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Guide to High School Poetry

JOHN BERMAN, '60

First Prize Roar Contribution Contest



HERE has never been an analysis of the poetic side of the high school student's nature. And yet, there is a definite need for one. For with a small amount of preparation, the mystery surrounding the writing and reading of poetry can be dispelled. Here, then, is the result of extensive research into high school poetry; a reader's guide to some of the more obvious types.

First the Jingle. Four lines should serve to identify the type. The title, of course, is "School Daze":

Every day after school,
I have to do my homework
because of a family rule.
But when my little brother
hits me on the head,
I yell at him "Drop dead!"
Etc., etc., etc.

How did this come to be accepted for publication? The story is always the same. Editor number one picks up the poem and begins to read. He stops reading because Editor number two, looking over the reader's shoulder, is laughing wildly (He should be; he wrote it, using an assumed name.) Editor number one thinks the poem is terrible, but laughs, because he doesn't want Editor number two to say he has no sense of humor. By this time, Editor number three is laughing (on general principle) and the faculty adviser O.K.'s the poem because "It's what the kids want." The author of this poem will eventually graduate and write singing commercials.

The second type, the Beat Poem, is written by a character who owns two shirts; a black, turtle-necked sweater, and a torn green tee-shirt. He lives in

a better, cooler world than we mortals inhabit. His favorite avocation, besides writing deathless, unexpurgated prose, is throwing rocks through the window at Sherman's. He knows he can't go home again, but he likes it where he is. Here he is, at his best, in his poem:

"WOW"

Man, it's a scene, but it's from crazy
Man, it's like one big round WOW!
It's too real, Jack!
Put it down!

This poem is not recommended for those who have not had at least three years of the language.

Next, comes the True Love poem. Strangely enough, all the poems of this type, have, to date, been written by one person. She is a sophomore girl. Her name must remain unknown, but suffice it to say that she was seriously affected by the tragic death of James Dean, and that she is adamant in the belief that it is only a matter of time before Elvis Presley goes AWOL and swims to the United States to elope with her. Here is one of her poems.

"HIS EYES"

His eyes are so deep and dark.
His eyes see me for what I am.
His eyes know many secrets.
His eyes peer into my very soul.
His eyes are the eyes of love.

What, one wonders, will be this talented girl's future? The answer is that she has none. She is a professional sophomore girl. She has been at it for 26 years, and sees no reason to stop now.

(Continued on Page 6)

Identity

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

I shall keep you
In a little secret section
Of my heart,
Far apart
From the traffic of life,
And yes and no
And petty things.
You shall be
The part of me
That breathes in
Fresh dawn air
And looks with
Wonder at the world.
All things new
And beautiful:
They shall be you.

GUIDE TO HIGH SCHOOL POETRY

(Continued from Page 5)

Fourth and last, is the Tragic Poem. The author of this poem has seen empires crumble. He has met life and death on equal terms, and has drunk deeply and often from the well of sorrow. He has known the heights and depths of emotion. He writes *real* poetry. Here is a sample:

"SHADOWS IN THE WIND"

In dusk of evening,
A land.
Far land.
Of hope.
On hills of smoke.
A name.
Lost name.
Of Man.
Lost Man.
Through streets of blood,
A sound.

Last sound
Of life.
On hills.
Of.
Smoke.

The author of this poem is easy to recognize. He is continually squinting into the sun. He is sun-burned, wind-burned, rope-burned, snow-blind, and saddle-sore. He carries a small copy of *Wind, Sand, and Stars* in his hip pocket. He has been shot in three places. He smiles sadly at the multitude. He knows.

Once you have mastered these four basic poems, there is nothing to prevent you from becoming a competent poetry critic. Indeed, fame and fortune lie well within your grasp. I have done my part. Carry on!

Belgian Youth

NICKY BOUVE, '59

Nicky is our foreign exchange student from Belgium



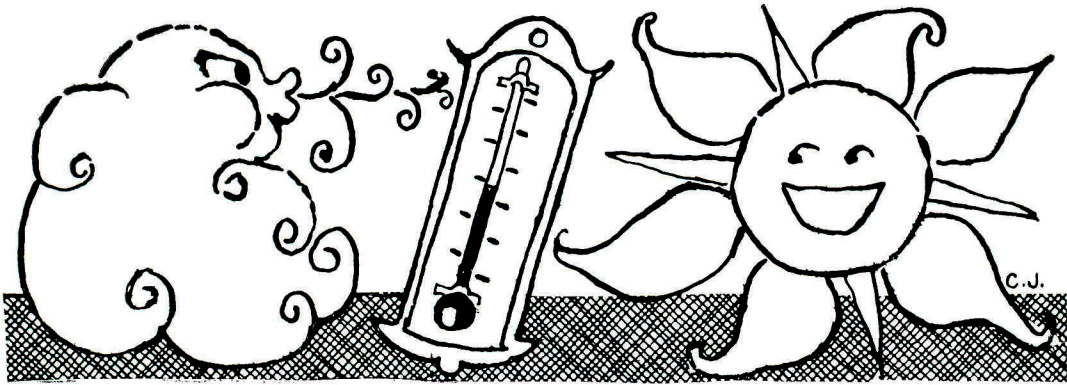
ELGIUM, a little country of various aspects, has a population of half Germanic and half Latin origin. Therefore, its people speak either French, or Flemish, or both. Belgian and American youth have many things in common; they both like sports, jokes, songs, dancing and are even enthusiastic about some of the same movies such as, "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

However, due to the differences in historical backgrounds and school systems, there are interesting contrasts. For example, Belgian students don't usually date until they go to the university, probably because their high schools are not co-ed and, due to their studies, they do not have the time or opportunities to

belong to so many clubs or have such an active social life as American students. They may be more serious and realistic, but less independent, as they are considered children much longer than their American cousins.

