





Dear Stu.

To some you may be a dabbler  
but to me you are a serious thinker  
whose thoughts are always on the other  
bellow and never primarily on ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> self.  
During this past year you have done  
much to help me become less self  
centered and have a better understanding  
and of the other guy. I'll never forget  
that <sup>night</sup> you and Ike gave me the first big  
push in the right direction. Although  
I have barely scratched the out the coast  
of my inadequacies I will always  
remember that you set me on the right  
track. I have learned many things  
from ~~all~~ <sup>this</sup> year together, many new  
worlds have opened up to me not  
only on the forementioned but also  
in the fields of corn collecting baseball  
and jazz you have done much  
to encrease my awareness.

I hope we will ~~not~~ keep  
in touch through out the years.

CP



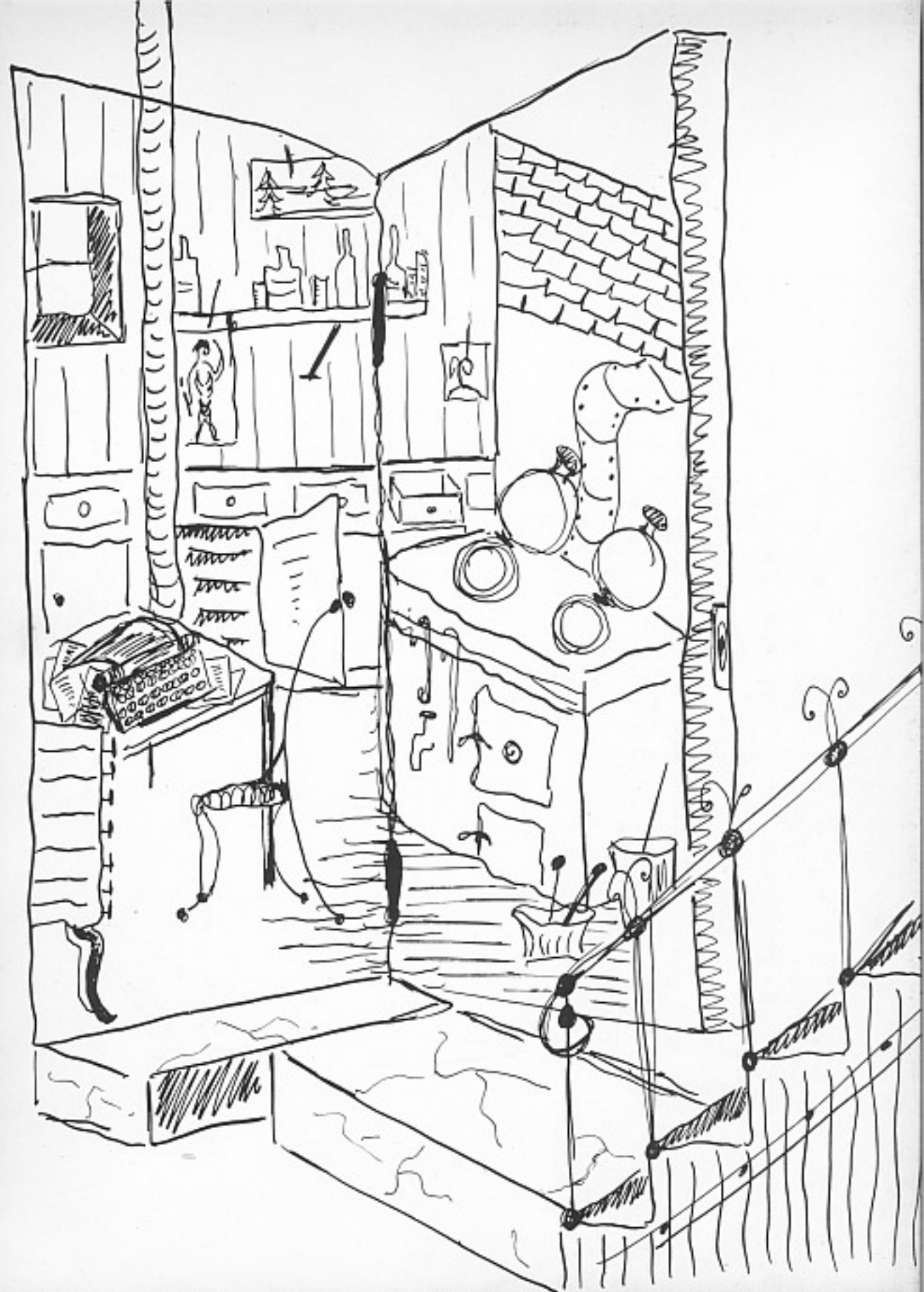
# CHERRY PIT

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Cherry Lawn School  
Darien, Connecticut







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Stu - expert grammarian,  
lexicographer, and  
gentleman. Your wit  
and diplomacy are  
a real delight. The  
school is finer for  
your presence - and  
I think the school is fine.  
All best wishes to  
one of most interesting  
and pleasant men  
"Congy."

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where is the classic cherry tree  
round which the children hover?  
o where?  
'tis gone!

how come no num'rels at the foot?  
how come the nameless cover?  
for you  
'tis come!

## CLUBS

Formed this year by Carol Davison, the First Aid Club meets once a week to learn the basic anatomy of the body in order to recognize illness and be able to administer the right treatment. This group participates in liberal discussions on medicine.

On two afternoons a week the Acting Technique group (sometimes referred to as the frustrated thespians society) meets under the guidance of Mr. Burwell. These people, along with getting a preliminary dramatic training, have also been given the opportunity to bring out their respective talents in the play entitled "The Yellow Jacket."

Wednesday evenings all those who are so inclined meet with Mrs. Roberts to



discuss the Old Testament. There the participants have stimulating discussions about the facts and interpretations of the Bible. Mrs. Roberts has brought a film on archeological excavations in the Holy Land and other related material.

For those individuals whose interests lie on the more cultural plane, there is the Music Appreciation Club. Here, with Don Emerson as Maestro, we sit amid the congenial surroundings of Dr. Stael's liv-



ing room and listen to classical music.

The creative writing group meets with Basil Burwell on one free afternoon a week. The members read their pieces of original writing, and listen to the criticism and discussion that follows. Bazz discusses writing devices with the purpose of technically improving the creations of the future poets and essayists.

And for the true intellects of Cherry Lawn, who find most of life extremely boring, we have an exclusive organization that caters to only those select few. This is called the "Cult." Here Mr. Hodge, who is so intellectual that we have to put him in a category all by himself, injects pearls of wisdom into the minds and hearts of all the members. He manages to do this by reading, sometimes from the original "C. Hodge Anthology," and discussing later. Invariably we wind up with psychological analyses and philosophical discussions which send us to our respective dorms engaged in the happiest kinds of morbid reflections.



... we have clubs ... council threw a square  
dance ... two steps forward two steps back and  
you are there ... acting technique has finally put  
on a play ... hurl that spheroid down the field ...

# STUDENT COUNCIL



You leave the Project for a breath of fresh air. As you walk up the road, you can still hear the orchestra playing. It's May now and you think to yourself "the year is practically over." Yet it seems as if it's September again, with the tea for the new students. How smoothly it went over! None of them could know about all the work that the Council did — but it was worth it. Things were much easier for the kids when they came up on Sunday. At least they knew some people.

And the Handbook. That was a surprise to not only the new, but to the old Cherry Lawners as well. You remember how your Council chose the committee, and how John, the President, and Stu Duboff came up to school early in order to have the book out on time.

Then you think of the past Saturday night activities — the square dance with the Lower School that Flo arranged. That was terrific! Everyone had fun, and the band they had was really good. Remember Judgement Day? That was fun. Linda and Val, who were the new Secretaries of Activities, worked so hard on that. Their fingers were crossed all night hoping that the kids would like it. There were others, too, like the pizza party when there were so many pizzas that a few were actually left over. Whatever happened to those extras?

You remember how hard Ike, the Vice-President, worked for his Lower House project — Stage Night. That was a good idea. The stage got much needed money and it was fun, too: a good dinner and entertainment, some of it even professional. He also saw to it that the road to the Project was fixed, so that tonight, the night of the Prom, the girls' shoes weren't ruined by the mud.

"All in all," you think as you re-enter the Project, "this year has been a pretty good one. Too bad it's almost all over."



# P R O J E C T



Cherry Lawn students are proud of their Project;  
Started in '50, it's now almost done.  
Doing the back room is this year's object —  
It may be hard but it's also fun.  
A modern construction down near the Lake,  
It's far away from every dorm;  
Of the back room a playroom we'd like to make  
Under the guidance of Steve and Norm.  
Our Prom in the springtime is now held there,  
With a band and formals and beautiful flowers.  
As couples enter they stop and stare  
Oh, what a change in a few short hours!  
It isn't just the building we mean  
When we have the Project in mind —  
Raking and planting can also be seen,  
And digging weeds of every kind.  
It's Norm and Steve we'd like to thank  
For all the work that they've done.  
On Cherry Lawn's list they really rank,  
Not just for the work, but also the fun.

# MUSIC

"Don't forget to put the candy away. Are there enough ash trays?" This is a joint meeting of Don Emerson's Music Appreciation group, where the club joins the class. We have gathered at Dr. Staël's house to listen to and to discuss classical music. Look — there's the president of the school all covered with wool — he's helping one of his council members with her knitting.

Our attention is really on Don, who is explaining the finer points in the music. The members of the class look smug: they have already learned about the techniques used in the piece and know what to listen for. "Now, after the first movement you will hear . . ." Don sits down to play the piece on the piano. We do try to understand what he is showing us.

Sometimes we try to sing. Since we do not really know how to read music, our first attempt usually results in pure discord. After a few more tries, though, we manage to sing the piece fairly well.

Don is telling us something. Oh! Mrs. Roberts just called to find out where the girls are — it's half an hour after curfew. Reluctantly we leave — already looking forward to next week's meeting.

## DANCING

Mr. Pompianov's dancing classes are the scenes of some of the funniest exhibitions Cherry Lawners are capable of putting on. Mr. Pompianov believes that dancing involves putting into use one's mental as well as physical faculties. Cherry Lawners secretly agree with him, but once in dancing class they suddenly have no mental or physical faculties to utilize. A scene such as the following takes place between a Cherry Lawn student and Mr. Pompianov quite frequently:

Mr. P.: Now do you understand this step?

Student: What step?

Mr. P.: The one I've been teaching you.

Student: No.

Mr. P.: You don't understand it?

Student: Yes, I understand it, but I don't agree with you. Looking at it from a psychological viewpoint, it's all wrong.

Mr. P.: Why?

Student: I don't know how to do it.

The exercise is not all physical in Cherry Lawn's dancing classes.



THEATRE  
ARTS





## THE PAGEANT,

with completely restyled sets,  
was as moving as ever.



Mary and Joseph were played by  
Rochelle Sholder and Steve Potter;



the solos were sung by Florence  
Gralnick and Michael Gold.

The Cherry Lawn dramatic season was highlighted by the Senior Class production of Sophocles' "Antigone," and the Junior Class presentation of "The Informer." "Antigone," the last play in the Oedipus Cycle, deals with the tragedy of strength and pride in government. After the performance, one of the audience aptly commented that the greatness of such drama lies in the fact that it deals not with human failings but with human greatness. Stuart Duboff as the stubborn, fanatical Creon and Elise Landau in the title role played with fervor and understanding; the supporting cast was very effective.

An account of the terror of the Hitler regime, Bertolt Brecht's "The Informer" applies equally well to our own time. It is the story of the gradual moral destruction of a family — the loss of privacy finally leads to the loss of individuality. Peter Pakula and Sandy Mazer in the lead roles translated the horror of the situation admirably.

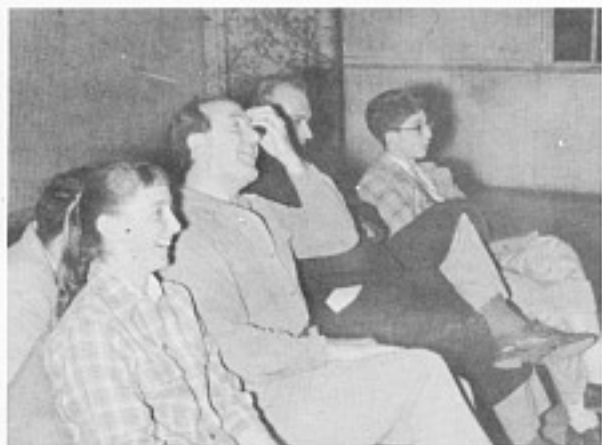
The recent Sophomore production of "The World of Sholom Aleichem" and several short Freshman plays complete the dramatic season to date.

On tap are Koestler's "Twilight Bar," the other Senior presentation, the Acting Technique class' "The Yellow Jacket," and several other class plays.

