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WHITE PLAINS HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE
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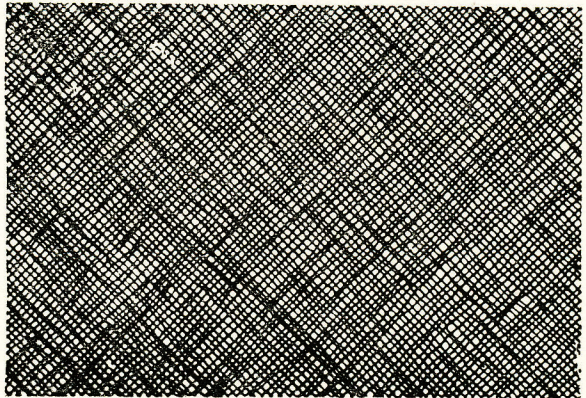
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First Image

JOHN BERMAN, '60

when the sword appeared i
immediately recognized the hand
holding it as my own finally
i said it's happened i've
caught up with myself now
for the fatal stroke but
the sword changed to
a flower which the hand
presented to me thank
you i said



Parable

JOHN BERMAN, '60

A man said to himself,
"I'll smile until it hurts."
And when it hurt,
He couldn't stop smiling.

Rationale

THE purpose of a literary magazine is to provide an outlet for creative writing and to encourage such attempts. Although White Plains High School students have long had the need for a magazine, only last year did we move from passive interest to active work. Last February a successful first issue of the *Roar* was published.

A school magazine serves a specific purpose for us adolescents. We have reached the point when we are beginning to question and to ponder accepted conceptions of the world. We are realizing that we are qualified to make meaningful observations on the world as it has been run thus far. We

are beginning to wonder what happiness is and what pain is and how we, as individuals, fit into the scheme of life and time.

As we put our thoughts down on paper, we are influenced by current literary movements and fads and by authors we have read. Nevertheless, we hope the reader will find that we are trying to make some sense out of the mass of experiences confronting us.

This magazine comprises poetry, short stories, and satirical essays—poetry predominating. As an experiment, a few of the poems we have included are in foreign languages. We shall continue to experiment until we arrive at a magazine which best represents the high school.

I Want to Know Why . . .

ALICE COHN, '60

ON my way home from the doctor's office I always pass by the tall regal buildings on Sutton Place. From the car window I always see a good many ultra-glamorous women dressed in the height of fashion (ranging from a "simple" trapeze to lizard-green legs; i.e., green stockings), walking the "teensiest," most "stepable" French poodles.

Soon I pass on to a section in the Bronx which is decadent beyond belief. Its once proud and boastful buildings now shamefully hide their faces behind layers and layers of dirt. Its people, for the most part, are not ashamed because they've nothing to be ashamed of. They have never known anything other than the rotten lives they lead in their deteriorated world.

I watch these people and my pity outpours. Tears well up in my eyes as I see a short, heavy-set Negro woman seated on an empty orange crate. Her body is slouched with an air of dejection. Her fat legs are spread wide apart so as to keep them from sticking together in the summer heat. And on her feet, in ninety degree weather, she wears brown woolen socks, full of holes. I don't know why she wears them, perhaps to show her friends she owns a pair of socks. Then this fat little woman pleadingly looks up at me and her face is like the face of a sad beagle puppydog being punished for a crime he is ignorant of committing.

Then, I want to know why. I want to know why there exists such abundant wealth in contrast to such dire

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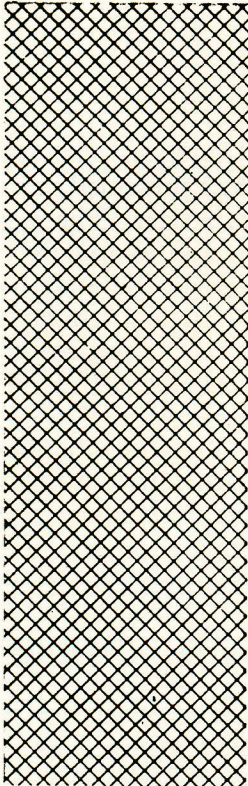
Reflection

JACKIE SCHWARTZ, '61

Fine worn pages, smooth and frayed
at the edges,
Exuding the strong pungent odor of
age;
A soft leather cover, fashioned by one
who cared for his work
And did it well, to last eternity;
Vague gold letters, faint now, but grand
in their majestic dull finish;
Not glaring and harsh, but soft, and
burning with life;
Such was the world I found in the back
of my shelf of worlds.

