

EDITORIALS

SPUTNIK PRESENTS A CHALLENGE

As graduation draws near, every senior is thinking of his future. He is asking himself "What is ahead?" Some members of the Class of 1958 will go to work the day after they graduate and some will join a branch of the armed forces. Next fall others will go to nursing schools, to colleges, and to technical schools. One thing is certain. Every graduating student is facing a challenge, the challenge of today's world.

Sputniks, guided missiles, and atomic submarines have changed this world. We have long passed the horse and carriage days when life was relatively simple. Today's world needs industrious, educated people to solve its problems. Good engineers, physicists, chemists, biologists are all desperately needed. Teachers who are equipped for instructing in a Space Age are going to have their choice of jobs. Doctors and nurses are needed to find and develop cures for still prevalent deadly diseases, such as cancer. Diplomats, Congressmen and women, and business men with open and alert minds are needed to keep the United States the strongest nation in the world.

The challenge is in every facet of life. Many of today's problems can not be solved quickly but are going to be passed on to the shoulders of the Class of 1958. We are the ones who will have to find the answers in the future.

At the thought of the challenge, we shudder but we must not forget the words recently added to the Pledge of Allegiance of the United States. We proclaim that we are "one nation, **under God**". Unless the Class of 1958 keeps uppermost in its mind that we are all "under God", it will never be able to cope with the challenge of today's world. Religion is not something obsolete in the modern world.

The challenge is here—it is up to the youth of America with the help of God to face it.

Betty Sue Collins, '58

THE HONOR ROLL?

Recently we have begun to feel that the importance of getting on the honor roll has been too highly emphasized in regard to a student's social status among his fellow pupils and his relationships with his parents.

There are a great many fine students in this school who have brilliant minds but have been kept off the honor roll for one reason or another. Some might be weak in one subject, where in three or four others they may get A's and B's. These people who, by all rights, deserve some recognition have to go home and face an onslaught of questions from their parents on why they didn't get on the honor roll when Johnny So-and-so did.

Working hard and getting honor grades is a goal worth attention, but it should not be the only aim that a student has. One should work towards a well-rounded personality rather than just a storehouse of knowledge.

Usually the first question students hear at the end of a marking period is, "Did you make the honor roll?" Why should it be so important? Is it the pride that one gets by seeing his name conspicuously up on a board? If a person tries hard and gets good, but not quite honor grades, he should feel no disgrace, and his parents should accept him for the effort that he put into his work.

Some students have been both on and off the honor roll and they realize that just because one gets on the honor roll it doesn't mean that he or she is smart. We know some people who have much more basic intelligence than several members of the honor roll, yet these people receive very little credit for their knowledge. There are many students, on the other hand, who are on the honor roll through hard, honest work. These people do deserve praise.

The honor roll is by no means the final judge as to who is and who isn't smart in the school, and shouldn't ever be considered as such. The smart ones are those who have learned and have gained, therefore, in intellectual growth regardless of their marks.

Jerry Welty '58

CONTEMPLATIONS IN A CHOIR LOFT

Second Prize Essay

Patti Limitone, '58

As I sat there in the choir loft and looked across the chancel to the other choristers, I wondered. All manner of things floated across my mind, and I wondered what these people believed. Their faces were passive and unreadable. It was impossible to try to fathom their thoughts. Were they daydreaming, planning the next week's activities, dozing with their eyes open, or were they really communing with God? Were they worshipping Him or were they worrying about the rising cost of living?

It was a varied assemblage. Housewives, businessmen, high-schoolers and laborers all gathered together each week to provide music for the congregation. What was it that brought these people to this church? Why didn't they go to the Baptist, Methodist, or Episcopalian church? Why weren't they attending Mass instead of sitting in the meetinghouse of the Congregational Church? What would they say if I were to ask what they were doing in this church? Perhaps the staid businessman would reply that he'd been brought up in this faith and what was good enough for his father was good enough for him. Would the housewife declare that she came here because it was closest and after all what does it matter where you go as long as you believe in God? Maybe the high school girl would be blunt and answer that it was easier to be a Congregationalist than anything else and religion is a personal thing.

Did these people ever worry about their God and their souls? Were they ever bothered by thoughts of damnation and Hell, or were they secure and smug in their disorganized beliefs? Were their beliefs definite or were they vague, and how had they come to them?

There was a soft murmuring and shuffling in the congregation as Pastor announced that God loves a cheerful giver, and I was prodded into the present. The organist slipped into a ponderous offertory, and again I felt myself sinking down into my thoughts.