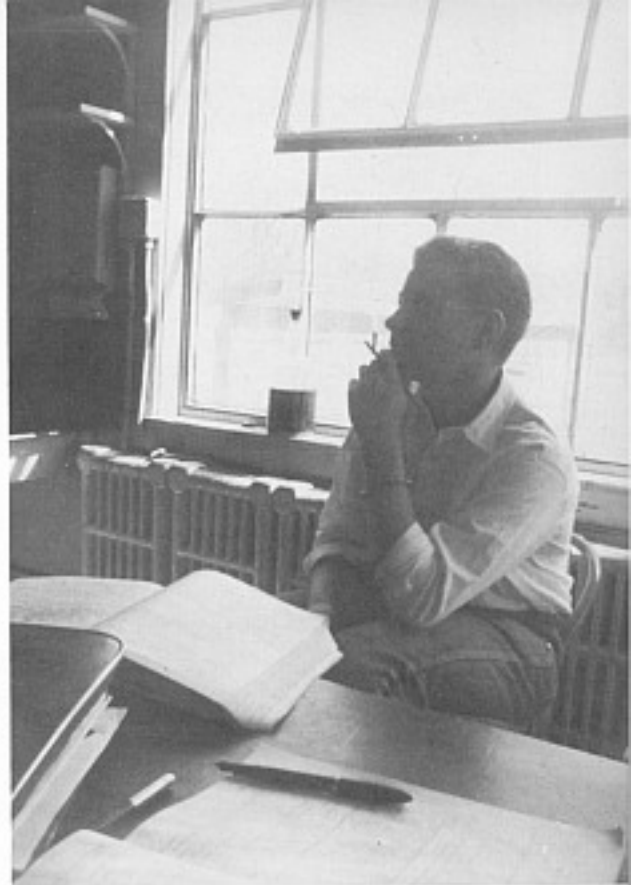




Again this year, Mr. Emerson put on a musical production — this time his own "Tom Sawyer." It was a good production: the only trouble was that almost the whole school was involved in it, so that there were few to watch.







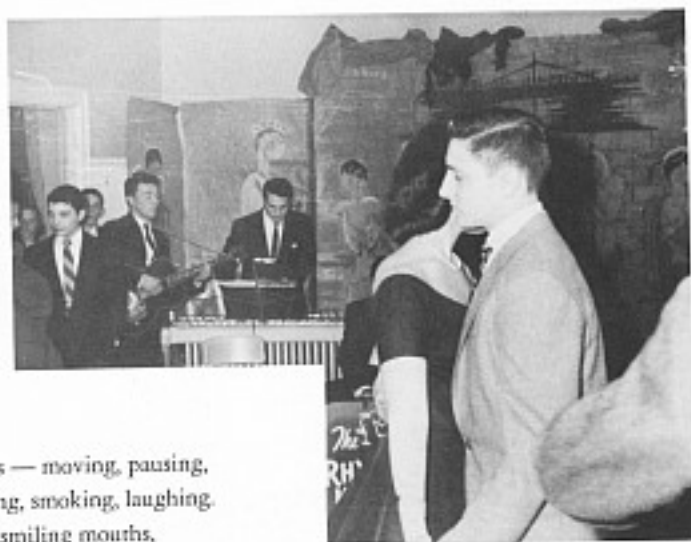
Dear Steve  
 All I can  
 say is that it  
 has been great fun  
 knowing you these  
 past years, and am  
 looking forward to  
 many more years of  
 friendship like we  
 have had.

Hoping all the  
 best and happiness  
 is the word, and  
 the success that  
 come with it.  
 Your Old Friend  
 Lil







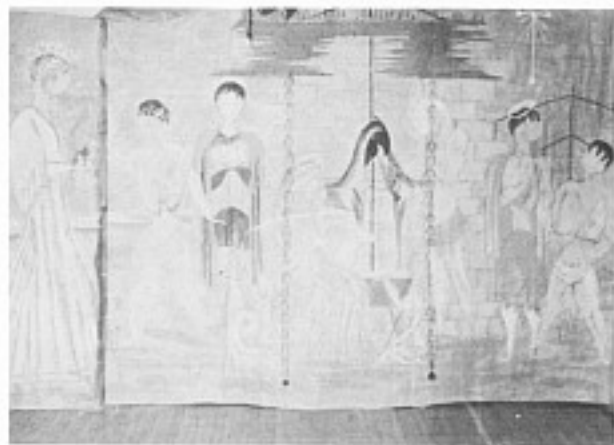
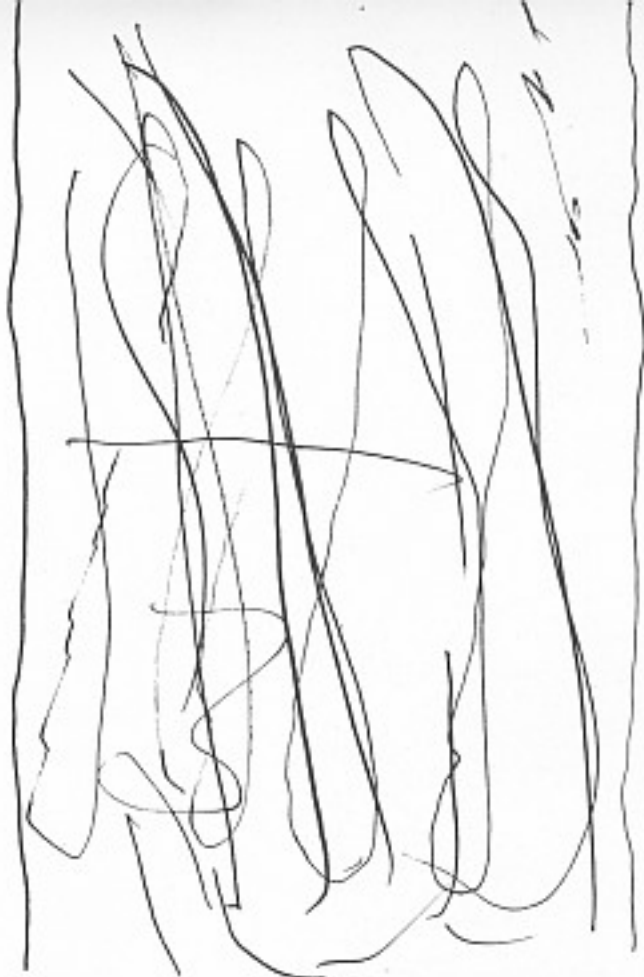


Colored dresses — moving, pausing,  
Dancing, talking, smoking, laughing.  
Flashing gold, smiling mouths,  
Music, punch, presents, jingles.



Presents,  
Jingles

Soft lights, bright colors —  
 Silver, red, orange, green.  
 Crowds of people blurred and gray.  
 Peaceful sitting, quiet talking,  
 Watching, seeking . . .



This page is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Alderman, Mr.  
 and Mrs. S. Ullian, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Jacks.

Opening season with scrimmage against Daycroft, Varsity looks good in 55-47 victory . . . starters score 47 . . . team zone effective, ball stolen many times . . .

Varsity again breaks 50, but loses to King's in closing seconds . . .

Active Junior High School program . . . much time spent in learning fundamentals . . . good game against Daycroft, loss on last second basket 33-34 . . . Werner hits with 18 . . .

Good performance against St. Luke's, second in last year's final league standings . . . team pulls up from big half-time deficit to within 8 points during last quarter, but cannot quite make it in time . . . Morse leads with 29 . . .

In triple header against Daycroft, C L S wins two — Junior High School and Junior Varsity, the first with record number of spills . . . Morse, tall man and scoring leader, missing as varsity loses nip and tuck game . . .

Varsity: Morse, Palka, Poster, Feller, Abady, Spiner, Zaibert, Halevi, M. Werner, Jampoler, Mendelowitz, Kaplan, Szolosi . . .

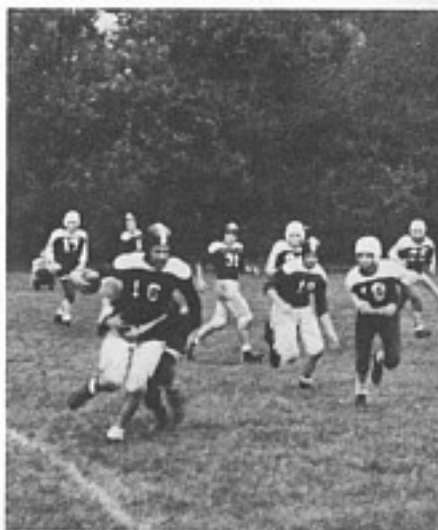
Junior High School team: M. Werner, Halevi, Berlin, M. Spiner, Jampoler, Mondschein, S. Werner . . .

## S P O R T S

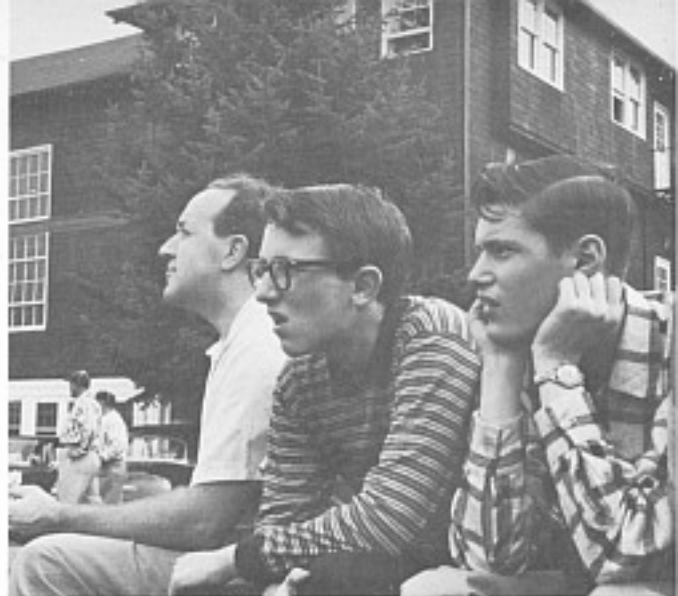




I wish  
 luck and a  
 happy summer  
 to all the  
 Tarders  
 Tony Padilla







This fall saw a larger turnout for football than the past few years. Cherry Lawn fielded three teams: the varsity, the middle-weights, and the light-weights. William Griffin coached all the teams.

The captain of the varsity was Steve Potter, who turned in many thrilling runs. Andy Jampoler led the middle-weights, and Marc Halevi and Teddy Berlin were the big boys for the third team.







Mrs. Lettie Lee Craig, Advisor to the Seniors





Dear Seniors:

There is in your dear group' such a mixture o personalities in various stages of development that I can only wish for you that you shall not be too easily satisfied with yourselves in life! May you have insight to continue to improve upon yourselves — some of you may not even now grasp the amount of improvement that is possible.

In Bhagavad-Gita Hindu sages describe three stages of development with certain dominant tendencies. There are those whose bodies and spirits are sluggish, deluded about the real values in life, full of immediate indulgence, bent on giving in to themselves, which makes them at the same time restless, bewildered, slothful. Others have reached the next step of passionate thirst for knowledge, pleasure, possessions; hungry for action, they are eager to control environment and are able to benefit mankind some. The highest level has been reached by those who long for happiness, but search for it in true knowledge — whose understanding shines through the senses, who have capacity for sustained effort for others, gaiety, generosity, compassion, love. Those may be the truly educated ones whom Harry A. Bullis so convincingly discussed in "The Future Belongs to the Educated Man," in the January 21st, 1956, issue of the Saturday Review of Literature. Confidently, I expect some of you, our Class of 1956, to be among those so educated.

We have always known, in a kind of abstract way, that the highest commandment is "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but it has been taken as something tenuous, a long term proposition, which anyway would not receive its reward until in the next world. Now, our Atomic Age changes all that! There is a new urgency, the imperative command is now: "Love or Perish." Dear Class of 1956, believe me, this commandment of our own time you must heed! It is natural that youth goes through a period of self-centeredness. Some of you are supremely out for yourselves, but it will not lead you to real happiness. There is no lasting satisfaction in life but the one derived from being able to help others! Heed this Atomic Age plea "Love or Perish." I do not want to see a single one of you continuing on this insidiously innocent — for the moment so satisfying — path which takes you to the latter alternative.

God bless you all.

Always your friend,

"Dr. Stael"



STUART VARDEN

Brother Stu is as hot as he is cool —  
He dipped in madly and plucked like a  
fool.

See that square dibble round nearly —  
That man's real gone, but he's with us  
completely.

To Stu  
a great guy  
who I really  
think is a  
great guy  
Best friend  
the future  
Tom  
+ Bartley



BARBARA GROSS

It's just not like last year! There's no ac-  
tion around this place any more. What  
am I going to do?

Valaariice!!!!



ALISON MILLER

"Allie Babe" is doodling pictures of horses  
again. In Bio class, too! Well, horses have  
something to do with Biology, don't  
they, Mr. Rowe?



#### DALE JUNE BEDERSON

Are you ready? Let's go! Let us plunge immediately into an analysis of Cousin Dale. She is possessed of a unique talent for being happy. She will be happy though Hell should bar her way. She . . . Oh, well! How can I analyze such a pretty girl as she, when I have no dance to put on?



. . . we are the seniors, the dirty rotten seniors, we leave a trail of blood where e'er we go . . . this snatch from the twelfth grade chorus' repertoire is, according to some, a one-sided view of the class . . . since this practice has been offensive to none, we have extended it, giving sketchy glimpses . . . of the seniors . . .

#### ALBERT LEVITT MORSE

Al has a new idea for developing the cultural aspect of old New York. First we must organize this union. Then we'll need an I.B.M. machine by means of which to classify each member. Anyone interested in becoming a patron or buying stock, meet Al in Ye Olde Pipe Shoppe.





### JÁN PÁLKA

John Pálka, he can hammer!  
John Pálka, he can sing!  
He thinks and writes and wonders —  
He can do most anything.



### CLAIRE ROBBINS

Your Name  
January 43, 1938

In my opinion, the most vital human characteristics are:  
Machiavellianism  
Existentialism  
Pessimism  
Loquaciousness  
Masochism  
Instability, in order to make life more interesting  
Fighting society on issues of religion, sex, and philosophy  
These traits are not necessarily in order of importance. They are all equally important.



