



P.S. 173 Observer

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**PS 173 is a 2011 Blue Ribbon
School**

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"We are diverse. We are one. We are P.S. 173"

The Fresh Meadow School

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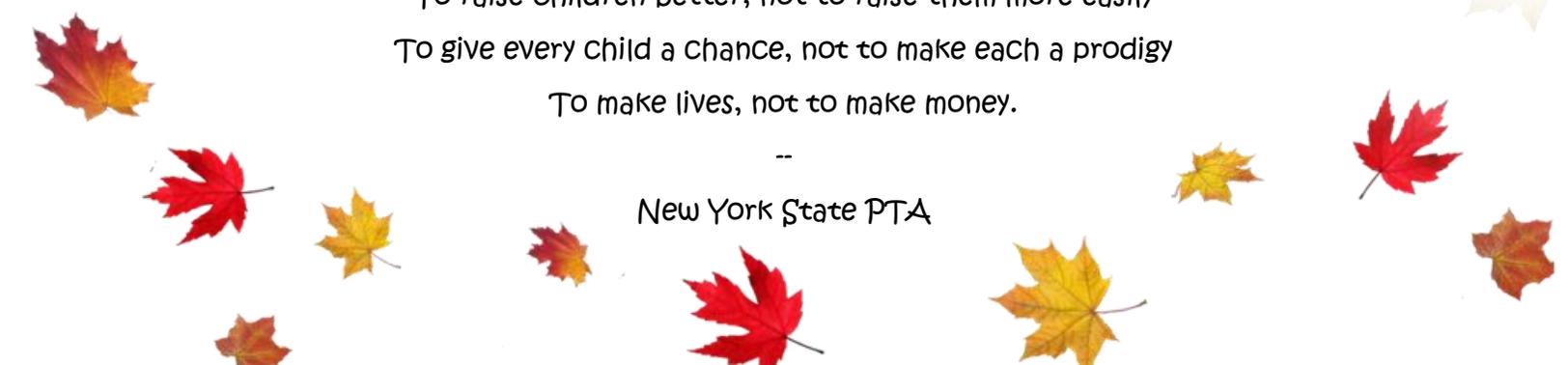
Renee Mok, 5-301
Elizabeth Y., 5-303
Peggy Liu, 5-305
Celedonia Guzman, 5-307
Mirab Malik, 5-311
Esther Binyaminov, 5-314

The Purpose of the PTA

To find facts, not faults
To raise the standards of the home, not to criticize it
To raise children better, not to raise them more easily
To give every child a chance, not to make each a prodigy
To make lives, not to make money.

--

New York State PTA



From The Principal's Desk

Dear Families,

Here comes fabulous Fall with its colors all around. It also signals important changes with the school. We are 70 years old, and we have a new "face" to match. Our new mascot, if you don't already know is the Chameleon – a lovable, flexible and adaptable creature that assimilates into all situations with ease.

We thank all our parents and community members for their time and effort in making the 70th anniversary a bang! Our staff and students spent countless hours researching the decades they represented, and the results are still on display on the bulletin boards on the first floor. We invite you to come and view their work if you were unable to join us on October 18.

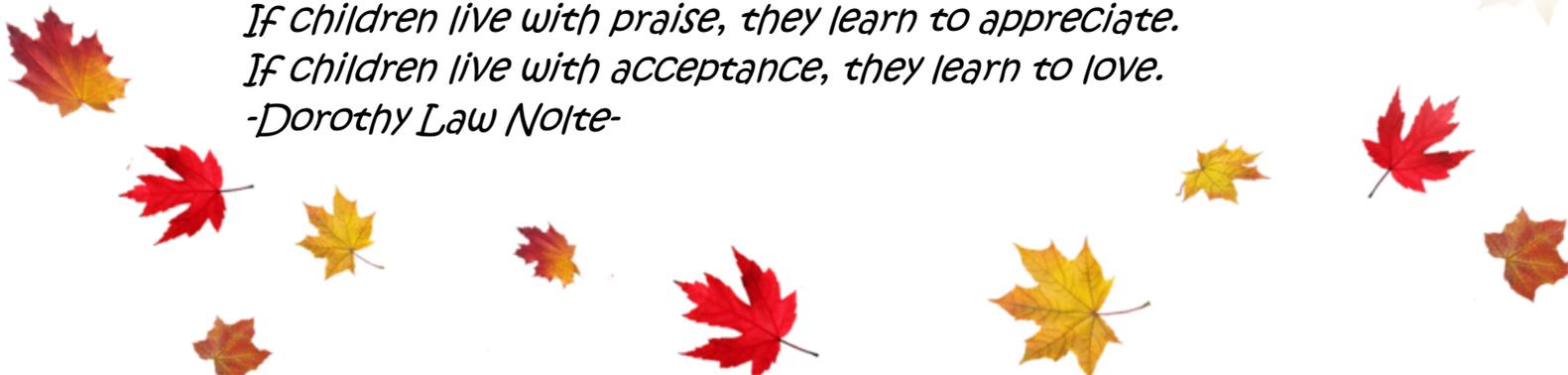
Our next major activity is the Parent-Teachers Conference on Thursday, November 15. You should have received a notification about the time to meet with your child's teacher. Here are some tips from the DOE about getting the most from your conference:

1. Come prepared with questions written down
2. Preview your child's progress report for celebrations and concerns; talk to the teacher about your child's daily schoolwork and homework.
3. Ask how you can support your child even if s/he is a high achiever.

We hope you will also take some time to peruse the books at our Scholastic Book Fair when you visit the teachers.

Have a great first term!

*If children live with tolerance, they learn patience.
If children live with praise, they learn to appreciate.
If children live with acceptance, they learn to love.
-Dorothy Law Nolte-*



From the Observer

Reporters

The Basketball Team

By: Renee Mok, 5-301

There are 18 members on the basketball team. This year, both boys and girls can try out for the team. Our basketball team's name is the Leaders. To try out for the basketball team, you have to dribble, do jump shots and layups. The basketball team's coach is Coach Gelardi. Coach Gelardi picks the teams members. The basketball team members are fifth graders. Everybody has to tryout even if they do not want to. If they do not want to be on the basketball team, they have to talk to Coach Gelardi. Coach Gelardi will give the spot to the next best person on the list. Or if somebody wants to be on the basketball team and on the cheerleading team, they can only pick one.

The Cheerleading Squad

There is also a cheerleading squad to cheer on the basketball team. The coach for the cheerleading team is Ms. Crimmins. To try out for the cheerleading team you have to eat first and then go to the gym and cheerlead to a song. To try out for the squad you have to practice chants and movement to music. The cheerleading teams are also fifth graders. For the cheerleading team not everybody has to try out.

Welcome, Ms. Crimmins!

By: Mirab Malik, 5-311

In September, 2018 PS173Q welcomed a new gym teacher. Her name is Ms. Crimmins. She was training to be a real gym teacher in another school. Most students state that Ms. Crimmins is a very nice teacher. They also state that Ms. Crimmins is a very helpful teacher.

One job that our new gym teacher plays is she helps Coach Gelardi with whatever he needs whenever he needs it. For example, once Coach needed help to entertain the Pre-K kids at the end of their gym class, and Ms. Crimmins, helped do the funny "magic tricks." Also, if Coach Gelardi needs to do something, or he's busy, then Ms. Crimmins can take charge and help out. Ms. Crimmins is a very helpful teacher, and all these reasons were why.

Ms. Crimmins is also very kind. Many students love her too. For example if a student needs to use the bathroom, and Coach Gelardi is busy, Ms. Crimmins lets the students go to the bathroom. Most students also state Ms. Crimmins is kind because she doesn't get mad easily. In other words, Ms. Crimmins is kind because she doesn't lose her temper on not only on kids, but on others as well. For example, if kids don't listen, she doesn't get mad and start yelling on the top of her lungs. She just waits patiently until the class or classes stop talking and then Ms. Crimmins starts to talk. In other words, Ms. Crimmins is a very respectful person in the inside. This shows that Ms. Crimmins is a kind person who is kind to not only adults, but to kids also.

These positive character traits and many more positive character traits support our new gym teacher.

