Mr. Claiborne suffered some gastric distress after sampling local delicacies.

The Big Haul... Where Is It Now?

The Darien Police Department confiscated fifty-six pounds of marijuana from the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge on Wednesday, February 28. The "Neirad" staff wondered just what has happened to this record haul since the time of its seizure. We proceeded to the Police Headquarters on Hecker Avenue to arrange an interview with Police Chief John Bordan. The text of the interview is as follows:

"Neirad" Chief Bordan, we know our readers would be interested in knowing just what has happened to the "pot" that was seized on the twenty-eighth. Can you enlighten us?

BORDAN: Well, we usually uh send it to Hartford um for disposal or use but due to the unusually high quality of the drug in question um we've retained it for testing.

N: High quality? How is the quality of the marijuana determined?

B: Hmm. Er, kinda hot in here isn't it? Think I'll open a window.

N: You mentioned that the Department is running tests on the cannabis. Chief Bordan. Exactly what tests are you performing?

B: We've got a machine that can fingerprint a leaf. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

N: But how can...

B: Well, I guess that kinda wraps up the um of the interview. Cough.

Bordan became intent upon spinning his badge upon the desk and humming "Somebody Over the Rainbow" so we departed without further questions. After leaving his office, however, we noticed a door marked "Criminology Testing Division." Finding it unlocked, we entered and found, through the smoky haze that hung over the room, Lab Technician Ralph L. Mason, who asked Mr. Marshall if he knew the whereabouts of the marijuana.

"Holy moly, I figured somebody was askin' about that sooner or later. Well, ya see our tests 've been pretty extensive. An' another thing — ya know how ya always drop the stuff? Well, make ya don't but anyway I always seem to be spilling it somewhere. If it doesn't go on the floor, it goes down the sink, or out the window or something. It's a real problem."

continued on page 7

Thievity Hits New High As Library Lifted

The pinnacle of larceny was reached this week as thieves made off with the entire library building. The building apparently taken some time during the second lunch shift on Wednesday, March 8th.

The theft was reported by Mr. George E. Emerson, head librarian, who noticed something was wrong when, upon returning from lunch, he walked through the doorway and fell into a pit where once the school library stood. In addition to the structure itself, reported missing were several thousand books, a number of shelves, chairs, and tables, and four assistant librarians. In fact, all that was left was a paperback copy of "Love Story" and a penciled record entitled "Stolen Love Charms."

We found Mr. Emerson wandering through the stacks, muttering the aforementioned articles to his breast. When asked for his views on the crime, he replied with a managerial laugh. "It's the

Veronica VaVoom Wows Seniors

Veronica VaVoom, an exotic dancer, was arrested last Wednesday at 11:30 a.m. in the DHS Senior Commons for allegedly disturbing the peace.

Miss VaVoom was dancing from table to table in front of a crowd of cheering students to the tune of "Let Me Entertain You" when she was forcibly removed by police with the aid of several male members of the faculty. Caleteria workers had previously asked her to leave voluntarily, but she replied, "I have a performance to give." During her abduction, cries of "more honey" and "take it all off" could be heard coming from the crowd. Male students threw coins at her feet. Many followed her down the hall and stood with damp eyes as she was placed in a squad car.

"I had to do it," she later told reporters. "I've been out of work for too long and a poor little lady has to make a living somewhere. So I've been doing this last week lately." She went on to say that Darien High has "some of the sweeter bunch of men I ever did see."

Mr. Gerard Coulombe termed it "in-cusable" that he had not been informed of Miss VaVoom's actions. Miss VaVoom has been released on her own recognizance pending trial. Police and town officials have stated that they intend to press charges.
60 Plus Club

News Notes

Oh me oh my! What a week it has been for we senior citizens! I’ve just been a yin! Go with our little get-together at Bertie Kembs’ last Monday. Punch to be made, and Betty Lobebah, absolutely staved over that delicious rum cake. (Bet made a little bit too, but lost her glasses and mistook her bottle of Dettolene for the vanilla extract. Oops!)