### ISAAC BECK

There will be a meeting tonight. Everyone is cordially invited to attend, but everybody must be there . . . on time!

ARLENE FISHER

All right! You take charge of finances.  
Talk to whoever you have to and get  
us the money. You take care of the paint-  
ing. Get a hold of Baby Doll and see to  
it that he works. You go and get us lights.  
You tell . . . to . . . You . . . , and don't  
ask me any questions!

Yes, Arlene. Yes, Arlene. Yes, Arlene.  
Yes, Arlene. Yes, Arlene.



NORMAN JACOBS

Today I'd like to conduct an experiment.  
Those who know how to chop wood,  
please raise their hands. . . . nine? . . .  
ten?!! Then I'd like to see all of you  
down at the Project this afternoon —  
you too, Mrs. Craig.



PAULA WEIDEGGER

To the Village I must go,  
I must go, I must go,  
To get some shiny earrings so  
I can be modern from ear to toe.  
You see her coming from her room's dark  
void  
Bearing her copy of Sigmund Freud —  
Big blue eyes, long black hair,  
Different, intelligent, but oh, so fair.





TO ANOTHER STUART —  
JUST PLAIN SINCERE  
BEST WISHES —

I KNOW  
YOU WILL  
GO FAR  
WHEN  
YOU GET  
TO COLLEGE

— AND I  
KNOW  
I SHALL  
SEE YOU  
WHEN I  
COME  
UP HERE  
NEXT YEAR —



#### STUART BRUCE DUBOFF

On this, the auspicious dawn of a new life, what are the complexities that shifting fate has woven for him? Shall his radical art find friends in our world, or shall it be doomed to a ringing bell and — "Let us stand on our heads?"



#### STEVEN POTTER

Er spricht Deutsch sehr gut und spielt Fussball auch. Er ist ein gross "Er-Mann!"



#### TOBY RAIT

Toby, Toby, she's our girl!  
There she'll sit, and knit and purl.  
Beep bop — a — doo bop, boop boop.



# FLORENCE JOYCE GRALNICK

Sweet little Yummy patted her tummy  
To see how big was her waist.  
She looked at the number —  
It didn't become her;  
And she stopped eating ice cream in haste.

... "how shall we handle this?" ... what do you mean? ... what do you want anyway? ... open the window ... take your scarf off ... what do you mean, creative? ... "I refuse to discuss anything that is a fact" ...



Dear Stu,  
This year has flown  
by for me. It was wonderful  
having you for a friend and on  
I know I could always count on  
you as a true friend.  
Remember our train ride  
each, I'll never forget it.

# LINDA TANZER

The Saturday night activity is a bonfire  
in the Project. We'll have skating on the  
Lake, and if we can't have it on the Lake,  
we'll have it in the Manor House, ...  
Now where will I get something to  
wear? I just don't have a thing to wear!

Good luck next year and I hope  
you will keep in touch with me,  
until next year  
Love  
Linda



#### MICHAEL GREENBERG

"Since the Christmas Party is to be for no more than six nor less than four hours, wouldn't it be possible to have one hour of the party on one day of each month for from four to six months. It will continue the spirit of Christmas, and . . ."



#### LEA FOUSTANOS

Hey, Lea! Will you fix my shirt? Please take us swimming. Do we have to go to bed? Come kiss me good night. Me, too! Aw, Leeah!



Dear Mr. Greenberg,  
 What your little comment said I think  
 is very true: "That man is real gone, but  
 he's with us completely!" Sometimes you are  
 very close to other people, and sometimes you  
 seem to be all alone - and that is good, too.  
 But mostly you have a feeling for other  
 people that is wonderful.

ELISE LANDAU  
 And folksy Elise wiggled her hips so  
 To the beating rhythm of music calypso.  
 Last year we saw her prancing around  
 Atop a frisky pony —  
 This year she was Gabriel  
 And righteous Argentine.

I really wish you all  
 the best of everything, from  
 the day we graduate, on.

Love,  
 Elise

### ROCHELLE SHOLDER

Sweet Shelly Sholder is now several years older  
Than she was five years ago.  
She dances and acts,  
She knows numerous facts,  
And sings "I'll give you one, Ho!"



Dear Stu-  
I think you're a  
wonderful person, and  
I'm glad we became  
friends this year. I guess we  
can thank Mr.  
Hodge for that.  
I'll never forget  
how patient you  
were when I  
couldn't do those  
experiments.  
Love,  
Shelly  
→

### ROBERT ABADY

The sheikh "Continental" has come to  
us from far-off Egypt via a schooling in  
the French manner. He is accustomed to  
say what he feels, and his opinions, often  
unusual, have stimulated many pleasant  
hours of discussion. Argument, anyone?



### KAREN RASSAS

Señorita Honey! Where are you? Your  
room is messy again! And that dresser!  
How can your roommates put up with  
you? The people of Redbank would  
never tolerate such actions, I can tell you.  
By the way, Redbank High lost again.  
Sound familiar?





JUDY HESS

Judy is a cutie!



NANCY FINKELSTEIN

Buddy, honey, yo' all cain't tell me dat a  
white mouse an' a brown mouse is gonna  
have fo' brown babies. Dat jest don' go  
— Alabama, Geo'gia, an' nowhere else  
in de Lawd's creashun, nuther!



VALERIE MATZ

Val is gay, Val is fine.  
Val has got thar modern design.  
Ah - haa!



## STANLEY KELVIN

I've rarely seen such an unusual lindy motion, Marlon. It's not right to "go ape" any more, because going ape means acting like little monkeys.



... said, after a tiring afternoon, about this year's seniors, "I think without a shadow of a doubt that they have proven themselves beyond any comparison"...

## IGO ZAIBERT

he writes poems in the language (which we do not understand) of his home, but FanTastiC cartoons and music (swing as well as great Classical) represent igo the granddaddy of the brotherhood.

*To Stu,  
Getting to  
know this  
year has been  
really nice.  
We had some sweet  
about you, I hope you  
know; and I think you  
were a pitcher in our baseball  
team. Congratulations  
Best of luck in the  
years to come.  
Igo Zaibert  
The Flash*



# LOWER SCHOOL



The echo of the Lower School resounds throughout Cherry Lawn.

On an afternoon, while cheers are being practiced for the forthcoming Lower School game, a tether-ball game is in full swing, making the campus alive with voices. At the art shop a hunk of clay is being formed by a pair of small hands into a figure of some imaginary concept, or brushes are being swept across large murals in preparation for parties and plays. On another afternoon, one can hear Donald Emerson at the piano, accompanying a number of strong, youthful voices as they sing out the adventures of Tom Sawyer.

The Lower Schoolers work with the older students in such sections as the Christmas Pageant, and, this year, in the musical version of Tom Sawyer, written and composed by Don Emerson. The whole school was also at the square dance and the Halloween party.

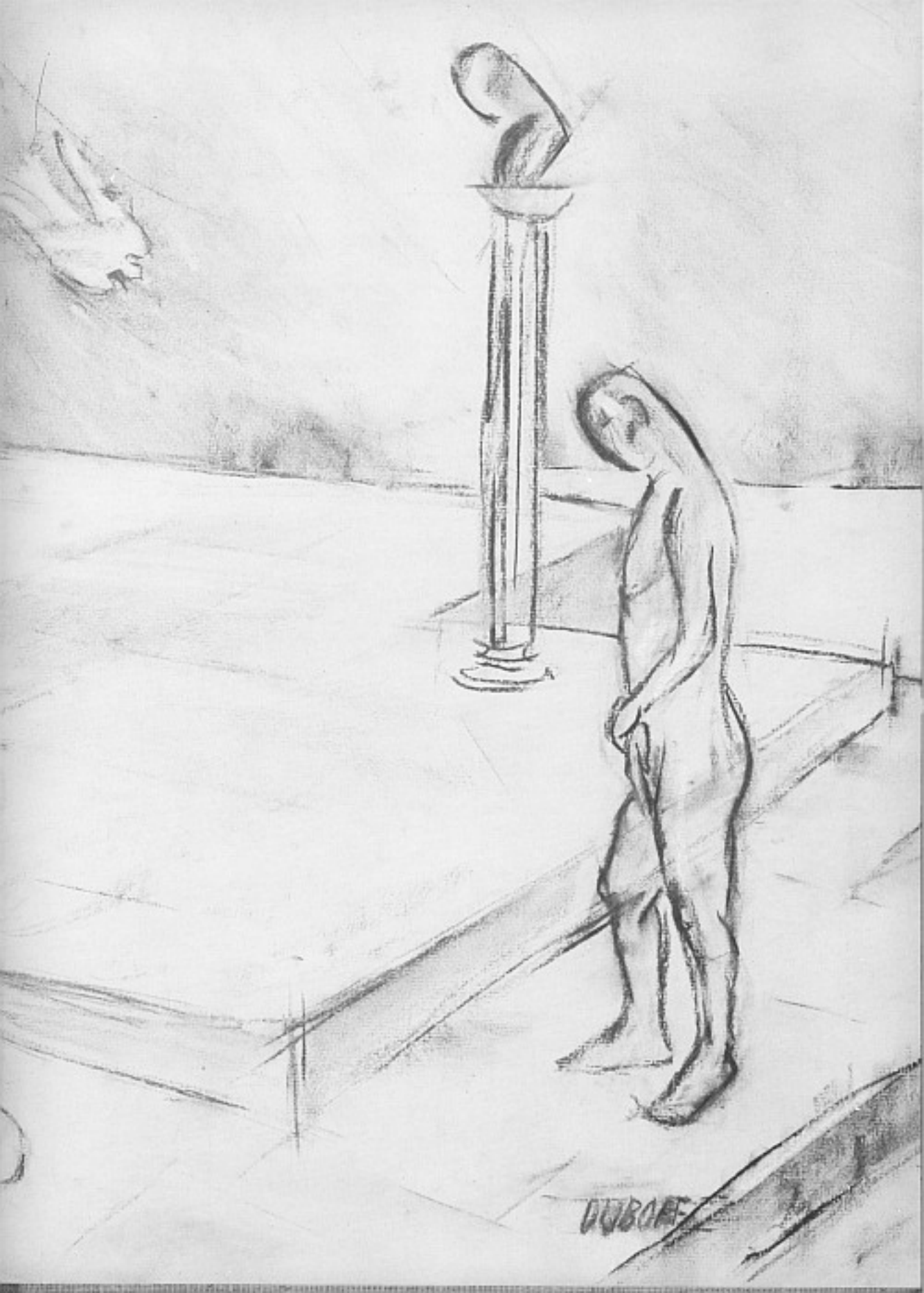
In all, the yelling of the Lower Schoolers convinces us that some day their voices shall bellow like ours, and that they shall be future bench warmers on the assembly porch.



FINE  
ARTS







# OF A DREAM

## (THE ARMS RACE)

Now here is the last section of a dream,  
Which when I awoke, left that's extreme.

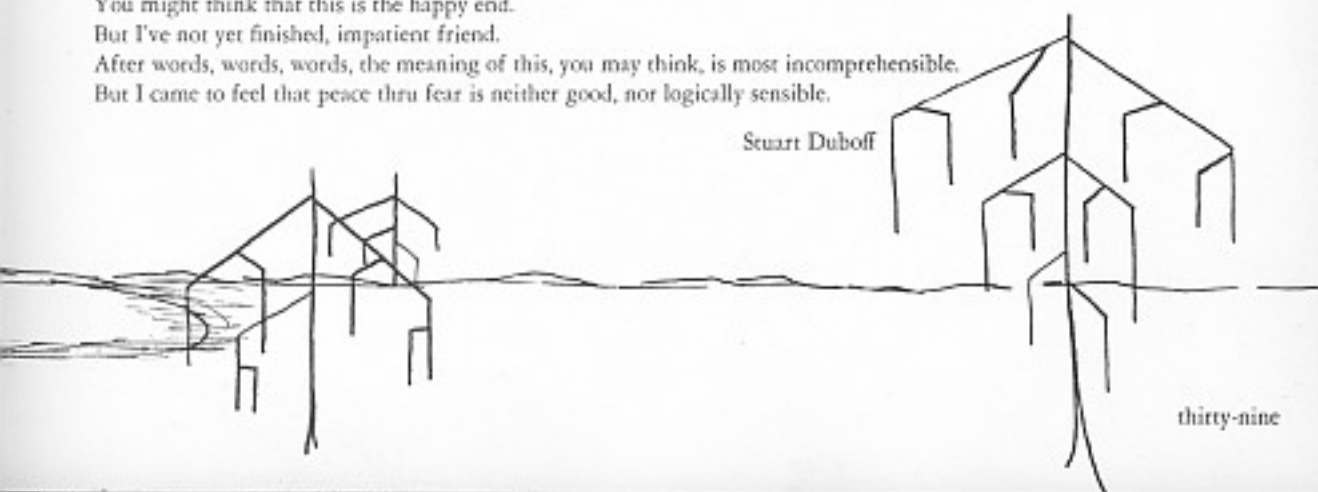
Close-up I saw the dry cracked clay.  
I saw a new scene when I backed away.  
The crushed earth became a relief map in this view.  
And of the four men right by, there squabbled two.  
Both born the same day, of same father and mother,  
There was mustached Feabran and far Hetrom his brother.  
They smiled when I entered; they were pompous, but cute.  
I watched as they argued; it was a boundary dispute.  
Feabran, in a rage, rubbed a chalk line from the map.  
Then he quickly stormed out, forgetting his cap.  
Hetrom sent to his brother a man,  
To punch Feab's nose and kick his can.

