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JUNE 1989

NORWICH FREE ACADEMY

Bid fond farewell to Mr. Ledoux

By SHEILAH COLEMAN

The other day in physiology class, after a long 4th period spent inspecting cat innards (Mr. Ledoux appreciates that this is my favorite part of the course), I caught Rene Ledoux for a few questions as he moved from table to table, responding to the continuous cries of 'Mr. Ledoux! Mr. Ledoux!' He came over, friendly and attentive as always, and sat down. He's been teaching science, chiefly Human Biology, since 1953- thirty-six years! His classes are built on information-stuffed lectures, which keep the mundane text of a biology book at bay. A clue to Mr. Ledoux's personality are the tests he gives- they are very straightforward and honest, never tricky or unjustly difficult. He is even slightly notorious for alerting his students with large bangs, and then smiling wryly at his success. Despite this, Mr. Ledoux is an absolute favorite- a totally 'cool' guy. Girls often liken his handsome looks to those of Laurence Olivier, the great film star!

I plunged into the anxious task of The Interview with a typical question: 'What have you enjoyed most about teaching at NFA?' His certain response was, 'The kids. Teaching is a profession with a great deal of satisfaction- satisfaction you can't measure in dollars.' As far

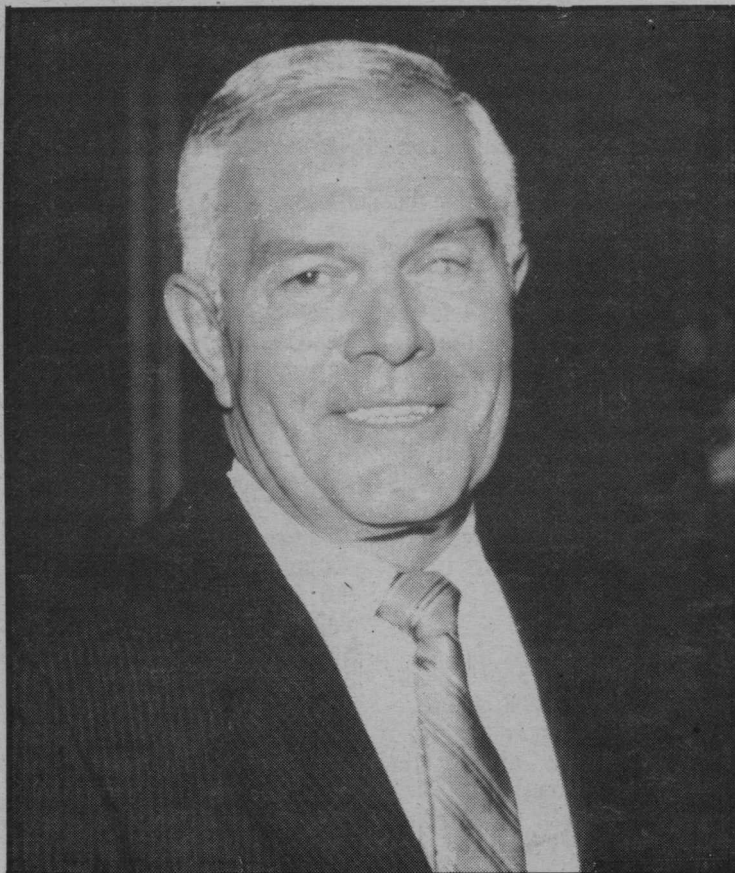


Photo courtesy of the Mirror

as his plans as he enters retirement, Mr. Ledoux will remain on the NFA scene through coaching the Freshman Football team. He'll also be coaching baseball at Bacon Academy. He added happily, 'The other six months I'm going to spoil my

wife and grandchildren.'

Needless to say Mr. Ledoux, one of the most energetic and dedicated instructors NFA has ever known will be missed by his colleagues and his students. We cheerily wish him health and many fine years ahead!



Photo courtesy of the Mirror

Photo courtesy of the Mirror

Sherman closes up shop

By Heather Lathrop

Another year, another 'A'-as the saying goes. Okay, maybe it wasn't an 'A,' but we're not all perfect. This year, we got more than that 'A.' We got a new principal (didn't notice?); new programs (in-school suspension - your favorite); and new organizations (INTERACT). In case you missed anything, I interviewed Dr. Sherman for all the information, including a preview of next year; you can be one step ahead of everyone else.

A goal is defined as an end that one attained; in other words, it's an accomplishment. Dr. Sherman arrived here with two main goals in mind: to send a message to the students that everyone can achieve; and to have the teachers believe that they are professionals with both the freedom and responsibility to pursue professional behaviors (okay, it is in another language).

That first goal was met with the alternative program, student advocate program, a social worker, rewritten course booklet, the all-new ninth grade program, Parent Council, in-school suspension, and an open-door policy. This last policy allows you to be comfortable talking with your counselor, a teacher, or Dr. Sherman. The second goal was met with the reconstituted faculty advisory group, a reorganized administration, the drafting of a new faculty and student constitution, new courses, and teachers involved with addressing campus issues.

You're wondering how this improved the school. Believe me, there actually is proof. The attendance rate went up 1.5 % and the drop-out rate decreased 1.5 %. That's not bad for a school this size.

Next year, we'll have even more things. Here's a preview of coming attractions: a volleyball

team, the crew club, expansion of the alternative program. Deans of students and a greater connection between subject areas will bring the faculty, administration, and students closer together for greater effectiveness. Other changes, such as a new course in economics, an increased emphasis on technology, and the ninth grade program will try to offer students more opportunities.

I asked Dr. Sherman what he thought of his first year at NFA. He said, 'I never dreamed that the Norwich Free Academy could be as wonderful as it is. It is unique in the American educational system and should be cherished by all.' He also thought that NFA has wonderful traditions, dedicated alumni, terrific teachers, and a wonderful group of kids.

Dr. Sherman wants us all to believe that we can learn, do well in life, and have something

to offer to everyone else. As you can see, he is fully supportive of us.

As a last remark, he commented, 'This past year has been a period of adjustment, both for me and the faculty and students. As I look toward the future of this school I can think of no better place an American education is better suited to meet the needs of the 1990s and the year 2000. The entire society is changing. An education shouldn't react; rather, it should build towards a future filled with great promise for everyone.'

It seems we're going to have years of adjustment ahead of us and other classes. We'll be getting many improvements, and all of them will be for the better. So, have a great summer and don't worry about any of this stuff until September.

Lauren speaks for the last time

By Lauren

Well, here I am again with another ridiculous editorial. Actually I suppose this isn't really an editorial, as such, for an editorial is generally written as an argument for a specific side of a specific issue. This is certainly a specific issue, but there sure as all heck isn't any argument. (So get to the point, Lauren.) The point is that I'm leaving and so are the rest of these idiots we lovingly call 'senior staff.' So as a last gasp we've tied strings around a few available necks and reeled them in to our happy home. Next year's staff is, as follows, in totum, and with no or very little regrets:

Editors in chief: Marterese Thesier and Jessica Bennett

News Editor: Amy Salemma; News Assistant: Jon Wandke

Features Editors: Charmaine Oakley and Jessica Arneson

Sports Editors: Anthony Fink and Jeremy Cartell (um, if these two would show up in room 202, we'd be awfully glad)

Entertainment Editor: Matt Crootof, Master of the Pan Flute
Advertising Demon: Sue Desroches

Layout Man: David Sposito (word)

Copy Person: Burriss Wilson (if he also would show up, we'd feel less insulted and a bit more forgiving.)

And I should also mention that GREGG 'I never tire' FRIEDMAN will be regularly writing his own column which will doubtless contain devastating statements concerning life, liberty, and this pleasant school.

I'm wrackin' my brains, but no more names are falling out. So I guess that's it and all. These people are intrepid, self-sacrificing, truthsayers, who cannot tell a lie and have nothing to fear but fear itself. They're good people.

But who cares about them? Heck, they might be good people, but I've got more important things to write about, like Jacques Friedman! Now he's good people. All this year he has worked very very hard and been very very useful and shown tons of leadership qualities that are way out of control. He is just great and currently enjoys quite a few things. Next year holds

great things for this great guy. I'm at a loss for adjectives to describe this lord of Allness, this, shall I say, great guy. He'll be calmly vegetating at Brown University, somewhere near Boston, while receiving an over-rated education by osmosis.