Ruth Tweed spent the weekend blowing up a balloon Monday. Rumbled in breezy, blowy, and cold. Bertie’s drive began in fill with ears about three. (Most of us came by taxi, but these nice young ambulance drivers wanted to keep the cardiology units close by.) Everyone was there – Elvira Clump, Albert Hooper, Alma Werfel, Wernor Fargus, Pop O’Hoolihan, Bill J., Bertie White, Ralph T., Hal Mulvaney, Grace Deming – just everyone! (Gracie, by the way, had to leave early. She was arranging the suitcases on the horse’s oeuve tray when she accidentally bumped into the Waring Blender – somehow turned it on and got her hearing aid in at the same time. Poor Gracie thought she was going through San Francisco smoke of all! Quite a surprise for her, but not those nice young men who said that after a few hours of electro-shock therapy and a few weeks in Fort Lauderdale, she’d be as good as new.

Dinner was just oh so scrumptious! Vira brought her specialty – Ham Hock Soup – and the corn and apples alongside. Then we got to Bertie’s rum cake. (I told you about it before.) Everyone started as if it was a little funny after that. Winnie jumped up and said “I hate you Lawrence Welk’s” and threw her plate as the TV wasn’t even on at the time.)

The awful circle when the tube blew up – well in all my-born hours I’ve never heard any thing like that! Pop thought that it was the Luftwaffe heading for Verdun, and ran to his Studebaker shouting “Kill the Hun! Loose lips sink ships!” We convinced him that the commotion was just signaling the Armstrong clock, so after that he was content to sit and fiddle. Mentals, everyone was just drooping like flies, so I had to help those ambulance boys carry ‘em out. Somehow I was left and impressed with the impression that “I see, Burton, Registered Nurse.” (?) Anyway, a fun time was had by all.

— Gert Freen

POLICE BLOTTER

ROBBERY

The Darien Thrift Shop reported Monday morning that someone had broken into the store that weekend and high speed chased and walked off with the entire wardrobe that was to be used in their “Special European Cruise” sale.

The stolen goods are estimated to be worth up to $2,73.

ASSISTANCE

Mrs. Gloria Kaminik called the police for assistance in the removal of a thru-trunk from her mail box. Thursday, Officer Alfred Garbowski responded to the call and tried to remove the animal single handedly.

Officer Garbowski suffered lacerations on his right thumb when the seemingly dead animal hit him.

Mr. H. Sumberg of Hanover was called police Saturday to report a majestous rabbit nibbling at his prize-winning tulips. Officer Christof Aspandeloli, after firing twelve shots of warning, ran across the lawn shouting and screeching. After quite a struggle, Aspandeloli grabbed the rabbit by the scruff of the neck and flung him into the woods.

POLICE CHASE

Two Norwalk youths were arrested Tuesday afternoon by Officer Charles Garbowski observing the auto going out through the “Entrance” drive of the Darien Theater. A high-speed chase at speeds up to 38 M.P.H. ensued until the offenders were stopped at the Darien Sport Shop. The defendants were taken to the Darien Police Station and charged with disobeying a posted sign, reckless driving, evading arrest, disturbing the peace, and being in Darien for a not-very-good reason.

PROSECUTED

Commodore and Mrs. Bertram Frill vacated a Norwalk, Grand Blvd. home at the new Howard Johnson’s Motel room.

DHS Picture of The Week

“Love is A Two Way Street” is by Ed McKay with Bob Cigan of course instructor.

TOO MUCH

We all know that smoking is dangerous, but what about secondhand smoke? Did you know that exposure to secondhand smoke can cause cancer, heart disease, and other serious health problems?

That’s why it’s important to be aware of the risks and take steps to reduce your exposure to secondhand smoke. This can include quitting smoking or quitting smoking and limiting your exposure to secondhand smoke.

If you or someone you know is struggling with their smoking habit, there are resources available to help.

