

SOVIET MAYORS VISIT THE ACADEMY

By SHEILAH COLEMAN & TONYA STRONG

The Russians have arrived! Of course, they're already gone, invading some other part of America, but they were here in Norwich for a full two days in November. Thanks to the efforts of City Council President Bonnie Hong, Dr. Sherman, and many others, Norwich was included in the American tour of a group of mayors from the Soviet Union. Algrdras Vileikis of Vilnius, Andres Hakkinen of Tallin, Ivan Gutsu of Kishinev, Stanislov Kebikev of Belgorod, Stefan Sakalovski of Kharkov, and Gennady Zorenko of Rostov-on-Don, with their interpreter Georgy Zaitsev, came to the United States on yet another string of attempts to bring peace between our nations. During their brief stay in Norwich, the Mayors spent time visiting a variety of people in our community to gain a perspective on the lives of "average" Americans. NFA was the site of the local press conference, which was also a fine display of local politics and pageantry.

Bonnie Hong opened the event with a diplomatic speech thanking the six mayors for choosing Norwich as a host city during their stay in the U.S. Then each of the mayors was presented with a bouquet of roses by a kindergartener from Buckingham School. The mayors received the flowers like proper politicians, and tried to outdo each other in their thanks. The mayor from Kharkov took the cake by raising the two small children into his arms and smiling happily at the audience. It was a warm sight, watching these Soviet politicians display such affection for American children. Next came the speeches of Dr. Sherman, Rabbi Abramson, and state representative Ken Przybysz. The Rabbi's "brief" statement was certainly the most inappropriate segment of the program. First of all, he brought his own interpreter, who was obviously unexperienced when it came to translating. Moreover, the reception didn't seem to be the proper forum for the rabbi's statements concerning Soviet persecution of Jews, although they definitely were not unfounded.

Stefan Sakalovski, acting as delegation leader for the group, spoke next. He was clear and succinct and spoke briefly about



Photo by Tucker Braddock



Photo by Tucker Braddock



Photo by Tucker Braddock

the symbolic significance of their mission, as well as the student exchange program. He ended his speech by asking to see the smiles of the people as a symbol of new positive relations between the two superpowers. In

response to this, the audience beamed.

At this point, after a few more gestures of good will, such as T-shirts from the Mashantucket Pequot Tribal Council, the Norwich hosts put on a display of

American tradition. The foreign dignitaries yielded the stage to the kindergarteners who presented their rendition of the First Thanksgiving. This somewhat lengthy performance left a slim ten minutes at the end for questions from the audience. About three questions were asked, mostly about the People to People Friendship Caravan, an exchange of American and Soviet students, and the reason for the mayors' visit. Asked if students visiting this summer (the first scheduled exchange) would be allowed to see the USSR for what it really is, one mayor replied, "We will show you our real life, merits and demerits, advantages and disadvantages." On Glasnost, the mayors replied that many of the changes are not well covered by the American press. Questions were limited, however, so that the Mayors could attend a "real" press conference with the professional press.

The next morning, they got together at the Norwich Inn for a small, informal breakfast with Bonnie Hong, city councilman James Booth, and a few members of the press. The *Red and White* was also invited to send three members, thanks to Dr. Sherman. The breakfast was so much different than the press conference in Slater because of its intimacy. The Mayors were much more relaxed, joking and laughing in broken English. They talked mostly about what they got out of their trip to Norwich, which seemed to be a stronger tie to the people. We are much the same as they are, they said. "We all work, and play, and fall in love."

And that was the entire point of their visit. They didn't come to argue ideology or solve major political disputes, but to get to know each other as people, people with the same basic concerns and emotions. Overall, this will go down in the history of Norwich as a fine example of this community's, and thus this country's, advances in Soviet-American relations. With the efforts of people like Bonnie Hong and Dr. Sherman, Norwich will certainly experience many more events as important as this one in the future. We can be very proud to know that we are part of a very strong link in the evergrowing chain of Soviet-American relations.

This is not an apology

By KRISTEN HEITERT

Here we are, ladies and gentlemen, at yet another junction of journalistic history; the Christmas edition of the Red and White. Never one to pass up such a sterling opportunity such as this, and after thinking long and hard about its content, I've decided to pick up my pen and once again formulate an insightful thought-provoking article. Alright, alright, everyone put down the ropes, knives, and daggers; I promise to be good this time. I thought perhaps in this issue that, being the recipient of both good and evil feedback (mostly evil, I might add), I am quite qualified to comment on the state of our illustrious paper which, according to some, is in dire need of review.

I've been labelled the Anti-Christ of school newspaper editorialists, thus my perspective on journalism has altered somewhat. Father always said that one should never discuss sex, politics, or religion in polite conversation, and to an extent this theory, based on other criterion, has extended into scholastic news coverage. Sacred cows nowadays include spirit and sports, and as I have apparently slaughtered both, I know from whence I speak.

So the question inevitably arises: Just what is the correct material to be printed in a

school publication? A tough question, Jacques will tell you.

It has been mentioned to me on occasion that the paper carries lamentably few pieces of hard news or even real journalism. To me this is a rather cryptic statement. Just what exactly is hard news in high school? Toxic waste buried under the gym would be viable, but as far as I know, nothing so earth shattering has happened so far in the school year. The hardest news we've had is the allegedly fraudulent actions of T.D. Brown. I didn't have any problems with them, but hey, what do I know?

A second problem with hard news is purely financial—no one wants to read it. We have enough difficulties getting this paper sold with some of the goofy stuff we put in it, never mind an analytical overview of the Reagan administration. I in no way mean to underestimate anyone's intelligence by claiming that absolutely no one is interested in such topics, but as a whole, most students are far more intrigued and likely to buy "Deathnotes" than "Junior Consumer Reports."

While I'm on the subject of "Deathnotes," I'm reminded of another comment I heard recently concerning the "bitter and unpleasant" tone of this publication. Perhaps "Death-

notes" are a bit morbid; perhaps some of the articles are a bit nasty and cynical. All so far, however, have been within legal limits and generally worthy of print. Responses to criticism, also known as Letters to the Editors, have been few in number, yet oral attacks have been more than abundant. If criticism builds character, then surely some of us, including our much berated Dr. Sherman, are human beings of truly epic proportions. I do object to the paper becoming a forum for writers to carry on nonsensical personal vendettas; any article on any subject, however, if well written, deserves public notice in our paper.

Incidentally, there have been a number of positive comments about the paper such as increased student response and more substance, but our format, come hell or high water, remains the same. A couple of warped and twisted minds run this paper, and they're always looking out for more warped and twisted stuff. As shown by the bizarre "Flip and Jop" or Garth Blue, a sick sense of humor is admired at the Red and White office.

I'd like to close with a hearty "Seasons Greetings" and a sincere hope that I haven't once again endangered my life.

READER RESPONSE

They did it again! Another vicious attack against NFA pride. Another iconoclast crawls from the woodwork to drag our "priceless pearl" through the mud. In case you haven't guessed already, I am referring to the slanderous editorial entitled "Sis Boom Bah!—One Man's Opinion," which appeared in the last issue of the Red and White.

In the first R&W of the year, we readers had the horrible experience of reading the embarrassing editorial which publicly humiliated our beloved (and I do mean that sincerely) football team. Not only did this startling article bring about the degrading media coverage of outside publications, I also believe that it was the birth of a villainous cult of individuals who freely disgrace our school's outstanding (and I do mean that sincerely) reputation.

In previous years, the Red and White served as a great tool to cultivate school spirit, but now it has become a forum where our fellow classmates sling mud at our alma mater.

The ripping editorial that appeared in the second R&W not

only implied that the idea of our school spirit was absurd, but it compares it with the infamous Nazi cult 'S.S.'! The author actually goes on to say (between the lines) that traditional gatherings, such as pep rallies, are some kind of communistic brainwashing sessions. The writer then goes on to attack the administration of Dr. Sherman, who in my opinion, hasn't even had the chance to mess up. He also says that he would thoroughly enjoy watching our superintendent being carried off by "a mob of enraged heads." HOW TREACHEROUS!

Now, it is not that I believe that this individual should be denied the right of free speech, because that right is guaranteed in our precious (and I do mean that sincerely) Constitution. However, I would like to suggest that this very verbose heretic might more effectively declare his disgusting lack of pride by climbing to the top of Slater tower and shouting, "Hey, everybody! I am a total idiot who has no pride at all!"

-Victor Darr

Is this Christmas in the 80's?

By JAMES STANLEY

What ever happened to Christmas? It seems that it has lost some of its intimacy. The days of sitting around a handsomely decorated tree while chatting and exchanging homemade gifts with close friends and family have come to an end. Where gift giving was once an affectionate supplement to a religious tradition, it is now the holiday's center attraction. We no longer give because we want to give, we give because we feel obligated to give; more specifically, because a guy named 'Nutty' Phil appears on our television screens and tells us that we should.

This year, the Christmas rush started just before Halloween. Each year it comes slightly earlier, but is always the same. It starts with such subtleties as artificial tree and ornament displays in department stores and Christmas 'Muzak' in elevators. By mid November, the airwaves are flooded with Christmas commercials and our shopping malls

filled with holiday decor. During the final squeeze, the three or four weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas, television teems with holiday specials, advertisements demand our spirit and generosity and our malls abound with multiple Santa Clauses. The response to all of this hype is complete and utter compliance.

On December 25, Christmas Day, we exhaustedly gather around our pre-decorated, synthetic trees, eating Betty Crocker's pumpkin pie and opening hoards of gifts that nobody wants or needs. And by the time the holidays are over, we all need vacations.