Project of the 70th Anniversary

Peggy Liu, 5-305

So far in P.S. 173Q, the latest and biggest project, is the project to celebrate our school's 70th anniversary. Speaking specifically 5th graders got 1950s and class 5-305 decided to put and place their work on real plastic records. Each class got a different topic; however, each topic still circles back to the original decade. My class, 5-305 was given **MUSIC** in the 1950s. Our projects are hung up on the 1st floor next to the main office. The other decades are also hung up around the main office.

- Pre-k: 1970
- Kindergarten: 1960
- 1st grade: 1990
- 2nd grade: 1980
- 3rd grade: 2010
- 4th grade: 2000
- 5th grade: 1950

So as you can see above, each grade had been assigned a decade and if you visit <https://www.twitter.com/ps173q?lang=en> there are pictures of our new celebration and including a picture of our new and improved school logo! This was not an activity to just make and bring home, it's to show school spirit and how much the school means to us. While doing this project a lot of kids have fun, including me! So if you are a parent or guardian maybe if there is a special event, you can volunteer or come to our school and take a look. And I hope it will be worth it. If you come, get ready to be surprised with flying colors because the reality will be better than digital. So come visit P.S 173.

Science Curriculum

Celedonia Guzman, 5-307

In the new school year 2018 to 2019, a new science curriculum was adapted to the science department in P.S 173 Q. The science teacher, Ms. Shin has different opinions about it. The teacher says that she does not have a permanent feeling about the curriculum. "I'm still thinking about how I feel. It is new and very different. I do like how they are prepared with materials for every topic though", she stated. "The thing I really like about the curriculum is that they have good structure and they have the proper materials." "I dislike the change mostly because I'm used to the old curriculum and I really know how to teach it by heart. They also don't have study materials or books to study at home." She answered. I also asked her how she thinks it is helping the students. "I like how it keeps them focused on the main topic on the lesson. It also helps the students to keep referring to past topics. It's also more project based than the last one and it helps the students communicate with one another which makes them discover science for themselves." "The lessons are the same and I would like to combine some of the lessons. There is also not enough time to let the students research and do the given tasks. I would rather have both curriculums mostly because I knew how to do it because I made all of the hands on tasks. During the past curriculum, New York was ranked 24 in science so there has to be a change. The new curriculum helps the students realize and see how they could be real life scientists.

March of Dimes

By: Elizabeth Y., 5-303

On October 29, the P\$173Q students did their "March of Dimes" walk. The students walked around the school to show they raised money for the sick children who need extra treatment to survive. The walk shows P\$173Q supports and is aware of children who need more health attention. Ms. Mendler is in charge of this walk and did an excellent job this year. This annual act of kindness supports their motto "we are diverse, we are one, we are P\$173Q". The school is proud of their students for cooperating and this walk lets the sick children know there are people who care.

Summer Fruit Tart

By: Esther Binyaminov, 5-314

Summer Fruit Tart

- 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups all purpose flour plus extra for dusting
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cups confectioners sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground almonds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter chilled and diced
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tbsp. milk
- 1 cup of strawberries
- 1 cup of blueberries

First, you put the purpose flour with the confectioners' sugar and then you mix them in a bowl.

Then you take the ground almonds, and 1 egg yolk, with the butter and milk. Pour into the dry ingredients.

Then you put all ingredients in the mini piecrust pan. Bake at 350 degrees until golden brown. Once it has cooled, take the blueberries and strawberries and pour on top.

Enjoy!