In the country, children go to the only grammar school of the village (20 students and one teacher for the whole school). As soon as they are 14 years old, they must help their family on the farm. As a result, they certainly know the value of work!

Finally, as Europeans, Belgians are more reserved than their dynamic and friendly friends; but I'll bet even the most strait-laced European could not resist the enthusiasm of American rock and roll, or football games!



Weather or Not

MICHAEL MAKOVER, 60

Third Prize, Roar Contribution Contest

THE other day we were reading *Wind, Storm, and Rain*, by Denning Miller. Mr. Miller delves into the mysteries of applied meteorology and comes up with a simple and accurate method of foretelling the weather.

We find that a coriolus depression of an extratropical cyclone on the equatorial front will sublimate the occluded front of a continental, altostratus-nimbo cumulus which is being dispersed inversely toward the isostatic ridge of a doldrumic westerly. From this analysis, we can determine that things are in a mess. What is even more important, we can announce without fear of contradiction, that the morrow will bring fair skies . . . or maybe storms . . . or maybe . . . Anyway, we know exactly what's happening in Terhune, New Mexico. Simply by looking at our weather map, following the isobars, deciphering a good portion of the 172 possible weather symbols, we stand firm that the poor people of Terhune are being rained upon by frozen snow in the middle of a cyclonic sandstorm in fair weather with a high about to enter battle with a stationary front which is taking cover under a fog bank at 32,000 feet. Giving this up, we turn with trembling

eyes to our own little section of the map. To our great relief, we find a small "m" with a circle around it, which means "report missing."

Undaunted souls that we are, we decide to build our own weather station and show those Washington boys a thing or two. We construct a double manifold barometric manometer; a self-recording, maximum-minimum, wet and dry bulb thermometer, anemometer and seisimonometer; a synchronus cartographical distributing telegraphometer; and a thermodynamic thermocouple. While putting these up on the roof, we contemplate such subjects as the adiabatic lapse rate of diurnal variation and the geopotential dynamic aspects of latitudinal motion. The small incidental cost of this venture is only \$565.75. The 75c is for the materials while the \$565 is for hospital bills after falling from the roof.

While lying in our hospital bed, we are visited by our nurse, who comes in and turns on the TV. ". . . and now for the weather report. The Barom—" CRASH!!

"Nurse, please bring a new crutch," we say, as she pulls our other one out of the splintered picture tube.

EDITORIALS

A literary magazine, we have found, is many things: it is meetings, more disorganized than not; appeals for manuscripts; writing, reading and re-writing those manuscripts; selecting, editing and voting on them; and, finally, sessions with the printer.

And so, to the magazine staff; to the students who contributed to our magazine, "the which, if you but like, you do our hearts uplift," and to the faculty, we tender our most grateful thanks.

* * *

Of all the things generally included in the term "school spirit," one is conspicuous by its absence; academic responsibility, or working up to one's capacity. Last year, in the wake of the first Russian Sputniks, Mr. Floyd Landon of the White Plains High School business department, wrote a letter addressed to the WPHS student body. In that letter he emphasized the necessity of hard work and stressed the importance of working to the full limits of one's ability. Now, one year later, we feel that it is necessary further to emphasize these points. When a student fails to work up to his fullest capacity, he fails his school, his country, and himself.

By not taking advantage of the unusual educational opportunities which are offered at WPHS, a student loses a rare chance at interesting and challenging material not offered at every high school. When a graduate of our school, through his own laziness, fails to get the education he could have secured with a little work, he often chooses to blame everyone concerned but himself. His mediocrity after graduation is easily and directly traceable to his own laziness; but the blame for it is often

placed on his school, thereby lowering its prestige.

A graduate of WPHS who does poorly in college owing to poor self-discipline and bad study habits makes it difficult for later graduates to gain admittance to that college. His poor work also lowers the prestige of his school. Furthermore, if few students have the initiative to take advanced courses offered here, then money spent on their development will be channeled to other phases of the school and future students will be deprived of their advantages.

In this age of rapid technological development, our country needs every available hand. If students loaf, and therefore do not receive the well-rounded and progressive education they might, then they are depriving their country of its most valuable resource, educated people. With the stiff and vital competition for world dominance which is going on today, we cannot spare anyone.

Above all else, the lazy student cheats himself. By robbing himself of a great opportunity for interesting and challenging material, he is doing something that he will regret deeply in later life. More than anything else, his high school work determines his life's work. What he does in high school determines what college he goes to or what type of job he can get. If through his own laziness, stupidity, and lack of foresight, a student wastes his three years of high school, he will regret and bemoan it for the rest of his life.

When it comes time to decide on what subjects you will take next year or whether or not to do assignments on time, we hope you will remember this and not fail your school, your country, or yourself.

Worlds Apart

STEFANI GROSSMAN, '60



As I sat, trying to follow the melodic and unified chanting of the Israeli youths, my mind was not entirely on the service being conducted by the children. As I had been in Israel only a week, everything was still strange to me. I could not see the boys because they were in a section below us, but the Israeli girls, or Sabras, were quite different from the girls in the group with which I had come. Their little-girl appearance, their long plaited hair, dark features, and childish clothing made me feel most out of place, with my drip-dry American clothing, flats, and lipstick.

The Israelis did not seem to be paying that much attention to the Friday night service, either. They kept whispering and giggling among themselves and casting furtive glances at the "Amerikayim." I wondered with which one I would go home to supper. I was a little apprehensive, but I was looking forward to going to an Israeli home and



observing their traditional Sabbath eve customs.

Suddenly I recognized the words they were singing and realized the service was ending. I hurried downstairs where they were assigning the members of our group to the various homes. Inflated with a

few successes in understanding people on the street, I said I did not care if my family did not speak much English (unsuspecting tourist). Thus I was paired up with Shoshanna who knew "a little English." As we walked the quiet Jerusalem street to her home, we tried

to communicate with each other by finding words we had in common. For instance, I would start a sentence in Hebrew and after I floundered around a bit, she would suggest an English ending.