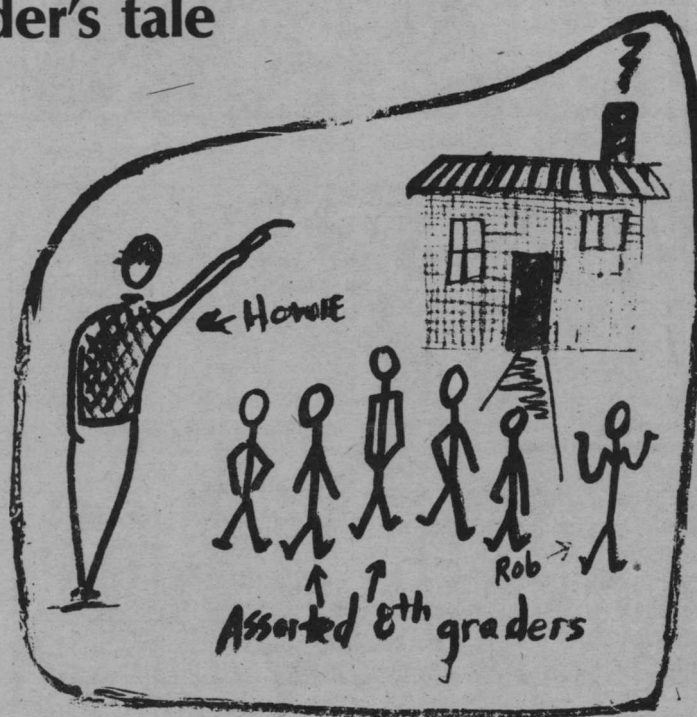
In effect, we have turned a festive holiday into a hectic marketplace. No longer do chestnuts roast on an open fire; they cook much faster in a fully programmable, computerized micro-toaster. Santa now lives in Taiwan and drives an Isuzu. And the Christmas spirit carries a price tag.

An eighth grader's tale

I'm Robert Gwin. I'm an 8th grade student at Preston Plains, and recently we were given a swell tour of NFA.

When all thirty-nine of us had filed into Shattuck, found a place to sit, and, as instructed, turned our chair-dsks 90 degrees to the right, some adult person told us we'd be watching a slide show about NFA, etc. I think the most impressive part of this presentation was the fashion in which it was done, with one picture fading out while simultaneously the other was focusing in. The content, however, wasn't nearly as thrilling: "George Muckmuck was a poor boy who couldn't afford a high school education. He had a dream of a free school, blah, etc., blah..." and, "NFA is a swell place. Its campus is swell, oh yay, and swell, etc., open minds, etc., and swell, etc..."

There were, however, a few rare bits of useful information, so the film wasn't a total waste of time.



Then we split up into little groups, and a few lucky Honors students got to lead us around the campus. My little group was led by Howard Moshier. This part of the tour gave more helpful information than the

first. It focused mostly on the individual classes available, and didn't really give a perspective of the campus as one unified school, both mentally and physically. But I suppose that will come with being there.

Yellow jackets are dandy

By James Stanley

What brought my attention to this record was its jacket. The jacket is yellow, extremely yellow. Breaking through the incredible yellowness are black and white photos of three neat, Wally Cleaver-ish looking gentlemen with instruments. One holds a guitar, another, a bass, and the third, a clarinet. (Oddly, there is no clarinet music on the album at all.) Hovering over this Mayfield trio is a tall, robust, green woman with purple hair. She is scantily clad in purple lingerie, black, fish-net stockings, and is wielding a long purple bullwhip. In the upper, right hand corner, in bright red, is the name of the band: Thee Mighty Caesars. Across the bottom, in black, is the title: *English Punk Rock Explosion*.

As I was looking at it in the record store, I can distinctly remember thinking to myself, what a cheap, low budget album this must be. I then bought the album and left.

When I got home, I unwrapped it and eagerly placed it on the turntable. I set it spinning and sat down to listen. At first, it was a bit strange. Trumpets blared with royalty as a low, rumbling voice ordered, "All hail Thee Mighty Caesars." The

Caesars then exploded, as the title indicated they would, with some of the best Rock and Roll music that I had heard in quite a while. And I can distinctly remember thinking to myself, what a cheap, low budget album this is.

Thee Mighty Caesars look and sound like an early sixties garage band. Billy Childish, with his chinos, his crewcut, and his cigar, is the brain of the trio. Veteran of four bands and fourteen albums, Childish writes, sings and plays guitar on all but one of the sixteen songs on this disc. John looks amazingly like 'Flounder' from Animal House and plays 'bass plectrum manipulator.' Del, the enigmatic figure holding the clarinet on the cover, plays several 'circular battering objects.'

This is indeed a cheap, low budget production. The guitar is rude and undisciplined. The harsh vocals sound as if they had been sung through a coffee can. The bass and drums are thoroughly primitive. Childish explains on the back of the jacket, "It takes us under two days and under \$400 to record an album..." And the result is raw power, the likes of which haven't been seen since Iggy and The Stooges recorded their first.

Scrooged is def !!

By GINA RUSSO ET ALIA

The woman sitting next to me was wearing a whole bottle of perfume, I felt like a sardine, and the movie was already fifteen minutes late. The only shred of hope left was that the movie might possibly be good. I was waiting impatiently to see "Scrooged." So why, one might ask, should I go through all this just to see a movie of which I've known the storyline since I heard the name "Dickens." Friends, I asked myself that very same question. But heck, I figured any movie with Bill Murray HAS to be funny. Well, I figured right, because this movie was def. Bill Murray, god of humor, was Frank Cross, president of TV network IBC. So Cross is like Scrooge, get it? Instead of all that old story of being visited by a dead co-worker, Cross is visited by an old boss. The movie just takes off from there, and it pretty much follows the traditional story pattern. Well, there are some pretty important differences actually. The ghost of Christmas past is a taxi driver, the ghost of Christmas present is this wacko violent weirdo (anyone remember to 12

U2 sells out

By CHARMAINE OAKLEY

What stars Bono, The Edge, Larry Mullen Jr., and Adam Clayton? That's right! It's U2's new, one and only, rattling and humming movie: *Rattle and Hum*. It's a different kind of concert film with unique footage and great music—giving a better, more personal, UP CLOSE look at U2.

Primarily shot in black and white, *Rattle and Hum* explodes into color towards the end. The footage is divided into three parts—black and white documentary, black and white concert recordings, and concert shots in color. It features the band's tour of Graceland, singing with a Harlem gospel choir, working with B.B. King, PLUS a crazy interview in which nobody can seem to say anything, backstage banter, and a deserted Dublin factory where most of their new material was recorded.

The film's music includes some of U2's best sound with *Desire*, *Pride*, *Helter Skelter*, *With or Without You*, and *Sunday Bloody Sunday* being only a

Here's a seasonal album

By SOMEONE SMUG

Emmett Otter's Motorhead Christmas—The Muppets and Motorhead and other Various People With Large Hair and Circular Battering Objects (Crypt Records)

As the season draws near for all the giving, loving, wonderful fun things that mean Christmas, people are stopping everywhere to catch a bit of the spirit. There can be no better way to catch that spirit than by picking up a nice, fresh copy of Emmett Otter's collaboration with Motorhead, and other contemporary Christmas pals. Otter's simple but swell jugband has taken itself to new heights in sound and wonder. The twenty-five member band blasts into instant notoriety with that well-sung family favorite, "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas." It was first done by the Three

Stooges, yet this new recording has what Larry, Moe, and Curly couldn't ever imagine, Philthy's mindbending distortion. The band then immediately hops on to harmonize "The Twelve Days of Christmas" with the special appearance of the Beastie Boys, jammin' on the five golden rings. Emmett Otter outdoes himself with his jug solo on eleven pipers piping. Julio Iglesias joins in on a chorus of Motorhead's "Killed by Death," a slight deviation from the Christmasy norm, yet completely in the character of the entire fine performance. The muppets keep up swimmingly with Motorhead all during this and other songs, and it is surely a credit to them, especially ace drummer, Animal, and keyboardist, Dr. Teeth. After a short break for breath, they crash into the next startling song, "God Save the

Christmas," in tribute to the late Sid Vicious. The most startling part, right after the first chorus, is when the late Sid Vicious actually makes a cameo appearance with Nancy in tow, and mumbles a few lines to boot.

"So," you ask, "where on this beautiful green earth can I get this awesome recording? I need it! I've got to have it! I'll sell you my bike!" Well, the truth is, (heh heh) YOU CAN'T GET IT ANYWHERE! We here at the *Red and White* (heh heh) have special (heh heh) privileges (heh). One of these special privileges is getting THE ONLY COPY IN EXISTENCE OF THIS INCREDIBLE FANTASTIC AMAZING WORK OF GENIUS ART AND SCIENCE. So tough bananas, and happy holidays.

Fresh Horses is NOT too cool!

By SHEILAH COLEMAN
and HEATHER OAKLEY

"Why *Fresh Horses*? Did you see any horses in that movie? Wait a minute, maybe I missed the point. Was it about horses or what?" Sheilah asked while she was driving on Route 395 at precisely fifty-five miles per hour with her seatbelt on.

"No, not horses!" Heather said as she flung herself towards the dashboard, "Yup, the seatbelts work. Anyway, I did see horses once or twice, but why 'fresh'? There was nothing too fresh about that film."

"Except Molly Ringwald's haircut," Sheilah laughs. "Andrew McCarthy certainly wasn't too cool. He wasn't even cute! Remember the first scene in the boat-puke!"

"Oh come on Sheilah, he wasn't that big of a fagatron! Granted, there were tons of cardboard characters, slimers and warthogs in that gaywad,

plotless waste of celluloid. I can't believe we spent three hours collecting beer bottles to scrape up enough moolah for that cinematic abomination!"

"You said it. I told you we should've seen *Ernest Saves Christmas*. The popcorn sucked too. By the way, how were your Skittles?"

"Oh fine, I hadn't had any since English class last year."

"Hey Heather, no one seemed to mind when you stood up in the middle of the movie and shouted, 'Enough! No more! Please, KILL the projector. Now! Right now!' That was so funny!"

"Everyone was too busy picking their cuticles or yawning so hard that they didn't notice. I was so crazed with the disappointment that I couldn't help myself. I mean, I loved Andrew McCarthy and Molly Ringwald in *Pretty in Pink*. I was so looking forward to their reunion. But doof-o-rama, the ending was

way corny! She was ice-skating with her new boyfriend, one who even puts her skates on for Godsake! And he was weeping on the sidelines! What the heck!"

"Calm down Heather! I know you're suffering and have seen *Pretty in Pink* about a hundred times (who knows what you see in it!). But seriously now, how could anything top that movie in your eyes?" Sheilah reasoned.