Fourth Grade Personal Narratives

The Lucky Charm By: Cathy Guan, 4-312

"We have to celebrate her birthday!"
What's all that noise? I thought to myself. It was 10:00 P.M. and someone woke me up. I tiptoed to my parents bedroom and leaned my head against the door.
"We have to work though! You know we are low on money," I heard my Dad yell. I got up from the floor.
I went back to my room and leaped on to my bed. Tears rolled down my cheek. I was heartbroken! They weren't going to celebrate my birthday? The day I was born!
The next day was a disaster. My face was red, my eyes were red, and worst of all, I was so sleepy!
After school was over I walked back home by myself, lonely as usual.
"Hi Sis!" I heard as I unlocked the door.
No answer.
"Sis? Hello! Are you kidding me?" I was so angry I didn't even know my sister, Angela, was actually home. I stomped to my room and slammed the door shut.
Moments later there was a knock on the door.
"Who's there?" I replied.
"It's Angela. I'm going to my friend's house! Bye!"
"But, didn't you say today we could do a special activity together?" I replied sadly. It was too late. The only person I had was my sister, no one else. But she just left. No one loves me, I thought to myself. What's the point? I'm leaving.
Packing up my stuff, emptying drawers, left my nice cozy room into a gigantic mess. I didn't care anymore because this place wasn't my home anymore. I opened the door quietly and started for the stairs.
Seconds later I found myself so close to the back door when I stepped on a dumb cracker, which then ruined everything.
"Alison, where are you going?"
"Uh-uh-uh Oh...I'm going to work on an assignment - with my friends..."
"Why do you have your suitcase?" my father asked.
"Ummm..." I felt my face heat up. I got caught.
"Alison!" yelled my father. My father's fist slammed on the table. Bang!
"Honey, don't be that harsh!" Yelled my mama. My eyes were watery.
"It's not my fault," I said. "You guys don't spend any time with me. All you do is work! I don't even get a single second! No single people care for me! I thought I was your little girl, but I guess not!" I stomped back to my room and slammed the door shut.
The next thing you know, my mom is beside my bed. "I'm sorry Alison, I should have remembered your birthday," Mom said. My face was still on the pillow.
"Go away!"
"Allison, Mom is sorry and so is Dad. Dad didn't mean to yell at you on your birthday. I'm so sorry!" My head slowly turned to Mom. Mom put her arms around me. Just then, I heard my father come in. He hugged me. Just then I felt the love. The love that was lost all alone.
The love that was the last piece that I needed, my lucky charm.

Mike's Worst Day Ever By Tai Shirata, 4-318

Playing with the Dog

"Grrr!" Mike's dog yelled while they were playing tug of war.
"Hey! I have an idea!" Mike said. "Let's go outside with the dog to see who is faster! Me or Popcorn."
"Rawr!" Popcorn said.
"I guess that means game on!" A few seconds later, Mike asked his mom, "Can me and Popcorn go outside and run together to see whom is faster?"
"Sure!" Mike's mom said.
Mike said "Yes! Now we can see who is faster." A few minutes later, after Mike put his shoes on he went out of the house.

The Race

Soon, they were outside and started to count. "3,2,1, Go!" They both went super fast and Popcorn was in the lead but then, Mike couldn't see Popcorn in sight. He stopped and thought, "Where's Popcorn?" He wanted to run ahead but his mom always said not to go over a line that Popcorn past so Mike rushed home and felt miserable with his face down. He trekked back home to tell his mom.

Telling Mom

Finally, Mike was home and his mom said, "What's wrong?"
"I lost Popcorn."
"You what? You are in so much trouble!" she shrieked.
"But there is one way that I can find him. We can put signs up for a lost dog," I said.
"Nice thinking! Let's start now!" she exclaimed.

The Plan

A few days later, they put signs up everywhere in the neighborhood. They thought "Of course, someone is going to find Popcorn. I hope they do." Suddenly, they got a phone call. They were so excited to see if it was a person who found Popcorn and it.... WAS! They said "We can come to your house now!"
Mike and his mom were super excited that they said "YES!" together.

Having Popcorn Back

A few minutes later, the person said that he was in front of their house. When Mike and his mom saw that Popcorn was back, they said "Thank you so much!" to the friendly people. He couldn't believe that Popcorn was back in his arms. Now Mike realized that he should think about being more responsible with his dog. Also, that being determined pays off when facing a problem.

The Accident
By: Adora Uddin, 4-319

"Come on Kate, let's race from one end to the other end of the field with our bikes!" exclaimed Emillio. She was very competitive. The field was rough and 35 feet long. "I don't know Emillio, wouldn't one of us get hurt?" asked Kate. "Don't be such a scaredy cat, I promise nothing will happen to any of us!" replied Emillio.

Even if Kate didn't want to race, she couldn't ignore her friend, so she agreed. "I really hope I'm right." Kate thought. "One, two, three, GO!" shouted Emillio. Each competitive raced as fast as a cheetah with their bikes. Suddenly Kate picked up speed then, BOOM! She crashed into a fence. She sprained her ankle.

"Oh that hurts, Emillio can you please help me get up?" cried Kate. Her eyes were full of tears and her face was red. "Get up yourself, it's just a sprained ankle anyway and it's not my fault. You hurt yourself. I'm going home now, bye. Emillio raced off without anyone stopping her.

