



THE CHERRY PIT

MAY 30th



To
Mrs. Strongin
to thank her
for
her Faith
in us

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There are few articles representative of the younger groups because they are publishing their own magazine.

DIARY

Jan. 1, 1937

From a book's old page
Brown-stained,
And creased with age
I claimed
A life.
I was my God.

Mine from days forgot
Written down,
Discarded, left to rot.
A clown
Of life.
I was my God.

Oct. 9, 1857

An egotist was I
My pain
Rain spilled from sky.
My wound
was healed.
Still I was my God.

June 19, 1887

Twixt the cross of strife
First love
Dawned in my life.
I gave
her up.
I was my God.

Dec. 22, 1902

World fame was mine
Gdd coins.
I traversed time
Blind fool
Of life.
I was my God.

Jan. 1, 1937

Now spent with age
Sour-lipped
I read the page
Tremble
In awe.
Who is my God?

DESTINY AND FANTASY

It was a clock that had traveled in many places and had been owned by many people. It had seen many things in its lifetime, many things that The People did not see.

The clock saw an advertising worker get up at 2 P. M. to start an advertising layout of aspirin and sleeping tablet that he was supposed to have been working on for two months. It was due that morning.

The clock saw the commander-in-chief of an army take a few aspirin tablets in the dark of the night.

The clock saw a nervous King take three sleeping tablets instead of two. It saw this King sleep many hours later than usual.

There were many things, however, that the clock did not see. It did not see the advertising worker turn in a layout that morning which sold thousands of goods and doubled his salary.

The clock did not see the commander-in-chief decide to retreat because he had a bad headache. It did not see that the retreat lost the war for the general's country.

And lastly, the clock did not see the news that snapped the spark of revolution dynamite, the news that the King had been assassinated in his bed. The clock only knew that the King had taken three sleeping tablets instead of two.

There were other things that the clock did not know. That the King had bought the sleeping tablets because he read of them in an advertisement which he forwarded to his commander-in-chief whom he knew had frequent headaches. That the general because the tablets were inferior still had his headache and lost to the revolutionists which resulted in the King's death.

That the advertising worker caused a revolution, a King's death, and the death of thousands of people.

Destiny and fantasy ...

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Robinson has been called the poet of half-withheld inner drama. One of the best illustrations for this phrase is his poem entitled "Reuben Bright." The poem deals with a butcher who was "no more a brute than you or I." His wife died, and in his grief Reuben tears down his slaughter house. The facts in the case are not very interesting; their implications make the poem a masterpiece of psychological portraiture. The reasons why Reuben tears down his slaughter house can only be reached by analysis because they are half-withheld. The conclusions you draw according to your analysis will vary, because they have to be based on your personal emotional make-up. No conclusion can be drawn without putting your own emotions into it. The answer will never be found in the words of the poem alone. But whatever conclusion you draw you will agree that within the soul of Reuben there is a drama which causes him to tear down the slaughter house.

"John Gorham" also illustrates the generalization that Robinson is a poet of half-withheld inner drama. In this poem of only ten stanzas you are allowed to listen in on a not so extraordinary conversation. Yet Robinson by implications is able to supply you with an excellent picture of John Gorham, Jane Wayland, and their love. Robinson tells you of a worn-out love, a love that lingers on, like embers of a once-brilliant flame still glowing. It is a love between two people too different to understand another. "Won't you ever see me as I am, John Gorham?" says Jane. There is a world of implications in that phrase; a world of half-hidden, latent dramas for the reader to discover. Your immediate conclusions are that Jane Wayland puts on a show which is actually different from what she seems to be, and that John has not been subtle enough to see through her superficial coating. From there you can further analyze why their love has failed. There is a lack of understanding on John's part, and a lack of willingness to put herself forth and show what she really is on Jane's part, that has caused their unhappy affair. In that one phrase, then, there is half-withheld the inner drama of an unsuccessful love.

For the interpretation of Robinson's poem, it is absolutely necessary to color them with the paint of your own experiences, ideas, ideals, and emotions. Different people will draw different conclusions, and there is probably no one absolutely correct interpretation. This subjective interpretations is very important in heightening the meaning and effect of the poem for you.

Autumn night

Clear, cold, virgin-flung

In crystal brilliance;

Autumn moon

Silver virgin crescent

Like deep incision

In autumn night.

— Marjorie Weingart - 17

When I asked my mother,
 She didn't answer,
 When I asked my father,
 He turned away
 I asked my teacher,
 And she started crying --
 Oh tell me, God,
 What can I do?

— Marjorie Kamen — 15

"THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR"

I Introduction

That world conditions, at present, are very similar to those prevailing before the outbreak of the First World War has been generally recognized. Practically the same countries, at least the same coalitions, are on the same side of the fence as in 1914. The so-called "have-not" group, however, has considerably increased in immediate strength. Both camps are arming furiously with little heed to the internal consequences, and the time seems not far off when an armed conflict will replace the present manoeuvres. Yet why must nations forever be at each other's throats? What little economic advantages may result are overshadowed by the enormous loss in not only the human resources, but the economic as well. Moreover, many historians and economists have shown that the results of war profit not even the "victor." But in spite of this, the world down the path to the final abyss.

II Condensation of "The Moral ..." and reflections upon it.

Man's lust for war seems to be an inherent part of him just as is his ruthlessness. This thirst will stay with man until substitutes just as satisfying as the glory and shame that come to nations as well as individuals are brought to his attention. Nevertheless, ask the people of this country whether in cold blood they

would be willing to start another civil war or another Spanish-American War and the answer would be overwhelmingly in the negative. Yet ask these same people whether they would have all our wars, with their bloodshed and glory, purged from our history (were such a thing possible) and the response would be just as emphatically "no." In modern eyes, war is only possible when an enemy's actions leave us no alternative.

As modern warfare is so costly, we find trade to be a better avenue to plunder; but the modern man has all the feeling of love of glory of his ancestors. Showing man war's stupidity and horrors only increases this feeling, for the horrors make the fascination. Moreover, war taxes are the only taxes that man rarely hesitates to pay.

The path of history has been a gory one, indeed, and years of peace won't breed the innate pugnacity out of us. Let public tension once reach a certain pitch and no ruler can withstand it: witness the Boer War and the Spanish-American War.

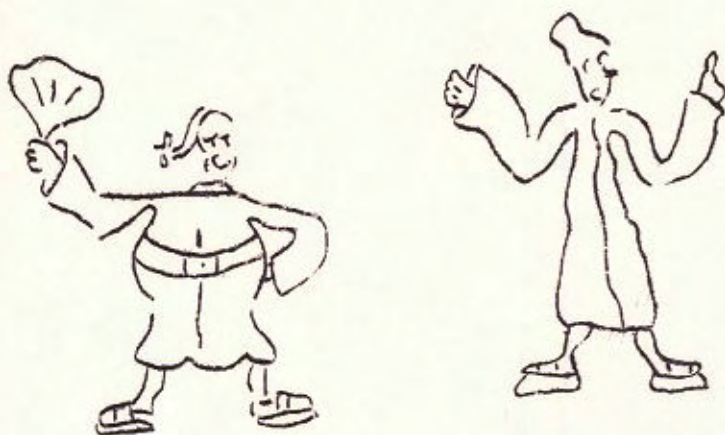
It is Germany and Japan who arm for loot and glory; we and England arm for "peace." In modern usage "peace" and "war" mean practically the same thing — peace is just the period between wars. Indeed, battles, it might be said, are only a verification of the mastery gained during "peace" era.

Apologists for war take it as sort of religious sacrament. It brings, they say, profits to the vanquished as well as the victor. It is an absolute good, we are told, for it is human nature at its highest peak. So far as the essence of this feeling goes, no one can but assent to some degree that it is a positive good — it is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood.

The main defect in the ordinary pacifist argument seems to be that it fails to realize that war discipline is beneficial — that it knocks the childishness out of youth — that everybody is equal and that it prepares one for future life. All this pacifist in their argument neglect.