I wonder why there is such a difference in the atmospheres of churches. Right now I can feel the warmth of the sun all around me and my voluminous choir robe feels like a shroud. The sun is pouring in through the golden stained glass windows and making the flecks of dust in the air dance till they become weary and disappear. The smell of the warm dusty carpet is mingling with the sweet fragrance of carnations, and my head is throbbing with the sickly sweet odor.

I remember the first time that I ever entered a Catholic church. It was oppressively hot outside and yet the church was cool and damp. It was a welcome relief, and the darkness of the nave brought rest to my eyes and to my mind. As I walked down the aisle, I became enveloped in the cool

air that was scented with an unidentifiable fragrance. I could detect the odor of burning candles and the dampness of the marble pillars, and yet there was more. It was a fresh smell like spring rain, but there was more.

I approached the altar and felt surrounded by the holiness and awe of God. I was filled with a shivery kind of wonder. I knelt and the cool leather made me shudder. I bowed my head and after a moment I timidly raised my eyes to thank and praise God. **My God.**

Pastor collected the clinking offering plates to the altar as the congregation rose laboriously to its feet to sing praises to the Lord—and I wondered.



THE QUALITY OF MERCY

"The quality of mercy is not strained,"
So says the wise, deep-seeing bard of Avon.
From heav'n to earth the Son of God once deigned
To stoop, and made for us the cross His weapon,
And mercy showed. Because the price now paid
We walk not lone, but with our God. So why
Do we, restored to former image made,
Refuse forgiveness, and, with loud outcry,
Judge our fellow men? I think we ought
Recall Our Lord's straight-forward words:

"Judge not
Lest ye be likewise judged." As we are taught,
And teach, as well, so must we do. A blot
In someone else reflects itself in me
When I presume to judge, externally.

Carolyn Smith, '58

VIGNETTE

Sea gulls soar up and down through a crystal blue sky. One is a pure white the other a heavenly shade of blue. In the distance a rather large fish, its fins glimmering a brilliant silver in the sun, leaps out of the sea and then does a nose dive back into the greenish blue water.

On the shore the waves beat against ominous looking rocks, but in one secluded spot the water gently laps a creamy colored beach. The sand is speckled here and there with shells in varying shades of blue, grey, and yellow.

A wooden cross, which looks as if it was placed on the beach hundreds of years ago, stands erect on top of a small pile of rocks. The beauty of the cross and of the background is unsurpassed by the beauty of any Rembrandt's famous paintings.

The unusual feature of the whole scene is an old woman lying on the sand. Her grey cape is wrapped around her slender body as if to keep her warm. The ancient countenance lined with wrinkles that show eons and eons of experience has upon it an expression of tranquility. The woman's feet are clad in shoes that date back many years. The soles are worn paper thin and a buckle is missing from one shoe. Next to the grey shrouded figure lies a black book. It is open as if the lady was reading it just before she fell into a deep sleep. The words in the book jump out from the page. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

Betty Sue Collins, '58

WILDA'S POEMS

Wilda Harrison, '58

NOCTURNE

The pines, silhouetted against the sky
Filtered the breeze, as a passing sigh,
Watched over the lake so calm and deep,
And rocked the birds till they fell asleep.
Twilight sought the folds of night,
The water reflected the pale moonlight,
And, shattering stillness, the night-owl's cry
Received a distant and lone reply,
"Come away, come away, come near, come near",
See the round moon-face in the water clear."
Then all is still, and calm, and deep,
As peace prevails, so shall I sleep.

A MORNING SONG

Awake, my love, and come,
The tender golden arms of morning sun
Disperse the mists that by our window rise.
Each pearl of dew reflects the morning skies
In joyful mirror. Phantom stars succumb
To pale oblivion; thus the night is done.

Arise, and walk with me,
For gentle is the breeze and bright the sea.
Through soft and tawny sands we'll make our way,
The world is ours, my love, today, today!
For ere this day a fleeting mem'ry be
I would but share its every joy, with Thee.

For what is life but love?
Pure, unfettered, fleeting, as a dove
That dips her flowing wings in azure sky.
Too soon this fragile fleeting youth must fly,
Too soon, anon, must we cast off this glove
Of mortal bond, and turn a tired eye
Beyond this place, and know we, too, must die.

A SAD BALLAD

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
A tale of warning, so lend an ear:
To this town, by fate or by error,
Came Wreckless Wrobert, the teen-age terror.
This specimen was psychologist's gem,
He shook with rebellion from stern to stem,
He'd go around in atrocious attire,
No doubt the result of suppressed desire.
A hot-rod he owned, though he used it not wisely;
The fact that he's gone now sure doesn't
surprise me.
They said that he sped with such carefree mirth
That he sped right over the edge of the earth,
And down he fell for three days through the air
Till he landed in the middle of you-know-where.
So, children, when you've hot-rods at last,
Remember what happens when you drive
them too fast!