Kate was speechless. How could her best friend avoid her, leaving Kate on the ground. Still hopeless and angry, Kate started limping and carrying her bike at the same time. After walking a block, she thought she couldn't go any further but kept on going. "Next time I'm going to teach her a lesson!" shouted Kate determined.

When Kate returned home, mom asked, "Oh Kate why are you limping?" "I sprained my ankle by racing with my bike against Emillio, and she didn't even help me up!" whined Kate. "Let's get some ice on your ankle and don't walk or it'll get worse," replied mom. As Kate sat on the sofa she wailed, "This wouldn't have happened if I never raced with Emillio." With her head bowed and feeling as guilty as ever, she started to cry.

"Oh no Kate, please don't cry, I promise you'll get better soon. But I'll have to call the doctor," replied mom, holding the ice. Suddenly the doorbell went ding, dong... ding, dong. The sound startled Kate. When Kate opened the door, it was Kate's dad.

"Hi Katie poo, why so glum?" "Oh dad stop calling me that name," said Kate embarrassed. "Kate sprained her ankle while racing bikes with Emillio. I was going to take Kate to the doctor," said mom hopefully. "Sure let's go tomorrow and Kate you can't ride on your bike for a while, if that's ok with you?" questioned dad. "Sure," groaned Kate.

The next day Kate woke up horrified! She had a dream of Emillio as a giant, about to step on Kate. "Kate your pancakes are ready," shouted mom from downstairs. Kate tried to run as fast as she could. "Remember your doctor's appointment," reminded mom.

Kate ate her pancakes, brushed her teeth and wore her blue calico dress with buttons. Kate and mom were going in the car. Dad was waiting. "Ready to go?" asked dad. "Ready," replied Kate. Kate's dad started the car and drove off. He drove up and down the highway and 1 hour later, he ended up in traffic. He groaned like a grumpy man.

"Oh, I wish we could come earlier," groaned dad

Petal's Beauty
By: Arpita Noorie, 4-315

It had just stopped raining and the birds started singing. Rays of light entered through the window, causing Petal Morman to open her eyes. Her bed was messy and her room was yellow. The window was open, which let in fresh, grassy scent. Petal felt the cold wind touch her face, as she waited for her alarm clock to ring. It was really cold. Petal felt like she was in Antarctica. She forgot about the alarm clock and started zoning out. She was then startled by the, "Ring, ring!" of her alarm clock. Petal sat up on her bed and cringed after feeling the cold wind brush her back. "That was not a pleasure," said Petal. "Ugh," she said loudly, "Why do I have to go to school? And anyway, it's really cold!" She got up thinking about the popular girls in school, "I bet those three girls get to do whatever they want like not going to school". She pictured herself hanging out with the popular girls at school. Petal looked at the mirror and frowned, "Now that's the face of a girl who just wishes to have friends!"

After a while of talking to herself, Petal finally got ready and headed to school. On the way to school, Petal started to compare herself to the popular girls in her mind. She wasn't included in most activities, but the popular girls were included in everything. Petal sighed, "If only I could be included a bit more..." Petal then had an idea, "Popularity..."

Shortly after, Petal reached the big doors of Ryan Middle School. She looked to the shining lights from the windows down the hallway. Students walked past each window, busily planning what to do after school. Finally, Petal reached her classroom door after a long time of walking. Millie, her work partner, came up to Petal, and asked, "Why are you panting? You ride the bus to school!" Petal took a few more breaths, then answered, "I didn't get ready on time, so the bus left..." Millie laughed, "Hey, stop laughing! At least I'm not late for every class!" Millie apologized, yet still laughed. "Laughs the person who's late for every class," thought Petal. The bell startled all the students as usual and then all the students separated from their groups. Petal jumped a bit and felt embarrassed. "Oh" Petal said, still feeling a bit embarrassed. "I guess I came at the right time." She watched, as the popular girls said bye to each other and departed from their group. "Look!" Petal said. Millie turned around to see one of the popular girls, Annie, going to class. "Okay?" said Millie confused. "I'm going to ask if I can join their group." Petal said determined. "I have to make this quick! The bell already rang," Petal said to herself. Petal speed walked towards Annie and made it before Annie could reach the classroom door. "Hi...", said Petal, timidly. "Oh hi!" said Annie. "Can I join your group?" Petal asked. But while Petal was asking her question, it seemed Annie wasn't making eye contact with her. After Petal asked her question, Annie mumbled under her breath. But Petal only caught the word, "homework" in it. Annie then quickly answered, "Sorry" then went to her class. Petal shed light little tears and Petal knew, that was how she was going to make herself sleep tonight.