The main argument of the war party is that one finds a certain satisfaction in army discipline. The army is an organization which many point to with pride. Yet what is this certain pride, or feeling, that one receives from army discipline? It isn't just patriotism, but a different feeling — somewhat the equivalent of the war emotion — a moral equivalent of war. In addition to a great pride, there is the spirit of competition — and neither of these could ever be called harmful.

Thus, there remains but one solution, one substitute for this moral equivalent. That is to direct the energies of the nation towards some useful end. Conscription directs the energies of a nation toward — destruction. Think of the many improvements necessary for a country, and that, in spite of this acute need, the youth of a nation are taught how to destroy! Therefore, the plausible solution is to have conscription — yes — but a different kind of conscription. Use the vitality of youth for construction — build new forests, new roads — a new world. That will knock the childishness out of them, make them better citizens, and make the world a much happier and more beautiful place to live in.



TO A HEIGHT THAT
FEW CAN SCALE
~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ON WRITING A MYSTERY STORY

Qualifications

First, to have, at some time or other, heard a ghost story, and been sufficiently impressed to have some idea of your own on the supernatural or of ghosts. Also, to have some idea of how these creations should act. Another point would be that when finished writing your story, you should also be frightened to a mild degree — if not your story is a failure.

Beginnings

There are many types of beginnings such as ... It was a dark and stormy night, the wind whipped the old oak trees in front of the vacant mansion into eerie sounds, as they swished back and forth, veritable phantoms in the blackness. Then, too, there is a way to throw more light on the subject... The pale moon cast ghostly shadows on the rocks as it seemingly passed between clouds. A man pulled out a long object from a fellow human being (the object preferably a knife), dripping with blood.

Then, too, there is the nonchalant beginning ... It had been three years since the triple murder of Jeff Brewster, his wife, and child. Not a clue had supposedly been left, but young detective Smith had a hunch. There was nothing to back it up, but nevertheless he had a hunch, and as he sat in the hallway of the old Brewster home, calmly smoking a cigarette and laughing inwardly at himself for being such a kid, he could have sworn that he heard a whisper and a response. He peered into the night and put out his cigarette.

Of course the startling beginning must not be neglected... Three shots cracked the stillness of the night — and John Patterson lay dead! But it is always easier to use the "dark night" and "stormy claps of thunder" to set the scene; they are most effectively used, and most exciting to the supernatural appeal which most of us possess. The real secret of writing a mystery story is to excite this sort of interested fear of the unreal or the supernatural, and create a mist of mystery around the case.

Ends

Endings are rather difficult subjects to write about, as you have to know what the story is about before telling the proper ending. An effective way of ending a story is using the same ending as beginning. This is especially good when, and if, one person is telling the story, and does not move while he relates the story. Then, of course, there is the dramatic ending where the killer admits all, and with a dying gasp, kills himself, or the mad chase up some hill or somewhere, and the moment of the villain's escape he is brought to earth by the hero's bullet. These are but suggestions and you undoubtedly could add to my short list of suggestions and higher entrance qualifications.

The pile of stamped out, half-smoked cigarette butts slowly surrounded the foot of the chair. Claude smoked half his cigarette, threw it down, and stepped on it in a gesture of despair and doubt. In his soul there was a clash between two spirits; neither one was completely Good or Bad as to formula. They were old spirits, the natural instinct of humanness and the artificial argument of rules of living.

Claude Snow was a lawyer and a good one. He had built up a practice slowly but steadily, and he had also built up an impeccable reputation. That was because he had his rules. For Claude Snow had never defended a guilty person in his career as a lawyer. He had never charged an exorbitant fee, yet he never failed to send a bill. He was a man who lived by rules, but his rules didn't seem to be applicable to his present problem.

Claude had a brother who was not a lawyer and, indeed, far from being one. For Michael Snow (or Mike, as he was called by his cronies) was an admitted criminal and had been in prison more times than could be counted on your fingers. Most of these visits were short, however, and the farthest he ever went into the depths of crime was stealing \$500. Until he fell to the bottom of the pit and committed murder ... Murders by sneaks are seldom premeditated and Mike's was no exception. He was caught red-handed opening a safe, and, becoming panicky, he swung hysterically at the watchman with a heavy wrench. It bashed the man's skull in sufficiently to kill him instantly.

Mike Snow had committed thefts twice the number of times he had been in jail, for there was always a dirty little snyster lawyer at your elbow in the Bowery district, and Mike made full use of them. But this was no case for a shyster. So Mike decided to go to the noted lawyer Claude Snow. Perhaps he did so because Claude had the same name that a brother had, whom he knew existed and had not seen for many years.

But Claude had heard of Mike. For when he saw Mike's first proud picture (between two cops) in the newspapers, he recognized him, and followed his career with disapproving interest. So when Mike walked into his brother's office (between two cops) he again recognized him. When Mike, a few minutes later, realized that Claude was his brother he felt tender for about thirty seconds then he remembered what he had come for and reflected that his chances for ~~getting~~ Claude to defend him were about one hundred per cent better. But he soon saw that his brother's piercing gaze could see through his half-formed alibi as he could see through a pane of glass, so he recklessly decided to break down and confess to Claude.

"Honest, I didn't even know I done it until the guy was lyin' dead at my feet."

.....

Claude's first reaction to Mike's frank confession was one of repulsion, and he would have thrown him out if he had not remembered that this was his brother. So he did not say "yes" or "no" to Mike's pleas but as most lawyers are in the habit of saying he "would think it over."

So there he was fighting, fighting inside himself. He had been fighting for the symbolic time of three packs of Camels and he had been stalling himself as his two spirits clashed angrily.

.....

"After all, why not be human? He's your brother and you're his brother."

"Yes, but how will I be able to face my friends or anybody when I know I have broken all boundaries of the Bar."

"Oh, don't be so petty."

"I beg your pardon."

"Do you realize that you came from the same body that your brother did and that the same strains of blood run in both of you?"

"What do blood strains mean? My brother is a criminal, I dislike him. When it comes down to raw facts is my brother any more to me than any other sneak murderer?"

.....

And so on. But in the end Claude decided to defend his brother. His family feeling was too great for him, and he relented under its pressure. After having lived by rules all his life he came to a crisis and broke his rules. He did not know it, but from this point on in his life Claude was lost.

He did defend Mike and he won his case easily. He not only won his case, but he won a pledge from Mike also. Mike had felt Claude's contempt throughout the trial and when Claude came to him after the verdict with this pledge in his hands he gladly signed it to be on friendly terms with his brother. It was a pledge stating that Mike would go straight hereafter. You see, Claude was still an idealist.

But contrary to your expectations and past experience Mike did go straight for he ambitiously got a job on the assembly line of an automobile factory in Detroit. As even sneaks are capable of doing, he felt grateful (if superficially so) to his brother, and he forced himself to think of ways that he could repay him. He decided the best way would be to keep working on a straight job and show Claude that he could keep his word.

But, then, after he had worked several weeks, this mood began to change. A dark cloud came over his horizon, and although he did not know it, it was a forecaster of tragedy. He had been thinking of his brother one evening when the thought struck him like a bolt of lightning. His brother was the only human in the world who knew and held evidence that he had killed. This may not seem to be such a startling revelation to you, but to a person that still has the fear of being hunted, in the back of his mind, it was more than startling. Claude disliked him intensely he knew, he also knew that a confession he had unthinkingly signed was lying in Claude's office. Mike had put two and two together and got a very unpleasant answer.

Mike still worked at the factory but this thought kept welling up in his mind and growing bigger and bigger just as a storm cloud gets bigger and bigger until it covers the entire horizon. Soon Mike could think of nothing else.

It is much easier for a little boy to decide to steal his second piece of cake than it is for him to decide to take his first. Perhaps it is the same with murder but at any rate Mike was not very queasy about deciding to kill his brother.

.....

Claude's life had been changed greatly during the few weeks before, during and after the trial. He had lost his rules and he was floundering in a sea of doubts and fears. Suppose that Mike were to disclose the fact that he had bribed a juror? He supposed and he also got a very unpleasant answer. He was afraid, not only of his brother, but afraid of people, afraid to look into their faces, afraid of eyes that he thought rested on him for many seconds until he could hardly stand it. He thought he saw himself going crazy.