"You're right, nothing could. But *Fresh Horses* was so awful! You know it's bad when the usher apologizes as you leave the theater and hands out complimentary Junior Mints!"

"Yeah, and when the best part of the whole event is eavesdropping on an overweight couple's argument concerning their massive bucket of popcorn!" guffawed Sheilah.

"So the moral of the story is," Heather began, "*Fresh Horses* was not cool!" Sheilah joined in.

"Jinx. Buy me a coke."

What a cheesy flick!

By HEATHER LATHROP
and STEPHANIE RICE

Mystic Pizza is getting a bum rap. Most of the critics are saying it was lousy, but we feel that it was really good. We walked out of the theater laughing.

There are six main characters. Jojo is engaged to Billy. Daisy runs around in short skirts and lives life to the fullest. Somehow she lands this gorgeous prep named Charlie. Kat is Daisy's more down to

Earth sister who gets a scholarship to Yale and falls in love with a married man.

Jojo, Daisy, and Kat all work in the restaurant, Mystic Pizza. Someday they hope to get out of Mystic, away from the fish. Everybody in Mystic in this movie has some relation to the fish business.

The plot in this movie is great! You really have to pay attention to understand it, but it's worth it. Don't bring anyone cont to 12

Garth Blue's Christmas Story

It was ten years ago. I was seven years old, playing hopscotch on Route 32. Unexpectedly, a MACK truck came roaring around the corner. As I bent over to pick up my rock, I was thrown into the air by the accelerating sixteen wheeler. My mother to this day fondly recalls my vociferous paroxysm as the steel grill violently thrashed my young, fragile body. My last sensation was that of my blood gushing like Old Faithful from my innermost organs. DEATH, or so I thought.

Suddenly, I found myself in the middle of a cow pasture. There was a familiar aroma in

the air that smelled a lot like this story. Then it hit me. This was Christmas at Grandpa Blue's farm in Idaho. To my left, there was the huge Christmas tree brightly decorated with shiny red and green potatoes. We Blues have celebrated Christmas outside every year ever since my Great uncle Vincent had his tree lights short fuse, taking out his house as well as that side of the family.

Well, anyway, there they all were: Grandpa, Grandma, Mom, Dad all sitting around the tree slurping potato soup and opening their presents. Well, actually, the little weasel in the

earmuffs was the only one opening presents while the others watched.

"Wait a minute, that's me!" I said. Oh, of course! I never buy anyone else presents; that takes away the joy of Christmas.

Suddenly, it grew dark! Things began to quake! I screamed, I shouted. I wet my pants! Then, a voice yelled out, "Garth, do you see what you have done?!"

"Yes," I pleaded, "but I swear I tried to hold it in!"

"No, no, you idiot! I mean, do you realize what you have been missing at Christmas every year? You have been taking and

taking, but never giving back. You've never bought anyone a gift."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I promise it will never happen again."

"Swear!" the voice rang.

"#@&!!!" I scorned.

"No, no. I mean, swear to it that you will always give gifts to others at Christmas time."

"I swear, I swear, just let me go back and I'll give them the best Christmas presents they could possibly imagine."

Everything went dark again.

It was Christmas morning. I opened my eyes to find myself lying in a hospital room with my parents leaning over me. At first

they didn't notice that I was awake, but then they became aware of my state. I was swamped with kisses from my mother, whose eyes were so watered that they began to undergo tides.

I was so happy to be alive, but then I realized among the jubilee that it was Christmas day and I had no gifts to give to my parents. What was I to do?

However, my mother had gained her self control and looking towards my father, she exclaimed, "This is the best Christmas present we could possibly imagine."

Ain't Christmas bitchin'!

Mr. Serra is honored

By AMY SALEMMA

"Congratulations, Mr. Serra!" Around campus, students are asking one another, "Do you have him?" and "What's he like?" Well, even if you don't have him, you should get to know him.

When I interviewed Mr. Serra, I didn't really know what to expect. Actually, I expected to find some stern "college-like" professor. Don't they always win the awards? Apparently not.

For Mr. Serra, becoming a teacher wasn't a future goal. Actually, he never knew what he wanted to be. "I finally made my career choice in college. There, I decided that I liked the subject of English and wanted to become a teacher."

Mr. Serra has been teaching English for fifteen years - twelve of those at Westerly High School and two here at NFA. At Westerly, he was the Depart-

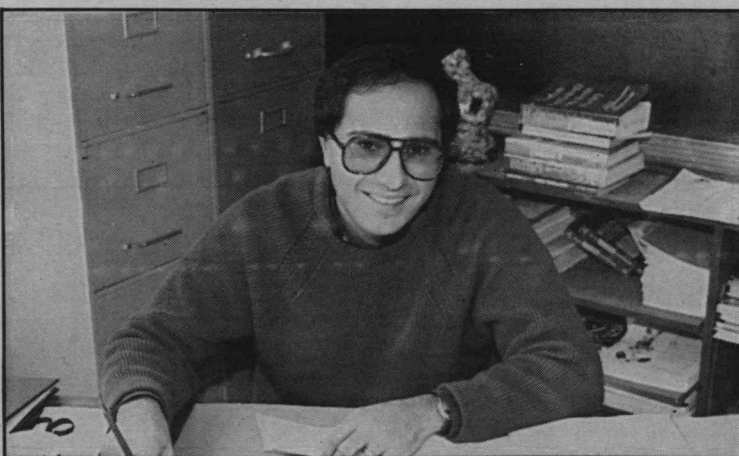


Photo by Anthony Girasoli

ment Chairman for his last five years. "During those five years, I gradually lost contact with the students and became more involved with adults' problems."

So when the English teaching position at NFA was offered, Serra accepted.

Westerly is quite different from NFA. "NFA offers the kids

so much. There is a large diversity of kids here which makes the school unique. This is a great place of opportunity for the kids."

When asked how he thought he had benefited from teaching, Serra responded, "I benefit by seeing the kids succeed and learn. When they gain self confi-

dence, it makes me feel that I've helped. It makes me feel good."

All of this work and caring finally paid off for Mr. Serra. He was recently nominated for the Outstanding Teacher Award by a former Westerly student. To receive this award, a teacher has to be nominated by a former student who is now attending the University of Chicago as a freshman.

Mr. Serra was surprised by this because, "teachers do not get a lot of recognition - if any, it's bad."

I found Mr. Serra to be "a special teacher who has opened new vistas and realms of discovery. Mr. Serra has challenged his students intellectually and led them into productive paths for growth." (taken from the letter which accompanied the award.)

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## Meet Miss Thompson

By STEPHANIE RICE

Miss Angela Thompson is a student teacher in biology. Miss Thompson, who graduated from Eastern Connecticut State University, is working to meet the requirements of becoming a teacher. To do this, she must get eighteen credits and part of her credits come from student teaching. Besides teaching at N.F.A., Miss Thompson has also taught in Bozrah, Salem, and Waterford.

Miss Thompson has always had an interest in biology, although her favorite part of it is ecology. She became interested in teaching through working for the Wildlife Department.

So far, the most challenging part of teaching for Miss Thompson is everyone's differ-

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## Mrs. Carnaghan is honored aussi

By CAROLYN LEFFINGWELL

Mrs. Jean Carnaghan, head of the math department and teacher of mathematics, has just been named one of Connecticut's outstanding teachers. She was nominated by a committee of administrators from NFA and was presented the award by the Alumni Association at UConn.

Mrs. Carnaghan, who admits that she is quite astonished about her commendation, surprisingly never planned on becoming a teacher. She majored in psychology in college; however, teaching has been passed down through her family. Her mother and grandmother were teachers before her, and now her daughter is carrying on the

tradition. Mrs. Carnaghan enjoys teaching but personally takes great pride in the organization and smooth running of the math department.

When asked why she enjoys her work, Mrs. Carnaghan certainly is not at a loss for words. She believes that teaching is the way to keep in touch with the students for they are the ones who make teachers better at their own jobs.

Mrs. Carnaghan feels that students can be interested in math if they try. When a student tries and succeeds, math becomes fun and more interesting. She does her best trying to make math understandable for students so they will consider it fun; nevertheless, there are some children



Photo by Tucker Braddock

she never reaches. This is quite frustrating because she would rather not have anyone fail.

Mrs. Carnaghan believes that there is a sense of apathy among students; many simply don't care; they are unwilling to work hard. She feels that the influence of television has a lot to do with this phenomenon. TV teaches children that they may sit and be entertained without thinking. They take this same attitude into the classroom and want to be entertained.

Algebra is Mrs. Carnaghan's favorite subject because it makes people think and solve problems. Beside improving the thinking process, algebra emphasizes organization. Mrs. Carnaghan says that her students will eventually appreciate what she does for them.



## Test your Hair I.Q.!!! Rah,rah,raH!

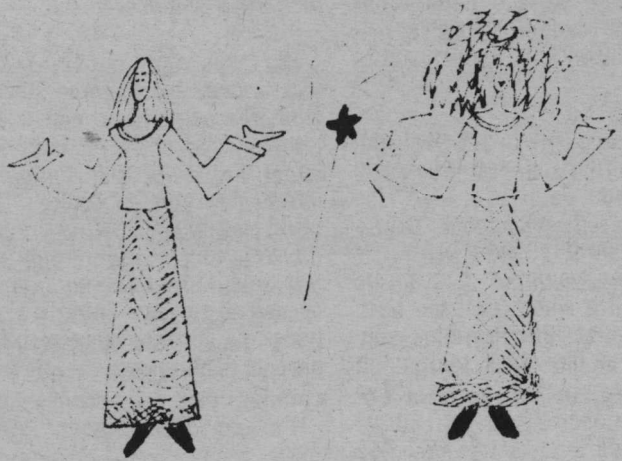
By HEATHER OAKLEY

Recently, The Red and White received a large brown envelope filled with helpful health and beauty tips designed to spread snack savvy and good haircuts across the land via high school newspapers. Each article is marked "For Immediate Release," and is accompanied by a phone number one can call if she wishes to get more information. (As if her Teen or Seventeen Magazine doesn't do the trick!) All of us in The Red and White Homeroom gleefully tested our HAIR I.Q. and found that we had certainly kept up with the latest developments in "hair care and hair fashion." We hope you can do as well:

1. The best way to grow out layered hair is: (A) apply gel and spike hair in every direction (B) hide it under a hat (C) get a crew cut and start from scratch.