I opened its pages and entered a place
visited by many before me.
Each left his mark:
A thumb print, added to scores of other
thumbprints;
A teardrop, added to others printed and
dried on the paper aeons before it.

It was a gift;
This world was a gift from one to
another.
I glanced at the words written by giver
to given
And felt them remote, yet near,
As one feels toward a forgotten picture,
or memory.
When at the end of my journey, I as-
sessed the world that I live in.
Nothing had changed, save me;
And that made the difference.



Placid Waters

JEFFREY TARTER, '61

By tranquil ponds of ancient rains I sit,
A lazy Summer's day to pass in thought.
A thinker, sculptured at a lake and caught
In silence, e'entimes heaven-bound a bit.
That water holds my dreams, a cup, to wit:
The stagnant wine my mind has often fought
Yet cloyes that cup, for Time is dearly bought
(I nod, then sleep . . . And here no thought has it.)

Pacific Cliffs

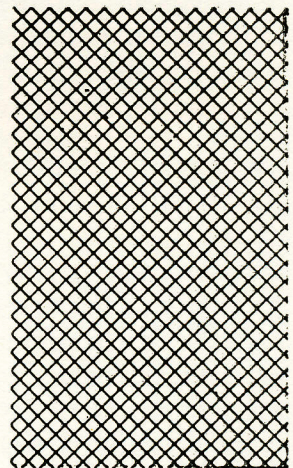
JEFFREY TARTER, '61

To stand on grassy cliffs above the sea,
To search where sky and wavelet curve and kiss,
To dream, and know that half a world of this
Goes on, and on . . . between the land—and me.

I Will Have No Soul!

JEFFREY TARTER, '61

In blackness absolute I find a light,
A far and distant spot it *seems* to be,
And yet no measure can be read to see . . .
I look! In darkness burning hot and bright
A flash of flame, a strange and wondrous sight
Now comes to eye and mind as all a key.
The dark enshrouds, the shine enlightens me,
But doubt this soul I must, full breadth and height.
The light has gone, alone I stand in gloom.
My soul I drowned in disbelief too deep
For light to burn and shine about my mind;
And stranger yet, I feel content with doom!
By thought inclined to truthful deed I leap
Forthright to pause in darkness not unkind.



Tribal Rites

WILLIAM DOBAK, '61

THE following are excerpts from a speech before a group of noted anthropologists, c. 6000 A.D. A noted scientist who is just back from excavations in America rises and addresses his fellows:

“During our recent work in America, we unearthed a number of relics which, I think, seem to cast new light on the religion of the primitive Americans.” He holds up a spool of celluloid tape, which the audience immediately recognizes as a means of communication between the American aborigines, and several fragments of brown, crumbling paper. From these artifacts, we gather the following . . .

“On the feast-days of their god Ra, the primitive Americans participated in rites involving strenuous physical and emotional activity. Great crowds would gather on a spot overlooking a level, oblong field, a sort of altar, on which two sets of priests would run about, embrace each other and roll on the ground . . . More priests thronged around the edge of the altar, ready to take the place of those who, spent, were lying on the ground insensate.

“Meanwhile, along the sides of the altar, the lesser clergy, dressed in their peculiar vestments, were contorting themselves, jumping in the air, and invoking the name of Ra . . .

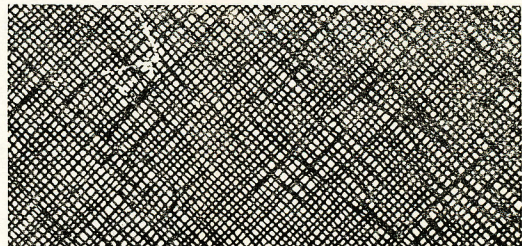
“The American religion at this time evidently incorporated animalism with Ra-worship, for it was not unusual to see at least one animal in the immediate vicinity, the property of the priests. Sometimes one of the votaries dressed himself in the skin of an animal and cavorted around the sides of the altar.