James Stanley is another swell tall chap who did a really really good great job in the page three universe of entertainment. He's hoping to be discovered on the streets of Boston, outside his lovely dormitory, Warren Towers, at Boston University. Says James of his chosen college, 'It's two miles long! No, I mean, 100 miles long, and it's got over 600 million buildings!' Perhaps he'll get lucky and get famous selling candy apples. Every fifty cents goes toward tuition. Now that's a lot of apples.

Heather Oakley. Scarcely can I get the name out without thinking of the brilliant future she's destined to have selling plastic explosives to frustrated neurosurgeons. After she takes her degree at Bryn Mawr, somewhere near Boston, she'll probably do something really fun

before settling down to a career. We here at the R&W have nothing but the highest hopes for this wonderful girl who enjoys surfing, pro-beach volleyball, and a really good clam dip. 'Nuff said.

Quiet, shy, sensitive and loud is that wunderkind Tom 'T-Gate' Holdgate. We truly hope he'll enjoy the fun and frolic of Brandeis University, somewhere near Boston. Maybe he'll take up ice-fishing. Maybe not. Good luck, Gate.

Sheilah Coleman is a friend of mine. We'll be at Jacques house; she can find us there. Oh Yeah. Sheilah is just about the neatest girl on the staff. She's very intelligent and writes great articles. She'll be within the radio waves of the hotter than hot University of Rochester radio station. And she's going to that cool school, which, by the way, is just outside of Boston, so that makes it all worthwhile.

Jen?

Mark 'no 'p' in my last name' Thomson has been the driving force in the oh so fun news bureau. He did a heck of a job

filling Eric Friedman's boring shoes, and he was very gracious about the amount of stuff we made him do. 'You wanna write this? No? Well, it looks like news to me! Mark? C'mere.' Dude Mark is bopping off to Houghton (sp?) College which must be somewhere in the Greater Metropolitan Boston area.

Deb Greene is a gal about which we have much to say. She was a great copy chick. And we hasten to add that she has a pretty spiffy painting (that someone wants to buy) in the Gallery right now. Deb's heading off to Hampshire College or maybe Wesleyan. We haven't decided yet. But, fortunately, they're both near Boston. Relatively speaking, that is. I mean, don't get the wrong idea.

I guess I'm the only one left. I'm going somewhere near Boston, but I really haven't planned anything yet.

That's all there is.

There ain't no more.

Have a nice summer.

Stop reading.

Go home.

Make it Home Safely- Buckle Up.

READER RESPONSE

Here's some gibberish for you

By Jaradin Jihardin

As told to Chad George

Note: The relayer of this story, namely Chad George, can not be held responsible for any remarks or threats made in the following article.

I would offer many, many thanks to the administration of this wonderful little training group- I mean school of Norwich Free Academy. I have heard wonderful rumor that all target-I mean freshmen are going to be trapped in Commercial all day. Did I say trapped? I mean taught of course. For many many year I have prayed to one true God that good fortune like this would befall us trainers of holy war soldiers.

What better way to teach pupils fine art of attacking innocent people than by integrating them into school system and then

letting them loose on freshman? Before the little camel spits were kind of hard to find after first few months but now all we have to do is run into Commercial with few sticks of deodorant and go wild, screaming and greasing everybody we can find. No more is danger of getting a few big seniors caught in the crossfire. (Oh, that was messy last time we did that.)

So I really and truly hope and pray this true. I'm already recruiting new people for training into great profession of modern civil terror. Oh yes, I would be very disappointed if this whole thing not true. If I found it not I would advise Dr. Sherman not to open large, unmarked and ticking packages. It just might be a present from disgruntled person who is very good with plastic explosives. Understand?

(Ed. note: We're very sorry.)

An apathetic one bids adieu

By A Departing Senior

As I ruminate on my years at NFA, I find it to be hard to feel any emotion at all. I mean, first, let's eliminate right from the word "go" any mournful feelings. That's just gay. The maudlin displays of all the non-entities who have come out of the woodwork really turn my stomach. But, on the other hand, those who reiterate how happy they are that it's over, how glad they'll be to get away from NFA and how they won't miss the school repulse me just as much. Those losers who wax on about how much they detest their school are the kinds of people who feign slumber in a class with the hope that someone will witness their nocturnal activity and think, Gee, they must be so hep to fall asleep during school! I'm sure you know the zeroes of which I am speaking.

Really, the only true response to leaving NFA after four years is ambivalence. If one hasn't learned how to not care at all by now, they've missed the point of an NFA education. Forgoing the pedantic information that has been drilled into our skulls by teachers ranging from the incompetent to the sadistic. What Norwich Free Academy has really brought home to me is the art of indifference and apathy.

NFA is a breeding ground of nihilism. These are the words of one C. Tennyson Crowe, NFA's reigning philosopher and the man who will become the poet of the 90's. You see, we come to this school as naive, wide-eyed children and exit as cynical, disillusioned adults.

I won't miss the faces I have grown accustomed to as mainstays of the Academy campus. However, I'm not anxious to

forget these faces. I just don't care! You know these faces. That old guy with the bowtie. That lunch lady who looks like Barbara Bush. That guy whose name means *death* in french.

You know, here's something to think about. All these middle-aged Baby Boomers who always gush nostalgically about their insouciant high school days seem to indicate that their teen years were the best of their life. I find it hard to believe that their high school days were such a religious experience. When I'm old, I won't be reminiscing about those glory days of yesterday when we submitted meekly to the fascist Academy administration. But that's not to say I'll think of my high school days and make derogatory remarks. I just don't care.

I just don't care.

Missing One Burt Wilson, self described computer whiz. Where is the body that goes with this name?

Shabalala's new album is hep

By Matt Crootof

Have you ever gone into a music store, with absolutely no idea of what you were looking for, and come out with something completely ridiculous like 'Zamfir, Master of the Pan Flute'? Well on May 28, 1989, I did exactly that. I was walking through the Crystal Mall with my friend (who will remain nameless because he's one of the FBI's Ten most wanted, but for literary purposes we'll call him Gregg) and we found ourselves walking towards Record World. As I wandered aimlessly through the aisles, I found a strange, yet overwhelmingly persistent album cover looking up at me. *Journey of dreams* by Ladysmith Black Mambazo. I said to myself, 'Now shy would anyone buy an album by a group called *Ladysmith Black Mambazo*?' And then it hit me, like some kind of deep subliminal message escaping from the album cover, I had to have this album. So I grabbed it, took it to the counter, recieved a peculiar look from the saleswoman, and

raced home. When I finally got that baby home, I was so excited to play *Ladysmith Black Mambazo* that I almost killed my little sister (who for reasons that I simply cannot describe, but for literary purposes, I will call Martha) just trying to get the cover off the turntable. As you can see, by the time I got the record on the player, I was expecting something so revolutionary it would change my life. What I got was somewhat different. Of course, it was what I should have expected, but in my elation I sort of forgot what I had bought. Anyway, the first song, entitled 'Umusa Kankulunkulu' was typical of the twelve songs on this record, not much of a beat but somehow very appealing. There are also lots of strange guttural noises throughout the song and pretty much throughout the entire album. This song is preaching kindness to humans and support of their leader. (Or so I'm told at the bottom of the lyrics so I guess we'll just have to trust them.) The next song is called



'Lindelani' or translated as 'Get Ready'. As I was listening to this song, I began to read the back of the album jacket. I discovered that Ladysmith Black Mambazo was the same group of South Africans that did the background stuff on Paul Simon's *Graceland* album. Another song that seems to stand out amidst the chaotic, yet relaxing atmosphere of this album (yes, I know that was a redundant statement but you really have to hear it to understand)

was "Bhashobha" or "Watch." It is one of the more upbeat songs on the album, and is written like almost all the other songs, by Joseph Shabalala, the lead singer of the group. This song talks of the travels of Ladysmith Black Mambazo through Germany, London, and finally to New York. Paul Simon is mentioned a few times, he being the guy that gave them the money to get there. Shabalala seems very thankful for this and has included his name in

many of the songs. This is very evident in his song, "Amaphiko Okundiza" or "Wings to Fly" which is a tribute to Paul Simon. This too is a very upbeat song saying that Paul Simon gave the group "wings to fly abroad." Other songs include "Don't Forget," a song in English speaking of opportunity and choosing one's talent with a little South African stuff thrown in at the end. Ladysmith Black Mambazo even has its own version of "Amazing Grace" which sounds sort of dull when they sing it. But was it ever an exciting song? I don't think so. Anyway, if you like this type of music, I guess this is a pretty cool album. But you'll have to bring along your patience and creativity if you really want to enjoy this one.

