectually gifted student, instead of holding him back with the slower members of

his grade. One way to do this is to have a central school in every burrough where each grade can be divided into groups according to the student's capacity for learning. A more specialized teaching program in each subject would give the student better preparation for high school. Reading machines and computers would be an asset to the slower student who cannot follow the teaching lesson. Therapy should be given after classes or in a free period instead of interrupting valuable class time.

This interruption not only frustrates the teacher, but also the student who cannot follow the continuity of the lesson. The facilities for the handicapped student in the New York City high schools need little or no change, except that more should be provided for the very severely handicapped. College facilities need to be greatly improved. They should set the scholastic standards for the handicapped student equal to those for the non-handicapped. If the handicapped student can maintain the grades, the college should supply the physical aid needed (specially equipped toilets, classrooms, ramps, elevators, etc.). Aides for their personal needs should also be provided. The Division of Vocational Rehabilitation (DVR) should provide the funds to make college life for the handicapped student easier (dormitories, special equipment, tape recorders, typewriters, two sets of books, etc.).

Society should accept the marriage of handicapped people to anyone, handicapped or non-handicapped. If this couple have intelligent reasons for wanting to be married, they will find a way to support their family.

It is our opinion that with these changes made in our society, the handicapped individual would have a different outlook on themselves and their environment. They should realize that their handicap is a limitation and not an excuse for not doing his part in society. They should also realize that there's hope in doing their share for betterment of all mankind.

A CAMPER'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

by Alice Levy

It all starts out on a hot Sunday. Your parents say good-bye and your trip begins. A four week journey that has no end. The ideas you come up with are thin and distorted. Your mind is straight and narrow. As the bus coasts along, your eyes wander about. They see faces both old and new, and they wonder what's behind them. We now make the big turn and your eyes widen. The bus rolls to a gradual stop. People start to swarm like children around the Christmas tree.

People who are completely foreign to you lead you to your cabin like vegetables to a dinner plate.

The main idea of this journey is communication, both negative and positive. After being up here your mind begins to bend. You are taught many things, some of which stick and others that flow by. The most important thing is your utopian equality. Money is the devil. There is a bond around us that the devil cannot penetrate. It is an intangible thing called Jened.

The day has come. Your trip is concluded. You have been taken off your constant high and you're put back in reality. Some of your views have changed and some haven't but it was a valuable experience to remember.

SYLVIA FIRST

by Isabelle Catania

Why did you come to Jened?

I saw an ad in Professional Journal saying they would accept a person with a family and since I was always interested in camping for the handicapped I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to practice my profession in a setting that I enjoyed. It has been a most enjoyable, and rewarding experience for me over the past three summers.

Where were you born?

I was born in Manhattan and

moved to Brooklyn when I was 12.

Where did you go to school?

I went to Thomas Jefferson High School and Brooklyn College for two years. Then I transferred to NYU for my last two years, where I received my degree in physical therapy.

What exactly is your job as a physical therapist?

My job as a physical therapist in camp is to try to maintain any therapeutic program that a camper has been on during the winter and where possible, try to improve it. This includes improving gait, strengthening muscles and keeping joints as loose as possible. All this is in an effort to try to make each camper as physically independent as possible.

THE POOR PEOPLE'S DISCUSSION

by Gladys Velez

On Thursday August 6 first, Reverend Kirkpatrick came to camp. He came to talk about the Poor People's march in Washington and tried to explain to us what was going on in Mississippi. "Kirk" said that we all have the right to live and that he sang "Everybody Has the Right to Live". Then we all started singing. While we were singing some of us had emotion, some felt cold and some cried.

After we finished singing a few of us got to shake his hand. Then he left the rec hall. I enjoyed it very much.

A GIRL THAT IS ALWAYS NEEDED

by Yvonne Sapie

A girl that is always needed is what I am. In camp Jened I'm needed all the time whether it is to help dress and undress girls, make beds, or push wheelchairs.

And this is why I cannot wait to get back to Camp Jened.

EVOLUTION REVISITED by Sam Blatman

It was a hot, humid, trying afternoon on Friday August ninth. The counselors and campers of B-4 were making out a four day schedule while relaxing. A few minutes later Jack Gekelman, assistant unit head of teen camp, walked in telling us the evening activity would be called evolution night. One of the most interesting evenings at camp was born.