The remaining two each other attacked.  
Both were hurt; neither was wracked.  
All for a geographic position — a square yard of land.  
Something human exchanged for a trite bit of sand!  
I wanted not to see things that made men stray from —  
Better ways, and to human beings do what is wrong and dumb.  
I cried, "Stop it! There is no value in what you try.  
If you're sincere, as you claim, make reason verify."  
They would not stop for any plea,  
Or at least any words that came from me.  
I did not want to apply threats and use of violence.  
But in long run, I thought, this act would be a lesser offense.  
With virtue out-weighting evil how could I possibly be wrong?  
"Here I go — one, two, three — principles, so long!"  
My hand at my waist, I felt my brass-buckled, wide, leather belt.  
I took the belt from my trousers, and whirled it above my head.  
Both separated, moved away, and me they did dread.  
Each moved to a different corner of the floor.  
They begged, "Don't beat us. No more —!"  
"You are right,  
We mustn't fight."  
Oh, how it hurt to see them only stop for fear.  
They stopped, I know, 'cause pain loomed near.  
I was a third power of impartiality,  
But none of this gray neutrality.  
I did not favor one side more —  
I stood with both against their war.



I felt just like a Gulliver,  
But his work was prolific.  
A man from each side by me knelt,  
Begging, "My master needs a belt."  
When I refused the leaders came saying it best,  
For them, like me, with a belt to be dressed.  
Their evil desire I was forced to condemn,  
But in the end belts I gave them.  
I saw that one each king got —  
Hoped and prayed they wouldn't plot.  
When each saw the other had the same,  
They came to me and cursed my name.  
Now outside sat Hetrom with all his men healed,  
At an end of a dry, bloodthirsty field.  
There was a white line right down its middle,  
Keeping Feab's jor from Hetrom's tittle.  
From the other end came Feabran's procession;  
Ready — get set — for a wild, wicked session.  
They carried an egg on a golden platter.  
I had no idea of what was the matter.  
A cheer, a march, a chant, a hum —  
They beat war rhythm on a drum.  
The other leader came to me,  
And said, "The war! It should not be."  
For sure his words were just and right.  
It is not good for men to fight.  
"My brother stands with egg in fist.  
We need equal power to co-exist."  
I did not want to but I gave in,  
To help stop trouble between close kin.  
It was a stronger weapon that continued the vicious game.  
But what could I have done? No two eggs are exactly the same.  
To honor their elliptical ray bomb, the Hetromites rang a bell.  
Their weapon was better; it had an eggier smell.  
I shouldn't have told that it would give off a sustained deadly gas.  
When word got around the others might try stockpiling cracked glass.  
Against sulphur eggs there is no defense,  
Except to keep one's nostrils tense.  
Morbid spectators came from far and near,  
Drinking buttermilk, belching up beer.  
Feabran went to Hetrom obese.  
"Enough of this, let's have peace."  
You might think that this is the happy end.  
But I've not yet finished, impatient friend.  
After words, words, words, the meaning of this, you may think, is most incomprehensible.  
But I came to feel that peace thru fear is neither good, nor logically sensible.

Stuart Duboff



## Life's Beginning

Once the world, a void . . .  
With the depthness of ocean,  
The infinity of space,  
All destitute of life.  
Then an evolution . . .  
Animation,  
And life began.  
First, one desolate creature  
Struggling to survive  
Thriving aimlessly alone  
And the creature grew  
Developing and awakening.  
And other creatures appeared . . .  
Two, eight, hundreds,  
All growing, developing and awakening.  
And in the eternity of time  
These creatures advanced and flourished.  
And then man roamed the earth —  
Yearning, hungry, afraid.  
Time persisted  
And like the existence before him,  
His mind grew, developed, and awakened,  
Giving birth to new thoughts; ideas.  
Civilization grew — and expanded.  
Man developed love . . .  
For objects around him,  
For man.  
And then, like a clap of thunder,  
Like an explosion,  
Another evolution  
And once again, the world . . . a void.

Jane Lashins





"The Cycle" by Nancy Finkelstein

A Mad Sea  
with leaping waves  
and ivory foam  
swayed under the hot air,  
clawed at the rocky shores —  
bursting, as the elements clashed,  
Then, with a nod from the creator,  
the elements blended —  
and the Mystery began.

Claire Zinn



## THE REFORMER IN SOCIETY

I feel that the majority of people pass their lives without seriously criticizing the conditions of the world in which they live. They choose to remain in the social strata into which they are born without thinking about the future; as all animals, they seek the satisfaction of the moment without realizing that they have the capacity to change lives.

It is only a few exceptional people who have the special kind of love toward humanity that makes them unable to endure the evil and suffering around them, regardless of what effect it might have on their own lives. These rare people must feel sorry to see the evils that men needlessly allow to continue. And if these people are people of vitality, they will attempt to embark on movements which would make real their beliefs. The leaders of these radical movements are usually disinterested in themselves and their careers. Although they are obviously as well qualified as the men who rise to influential positions they do not receive the applause of their contemporaries, nor do they achieve any great financial wealth. They have the capacity to win the prizes but knowingly adopt a line which makes the winning impossible. The pioneers of radical movements have usually experienced torture and even death because of their refusal to abandon their beliefs.

The impatient idealist is certain to be led into hatred by the disappointments he will encounter. The more adamant he is, and certain that what he preaches is true, the more bitterly he will resent those who reject him. Sometimes he will achieve an attitude of philosophic tolerance as regards the suffering of the masses, and also, upon occasion, toward the defenders of the "status quo." The unshakable faith which enables him to withstand persecution may lead him to believe that all those who reject him are lying, or dishonest in some other way. Thus an apparent hatred rises to the surface, and the masses, who give casual attention, will see only that this man (who has sacrificed all in order to benefit mankind) actuated far more by hatred than by anything else.

This, as well as other prejudice, has made it difficult for the intellectuals to cooperate with the extreme liberals even though they may in theory sympathize with them. Radicals view society as it exists from the outside, and are hostile to contemporary institutions. However, the view from the inside is also necessary for the complete truth. If we scrutinized the seeming hate and bitterness of many movements, we would find that it is not bitterness and hate at all, but a deep and strange love for humanity. (For one to love, not hate, those who torture the objects of his love would take a supreme amount of objectivity.)

One of the principal obstacles to the success of a radical movement is that men are blind, and do not analyze too deeply the purposes behind the movement. Yet, such obstacles have been surpassed, and shall continue to be, in an effort to win the minds of men as long as civilization continues.

Robert Abady

# TOO YOUNG

David Evanier

The State is a place that men dream of. Unfortunately, many men dream but few men act, and so The State is far from overcrowded. For it is the Heaven of those who have worked more for others than for themselves during their lifetime.

The standards of the State are humane and flexible. Yet through the years though many, many workers have been awarded the peace and freedom from want that they could not have during their lifetime, few of the men to whom the workers supposedly look for guidance have received the acceptance of this place where the oppressed never assume the role of the oppressors . . .

A trial was being held in the courtroom concerning the case of Johnathan Benjamin, American businessman accused of entering the State dishonestly. The people seated in the courtroom turned to the door as the three principals entered: Johnathan Benjamin, the prosecuting attorney, James Lewis, and the defendant's lawyer, Henry Rogers.

Johnathan Benjamin, tall, with a walk that bespoke his position, a face that revealed self-indulgence and a confidence to conquer at least a reasonable part of the world, and a quick, impatient manner . . .

James Lewis, humble in bearing, a nondescript appearance that would indicate little about the man, unless one were discerning enough to glance at . . . but one is usually not discerning enough.

The defendant's lawyer, Henry Rogers, entered last. Surly in appearance, he gave the jury a sweeping glance that indicated that he hadn't had much experience in this courtroom. He spied a number of friends in the room and made his way toward them, waving and brushing aside those who blocked his passage.

The jury was discussing the principals . . .

"I cannot imagine why that gentleman is so rushed . . . there will be much time for him to renew old friendships in the future . . ."

". . . I hear that young Lewis spends much of the night preparing his cases. The Judge disapproves of that . . ."

A hush settled over the courtroom. The Judge entered. "Will the jury please —"

A tired voice interrupted. "Judge, Judge, we have a man sitting here whose whole life is in your hands. Can we . . . can we prolong the misery, Judge? Can we, Sir?"

A few members of the jury rose in astonishment, but restrained themselves to await the Judge's reaction.

The Judge's face betrayed no emotion. "All right, Mr. Rogers, the trial will begin now."

The defendant's attorney, Rogers, began his case. "This is a man whose whole life has been one of devotion to you, Judge. A man revered and respected in his community —"

"Mr. Rogers," retorted Mr. Lewis, the prosecutor, "upon thorough investigation we have found no one whose feeling toward Mr. Benjamin was one of reverence, or even genuine respect."

"Judge! Judge!" The loud, whining voice of Mr. Rogers penetrated the courtroom. "We all know what this man is . . . this Lewis. His whole record is a blur on the integrity of our profession. His subservience to a cause . . . a cause that at this moment is threatening to engulf the world is well known . . . and I won't . . . I tell you now, Judge, have him impugning the character of my client." The deep flush on Mr. Rogers' face had grown deeper.

The Judge spoke. "The record of Mr. Lewis will be brought before the court at two P.M. Until then, court adjourned." The gavel sounded.



Mr. Rogers looked up from the group of friends he'd been noisily conferring with. "I don't like this, Judge," he declared angrily. "You know this is a snail as much as I do." At length, the record of Mr. Lewis was brought before the court. It was one of such marked accomplishment that Mr. Lewis was observed blushing rather uneasily. It was also mentioned that for some reason or other now forgotten proceedings had been started against Mr. Rogers to bar him from practice some years back.

Johnathan Benjamin fidgeted with his hands.

The trial continued. Late that afternoon, Mr. Lewis was making an important point involving the defendant's age. "On his application," pointed out Lewis, "Mr. Benjamin stated that he was fifty-three years of age. This was not true. Mr. Benjamin certainly knew that his age was two years, one month —"

A chuckle that rose and then wandered off aimlessly was heard in the courtroom. It came from Rogers. He was smiling. "Mr. Lewis, are you trying to make a farce out of this case?" His chuckle was growing louder, causing several members of the jury to cringe a bit. He made a feeble attempt to contain himself, gesticulating to the Judge in explanation. "I have here, right here, Judge, the birth certificate stating that John is fifty-three years of age!" He paused, looking to Mr. Lewis for some expression of disappointment.

The Judge interrupted. "Oh, you have the birth certificate, Mr. Rogers? May I see it please?" Mr. Rogers looked at the Judge for a moment, and slowly reached into his pocket. He then reached into another pocket. He searched both pockets again, and examined the inside coat pocket. He paused. "Judge, do you think this man is two years old?"

"That is a matter for the Court to determine."

Lewis continued. "You don't seem to understand, Mr. Rogers. Upon applying for entrance to the State, Mr. Benjamin took an examination. It showed that his age in the eyes of the Court was two years, one month —"

Rogers pounded the Judge's table. "That's ridiculous. Look at the man. He's big, strong, what a man should be, Judge." The jury looked at the man. He was big and strong.

"Perhaps I'd better review what the exams consists of. Mr. Benjamin's age is based upon what he has done in life, what he has accomplished. The minimum age is eighteen: adulthood," explained Lewis.

"Great! Good! John Benjamin, as I've said time and time again my friends, was a leader among men. He was president of his father's company, a man about town, one of the most successful men in the country. What . . . what more do you want?" Rogers was pleased with his defense, although he could not be sure that the jury's scattered laughter was on his side.

"Would you like to hear how the score of two years, one month was arrived at?" Lewis insisted.

"Oh, all right. It's irrelevant. Oh, go ahead."

"Mr. Benjamin was credited with six months for granting back pay to a paralyzed worker whose illness was directly caused by the dampness of Mr. Benjamin's factory. Benjamin had always proclaimed himself in private against such humane measures. He gained six months for not telling his father that he's hated him all his life. Instead he offered sympathy when his mother left their home. Six —"

"Oh, that's enough of that. I've just had my dinner." Roger's pleasure had vanished.

The next day Mr. Lewis called his last witness. "Joseph Jackson!" A tall angular boy rather clumsily approached the stand and sat down.

"What was your occupation, Joseph?"

"Shoe shine boy, sir."

"One, just one moment here, Mr. Lewis. This witness, where'd you get him from?" shouted Rogers.

"I don't think I understand you, Mr. Rogers."

"Ohhh, I think you understand me, Lewis," screamed Rogers, his voice cracking. "Aren't

you going off the deep end just a bit?"

"No, but that's where your client is going!" Lewis snapped.

"Objection! Objection . . . Mr. Lewis is prejudging the case. I won't stand for that, Judge."

The Judge looked down at Mr. Rogers. "Mr. Lewis's comment was out of order, Mr. Rogers, but I'm afraid you've left us all in the dark as to your objection to this witness."

"I don't think his appearance in this Court is proper."

"Mr. Jackson's age as arrived at by the State is twenty-two, Mr. Rogers."

"Judge, don't you see anything wrong with the appearance of this individual before this Court?" pleaded the defense attorney.

"Why should I, Mr. Rogers?"

There was no answer.

Lewis continued his examination of the witness. "Did you know Johnathan Benjamin?"

"Yes, I did, sir. I used to shine his shoes."

"Did you like him?"

"Well . . ." he lowered his eyes.

"Please answer, Mr. Jackson."

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Why didn't you like him?"

"A few times he kidded me and said I wasn't any good."