2. The "in" haircut this season is: (A) a blunt Cleopatra style (B) a sleek, longer bob style with soft, face-framing waves (C) any old cut as long as it is accessorized with spider and bat barrettes and skunk fur headbands.

3. Healthy hair should be washed (A) once a week (B) twice a day (C) once every hour.



Before

After

I went from "flat" to "fluffy"

- like magic!



4. What makes hair the shiniest? (A) rinsing with cold water (B) brushing hair 100 times

before going to bed (C) making a mixture of seltzer water and egg yolks and applying to fin-

ished hair style.

5. If hair is damaged, dull looking and limp, what should you do? (A) sleep with instant conditioner on hair (B) stop using shampoo and only use conditioner when washing hair (C) get a crew cut and start from scratch.

How did you do? Give yourself 1 point for each A answer. 2 points for each B answer and 3 points for each C answer. Ten to twenty points mean you should think about updating your look. Twenty-one to twenty-nine points mean you are almost a star pupil, but a little dated. If you score THIRTY, congrats! Your friends should look to you for the latest trends.

It has been noted that the above quiz is certainly biased against members of the male persuasion, so I asked our in-house expert to capsule his ideas about the best looks for the guys on campus. He says, "Certainly, frankly feminine curls and silk flowers are out for us guys. I like to think that the less time you spend futzing with your hair the better. Well yes, I do use gel once in a while, but hey, I also give myself my own haircuts—there's something very maverick about it."

AIR IS COOL

"Personally, I find ultimate style in poodles with mohawks." (\* also acceptable are: pigs with pompadours, coiffed camels and warthogs in wigs)

Ever wonder what happened to Marsha Brady?

MIKE and CAROL thought it was just a stage but...





# Writing is George's bowl of oatmeal

By LAUREN GWIN

Imagine sitting in some non-descript movie theater in, say, Sweetwater, Texas, after a hard day of hay mowing, waiting patiently for the Feature Presentation, with a bucket of popcorn on your knees. Suddenly, amidst rolling thunder and flashing lightning, the first scene appears on the screen. You jump up, spilling hot, butter flavored grease all over your overalls, and scream, "That's SLATER MUSEUM! I went to that school! That's NFA! Holy cow!" And someone in back of you says, "Yeah sure, Joe, and I s'pose y'all knew the director in kindergarten, too." You sit down, embarrassed and confused. It is Slater, darn it. That is NFA in this movie, *The Disappearance*.

George King doesn't intend even to publish his book, let alone make a movie out of it, but a copy of *The Disappearance* has been floating around NFA since around the beginning of the school year. It's the story of a bunch of kids who find themselves the only people left on the planet after an intense electrical storm knocks them all unconscious in Slater. Their first reaction is to run around, get

BMW's, and raid the Crystal Mall. Somehow all but a few of them eventually end up in the claws of the assassinating android art thief, Asbash Troxilwinton, a villain by any standards. Through a few "twist of fate" plot twists, one of the kids discovers that loud pseudo-metal music knocks the androids out, and the rest of the kids show up at Troxilwinton's ship in Red Square with AK 47's and an intent to kill. With these two developments, it is not too long before everyone lands on Troxilwinton's home planet, where the evil android is arrested and put on trial. The entire Earthling crew is led by the amazingly intelligent yet completely respected genius, Edison Clarke, and the equally cool "she's a girl and a friend but not my girlfriend" Cynthia Clifton.

The plot, however, is not the main reason the book is getting attention. All of the seventy-two Earthling characters are based on students who were in George's Chem/Physics and English classes in his lower year. All are mentioned, apparently, either by actual or assumed names. Some do nothing more than stand up in Slater and

announce, brilliantly, "Something must be done!" And there are those who blow up aliens and reprogram the spaceship. Many appearances seem a bit contrived, but the name-dropping was one of George's primary intents in writing his novel.

It began, he claims, from the hypothetical question: what would you do if everyone else disappeared? "Someone finally asked me if I was 'writing it down or something.' So I did. It was a bit weak at first, though." So he did character sketches, wrote random plot ideas, got frustrated, and scrapped most of it. "The ending was difficult to write. It's kind of like the *Wizard of Oz*—the good guys win, get gifts, and go home."

*The Disappearance* is essentially the only major writing George has done, besides some coloring books in the second grade. He spends most of his time reading science fiction, "I wish I had more time to read." And, he says, "I watch too much television (Dr. Who), and I don't get enough sleep." He is interested, however, in writing what he calls a "global myth." "Joseph Campbell, the philosopher,

studied heros and myths, and he found that they were similar from society to society. Yet there is no one myth, common for all societies. It'll probably take me a couple of years."

His inspiration for *The Disappearance* seems to come largely from the sci-fi he is constantly reading. Currently he is trying to get through L. Ron Hubbard's *Mission of Earth Decology*. He also reads Stephen King—"I like his style of plain speaking, just telling the story"—and Arthur Clarke. Hubbard's work, however, is most interesting to him, because of Hubbard's style of creating plot, and characters. "His characters aren't just these people from the future. They have in-depth thoughts, desire, motivation." George vehemently points out that he has no interest at all in the Hubbard cult, Scientology, an organization whose main belief is really that money is easily taken away from stupid people. "People would see me with a Hubbard book, and they'd ask me, 'Are you in the cult?' and I was like, 'what cult?' until I found out what the whole mess was. I don't know anything about scientology, and I don't

like cults anyway. That's not my bowl of oatmeal."

Next year, George plans to go to UCONN and maybe transfer to Georgetown after a year. "My father's in the Coast Guard," he explains, "but I could never be in that or any other branch of the military. I'm a conscientious objector, and I don't like to be yelled at." Georgetown is the ideal place from which to go into foreign service or the State Department, his primary goal at this point.

For right now, George is going to spend his time trying to find a printer to get some copies of *The Disappearance*. With only one or two copies, it's quite impossible to satisfy the demands of those who want to read it. He doesn't really do anything at NFA in terms of extra-curricular stuff, but he likes the school anyway. He gives a great deal of credit to Dr. Sherman for his new plans and programs, but he emphasizes the fact that there "has to be a lot more change—both locally and nationally." NFA, he says, could conceivably be the best school in the nation, "or at least in the top ten." The only real problem is traffic. "Nobody walks fast enough."

THE GODFATHER OF SOUL

JAMES BROWN



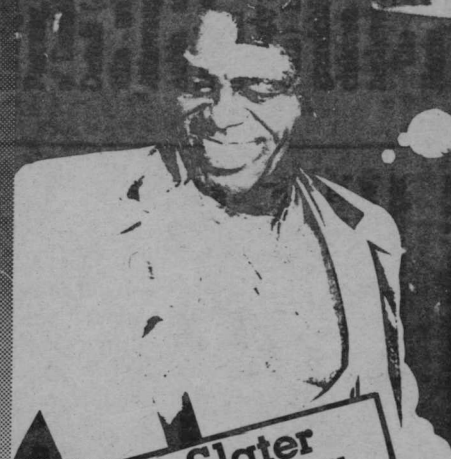
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## Get suspended and meet Mr. Webb

By SARAH VAILLENCOURT

No! No, no, no! I won't go. You can't make me do it. I simply won't go! Look, me-rock, you-marshmallow, get it? I ain't goin'! I'll cut, that's what I'll do! ... and my parents will find out ... and they'll kill me ... I don't want to die - I have to reorganize my sock drawer ... Okay, I'll go. How bad can one little in-school suspension be, anyway?

Mr. Webb, a tall, athletic looking, former gym teacher, holds down the fort from 7:45 to 2:15 on the top floor of Shattuck. He holds the indescribable honor of being "Mentor of In-School Suspensions." Surprisingly enough, he looks pretty normal for someone who spends six and a half hours a day locked in a tiny room with NFA's finest. Of

course he has that end-of-the-day-I-want-to-go-home-I-think-I'm-going-to-retire look that most teachers have by 2:15.

Mr. Webb served as a phys.ed. teacher for four years before becoming involved in administrative discipline and working with emotionally disturbed children at Branford High School. Now he heads our In-School Suspension program and acts as advisor to the rifle team.

This concept of an in-school suspension was introduced and put into effect by our very own Dr. Sherman, Mr. Hosmer, and the housemasters. According to Mr. Webb, they saw this as a constructive alternative to the out-of-school suspension. Webb stresses the constructive quality of this program by stating: "Dr. Sherman and I agree that it is a

privilege for them to be here."

Now, I'm sure many of you are wondering just what we have to do to enjoy this "privilege," right? The assignment and duration of an in-school suspension is completely up to the housemaster involved. The infractions may vary from verbal harassment of teachers to cutting class or fighting.

The main point of this administrative endeavor is to allow students who are having problems in school to solve them while serving their time. Students are assigned homework by their subject teachers, or allowed to make up work due to unexcused absences. They may also see their counselor to resolve scheduling problems or teacher conflicts. In addition, Mr. Webb is proud to point out

that he tries to talk to each student before his/her suspension is up because he truly is concerned about working with those having emotional problems or difficulties at home.

Horrible as the term suspension may sound, the lot of these "in-schoolers" don't consider it that. Mr. Webb insists that the students' welfare comes first. They are allowed to see the nurse and use the lavatory next door; however, such activities as talking, gum chewing, flossing one's teeth, and working on your tennis serve are not condoned.

A sticky problem seems to be inevitable in most brilliant plans, and there is no exception when it comes to the program. This time, the culprit is attend-

ance. What should be done if a student is absent from his suspension? However, there is a solution. Ask Mommy. Yes, that's the solution. If one is absent, one's parent must call with an excuse before the day is over. Of course, if one becomes a victim of circumstances and is eaten by carnivorous llamas en route to school, one may receive additional days to serve.

The administration's goal is to see the in-school suspension program expand to help a larger portion of NFA's students. Ideally, it would eventually become unnecessary as all problems would be solved. Now, it is known that ideal situations only exist in theory, so here's to the hope that our new program will be long-lived!

## I was almost on Jeopardy!

By HEATHER LATHROP

On November 20 there was a test held in Philadelphia for the 'Jeopardy! Teen Tournament.'