NEW YORK — 2000 A.D.

I saw your looming structures high
Lean like tombstones to the sky,
And, in the haze, the distant bay
Spanned with cobwebs, steel gray.
I looked, and thought, and then moved on,
To wonder, where has Nature gone?
And in her stead tall cities stand
Where flourished once her wonderland.

QUEEN OF THE BARBER SHOP

Honorable Mention Essay

Eric Prokosch, '58

One day last week I went over to Greenwich Avenue to have my hair cut. It was a quiet time of day, and there were few people in the shop. I stepped up into the chair, turned around, and sat down.

"How do you want it done?" asked the barber as he fastened the tissue collar around my neck.

"Long enough to comb and a little longer—no clippers."

Ordinarily I strike up a conversation with the barber about one thing or another as a means of passing the time. I didn't know this man, though; then, too, he started in right away shaving off the side of my head with the electric clippers. I sat quietly, gazing around and thinking of nothing of importance.



I was looking at the glass door, by means of various combinations of mirrors, when a solid woman with dark sunglasses appeared outside the door. She pulled open the door and strode in, entailing a tow-headed being so minute it seemed almost a part of her. When the youngster was duly installed in one of the revolving autos-on-a-pedestal, she sat down in front of me.

I like to watch little children having their hair cut and to see how tactful a good barber can be with a rebellious case; but this boy, for a three-year-old, was unusually quiet and well-behaved. Presently my interest waned, so I turned my attention to the person in the chair along the wall facing me.

There she sat, legs spread apart, feet planted decisively on the floor in front of her. Calmly surveying her surroundings through those dark glasses, she conveyed the feeling that she might have owned the place.

Only then did I remark the little white stick projecting from her mouth. Too thin for a cigarette, it stood out rigidly, almost at right angles with her face. I had not noticed it before because the woman was so self-contained and so absolute. Her domineering atmosphere had reconciled any incongruities.

My curiosity was at work now. At long last the unknown revealed itself. The woman reached up, and from her mouth emerged a green lollipop.

For a moment the ludicrous side of the picture confronted me. The sunglasses, the green lollipop, and the cold November day seemed to have little in common. But there she sat with her legs planted in front of her, as assured as the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Do you have any cigarettes here?" she suddenly inquired.

"No—at Finch's drugstore, right up at the corner," replied the barber nearest the door.

Up from the chair she arose, and strode over to her little boy in his auto behind the big front window. "I'm going out to get some cigarettes, dear," she told the lad, who received this intelligence with barely a sign. She bent down and

(continued on page 24)

QUEEN OF THE BARBERSHOP

(continued from page 23)

kissed his young face with those sticky lips, and she was gone.

For no particular reason the shop seemed quieter. Time passed quickly; all at once I was startled by the apparition of the woman's face outside the front window. She waved and made faces at the little boy, pressing her nose against the glass. Then she was inside, seated in the same chair with a copy of "Look" in her hands. I wondered a little, for although she certainly carried no air of disappointment, still, the cigarettes were nowhere in sight. The lollipop protruded noncommittally from her mouth.

Presently she laid the magazine in her lap and opened her pocketbook. Out came a pack of Salems. She broke through the cellophane wrapper in businesslike fashion. Next she made a hole in the top of the package.

Here comes the crucial moment, I thought. What will happen to the lollipop? I watched attentively.

The woman withdrew a cigarette from the pack and put away her pocketbook. Reaching up to her mouth, she pulled out the lollipop between the second and third fingers of her left hand. She placed the cigarette in her mouth, lighted it, and settled down contentedly to her magazine.

After a few long puffs, she took the cigarette with the second and third fingers of the right hand and replaced it with the lollipop. By now she had become quite absorbed in reading, through her sunglasses, a picture-article on sports cars. I was fascinated to see the ash on her forgotten cigarette grow longer and longer. She had lost not a trace of her demeanor, but she seemed, for once, a little removed from the setting. Finally, as my lower instincts had been hoping all along, the ash tumbled onto her blue suit-jacket.

The ashes lay there while the woman obliviously went on reading. When she noticed them, however, she did something which unnerved me: after furtively glancing around the room, she swept off the ash in a brusque swish and quickly resumed reading.

Who could imagine that so high a being might care whether anyone saw the ashes on her jacket? My regal personage had ceased to exist.