It was then that Mike invited him to Detroit for a short stay in his small house.

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Mike had planned, planned during the day, during the night. He became introspective and moody and was full of his own thoughts. His plan was simple. He had asked Claude to come on the train that arrived at 11:30 P. M., so that nobody would see him come in with his brother, for all the factory workers in the little Detroit suburb were asleep and dreaming by that time. During the night or early morning he would kill Claude and flee to Canada in a plane he had chartered at the airport.

A "perfect crime" thought Mike as he went to the station and went over the plans of his second murder.

The brothers greeted each other with more friendly warmth than ever before, Claude to hide his nervousness and fear, and Mike to give the effect that all was well between the two.

"Maybe we better turn in," offered Mike as he turned on the light in the little hallway, "if we're goin' through that factory tomorrow." He thought to himself that it was a good job of nonchalance for he knew that Claude would go to no factory tomorrow or any other day.

"Might as well," yawned Claude. "Lead the way."

With Claude safe in his room Mike rushed nervously to his own. With a business-like air he carefully locked the door and went to his closet. He came out with a little pistol, a thin black silencer on the barrel. He put this under his pillow, climbed into bed and lay staring at the ceiling ...

They found the body the next morning. But it was not the body of Claude that was lying neatly in bed staring at the ceiling. It was Mike. For Claude Snow was a man without rules.

— Peter Reid - 15

THE WHITE DEATH

The City was like other large cities, with factories, libraries, wealthy sections and slums. Over it hung that air of busyness that most large cities have. At the end of one of the quieter streets stood a large Grey-Stone building. A constant stream of humanity poured in and out of the building. At one door stretchers and cripples went in while at another healthy people came out. At still another, coffines added their dismal note. Over the doorway, carved proudly in stone, were the words "Municipal Hospital."

As you went into the building, the typical hospital smell of iodine, iodoform, and a thousand other things assailed your nostrils. From the corridors you could see white rooms, with white beds and white faces on either side. Some faces smiled, others didn't; but on all was an ironical, courageous look.

One room seemed whiter than the others. Its number was 644. It seemed whiter because it was whiter, for the patients in it were afflicted with that most horrible of diseases, tuberculosis, the white death. There were few smiles in that room, and one bed was conspicuously empty.

Down the hall a doctor and a nurse were talking.

"I hear that the patient in 644 died last night. What was it?"

"Tuberculosis! He was a factory worker poor fellow; left a wife and kids."

"But doctor, can't they do anything for them?"

"Well, they can deflate a lung. The real thing that they need to do is to give them air, good food, and a long rest."

"Why don't they?"

"Money. They're beginning to clear the slums up too, but it all takes money."

A Nurse's voice sounded down the hall. "Calling Doctor --- surgery."

"Well, I guess that I'm wanted. I'll see you later."

The doctor and the nurse went around the corner, back to their ceaseless work.

As you went down the corridor, you couldn't forget the room with the white, drawn faces.

....

Tuberculosis, the white death, is one of the greatest scourges of modern times. One out of every seven deaths in the world is caused by this disease. It comes in many forms. Tuberculosis of the bones is the most terrible form, but "Pulmonary" tuberculosis is the most widespread one.

Pulmonary tuberculosis comes in two forms, one rapid and one slow.

The rapid form is known as "Galloping Consumption." Its first sign is a rapidly rising temperature, coughing, and pains in the side. Later there are night sweats, blood in the saliva and a constantly high temperature. Galloping consumption is almost always fatal, death occurring in three weeks to four months.

The ~~slow~~ form begins with a small but annoying cough. In the later stage the cough increases and with it comes indigestion, pains in the chest and increasing weakness. This form of tuberculosis may last twenty years or more. It can be cured in its early stage but never absolutely. It has a bad habit of coming back at the wrong time.

Two types of individuals are naturally susceptible to tuberculosis. One is tall with long lashes, dark hair, regular, even beautiful features, and delicate skin. The other type is just the opposite. It is stunted with thick lips, light hair, and sluggish action. People predisposed to tuberculosis should lead a careful life, out of doors, and in a favorable climate.

.....

In a small, but neat and much used, laboratory in Germany is a man. He is sitting in the corner over a microscope. As you come nearer to him you can see that he is fairly short, with a scraggly beard and gold rimmed glasses. On the wall is a calendar which says 1882.

When you have come still nearer to the man, you can recognize him. It is Robert Koch, already famous for growing microbes pure. Now he is looking for that mysterious, elusive germ of tuberculosis. Behind his work stands the work of Virchow, who proved that tuberculosis is caused by germs, and others. Koch has been working on tuberculosis for several years, years of hard, ceaseless work.

A voice calls to him. It is his wife.

"Robert, Robert, dinner is ready."

"Please, Emmy, you know that I am busy."

"But Robert, you work day after day, staining your hands, your clothes, everything."

"Please, Emmy, I'll be in later."

Koch worked month after month with pieces of diseased lung and tubercular animals. His hands were stained with hundreds of different dyes. One morning he pulled some slides out of a strong blue dye. Under the microscope a queer picture unfolded itself. Thousands of little blue bacilli, less than 15,000th of an inch long, appeared. Here apparently was the germ of tuberculosis but Koch wasn't satisfied. He made hundreds of tests and discovered a jelly to grow his bacilli on before he showed his discovery to the world.

Poor Koch, people thought his serums would be sure cures for tuberculosis. Little did they know ...

.....

Six years later, in 1888, a few cottages were erected at Lake Saranac, New York, for the use of consumptives. A large sanitarium was growing up. The founder, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, had known well the horrors of tuberculosis. He had collected money and started his sanitarium.

Today, Lake Saranac is one of the finest sanitoria in the country. Poor tubercular people are taken from the slums to sunny, healthy, outdoor cottages. A well-equipped staff nurses them back to health. After they leave Saranac they are found healthy jobs.

The finest modern equipment and serums are used at Saranac. Drugs are used for night sweats and coughing. Sleep, food, and air do the rest.

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The problem of tuberculosis reflects on the problem of slum clearance. This in turn reflects on the modern life. Overcrowding in large cities has caused the slums and competition in labor has decreased the worker's wage in many cases. Many under-privileged children do not get the milk, meat and fruit needed to promote growth.

The State is at last beginning to take a hand in slum clearance and in building playgrounds and healthy homes, but the work has been altogether too slow. Free clinics are flourishing, but in many places there has not been enough money to do things. Tuberculosis can only be conquered with money to do those things.

.....

Wealthy laboratories with marvelous equipment have their uses, but what is really needed are more patient, careful, wonderful scientists like Koch.

The present solution to tuberculosis lies partly under the microscope and partly in the scientist's brain, but mainly under the pen of the legislature. The legislature with power to clear slums and last but not least, money.

Nowadays little pieces of gold are the solution to many things; they are with tuberculosis.

— Ralph Kahana - 14

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THE SCARLET LETTER Book Review

Nathaniel Hawthorne lived in the early and middle part of the nineteenth century. "The Scarlet Letter" was written in 1850, after he had written many short stories and had done journalistic work. It was his masterpiece. He was well-fitted to write this book, as well as others on the Puritans, as he was of Puritan ancestry.

It is a wonderful portrayal of characters. It also keeps the reader intensely interested in spite of its stiff style and lengthy descriptions. Moreover, it gives an excellent picture of what people and places were like in Puritan times.

The chief characters are: Hester Prynne, accused of committing adultery, and punished by being forced to wear a scarlet letter "A"; the conscience-stricken Reverend Dimmesdale, who was looked up to by the community as a near-saint, and who had to preach Puritan faith while thinking of the sin which he himself had committed; Roger Chillingworth, Hester Prynne's long-lost husband who had secretly returned just in time to have his revenge, which he got by tormenting Reverend Dimmesdale, whom he suspected from the beginning, and by causing Hester Prynne no end of worry; and also Hester's daughter, who was herself the devilish spirit of the scarlet letter.