I walked into the waiting room of WPVI Channel 6, the TV station sponsoring the test, and there was no room even to stand. I signed in and had to wear a sticker that said 'VISITOR.' I looked around and people were in suits and dresses. I was wearing jeans and a rugby, so I guess I was a little out of place. All the kids stood there for five minutes and then we were led down this hallway to one of the studios. On the way we picked up a gold answer sheet, a green answer sheet, and a form to fill out. We also got an official Jeopardy! pencil that was half the size of a normal pencil.

Everyone filed into the studio and sat down in the rows of chairs that were set up. In front of us there was a table, two TVs and the studio lights. By now I was a nervous wreck and my hands started to shake. While we sat there we got to fill out all kinds of forms. They asked regular questions like name, phone number, birthday, and then weird ones like how many game shows we've been on (they said

to use the back if necessary!). Some of the people probably did use the back!

We filled out the forms and this guy Glenn started to talk to us. We could ask him questions and he'd answer. He told jokes to calm everybody down and it sure worked for me. He told us that we would be asked a question and be given ten seconds to answer. After fifty questions, we would have a break, and we'd hand in that first sheet of answers. When we had done the second half (50 more questions), a guest was going to talk to us. When we were done asking questions, we started the test.

The test was on two TV screens. First only one worked and they had to fool with the other. This made me even more nervous. Finally they both worked and they played the tape. Alex Trebek read the question on the screen and it stayed up for ten seconds for us to answer it on the paper. Fortunately we didn't have to phrase it in the form of a question, and spelling didn't count. We quickly scribbled down our answers, and if we didn't know it we guessed. The test went by quickly, and it wasn't too hard. Some questions, though, I would never have

known in a million years.

Glenn and this other lady left the room. We sat and talked, and then our guest came in. It was Alex Trebek. Everyone applauded when he came in, and we got to ask him any questions that we wanted. He told funny stories from the past shows. He told us the tournament was his idea, and he hopes to have a tournament with stars from Hollywood. We talked with him for about half an hour, and Glenn came back to give us the results of the tests. Only five people passed, which wasn't the greatest out of eighty. Alex announced the names. I crossed my fingers but I didn't make it. The five that did, stayed in the studio, and the rest of us left.

On the way out I talked with some kids, and we all agreed that we had won in our own way. At least we had been picked to participate. We went back to the waiting room where all the anxious parents waiting. I just walked out of there happy about having the experience of the test. It didn't hit me very hard that I didn't pass. All I kept thinking about was that I went all the way to Philadelphia to get a Jeopardy! pencil that wasn't even regular length!



Photo by Tucker Braddock

Let's hear it for the guy with the sousaphone!



We here at the Red and White hope that you will take time over the holidays to reflect on what a new year really means. What can each of us do to make 1989 an exceptional year for peace and goodwill towards men, women, and children everywhere? A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!





# 8 CROWEMANIA!

## He's Disguised as a Normal Person

By JARED BIERYLO

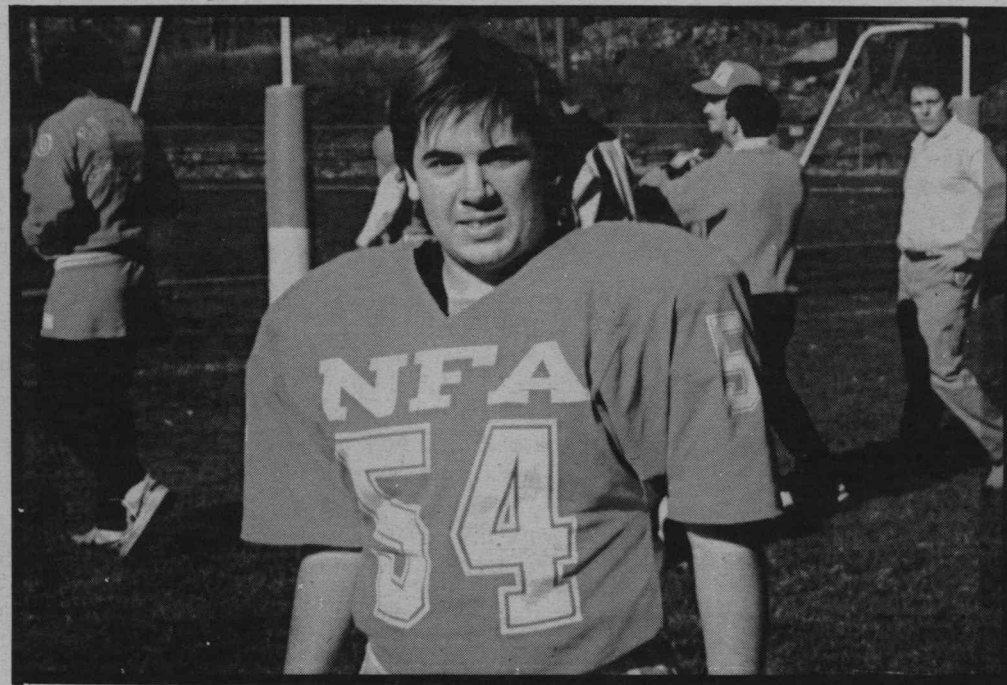
Chris Crowe is a demented genius. He is capable of rattling off a list of obscure quotes from various writers while at the same time delivering sardonic apothegms about death, despair, and sorrow.

His play, *Gloria*, won him a plethora of honors and awards. It won the Community Theater Council Award for best one act play and Crowe won the CTC Award for best special achievement in a comedy or drama for its script.

His latest play, *The Table Talk Pie Messiah*, seems destined to earn him more honors. Crowe says, "I told my actors in *The Table Talk Pie Messiah* that I want CTC awards up the kazoo." Crowe even has loftier ambitions for his latest creation. "A friend of mine," Seth Gordon? "Yes, who now goes to Concord Academy, wants to make *The Table Talk Pie Messiah* into a major motion picture."

According to the playwright, *The Table Talk Pie Messiah* is a thinly veiled commentary on modern religion. Crowe is very concerned about this issue. "The conservative religious evangelist right-wing sicko faction is trying to take over the country." When confronted with the question, "What's so bad about conservatives, Crowe snapped, "HEY! If more people turned on, the world would be a better place!!!"

Crowe is a senior at NFA who has been writing plays since his



Heh heh heh heh heh, WIPEOUT!

Photo by Crowe's procreator

freshman year. *Gloria* is about his experiences during Hurricane Gloria. "Gloria was the truth almost word for word... Whatever the truth is."

Crowe has been interested in writing all his life. Unfortunately, this creative impulse was stymied somewhat by the school. Crowe laments, "I wanted to take three English classes, but the satanic forces of the new administration conspired against me in a fiendish plot."

Although he prefers English, Crowe is interested in a wide range of subjects. His only difficulty would be math. A segment

of our interview:

What do you think of math?

"I think that Mr. Makowicki is too tall for his hair and that he should die in the fires of infamy."

"Actually, I don't think about math. That's why I get seven- teens on tests."

"My main problem with math is that it's a pack of lies. It gives the illusion of truth and certainty in a cold, dark, uncaring void of the universe."

Crowe has also been a member of the NFA football team for the past two seasons. However, when asked to characterize his role on the football team, he

declared, "Heh heh heh heh heh ....WIPEOUT!"

Come to think of it, I can't explain Crowe. Just experience this:

R&W: What are your favorite movies?

CTC: "*Faces of Death, Brotherhood of Death, Ordinary People*" R&W: Do you have any bad habits?

CTC: "I pick my nose and eat it ... in public. I don't smoke ... cigarettes."

R&W: Who are your heroes?

CTC: "Garth Blue, Jack Nicholson, and the Green River Killer."

R&W: What do you plan to do in your life?

CTC: "Hopefully to graduate, go to college, go to work, eat, sleep, drink, breathe, die."

R&W: Have you ever been convicted of any felonies?

CTC: "Many arrests ... few convictions."

R&W: What is your creed?

CTC: "The iguana - he is not fleet of foot, but he always seems to get there first."

R&W: How would you describe your childhood?

CTC: "I never sang for my father."

R&W: What do you find to be scary?

CTC: "It's veeeerrrry scary sitting behind Heather and Charmaine Oakley, Sue DesRoches, and Laurie Gwin at the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*."

R&W: What do you hope to see happen in your lifetime?

CTC: "I want to see *Within You, Without You* by the Beatles made into the national anthem of Spain."

R&W: What is your dream?

CTC: "I want to be the object of a large and loving cult. Send the money."

It was evident to me that Crowe was something unique, but I still wasn't impressed so I said,

QUICK! How many cinematographers can you name?

"Greg Tolland photographed *Citizen Kane*, Haskell Wexler photographed *Out of Africa*, and John Alcott photographed *Barry Lyndon* and *A Clockwork Orange*."

Gee, Crowe, you are God.

## This is Table Talk Truth

This counts : ru Ta BaG a

By Chris Crowe

The one and only Table Talk Pie Messiah began life innocently enough in the heart of downtown Norwich. I was broke. The friend I was with was loaded with cash.

"Gimme some money," I said. "Why should I?" my friend asked.

"I'm hungry. I want Table Talk Pies."

"You're addicted to those things."

Addicted to Table Talk Pies? Strange idea. Is it possible? I didn't do anything with it for a while, though, and only out of desperation.

I owed Playshop a play. Annetta Arpin, the director, had made me promise to write a new one after the success of my

first play, *Gloria*. The problem was that I had nothing to write about. So I cast around for ideas. John Lennon fans remember their dead hero; excessively violent criminals a la *Blue Velvet*; existential runaways live on the fringes of society; Table Talk Pie addicts. Why not?

I began writing. Let's see, a guy eats a pie and hallucinates. What does he see? "Gargoyles! Hosts of gargoyles!" He could point to the audience when he says that, and it might get a laugh. Okay, he could also see spirits. One spirit, and I'll call her Ariana, the Earth Mother. Why not? And that wonderful actress, Jessica Bennett can play her, so it has to be a BIG part. All right, so the guy thinks he's found the Ultimate Answer

or something. He decides to spread the word, to save humankind. So now he's a messiah, the Table Talk Pie Messiah. And he gets a large following. Then he goes on a late night television show, like David Letterman (this was before Morton Downey Jr.), and he gets killed by a deranged nutritionist who may or may not be God. Yessss! I like it! The first draft of the play was in Mrs. Arpin's hands by the end of school last year.