The highlight of the program was the Janed Players version of the Scopes Tennessee Monkey Trial. The major scene in the play was in the courtroom. Mr. Scopes was played by Al Friedman, who was ably defended by Clarence Darrow alias Shelly Koy. Presenting the state's case was William Jennings Bryant also known as Jack Gekelman. Our narrowminded judge was blushinglly portrayed by Richy Bullis.

The play was improvised on stage.

It was an entertaining evening!

A NATION in GRIEF by Joe D'Ambrosio

There are two groups of people. One is white and the other is black. That is alright if they get along. At one time the two did get along well, but now there is foolish pride preventing them from living together peacefully. Both races should realize and share the problems of each other. Like the Bible said "Love thy neighbor". People should read the Bible more often and realize how wrong they are. This country could be more pleasant and beautiful if the people would make it that way and stop this terrible violence in the streets.

We should find a way to stop this violence and get rid of the foolish pride and keep the country in peace.

THE ADULT-TEEN BALLGAME by Allen Caplan

On Monday afternoon the teens played the adults in baseball and the game was fast and great. One team got a three base hit that was the key hit. The name of the batter was Alan Koo. The runner was Allen Caplan.

That day the teens won 4 to 0.

INSIDE SHELLY KOY by Sam Blatman

One of the most interesting persons at Janed is Shelly Koy, however not everyone at camp really knows Shelly. That is the purpose of this article.

Shelly was born 19 years ago in Manhattan. He attended Stuyvesant High School. Shelly now attends New York University where he is majoring in history. Shelly first learned about our little Heaven on Earth from his parents who have been coming here for many years.

His experiences at camp have enriched his life one hundred fold. Before arriving here Shelly felt that his life was almost totally self-centered in terms of material things. Since arriving last summer he feels he has acquired a whole new set of values. Shelly feels he can help campers most by teaching and encouraging them to rely on their own resources.

BLACK by Larry Lynch

On July 20 we had a teenager dance. We have dances, societies and sometimes we have records. But this time we had both.

Sometimes we have no food or drink, sometimes punch, pizza, meat, cheese, sandwiches, cookies, or cake. Had punch this time. Sometimes we don't have any. More food and drink!! If some of us ask for it, some always and some don't. Sometimes we have food and other times none then one.

This time we had adults dance with us. Some of us don't want to
(con't)

DANCE

by Larry Lynch

dance with adults, some sometimes and some always. One moves then other people will dance.

I am so lucky that I am a teenager. I am 19.

ROARING 20's NIGHT

by Sandy Franzel

At the roaring 20's night I was a gangster. I didn't carry guns. I wasn't a murderer and I didn't steal any money. We had punch to drink at the roaring 20's night.

The counselors played records and I was dancing with everybody. Shelly said, "Whip it to me." and Bruce said, "Back it to me."

I was sweating and I was all pooped out. Then we got back to the bunk and it was time to go to bed.

THE KEY TO HAPPINESS

by John Maslen

A high-pitched whine filled the air as a strange, disc-shaped object descended out of the star-studded, midwestern sky. The craft itself was bathed in an eerie blue light, and it hovered two hundred feet above the sandy ground, vibrating and humming. Inside, the lone figure gazed intently through one of the six port holes at the surrounding area, reluctant as whether to land or not. Then, the decision made, the alien humanoid pulled a well-lubricated lever, and the ship settled down to the ground with a muffled thud that sent up great clouds of sand.

Unknown to the alien emissary, fifty yards distant from his glistening ship, two pairs of awe-stricken eyes witnessed the entire landing. The older of the two men turned to his companion and spoke.

"Whatdya 'spose that is out ther, Chester?"

"I reckon it's one of the flyin' saucers I read about," the other man replied.

Then, getting to his feet,

Chester picked up his 12 gauge shotgun and signaled to his friend. In seconds, after getting up enough courage, the two men stepped out into the open and headed toward the craft. Meanwhile, the alien watched their approach curiously.

Minutes later, the alien pressed a red button, and the side of the ship opened, revealing a complex interior. The two men cringed in terror. Then, a smooth ramp slid out, and the tall, slender alien walked out. Reaching the bottom of the ramp, he extended his hand into his unbuttoned tunic. Suddenly, one of the shotguns roared, and the alien dropped to the ground, a huge, gaping hole in his chest.