In this manner, we reached her apartment. The eager faces of the family told me they were awaiting me, yet were not too sure what to expect. The apartment was small, yet probably considered middle-class. I felt sorry for any woman who had to work in their kitchen, which was no larger than a long closet. I sat down at the table and surveyed my family while they scrutinized me. There were three generations in that room. Grandpa was an old, very religious man and was wearing a streimleach, a big wide furry hat, which Jews traditionally wore in Poland on the Sabbath. The father was a more modern practical man, but he had a



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New England Heritage

MARCY BERGREN, '59

N 1913, in England, a book was published which introduced a new poet and a new style of writing. The book was *A Boy's Will*, the poet, Robert Frost, and the style might be called psychological idyll. A year later his second book, *North of Boston*, was published; this time it was hailed not only in England but in America as well. The people enjoyed this book because of its simplicity of speech and the depth embodied in this simplicity. He wrote in a conversational style producing combinations of words which seemed to speak and sing. His written word was so well presented that it actually carried the accent of the spoken word.

Probably one of his most outstanding traits, however, was his ability to make thoughts concise, using New England conservativeness without altering the exact meaning he wished to present. This genius of men was able to present to his readers in one line what would take most poets three stanzas to say.

Mr. Frost's thorough knowledge of the customs and people of New England enabled him to take certain qualities from different people and combine them into one character for his poetry. New England was his life. He loved the country and the people with complete devotion. He was so familiar with the countryside that he could describe it in such a way as to make you feel that this was a place of your childhood. The public loved his unaffected lyrics and simple vocabulary so typical of New Englanders.

The most significant quality of Robert Frost's poetry is its universality.

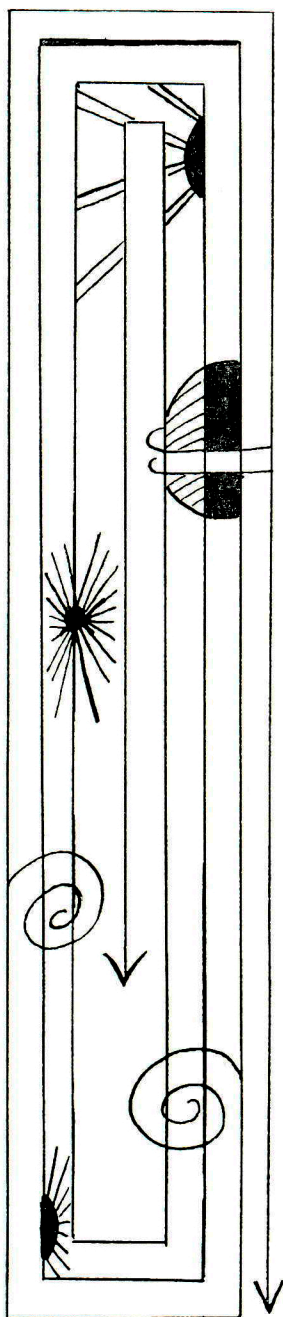
Because of his deep love for the smallest, most unnoticed thing, he is able to turn a forgotten thought into an unforgettable phrase. His rich enjoyment of life allows him to pick out anything and make it of universal appeal. When he is outwardly serious, he is inwardly humorous; and when he is outwardly humorous, he is inwardly serious. As he once said about his poetry, "It begins with a lump in the throat, a sense of wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness." He also said that after writing a poem, it was like remembering something you didn't know you had already known.

In his universality he had a quiet, homey type of humor. He treats deep, heavy subjects with a touch of humor that probably makes them deeper and leaves you thinking longer. For example, his famous poem, "Birches," could be taken as a lovely, bucolic description telling of the strange beauty of the trees, but I doubt if it were meant as that alone. When you read the phrase, "Earth's the right place for love; I don't know where it's likely to go better," its beauty catches your eye, but it doesn't end there. It is something that sticks with you, not for its beauty alone, but for its infinite depth.

After reading many of Robert Frost's works and studying him as a person, I feel that he has left with the American people an insight into the ways of the New Englander and the beauty of their surrounding countryside. He leaves with his readers a feeling of contentment, understanding, and a desire to know more of this great land of democracy.

Hail, the First Spaceman

DAVE MARASH, '59



The stars peer at him through a black
veil;
Space surrounds him in a smothering
blanket;
He is the monkey fallen from the tree;
He is the first spaceman.

Training, so valuable on Earth, is
worthless;
Discipline, safety catch of the embat-
tered ego,
Lies defeated and cowering, over-
whelmed by elements beyond its
ken.
Fear assails the first spaceman.