Early in the summer, I got a call from her. "We've got to talk," she said. We did, for quite a while. According to her, the play wasn't too bad, it just needed some work. Some of the sex I had written in had to be toned down, and a few of the minor characters had to be

changed or eliminated to facilitate casting. No problem. The only real problem was the fourth scene, the talk show. "It fell flat on its face," she said. So I worked on it, and I finally got it about how I liked it.

But who should act in it? Who would act in it? Many people, after one read-through, had declared it immoral and refused to be a part of it. I had wanted James Stanley to be the Messiah, but he had already been cast in another play. Jessica Bennett was too heavily involved with her play, *Love and Suffering*. So we cast the thing with the people available, and I was happy with the choices.

Everything was going smoothly until three weeks before opening night. Chris Wells, the lead

part of the Messiah, suddenly quit because of religious reasons. I didn't know whether to commit suicide or murder. The show went on, however, with Ted D'Agostino as the new Messiah; I took his old part of Brother Randy Laggert Johnson (actually the best part I've ever had).

The last three weeks were hell. Actors were taking too long to get into character, and some bit parts weren't even showing up at all; they were subsequently fired. Dress rehearsal was terrible, and I wondered if I should bother staying in town.

Opening night came at last, and thankfully everything pulled together. Sure, there were a few glitches, but nothing too serious. It was well received, I think.



## Muppets invade SAB!

By Jessica Arneson

Yes, once again we have a crisis in the realm of the S.A.B. Such hostile figures as Kermit the Frog, black belt Miss Piggy, and Fozzie with his Killer Tomatoes have taken over the S.A.B.! Not willing to give up the fight, though, all S.A.B. members have been defending themselves against these baddies day and night. Let's recount the battles so far.

Unbeknownst to you, while you were calmly (?) guiding your parents around to your adoring teachers, the S.A.B. was playing a battle of the minds with the Muppets! Oh sure, on the outside the members were as cool as ice, but they were fighting mind to mind combat

the whole time. Luckily, with all the great brains in the S.A.B. (and in the school) we managed to beat the wimpy Muppets. However, they have not been destroyed, and they may return for more!

Unfortunately, the S.A.B. has been weakened, and they need blood! That's why the S.A.B. is helping to hold a blood drive in Alumni Gym on December 22. All people at least seventeen years old and more than 110 lbs. may give blood. Sign up in the cafeteria now.

Hopefully most of you know that we now have a new superintendent/principal, Dr. Sherman. This nice man gave a luncheon for the S.A.B. members. He and the housemasters talked to us for a while, and there was some

good food to boot. All had an enjoyable time and a full belly by the end.

Last but not least, let us recall the SADD dance! I know, I know, you're asking, "Just because SADD and S.A.B. have the same first two letters, why are you talking about them together? I shall enlighten you. Because of the S.A.B.'s experience in holding dances, Mr. Cirillo, SADD advisor, came to them for help. The S.A.B. was only too glad to help, because they love a great dance. So, thanks to everybody's cooperation, the dance was a success.

That's about it for this episode of "As the S.A.B. Turns." Oh, and by the way, just like real soap operas, this one may sometimes stretch the truth a tiny bit, but only a bit.

## The tableau is coming

By MARIA RATHNAM

It's that time of year again - time for NFA's annual production of the Christmas Tableau. What exactly is the Christmas Tableau? Well, it's "NFA's contribution to the community during Christmastime," according to Miss Dombrowski, who has been organizing the Tableau for the past several years. The production is a still-scene reenactment of the birth of Baby Jesus. NFA's choir and orchestra also takes part in the event.

NFA's Tableau has had a colorful history. It now celebrates its 41st year of entertainment. When the Tableau began, it was presented during school on the day before Christmas vacation, so all the students could enjoy it. This was stopped, however,

when one of the actors was unfortunately attacked with a penny by an unruly student.

Being part of the Tableau can be a rewarding experience. Everyone who tries out is able to participate in some way. Each year, about 20-25 students are involved. The best part is that since it is in still-scene, there are no lines to be memorized.

"The kids usually enjoy it," says Miss Dombrowski, "because they are able to get on stage without the pressure of memorization."

So you forgot to try out for the Tableau. Well, don't feel bad - there's always next year. Until then, you're welcome to see the production free of charge on Sunday, December 18, in Slater at 2:00 PM. See you there!

## Can you spell B-E-E?

By TED D'AGOSTINO

The 6th annual Lillian Y. Young Spelling Bee was a monstrously huge success. Slater was packed to the rafters. Electricity was in the air. "I was so pumped up. I thought I would explode," said Doug Serafin, capturing the essence of the evening.

In the freshman class, Jared Dillian was victorious. However, he maintained his composure.

In the lower round, Michael Baffaro mopped up the floor with his opponents for the second year in a row. Man, this guy can really spell. I've never seen a person recite the letters of a word in the correct order with such dynamics and aplomb. The upper round provided the Lillian Q. Young Spelling Bee with its traditional installment of controversy. Kelly Moriarty earned top honors for the third consecutive year, but her medal is

spurious at best. Moriarty was told to spell the word "ninety" and she said "N-I-G-H-T-Y." As you can see, these packs of letters are dissimilar. Therefore, according to Lillian Z. Young rules, she should have taken a seat. However, for some reason, she was allowed to continue. The judges seemed to think that it was okay to spell something correctly, even if it was a different word.

In the holy senior class round, Jacques Friedman raked in the cash (675 bucks) for the second straight year. The euphoric Friedman declared, "If you don't know the word, just use every rule in the book!!" Although this statement was ambiguous and asinine, nobody cared. Everyone was too enthralled by the majesty of the Lillian Tennyson Young Spelling Bee.



Dr. Sherman congratulates those amazing spellers.

Photo by Tucker Braddock

## The new store is here

By Danielle Stolman

On November 28, 1988, the Norwich Free Academy got their first exclusively morning campus store. Mrs. Beit started the store to give some of her students with special needs an opportunity to learn about working in a store while gaining practical experience. The store is run by Mrs. Beit, Sharon Grillo, and Miss Longo, with the students in Mrs. Beit's math class, Ellie Rogers, John Boggs, Randy McNicol, Tina Holloway, and soon also Sue Keith. Mrs.

Beit also feels that helping run a store helps the students gain a sense of socialization, and it helps in building self-confidence.

Although the store had a slow start the first day, business has increased every day so far. The store sells many magazines, school supplies, stationery, and Lifesavers, with permission from our principal of course. All the students seem to be enthusiastic about it. The store is located in room 315A and is open before homeroom, from 7:30 to 7:45.

## Anarchy is mushpie

By JENNIFER PRATT

*Anarchy* n. 1. The complete absence of government. 2. political disorder and violence. 3. disorder; confusion.

*Rule* n. 1. an established regulation or guide for conduct, procedure, usage, etc. 2. government reign. 3. etc., etc.

Together the two make an interesting couple wouldn't you say? In the past few weeks there has been a rash of verbal and written protests against the top cheeses in our society. ANARCHY RULES has been in the forefront of the arguments. I happened to notice this symbol of one man's/or woman's rebellion on the chalkboard one day in study hall. Clustering togeth-

er, we comrades decided that it was our duty as the elders of the school to broaden this individual's horizons. Chalk was our teaching instrument. It was a very polite statement of our views on the subject and the quality of the thought behind it. But, Aha!, are those of you of the more suspicious nature thinking, 'She's using double talk, I bet she really called those innocent folks dumb'? Not true, you deluded individuals. All that was written was our antidisestablishmentarianistic opinions. Puzzled? It seems they were as well. The response was, 'Your dumb!' (and that's really exactly what they wrote). Bravo! Perfectly put.

Anyway, to get to the point, there is a tremendous conflict between the two words, even if it makes a cute slogan for those not really interested in Webster's. (Any boys who live, or have at one point in their lives, lived at 16 Town Street, should appreciate that line.) Anarchy is one thing, rule is another. You've got it all wrong. It's your opinion, fine. No one should object to the presentation of an opinion, provided that it's done with thought and not carved into wooden walls with the window pole. Revise your bumper sticker and present it to us again at a later date please.



# This is the Fall Wrap-Up...

By Tom Holdgate

One season has ended, and a wrap-up is needed. The most surprising team this year was the Varsity Girls' soccer team. They played in their first state tournament with the help of senior co-captain, Jeanette Kotowski, and freshman Sherry Way, the leading scorer with ten goals. Kotowski had an excellent final season at center halfback, attaining both All ECC and All State honors. The team showed a great deal of pride in their season which culminated memorably in their last scheduled game; they played and defeated Woodstock Academy, an old nemesis, to qualify for the state tournament. Other players that shined brightly were lower Jenn Lamoreaux, senior co-captain Lauren Gwin, and senior goalie,

Gretchen Miller.

The best NFA record posted was that of the Girls' tennis team with a ten win-two loss season, and second place in the conference. The team was led by senior co-captain Dee Passarello who won the conference singles title. Other outstanding talents were seniors Kelly Durga and Becky Stockton.

The varsity football team boasted its best record ever during the reign of Coach Mignault. The team successfully won four games while dropping six decisions. Team highlights included the win of their first conference game in their history of participation in the conference, and the trouncing of Warren Harding for their fine

victory. The team was led by upper sensation, Jemal Davis, who led Eastern Connecticut in interceptions, and senior co-captain Doug Serafin whose deep threat power was not used until late in the season.

The most disappointing season was tallied by the Varsity Boys' soccer team who did not live up to their pre-season expectations. Although they produced enough goals to place them in the top ten offenses in Eastern Connecticut, they suffered from the inability to regroup after being scored against. Upper J.J. Belcamino excelled, leading the team with eleven goals to tie the school record. He was backed up by the consistently good playing ability of senior captain Brian Way. The defense was controlled

by seniors James Holzworth and Mike Fitch, while the offense was led by Andy Bean and Tom Holdgate.