The conflicts between Hester and the community and Chillingworth, and between Dimmesdale and himself and the community and Chillingworth, are so marvellously described that the reader is constantly wondering what will happen next. The story gathers momentum as it goes along, right up to the end, which, though half-expected, is a blow to the reader — all this being achieved in spite of the remote day of which it was written, and the burden of descriptions which seem unnecessary and needlessly long. Nevertheless, this book is worth anybody's time to read.

— Robert Wolff - 17

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ETCHING

Paper is so white,
So untarnished
Before the blot of ugly human thought
Disfigures it.

So are we,
My love,
Until the world about
Blundering in its stupidity
Makes of us what we are not.

I have always seen you
In a lighted doorway
A lamp nigh in your hands —
Your skirts blown back —
Your lips parted —
Watching for me.

Oh, God —
Why did I come back
To see her
With the light —
Extinguished?

—

The vesper bells were chiming evening mass, as, through the gray twilight, walked the figure of a woman, somberly clad in the long garments of a nun.

She had had a long day. Ever since early morning she had been out working in hospitals, taking care of the poor, and finding homes for the needy. She was so weary and tired, and looking down at the ground, she was tempted to throw herself upon it. But with a long sigh, she straightened her shoulders and walked slowly towards the big, dark stone house. She was a nun and was supposed to be dignified.

Once inside the nunnery, she reported to the Mother Superior all the things that she had accomplished during the day. Then, feeling very fatigued, she retired to her room. Closing the door behind her, she gave a sigh of relief. Ah! At last she was free--inside her small bare room. Free from staring eyes, free from being stiff and dignified, and, best of all, free from the cold glassy stares from the other old and wrinkled nuns. Looking up at the statue of Christ she became afraid, and very much ashamed of herself. Giving vent to her feelings,

she threw herself down on her knees and cried, tears streaming down her face, while choking sobs racked her slender body. Must she live the rest of her life like this, in solitary confinement? Always helping others, and watching them have good times. God knows she needed it more than they did.

She had always been religious, and had loved God more than anyone or anything in the world. She had been brought up in a terrible atmosphere, and all her life she had seen nothing but suffering and anguish. She wanted to do something to help these poor, starving, homeless people. Most of all she wanted to prove her strong faith and undying love for Christ. Because of this faithful devotion she sacrificed her young life, beauty, and worldly and physical pleasure to become a "wife of God."

Getting up from the floor, she wiped her tear-stained eyes and climbed into bed. With one last loving look at the statue she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

The next morning she was in better spirits, and after going to chapel and breakfasting alone, she set out for another hard day's work before any of the other nuns awakened.

It was a raw morning, and, as she made her way down the dull streets to the hospital, she passed a group of girls, around her own age. They looked as though they were going to college, with so many books under their arms. Looking at them, she thought of how different she looked. Why, she was no older than they were, and yet if one were to look at her, they would think her at least old enough to be their mother.

Once at the hospital, she lost no time in getting to work. There were many cases of typhoid going around, and she was told to stay there all day because they were short of nurses. As she passed through the long halls going from room to room and wards to wards, she again thought of herself and of the young girls she had passed that morning. They were all dressed in cute clothes and had their hair fixed in the latest styles. Then she looked down at her own clothes; dark, black ugly-looking material, and she thought of her once beautiful honey colored hair; that was all now shaved off. She had been pretty and extremely popular, but nothing had mattered to her except her undying faith and her ambition to help poor people. From the few words that she had heard them speak as they passed her, she gathered that they were going to some sort of a party. She thought of her nights, all alone in a small empty room with nothing to do but think and dream of the fun and outside life that she was missing. But then she shouldn't complain, she had done it against everyone's warnings, and now she must grin and bear it.

Bending down over the bed of a small child who was stricken with the disease, she put her cool hand to his flaming hot face. He seemed to be suffering quite a lot, and from the feeling of his head, his temperature had gone up quite a bit. Reaching across, she pressed a small button in the wall. A few minutes later a young interne entered the room.

"Is there anything you need?" he inquired in a low voice.

"Yes, I think the child is suffering a great deal. Would it be possible to give him an injection?" she said, looking up for the first time. Why, this wasn't the doctor she had expected, she thought. This was a young interne, and she was assigned to work with an elderly doctor.

"You're not Dr. Davidson, are you?" she inquired in a puzzled tone.

"No, I'm his assistant. He told me to help you in every possible way. I'll be right back with some morphine," he added as he tip-toed quietly out of the room.

Once more she bent down over the boy, but this time she felt so different. She had such a queer feeling inside of her. "How strange," she muttered. "Maybe it was — " Oh no! she thought that would be terrible, absurd and too impossible, and yet, when the doctor entered the room again, that same feeling came back.

All that day the young interne constantly occupied her thoughts. When she returned to the convent in the evening, she felt much younger and happier than she had been in a long time. She didn't lie awake that night thinking about the awful life she had planned for herself. Instead, her thoughts wandered back to the hospital, and she couldn't wait 'till the next day when she would go there again.

One dark rainy night as she made her way home after another hard day's work she didn't go to report to the Mother Superior. Instead, she made her way quite slowly to the church. All alone in the large chapel, she knelt down before the stately altar. Bowing her head and folding her hands, she prayed, but gradually her thoughts wandered to the hospital.

She had worked hard all week, and yet the work seemed so much easier and so much nicer. Not once had she thought of herself as a nun. Instead she had been happy. For the first time in years she really felt as though there was something, besides loving God, to live for. Although she hated to admit it, she finally gave in to herself. She knew the reason why all of these things had changed so completely. She realized that she was in love. It had been so nice, working with him in the hospital. She remembered, when they looked at each other, their eyes always lingered a little longer than they should have, and when their hands met he always held them a little longer and tighter than was proper. All these things had led up to what had happened today.

She was called into the room to help give a child typhoid injections. The child was unconscious. She felt strange and very self-conscious as she realized that she was alone with him for the first time. She walked over to hand him the injection needle, but

before she knew what had happened she was in his arms, sobbing on his shoulder as he held her frail body close to his chest. She hadn't even tried to get away, she didn't want to. It was the first time and probably the last time that she would ever get a taste of real life, of excitement, and of love. She wasn't really in love with the doctor, she was in love with something mortal. It was so tiring and so very disappointing to love God when he couldn't return your love.

Falling face downward before the altar she took a small piece of glass from the hem of her dress. She raised herself and stumbled over to the statue of Christ. Kneeling down before it, she threw her arms around the feet and kissed them gently. Holding the glass up before the dim light she looked at it and brought it down hard across her thin wrist. With tears streaming down her soft cheeks she muttered, "I'm sorry, My Lord. I've been an unfaithful wife." With these last words she made the sign of the cross and sank to the floor...

HOW CHARACTERS IN LITERATURE HAVE HELPED ME TO UNDERSTAND AND VISUALIZE REMOTE TIMES AND SCENES

Novel

Can't you visualize the hot plains with their prairie schooners, sod huts, and sweating men? Because of Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" I can see all of this. It was brought to me mainly through the characterization of Per Hansa. In this man I could see all the struggle of the pioneer, his joys and his hardships. Per Hansa was silent like the prairie. Except for occasional storms they both went about their business undisturbed. Through Per Hansa, the prairie was brought home to me as something alive and dynamic instead of just a mass of yellow grass.

Essay

In the Addison Steel "Roger de Coverly Papers" a character greatly helped me to visualize and comprehend the age of classicism. By seeing a picture of a perfect man I am able to see and understand how imperfect the life of this period was. Of course, to be sure of this, I have referred to other essays which give the true picture of the life then. Therefore I can say that Sir Roger de Coverly is not a picture of the men as they looked, but is a picture of men as they did not live. In the essays themselves I find evidence of this. Addison and Steels say that servants are treated like those in Sir Roger's home only in a few other houses. Passages like these, but mostly the characterization of Sir Roger de Coverly, aid me in visualizing and understanding time which is so far removed.