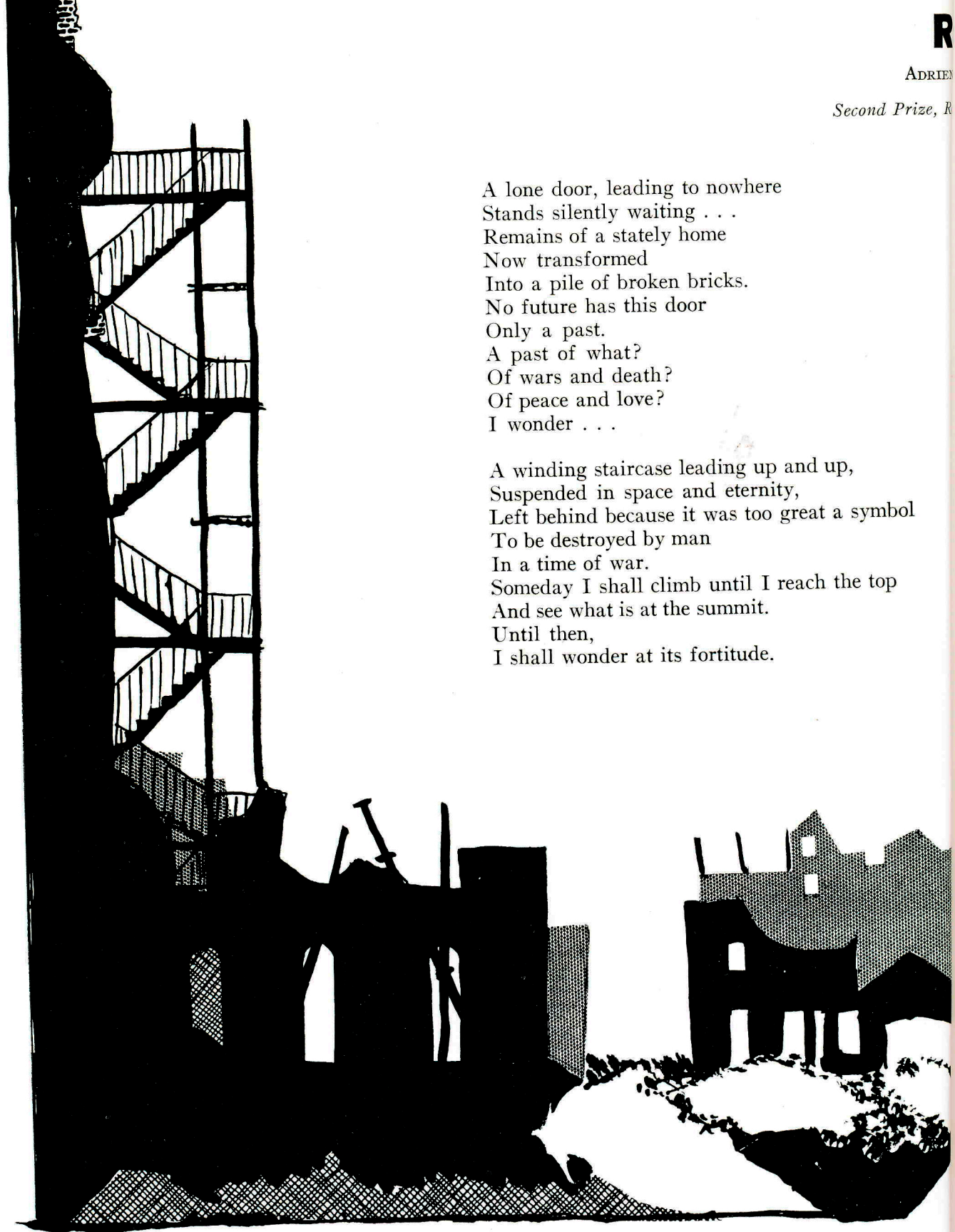
Distress, pain, and fear are part of him.
He falls to the deck with a shuddering
sigh,
Blackness envelops him in a cloak of
terror;
Encompassed by nothingness, the first
spaceman.

He clutches at the smooth metal of the
walls,
Fingernails broken, fingers bleeding;
quivering with all the fear of frail
humanity.
Laughter from the depths of Hell
haunts the first spaceman.

The mind, existing in the tranquility
of the known,
Knows but fear of the black unknown.
Staggering, now falling—consciousness
succumbs, life departs.
Rest in peace, first spaceman.

A lone door, leading to nowhere
Stands silently waiting . . .
Remains of a stately home
Now transformed
Into a pile of broken bricks.
No future has this door
Only a past.
A past of what?
Of wars and death?
Of peace and love?
I wonder . . .

A winding staircase leading up and up,
Suspended in space and eternity,
Left behind because it was too great a symbol
To be destroyed by man
In a time of war.
Someday I shall climb until I reach the top
And see what is at the summit.
Until then,
I shall wonder at its fortitude.



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NE JAFFE, '59

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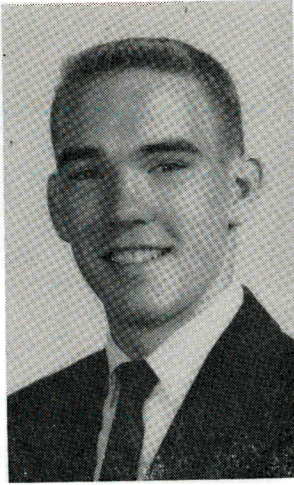
A window looking sadly on life;
A remain of the past.
Who has gazed through this hole in the bricks,
And rejoiced in the day
Or night?
Who watched life pass by outside?

Why is it now only looked through
By stars at night
And sunlight by day
And by little children too young
To understand?

A stark, bleak outline against the starry night,
An obstacle by day for the playful sunbeams.
A building with no ceiling, no floors,
Or walls
To protect it from the wrath of war;
And weather;
And mankind.



IN FOCUS



George O'Kelley

STEVE BRENNER, '59

The man behind the smile, George O'Kelley, was born in the heart of Dixie, Atlanta, Georgia. George has been too busy to wave a Confederate flag, however. Athlete, student, worker, and friend, George is one of the busiest students at White Plains High School.

George is vice-president of the Inter-Faith Church Council of White Plains and ex-president of the Baptist Youth Fellowship. He also served as Secretary of the Southern Westchester Youth Organization.

He is also an active Hi-Y-er. He has built his club from two to thirty members and has made it one of the hardest working clubs in the city. At the 1958 Hi-Y Youth-in-Government Assembly, George was a special adviser to the Boy Governor.

At WPHS George played JV and varsity football. A baseball standout, he was honorable mention All-County last year.