Since my haircut was finished, I paid up, put on my coat, and left the barbershop in a rather melancholy state of mind.

NURSERY RHYMES

- Goldilocks—Mary Louise Boles
- Cinderella—Gail Strevell
- Little Jack Horner—Ked Murray
- Ole King Cole—Cole Kortner
- The Big Bad Wolf—Terry Ives
- Peter Pan—Jack Tereshak
- Mary Mary Quite Contrary—Betsy Granville
- Winnie The Pooh—Diehl Brickly
- Jack Spratt—Jack Spratt
- Sleeping Beauty—Cindy Sondern
- Snow White—Ann Friend
- Little Boy Blue—Bobby Ricci
- Little Red Riding Hood—Carla Leet
- Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater—Jim Pasquarelli
- Jack Be Nimble—Doug Crawford
- Alice in Wonderland—Margreta Royce

SENIOR HOUSE AT G.H.S.

- Toy chest—Bill Tomlinson
- Antique—Jerry Baird
- Telephone—Gail Reid
- Lamp—Dale Bruel
- Clock—Ginger Kohlman
- Mirror—The Coes
- Dish—Alice Jensen
- Welcome mat—Babe Clark

LOVE

It had been a lazy day — hazy with the bright golden summer sun. There had been a breeze blowing over the water and it wafter the smell of salt and greenness through the sails on the tiny boat. The sun had set in a blaze of red and orange that gradually cooled and left the sky lavender. Soon a silvery disc of a moon floated over the water and tiny pricks of stars showed themselves.

After we docked the boat we walked to the little clearing in the woods that lined the seashore. The cool breeze was blowing, and the scent of the summer evening enveloped us. We sat there, propped up on the boat cushions, hardly saying a word. He reached over and took my hand in his.

We didn't dare speak. We thought of the weekend and how perfect it had been. Now it was just a memory of Dave set against a hazy background of a summer thunderstorm, a noisy night in New York with all its gaudiness, and finally today, sailing alone — together. This was our last weekend together for a long time. He was leaving in the morning for several months on an Air Force mission.

Still not speaking, we gathered up our things and walked down the path to the car parked by the sea wall. We loaded it and then walked to the wall. We looked at the moon floating in the sea and it seemed to be humming very softly — just for us. He turned to me and for a moment I thought I felt my heart crack. After a long look he bent and kissed me. "I love you."

And walking back to the car, I knew.

Patti Limitone

NATURE KNOWS

Although the water sparkles clear
And the trees swing gently fro,
There is an evil moment near,
And Nature seems to know.

The wheeling birds do soar and climb,
And on Dame Nature's wind they learn
That in the boundless space and time
A rocket arcs, wherein doth burn
A heart so black with hate,
That is, by Nature's irony,
Star-guided to its fate.

The water throws a white-cap clear,
The trees are further bent,
Nature knows the end is near,
For Destruction came — and went.

Jim Houston

ORBITING APPLE

I want to ask the world about
A most strange thing I saw;
It was not Nature's usual flout
But rather, against a law.

An apple falling downward
Is not so much to see,
But that apple falling upward
Has always puzzled me.

Sir Isaac Newton once had said,
"What goes up, comes down."
As proof of this, he showed his head,
For it hit him on his crown.

My apple just fell into space,
As far as I could see,
And circling next to Vanguard's place
It will always be.

Newton's law has been disproved—
I took his honored place;
And just to prove we're in the groove,
"Time" will print my face.

Jim Houston

CRESCENT

Whence comes the moon?
That crystal crescent heart afire,
Burning in the dusky breast of night,
With its hands knocking, knocking at the portals
of the firmament,
And its feet rising on their hazy stairways
Through stars and mist.

Ann Friend

KINGDOM OF THOUGHT

Mountain peaks are aspiring, never tiring, in search of a goal which is imbued in the clouds resting lightly on their brow. Resplendent in their somber solitude, they are impregnable to mortal feebleness. Only a soul in flight can reach their Holy height.

A French mountainside with its green grass bleeding wine surrounds a group of dancing peasants. Their echoes of lighthearted love and laughter serenade a herd of grazing mountain sheep. Theirs alone is the love of life, freed for a moment from material strife. Flashing eyes, gleaming hair, billowing skirts, devil-may-care!

A satellite in flight sending out beeps through the night, "dealing destruction, devastating doom", signifying humanity's gloom represent man's battle to destroy. Why can't they turn their power to joy? Must we fight if it's really not right to destroy the glories of God?