YELLOW FEVER

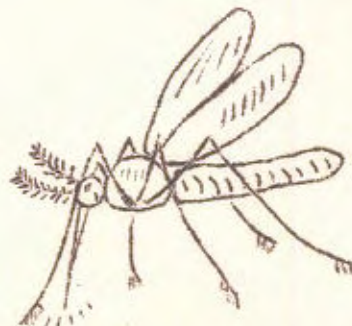
Yellow fever has been a menace to humanity for three centuries, its first appearance, the records show, was about 1650 in Europe.

Many people know what yellow fever is when they see it, but they have no direct proof that it is yellow fever. In the early 1900's Reed formed a theory: "We can tell yellow fever," he said, "by a sudden onset of weariness without previous symptoms. The next day the patient has chills, a headache, and painful limbs. Soon he is vomiting and constipation sets in and the patient's skin turns yellow. Then there is a "remission." The patient's temperature falls and in favorable cases the disease decreases. Then the temperature suddenly rises and again he vomits (only this time black). Convalescence is either slow or rapid depending on the severity of the case."

For two centuries the earth was in panic whenever yellow fever broke out, because they did not know how to exterminate the disease. They didn't even know what its cause was. In the beginning of the 20th century the cause was found. It was a simple little mosquito given the biological name of *stegomyia* or *Aedes aegypti*, but a mosquito simple enough to wipe out a whole city of 10,000 people.

There are two types of yellow fever, one "domestic" the other "Jungle Yellow Fever." These are two diseases under the same name, "yellow fever," but caused by two different germs. "Domestic" yellow fever means just what it says home yellow fever. It doesn't occur unless there are some clean, beautiful homes where the female *stegomyia* can lay its eggs. Whereas "Jungle Yellow Fever" usually takes place in or close to uncut forests or jungles. "Domestic" yellow fever has been known for three centuries, whereas "Jungle Yellow Fever" has only been known ten years.

— Richard Ross - 14

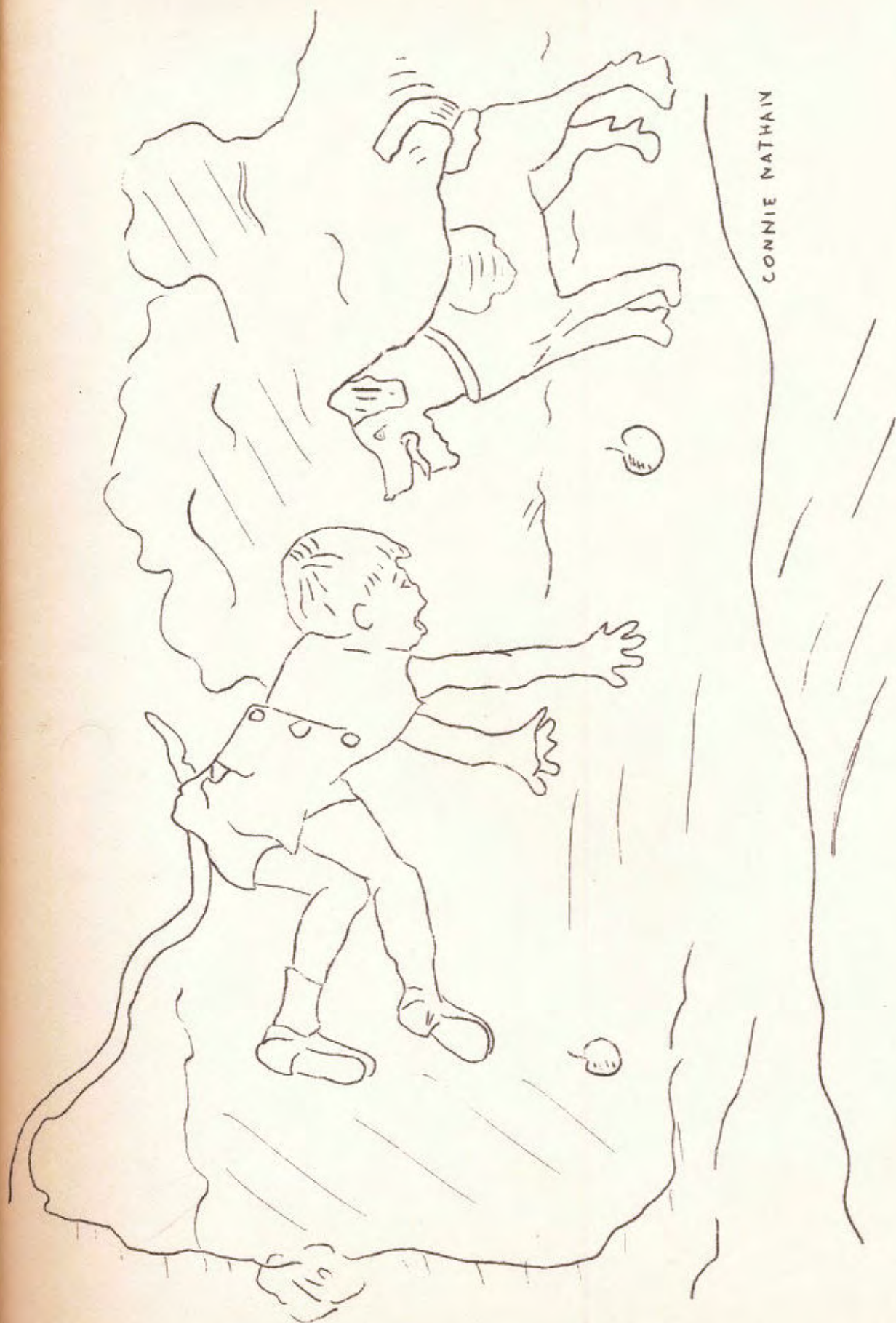


EMPIRE BUILDER

Once, one bright and sunny morning,
 I peered down upon the plains of Texas.
 On a cliff I stood and wondered
 Why this place seemed so deserted;
 How each rock and crevice stood it
 Resting, hotly basking in the sun so red
 and fearless,
 But suddenly, broke through the silence
 Sounds of waves, of thunder beating;
 Rhythmic thuds so quick and timely,
 Horses' hooves became distinctive
 Clopping lightly as they came.
 Then with cautious step, their leader
 Prancing with his long thin muscled legs;
 Danced from side to side before them
 On the barren yellow sand.
 Soon they came, those many beauties,
 More and more with manes a-flying.
 Black and shiny, silvery tinted
 Brown, or spots of dappled gray.
 Each swift body long and graceful
 Molded heads with large red nostrils,
 Piercing eyes so bright and eager
 Manes and tails with streaks of silver.
 On they came, and soon they left me;
 Clouds of dust rose high and thick.
 Fading sounds, like many echoes
 Booming, then gone far, beyond me.

...

That same day far out in Texas
 Stood with thoughts of mighty power
 One who wondered, grimly frowning,
 Could he build a city 'round this,
 Could he be a foe of Nature?



CONNIE NATHAN

THE LAST MAN

SOS ... SOS ... SOS ... the radio sang. The steamer "Marietta" was rolling hard in the heavy sea. The foremast and the rudder were smashed to pieces. No man could go on deck. Only 20 of the crew were left. The other 15 had been washed away in attempts to cross the deck or when the foremast had come down. Slowly but surely the steamer sank. Through numerous holes the water poured in. A few men worked a pump, but soon they saw it was useless. Only the wireless operator was busy in his cabin. Wet through and through he sent out his calls of distress. SOS ... SOS ... SOS.

The big express steamer "New York" plowed her way through the heavy seas. The captain stood on the bridge and said to the first officer: "A rather heavy storm, we ..." Before he could finish his sentence a boy rushed in and brought a message, which said: "Steamer 'Marietta' 100 miles off Nova Scotia sinking slowly. Quick-help needed."

The captain turned to the mate at the steering wheel and said: "North-east-north." The man swung the wheel around all of a sudden, bells rang, telegraphs spoke: "Full speed." The big boat shot forward, fighting with the big breakers.