This year George is co-captain of the cheerleaders and manager of the swim-

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Pam Porterfield

ALAN SAPAKIE, '59

Born in Houston, Texas, but a real WPHS-ite at heart is Pam Porterfield. Since enrolling in the fourth grade at Mamaroneck Avenue School, Pam has been an outstanding citizen of White Plains. She has a long history of service to her school dating from the Post Road School Glee Club.

Pam was an outstanding Girl Scout, winning the Curved Bar, highest award in regular Girl Scouting. Now, Pam is a very active member of Hi-Y, Sub-Juniors, and The Young People's Fellowship of St. Bartholomew's Church.


All these activities have not prevented her from being an outstanding student, however. An honor roll student, Pam was elected to the local chapter of the National Honor Society.

As co-chairman of the GO Student Handbook Committee, she heads the group responsible for the indispensable *Handy Guide to White Plains High School*. When not at school, Pam enjoys playing with her two boxers, Hunter and Brandy.

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Waiting in the Railroad Terminal

STEVE JANTZEN, '59

 His whole bearing, his entire posture and expression were merely extensions of the wooden cane he was holding across his folded legs. If I were to have looked only at this cane, I would then have known the whole aspect of the man who clutched it. There was nothing particularly striking about the object; that is, there were no evident signs of unusual craftsmanship in its manufacture or misuse in its service. In fact, it was the lack of any obvious trait which made it the more obvious.

Everything about it looked amazingly uninteresting. The rubber tip that now just managed to touch the ground had apparently been touching the ground for quite a while previous to this; the rubber which showed sign of once having been red, was now the very pale pink an eraser sometimes acquires when it has had to correct too often too many mistakes. The common yellowish tinge of the wood was undistinguished enough originally; a loss of the varnish's polished glassiness made it now even more so. Now the lacquer clung lethargically to the yellow, lusterless and dull. Nor did the shape of the prop itself escape without apparent modifications. Barely discernible under the hand that held it, the cane's handle twisted in such an irregular fashion that the direction of the original curve was hard to determine. The entire character of the cane was pathetically dulled, faded, and worn.

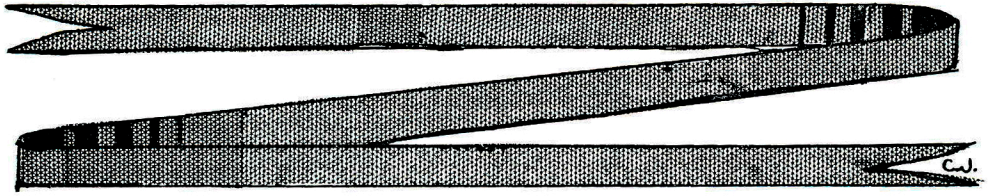
Looking up from the lifeless to the living, but nevertheless, inanimate, figure of the man was to experience the same type of pathos but with a more

acute association. The bent, twisted shape of the handle transmitted its uncertain form through the man's hands to his lank frame, which heaped itself in a nondescript fashion about the cane. Once an aged hand limply holding a wrinkled handkerchief climbed slowly for the refuge of a pair of rimless glasses. As the hand was removed, the eyes again resumed the same dolorous expression, or lack of expression, as if they were focusing on the very inner surface of the glass lens. Everything about the man was worn, just as everything about the cane was worn. The gaping mouth, the sandy gray hair, the unsymmetrical felt hat, the off-white collar, reflected an identical loss in sheen which had taken place in the varnish of the yellow shaft. The man was very old.

Each person seemed to have his own individual way of avoiding complete immobility. A cigarette was a common try. Some would smother one after a few nervous puffs. Others would smoke theirs to extinction. Still others merely held them in the fingers until they smothered themselves in their nails. Umbrellas, coins, newspapers, suitcase handles, anything that could be, was moved ever so slightly.

The 1:33 pulled in. The people strutted, trotted, staggered and strolled through the doors that led to the platform. Other people filtered in to refill the vacant places on the benches. Some lighted cigarettes. Others opened their newspapers and started to read.

The cane sat on the bench as before. It was motionless.



A Pretty Piece of Ribbon

TAFFY GRONER, '60

They were old now, and others were taking care of them. They sat there, rocking slowly, two ancients from another world. Their thoughts were their own, but occasionally they glanced up and smiled at one of the younger adults.

One of the guests stood up and started for her coat. "I'll have to leave now, Ruth," she called to her hostess.

"Oh, so early? Do stay!"

"No, I've got a doctor's appointment. I must have a wart removed. I had a wonderful time, though. I'll see you tomorrow, won't I?"

"You don't need to have a doctor take out a wart," said the old lady. "There are other ways."

Another guest, young and curious, asked, "What are they? Please tell me."

"You take a piece of ribbon, a real pretty piece of ribbon, and you throw it away, then the wart will go away," and she smiled triumphantly.

Some of the guests turned away and smiled. But now the old lady was nodding sleepily again.

Her companion gazed vacantly into nothing and thought—yes, a pretty piece of ribbon: Suddenly she was young again, in the old country, going out to call the men in for supper. Her younger sister, Leah, came running toward her. "Where were you?" she scolded.

"Rebecca," interrupted Leah, "I need a piece of ribbon. I've got a wart." She showed her hand, revealing the lump between her fingers.

Rebecca nodded sympathetically. "No, I don't have any, but we'll see," she said, "You'd better go in now."

That evening, she considered the various sources for getting any at all. If her mother had some, she might ask for it. But her mother wouldn't have any. If she could wangle a chance to go to town with her father—. No, they really couldn't afford ribbon.

Rebecca, suddenly rebellious, wondered why she need do anything for her sister. She could get it for herself! But Leah was so helpless. Anyway, she was Leah's older sister. Rebecca needed this symbol of authority at any price.

She thought of getting some scrap from the skirt her mother was making. On impulse she got up and joined her mother in the kitchen.

"Pretty material. Good, too," she commented. "You won't use the scrap, will you?"