So if you're ever walking around the mall with absolutely no clue as to what you're doing, walk into Record World and pick up a copy of Ladysmith Black Mambazo. I know it sounds weird, but it is.

Out from the depths...

By Jug, Regg, and Midge

'!!! EEEEEEEAAAAAAUEH !!!', was the roar that spewed forth from deep within the fanged mouth of the monster Godzilla in his opening scene in the movie, 'Godzilla vs. Monster Zero'. It was a good movie. Although Midge did not see it, she said that she will like it. Godzilla pulled off the greatest performance of his ill-fated acting career. He really housed Monster Zero, a three-headed winged beast from Planet X, a planet hidden behind Jupiter.

What we found to be really cool was that when the planet was first spotted by earth-beings, it was dubbed Planet X. Then when astronauts from Japan landed on the planet, the inhabitants also called it Planet X. Some coincidence.

The only real disappointment of this film was the monster Rodan, who's a real wimp. All that this sucker can do is flap his stupid wings and blow stuff around. Godzilla would rock him. Word.

Okay, now the acting wasn't that hot. One Japanese actor did shine with his portrayal of an eccentric semi-mad, hemiplegic scientist. His lunch conversation with this hot Japanese babe blew me away. It went something like this:

'Is that your wife?'

'No, it'smygirlfriend.'

My only question throughout this entire movie was,

'Where is is the retractable, jet powered, flying turtle? You know, the one that shoots stuff from his eyes'

Although no film in the universe can even begin to rival this 'immensely popular, yet impossibly funky film, it IS missing one line:

'Flash, I love you, but we only have fourteen hours to save the earth!!'

This is James's last article about neat music and stuff

By JAMES STANLEY

A few days ago, I went to a record store in search of material for this article that see here. I chose three discs that had aroused my interest, paid for them, and brought them home. Here they are.

Spike- Elvis Costello
This album is a true work of music. It's not that the songs are good, which they are. It is how they are put together and orchestrated that makes this album what it is. It is like a good book or a complete concept. Each song flows into the next, and builds on the album; makes it whole.

But, this is not all Costello himself. On *Spike*, he collaborates with his wife, ex-Pogue basist, Cait O'Riordan, Paul McCartney, who wrote a few of the albums lamer songs, T Bone Burnett, who co-produced with Costello and Kevin Killen, ex-Byrd, Roger McGuinn, The Dirty Dozen Brass Band and most interestingly, Marc Ribot

and Micheal Blair, formerly of Tom Waits' band, who bring to this album its most unique sounds through banjo, glockenspiel, tympani, Magic Table (?), and even an Oldsmobile Hubcap.

tin machine- tin machine
Before I bought this, I asked a friend who had seen them on the International Music Award show how they were. He said they were loud. He was right.

tin machine, which is no more than David Bowie and three ex-Iggy Pop-sters, is loud. But that's not all. They combine their loudness with odd tempos, strange riffs and licks and deadening lyrics, which makes this more than just a rock album.

In most cases, when I listen to an album, I listen to the vocals as an instrument and concentrate more on the music than what the song is saying. With *tin machine*, I found that almost impossible. Bowie's lyrics are a dark statement about the life in modern America set to a tune that suits it perfectly.

Trout Mask Replica - Captain

Beefheart and his Magic Band

This is probably the vilest, most unidentifiable piece of nickel and plastic that I own. Its almost eighty minutes of music are of total insanity. To listen to it in one sitting without causing serious serious emotional damage nears the impossible.

Trout Mask Replica contains twenty-eight songs. The music is destructive. Drums beat at random. Guitars are pounded. Strings are snapped. Organs hum anger. Beefheart vomits inane, incomprehensible lyrics and laughs in our faces. The only album that I have heard that is comparable to this is Charles Manson's *Lie*. This is only slightly better. A classic.

This is my last article ever to be printed on these pages of the R&W. Next year, my position will be taken by the incredible Matt Crootof whose article you see above. I'm confident that he will do a fine job, for if he doesn't, I will come back and pound him. Thank you and Good Bye.

New library is on the horizon

By Mark Thomson

There is a tired, old idea at NFA that has been circulating for many years, but can never seem to come to fruition—the building of a new library. Actually, it is a noble idea, is it not?

A library is a thing of great value. Certainly, there is no question as to its worth or necessity. Our present library is just too small. The problem, however, is largely logistical: Where do you put a new structure, large enough to house a library and, as Dr. Sherman proposes, extra classrooms and space for student publications?

Given the size of the NFA campus it is surprising that we should run out of room to build, but our campus has become quite crowded.

Dr. Levanto, recently retired superintendent/principal of NFA, struggled with the library problem for many years. One of his goals at the Academy was to

have built a new library by the time he retired; it was not for lack of trying that he did not succeed. Several plans were established by Dr. Levanto with the assistance of professional architects, but with each one came disadvantages. Possible sites included the NFA 'front lawn' near Allis House and our present library; on top of the cafeteria through the first floor of Main (which would not have added that much more space); and Norton Gym (which, though it would have been a prime library site, would have greatly limited our physical education program).

A favorite plan of Dr. Levanto's was to erect an imposing structure on the hill by the student parking lots. This would have been a multi-level edifice with entrances on the campus level, street level and 'hill' level. While this plan was certainly ingenious, the school board

thought it would be too detached from the rest of the campus.

Thus, we come to a final plan, one that is being considered even now. The intention is to build a new structure onto the front and top of the lower level of Shattuck, extending out toward the Wildcat Clubhouse.

The prototype for this structure is quite impressive as it stands now; however, no plans have been firmly established, according to our present superintendent/principal Dr. Sherman. A nice aspect to this final plan is that Shattuck, unofficially regarded as an eye-sore, would be 'hidden' by a facade more in keeping with the architectural theme of the campus.

When Dr. Sherman made his debut at NFA he ordered a halt on all projects in order to assess our school's needs. A study that



Bricks like these above will probably be used. Heh.

he requested highlighted several shortcomings which we will have to address. NFA is in need of new science facilities, industrial arts and home economic facilities, fire code compliance and, of course, a new library.

Obviously, we have our work cut out for us. As it stands now the library project has been pushed back a year. Not only do we need to make time to concentrate on a new library, we need to pay for one. Dr. Sherman,

along with the Educational Services Corporation, must pursue 'capital campaigns' as well as arrangements with the state and local banks. Despite the difficulties it is hoped that the students attending NFA in the early 1990's will witness the completion of a new library at NFA. It has been, and continues to be, a long road, but it is a worthy cause that many people have labored for in the past two decades. Upon completion, it will be a great asset to the Norwich Free Academy.



The new library will no doubt have doors like the ones on Shattuck.

The scoop on the council

By Jon Wandke

Something's been happening at NFA. For months now, ever since February vacation, a number of students and faculty members have been meeting with the common goal of improving school conditions. By inspiring more interest in school affairs and making it easier to be involved, it is hoped that more students will be motivated to voice their opinions while constructively and effectively shaping their environment.

This small group put their ideas into the form of a constitution for a new representative body. By now you have not only heard of the Student/Faculty Council of the Norwich Free Academy, but you have also voted its Constitution into effect, 900 to 262.

Next October we should see the Council form. Elections will be held for the fifteen students and six adults that will comprise our new Council. Some of these twenty one will join one of the

three permanent committees; the Academic and Discipline Review Committee, the Student Activity Committee, and the Legislative Committee.

However, since Tuesday, June 6th, the Council's rules have been in place, and as Section VII expresses, anything conflicting with this Constitution is null and void.

It ought to be interesting to see how this new board fares.