The Boys' cross country team came through with another successful year and a four wins-two losses record. The team was led by senior co-captain Mike "the stick" Giardi, who found his way to the front of the pack in every race. The team might have had a better season if the other senior captain, Eugene Banks, had not been so injury prone. Substituting for him was lower sensation Frank Mangual, who managed to become the number two runner, and who certainly has a promising two years ahead of him. Other top performers were Dale Chidester, Jim Tetreault, Tim Fusaro,

and Dave Mehlinger.

Yet another exceptional season was pulled off by the Girls' cross country team. Although they were unable to regain their conference title, they placed fifth in the Class LL meet, and qualified for the State Open. The team's premiere runners were upper Bonita Hill and lower Tina Tetreault. Bonita placed eighth in the Class LL meet, and together the two placed near the top in all dual meets. Other superstars were Tricia Sullivan, Nancy Mills, Racheal Main, Krystel Nelson Janel Gustafson, and Jenn Paradis.

Members of fall sports teams who were elected to the All ECC teams were Brian Way, J.J. Belcamino, Jeanette Kotowski, Bonita Hill, Jemal Davis, and Dee Passarello.

## ...and these are Winter teams

### Girls' Hoops

By Mark Levanto

It is finally December-fall will soon yield to winter, I will soon have to scramble to buy last-second Christmas gifts, and the famed NFA Girls' Basketball team will soon take the court against their powerful Eastern Connecticut Conference foes. Our lady Wildcats, led (again) by returning point guard Dee Passarello, who will look to improve on last year's 8-12 record and first-round departure from the state tournament. Joining Passarello as seniors likely to make an impact on this season's 'drive for five' (a .500 record) include Jennette Kotowski, her highness Jessica Smith, Lisa Fisher, and Sally Kinell. Uppers to watch include the 'big man,' Michelle Mokrzewski, and

guard, Betty Crowell. And who can forget the lowers Amy Jeffers and Carol Wujcik. But take heed upper classmen, this year's freshman class is the most talented in years. Don't be surprised if some of our fabulous juniors end up on the court helping our team to another victory. Yes, optimism is everywhere, but there is one problem: "We are very small," muses coach Paul Giardi. Coach Giardi doesn't admit it (due to his tremendous pride), but the loss of 5' 11" redhead center Heather Oakley, due to unspecified reasons, has the team reeling. "We'll be all right," he says, "we have the best team we've had in four years." One can only wonder what could have been.

### Boys' Hoops

By BRENDAN FLAHIWE

The Wildcat hoopsters open the season with a new look. They must rebuild due to key losses such as Anthony Gomes, Mike Lane, and Jim Strouse. This year's team is a young squad specializing in quickness.

Our team will be led by seniors Mark Levanto, Dave Lane, Doug Serafin, Mike Giardi, Dave Chaisson and upper Jeff Brown. Levanto is the only remaining starter from last year.

He will be a major offensive threat as he was one of the area's top three-point artists. NFA will also play its share of underclassmen, namely upper Darrin Cook, lowers Joe Mills and Otis Axson, and Brian Beard, a freshman.

The '88-'89 season should be exciting as usual. Come support your team as they will contend in the highly competitive E.C.C.!

By TOM HOLDGATE

Wrestling is definitely the in sport on the NFA campus. This year's team will try to defend its Class LL championship, which it has won for the past six years. The team has also captured the E.C.C. championship the past two years, the only two years NFA has been in the conference. Last year's team also managed to be ranked twenty-fifth in *USA Today* by the end of last season. It would seem that last year's team would be a hard act to follow. This year's team thinks otherwise.

There are five returning varsity wrestlers, and in the thirteen weight divisions the team lost seven senior wrestlers to graduation. Heading the list of returnees is senior captain Bobby McDonald who finished fourth in the states last year and will be

wrestling at 119 pounds this year. Dave Vane, who placed fifth in last year's state championships, will remain at the 189 lb. division, which he will undoubtedly dominate. Mike Anderson, one of the captains of this year's squad, also placed fifth in the last year's state open and will wrestle at 130. Other returning varsity wrestlers are upper Paul Goupille, again wrestling the unlimited division, and Bill Anderson, who will be wrestling at the 152 lb. division.

Heading this year's list of first year varsity wrestlers is John "Superman" Erickson, who will be replacing New England champion Rob LaRose at the 160 lb. division. Senior Steve Hart will be wrestling 135 lbs. and either Mike Pekarski or Scott Suplita, both seniors, will be wrestling at 172. The four upper

varsity wrestlers will be Goupille, Troy Ruff, Chris Clapp, and American Judo Champion, Wayne Bumpus. John Simmons, a lower, will be wrestling at 112 and freshman, T.J. Marcaurelle, who already has significant experience in national wrestling competitions, will be wrestling at 103 lbs.

This year's quest for a seventh straight LL title will begin on December 15 with a home match against Conard, and their first tournament will be the East Hartford Tournament on December 17.

The senior class will also try to become the fourth consecutive graduating class that has managed to win the state championship in all four years at the Academy.

### Gymnastics

By Debbie Woyasz

This year's gymnastics team is very senior strong and has a great chance to retain its E.C.C. championship which it so dramatically captured last season. The team has lost only one gymnast to graduation and has two All ECC gymnasts returning, namely Linda LeBlanc and Jennifer Paradis.

The team's seniors will all be competing in their fourth year

on varsity. Beside the returning All ECC gymnasts, seniors, Sherry Brouillard, Jen Higgins, Gretchen Neuendorf, and Debbie Woyasz will be competing. The team also has its share of youth, in the form of lowers Melissa Higgins, Sam Beatty, Jen Lamoreaux, and Sue Combs and eight freshmen.

Only one senior's season seems to be in jeopardy as Woyasz has recently undergone

arthroscopic knee surgery as a result of an accident which occurred late in last year's season. The team hopes for her return by late January but nothing is definite.

The Cats start their season away at Windham. Their first home match will be January 12 against Hamden, and they will start their quest for another ECC title home against Killingly on January 30th.



# I'm just playing games

By A LONELY PERSON

Nintendo's the rage! Everybody knows it. It's the biggest thing to hit the toy stores of America since GI Joe and Cabbage Patch Kids. Parents across the United States are locking their kids up so that they, mature adults, can get in a couple hours of *Super Mario Bros.* or *Legendary Wings*. Since Christmas is around the corner, I figured that as a Nintendo master, I could enlighten the general public on the latest, hot Nintendo cartridges and those duds which aren't worth a moldy slice of tomato pizza.

I'll start off with the two games that come with a standard Nintendo Entertainment System, *Duck Hunt* and *Super Mario Bros.* *I. Duck Hunt* is your run-of-the-mill shoot 'em up game. You see, you're a hunter and you have to shoot ducks or clay skeets (your choice) with the light sensor gun which comes with your system. This game, which at first seems rather nifty, gets boring FAST and I guarantee you that after a few games you won't want to see another duck or skeet for the rest of your life.

*Super Mario Bros.* is another story altogether. This game, which stars Mario of *Donkey Kong* fame, is simply AMAZING. In this entertainment masterpiece, Mario has to go through numerous worlds and in order to that, he has to jump on and squash little speckled monsters and collect coins. If he eats a mushroom, he grows to an immense size and if he eats a sunflower, he gets shooting powers. The key to this game is to eat the mushroom and sunflower. If you accomplish these two feats you're home free. Just remember, be patient and take the occasional risk and you'll conquer *Super Mario Bros.* I in no time.

The next game to be reviewed is a personal favorite of mine, *Mike Tyson's Punch Out*. This game is so good it's addictive. There've actually been reported cases of little kids not eating or sleeping for fortnights at a time in their attempts to knock out that fleet-handed pugilist hailing from the Catskills. The road to Mike Tyson only has a couple potholes so don't worry. Every fighter has a patented 'move' like the bull charge, the super spin punch, or a rapid exchange

of uppercuts. With each fighter's 'move' you, Glass Joe, has a counter move. All you have to do is play the game frequently enough and you will learn how to combat everyone's moves. (Hint: When Bald Bull goes into his bull charge, give him a body blow on his third hop.) As far as Tyson goes, you've got to dodge his lightning jabs for the first 1:30 of the first round and then let them punches fly! Bonne chance!

The next game on my list is just about the worst game I've ever seen or played in my whole life, *Ikari Warriors*. This is about as pathetically pitiful a video game can get. Get this, you're some kind of ninja type whose job is to save his kidnapped girlfriend. You're suppose to run through trees, jump on branches, and fling little chinese stars at other ninja types. The worst thing about this game is the 'sound,' as we in the game industry refer to it. Throughout your little escapade through China, you make these dissonant, grating karate noises, like "H A A A A H YAAAAAH!" which after a couple seconds, want to make you commit hari-kari. Besides, the

music also is abominable and the graphics bring back memories of *Breakout* on the old Atari 2600 systems. As you probably have inferred, I wholeheartedly recommend that you only buy *Ikari Warriors* for your worst enemy because sitting through this game is just about as irritating as Chinese water-torture.

The final game I'd like to review today is *Track and Field*, Nintendo's new release for the holidays. In order to play this spectacularly fantastic cartridge, you need the Power Pad, which is a huge carpet-like device you're supposed to run on. The idea of the Power Pad is that you stomp on it fleetly with your feet and the little man on the video screen runs like mad. But beware pregnant women, heavy smokers, and generally persons who are in not physical condition, for the Power Pad plumb tuckers you out. I suggest that potential Power Padders should consult a physician before playing.

Well, back to *Track and Field*. The game has four events, the 100 meter dash, the long jump, the 110 meter hurdles, and the triple jump. The dash, as in real life, is the ultimate athletic ex-

perience. You better have the Gatorade in tow because this all-out foot race is exhausting. The long jump is next and in my opinion, is the best of all events. The key is to run with reckless abandon and as soon as you see the white line on the screen, LEAP off the P.P. and jump back on when you've jumped a suitable distance. The hurdles is by far the most difficult event. Not only do you have to run but you have to coordinate those unwilling feet to jump when you come to each of the 11 hurdles. Otherwise, your computer semblance will fall down flat on his face. Triple jump is not a cakewalk either. You've got to jump and release your feet at the exact moments or you will either foul or jump a horribly short distance. *Track and Field* is awesome, rad, clutch. Moreover, it's chillin'. Hope you have a good time.