"M-hm, I'll be able to make a kerchief for your father, and I'll need some extra material, anyhow. Here, baste this, will you, Rebecca?"

Rebecca took it silently. Usually we have some to spare, she reflected bitterly, and this time we need it all. She finished the basting and gave it to her mother. "Here, I'm going to bed now. Good night."

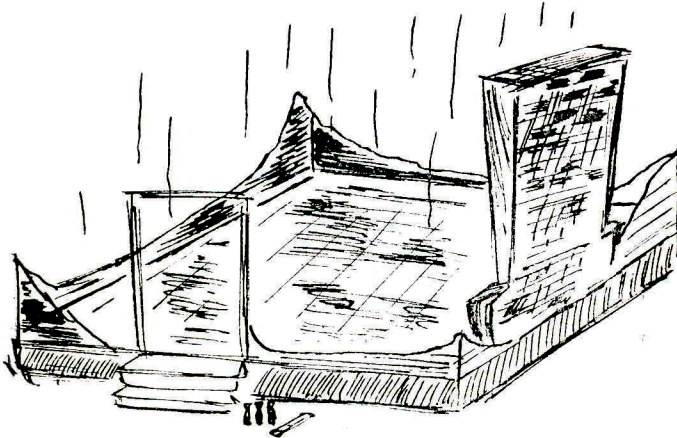
The next day Rebecca was knitting under the linden trees near the house

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Fire

DAVE MARASH, '59

Gray delights prancing on the edge of the mind,
Blue lanterns flickering in the fog,
Yellow voices, and red,
Life and Death struggling in a murky shadow;
Screams of pain and lamentations of sorrow,
Cracks of splitting timbers and mangled souls,
The furnace of a thousand Hells:
Then quiet.
All is done.
Silence hangs as an oppression in the misty air.
All is gone; there remains nothing
Save the grey fog rising from the scene
And the useless tears of the night.



Just a Card

STEPHANIE JAFFE, '60

She sat there, motionless, too stunned to speak. Her head ached; and wild, improbable thoughts ran through her brain. How could he have done this to her?

Hadn't he realized how much this whole thing meant to her? From the time she first saw him, she had been his, completely, devotedly, doing his bidding, always at his beck and call. Why, only the other day he had smiled at her so tenderly, so proudly, and she had felt so confident that everything would be all right.

And now! She pried open the window and took a deep breath of the cold, outside air. She had tried so hard to be worthy of him, and all that he

wanted. How could he have been so blunt about it? There was just the card. The card. She couldn't understand where she had failed. Had she forgotten something? Had she offended him? There was no explanation.

She walked to the mirror and looked at herself, trying to see herself as he might see her. Her shoulders sagged, and her eyes were bleary with despair. Once more she took the card into her shaking hands and looked at it. There was no mistake about it. There it was, eloquent, terrible. Was he really so blind as not to see that she deserved more than this?

Eighty-five. Eighty-five. In his eyes she had seen the promise of a ninety.

Conquest of Space

JOHN LITTLETON, '61

It was a clear, chilly mid-December day, this truly great day in the conquest of space. Many plans, frustrations, failures, and funds had gone into this day of all days. What would its engineers and designers receive in material value from its success or failure? Was it worth risking a life?

This was to be the final proof of months of drawing, tests, weather calculations, and every other detail concerned with such an enterprise. The operator was to be one of the original designers. He would naturally be best qualified to operate its complicated devices. The actual take-off would be somewhere in an Atlantic seaboard state. If this step in the conquest of space was a success, there would be no limit to the distances that man might

conquer in time.

Last minute checks were now being made. Weather calculations, fuel, final checking; all were ready. All ready to blast off into that great untouched, unknown world of space never before entered by man. The operator was ready, fully dressed, with all needed equipment. Into the machine he climbed. The engine began its mighty roar. The brave pilot could still hear faint shouts of good luck as he began to move.

Up, up, the ship soared, like a feathered bird. Then down again to a careful halt on earth. A complete success!! The ship under its faithful commander's leadership, had defied mighty space by staying aloft 14 seconds. Wilbur and Orville went home, two happy, successful men that night.

WORLDS APART

(Continued from Page 9)

quiet reserve and religious appearance about him. Shoshannah and her younger brothers were easily recognizable as Sabras (native-born Israelis) by their freer, carefree, and confident airs.

As the meal progressed, I began to realize the inadequacy of my Hebrew. Either they would ask me a question which I understood, but could not answer in Hebrew, or I would ask them a question and not understand the answer. In general they spoke no English, though one of the little boys proudly showed off his knowledge of English by saying all the words he knew—"one, two, three, boy, girl, "etc.—jumping around the whole time.

A course was served that I shall never forget. It is customary to serve baked carp as one course of the Friday night meal; now I did not mind that too much; but what perturbed me was that the head of the fish was sitting on my plate. I looked around. The others had some bones too and were sucking them with great relish. I did some quick calculating and figured it was an honor to get the head or "rosh." Without looking or thinking, I gulped down whatever was inside the "rosh," hoping I would never be so honored again.

When the meal was over, Shoshannah and I walked back to the synagogue to rejoin our friend. How different this was from a Friday night gathering of teen-agers here! I was the first American back, and the girls, who all seemed to be in one corner, stared openly at me and, I think, found me interesting and amusing, due to my sophisticated American attire. My crinoline especially fascinated them, and one bold girl lifted my skirt a little to touch it. What nearly doubled them over with laughter

was that I was only fifteen. After they got over that shock, they made a game out of guessing the age of the girls in our group as they entered, always laughing and surprised when they heard the correct answer. When all were assembled, we did not start social dancing or singing rock and roll. Instead, we joined in Israeli dancing which is done in two circles, one of boys and one of girls. Their dances are swift, joyous, and energetic, uplifting all who join in.