Project O is cool

By Chrystal M. Smith

What's going on with Project Outreach? You know—the biggest club on campus, and the one with all those students volunteering time to help others? In addition to the year-end activities which include evaluation reports and 'thank you's', the new co-ordinators have been selected and have started with plans for the 1989-90 school year.

The new co-ordinators are: Samantha Beatty, Kim McPherson, Dawn Mobley, Monica Morabito, Maria Rathnam, Tricia Roberts, Chrystal Smith, Tracey Souza, and Sarah Vaillencourt.

These nine students, all uppers and seniors to be, will meet each morning in the Project Outreach room to confer with one another on new ideas, recruiting tactics, planning, and the many diverse up-coming programs and projects. If you are interested in volunteering time for either Teen Line, tutoring, working with the elderly, children, the homeless, or handicapped, please come and see us in room 127. Remember to listen to the morning announcements, we always have something going on. You can make a difference in someone's life.

Keeping up with the Joneses Upper visits D.C.

By Charmaine Oakley
Harrison Ford gets punched (a few times). Sean Connery hits Harrison over the head with a vase. River Phoenix is chased by treasure hunters on a circus train. It's *Indiana Jones: The Last Crusade*, and it's and ACTION PACKED, FUN-FILLED, COOL STUNTS STUFFED adventure. Sounds neat, doesn't it?

River Phoenix plays the young Dr. Jones at the beginning of the movie. His scenes explain how Indiana got his famous hat, scar, whip, and fear of snakes. (There's a very slimy part when he lands in the reptile car of the circus train is is surrounded by writhing, twisting, hissing snakes.)

Sean Connery is Indiana's father, another Dr. Jones, who has spent his life gathering proof that the Holy Grail exists. Incidentally, it comes as no surprise to find out that the plot of the film is based around the quest for the Holy Grail.

Indiana Jones is, once more, teaching in a classroom consisting mainly of lovesick, dazed

females. Then he's off on the quest that leads him to Venice, Italy, where he meets the obviously intelligent and beautiful Austrian woman. They have a fun date together beneath a library, along with walls, oil, and bones crawling with rats. And these are rats of the yuckiest type- they're big with long, pink tails, beedy, evil eyes, sharp, biting teeth, and they squeak and get stepped on, and are everywhere you look.

In an Indiana Jones movie, you have to have three things: a woman, something to do with religion, and decapitation. *The Last Crusade* has them all, plus the typical enemy- the NAZIS. Long, black leather coats, swastika arm bands, and sinister John Lennon eye glasses have a nice, secret base in a gloomy Austrian castle.

It's an Indiana Jones sequel that lived up to my expectations. It was fantastic, but in a typical sort of way. (Harrison Ford's character was so defined and planned out in the previous two films that Stephen Spielberg

couldn't do anything very different or original, without being inconsistent.) There are extremely funny parts, sitting-on-the-edge-of-your-seat suspense/action scenes, and some sexual references. (Neat, eh?) It also has the extra plus of some tender, but not sappy, moments between Dad and Son. Yeah, it was good.

THUMBS UP FOR *The Last Crusade*. The lines may be long, the theater may be filled with obnoxiously wacked-out people (That was my experience. The guy in front of me kept yelling, 'I like it. I like it.' He laughed hysterically and hummed the theme song pretty darn loudly. At least he was slouched down in his seat, though, and I could see over his head.), and it may cost \$6.50 for a ticket at Waterford, but it's a thing not to be missed- unless, of course, you hate Harrison Ford, Sean Connery, River Phoenix, blonde Austrian women, and Indiana Jones adventures. Then you can wait for video-cassette.

By Amy Salemma

As an upper at Norwich Free Academy, I was selected to be a member of the Presidential Classroom. For one week I went to seminars, meetings, etc., to learn more about the government of the United States in Washington, D.C. During this week, I learned so much more than I could have ever possibly learned by reading a history book. I was touched in many ways.

During my stay in Washington, D.C., I visited many monuments including the Lincoln Memorial and JFK's eternal flame. However, what truly affected me was the Viet Nam Memorial and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

When I left D.C., I left with a feeling of national pride. I felt the sense of sorrow and pride at the Viet Nam Memorial. I saw the parents and relatives of boys touch the names of their sons,

brothers, and nephews on the wall. John Smith and Paul Jones were the heroes, not the politician in the office on Capital Hill. They not only fought for our freedom and ideals, they died for them. This changed the boy into a man. Those names will forever live in my heart and thousands of others.

The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the changing of the guard, and the playing of 'Taps' affected me greatly. People from all parts of the United States come to visit this soldier. Here is a man who died a hero without anyone knowing his name. His name didn't make him who he was, his actions and pride did. He is a member of every U.S. family whose son or nephew is missing in war. He is the son and brother to all of us. We all grieve his death and celebrate his honor. This is what keeps the U. S. from drowning in corruption; the pride and honesty of the people.

We wouldn't desert these records

By an Interested Bystander

Washed away from humanity, washed away from civilization, I drift alone in the dark blue waters. Alone, I swim toward the desolate island. Alone, I wade through the glistening kelp toward dry land. Alone, I fall down, withered from exhaustion, near a waterlogged death. But wait! I am not alone, for in my trusty backpocket I just happen to have my ten favorite albums! And look! There's a rusty, old phonograph begging to be wound up. What an extraordinary thing to have happen. I'm never alone with these platters.

1. Monty Python's *Flying Circus* -not only are these guys the most hilarious idiot/geniuses ever to trod upon the earth, they do a remarkable reenactment of the death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

2. The Velvet Underground and Nico

3. Legend...Bob Marley and the Wailers

4. On Our Big, Fat Merry-Go-Round...A-House

5. Live Rust...Neil Young

6. Jerusalem...Alpha Blondy

7. The Lion and the Cobra...Si-nead O'Connor

8. Free To Be You and Me...Marlo Thomas & friends

9. Handful of Keys...Fats Waller

10. The Sky's Gone Out...Bauhaus

It may be random, motley, incongruous, and a bit shaky, but it's mine. Well, it's mine until I get off this island.

Hi, I'm a friend of an Interested Bystander. She asked me to compose my own list of my ten essential vinyl discs. Here they are:

1. Sleepwalk...Larry Carlton- Though it might sound like 70's disco funk in places, it's still mighty cool. Larry's quite the neat guitarist.

2. And Justice For All...Metallica- Everyone's favorite Bay Area thrashers have put together their heaviest and dandiest album so far.

3. Texas Flood...Stevie Ray Vaughan- This albeit quite stupid but very talented Texan guitar slinger's debut album is tres impressive. He was something like nineteen when he made it. Depressing, eh?

4. Wish You Were Here...Pink Floyd- In my opinion, this is Pink's best effort. Lots of catchy tunes and good musicianship.

Much better than *The Wall* or *Dark Side*.

5. A Monday Night in San Francisco...John McLaughlin, Paco DeLucia, Al Dimeola- Three amazing axslingers whip up a frenzied flamenco set. This is a live album. You can tell because you can hear applause in the background. Simply amazing.

6. South of Heaven...Slayer- Everyone needs a little dose of satanism, death, and entrails. Slayer gives you these three elements and even more. Cool stuff like necrophilia, suicide, and other redeeming topics. There is very subtle symbolism on this whale of an album.

7. Greg Howe...Greg Howe- Shrapnel Records' best neo-classical fusion speed metal guitarist's debut album is a wing-dinger. If you consider it interesting to listen to a guitar player play 30 notes a second (that is no exaggeration), you'll love Greg. He's also a rocket scientist on the side.

8. Charlie Christian-Genius of the Electric Guitar...Charlie Christian- This is a swing extravaganza graced with the oh so sweet tones of jazzmaster Benny Goodman's clarinet. Christian plays perfectly executed solos

on these rare tracks.

9. Lie...Charles Manson- This is no joke. Everyone's favorite sociopath/serial killer/weirdo did in fact make an album. But it is not Grammy Award material.

10. Showdown...Albert Collins, Johnny Copeland, Robert Cray- This tasty disc o' vinyl has much squealing blues guitar on it as well as some not half bad vocals. Whoopee. Finito.