I hope you enjoyed my little dissertation on the best and worst of Nintendo game cartridges and until next time, remember "When it comes to Nintendo, it's better to have a rapid-fire trigger finger than half a brain."

## Rockabilly runs amuck

It was about nine thirty, and The Living Room was restless. There were more people than I had expected, and everyone was ready for the band to play. Suddenly, four men hopped out of the crowd and onto the stage. One sat himself down behind the drum set and was never seen again. Another, who looked like a former member of Cinderella, grabbed a flying V bass and plugged himself in. A third, dressed in black leather and denim picked up his guitar and quietly tuned it while the fourth gave his spiel to the audience. The fourth was dressed entirely in white leather with painted flames rising from the cuffs of his jacket and pants. His hair, which was complemented by a white stripe down its center, was bigger than most people's pets and he didn't look very healthy. They called themselves The Rockin' Valintinos and they were bad.

They opened up their set with a string of originals. The bassist thrashed his head and the guitarist played his licks and minded his own business. All the while, the flaming leather-man jumped and girated about the stage like Arthur Fonzerelli on

acid. Those in the audience who had recovered from the immediate response of hysterical laughter ignored the band and carried on their conversations. They ended their set with two Eddie Cochran covers which aroused minimal amusement from the crowd.

Between sets the intensity grew. As more and more people filed in, there began a push toward the stage. The crowd chanted as the stage-hands set up new equipment. The Living Room became a waving mass of sweat, smoke and pompadours.

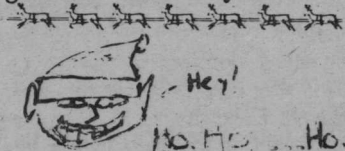
After a good thirty minutes, there was a sudden explosion of cheer and applause. Those of us in the first three rows were thrust into the stage. The Stray Cats had arrived.

To my left stood Slim Jim Phantom with only two cymbals and a single drum; to my right, Lee Rocker with a cigarette in his mouth and an electric upright bass almost twice his size. Directly in front of me, not four feet away, with hollow bodied Gibson in hand, stood the one, the only, the godfather of rockabilly, Brian Setzer. The Cats shook hands and greeted the audience. The audience respond-

ed with exuberance.

Their set lasted well over an hour and a half. They went from one song to the next, taking special requests from anyone who offered them and never pausing for so much as a breath. Setzer's dozens of solos displayed a style of reckless precision that is entirely his own. Phantom crashed his cymbals mercilessly. But the most impressive part of the show was Lee Rocker and his bass. He stood on it, lay under it, swung it, spun it and even let the audience play, all the while pounding and thrashing like nothing I've ever seen. The Cats showered the audience with shirts and hats and drumsticks, and invited them up onto the stage.

By the end of the show we were all part of the band. Encore followed encore until someone in the lighting booth signalled that it was time to close. We left fully contented. A good time was had by all.



## R&W STAFF

202

Editors-in-Chief:

Lauren Gwin

Jacques Friedman

Layout:

Jennifer Pratt

Elena Mandia

James Stanley

Shielah Coleman

Gina Russo

Photography:

Tucker Braddock

News: Anthony Girasoli

Mark Thomson

Shielah Coleman

Entertainment

James Stanley

Features: Heathley Oaker

Artists: James Stanley

James Stevens

Advertisements: Heather Oakley

Lisa Gilliland

Marterese Thesier

Sports: Tom Holdgate

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Kristen Heitert

Copy Editor: Deb Greene

Distribution: John Doe  
Jane Doe

Advisor: T.W. Sullivan inc

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ent backgrounds and interests in biology.

The best part for her is teaching a class, watching students learn, and most of all, watching their interest in biology grow.

Unfortunately, the not so good part of teaching is correcting

the homework.

Overall, Miss Thompson finds teaching "a very rewarding experience. It is becoming a very professional job and the schedule is nice too."

After becoming certified, Miss Thompson plans to teach high school students in this area.





# Flip and Jop Talk Tough

Hello. We are back. Flip and I are sorry to say that due to the persistence of the dogmatic R&W staff, we were forced to scrap our "pointless and non sports-related" play in favor of yet another column of up-to-date sports scoops. Well, anyway, we were inundated with responses to our trivia question. Unfortunately, Mr. Delaney, in his absent-mindedness, 'misplaced' most of the winner's names. The only names salvaged were Matt Judkins Barrett and Guy Anthony. Congratulations.

An exciting bit of news: Indiana coach Bobby Knight will be visiting NFA to see his close friend, Chris McKeon. Knight will be observing some Wildcat practices to try and pick up a few pointers. Members of the basketball team are giddy with anticipation about seeing the truculent coach. "I'm so pumped up, I think I'll explode,"

voiced one member who asked to remain anonymous. Perhaps he didn't want his name known because that quote is oh so gay.

Here's a piece of information about Bruce Hurst that not many know about. The San Diego's recently acquired southpaw has a wife in every major American city in keeping with the rules of his religion (Hurst is a devout Mormon). Hurst has stated that being a Mormon keeps those road trips from being lonely. What a jerk. Good riddance.

With all the trouble the Patriots had in putting the ball through the uprights this season, expect them to acquire the star placekicker of the Ottawa Rough Riders, Sevil Natas. The Pats coaching staff is raving about the CFL star. As Pats special teams coach, Dante Scharnecchia says, "Natas has one hell of a foot."

NFA's "History God," Bruce

Donahue, will be travelling to Motown in the near future to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Detroit Tigers' 1968 World Series championship.

Donahue, who was a utility infielder for the Tigers, still wears his World Series ring to school every day.

Larry Bird has become lazy and out of shape since his achilles heels were operated on last month. The three time MVP has bulged to an Elvis-esque 310 pounds. Celts' General Manager Jan Volk, pouts, "He hasn't picked up a basketball in weeks, but that's okay. We've been scouting this impressive wide body from Fairfield University. He should be a force."

Mark Gastineau and Brigitte Nielsen's relationship is on the skids. Gastineau wants to get his tattoo of Nielsen's name removed from his buttocks but the excoriating tattoo removal

process could hinder his use of chairs. This dilemma may be rectified quickly though. Gastineau is purchasing beanbags for his opulent mansion.

Expect some major changes in the NHL. The new president of the Whales Conference is Walter Lamb. Lamb's "get-tough" policy should crack down on fighting in the conference. "For the love of GOD, we've got to stop the fighting!"

## Flip and Jop's Monthly Trivia Question

What color is the Green Monster?

- a) Mauve
- b) Burnt siena
- c) Green

Submit answers on a 3X5 index card to either Mr. Makowicki in Room 120 or Miss Jennings in Room 229.

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ber Latka's wife on *Taxi*?), and the ghost of Christmas future is an ugly creature with screaming people in his stomach. So what else makes this story of Scrooge any different from the rest? It's totally cool! It's completely there! It's so hilarious I went psycho in the theater and threw my popcorn in the air!

cont from 3

much younger than you, because they'll just get confused.

If you love Porsches, hide your eyes when Daisy dumps two barrels of fish into Charlie's car. She catches him at the Country Club, when he told her he would be out of town, with a beautiful girl. It turns out to be his sister, so Daisy has once

again gone nuts for nothing.

*Mystic Pizza* deserves our highest rating. Of course, it doesn't give *Mystic* a very good outlook, but we don't live there. While watching the movie, you'll see places you know. Invariably someone in back of you will say, "Hey, Ed, there's your boat." It gives the movie that close to home feeling.

## Jacques' Physics Joke:

What do you get when you cross an elephant with a grape?

Elephant grape sine theta.



## Take your pick

By BRENDAN FLAHIWE

Notre Dame is definitely the football team to beat in the college ranks today. This statement can not be contested any way you look at it. Let's start with their schedule. How many colleges play such noteworthy opponents as Miami, USC, Michigan, Michigan St., Penn St., Pittsburgh, Purdue, Army, and Navy. On top of that, they've compiled an 11-0 record. The Fightin' Irish finally proved to the country that they're for real in their battle with USC. They not only beat the previously undefeated Trojans handily 27-10, but played without two of their star players, who were suspended by coach Lou Holtz for tardiness. That's PRIDE, no if's, and's, or but's! Holtz has reinstated *team unity* as the key phrase in winning. Come January 2, mark my words, Tony Rice and the boys will reign!

**Prediction:** Notre Dame 31, West Virginia 16 in the Fiesta Bowl.

Other predictions:

**COTTON BOWL-** UCLA 29, Arkansas 13.

**ROSE BOWL-** USC 37, Michigan 17.

**ORANGE BOWL-** Miami 41, Nebraska 16.

### TOP TEN FINAL

- 1) Notre Dame
- 2) Miami
- 3) USC
- 4) West Virginia
- 5) Florida State
- 6) UCLA
- 7) Auburn
- 8) Nebraska
- 9) Arkansas
- 10) Oklahoma

## The rivalry is renewed

By BRENDAN FLAHIWE

Friday, December 9, 8:00 P.M. IT happened. Alumni Hall was flowing with electricity. This was championship atmosphere as its highest level. But guess what folks? IT was only a sixteen minute exhibition. This was THE GAME of our own jamboree, N.F.A. vs. St. Bernard.

After a four-year layoff, the teams met once again. THE GAME lived up to its expectations and the fans were definitely the sixth man. Endless chants of "You, you, you, ahhh you!" were heard throughout the bleachers. St. Bernard jumped out to an early lead, but N.F.A. quickly aswered with a run highlighted by a Jeff Brown three-pointer. Intensity and aggressiveness dominated the game. This was rivalry at its finest. In the end, however, St. Bernard came out on top 39-24 with a late

scoring surge by their talented point guard, Mike Buscetto. The score was insignificant in the long run. The bottom line was that this was the renewal of a great rivalry.

In other action, N.F.A. controlled the tempo and the Waterford Lancers in a fairly easy

win, following the St. Bernard game. Waterford was also beaten by St. Bernard. Ledyard won the preceding mini round-robin tournament by defeating Fitch and Windham. Final records for the jamboree are: St. Bernard (2-0), Ledyard (2-0), N.F.A. (1-1), Windham (1-1), Fitch (2-0), and Waterford (0-2).

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