After four hours the captain saw dimly a red signal rocket. Now it was gone! Complete darkness embraced the ship. After a while the captain gave the command to turn on the searchlights. Those big lights were playing on the restless water. Suddenly the mate yelled: "There it is! There it is!" Right in front of the "New York" the "Marietta" was lying deep in the water, the waves breaking over her deck every second. The only connection was the radio. The captain thought fast: "For a boat the sea was too heavy. The only chance was the breeches-buoy." Quickly everything was made ready. Zoom! The iron ball flew over to the "Marietta." With the utmost difficulties the connection was made. After a few minutes the first man landed safely on the "New York." It took one hour to land 19 men of the crew. The buoy was floating for the last time over to the "Marietta." Over there the last man greeted it with a hearty smile. He got in it and just when he was between sky and water the "Marietta" rolled heavily over and with the noise of a shot the rope snapped.

The men on the "New York" were working as fast as they could. They bundled the line in, but too late! The waters had taken their victim down with the ship. The "Marietta" had gone down with her captain into the scamen's grave.

SKETCH

We entered the dark and dusty station and sat down to wait for our train.

As we sat there, I became conscious of people, of people all around me; some, rich, some poor, some laughing, some crying; some grumbling, some mumbling.

A well-dressed lady with a dog hurried through the crowd; a group of laborers mumbled as they passed; laughing children, all going, going somewhere.

A vendor stopped by and looking sadly at me said in a mournful tone,

"Pea-nuts, pop-corn, can-dy, lady? Nice and fresh!"

I turned my head and he moved slowly on. Spying the passing laborers, he yelled.

"Hy, Mike, Joe! How're you doin'?"

"Aw, dry up!" they called back, crossing to the other side.

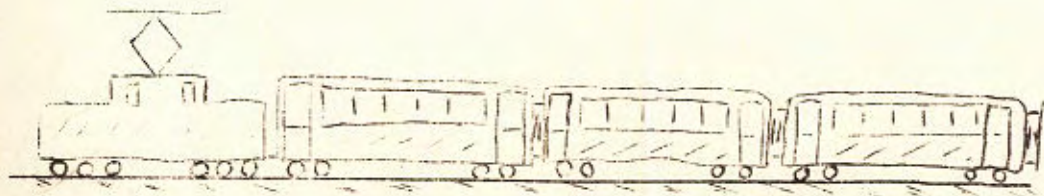
An old man hobbled by, carrying a large parcel and looking very tragic. Heaven only knows, I thought, what that poor old man has been through! Maybe a tragedy or poverty or sickness.

Then came a young man, with a brief case under his arm. My, but he looked clean and fresh compared to this dark and gloomy old station. But soon, he disappeared into the crowd and was lost from sight.

Just then, the 9:05 came in. My friends and I, gathering together our baskets and bundles, headed gaily for Track five. With a shudder, I hurried through the station, eager to get out into the fresh, clean world again.

Goodby, gloomy old station, there will always be places like you and people, maybe, but not I — and I stepped aboard the waiting train.

— Gloria Bloch - 15



MUCH ADO ABOUT DISPOSSESSION

Characters: - Ophelia (A young innocent maiden)
 Latimer (a neighboring farmer)
 Gahuzeufetz (a rat!)
 Mother Ophelia, mother to Ophelia
 Father Ophelia, father to Ophelia

Scene:- the parlor of a small cottage.
 Time:- April, 1897.

Father Ophelia - Cast upon the rising gold
 Your H₂O'd eyes.
 Methinks this day will
 Foster discontent and dispossession.

Mother Ophelia - Nay, not so, if fair Ophelia
 Doth but choose to grant
 Her luxened hand
 to time enriched Gahuzeufetz.
 Marry, she must.

Father Ophelia - But come - hasten to the kitchen
 It would set not well
 Upon her youthful disposition
 To see us brewing here.

(Exeunt)

(Enter Ophelia)
 Ophelia -

Oh, the Gods have woven
 A dark fate for me.
 In this spurred moment
 Must I my mind reset.
 I have up to this hour
 Said 'Nay' to this betrothal
 Must I with one breath
 Blow dirt upon the antiquated
 Escutchen of my family?
 Plunge the very creators
 Of this being into that
 Dark den, despair?
 This will I not do
 Now or ever. Mayhaps
 By honeyed tongue will
 I ply him into kindness.
 Often have I given ear
 To stories of how he
 Foreclosed this farm and that.

(Two pistol shots. When the smoke
clears away, both are dead)

Oph - Sir and Madame come.
 Here is a conclusion
 Dark and yet happy.

(Enter F. Oph and M. Oph)

Oph - There lies Gaheuzeufetz —
 And alas! here lies Letimer,
 White-hearted youth. Mine
 Honor defending to the last.

(Picks pistol & shoots self. Dies)

F. Oph - What mass murder have we here?
 Alas! 'Tis Gaheuzenfetz, Letimer, and Ophelia.

M. Oph - What care I? Never did I like them anyway.
 But our loans in future must we pay.

(Exeunt bearing bodies)

— Child Denham - 17

—

I was kissed at birth
By the moon.
A moon-child, I.
Silver tinges my soul
Silver shimmers my hair
Silver cases my words.
In a mist
Of moon-lov'liness I walk.
I move, apart from others,
In the moon-dust.
Apart,
I float,
Light, lovely as a moon-mote.
Apart, I move,
For silver tears I weep
For you,
Across a silver sea.

Pericles was an extremely patriotic man (at least he seemed so on the surface) and luckily so for us, for perhaps he would not have given us such a complete outline of Athenian ideals and accomplishments in his Funeral Oration, if he had not been Pericles, I think, was given his chance to give this outline by the fact that the stories of the Athenian soldiers' feats in the first year of the Peloponnesian War had been told many times in the annual Oration, and it therefore would only have tired the mourners to have it told again. And perhaps for this reason we have this lasting and brilliant document of Athenian affairs.

The ideas of Pericles' speech are probably his own, but just as some modern statesmans' speeches are written by others, many believe that Thucydides put Pericles' thoughts into powerful words.

One of the interesting ideas I noted was the contempt of Pericles for Sparta. At some points in the speech I begin to think he is trying to rouse the people against Sparta. He was quite cutting when he accused the Spartans of never enjoying life, but always living it under a military atmosphere, while the Athenians, he explained, beat Sparta in war, yet did not train half so much and could really relax and enjoy life. He also brought out the fact that the Spartans, vain as they were, thought when they lost a battle that it had taken the whole force of Athenian soldiers to vanquish them; then when they lost they were convinced that they had beaten the whole Athenian army. But they were only fooling themselves, Pericles informed the crowd, for the Athenians never used their full force in war until they had to.

Pericles' "Oration" is a valuable work, for without it we would not have so complete a summary of Athenian government and culture in such brilliant form. It could be read many times, and a person might find reflections there on the state of affairs today.

— Peter Reid - 15

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THE FIRST FLOWER

Drip ... drip ... drip! Drop by drop the ice melted away. In many spots the ground already looked through the snow. The brook was nearly overflowing. It had a hard time keeping its waters in its bed. The trees slowly try on their new spring costumes of little green leaves. Even Farmer Smith opens the windows of his little house to let in the warm rays of the sun.

But in one corner of the garden there is a little crack in the earth. Soon a tiny green point peeks out of it. After days in the warm sun it has grown into a little plant with two green leaves and in the middle a light green stem with a bud on top of it.

And one day this little bud opened up little by little and finally it was standing there in all its beauty with four little white petals ... The first snow-drop. The night came up and dark clouds formed on the sky. The next day awoke with a mighty snowstorm.

The ice stopped dripping and the earth again was covered with snow. The trees quickly covered their precious costumes with protecting coats and Farmer Smith quickly closed all his windows. The winter had come again; maybe it was to be his last visit.

Spring was too near, the first flower had stuck its white head out of the earth. Now it was covered with snow and only the green tips of the leaves looked out and waited for the sun to come again and melt the snow away.