Finally, exhausted from the dancing, we sat down and learned some Israeli songs, and then, after being entertained by them all evening, we decided to turn the tables and entertain the children. We fulfilled their request by offering them rather offkey renditions of "Oklahoma" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." These later became our group's standard repertoire for such occasions.

For all their gaiety and naiveté, I noticed that the Israelis are more mature than we in some ways. They are very much attached to their young country and have a responsible attitude toward it. It does not seem to me that the teenagers here fully appreciate our country or would be as willing to sacrifice for it as the Israeli youths are for theirs. The Israelis' enthusiasm and unity showed me that they would always present a united front against any enemy.

Six weeks later, having already been mistaken for a Sabra many times, I happened to meet Shoshannah again. I was wearing simple clothing, sandals, no lipstick, and was a few pounds lighter. I thought of how much I had learned about her county and said, "Shalom L'cha," "Hello."

R. I. P.

DAVE MARASH, '59

I felt sick this morning: I was sick to my stomach from gym exercises; sick to my fingers from writing themes; I had a headache from remembering dates, and in general, I was tired, run-down, and logy. I wanted relief fast, Fast, FAST. I thought I'd get it.

I settled down to a quiet day in bed, but such was not my fate. "Take two aspirins, two bufferin, two Dr. Jekyl's little lollipops (with vitamins A through P 17, and the candied ingredient, sugar, for tooth decay); Drink some juice, some milk, some Aunt Hattie's Georgia Alligator oil (Did you ever see a Georgia alligator with an upset stomach?) and gargole," (Nature's way to the hospital,) ordered my mother, a friendly ex-drill instructor.

After she left for work, I figured I could sneak down for a sumptuous breakfast. I was foiled by a note on the refrigerator door: "You are sick. Don't eat much. I have counted everything."

So I had a magnificent meal of sugar sweeties, Johnny Giraffe's favorite cereal. Aside from a slight lengthening

of my neck, this meal had no effects on me; and I went upstairs to listen to some music or rock and roll.

At one my mother returned and fed me an inedible lunch of an egg, period. I returned to my room and, tired by the "Rock Pile Rock," by the Innocent Bystanders and "The Aida Death March Cha-cha-cha" by the Richard Wagner Orchestra conducted by the spirit of Guiseppi Verdi, I decided to read a book. After reading six pages, I slept for two hours.

At three the crowning horror occurred. My brothers returned home. Showing a remarkable lack of respect for the infirm, they leaped on me and cried, "Let's do something." Five minutes later they left me, a battered and broken man, for dead.

It is now night. I am sick. I am sick to my stomach where my brothers hit me, sick to my fingers from opening pill bottles, and I have a headache from the radio. But . . . if you think I'm staying home again . . . you're sick!!

GEORGE O'KELLEY

(Continued from Page 14)

ming team.

Co-chairman of the GO Welcome Committee, George helped plan the annual Alumni Open House. George represented WPHS on the television program *Spotlight on Youth*.

Versatile George plays three instruments: trumpet, piano, and ukulele. He has maintained an A and B record throughout school.

George O'Kelley and his great personality are definite assets to White Plains High School.

PAM PORTERFIELD

(Continued from Page 14)

Pam attended both the Hi-Y state convention at Albany and the national convention held at Oxford, Ohio, in 1956. At Albany her bill which established Nalline as a method of detecting drug addiction was passed at the 1957 New York State Youth-in-Government Assembly.

All her activities are evidence of a sparkling personality. This evidence is corroborated upon meeting Pam, a credit to our school and truly deserving of being "In Focus."

Panic

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

Past my memory
When the shell that holds me cracks,
The universe crumbles.

To think of a world
Going on, not through my eyes,
Not caring or knowing
The world is gone:
A sinking feeling in me
As I revolt against human life
And do not believe in ends.
I am descending a sliding rope.
Fraying further down,
And knowing makes nothing:
Sick panic, nothing panic.

Fast

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

I am afraid right now,
That right now soon will end;
That I don't believe in time
Already passed;
And for me the minutes melt
The instant their flakes
Touch the window pane of time:
A short life,
And soon will come death
With all of life erased
As if it had never been.
O, give me something to hold
From one moment to the next,
While they terrify me
By giving me an hourglass
Which with all my might I cannot stop!

How Much is a Dollar?

ROBERTA JUDSON, '60

A dollar is theoretically one-hundred cents; actually, it is nearer in value to one-half that amount. I don't care what economists think the dollar is worth; I think it has many different values to many different people.

To a millionaire a dollar is just some change in his pocket, used for tipping the busboy or buying coffee and a doughnut at his club:

To a housewife it represents a pound and one-half of hamburger meat:

A dollar is something a teenager needs more of to take his girl out on Saturday night:

The junior high group considers it a day at the movies:

Ah, but to a small boy, a dollar is the world. It's a trip to the moon; a visit with Superman.

First he must study it for a while, for half of its value is in just looking at it,

and feeling the crinkly paper in his hand. Then he must show it to all his friends. Why? Because unless everyone he knows sees it, it loses its meaning.

Anyone else can go out with a dollar and spend it, but not a little boy. There is a treasure house of things to be bought with a dollar, and one just can't be too hasty in deciding how to spend it.

Why, he could buy all the candy in the candy store, or a year's supply of comic books! It could buy him two real live turtles and maybe even a bowl to put them in. He could get a kite that would reach the moon, or a boat that really goes when you wind it. Any of these treasures could be his.

But he knows what he'll do with it. He really knew all the time he's going to buy Mommy the biggest box of candy in the world! And if he's a good boy, then maybe he can even have some.