1. 'Journey of Dreams' by Ladysmith Black Mambazo

2. 'Confrontation' by Bob Marley and The Wailers

3. 'Songs About —' by Big Black

4. 'Planet Waves' by Bob Dylan

5. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony

6. 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' by The Beatles

7. 'Fire and Pepper' by The Empty Armadillo Heads

8. 'Sesame Street Disco' by The Sesame Street Gang

9. Golden Favorites from Zamfir, Master of the Pan Flute

10. Soundtrack from 'Grease'

According to an ex-NFA graduate, if stranded on a desert island, the most desirable albums are:

1. Lou Reed- 'New York'.

2. Jimi Hendrix- 'Electric Lady Land'.

3. Pogues- 'If I should fall from grace with God'.

4. Graham Parker and the Rumor- 'Squeezing Out Sparks'.

5. Cramps- 'Bad Music for Bad People'.

6. Bob Dylan- 'Biograph'/ Neil Young- 'Decade'.

7. Iggy and the Stooges- 'Raw Power'.

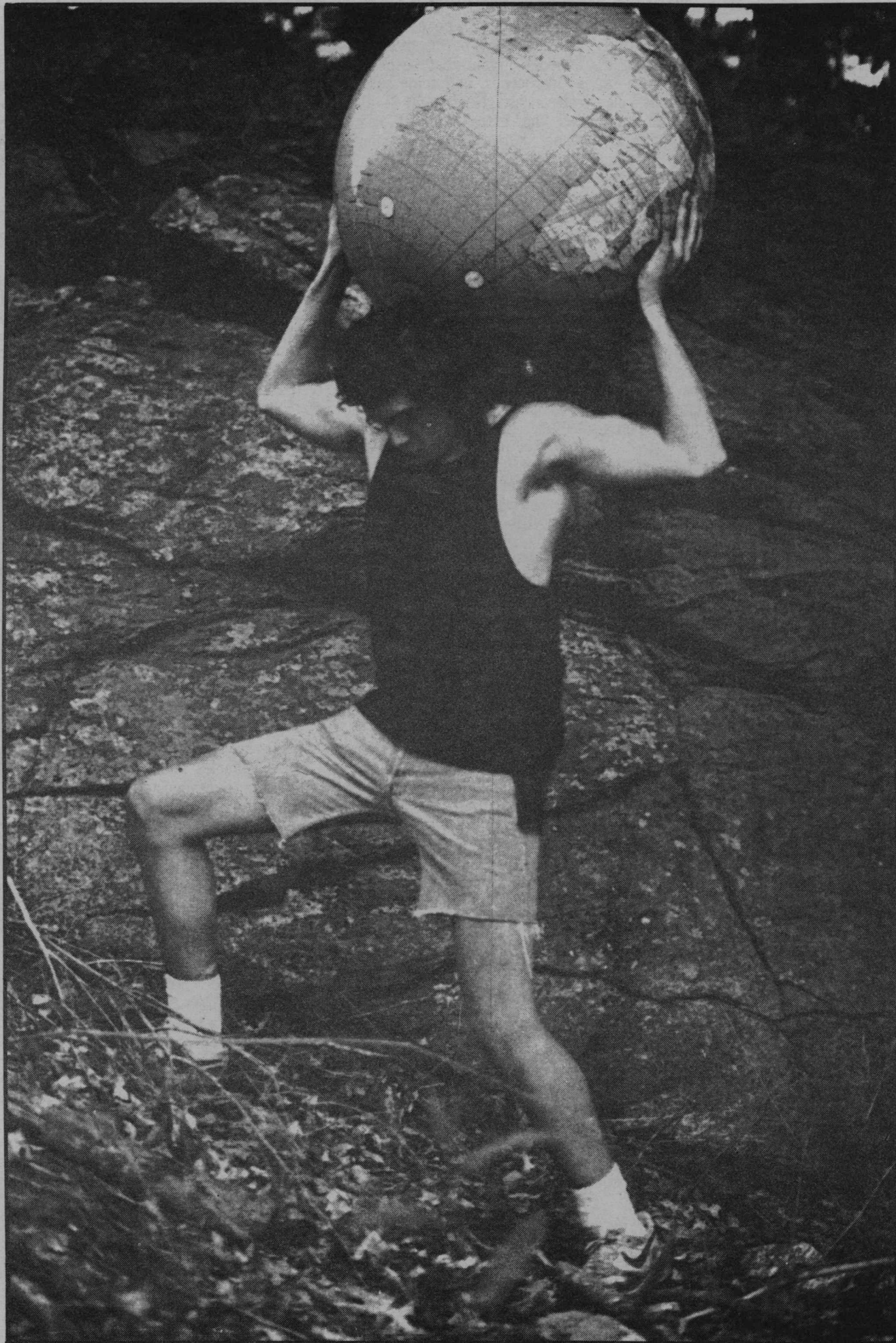
8. Captain Beefheart- 'Mirror Man'.

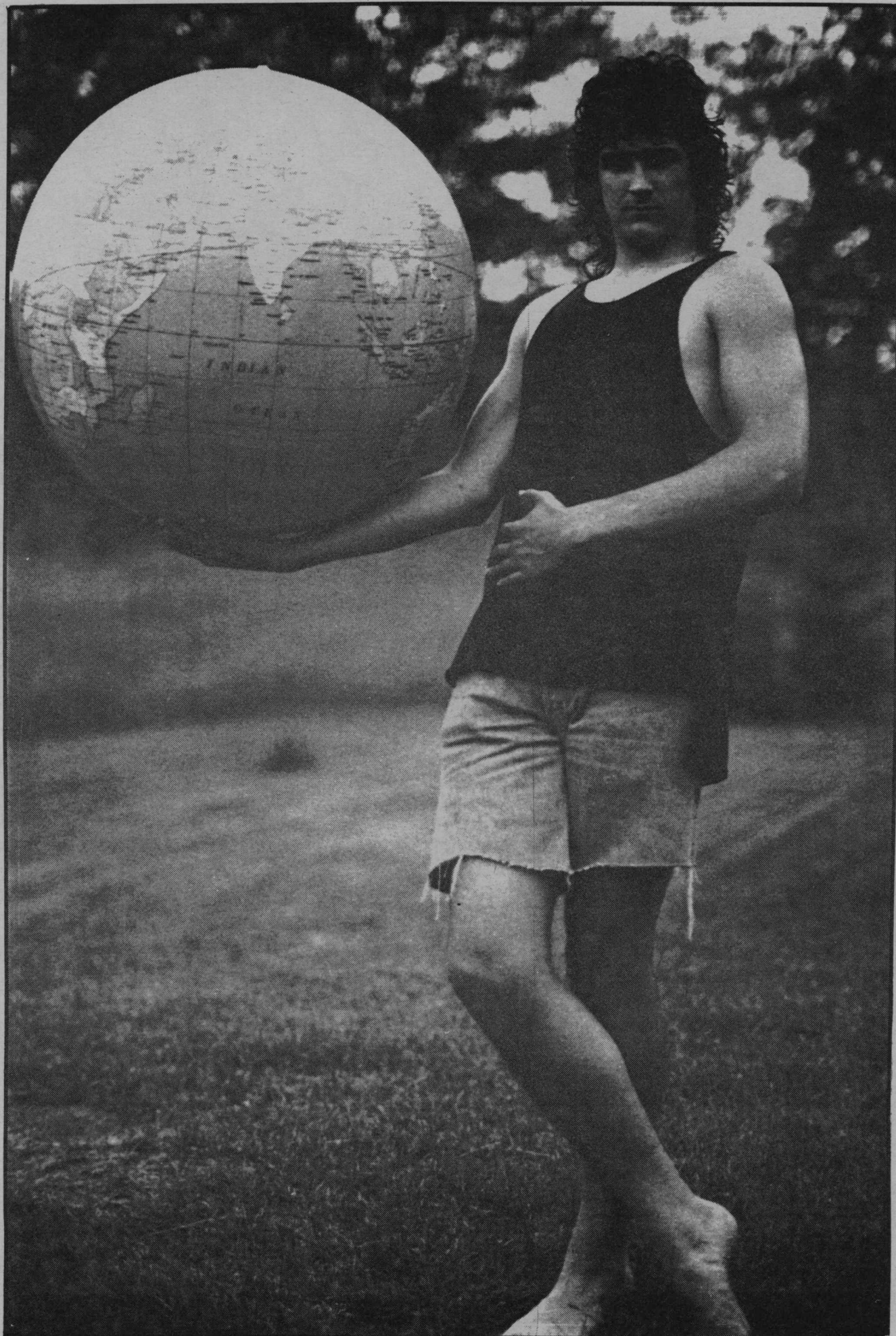
9. The Minutemen- 'Double Nickels on the Dime'.