— Klaus Kuntze - 17

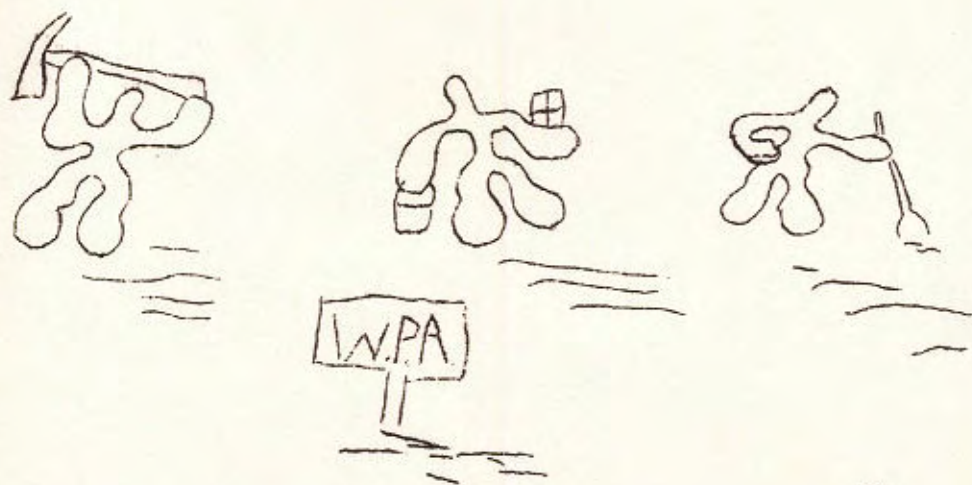
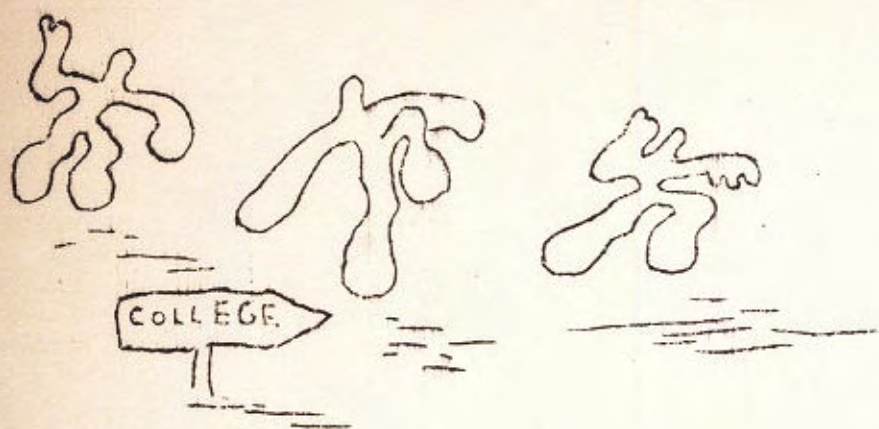
—

He sits in a corner.
He doesn't wish
To be seen when he is sad.
You can hear him say;
'Going without me?'

But then we call to him;
'Come on, silly,
'Come, come with us for a WALK!
A dash for the leash,
A mad scamper downstairs.

— Chloë Denham - 17





RK

DEDUCTIONS

In considering Frost's philosophy of life as illustrated by his poetry I shall take up first as an important factor, his evident and profound love of nature. In such a poem as "Birches", in which he expresses all the supple, silvery, beauty of their slender limbs arched against the wind, his deep appreciation and love for nature is embedded. However, not only this is shown by the poem. His human tendency to dream and wish for a release from the cares of life, emerges with the lines: "It's when I'm weary of considerations and life is too much like a pathless wood — I'd like to get away from earth awhile and then come back to it and begin over." However, most important, is the expression, in the following lines, of his desire to return to earth, when he says: "Earth's the right place for love", and his beautiful analogy of his desire to climb to heaven, up the snow white trunk, "'till the tree could bear no more and dipped its top and set him down again." This passage shows that he loved life and felt the world to be good.

The second factor which is of influence on his philosophy is his understanding of human nature which comes to us particularly in "The Death of the Hired Man." This poem characterizes three people in a most simple and yet adequate way. It pictures the hired man who is a failure in life according to our standards, and who has worked at various times on the farm of a married couple, whom we actually meet in the poem. The poet understands human nature so well that he makes you know the type of man represented by poor old Siles who has come home to die, through the combination of the kind, sensitive, words spoken by the wife and the practical, realistic words of the husband, as they discuss what should be done with the shiftless old man. We are also ingeniously made to recognize the characters of both the husband and wife and the closeness of their relationship. The author shows his understanding of human nature in this poem by the representation of the characters through their words and shows his tolerance chiefly through the words of the woman.

The third factor in relation to his philosophy is his emotional nature which shines brilliantly through two of his poems: "To Earthward" and "Fire and Ice." In the first we find that he has reached an emotional maturity and he brings out with inexpressible beauty, "the swirl and ache from sprays of honey-suckle" and the sting which the beauty of the rose gave him in his youth, but which maturity loses their potency and are of need replaced by a more bitter and stronger source of emotional satisfaction. This poem alone tells us a very great deal about Frost. It tells us that his emotional life has been complete and that his nature is deep enough to attain this fulfillment. From "Fire and Ice" we know that he has tasted the burning of desire and the impersonal coldness of hate, which indicates as does, "To Earthward," a full emotional experience.

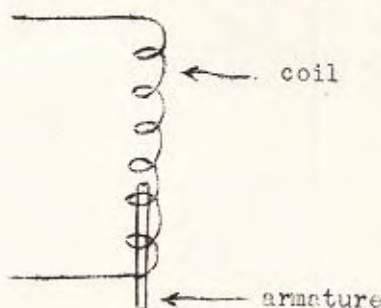
In summing up, I think that these things show him to be a man without cynicism and bitterness or fanaticism and affectation. He does not constantly seek, as do some, for the unattainable, and while he is by no means unimaginative, he doesn't be resorting to great, almost incomprehensible heights of depths to stir the emotions of the reader. There is a deep, sincere, yet simple, quality about his poetry, touched with humor and very often "kindly" sarcasm, which indicates to me a man whose philosophy might be summed up in the words, "live and let live." However, I realize that this is too vague to end my paper. Nevertheless, the philosophy of a man who loves nature with his heart and soul, who understands people, who has had full emotional experience and who has the sensitivity and ability to write poetry such as his must needs have a philosophy that makes him tolerant of life and of people, and happy in the recognition and appreciation of the wealth of beauty that fills the earth and sky.

— Marjorie Weingart - 17

ANOTHER METER

Electrical meters are of many kinds and types. The principle of the one now to be described is, like most of them, not complex. Their uses are innumerable. They are used in radio transmission control, electrical distributions, air conditioning, and myriads of more and less important purposes.

A solenoid is a hollow coil of insulated wire with a piece of iron, called the armature, partly inserted. The method of operation of a solenoid, the use of which will soon be explained, is as follows:



When a current is passed through the coil, theoretical lines of magnetic force, caused by the magnetic effect of the "juice," tend to shorten their length as much as possible. But when the iron, which is a magnetic substance, is placed in the magnetic path, some of the lines of force go through it rather than through the air because it has very much less magnetic "resistance," or "reluctance," in electro-magnetic terms, than the surrounding air, wood, etc. As a result of this tendency to shorten, the armature is pulled into the coil.

The number of magnetic lines of force (Φ) around a magnetized coil is equal to the magnetomotive force (m.m.f.) divided by the sum reluctance of the circuit. Or in equation form:

$$\frac{\text{m.m.f.}}{R} = \Phi$$

Because the reluctance (R) of the magnetic path is practically a constant it will be easily seen that the pull on the armature is directly proportional to the magnetomotive force. The m.m.f., though, is numerically:

$$0.4\pi N \cdot I = \text{m.m.f.}$$

Where $0.4\pi N$ is constant

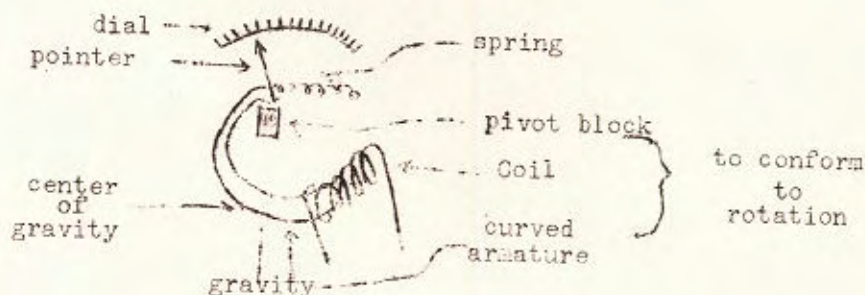
π being 3.1415926538 —

N being the number of turns of wire in the coil.