Chester turned and said, "He's dead, Will! Let's take a look at his ship."

"I don't think we should. It might be dangerous!"

"Now, nuthin' to it. Anyways, we need some proof to show the sheriff."

"Oh al-alright, but if anything else comes out of that ship, I'm gonna run like hell!"

They walked slowly toward the craft, with the hammers on their guns cocked. About twenty yards from the ship, Will noticed something glowing next to the dead alien. Dropping his rifle, he ran toward the corpse, envisioning the glowing object as gold. When he reached it, he dropped to his knees and grabbed it greedily, but the bottom dropped out, revealing a concealed scroll. The entire thing was written in an alien scripture, except the heading which was written in english. The imposing, bold-face heading read: "THE KEY to HAPPINESS". Will began to sob.

"What's the matter?" screamed Chester running towards his friend. "What's wrong?"

Will looked up, tears welling in his eyes and said, "I killed him and robbed earth of its greatest would-be gift! He's dead, and he was the only one who could have translated this!"

He held up the scroll for his

THE KEY to HAPPINESS (con't)

friend to see.

"Don't you realize," he roared, "if I hadn't killed him, he would have shown earth the way to everlasting happiness! No more wars! Everyone would love one another! Now it's gone in a puff of smoke!"

Chester couldn't move. He just stood silently, his head hanging down.

THE BEST LAID PLANS by Mike Ward

It was a hot summer day in July, when Don Strats put on his jacket and went to the door.

"Shouldn't you at least write down some of the formulas?" his boss said who was sitting behind the desk.

"Don't worry, it's as simple as a-b-c," said Don. "I'm due at the airport in half an hour."

"Shouldn't you go by train? They expect thunderstorms and--"

"The State Department meets in two hours and I have to be there. I'll call you after the meeting."

The trip to the airport was an unusually easy drive. As Don walked through the terminal, he was surprised that no one gave him a second glance. He finally relaxed when the stewardess showed him to his seat and reminded him not to smoke.

Don went over what he had to tell the State Department. The plan was simple. He, as the technical engineer, and his company developed an anti-missile system. After this system was activated, disarmament would follow and the world would be at peace.

Security required that all blueprints be destroyed and since they were simple, Don volunteered to remember them. The company knew they could trust his photographic memory. Also it would be safer since he looked liked an ordinary tourist.

Don realized he was in the air when he noticed the flash of lightening outside his window.

The stewardess was asking them to fasten their seatbelts but it was only turbulent weather and there was no fear of danger. Don obeyed and sat back to relax.

A minute later there was a loud crash and the plane tumbled downward. Don tried to hold on to anything that was stable. He looked out the window but all he could see was the ground swirling before him. At the last moment the plane steadied, but this relief lasted only a brief second. The plane pounded on the ground. Don's head smacked against the wall causing him to become unconscious.

The boss walked into the hospital three hours after the phone call. It was difficult to find the hospital in the remote town in Northern Maryland. He was led at once to the doctor who was taking care of Don. The sign on the doctor's door read: Neurosurgen, Obstetrician, Pediatrician. The door was opened by a man who was about 60. He was once a great man, but now signs of deterioration showed in his face.

"How is he, doctor?" the boss said.

"Brain cells have definitely been destroyed, but I think it will only affect his motor centers."

"Will he be able to remember?"

"I think so, but the question is how much?"

"Is he under sedation?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "When you said that security was involved, we didn't want him to talk in his delirium. He should be coming to, now."

They walked down the hall and stopped at a room guarded by a local policeman. He signaled them to enter the room.

The boss could see Don's body laying frailly on the bed. Neatly placed bandages were wrapped around his head. The boss gave a sigh of relief and thought Don was in the best of care.

A moment later the bed stirred as Don picked up his head.

"I'm glad you're looking fit," the boss said. "I heard you had a rough time."

"Uhh," was the only sound that
(con't)

THE BEST LAID PLANS
(con't)

came out of Don's mouth.

"You can still remember the formulas, can't you?"

"Dah, dah, voo!" Don babbled.

The boss' face turned white as he slowly sank to the floor.

THE HAYRIDE
by Gladys Velez

On Monday August fifth, G-6 and B-5 went on a hayride. We rode around Hunter. While we were riding some of us were talking and some of us were singing. We had a good time.