10. Elvis Costello- 'Spike'/ Jonathan Richmond- 'It's time for..'

6 *Dare to be great*

MR. NFA





Vit - The Man With the Power

By Jessica Arneson
and Sarah Vaillencourt

The answer is Mike Vitagliano. The question, when referring to Mike, could be one of many. In this case however, (there is a hint in the title), the question is "Who is Mr. NFA for the 1988-89 school year?" That's right, Mike Vitagliano is the lucky, talented, 'special' guy who was chosen this year for Mr. NFA. This six foot plus upper is easy to pick out from a crowd, and his handsome, dark features complete the cliché - making him tall, dark, and handsome. The entire staff of the *Red and White*, as well as the entire student body of the Academy, I'm sure, wishes to congratulate this year's recipient of the prestigious title of Mr. NFA... Michael Vitagliano.

.....

Thanks to the priceless (literally) help of some good friends and Mike's 'big' brother, Pat, we delved deeper and deeper into the intriguing and mysterious psyche of this supernatural phenomenon.

Mike has a very optimistic view on life, for he claims that life is good - because he created it of course. He claims that the reason for his outgoing personality and abundant self confidence is that he has never been embarrassed. He just never gets embarrassed.

Mike is involved in

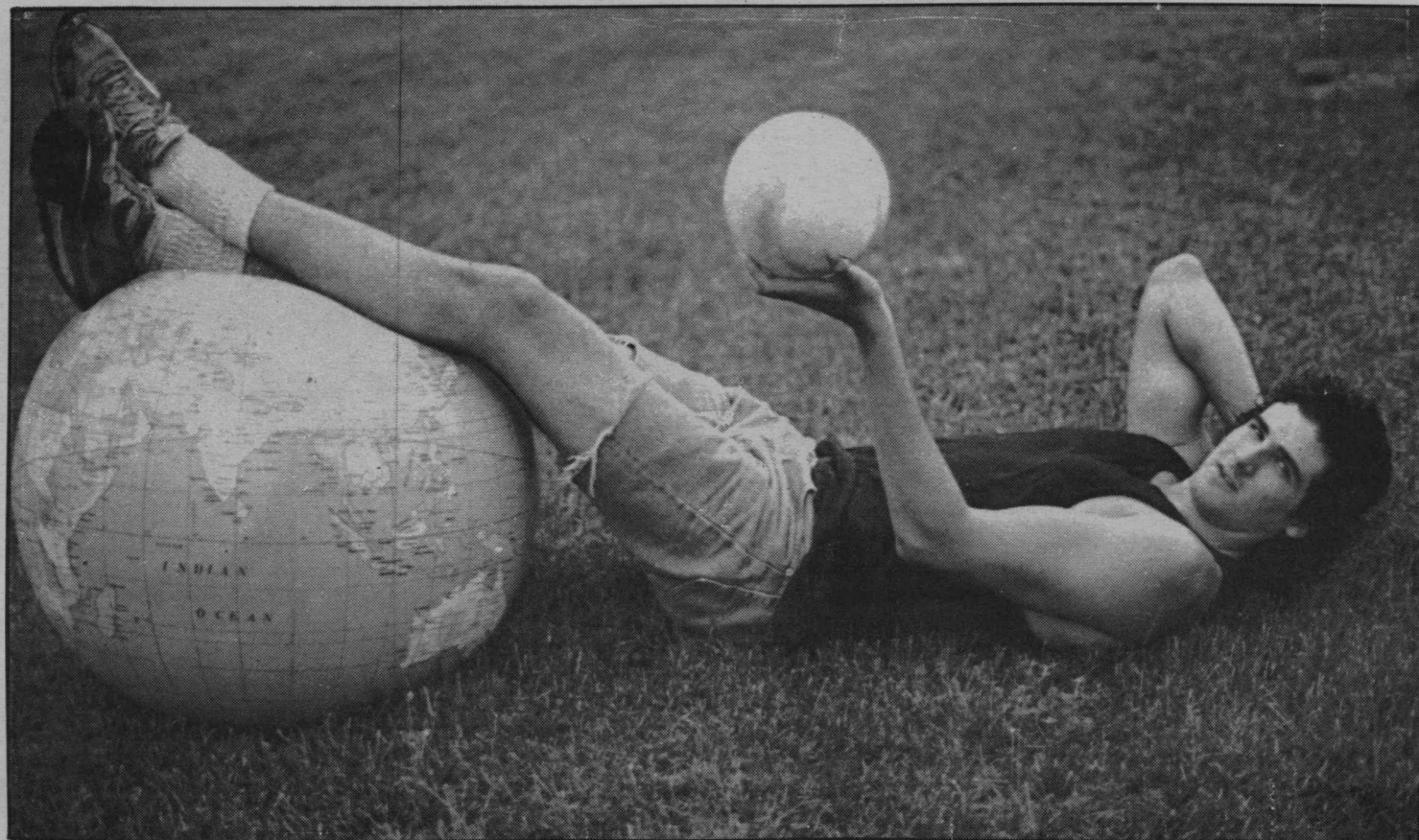


Photo by Tucker Braddock

many things here at school. He is on both the swimming and football (he's the whole offense) teams, but what you may not know is that he is also an excellent hockey player.

A modest guy, Mike proudly admits to the fact that no one is his equal. However, when pressed, he admits that he does look up to Andre the Giant and the Jolly Green Giant when and if they dare to enter his royal presence. Although no one is his equal, Mike considers Donald Trump and James Baker to be worthy rivals of his power; one for his looks and one for his money. You can figure which is which! (exclamation!) Mike proudly boasts that there are only two things in the entire world that he cannot do: lose and fail. However,

through terrorist interrogation, he crumbled and sobbingly confessed that he could not create a rock that he couldn't lift. According to his self-designed intimidation chart, a scale from 1 to 5, he rates He-Man, Superman, Hitler, Elvis, and Batman as 1's, while Glenn Close and Mary Jane rate unprecedented 6's!

Mike claims that the philosophy of his reign is composed of two of his main ideals- money is his god and he'll do anything for a price. His philosophy- "I will rule the NFA campus as a god, with everybody giving me money!" His religion is as original as his philosophy. He calls his religion *Vitism* and although it is small, Mike has already written his own bible to encourage his followers. His Anti-

Mikes include Satan and the makers of fiber optics everywhere.

"I will rule the NFA campus as god, with everybody giving me money."

As most people know, Mike is a really big guy; however, when asked if he ever planned to stop growing, he replied (very emphatically) "NO!" When asked what he thought of the current Miss America, he flippantly answered, "Well, she might make a good housekeeper." Since Mr. NFA is such an important position, we had to be sure that he was suitable for the job. We tested his knowledge of national affairs by asking him

what he thought of the famed Rob Lowe pornography scandal. Mike announced that he had bought two copies of the tapes and was producing Rob's next piece. When asked if he would ever pose nude himself (remember Vanessa Williams), he modestly proclaimed that he could never do that because too many people would lose control.

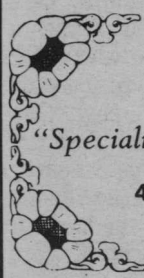
When Mike was asked who at NFA was suitable to replace him as Mr. NFA next year, he shouted out a big, "NOBODY!" He thinks that the contest should be terminated at the end of his reign with him living on into immortality within the hallowed halls of NFA. He also thinks that the fountain in front of Main should be removed and a life-sized statue (that's

big!) of himself be put in its place.

When the question was put that maybe his opinion of himself is overrated, he deftly stated, "They always said there would be a second coming... Guess what?!" We then dared to seek the answer to the question that only Mr. NFA could conceivably answer... WHY?? Naturally, Mike answered with a simple, "Why not?"