I being the current in the coil in amperes.

$$\text{Substituting: } \left(\frac{0.4\pi N}{R} \right) I = \Phi$$

Thus, we have the force pulling the armature proportional to the number of "lines" which, in turn, is equal to the current flowing in the coil times a quantity called "meter constant." This force is made to work against gravity and a spring and also to turn an attached pointer, thus:



This construction is designed for use on stationary panel-board so that the force of gravity is constant in resisting the "pull" of the coil.

Practically all meters can, by the use of different sized wires and varied number of turns in the coil, be made to be used for measurement of volts (pressure) and amperes (current) in decimal values.

WORLD CONDEMNED

Life imprisonment should be substituted for the death penalty for the punishment of premeditated murder. The death penalty is based on a wrong principle, the principle of "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," all of which has been abandoned by modern criminology and penology. The state murders when it enforces the death penalty; it has no moral right to kill. An old but lasting statement holds true in this case, "Two wrongs don't make a right." Furthermore by enforcing the death penalty there is no chance for reform. "True punishment considers the offender as a patient of society. Its primary function is to cure, not to castigate; to heal rather than to hurt. One important factor which is overlooked by the enforcement of the death penalty is the sacredness of human life*." We teach people to kill, and the state is the one that teaches them. If a state wishes that its citizens respect human life; then the state should stop killing. Perhaps the most powerful reason in favor of the abolition of capital punishment is the humanizing influence that it would exert on society as a whole.

"Thou shalt not kill". According to the teaching of Christianity the death penalty stands condemned. Capital punishment is based upon the assumption that the murderer is beyond the reach of spiritual reclamation and is unfit to live; Christianity tells us that every human spirit is of infinite worth in the sight of God. If we are still to inflict capital punishment because of the Mosaic Law, it would be equally reasonable to establish the lawfulness of a plurality of wives on the same authority.*" Without a shadow of doubt capital punishment stands condemned; for it denies the very essence of the teaching of Christianity by violating man's moral judgment.

* Victor Hugo and Dickens

— Betty Michaels - 16

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THE RISE OF COMMUNISM

The Third International

The Third International, or Comintern, was organized in Moscow in 1919 as a product of the Russian Revolution. The leaders included Lenin and Trotsky. "Out of two years of dissension; the Third International arose as the representative of those left wing elements in the revolutionary movement to whom the theories and practices which led to the Russian success seemed universally applicable.*" It supports the doctrines of Karl Marx and the First International. It does not expect capitalism to be overthrown without the use of force. It has its headquarters in Moscow and its adherents include all communist parties. It is the parent body to which the orthodox communists of the world

*Farm article by Lillian Symes, Harper's Magazine, Dec. 1930.

are bound by the closest ties of loyalty and discipline.

Since the congress is too large a body to do much more than reserve reports and pass resolutions, the executive is the real governing group of the International. The executive is elected by the members of the Communist party.

— Natalie Sterman - 16

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THE HISTORY OF CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

Cherry Lawn School was founded, in 1915, by Dr. Fred Goldfrank, a retired physician who had always been particularly interested in work with children.

Dr. Goldfrank started the school when Mrs. Stein, his sister, asked him if he would tutor her children, Robert, Beatrice, and Harold.

After a year of his tutoring the Stein children at Mrs. Stein's home in Stamford, some of Mrs. Stein's friends heard of Dr. Goldfrank's teachings, and asked if he would teach their children too. This was the beginning of Cherry Lawn School.

Classes were very informal, generally around a table, or in the woods, or on the big lawn. Living a healthy, active, outdoor life, the small student group kept up the outdoor classes throughout the winter; they paid no attention to the thermometer when it dropped, but kept up good spirits throughout the cold weather; they sat perfectly comfortable, protected from the wind, and much more alert than if they had been in a school room.

At the end of the first year the decision of both the students and the teachers was in favor of an outdoor school.

But every school needs a library and a laboratory for extremely cold weather, and so the second year began by building a house suitable for such use. Teachers and students worked together and built the first Cherry Lawn School building.

— Robert Faustman - 18

ON A HILLTOP

I am standing on a hilltop, looking over Lakehurst Airport. It is Thursday night, May 6, 1937. I can see the dirigible "Von Hindenburg" sailing majestically through the air towards the mooring mast. The ground crew is waiting for the ropes to be lowered. The camera men are grinding away. Everything is ready.

The air-ship noses down towards the mooring mast. It is coupling, and the ground crew is pulling away at the ropes, when, all of a sudden, I see a little tongue of flame shoot up from the rear of the zeppelin. It spreads rapidly. The nose bursts into flame. As the rear settles

down to the ground the men of the ground crew try to rush away, but some are caught under the blazing dirigible. The passengers jump from the cabin. Many are burnt. An ambulance tears into the airport. Doctor and nurses jump out with stretchers. They take some wounded passengers and crew into the ambulance. It tears off again. Another ambulance arrives. The mass of flame and steel that used to be the greatest dirigible in the world settles down on the ground. Some more of the crew and the captain rush out. They are taken to a hospital nearby. The camera men rush away. The fire goes out and the crowd slowly melts away.

 Next morning I get up and go to the hilltop again. There, lying on the airport, I see a tangled mass of steel that was once the great dirigible "Von Hindenburg."

— Norman Levy - 11½

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FROM THE HILLTOP

On the top of the hill there was a flat stone on which I was sitting. I was thinking of the beautiful flowers and of the clear sky, I heard two soft voices. When I looked around, I saw two lovers on a bench. They didn't see else except each other and the tone of their voices sounded as though they were planning things for the future.

Later some children came running. Some were on roller-skates, some jumping rope, and others were playing ball. They all were smiling as the wind blew their hair against their rosy cheeks. They were talking and laughing and when the lovers saw them they sat silently and looked at them.

It was a beautiful sight with all the colors swaying in the wind and the light sky above.

After they watched them for awhile the boy started to talk to the girl. Then she smiled and they both got up and walked away. It happens that I know where they went because I was the girl.

When I woke up I had tears in my eyes because I remembered that afternoon a long time ago.

— Zelda Rosenberg - 11

MEN WITHOUT WORK

Down a wide, even street we walk, through crowds of merry shoppers ambling another way. Click! click! click! as our heels hit the pavement, for we feel especially happy today. Besides, we are excited by the delight of walking through such a crowd as this one. We walk faster and faster until we have left the crowd behind us and the street opens out before us and we find ourselves at the edge of a huge, flat square. We stop suddenly.

We meekly wander out among benches. In the distance we hear a steady, deep beat, very different from our merry trot. It has a dull sound. It shakes the square from end to end, but it is so heavy that it makes but little noise; and between these slow, ceaseless pounds, a shuffling of heavy shoes on sand can be heard. At first the monotonous rhythm grows so exasperating that we want to go away, but soon we wander out further, hypnotised by its steadiness.

All kinds of men in old, dark coats, hundreds of them, trudging aimlessly back and forth, around, falling into groups but only to wander out again without ever stopping, passing each other with never a word, turning, walking another way, with trudging step as if it would be the last.

We wander into the midst of the men; none of them sees us. We feel the heavy rhythm pounding in our heads. In alarm, we find that we are trudging with these derelicts in the same restless march!

We fight to get rid of the pounding rhythm; we fly out of the square, down the street, up the avenue, trying desperately to resume our trot; but we can never, never be free of this ceaseless beat. Never, as long as the men in the old dark coats keep marching, marching, marching, marching