Family

we care

Centre Stone

665-1485

WE CAN HELP

with...

PEER problems

V.D. & SEX

LOVELINESS

DRUGS BUSTS

FAMILY

we listen we care

People

In light of the recent political climate, we’ve decided to focus on the need for unity and inclusion. As we plan for the upcoming election, I encourage everyone to stay informed and active. Whether you identify as a Democrat, Republican, or independent, there is something for you in this week’s edition of THE NEAIR REVIEW.

In this issue, we’ll be covering the latest in political news, including the presidential campaign and the upcoming midterm elections. We’ll also be highlighting stories of community service and volunteerism, showcasing the efforts of local organizations to make a difference.

We believe that it’s crucial for our community to come together and support one another during these challenging times. That’s why we’re committed to providing a platform for diverse voices and perspectives. Whether you’re passionate about education, healthcare, or other issues, we want to hear from you.

So please join us as we navigate through this political landscape and work towards a stronger, more inclusive community. Together, we can make a difference.

Gert Freen
The Neirad Review

Contributors — Steve Watson, Andy Walsworth, Chip Harrington, John Clinton, John Goodman, Roger Horne, Sandy Ward, Peter Hoover, Tim Massad, Tom Gammill, John Hession, Peter Angelis and Rusty Madden. Faculty Adviser—Mr. Robert Davis. April 1, 1973

Thank God

We join with all of David's God-fearing taxpayers in commending the Commission's recent decision to close the fire station, a correct and conservative one that covertly seek to infuse and instill the evils of permissiveness into the young, undeveloped, easily influenced minds of our children. The chairman's courageous condemnation of Bruto and others comes at a very opportune moment, for the time of decision is near — will we be content to sit back and let the scheming majority lead us on the path of ruin and folly — or will we assume the reins of power and let the trust endowed by Providence show us the road to decency and the American Way?

It is long since overdue that discussion of the four-year high school be framed in a setting where reason and judgment can prevail. We will no longer tolerate the fabrications given by the Board of Education.

This is no time for emotion and distortion. Thank God the Commission has exercised prudence and sound judgment in its fateful decision last week. Perhaps now the four-year marlows will relinquish their dangerous ideas and adopt the only sane and realistic policy of continuing the present three-year system. Facts have a way of eventually coming to light and cannot for long be confused, contorted, and ignored.

Thank God for that Commission; instil members with all possible strength and resolution in this most difficult task.

Broken Leg, Broken Trust

We were somewhat not surprised to learn of the mishap of Dr. Gordon Bruno, principal of the Darien High, on the ski slopes. Time and time again we have been reminded of our high school principal's negligence, both as an administrator and as a citizen. (Bruno, for the uninitiated, has seen fit to arrive daily at the high school on a four-cylinder red motorcycle. Perhaps this “mishap” will curtail that practice.)

The “accident” occurred during the Mid-Winter Vacation, a time when many other students and faculty members saw fit to devote their attention to educational matters. The possibility exists, of course, that Bruno was revising his budget requests on the chair-lift between runs!

Darien is new embattled over the question of a four-year high school. Our taxpayers are rightfully concerned about the quality of their youngsters' education. If a new school is built, considering hypothetically an absurd turn of events, would Dr. Bruno be placed in his highest post, to receive the highest salary of any professed in town? Should we prepare ourselves for a new curricular including, perhaps “Sky-Diving”?

Dare-devil negligence may be common among racing-car drivers, but it is definitely unsuit to high school principals. The taxpayers are beginning to ask, “What shall we do about Principal Bruno?”

Preposterous, Unjustified...

In glancing over the town's budget — printed this week on pages 4-27 — a few expenditures appear at best dubious in merit and more appropriately manifestly ridiculous. We call to the town’s attention the preposterous request for $4.75 by the High School library for the purchase of another book.