Mike, like the rest of us, is quite proud of his dubious accomplishments, saying, "Some people say I'm an arrogant, conceited womanizer. They're right!"


Could a lesser man ever achieve the high standards and morals we students seek in a representative of our fine school? We think not, and neither does Mike!



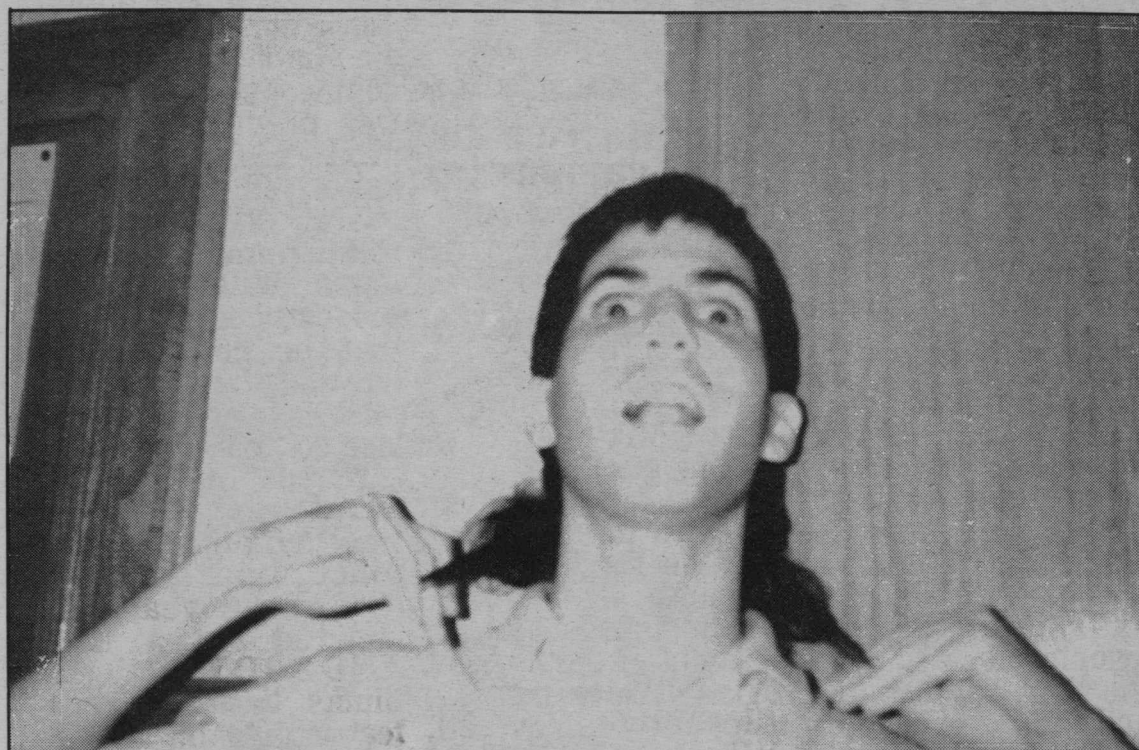
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To those who lost..
You were so close.
Second Place-
Larry Ochs (a write-in)
Third Place-
Dave Grenier
Fourth Place-
Victor Darr
And the list goes on
and on...



This is Jacques Friedman, one of your fearless editors.

STAFF: Jacques, Lauren, James, Mark, Sheilah, Heather, Tom, Tucker, Marty, Amy, Charmaine, Gregg, Matt, David, Sue, and Zamfir, master o' the Pan Flute. Thank you, and good night



This is Jacques Friedman's biker momma lovechild.

Band has hot time in PA

By TED TUMICKI

This past spring the NFA Band had the experience of having an exchange concert with the Red Lion (Pennsylvania) Area Senior High School Symphonic Band.

The Red Lion Band came to Norwich on March 3 and stayed until March 5. During their stay here, the Red Lion Band presented two excellent concerts and enjoyed the nearby sights of the Nautilus Memorial, the Mystic Marinelife aquarium, and Mystic Seaport.

Then, four weeks later it was NFA's turn to do the exchange, and the band left for Pennsylvania.

Tired and weary though they were, the bandmembers trudged through heavy downpours in the early morning of March 31 in order to not miss the bus, which left at 5:00 a.m. The following ride to Red Lion lasted over seven hours, and the band was quite happy to be at their destination shortly after 1:00 p.m.

After quickly unloading the buses and changing into uniforms, the band gave a concert for the students of RLASH. After that there was a combined band rehearsal, and then the NFA

bandmembers met their host parents and went 'home'. However, both bands returned that night for their official exchange concert.

The next day, Saturday, the NFA Band went sightseeing. The first stop was the National Wax Museum in Lancaster. Here the band saw many wax figures and scenes of Lancaster County; including a covered bridge, a waterfall, and two animated shows of wax figures.

The next stop was the Sturgis Pretzel Factory in Littitz. This is the oldest pretzel factory in the country, and in this place the bandmembers got to make their own pretzels. Because of their great efforts, each bandmember received an 'official' pretzel-maker's certificate.

From here the band went to a mall and gave their third concert of the tour and then had lunch.

After lunch the band took a tour of the Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania in Strasburg. There the musicians learned a lot about trains; from the old link-and-pin couplers to the once mighty Pennsylvania Railroad. Afterward they went across the street to the Strasburg Railroad

(America's oldest shortline railroad) and took a train ride. This was the perfect way to see the Amish and the rich, unspoiled farmland of Lancaster County.

The next day the band was again sightseeing. This time they started out by touring an Amish House & Farm Museum. Here they learned how the Amish people lived and dressed and worked, etc. Then the band journeyed to the Harvest Drive Family Restaurant for the 'highlight' of the trip-dinner in the middle of Intercourse. (Pennsylvania that is.) After devouring a multi-course meal, the band left for home. The trip took two hours longer than the trip down to Red Lion, due to a fueling stop and sitting in a traffic jam for an hour. All in all, though, the trip was great, and the memories of it will certainly last a life-time.

Editor's Note: A highlight of the band's evening concert in PA was Ted Tumicki's masterful rendition of The Carnival of Venice. Ted gave a truly stunning performance of the difficult piece. Congratulations Ted!

Band Hoopla

By Scott Orstad

So, where were you on the night of May 9, 1989? Yea you! Were you at the Chery Blossom Concert on the NFA lawn? Let me guess, you had too much homework that night; or was it that you did not know what was going on? Well, if you weren't sleeping in homeroom you would have heard about it on the announcements. It was your loss not being there. The NFA Stage Band and Concert Band put on a very good show.

The concert was started by the stage band at 6:30 p.m. The pieces the group played included Gershwin's 'Summertime', 'Fascinating Rythm', and 'Sentimental Journey', which featured a vocal performance by Matt Jacobson of the NFA Choir. The group concluded with a top ten hit from the '50's, 'Rockin' Robin' by Jimmy Thomas. Next on the schedule was the NFA Concert Band. They started off with a great performance of 'Overture in B Flat'. A Spanish flavor was added to the band's per-

formance with 'Amparito Roca', a Spanish march, and 'Spanish Fever', which featured NFA drummers Eric Peterson and Rich Kalinowski. The band also welcomed a guest soloist, Richard Stoelziel, on 'Carnival of Venice'. Mr. Stoelziel is a professional trumpet player who was recently invited to play in Israel Sinfonietta.

A surprise came at the end of the concert for the crowd. Mr. Thaller announced to the crowd that Mr. Gancarz, the choir director, is retiring at the end of the school year. Mr. Gancarz spoke for a few minutes about how great NFA is and how much he has enjoyed working here with the students. Mr. Gancarz had another surprise when MR. Thaller asked him to conduct the band in its last song, 'Connecticut March'. Mr. Gancarz was so overjoyed that when he began to conduct he accidentally threw the baton into the band. It was definitely a night of good music and surprises.

Graduation

June 23



Congratulations to Business Dept. prizewinners.

Baseball Wrap-up

The baseball team bowed out of the tournament this season, losing 2-1 in nine innings to the 2nd ranked Cheshire team. This year's team finished with an impressive record of sixteen wins-seven losses, the best in at least twenty-five years. The team also made it to the quarterfinals, as far as any squad under Coach John Iovino, by destroying Wilbur Cross, 16-5, and shutting out Greenwich 2-0.