A NOTE of APPRECIATION
by Paula Corman

I would first like to show my appreciation to Alan Winters for being so understanding in accepting me to this more than wonderful camp. I would also like to show my appreciation to all the people I came in contact with during the summer.

I would like to give these people my sincerest thanks for giving me a better outlook on life.

POETRY
by Denise Shere

Snowflakes that flutter do not remain,
They are not missed when they melt,
No one cries when they are gone,
They only leave faint memories behind.

Leaves that die remain dead forever,
They are not missed when blown away,
Some may be sad when the leaves are gone,
But their memories fade as new ones grow.

Tears that fell will fall no more,
But new sorrow will bring new tears,
As each winter will bring new snowflakes,
And each spring will grow more leaves.

Love that is borne will mellow with years,
It will remain when all else perishes,
And the new love will grow upon the old,

And love's future will join love's memory.

HOURS in a LIBRARY
by Caroline Bethka

The beautiful, wonderful, and exciting hours spent in a library; cannot be measured or compared to any materialistic matter.

You, library are perhaps the greatest institution to be visualized and created by man. You are loaded with the burdensome task of informing the universe of its crimes and tragedies both past and present, statistics and a million other bleak duties. You have also struggled and succeeded in showing us the bright and good parts of human nature through wit and humor.

You ask wonderingly where is the beauty I mentioned above. It is in the books that permit us to forget momentarily our troubled world. You allow us to expand our minds by letting us read and study your books which contain a storehouse of knowledge. You also quiet our curious and adventurous nature with your wide scope of books.

Anytime I seek adventure, mystery, knowledge or some clean fun, off to the library I go. Within moments after I arrive, I can be exploring the caves in Egypt, climbing rugged mountains in Switzerland, visiting the romantic areas of Italy or staring at the spectacular spectacles of Disneyland.

Far more important than satisfying one's desires, the library can influence one's views and opinions. More than once I have discovered that an opinion of mine has changed from one view to a completely different view. You, library, handed me knowledge of some sort or another whether I asked for it or not. Everything that you contain on your numerous shelves radiates knowledge from history to decorations; from exercising to sleeping; and from victuals to furniture. Yes, you are a storehouse of knowledge on every topic and subject known to man.

I, who still have years of learning and maturing ahead, could not pay you sufficient tribulation with the simple and plain vocabulary I have available to me. Again I am forced to

HOURS in a LIBRARY
(con't)

turn to someone else's creation to express some of my gratitude to You:

" It's the latest
It's the greatest
It's the li-brar-y."

GOSSIP COLUMN

by Isabelle Catania

JC of G-5 finally decided on a man, GB of work camp. Third one's a charm! JL of B-6 finally drew sweet NR of G-5 out of her shell.

Congratulations to Terry and Larry on their recent engagement. JL may be hearing wedding bells soon.

FT of Work camp will be going to NYU this fall. CB also of Work camp will be attending Marymount.

We wish the best of luck to TF and SH. Are DH and Tw just friends? RS of work camp will be attending LIU this fall. Why do SK of B-4 and JB always have the same day off? Congratulations to Stephen Reichenthal for being the nok-hockey champ.

Lonely MT of B-4. Shot down this summer by three teen camp lovelies- TF, NF, and SS. PC of G-6 was very disappointed to hear that AK of B-6 wouldn't be present at the recent overnight. Is the relationship between AL of B-5 and SS of G-6 really platonic or is that how AL wants it? RL of G-5, disgusted with JM's flirtations has turned to JM of B-4 for comfort.

MARILYN HAUSMAN

by Mike Ward

How did you hear about Camp Jened?

When I was 17 I worked in a camp for Episcopal children. I liked it, but the kids were very spoiled and I wasn't satisfied. So I asked the Priest in my Church if he knew any camps for the handicapped. He suggested Jened. So I came and have since been here for five years.

What did you do during the winter months?

During this past year I held two jobs. In the first one, I was a social worker for welfare for the state of Maryland, but was quite unsatisfied. I liked social working, but I didn't completely agree with the welfare system. So I worked as a substitute and teacher's aide in the Maryland School for the Deaf. This fall I am moving to Brooklyn to be closer to all my friends from Jened. I don't have a job yet, but I'd like to work as a guidance counselor in a high school with a handicapped unit, or I'd like to work as a social worker at Coler or Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital. I'd like to eventually get my Masters Degree so that increased job opportunities would be available to me.