A PRETTY PIECE OF RIBBON

(Continued from Page 16)

when Leah, running as usual, came by. "Look what Sammy got for me!" she called. "Now I can throw it away and—"

"Let's see it," called Rebecca. "Oh Leah! Give it back to Sammy. That's not the right kind of ribbon." It was a narrow strip torn from an old rag. "You need pretty ribbon," she explained. "It's no good if you throw away something nobody wants. You see—." Then she stopped, noticing her sister's crestfallen expression, "No, Leah, it won't do. But I'll get you some."

Now—she thought—I'm stuck. I'll just have to figure out a way to get some

ribbon. If only someone had a lot of ribbon—or—the gypsies! They'll be coming by soon, and if they ask Father for the field one night, I could ask them.

Then she recoiled from the thought. Like a pattern before her eyes came all the things she had heard about gypsies: they would take her away, they would kill her, they would make her a slave, they would—. But that was too silly. Right at home, with her father and the men there, the gypsies wouldn't dare do anything. And it would be only one gypsy. They always sent only one to ask, sometimes just a woman. Yet the little demon of fear remained.

Then, a few days later, he appeared

at the door. He was even darker than gypsies usually were, and his brilliant teeth emphasized his coloring when he smiled. He was frowning, though, as she approached him. She wondered if a more forbidding figure could exist. His thick lips gave the impression of resting violence, and his bushy eyebrows were set in an ill-tempered line.

She hesitated. He walked by her, going past the big tree. With new resolve, she turned and followed rapidly. When she was almost up to him, she panicked again and halted.

The gypsy turned. "Want something, little girl?"

That made her furious. She wasn't a little girl—but she was acting like one. She used an authoritative tone to ask: "Sir, would you have any ribbon?"

Suddenly he grinned. "Like this, you mean?" It was supposed to be the trimming on a hat, but the hat was by now a wreck.

"Yes, that will do. And, oh! Thank you." She came up, no longer afraid, and took it. "O, thank you so much," she repeated.

"You're welcome, miss," he said awkwardly, and left. She, too, felt awkward, but triumphant. She had the ribbon. It was beautiful. Now all she had to do was to throw it away.

Throw it away! She looked at it again. It *was* beautiful. It was blue, but a deep, brilliant blue, one of those colors found only in pictures, imaginations—and ribbon. It was quiet, yet bold; it was velvet, rich and thick and smooth. Throw this away? To be covered with mud and dirt? Impossible! She would hide it, and keep it always.

When she saw her sister's wart that night, she felt like a thief. Yet she kept the ribbon hidden in her room, feeling

miserable, fervently wishing that something different were required of her.

Her sister brought the matter up again. "Rebecca," she asked, "will my wart go away right after I throw away my ribbon, or must I wait?"

"Well—I don't know. Why?"

"I wondered. Did you figure out a plan yet?"

"Well—I, I've—no, not yet. Or—Leah! I have some ribbon, but it's so pretty that I just can't throw it away."

"But it has to be pretty. You said yourself it's no use throwing away something nobody wants."

"But this is different. Oh, all right, I'll throw it away."

"You will?"

"Yes, I will. Right now, too. It's in my room," Rebecca said defiantly. But her feet seemed incredibly heavy on the way up, and she wished the ribbon could have floated away. She returned leadenly. Mechanically she gave the ribbon to her sister.

"Oh!" exclaimed Leah. "It *is* pretty. Don't throw it away, Rebecca, please. You couldn't. It's just too beautiful.

Slowly, Rebecca looked at her sister and smiled. "Have you ever seen anything as lovely as that?" she asked softly. Then she added impulsively, "Here, you have it!"

"No," said Leah, "it should be yours."

"All right," said Rebecca, "but you can take it whenever you want it."

* * *

Now the party was dispersing. Slowly, painfully, Rebecca's gnarled, rheumatic fingers reached into her pocket and brought out a soft, well-fingered piece of velvet ribbon. Leah awoke, glanced over, and smiled. "It's still as pretty as ever, isn't it?"

TEENAGER

STEPHANIE JAFFE, '60

What is a teen-ager? A teen-ager is the happiest combination of good looks, charm, courage, personality, and intelligence. If you don't believe me, just ask one. A teen is the most unpredictable, uncanny, uncertain and unconscious human being ever to grace a soda fountain. A teen-ager is what most parents forget they once were.

A teen-ager is usually found where there's a good movie playing, where a juke box is blasting, where a chocolate soda is struggling through a straw, or, in short, as far as possible from homework, dirty dishes, and kid brothers. She is easily recognized by her trademarks: white sneakers (the 'white' being merely a happy memory), blue jeans, and faded sweatshirts.

A teen-ager is at her best when talking about her Saturday night date, about the person she hates most, and about Elvis. She is at her worst when trying to tackle a math problem, when straightening her room, and when baby sitting for "darling" Leroy.

The worries of teens are quite numerous: Saturday night curfew; what to wear to the dance; whether to go out with Herbert or Harold; how to get rid of the pimple that is blossoming on her chin; and how to attract that dreamy

villain who sits behind her in chemistry.

The powers of a resourceful teen-ager are unlimited. She is the only person who can do her homework while manicuring her nails and listening to Rock and Roll records. She can talk more people in and out of things than can the best lawyers in the country.

The teen-ager is the thriftiest person in the world. She has already saved hundreds of dollars on paper alone by scribbling on her desks in school. She can distribute her bus pass to half a dozen of her friends who will in exchange give her their homework.

No one can spend more time on the phone creating more gossip than can a teen-ager. No one can devise more honest methods for cheating on a history test than this species. And no one can think up more crazy dance steps or digest more pizza pies, hot dogs, ice cream sodas or hamburgers than "you-know-who."

And there is no one more shocked than her mother who will one day take her child aside and say to her: "There comes a time in our lives when we all must learn about the birds and bees."

To which our teen friend smiles knowingly and replies: "Sure, Mom, what is it you want to know?"

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