This was common practice when the upkeep of a real animal presented problems, as in the case of a tiger. The purpose of this activity was to impart to the active worshippers on the altar the characteristics of a tiger: strength, speed, and ferocity . . . Significantly enough, the high priests themselves did not don robes for the ceremony, as did those of lower rank. They stood among the inactive priests, growling out of the sides of their mouths and barking by turns—whether to impart to the priests the characteristics of a mad dog or not is not known . . .

“There is reason to believe that, prior to the ceremony, the priests were drugged, due to the repeated cry of “Orange and Black!” (the colors of the opium poppy) as a refrain in one particular chant. (He holds up one of the scraps of paper, shows it to the audience; they murmur appreciatively.)

“In conclusion, I shall say that these latest excavations confirm our theory that these rites were symbolic of the perpetual struggle between good and evil, for, you will notice, there are two separate groups of priests in different colored robes, one, of course representing good, and the other, evil.

“Thank you, gentlemen.” (Applause; the lecturer sits.)



New York City

PAUL JONES, '61

THERE'S a cold wind among the canyons. Great walls filled with steel and glass soar up to challenge the bleak sky's dominance. Impossible fantasies of structure play amidst a rock garden of hard earth-core.

A man passes by one of the huge wise lions on Fifth Avenue between 41st and 42nd. There's more than Albert Einstein ever knew between those lions' paws. An office boy crushes a cigarette against the wall of the Empire State Building. There are more people in that building than in most towns in America. This is a city of great cathedrals and huge vaulted ceilings covered

with stars. This is a city undermined by subterranean caverns filled with roaring beasts.

Nine Million!

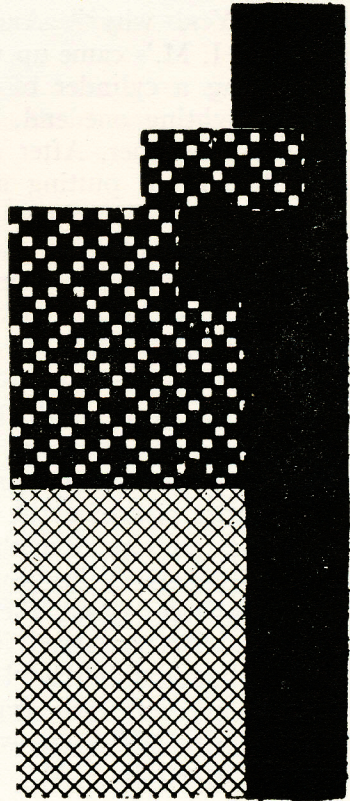
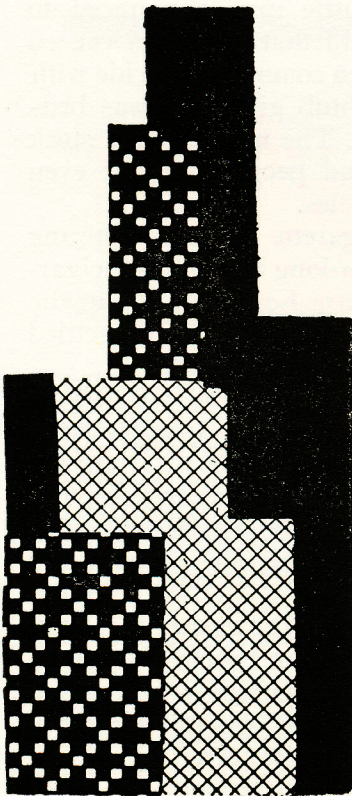
How many people can it hold? How long will it be before it coughs them off? It will swallow them forever. It may assimilate, it may corrupt, and it may save. Man built it, and he tears it down. But now it builds men, too, or it tears them down, and flings them away to the verdant countryside like shrapnel from an awful bomb.

There's a cold wind among the canyons. Pull up the collar of your coat—the city's waiting.

Night

ELAINE JANCOURTZ, '61

Black patent pavements
amble off;
Bebopping lights make
patterns on my face.
Marquees silently cry
their wares.
I hear! I come!
Music braying from
a store door
Paints people's laughter
pink, purple, and blue.
Lights and laughter
bubble about,
scattering
my dark
lone thoughts.