"What was his reason for saying these things?"

"I think he . . . uh . . . well, didn't like my color."

A voice resounded through the courtroom. Mr. Lewis!"

"Yes, Mr. Rogers?"

"I think that . . ." he stopped suddenly and turned to the jury. He glanced at their faces.

"Oh . . . never mind."

Lewis thanked the witness. "Gentlemen, I don't think that there is any doubt that the age arrived at by the State for Mr. Benjamin was an accurate one," he observed in conclusion.

The Judge said, "Unless either of you cares to say anything further, we will adjourn to await the jury's verdict."

"Judge, may I have just a moment?"

"You may, Mr. Rogers."

"Uh . . . I have . . . I have been practicing law for many years, and have never had so much difficulty as I've had with this Court today."

For the first time a broad smile broke over the Judge's face. "I know, Mr. Rogers."

"I . . . I cannot see the jury arriving at a verdict unfavorable to my client . . . as I've said, he's a good man, a very good man . . . I'm a bit troubled by the attitude of this Courtroom . . . It's . . . something I've never come across before . . . you haven't been rude . . . but . . . I don't want to take any more of the Court's time. My faith . . . my faith in my fellow man I think will be proven by this verdict. That's all, Judge."

"The jury will adjourn until it has arrived at a verdict."

The jury filed out, but re-entered the courtroom ten minutes later.

"Have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have, Your Honor."

"I will ask it of you individually. Please state your name and your decision."

"Abraham Lincoln. Guilty, Your Honor."

"Franklin Roosevelt. Guilty, Your Honor."

"Thomas Paine. Guilty, Your Honor."

"Eugene Debs. Guilty, Your Honor."

"Wendell Wilkie. Guilty, Your Honor."

"John Ategeld. Guilty, Your Honor."

"Thomas Jefferson. Guilty, Your Honor."

The gavel sounded. "Court is adjourned."

Dear Stu,

May you dipple throughout your  
college nice and cool!!!

Love, Nanay 1956

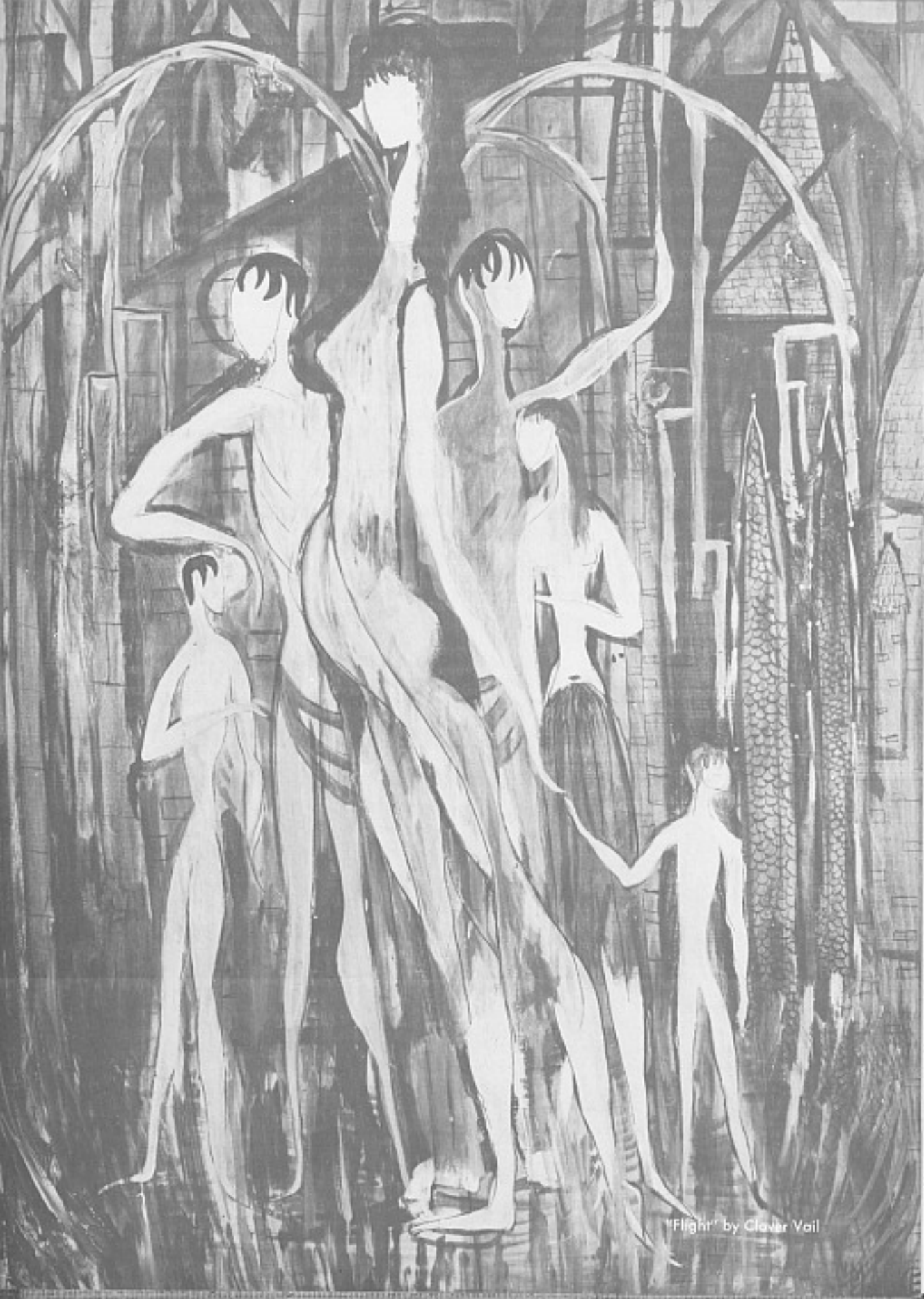
Dear Stu

I hope to see you  
next year at G.C.S.  
Keep well and happy  
for the summer and  
listen to only good  
Dazz

Sincerely  
Your Friend  
B.B.G.

When the world is lost — Bleary  
Johnson's Wax will present its Queary  
Meridan Rice — it's good for war  
Piels  
The three ring sign  
Purity, Flavor, A-Bombs  
Knock, Knock for  
Prejudice





"Flight" by Clover Vail



Pastel by Paulette Richman

## YOUNG LOVE

You feel mixed up; when he shows too much feeling for you, you call him possessive; but when he ignores you, you feel as if the world is a terrible place to live in. There's no middle way. Sometimes you hate him, but you always want him around to see that you do.

You see other couples go together and you wonder — will our romance last longer than theirs? It must!

After your first argument, neither of you will speak. Instead you just send surreptitious glances at each other until one of you gives in, and then everything is gay and wonderful once more.

When you kiss goodnight, you feel power over him, but you know that he has power over you, too, and you wonder — does he know that? Then he says he loves you, and you question — is it because he's feeling passionate, or because he really does?

It's a funny feeling, this emotion you're experiencing. When things go right you love everyone. But sometimes, when maybe he ignores you for a whole ten minutes, you feel hurt and angry. Though you try to control your emotions, they sometimes get the better of you, and you take it out on someone else. Then afterwards you have a guilty feeling — but most people understand, and you soon feel better.

Young love is a glorious thing — it's part of life, it's part of growing up, it's wonderful!

## "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

Wailing in the distance mixes with the setting sun. The trees are still; not the slightest breeze is felt. Night falls and the paralyzing silence continues except for remote screams in the darkness of the night.

Morning sun — the sun, the moon, day, night, they never change. They never feel the pain, the misery and hunger which men endure. Now that it is day again, all living things set out to seek their fortune.

From a nearby cemetery a little girl comes carrying a bowl, her only worldly possession except for her tiny dirty dress, which has never seen a washing. She lives in a tomb in the cemetery with other people like her. She has no parents, no one, and this does not distress her since she has never known how it feels to be loved. She has herself, and every day she does her best to keep herself fed.

With her dark, little bowl she wanders through the dirt roads of the city begging for food. Whenever something is put into her bowl she eats it in a hurry because it has been a long time since anyone has been kind enough to give her any food.

Food is not always given her; sometimes some human being fed up with his own misery hits her. But she does not cry because she has no one to cry to, no one to pity her.

The day is almost done and she returns to her home — bruised, tired, but fed. Soon she falls asleep, dreaming and hoping that she will have a better day tomorrow.

The cemetery is silent; the darkness surrounds the city like a can of spilled black paint. A wail in the distance ends the day.

Isaac Beck

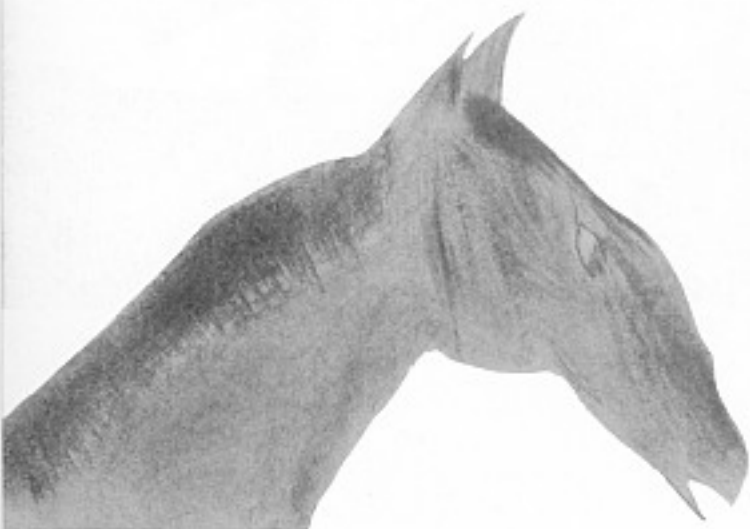
## NOISE, NOISE, NOISE

Noise is a noisy thing. If you make noise on Sunday you might wake up someone and if you do, it is "curtains" for you.

There can be good noise and there can be bad noise. Do you know something? I love noise. For instance in a boarding school at night when you have to go to sleep, everyone makes noise. Everyone makes noise when they get up in the morning.

Noise makes me feel good!

Seth Werner



## THE BLOWN AWAY HAT

One day Tom's mother had a hat which was new,  
She went outside and away it flew.  
The wind carried her hat into the air,  
The wind carried her hat here and there,  
After that Tom's mother changed her ways,  
She went out only on sunny days.

Jane Levy



Block Print by Marc Halevi

## MY WISH

If the Christmas Fairy told me that I could have one wish, I would wish that all wars would stop and no wars would ever start again.

It seems to me that wars are silly things. Wars are just a lot of people killing each other for not enough reason!

I think that it would be a nice, happy world if the Fairy would give me that wish!

John Roberts



# a piece called **FISH** for want of a better name

The young lad sat on the edge of the pier, his legs dangling limply in the water like two brown reeds. Perched on his head was an ancient straw hat. Between you and me, it looked more like an old place mat of his mother's. In his hand was a long stick with a piece of string tied to it. At the tip of the string was a rusty safety pin, holding in its two outstretched arms a wriggling worm. The sun, a mighty yellow ball, was glaring down at him from its bed of powder-blue space.

As the boy sat there three pairs of fins swam by, none of them enticed by the slimy, slinky sliver on his hook. "Please, Lord, make one of them decide to be hungry," he pleaded. But to no avail. The animals of the sea just weren't in the mood for eating right then.

After a few hours of this, the little fellow gave up, disgusted with the cruel fish who would not even take a little nibble. "You can starve now, see if I care," he muttered, as he walked up the pier.

Valerie Landsman



"HOLD IT! I'M TAKING A CANDID..."

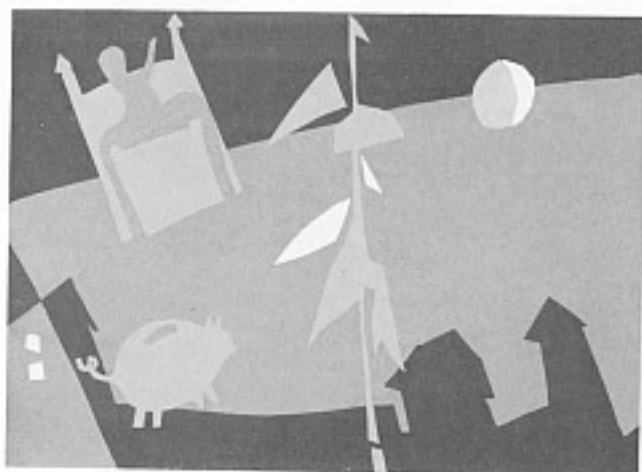
## Q

If one over queue plus one over pee  
Equals square root of eye less see delta tee,  
How will the next  
Changes in text  
Influence teacher and you and me?

Samba-ra-gista, Ramba-pa-gee,  
Tuba-el-bunjo, do-you-love-me?

There was a little boy,  
Erasmus was his name;  
And no one seemed to know  
Just whence his father came.  
He soon became quite famous,  
His name reached great renown,  
And Holland's quiet Rotterdam  
Became his own home town.  
Today we read about him  
In big, fat hist'ry books  
And wonder just what caused him —  
Mind — or soul — or darned good looks.

Ján Pálka



## Jeffrey Rides The Wind

Sherry Fein

"Aren't you glad they brought you home, Jeffrey? 'Cause the hospital was all white and it wasn't pretty like here."

"What color is this, Sharon?" asked the little bed-ridden boy pointing to a green book at his side.

"That's purple," retorted his sister. "There wasn't any purple at the hospital, was there, Jeffrey? Only white."