Seniors Doug Serafin and Joe Genest were both selected to play in the state all-star game on June 13. Serafin led the team in hitting and runs, and he broke the school record for stolen bases. Genest was the number one pitcher, tying the team record for wins with seven, while he had only three losses. He also managed to bat fourth for the highly powerful offensive. Senior Dave Chaisson was classified as the number two pitcher and broke the school record for doubles with ten. Senior Brendan Flahive played at the shortstop position and later some at sec-

ond base. Brendan also batted well over .300 for the second straight year. After three years in the outfield, senior Mike Moon took over the catching duties this year and improved his batting average by over one hundred points from last year. Herb Bradford was the team's slickest infielder at third base while also carrying a sound bat. Tom Holdgate started at left field for the second straight year and batted at over a .300 clip. Captain Andy Bean, forever smiling, also made a solid contribution on the field as first baseman and occasional pitcher. Other contributing members in the supporting cast were pitcher, Glen Lobacz, whose .750 winning percentage led the team, and outfielder Steve Komorowski, who will always be remembered for gunning down an East Lyme runner at home plate to preserve a close victory.

Iovino's boys started the season with a blaze winning their first six games (four in the E.C.C.). Then, in their next

eight games, the Wildcats proved to be mortal as they won four and lost four contests. The Academy batsmen finishing off their year with a bang, winning six of their last eight before losing the heartbreaker to Cheshire on June 5th.

This year's graduating seniors should be quite proud of themselves. Their freshman team went 12-1, in their second year, the team was 10-6, 14-7 in their junior year, and they finished up their solid careers with a 16 wins 7 losses season. That amounts to a four year year win loss record of 48-21, far better than any past Academy squad. Among the records shattered by this year's team were stolen bases, wins by a pitcher, the best five batting averages ever, and the most wins by an Academy team. Congratulations to Coach Iovino and his 1989 Norwich Free Academy baseball team, one of the school's best teams in recent years.

Tennis team disappoints

By Gregg Friedman

After enjoying a successful season which ended in a tie for the ECC title, the Tennis team came back this year expecting to do well in a rebuilding season for most eastern Connecticut schools. Returning for the varsity squad were #1 senior Jacques Friedman, bringing with him an unbelievable record of 50-4, sophomores Gregg Friedman and Derek Plank, last season's freshmen phenoms prepared to come of age in the 2 and 3 positions, and sophomore Mike Turano and seniors Eric Wright and Mark Thomson, J.V.'s who showed real promise.

Unfortunately, new members did not play up to Coach Gil

LaPointe's reasonable expectations. The two double positions were a constant disappointment; lacking any match experience, the platoon of doubles' players failed to win consistently, if at all. This, along with several slumping singles players, proved to be the teams undoing.

The Tennis team finished the season among the ECC cellar-dwellers with a horrendous 3-9 record. LaPointe isn't about to lose his positive attitude, though. With this year being only the third losing season in his 20 year coaching career, LaPointe is looking forward to molding a fresh crop of talented freshmen into a devastating tennis machine.

Golf is Good

By Gregg Friedman

One of the most under-appreciated spring sports is golf, but their day in the sun has finally come. Under Coach Dan Driscoll, the team enjoyed a hard-fought 19-7 record, and tied for second with Waterford in the ECC standings. The team was led by upper Bill Howard, who squared off with the best in the region yet was able to come away with an outstanding 19-7 record. Backing up this golf-wizard was another upper, Bill Sullivan, who showed real heart with his consistent play; senior Howard Moshier, whose 19-5-2 record was team-best; upper Mike Connell, whose inspired play gave the team many a win; and senior James Sylvestre, senior Mike Doyle, and lower Matt Amaro, who all saw varsity time

in the #5 position.

The team was further strengthened by a promising crop of enthusiastic freshmen, with Mark Barrett, Alex Kapilotis, and Jason Thompson performing exceptionally well. Under Coach Driscoll's leadership, the team finished an astounding fourth in the Eastern Connecticut Invitational. Such play warrants, nay, demands respect and admiration from all. The golf team should no longer have to suffer from the public's ignorance and apathy towards the game. It is your duty as a student to applaud the accomplishments of these talented individuals.

The future looks bright for the golf team and expect to see them do extremely well in years to come.

"If I find out who stole my car stereo, I'm going to punch him/her in the face."

T.W. Sullivan

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ROBERT A RUSSO LICENSED OPTICIAN

James

By Sue DesRoches

James Stanley is one heck of a guy. The 75 inch tall entertainment writer for the Red and White is now world famous actor as well. His current part in the remake of the *Table Talk Pie Messiah* (written by C. Tennyson Crowe) is to be brilliantly performed in front of the Westport community on Friday the 9th of June. But his incredible list of acting credits goes on!

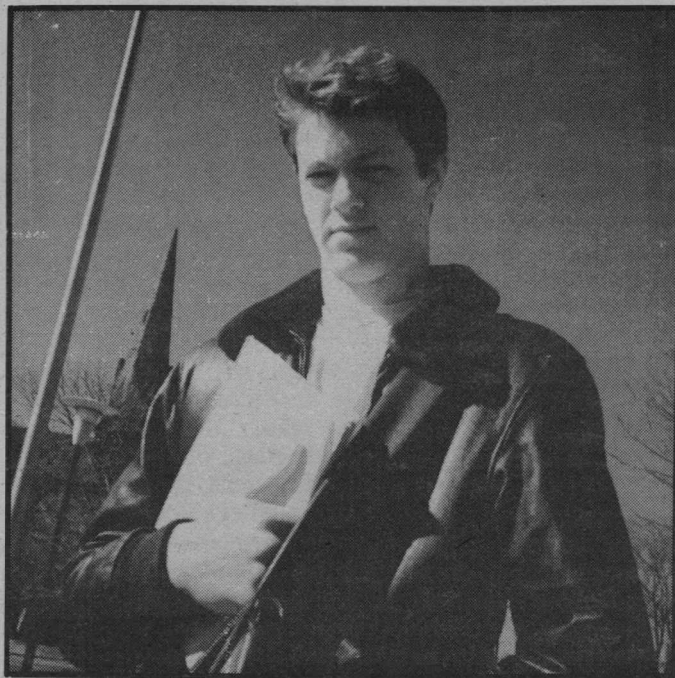
His career first started in an amazing performance in *Any Number Can Die*. He played an evil, conniving assistant to a bootlegger. He even got to fall out of a chimney. Wow. It was neat. Almost broke the sets because he was too tall. Next was yet another evil character in the one act, *Tiger Lily*, one of my all time favorites. He was great. Played the part to a 'T'. In the same night he turned into a totally different guy. He was a sweet, adoring, lovable doctor. I wonder how he does it. Don't you? I'll tell you what, why don't you ask him. Send all questions and comments to:

James P. Stanley

c/o NFA

I'm sure he would appreciate it.

Back to his world famous acting career. Sadly enough, he had to get a job and could not be in *Gypsy*. Shucks. But low and behold he came back to 'steal the show' in *Curtain*. Playing aside Heather Oakley, he matched her height as well as her acting ability. The performance was truly a tear-jerker.



Last but not least, we have the musical *On The Town*. James then showed us the incredible singing ability that he has. His low and masculine voice shocked the world. Once again he played Heather's newly found lover. What a pair they are on stage. That's James' acting career in a nutshell. Swell.

I was one of the fortunate reporters for the R and W to get a precious interview with James. I had to fight through the hordes of lovesick teenaged girls swarming around his house for this interview. Here it goes.

Q: Who do you look up to the most in the whole wide world?

A: John Travolta and/or Greg Brady.

Q: What is your favorite song and/or color?

A: 'Whip it' because it is such a parable of life and plaid because it is not only a parable of life but is also a metaphor. And a simile.

Q: What was the best show you've ever been to?

A: The Spinners... '76, man.

Q: Which album would you most like to throw away?

A: I'd throw them all away. I hate making decisions.

Q: If you could go anywhere in the continental U.S.A., where would you go?

A: I would go to Minnesota to see Jessica's aunt who I heard plays a nasty accordion.

Thanks James.