There is a Definite Connection Between Cigarettes and Smoking

MICHAEL MAKOVER, '60

IN 1601 Sir Walter Raleigh made a discovery which would soon revolutionize the world: he discovered tobacco. He was so impressed by the joy of smoking a peace pipe that he brought his new find home with him. Even though people tried to revolt against it, smoking has come down to us as one of our English heritages.

Not only has it come down to us, but it has also been improved and improved by centuries of Ingenious Man. As has been noted, it began as a pipe. Then a brilliant I. M. asked, "Why bother with the middleman?" Another I. M. replied, "Yes, why?" And finally a group of I. M.'s came up with the idea of making a cylinder of just tobacco leaves, lighting one end, and puffing hard on the other. After someone else had thought of putting a small hole down the middle, cigar smoking became widespread. Now came the Age of Aroma (known by certain vulgar opponents as the Age of Stink).

Many years, many tobacco plants, and many tons of clean air went down the smoking drain, until the next great step was made. Certain softies were abashed by the strong cigars, tired of evil breaths, sick of acrid smoke. They sought a solution. Something else instead of tobacco? Perfumed tobacco? Green tobacco? And then somebody thought, why not shred it up? They tried it, but it didn't hold together too well; people left little trails of shred behind them. "Why not wrap it up in paper?" asked an I. M.

A name was found for the new discovery when a popular singer sang, "Take My Loretta, But Not My Cigaretta." The fad took hold; in fact, it took over.

New songs came out, "My Cigarette and I," "You and the Night and the Little Bright Light," "Take My Senoretta, But Not My Cigaretta." Advertisements used cigarettes as props; then cigarettes used advertisements as props. The country's economic life zoomed, the stock market zoomed. All was bliss and smoke.

And then one day, October 23, 1929, an unhappy little man announced to a shocked world that cigarettes caused cancer. (He then committed suicide with a glass of bathtub gin.) All was bedlam and ashes. The next day the stock market fell, and people couldn't even resort to cigarettes.


But the cigarette industry sprang back with extra-long "king size" cigarettes: "The Extra Length Will Cut the Strength!" Cigarette smokers settled back in their chairs, satisfied.

Life was normal again: wars, atom bombs, spies, murders, governmental graft — all normal.

Stubborn scientists studied and studied while people smoked and smoked, while guinea pigs smoked and smoked.


And a lot of smokey guinea pigs were not for nothing, for twenty-five years later scientists victoriously announced that no matter how long the cigarette, you could still get cancer.

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Roger Curry


JOHN BERMAN, '60




Whenever Roger Curry drove through
town,
We people on the pavement looked at
him:
He was ivy from cap on down,
Clean-shaven, and fashionably slim.



And he was always casually arrayed,
And he had a Boston accent when he
talked;
He condescended every time he said,
“Good morning,” from his Jag to us
who walked.



His old man was rich—yes, richer than
a king,
(The Curry's money lent the Curry's
grace).
In fine, we would have given anything
To be invited to their “summer place.”




So on we worked, and waited for the
light,
And went without the bread, and cursed
the meat;
And Roger Curry, one calm autumn
night,
Went beat.



A Poet

MONA SCHEPMOES, '61



Some are drunk with inspiration
As the truth pours from the heart;
Yet, is it truth or escape from such
Which sorts these thoughts apart?