Finally, it was eighth period and Petal was ready to go home and cry every piece of courage she had. Suddenly, a light bulb lit up her thoughts. "Maybe," whispered Petal, "I'm not pretty enough..." Petal brushed her tears off gently, trying not to look like she even cried but because eighth period had just started, Petal had to wait until thirty seven minutes was over. During the whole period, Petal kept her head down. Petal's light bulb stayed lit up even after she did her homework. She ran at what seemed like the speed of light. Petal's smile was so big, it looked like a croissant. She got her clothes and changed. She took the keys, left the house, and got on her bike. She pedaled really fast, so fast, in fact, she had to take eighteen breaks. Finally, she got to Macy's. "It's been a long time since I've been here," said Petal, looking at a shoe sale. After a while, Petal heard the speaker announce "Macy's will be closing in six minutes!" Petal rushed to the Cashier's, waiting for someone to pay. It seemed Petal filled her boredom by paying for a lot of the items.

Afterwards, Petal got home as she entered. She saw her dinner, left on the table cold. She sat down and ate. She was excited for tomorrow. She would get accepted in! At least, she thought so. The next day, she got up before the sun could even peek over her backyard. She zoomed to her closet, where a bag full of makeup, accessories, and new clothes sat. She put the bag on her bed and headed to her bathroom.

After brushing her teeth, she got out of the bathroom and headed towards her bed where her bag was sitting. She first put on her dress. Then, she put on her makeup. Lastly, she put her hair in a bun and put on a big bow. She put her hand on her hip and posed in front of her mirror.

impatiently. "But today is a weekday so you know there will be traffic," replied mom. At 1:30, everybody arrived. Kate and her family got out of the car. They opened the door and saw lots of families with their children. Kate sat on the couch while her parents started paying.

Then somebody called, "Kate." Kate and her family went to the room. To their surprise, they saw the room was the size of a bouncy castle. "Hello Kate, I'm Mrs. Klein." The doctor stepped in the room, "What's wrong?" "I was racing bikes with my friend and sprained my ankle," replied Kate. "That's funny, 58 children sprained their ankles this year," laughed Doctor Klein.

"Okay give me your leg Kate," said Doctor Klein. Kate held her leg up. Doctor Klein bandaged it. "Alright you shouldn't walk for a few days," replied Doctor Klein. "Thank you," smiled Kate. Then Kate got crutches and went to the car. They arrived home. It was dark and Kate's bedtime, so Kate and her family got out of the car and entered their home. They ate their dinner, brushed their teeth and climbed into bed.

The next day, Kate woke up early and headed downstairs. Her mom had already put a plate of eggs and crispy bread on the table. Kate ate her breakfast as quickly as a squirrel. "Hi Kate, want to get outside for some fresh air?" asked mom coming for breakfast. "I must make sure I bring you your crutches." "I sure will!" smiled Kate.

So, Kate got dressed and headed outside. It was hot so she was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. When Kate arrived, Emillio raced up to her. "Oh Kate, I'm really sorry I left you stranded in the field. I never knew I got you in this condition!" Tears started rolling down Emillio's eyes and suddenly she started to cry. "I'll forgive you. No matter what happened to us, you'll always be my friend," replied Kate. They both hugged. Kate and Emillio felt like they haven't seen each other since forever.

"Wee, wee!" said Petal, putting on her backpack. She got on the bus and got out at the stop near the school. She did a catwalk towards the school entrance. When Millie tried to talk to Petal, she would just ignore her.

Petal noticed the popular girls at their lockers and did her catwalk to them. The popular girls turned to face Petal, who tripped but caught herself. Petal sweated after embarrassing herself in front of them. Petal finally got to them and said, "Hi" in a shaky voice. The three girls who were all dressed in pink, looked confused. Petal coughed and said, "I have a question. May I join your group?" The girls looked at each other, then at Petal, and sighed. "We know you're wearing makeup." The three girls took out tissues and started wiping her face. Petal just looked like a sad clown, which caused all the boys and girls to laugh.