What are the differences between this summer and past summers?

I think there are very significant differences that this summer holds over the previous summers. And the first big advantage is Gekelman. Jack has been the greatest help and has shown complete love and dedication to everyone. We all don't know how lucky we have been. And secondly, I think the teen staff has been closer together than any other year- and has been the best staff than any in the past five years. They're more honest and sincere and understanding.

If you come back next year what improvements would you like to make?

If I come back next year (and I'd like to), there are quite a few changes I would like to make. I'd like to see more large programs, like the mock elections held in July. I'd also like to see more projects of a service nature, like the stage we built in '67. I also believe that a closer relationship between the administrators and the campers would provide a happier environment and a stronger feeling of unity.

ON PAXTON CONCERT
by Sandy Franzel

This month teen camp went to the playhouse in Woodstock to see Tom Paxton. There was no room on the chartered bus, so I had to use the camp truck called the "pickle".

The seats in the playhouse were made of cotton and velvet. Tom Paxton played the guitar and sang "Lyndon Johnson told the Nation", "Tribute to the NRA", and "I can't Help but Wonder Where I'm Bound." After he sang I clapped my hands.

I like him very much as a singer and a person. I enjoyed myself very much at the concert.

STAFF BASKETBALL GAMES
by Alan Markowitz

Throughout the summer many of the male staff members have played basketball games against camps in this area.

The team includes Jan Koy, Mike Day, Mike (Red) Higgins, Joe, Al, Darryle, and Ray representing the kitchen staff. Other members are Rael from maintenance, Alfie and Al representing adult camp, and Shelly, Danny, and Alan Ford from teen camp.

Their record is 2-4. They have defeated Camp Abelard and Camp Loyalton.

During the games the team is inspired by the cheering of our waitresses.

ABELARD
by John Maslen
and Mike Ward

On Wednesday evening, August 14, Teen Camp, Work Camp and Adult Camp went to Camp Abelard to enjoy a folk-music concert. Although it took over two hours to transport 120 campers, it was well worth the effort.

Sitting on the side of a hill, we had an excellent view of the stage. We enjoyed such talent as Janis Ian, the Georgia Sea Island Singers, Andy Davidson, Elaine White,

and the renowned Reverend Kirkpatrick of Resurrection City. The girls among us became excited when Abelard's own Herbie came up to the stage to sing. The songs they sang made us aware of the injustices in our country.

In conclusion, we'd like to say that we're sure you enjoyed the concert as much as we did, and we hope to go back next year.

FAMOUS QUOTES
by Gladys Velez

Sujo Shapiro- "That's incredible!"

Terry Wyman- "We're just friends."

Becky Gurland- "Counselor please."

Terry Goldstein- "It's not easy
you know."

Teri Feinstein- "Keep on pushing!"

Renee Lobel- "Where's my Pen? I've
got to write to Jon."

Nancy Rosenbloom- "Can I have my
radio?"

Nellie Franco- "Turn me over please."

Jan Blater- "Really?"

Joyce Glucksman- "I can't believe
you said the food was ever good!"

Susie Levitz- "This feels like the
Sahara."

Jean Hayes- "I can't take this any
more."

Carol Rivers- "Gurgle, gurgle."

Ruby Deas- "What?"

Robin Browner- "Joyce, you hate me!"

Susie Siegal- "Do my hair!"

Arlene Fels- "No-o-o-o-o!"

Susan Shapiro- "Can I leave the
dining hall now?"

Yvonne Sapia- "What time can I go
to the nurse?"

Nora Gonzales- "Let's do exercises."

Isabelle Catanis- "But, I don't
like water!"

Mary Lynch- "Umm-umm-umm."

Gladys Velez- "Please unzip me."

Joyce Cunningham- "I love you,
sweetie."

Maureen Wander- "Behind bush #13
after 10:30!"

Susan Feldman- "Time to go to the
nurse."

Karen Schwartz- "I can't think of
anything for tonight."

Marilyn Hausman- "Sure, I'll be
glad to do it for you."

Jack Gekelman- "How's your broc -
coli?"
(con't)

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