"Boy, are you stupid, Sharon. What color are the trees?"

"Purple," she replied, shrugging her shoulders as it was quite obvious that they were. "They're the same color as that." At this last remark, Jeffrey smiled affectionately at his sister, as one would smile at the antics of a feeble-minded pet. Sharon grinned back innocently. Then she beckoned to Jeffrey to lend her a hand as she struggled to climb on to the bed.

"Jeffrey," she began thoughtfully, "what would you like me to buy you when you get well? A magic set? Or some electric trains? Or maybe a brand new bicycle 'cause that old car smashed your other one all up."

"How are you going to buy me anything, Shar? You don't have any money except for those pennies in your piggy bank."

"Well, that's okay, 'cause if it costs more than those pennies, Mama will give me some more, I bet."

"Yeah, I suppose so, but don't even bother to ask her 'cause I don't want none of that stuff anyway. You know what I want more than anything in the whole wide world?"

"You just tell me, Jeffrey, and I'll get it for you."

"Naw, you can't. Some night when everyone's asleep and there's nobody around to stop me, you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna ride the wind."

For a moment the girl sat open-mouthed and motionless, and she stared unbelievably into her brother's eyes. "You'll take me with you, won't you, Jeffrey?" she pleaded finally.

"No!" replied Jeffrey emphatically, 'cause you're too little and you'd fall off."

"No, I wouldn't!" cried Sharon, suppressing the tears. "I'd hold on real tight, honest."

Jeffrey regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. He did not wish to make the trip alone and since none of his friends were available, Sharon might serve as a suitable companion. "If you promise . . ." he said menacingly.

"Oh I do, Jeffrey, I promise. I'll hold on real, real tight." She bounded from the bed and proceeded to dance delightedly about the room, causing her dark curls to bob about her head. Presently, however, she returned to her brother's bedside. "When are you going, Jeffrey?" she asked breathlessly.

"I don't know . . ."

"Oh, let's go tonight. If we wait for you to get well, it might be a long time."

"Yeah, that's right," replied Jeffrey, suddenly feeling very tired. "We'll go tonight. You get everything ready and put out our sneakers 'cause it might be slippery."

"I'd better go to sleep now so's I'll be strong enough. I'm still kinda sick, you know." As he spoke, Jeffrey's head sunk deep into the pillow and his eyes closed heavily. "Gee, Sharon," he mumbled softly, "When are you going to learn to say Jeffrey?" Sharon looked up, and, noticing that her brother's eyes were closed, she began to shake him indignantly.

"Don't go to sleep yet, Jeffrey," she said. "I want to ask you something. Wake up!" But Jeffrey's body lay pale and still, and all of her efforts to awaken him were in vain. Sharon sighed dejectedly, and after turning off the lamplight she tiptoed silently out of the room. Stopping in the doorway, she turned and gazed back at her brother's form. "Gosh, Jeffrey," she said, "I hope you wake up by tonight, 'cause I just couldn't wait till tomorrow and Momma would never let me go alone."



"Untethered" — Florence Gralnick

## CORRAL AT DAWN

Like many unfaced children  
involved in a circle game,  
the corral stands,

The pale, grey light of the early morning  
sheds itself on the ring.

The trees stand stolid and secure in their moorings  
as leaves melodiously dance to the music of the wind.

The grey-yellowed hair of the earth is tousled  
as it sleeps upon the dirt  
while the soft wind arouses it.

Birds are twittering as they kiss the morning in greeting.

Paulette Richman

# ART IS LONG BUT NOT ENOUGH

In the street it was almost dark. The cobbles caught a fragmentary gleam, but along the brick walls of the houses to the west it was already night. Lights were coming on here and there. And from high up in one of the houses came music.

A boy of nineteen loped down the narrow sidewalk and paused in front of the house of music. He was a tall boy in a camel's hair coat with exaggerated shoulders and around his neck was a brilliant blue muffler worn European-style. He wore a beret pulled down to one eyebrow. Despite the costume he looked as American as a baseball bat. He listened for a moment to the music, then entered the building and began to run up the worn stairs.

The higher he climbed the more clearly he heard the music. It was something 18th Century and familiar. Sebastiano played it often. Sebastiano knew music and claimed that Beethoven had degenerated as a composer after the age of twenty and that since then there had never been any music worth the spoiling of the lined music sheets.

Sebastiano knew a little of everything. He was a painter and he never painted anything but night. He would paint different things at night to be sure, but always night. He had invented a spectral tone of green that was more like moonlight than moonlight itself. He loved color, color imprisoned in or protesting against the night. He loved death.

The boy in the blue muffler reached the fourth floor, the last floor under the roof. Sebastiano's door was open and there was no doubt at all where the music came from. Sebastiano had moved the phonograph into the very doorway, and the string quartet blared like a full orchestra.

The young man called. No answer. A blast of cold air swept down into the hall from above. The trap door was open above the stairs that led to the roof. Sebastiano must be up there. The young man darted up the stairs and popped his head out into the twilight. He did not see Sebastiano at once. He was standing crookedly against the low parapet at the edge of the roof. The boy stepped out on the roof and spoke, but Sebastiano did not turn. The way he stood made him seem old and crippled. The young man went over and waited beside him with worshipping eyes. In the gray light he could see tear tracks on Sebastiano's cheeks and a single tear that rolled smoothly downward as if on rails. Sebastiano turned away his head. "Beat it, you cheap punk," he said almost in a whisper. "Beat it."

The boy, startled with amazement and horror to hear such words from his idol, at first drew back. Then an even more alarming thought flashed through his mind, "Sebastiano is mad." Why should he lean so heavily against the parapet in the dying light of day, with the surrounding



air suffused with melancholy music, why should he so crossly rebuff his adoring young friend unless his senses had already fled into the darkening night to which he was about to cast his body?



Story written and illustrated  
by members of the faculty.

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Carol Davison  
Dori Geissler

Drawing by  
Paul Nonay

The boy knew what Sebastiano had done now. Sebastiano the Great! Up until now he had never suspected anything of the kind. No wonder he had called him a "Cheap Punk!" Now it was all coming to him. The boy's thoughts raced through his head. What should he do next? He didn't dare leave. If only he could explain to Sebastiano — if only he could stall for time, he might be able to prevent what seemed an inevitable disaster. It could all be explained so easily — if only Sebastiano had not found out until he had been able to tell him.

The reflections of the flashing neon lights from the street below created an ever-changing background for the agonized form of Sebastiano leaning against the parapet.

To Sebastiano the city was a smouldering Valhalla — another paradise destroyed for eternity. His young friend had long been his hope and strength. But now, with this hope and strength lost, it seemed he was desperate to join the flames before the dying embers greyed.

"I came to tell you all about it. It was all for you. It's not what you think."

"Creation is not enough. Creation is eternity spelled backwards."

Yet how could he continue and explain to Sebastiano why he had destroyed his paintings, when the artist, the friend whom he had attempted to help, merely stared despidingly at him. It was too late to convince Sebastiano that by destroying his art, he had hoped to annihilate his world of darkness and draw him into the light in which he existed. He suddenly became aware of his own insensitivity to his great friend; the light he had seen in himself was but a dim reflection of the humanity around him, much as the sickly glow cast on the parapet was only a reflection of the hideous neon lights below.

As Sebastiano edged to the extremity of the parapet, the boy cried in desperation, "But you can create even greater art in the future!" Sebastiano, beyond the point of further human emotions, calmly replied "Creation is not enough. Creation is eternity spelled backwards."



Study of a head — Robert Abady

## "THE GREEK PASSION" and "BARABBAS"

Pär Lagerkvist's portrait of a man's search for faith in a power beyond himself, and Nikos Kazantzakis' depiction of a man's search for faith in himself, are two somewhat similar literary pictures worthy of individual and dual consideration and comparison.

Barabbas is the man who does not believe, the simple dissenter who does not know why he dissents. He is a man moved to precipitous and empty acts of bravery to convince himself of his belief in an ideal, but never does he find inner joy and trust in the faith he is grasping for. He is a man haunted by himself and shunned by a society even more unbelieving than he; a man without God and without identity. Barabbas cannot believe, not because he sees beyond the explanations and hypocrisies of Christ's followers, but because there is within him an instinctive, unrelenting feeling of doubt.

Throughout much of his life, Barabbas was a slave. When he and friend, Sahak, to whom he had been chained for years while working in the mines, were being questioned by the Roman governor, he was asked by the Roman: "And you? Do you also believe in this loving god?" . . . Barabbas shook his head . . . "Is he not your God? Isn't that what the inscription says?"

"I have no god," Barabbas answered at last, so softly that it could hardly be heard. But Sahak and the Roman both heard it. And Sahak gave him a look so full of despair, pain and amazement at his incredible words that Barabbas felt it pass right through him . . .

The base stupidity, the simple-mindedness almost bordering on insanity, the perversion of the spirit of Christ: all of this to my mind was Barabbas—but I think I shall remember him most for his uncompromising search for faith.

The Roman stared at Barabbas in surprise. "But I don't understand," he said. "Why then do you wear this 'Christos Jesus' carved on your disk?"

"Because I want to believe," Barabbas said, without looking up . . .

In "The Greek Passion" too there is the simple shepherd, Manolios, searching for the faith that will set him free. It is ironic that it was the very simpleness that forever doomed Barabbas that enabled Manolios to find himself. There is a basic difference in their backgrounds, however, that would better explain their actions. Barabbas' life was devoid of friendship and understanding, while Manolios experienced friendship and devotion. The barrenness inherent in Barabbas' life presented further limitations on his capacity for understanding, belief, reason, and love.

Both were caused, by happenings of momentous importance, to consider themselves as they never had before. Manolios was designated to play the role of the Christ he loved, and Barabbas owed his life to Christ. Both their lives suddenly revolved about someone that Manolios believed to be the son of God and Barabbas believed . . . he did not know.

When Manolios was told he was to play the role of Christ: "Manolios was silent, but his heart beat to bursting with joy and terror. He looked out of the window . . . Manolios suddenly trembled . . . 'I am not worthy,' Manolios murmured . . ."

Nevertheless, he begins to devote his life to the furtherance of Christ's ideals. He, as Barabbas, is rejected by the community he is willing to die for. Manolios, because of a faith that eluded the minds of the townspeople, Barabbas because of his lack of faith. Both men are obsessed with Christ. Manolios wants to believe in himself as he believes in Christ's qualities, and Barabbas simply wants to believe. Manolios' saving qualities are his capacity for faith and goodness, and Barabbas is incapable of both.

I think, though, that it was Manolios' faith: dogged, strong, impenetrable, that set him apart from a man strangely like himself.

David Evanier



## SALE OF A MADMAN

Clover Vail

He stepped lightly over the sand, sinking his bare toes in and feeling the delicate shells crack under him. The wind blew in with the lapping waves and played gently through his coarse, rough hair. His eyes followed the horizon of dark blue where the sea met the sky and wandered till they reached the land. He looked at the beach and then up to the highest of the sand dunes where he saw the small tower of a stone chapel arise from the high reeds. "My chapel," he thought to himself, and he felt the foam of the waves slowly retreat from his wet feet. It was light but the sun had not yet risen, and as he walked along he heard the sand crickets moving through the reeds, rustling as they jumped, their chirping rising from out of the reeds. "I should have some more crickets," he thought to himself. "I need some more crickets in my chapel." "I must find a way of keeping you in," he said aloud to them, and they all seemed to stop and listen to him for a second, and then they resumed their work.

Over his shoulder was slung an old cloth bag which was wet and smelly from its contents of garbage which he had picked with terrific care all night in the town, miles away from the beach. Now, as he was walking, he picked up bits of seaweed and put them in the bag which caused a constant stream of salt water to trickle out and down the leg of his pants.

He reached an enormous protrusion of rocks, and clinging to them with his bony hands, pulled himself up. Down below, among the water of the incoming tide, he watched the skeleton of a ship rock slowly back and forth, first hitting one side on the rocks and then falling steadily into the sand. He too slowly swayed back and forth with the motion of the boat, the ragged edges of his pants flapping with the wind against the bones of his legs. Bones, and hardly anything more. He watched the water slowly rise up along the planks of the first deck and thought of the rats which had once run across this deck, fat and sly. Now the rats were almost bones, like him, in the bottom of the tower of his chapel. He thought of the months he spent trying to catch them, crawling on his belly along the decks and down into the barrels of the boat by the twisted stair cases. He looked down at the scars on his hands, and his lips trembled as he thought of the fat rats which were now so thin. Each time he brought them their food now, they would jump on him, tearing him with their claws. He would fight them as long as he

could keep them off, then quickly crawl through the hole in the bottom of the tower and block it with a stone. Exhausted, he would rush down into the sea and writhe with pain as the salt would get into the cuts and rips. But he would stand there almost in ecstasy, in a trance of pain, and wash and rub the salt even deeper into his wounds. The rats — how *they* did care for him. And for this he was in ecstasy. He stood there watching the boat rock slowly back and forth, the wind cleaning his face. He thought of his crabs. They too, *they* cared for him, snapping at his fingers. And his mussels — all closed tight now for two days. He had not succeeded in keeping *them* alive.

But his thoughts were disturbed, for turning, he saw his brothers and sisters running down the beach and up onto the rocks. A terrible chill ran through his body, and suddenly, trembling and quivering, he sank down onto the bare rocks. He held his head in one hand but could not stop the throbbing as the children came nearer and nearer. Soon they were all close to him, rushing up to him, screaming. "You . . . the man . . . he wants *you*," they were yelling up to him, "Come, quick, you are going away. He wants you."