This time, Petal's tears flooded her face. She ran as fast as she could to the bathroom. She locked herself into a stall and cried. She cried as loud as the wolves howling. Petal hope that nobody could recognize her under all her makeup. After all, she did put on a lot of it. She got out the stall and went to the sink where she washed her face. All the water that went down the drain was like a rainbow melted into liquid. Petal headed out the bathroom nervously. Just because her makeup was washed off, didn't mean her dress was changed. Students stared at Petal. She then asked, "C-can I join your group?" The popular girls realized it was Petal and said, "Sure!" Petal then asked, "How come you didn't accept me before? Why did you mess up my makeup?" "I'm sorry, I thought you asked to do our homework," said Annie, "And we were trying to wipe your makeup off because you're beautiful just the way you are." Petal's eye widened, "Really?", asked Petal. The three girls smiled and answered, "Yes!" Petal felt a wave of confidence go through her back. Petal realized they were trying to tell her the same thing. Something important. That she was beautiful just the way she was. After that, Petal apologized to Millie for ignoring her and Millie said it was okay. From that day on, Petal knew she was beautiful just the way she is.



The Blue Lagoon Incident
By Calista Lee, Class 4-317

It was November 10th, 2017 and we decided to spend the day at The Blue Lagoon, trying to enjoy our last day of vacation. The traffic was slowing the car down. Marcus, who was my brother was going crazy in his seat with excitement.

"Stop that!" I said. Marcus stopped immediately. "Be patient. We're almost there," I said angrily.

"Okay," Marcus said grumpily and gloomy. As we were approaching our location, "Yay, we are here! Marcus said excitedly going crazy again in his seat.

In my mind, I thought, "Ugh! Would he just stop it already."

When we walked into the building, we both said at the same time, "WHOA, THIS PLACE IS SO BIG!" We were both standing at the doorway with our mouths opened. Five minutes passed and we were walking into a line with a huge amount of people. When we got our tickets, we rushed to the changing rooms and changed into our swim suits. The manager said that we had to wash down our bodies before going into the pool. It is a standard rule if you go swimming in a public pool.

We entered the showers and turned on the shower head. The water barely touched us for about 45 seconds and it suddenly stopped. A moment later, we heard people complaining about the showers. All around us we heard, "What is wrong with the showers?" and "What's going on!" The murmuring and confused commotions went on for ten minutes, when the manager came rushing out the door.

"Everyone, please stay calm. The plumbers are trying to fix the water supply!" he announced.

About an hour later have went by. The manager finally returned. "The plumbers fixed the showers but you still cannot turn on the showers until another hour." A few people around us whined, "Argh!" and the sound of people complaints rose.

The wait was awful. I was shivering. I heard teeth chattering. Suddenly, all the showers were on. "What a relief" I thought to myself. Everyone scattered around like mice to find an open shower. As soon as everyone was done, we headed towards the pool. Everyone was feeling relaxed.

After the Blue Lagoon, we rushed quickly to the airport like a race car. "We were almost about to miss our flight!" I hollered loudly. Luckily, we both reached the terminal a minute before they closed the door. As we got on the plane, we finally calmed down and finally headed home to New York City. It was an unforgettable vacation.



Clusters of the Month:



Art at P.S. 173

This year's art program at P.S. 173 has gotten off to a great start. Students have been busy in weekly art sessions creating collages, drawings, and paintings. We have also started looking at work by master artists, and we have discussed what we see through careful observation.