This is my "Kingdom of Thought". It's not very hard to find. Everyone can rule his own universe. A universe without physical bounds. My universe I cannot share. Create your own! I'll tell you from where I rule my domain. I rule from a kitchen chair, looking down on the world — the world of my mottled linoleum floor.

Cynthia Sondern, '58

CINQUAIN

I have
so much to do,
What makes me sit and gaze
toward space and think only of times
with you?

Virginia Kohlman, '58

ADVANCED PLACEMENT ENGLISH

Confusing to be what? *run on sentence* *Wrong punctuation; must join independent clauses*
 awkward—To be, or not to be, that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler *clauses*
 in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? *Exaggerated*
 To die, to sleep, *(1) incomplete what?* and; by a sleep *(2)* to say we end the heart-
 ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, 'tis a *run on sentence*
 consummation devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep; to sleep; *(3) (4) Redundant too many "sleep"s*
 perchance to dream: *no colloquialisms permitted* ay, there's the rub: For in that sleep of death
 what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, *overpunctuated*
 must give us pause: *Informal - not allowed in Exposition* there's the respect that makes calamity of so
 long life; for who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the
 oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised
 love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that
 patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his qui-
 etus make with a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, to grunt and *too profound - USE simple language*
 sweat under a weary life, but that the dread of something after
 death, the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller re-
 turns, puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we
 have, than fly to others that we know not of? *omit punctuation* Thus conscience does *no preposition End of sentence*
 make cowards of us all: and thus the native hue of resolution is *REPETITION*
 sicklied over with the pale cast of thought; and enterprises of *mixed metaphor*
 great pith and moment, with this regard, their currents turn awry,
 and lose the name of action.

William Shakespeare
 May 1602
 Period 2

C -
 With some revisions, Will,
 may consider this for
 school magazine. Suggest
 more appeal to emotions.
 C. Harlowe

"TO BE, OR NOT TO BE"
(A reflection on plagiarism)

Jensen, is sitting next to me,
His mind is in a toil.
He tried to write a poem, you see,
And ran into a foil.

Miss Pierce has given her decree
And all must follow suit.
Two essays and a poem, wants she,
With a book-report to boot.

And so he starts his twelve line poem,
"To be, or not to be".
He has taken for his own
What he plagiarized from me.

A subtle point which is revealed
Plays critic to my verse.
"You, plagiarized the play," he pealed.
His remark was rather terse.

I admit, old Will was first,
I took my play from him.
But Jensen's crime was twice as worse
As mine had ever been.

To plagiarize a play of old
Is not a serious crime,
I merely dust away the mold
And raise to the sublime.

But when a person copies me,
The master of the art,
No matter what his writing be,
The Devil, take his part.

Jensen's crime is one of sorts,
Like a growing weed.
He should have stifled his retorts
And never voiced my deed.

My home is now the federal "pen",
Jensen's is the same.
He is in for taking pen
To plagiarize my fame.

I'm in jail, there is no doubt,
For writing Shakespeare's way.
It's timed just right, so I can flout
My latest prison play.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars, a cage."
These are the only lines I take
For my drama on the stage.

If Mr. Jensen ever rouses
The reason for his home,
I'll say, "People in glass houses,
Should never throw a stone."

Jim Houston

A CREATION

Aluminum gray illuminated from within by
the Spring's own new sun. Take this, the color of
winter's last skies, if you dare. Add to it the soft
elusive blue haze from an early morning in bluster-
ing March. Then mold these mystic pigments into
a faultless vibrant downy oval. Partially cover your
flawless creation with a mahogany halfshell whose
rich dark luster reflects vitality and perennial sturdi-
ness.

Next, search the corners of the universe for
the most hardy, the most supple, the most durable
of boughs. If you find such a miraculous perfected
specimen with its winter brown permeated by
Spring's shimmering green — then take that won-
drous bough and take that downy oval, combine
them as best you can, pray that your creation will
bring — that it must bring — and behold, it does!

There before you stands the Pussy Willow.

Sharon Gear

ON HER HOMEWORK

When I consider how my brain is spent
Ere half my homework's done, a task so wide
That one talent, which my skill belied,
Does leave me useless, though my hopes more bent
To please therewith my teacher and present
My true account, lest she returning chide.
"Do you expect good essays, sleep denied?"
I sleepily ask. But Teacher, to prevent
My yawning, soon replies, "Yo do not need
Either your sleep or peace of mind. Who best
Follow instructions I mark them best. I keep
A record: Many flunk who pay no heed,
And do their work as if they were in jest;
They also flunk who try to get some sleep."

Rosemarie Carbino