He lay there, his whole frame trembling, his elbows cut by the rocks, his eyes wet, closed. "We'll leave you now, but follow. We have bread. Come have bread," and they rushed off, scrambling down the rocks.

His body was engulfed by sobs and he clutched the rocks, adding new scars to his hands. "Crabs are not like this," he heard himself saying. "The hard clinging mussels are not like this either. Even my poor jumping, squealing rats, which would tear me to pieces, are not like this."

As he walked along the beach, the sun sent its first rays upon his head and he looked up, feeling the rays throughout his body. But his limbs stiffened as he caught sight of the hut in which his mother and his brothers and his sisters lived. They stiffened with fright. It was all incomprehensible to him. He was trying to work out why they wanted him. His animals wanted him because they would want food. The sea wanted him to wash out his sores, the sun, to dry them. The sand wanted him to dig his toes into it, but why did these people want him?

He stood in the doorway of the hut, his terribly fine features standing out against the white of the sky from the black of the inside of the hut. His stomach lurched painfully in him at the sight of bread and cheese on the table before him. Sitting at the table directly in front of him was a man, bigger and harder than he had ever seen, and he started back in terror. A man with a heavy jacket on, face black with a short, stubby beard. A black hat was pulled over one of his ears and his black hair hung low over his broad, flat forehead. At first sight, his head seemed too small for his body, and his eyes too small for his head. These squinting eyes looked up at the boy's large, wild eyes and he gave a short, harsh laugh. His mother came rushing up to him and led him out quickly into the sunlight. He recoiled from her arms and listened to her wailing voice in horror. "My son. My favorite son. You saw the bread and cheese on the table. You saw your brothers and sisters eating. Eating real food for the first time in their lives. It is because of you, my son, that they are eating. It is because of you that they will not go to bed tonight starving as they have done every other night of their entire lives. You, my son." She bent her witch-like head over and her yellow bony neck poked through her dry grey hair. Suddenly she began to laugh hysterically and she put her hand into her pocket. "Look, my son. Look here. You see this paper? This is money. This is real MONEY. With this I could feed your brothers and sisters. Feed them, for a long time." She began weeping again, smearing dirt over her cheek and temple as she wiped her tears away with the back of her hand. "My son, I have given you everything that I possibly could. Now, do something for me. Go with that man. That man is good and he will teach you life. You will someday be able to come back here. You see that truck up there?" He looked up, and there, on the top of the



highest sand bar, equal with his chapel, was outlined an enormous black truck against the rising sun. There were three men leaning against the side of it, black and massive, as was the truck. He could see their eyes, piercing through him, and he sank onto the ground trying to get away from their stare like a worm digging into the ground. "My son," the hoarse voice of his mother cried out desperately, "you have seen your brothers and sisters eating food for the first time in your life . . . and me, too. Get up. They are coming to get you. Get up at once." He watched the men coming down the hill, transfixed, but then, some terrible power surged from behind him and made him start up and jump to his feet. The other man was standing behind him, black and massive, as were the men approaching him. His mother's pleading voice also became black and massive, and so did the notes in her pocket. Then he, too, felt black and massive, and he jumped around and tore down the beach, the sand blowing around the calves of his legs and the wind tearing through his hair. Up the rocks, popping the little balloons of the seaweed as he trampled upon them. He swung his head around, and at the bottom of the rocks he saw four great beasts struggling to climb up, with their hands filled with seaweed torn loose by their grabbing. He rushed down by the almost covered up skeleton of the ship and into the water, and then back up onto the sand again. The sand crickets jumped away on all sides of him as he darted through the reeds, his legs bleeding with the scratches and cuts from the blades of the reeds. Again he looked back, petrified, and saw the four men stumbling along the sand, heavy with their wet clothes. He clambered up the highest of the dunes and ran down the small path to his chapel. Here he was safe from these men, no matter what happened. He fell through the arched portal of his chapel and lay, sobbing, his body wracked with pain, and below his bulging brow, his enormous eyes, glowing and black. With the voices of the men close behind him he felt again that surge of power behind him, and he crawled steadily across the floor and pulled out a stone from the wall. He gave a last glance back and saw the men rushing up the path towards the chapel. He quickly squirmed his way through the hole, pulling the stone in after him, and entered the tower, and the rats from all corners flew at him.

The four men stumbled into the chapel but caught their breath and were pushed back by the stench of fish, rotten fish. To their horror they saw hanging from the arched ceiling of the chapel enormous nets filled with fish. Fish that had been put in there, perhaps three feet deep in the middle of the net. And above the net the air was alive with thousands of flies and different insects which swarmed over and around the whole net. The whole chapel was echoing with their sound. The men, from one little arched window to the next, looked in from the outside trying to find the boy. They could see holes in the floor of the chapel where the stones had been removed and in these were placed crabs. Twenty-five of these separate little holes could be seen all over the floor. Under each window were boxes filled with sand crickets, swarming all over each other, and arranged over each window were hundreds of dead mussels.

In the middle of the floor was a large piece of drift-wood with a knife stuck in the middle. Two of the men entered to look at it closely. It was partly covered and completely surrounded by half-living insects which had fallen from the fish net above. As the men approached they could recognize the figure of a man. A man, massive and black. Black because of the wood it was carved from. But it resembled a horrible monster. A man of incredible strength and crushing power. Its eyes were bulging and enormous, but it had no pupils. Its hair was thick and long but it had no brow and a hollow head. Its feet were coiled around the world and the knife was stuck through its heart.

"What is this? What fool could have done this?" said one of the men. "I'm going out of this place before I suffocate. I'm going to leave this place before I go mad."

The last man turned at the portal and looked at the piece of driftwood. And his last words circled slowly down the tower, only to come upon the sun directly overhead shining into lost glittering eyes.

Illustrated by the author.



## THE LOST VALENTINE

Toni was a poor little girl who lived in New York City. Her father was in Korea fighting and her mother was dead. She had died of pneumonia. Toni was living with her grandmother.

That Christmas the grandmother was so poor that she had not been able to buy any presents for Toni. The only present that Toni had received was a picture of her father which she dearly loved.

Toni thought there must be some way to thank her father for giving her such a nice present. She thought she would send him a lovely valentine.

The next day Toni made a pretty valentine. She was so happy that she started running down to the Post Office. Toni ran and ran. All of a sudden the valentine blew out of her hand.

The valentine went higher and higher until it was out of sight. Toni ran home crying.

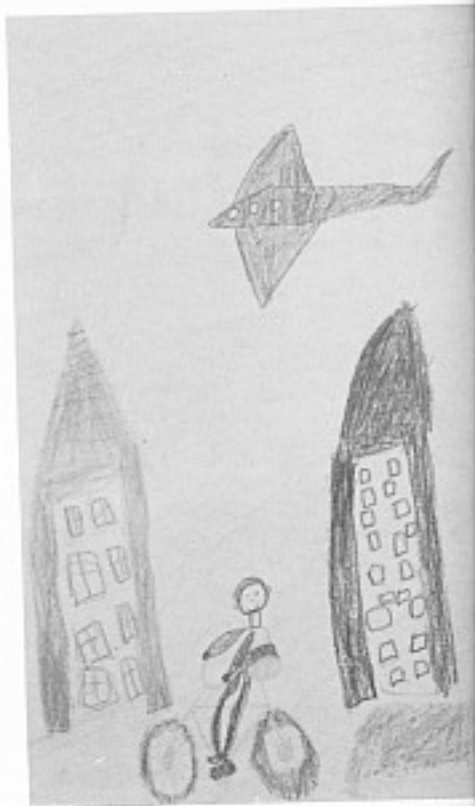
The valentine flew far out to sea. It started dropping and dropping. There was a big boat under it and it fluttered down to its deck.

There is a man standing at the rail. His head is bowed. Suddenly he sees the valentine. He reaches down. He has the valentine.

Back in the city Toni's grandmother tells her that her father will be home soon. Toni has stopped crying and is happy again.

When her father comes he says, "I liked the valentine you sent me."

John Roberts



Drawing by Igo Zaibert



AM

"The Hunt" — Alison Miller

## THE SQUARE DANCE

We had a Square Dance. We did all the dances that you could ever think of. Besides dances, we had skits. The Seniors did a very funny one. The name of it was "Sleeping Beauty." The Juniors did the same thing, only it was in French. We had a band and they played lots of songs. A man named "Tiny" was the "caller." We learned a lot of new dances and it was very late when we went to bed.

Carolyn was very sleepy and I got a little sleepy, too. After we had cocoa and cookies we went to the "dorm." We started to talk but we got so sick of it! We went to sleep.

Isabel Schancupp

## THE RIDE TO THE MOON

Looie Loons had a thousand balloons,  
So he took the balloons and made a flight  
That night!  
Guess where he landed?  
On the moon!

Halsey Beach



## JACK FROST

A funny man — now what is his name?  
He makes pictures on my window pane,  
He comes around at about one every night,  
And paints the grass and roof all white.  
When I awake he always gets lost,  
This man's name is Little Jack Frost.

Jane Levy



## THE YEAR TWELVE N. L.

I heard an urgent voice. "Calling Doctor Chargon to room two-oh-four. Calling Doctor Chargon to room two-oh-four." The loud speaker blared its message through the hospital in its unusual search for the doctor.

"Calling Doctor Chargon to room two-oh-four," the rasping voice of the loud speaker filled the hospital cafeteria. Over in the corner of the room a man stood up from his table, nodded to his associates, and walked briskly out of the room.

He walked down the hall to room two-oh-four. Once silent, the room was filled with a murmur as the operating staff prepared. Soon they were ready.

The doctor took out his instruments and waited for the ether that was being pumped into the oxygen tent to take effect on 204.

Then he made an incision across 204's chest showing the pink flesh and the white streaks of ribs. Cutting across them with a bone saw, he finally came to the heart and, spreading out the connective tissue, he began the delicate final step in the operation.

Through the silence came the voice of the night nurse: "Doctor, you've been operating for an hour now, and still his pulse is dropping. I think he is dying."

Now I am flying up into the skies, up into space, looking, searching the heavens. For a moment I look down at my body on the operating table. It looks empty, just like a bag that once held something but no longer does. Then off into space, I float closer and closer to a point of light twinkling off in the distance, till I see it is a globe. I'm drawn towards it.

Suddenly I stand before a long, black, marble table. In back of it sit two men. Their hair is gray and their eyes look tired. They are old. I stand before them to be judged. They look at me, and one says, "Send him to the third planet;" the other nods.

I feel myself being carried away from the globe. I am traveling through space and I don't know to where.

Then out in the heavens I see a small world which I approach and finally land on. It is a little green planet, and I have landed on a hill. I look around and I see plants growing and tall trees reaching up into the sky.

Then I look down and see a path and follow it down the mountain. In front of me is a town. Only a few houses reach into the clouds, the rest are one story high, with big glass windows. I run. Then I am close enough to one of the houses to see that it is empty. I open the door, walk inside, and go through all the rooms. There are just bare walls and bare floors. I sit down and cry. There is not even an animal to break the stillness, just the wind blowing through the trees. I stop crying and I wonder what I'm doing on this world, what I am here for.

Soon I stop thinking and go out to look for food. I find a tree with small yellow fruit on it; I peel one and eat it and its flavor is sharp but good. So I eat a few more and, refreshed, I go back to the house and lie down on the hard floor and slowly fall asleep.

When I awake it is raining. The water collects in pools outside. The patter of water as it falls from trees onto the ground sounds like it used to back home. But I am not home and I know it.



I get up and go outside. The warm rain hitting me feels good; it washes me until I am clean.

Everything looks better when the sun comes out. The drops of water sparkle. When I look up, I see a small stream, and beyond it, a village. I see people in the village and, in a flood, all my loneliness returns. I run up to them screaming, but they don't seem to notice me. I run up to a man and I talk to him but he can't hear me, or he won't. Then I remember why . . . I am dead.

Then I notice all the people are going one way and I follow them. Around an outlying hut a crowd has gathered, for inside a boy is dying and the screams of the witch doctors chasing away the evil spirits can be heard all through the village.

I move to the front of the crowd. I see that the witch doctors are holding the boy between them. Now they start to dance their cure for his "brand" of evil spirits. The expression on the boy's face shows that this treatment is only helping to kill him, but he says nothing. The witch doctors dance on, the bright red of their feather dresses blending into one crimson streak as they whirl around with the boy.

Now the boy falls, and as the people see him drop, the air is filled with their pitiful sighs. I turn sick with this "medicine" which killed him. Peace, I think, would have cured him. But then, peace cures almost everything.

As I walk away from the crowd, I see the boy who died standing out by the jungle. I walk up to him for I know that this is the boy's spirit. We start to talk.

I ask him, "This planet, what's its name?"

He answers, "Earth."

"But your planet was not always so primitive, was it?"

"No, not before the wars."

"Wars?" say I.

"Yes, the great wars which made most of this world radio-active."

"Between whom were these wars?" I ask him.

"Oh, between ourselves. Two powerful nations."

"Didn't the rest of the world see the danger and try to stop them?" I ask.

"No, they also were blind to this."

"And how is it that you are alive now?"

"We were the few who saw the danger and hid."

"How long did your civilization last before these wars?"

"Oh," he says, "As we kept time, to the year 1964."

And what year is it now?"

"The year 12 N. L." he answers. "The twelfth year of the new life."