We would be the first to laud the merits of books — many of the so-called “English” electives would do well to use them occasionally — but prudence must be our guide. Regardless of the fact that 90% of the books in the library have disappeared, another book at this tragic expense is purely and simply unjustified. Once again we sadly witness the monstrous dereliction of duty on the part of the high school principal and his cohorts in attempting to deceive the public by calling this a necessity to the seven-year high school. It is all the more saddening and shocking because of the ineptness of these same administrators to select books, for we are all quite aware — and outraged — that most of the books in that library either propagate the Communist line — innocuous appearing books like Robin Hood — or tred on the Judeo-Christian ethic this country is built on. Should we expend money to place even more of this sordid material in the reach of the uninformed, immature minds of our youngsters?

As if this were not enough, the High School has the audacity to request $7.50 for chalk. Why, we ask Dr. Bruno, was not the Board of Finance informed when it approved expenditures for blackboards that six months later the High School would turn around and demand further money for chalk? This should have been thought of before; Dr. Bruno would benefit by recalling the adage: Haste makes waste.

We have no alternative to holding the line against this excessive spending, and to cure our瘵 the principal Bruno and his staff. We fear embarking on such a permissive course is more educational folly, for the Citizens' Committee on Expenditures has already stated that another book would not substantially improve the education our youth receive, nor would 36 pounds of chalk. If the Board of Finance — which is designed to be the watchdog of the taxpayers' dollars — allows itself to be duped and brainwashed on these matters, it is the poor taxpayer who is hurt.

French Poodles

To the Editor

The Neirad Review

For every day the French Government fails to stop the heroin traffic into this country, I'm walking out into the street and kicking somebody's French poodle in the stomach. Maybe if enough people did this, the French would see we mean business.

Archie Bunker
Rye, N.Y.

Lewdity Runs Amuck

To the Editor

The Neirad Review

We have been informed that certain hidden hives at the high school are the subject of human reproduction. We are shocked, that this subject has been presented to our children.

We are in charge of the school to dwell on such matters. It is the duty of every parent, at the proper time and place to convey such knowledge to the male offspring of his family. (We would hope that this kind of talk would not fall onto the ears of the young womanhood of our community.)

This kind of knowledge given to the wrong person at the wrong time of life can only be detrimental. It should certainly not be told openly in school to young children of sixteen or seventeen years of age.

We have also heard that there is a near-epidemic of venereal disease in this community. It has also been brought to our attention that there was an assembly at the high school which involved all students, including seniors. We would caution that this sort of subject not be permitted to be discussed openly in front of our youngsters. This closed disease should remain in the dark in order that the children might not learn the truth.

It is high time the schools stopped taking over the parents job. And we must be assured that sex and other disgusting filth remain forever hidden from the eyes and ears of our innocent youth.

(Name withheld by request.)

Cherry Lawn Airport

To the Editor

The Neirad Review

As a taxpayer and a citizen, I do not understand why people are making such a fuss over the airport that is proposed to be built on what is now Cherry Lawn. The land is perfectly suited for a small, commercial airport. Few buildings will be erected, just a small terminal and an uts-bits-hanger. Most of the land is not spoiled, except for the removal of the trees, a necessity for a smooth runway.

Before take-offs, the land can be used for picnics and games. The fine parking lot would be swell for all sorts of activities, including carpooling, drug racing, and skateboarding.

Now, a lot of people are upset over the noise factor involved. Well, I'm not going to deny the fact that a small commercial airport makes a little more noise than a bunch of stupid rocks and trees. But do you know what happens in these so-called parks? Do you read the papers—Muggings! Robberies! Rapes! Rock concerts! An airport is always safe, clean and lighted for the 2:30 a.m. flight from Stockholm...

Finally, the airport would bring much-needed people to share our little town with us. Baggage clerks, stewardesses, and porters, all would come, all would need homes. Our town needs people like these. Who else will buy all those Trendy houses?