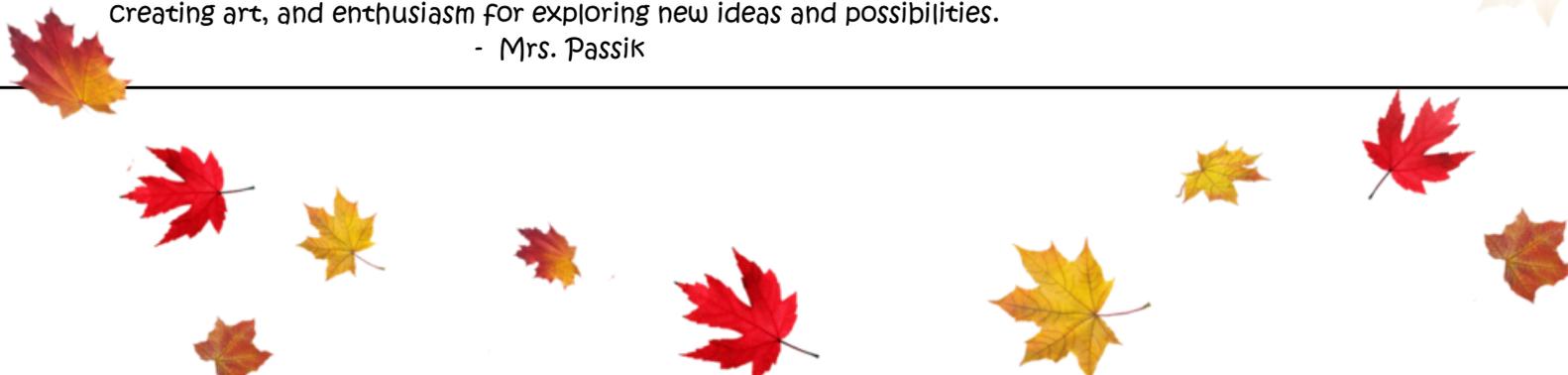
The program this year will touch on many aspects of the visual arts, including:

- Creating art and exploring various media (painting, drawing, printmaking, collage, sculpture, etc.), and expressing personal visions through art;
- Developing literacy in the arts (including developing a visual arts vocabulary and learning to interpret artwork by finding evidence to support assertions);
- Making social, cultural and historical connections to visual art;
- Noticing connections between visual arts and other academic areas, including math, science, and social studies;
- Becoming aware of community and cultural resources to extend the learning experience beyond the bounds of the classroom;
- Building awareness of careers in the arts and the importance of lifelong learning;
- Learning about the value of research, planning and problem solving in the art room.

We will undertake a series of special projects, including:

- Morgan Library + Museum Bookmaking Project
- Ezra Jack Keats Bookmaking Competition
- Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., "Saluting Greatness" annual exhibition of artwork to be displayed in Albany
- NYC DOT Vision Zero "Get Walking" program
- P.S. Art competition
- Queens DOE annual borough art competition
- Citymeals-on-Wheels handmade cards for homebound elderly
- Annual P.S. 173 Student Art Exhibition
- Ideally, the art program will help develop in all students an appreciation of the visual arts, self-confidence in creating art, and enthusiasm for exploring new ideas and possibilities.

- Mrs. Passik





Music

I recently read an anonymous quote that rang true for my own vision of what I strive to remember when teaching our children:

“Music Is Science...It demands exact acoustics,

Music is Mathematical... it is rhythmically based on the subdivisions of time and space into fractions>

Music is Foreign Language... a highly developed kind of shorthand.

Music is history...reflecting the environment and times of creation.

Music is Physical Education... it requires fantastic coordination of fingers, hands, lips, cheek, and chest muscles, which must respond instantly to the sounds the ears hear and the mind interprets.

Music is all of these things, but most of all, music is art... that is why we learn music. Not because we expect to major in music, not because we expect to play music all our lives, not so we can relax, not so we can have fun...but *so we will be human and sensitive, so that we will have something to cling to. So that we will have more love, more compassion, more gentleness, more good...in short, more life.*”

In using the Five Strands of the NYC Blueprint for arts, I strive to incorporate all of the above disciplines, but also to bring the children feelings of love, compassion, and peacefulness into my choices of songs and in the way that I encourage the children to think and feel about each other and their world.

Mrs. Kaish



PTA Calendar

November 2nd E-Board Meeting 8:15 am

November 8th PTA Meeting / Family Math Night 6:30 pm

November 15th Parent Teacher Conference / Book Fair

November 20th Picture Retake / Fifth Grade Pictures

December 7th Holiday Shop 8:30 am

December 14th E-Board Meeting 8:15 am

December 20th PTA Meeting / Ballroom Dancing 6:30 pm

December 21st PTA Staff Lunch 10:30 am