Andy Jampoler

# THE VISITOR

Rochelle Sholder

Go halfway down this narrow, winding street. It is dark, but with the clear, cold stars, and the hazy, yellow street lights, you can see. Notice the rubbish in the gutter and on the side walks — old newspapers, broken glass, half a rubber ball, rusted cans, endless cigarette butts. Stop here at this brick apartment house. Take a good look at it. On either side of the cement stairs is a patch of dirt with tall weeds growing in between the debris. The dirt is enclosed by a rusted wire fence. Where the fence is broken, the points of ripped wire jut out menacingly to catch and tear the clothes of those who walk by. Now look at the top of the building. The windows are dirty. The roof is a maze of television aerials.

Walk up the steps. Open the door and go in. Your hands feel sticky from the door knob. Smell the stale, musky, peculiar odor of the old, unclean hallway. There is a heavy black baby carriage right next to the stairs. Look at the spider on its hood. It was probably this same spider which made those cob-webs in the dark, almost hidden corners.

There are two doors facing one another. They lead into two apartments. Go closer to the one on the right and listen. The television set is on in there. Do you hear clapping? Someone has just won a large sum of money. Wait a while longer. Now they are advertising vitamin pills.

What was that crash? It sounded as though somebody dropped a dish. Someone is walking quickly, but with heavy, loud steps from the television to the room where the crash came from. The person speaks. (It is a woman.)

"I thought I told you to get to bed! What the hell do you think you're doing — sneaking cookies behind my back. And my new cookie jar! You damn bastard, you've broken it!"

You hear the sound of a scuffle — the hand coming down hard on the bare flesh. You suddenly feel the smarting ache as if it were you who were hit. A child begins to cry—

"I didn't mean to! Don't hit me! Please don't hit me no more, mama. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to break it!"

"You're damn right to be sorry," the mother yells. "And you'll be even sorrier than this, sneaking bum. Just you wait! I'm not through with you yet! Now clean up this mess and get to bed before I wring your little neck!"

You hear the clink of the pieces of glass being swept together, and the heavy footsteps of the woman going back to the television. You turn to go — but wait! What is it that you hear? It sounds like someone mumbling. Yes. The little boy is saying something — very faintly. You can only understand a few of the words.

"... break every dish in the house ... old bitch ... run away ... be sorry she hit me."

You turn and walk up the stairs to the second floor. Look. One of the two doors has a welcome mat before it. That's a strange thing to see in this neighborhood. Go over to the door with the welcome mat and listen to the whir of cards being shuffled. Hear them being dealt quickly and evenly — as if by someone who has had a lot of practice. There are many people talking with loud, drunken voices.

"I'm out."

"Pour me another drink, will you, Carol?"

"You're low, Bob."

"There's my nickel."

"Raise you five."

"There's your ten and I raise you ten."

"I'm out."

"Deal cards, Joe."

"I check."

"Ten cents."

"All right. There's your rotten dime. What do you got?"

"Aces up."

"Aw, what lousy luck I got. Give me change of a dollar, Carol."

You hear the bubbling sound of a liquid being poured. Cigarette smoke is seeping out into the hall from under the door. But your business is not with these people. Go up another flight of steps.

Now you're on the top floor. The door you want is to the left. Turn the knob. The door opens. But before you go in, give a quick look over the banister. See how far up you are from the ground floor. See the pattern the stairs make — down and around and around.

Now go into the apartment. Quietly shut the door behind you. It is still in here. You are in the kitchen. It is quite dark.

It is dirty and bare. There are used dishes on the table and in the sink — unwashed.

Go into the bedroom. Softly now. Don't disturb the peacefulness. As the moon rises, its light gives shape and color to the objects in the room. There is a big, unmade bed near the window. Against the opposite wall is a crib with a child in it. He is sleeping. But why is he so restless? Tossing back and forth, giving now and then a small sigh, this small being seems to contain all the agitation and conflict that the serene apartment lacks. A woman is sitting in a rocking chair by the crib, softly humming a well-known lullaby. As she rocks forward, her face is illuminated by the moonlight. Look at her face. The harsh lines only emphasize the colorless skin. Her eyes — why are they so blank? She needs sleep. She hasn't slept for many nights now.

Look at the rest of the room. It is so small, the furniture seems to be squeezed in. The dresser is cluttered. Can you see the thermometer sticking out from under the clothes? There are dishes in this room, too. And the toys have all been cast aside. See — there is a brown teddy bear. Some time ago it was much used, but now it is lying on the floor, covered with dust.

The child stops tossing in his crib just long enough to give a great sigh. Then he begins again. Look. The woman. She is getting on her knees. Yes, she is praying. You cannot hear her, but see — her lips are moving, and her fingers go from one rosary bead to another. When she finishes, she lets the beads go and makes the sign of the cross. Throughout her long, steady prayer her eyes remained dull. But now she lifts her head. Oh look at her eyes — so full of longing and worry — so pitiful, those dark eyes. From their strange gleam you can see misery, suffering. But now she prays again. Her eyes are steady and patient.

It is getting late. You are here for a purpose. Come — do what you have set out to do. Do not wait any longer. That's right. Walk over to the crib. The child's face is red — the sweat of his little body soaks right through his thin pajamas. Reach down to him. His body seems like fire — it is so hot. But do not wait any longer. The time has come. One slight whimper and the child moves no more. The woman quickly rises and bends over the crib. Hunting for the beat of his heart, she bends lower, putting her ear to the child's body.

Go away. You have no more business in here. Do not wait to hear her frightened cry of despair. Do not look again to see her eyes . . . Go quickly — down, down the winding stairs and out into the clean air. Hurry back through the twisting street — back to where you came from. Death, your job is done.



Dear Stu,

There is little I could write that would really convey the way I feel towards you and what your friendship means to me. Stu, you may envy some people for their high academic achievements, but you have qualities that I feel are really exceptional - your keen perception and understanding of human nature. These qualities which enable you to have such a strong faith in people are indispensable if one is to be happy in life. Your sensitivity and responsiveness have been a haven for those who needed



## A DESERT SUNSET DURING RAMADAN

It was early evening. An orange and crimson sun bathed leisurely in the heavens before retiring. The weather was warm; a breeze passed over the tranquil panorama, kissing the silky dunes and barren wastes of the Sahara ... A pulsating chant seemed to rise from the sterile ground itself. The natives were praying. It was Ramadan. The sun descended like a red ball behind a flaming horizon. As the fire waned, the chanting grew progressively louder until my temples throbbed. The breeze had stopped. The whole atmosphere was static ... as if the world stood still. The ground seemed to vibrate from the intensity of this wailing - a race as old as mankind itself praying to its god for the eternal survival of its people. The fire went out - The cadre darkened as a solitary star illuminated the macabre scene.

Bob Abady

affection and understanding.

How can I evaluate, how can I say what has really made this time worthwhile. Certainly my academic achievements are important, but much more than that are the true friends that I have made. The people that I have been close to.

The times when minds are joined in mutual understanding and mutual acceptance, are the times worth remembering.

This is what your friendship means to me - a major factor in making this past year worthwhile.

seventy

Keep in touch,  
Your friend always,  
Bob,

## MY BATTLE WITH THE ENGLISH

Igo Zaibert

Battle . . . ? Is it possible to have a battle with a language?

Yes it was a battle, it is still a battle for me. Is so strange when you can't change ideas with the people, understand what the people say — in few words that you can't speak! All seems so strange — is like a car without wheels, like an aeroplane without machine, is like the earth without sun; all is so dark, so strange. Yes, you are a stranger, a stranger in a strange country. In this moments you can understand the poets, their feelings — men that are almost always as homesick — now you can understand the things that they say, things that they bring to the light of the world from very deep of their hearts. They sometimes say, "The sky in my country is more beautiful than here." "The moon in my country is more beautiful than here." This things are impossible, because there is one moon, one sky, there is one nature — in some places more rich, in others less.

But the poets they feel like that, I was in the same position; very homesick, homesick of my home, family, country, and language! But the eternal pattern of life bring us to many strange positions and you must to adapt yourself to them, because if you don't you are lost! I can remember now, with some amusement, when I was sitting in the table eating the meals, some other person used to tell me: "Pass the napkin," and I passed the knife; "Pass the plate," and I pass the salt. Things like this that now I laugh at them, but then they were terrible. I know that all beginning is terrible, but when you can't speak is more terrible than you can imagine. But you must to have faith, and you must to continue the battle until you win over the enemy. The enemy is strong, and what is worst, you can't see him, you can't touch him, but you can feel him. Sometimes he puzzle you until make you crazy, you lost your mind, and in this moments you are losing the battle. Is not so much a battle of forces, but a battle of patience and good will.

Sometimes you find a friendly hand that tries to help you, and this things are thrilling that make you more patient, and to have faith in the final victory of the battle. Battle . . . ? It is possible to have a battle with a language!



## ALEPH AND AYIN

There were two brothers; one was named Aleph and the other Ayin. When Aleph was born, Ayin was already living; when Ayin was born, Aleph had been alive for generations.

The two brothers grew up together. What one received, the other always shared, and it was a natural thing admitting of no argument. When one cut his finger, his brother was hurt and cried, and his tears soothed both. They came of one mother and one father, and they lived together and are still living together and so will die.

One day Aleph decided to take a woman to be his wife — her name was Luna; and Ayin took a wife, and her name was Uglu. They lived in harmony as before, but now each with a wife.

Then there was a child born to Luna (since she had been the first wife) who was named Him, and he grew. And Uglu too bore a child, and his name was Elisei. And both prospered.

There was much work to be done on the place where the brothers lived. It was large with many hills of good earth — soil and streams and fertile valleys. But it was a wild, and not fit for two brothers and two wives and two sons to live in. There were now two shacks where the family lived, but they were crude — did not keep the winter's cold out, nor the summer sun's rays. Aleph's shack was beneath a cliff of grey stone which was solid and good protection against the wind, and Ayin's was in a clearing in the middle of the wood, and also a bit guarded from the wind; but much would have to be done soon, for they were both beginning to rot in the beams, and the packed earth which was the walls was beginning to crumble. So Aleph and Him and Ayin and Elisei set to work.

They rose early in the morning while the sun was still asleep and went into the wood: it was cold and the brothers wore heavy tunics of brown skin, but the sons did not deign to clothe themselves for the cold since they were the more vigorous and besides, the work would soon make them warm. They worked hard all day, stopping to eat only once. When the evening meal came they were all hungry and ate much, and soon went to sleep.

They did so the next day also, and the next, and soon the trees they felled were enough to make boards for the two houses, and beams and corner supports too. So they built the houses.

It would have been short work but that Him and Elisei were sick.

But soon the houses were finished, and the windows were covered with thin skins that let the light through, and the doors were fastened on wooden hinges, and there was even a stone cooking place in each house. The furniture was not splendid, but served well, and all would have been happy, except that the sons got more sick and died.

There were still the fields to work on, though, and the gardens for the women to tend

I think that your greatest quality is your shrewdness in forming definite opinions, and your willingness to listen to the other view. Continuing this way, I am sure that you will be successful in finding that in life which will ultimately satisfy you.



to, and the goat to milk (they had bought one soon after they came), and many other things to be done, and little baby clothes to be made. There was not much time for sorrow, and soon there was joy again, for the new generation had come.

And so it continued. There were new fields planted, and cattle acquired, and more lean-to's and houses built, and more children born, and the two brothers continued to live in peace.

But soon strangers began to come, first one by one, then several at a time. One of the girl-children decided to get married, and because she loved her husband very much she left with him when he went into the city. She never returned.

One of the sons was a strange sort. He dressed differently from the others and soon discarded the tunic and wore a vest with long sleeves. At first they all laughed at him, but after a while they saw that what he had done was good, and they all wore vests with long sleeves. When he too decided to go to the city they all despaired (he was much beloved because of his happy nature and because he did for others and not only himself), for they now thought of the city as a beast which ate good men and women and especially the sons and daughters of Aleph and Ayin, but he would not listen to their warnings and departed. Shortly he returned, and now the farming went much faster because he had brought tools with him.

There were many sons and daughters: one would have been a thinker, another moved not a long distance across the river and started his own farm, some few went off with their husbands and wives and were never seen again, some went to the city and returned with things which were good to use, others went to the city and returned not fit for work. There were many kinds after a few generations, but most stayed on and worked and were happy.

And Aleph and Ayin were old now, and could not work as much as they used to, but their sons were there and all the work was done. Luna and Uglia lived and bore children. There were many disappointments for the brothers and their wives, but always there were enough joys and enough work to bury the sorrows.

Aleph and Ayin still live. Their children are alive and working, though some have been killed and some have killed themselves.

There have been many changes in Aleph and Ayin, and many changes in the place in which they live. They are no longer young men, and their home is no longer a wild. They have done much together, and well. They and their progeny prosper, and there has become a kind of order in their lives. Aleph and Ayin wake in the morning and live their day, working at what they can, and their children and their children's children live their lives and do what they are able. And all live happily, except those who themselves die.

There were once only two brothers and a mother and a father. And the brothers took wives and multiplied and lived happily. And the mother was and is, named Void; and the father was and is, named God; and the two brothers were and are, Earth and Man.

Ján Pálka



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To Stuart  
 In all the years I have  
 roomed with you I have  
 always slept in the bunk  
 above you. When I come  
 back for Christmas I  
 have a bed. I think I  
 have learned many  
 things about life from  
 you. Remember all the  
 discussions we had at  
 night. Remember the  
 little talks we gave  
 to Al - Stuart I  
 "wish you all the luck  
 I can". As well in school  
 next year. Have fun  
 during the summer.  
 (and stay sober).

Wishing everything  
 well.

IKE