Sincerely,

Jimmy Burns

To Russia With Nixon

continued from page 2

Communism. I greeted him as I did in our old college days, when he was on the football team (third string) and I was a sub-reporter for the Whititer Bee. He too seemed extremely surprised to see me, and summoned another guard into the book-lined study, probably to ask me if I wanted any refreshments. I never did find out his mission, because after watching his whispered insunctions, the guard stumbled on the carpet and somehow knocked the but of his gun. I was Special agent... back of the head.

When I regained consciousness in the Walter Reed Army Hospital there was a message, that morning's Washington Post and a telegram by my bed. I reached for the telegarnam, ignoring the shooting pains in my cranium and spine, and read the following:

Mr. Richard J. Rubenstein
RM 204

WALTER REED HOSPITAL

SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE STOP MR. NIXON HOPES YOU WILL ACCOMPANY FUTURE EXCURSION STOP WAIT FOR INVITATION THOUGH STOP

ALFRED E ABRAMS
ASSISTANT TO RM NIXON

Mr. Nixon's great feats in Moscow — his arrival at the Kremlin, his triumph over Kruschev in the Kitchen Debate, his return to a grateful American people. Yes, 1659 was a glorious year for our Vice-President.

So, I missed my share of Richard Nixon's glory because of a freak accident. But he did send word to wait for an invitation, and I do, for a publisher of my stature must have an unflaging devotion to God, America, and Richard Milhouse Nixon.
Massive VD Blob Terrorizes Fairfield County

Over the past few years the V.D. cinema industry has been consistently producing movies which teenagers look upon as comedy.

"Times are changing" is the motive of this month's "V. D. Talks" publicaton. In a recent "Neirad" interview, William Shanker, President of the National V.D. Film Industries, was asked how the times really are changing. He felt that their movies were going over the head of today's innocent teenager and now they plan to bring back the very simple plots which really hit home.

By a stroke of sheer luck "Neirad" was able to acquire one ticket to the premiere showing of "The V.D. Blob That Swallowed Fairfield County." This is the first in a series of new creations.

In "The V.D. Blob That Swallowed Fairfield County" they attempted to show the awesome power of this killer of young adults.

Immorality

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Immorality

We asked Dr. Bruno what he felt about the questionnaire. He said, "amazing... The survey was accurate and... well... thought through... good job."

The "Darien Review" stated that the survey results pointed out the state of the schools and it was all the Board of Education's fault.

The movie opens in Greenwich, Conn., where the enormous V.D. vault is located. In this vault is kept every piece of clap cojncrated throughout the country. Marlon Brando plays the guard who is responsible for keeping the V.D. under control. One day while Brando was attempting to corral a tremendous piece seized in Harlem, the whole blob escaped. The effect was terrifying as this red mass slashed through the vault doors.

The last siege — the V.D. Blob has begun to succumb to the tons of penicillin pumped into it by the National Guard. (© 1973 Disease Films. A Welby release.)

This enormous jelly-like substance swept through town engulfing house, sucking up cars, and killing hundreds of students whose buses ran right into the heart of the blob. (This stunningly symbolized how quickly the disease attacks and how very deadly it can be.)

After three days of destruction at the hands of this shapeless creation the danger had come to an end for all but five people. The blob had reached the point where it could no longer move because there were just too many trees, buildings, trucks, etc. which had rendered it immobile. For that short moment the audience breathed a welcome sigh of relief. But this was short-lived for it soon became apparent that the monstrosity had come to rest on top of an all-night diner.

At this point the terror was practically unbearable as the red jelly slithered in through the window and oozed under the door. These few brilliant performers were trapped for 19 hours with the phone wires down and the oxygen supply rapidly dwindling. They had just about given up all hope of living to see another sunrise, when the National Guard arrived. Tons upon tons of penicillin were pumped into the blob until it finally split up and slid off the diner. The guardsmen then proceeded to shovel the jello onto thousands of trucks. One could not help but sympathy with the V.D. as it was hauled off into the sunset.

As the lights came on I rose from my seat with a real understanding of the disease and a feeling that my time had been spent wisely.