Der Erste Schnee

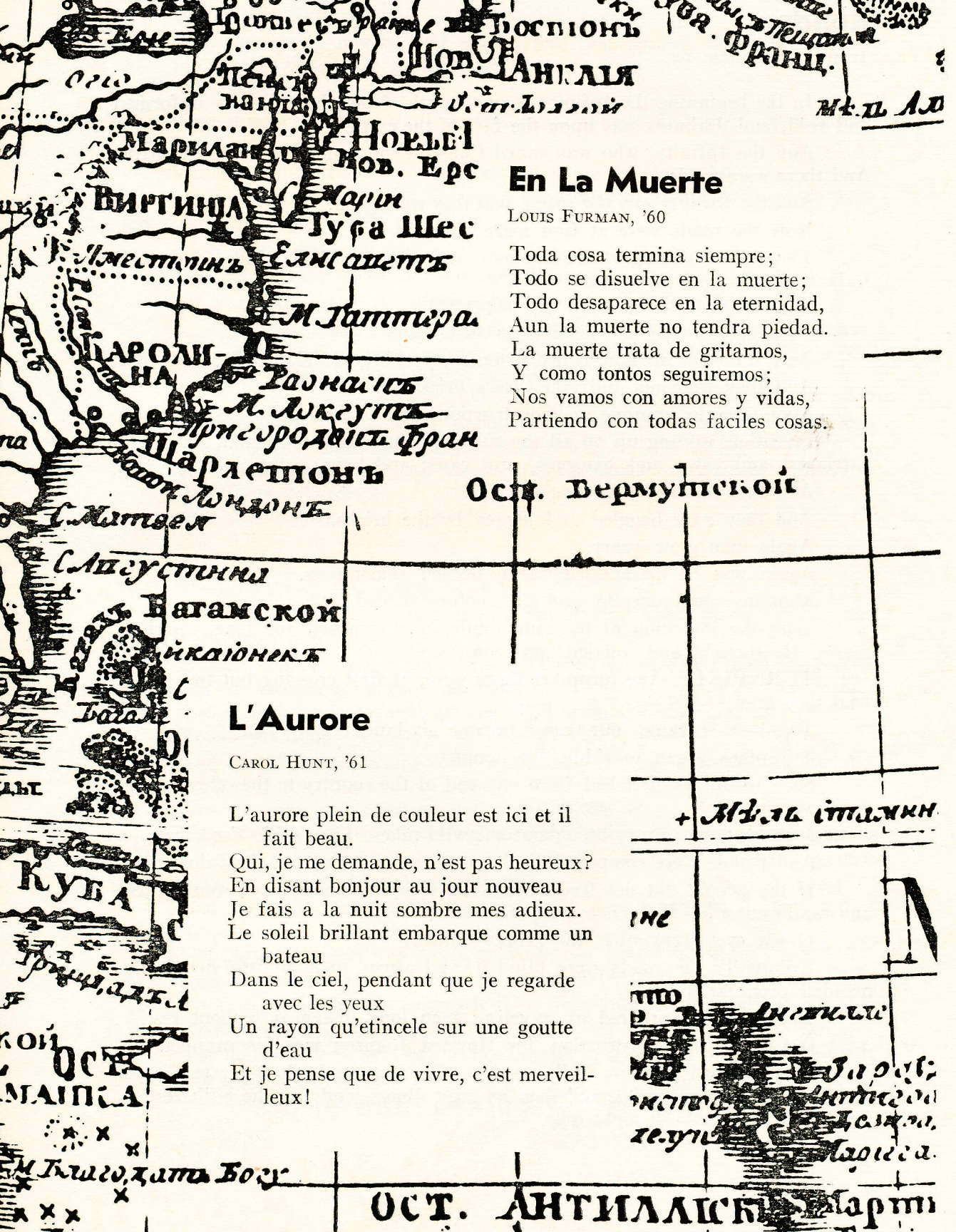
INGE WEBER, '60

Ei, du liebe Zeit!
Ei, wie hat's geschneit, geschneit!
Rings herum, wie ich mich dreh',
nichts als Schnee und lauter Schnee.
Wald und Wiese, Hof und Hecken,
alles steckt in weissen Decken;
und um Garten, jeder Baum,
jedes Baeumchen voller Schaum.
Auf dem Sims und Blumenbrett
liegt er wie ein Federbett.

Labor

LINDA ROSENFELD, '60

Labor est res bona,
Sed ubi maxime,
Puto me oppressa
Timore tam triste.
Conor esse digna,
Et diligens esse,
Sed sum fatigata
Ab omni opere.



М. П. Ал

En La Muerte

LOUIS FURMAN, '60

Toda cosa termina siempre;
Todo se disuelve en la muerte;
Todo desaparece en la eternidad,
Aun la muerte no tendra piedad.
La muerte trata de gritarnos,
Y como tontos seguiremos;
Nos vamos con amores y vidas,
Partiendo con todas faciles cosas.

Ост. Бермудской

L'Aurore

CAROL HUNT, '61

L'aurore plein de couleur est ici et il
fait beau.
Qui, je me demande, n'est pas heureux?
En disant bonjour au jour nouveau
Je fais a la nuit sombre mes adieux.
Le soleil brillant embarque comme un
bateau
Dans le ciel, pendant que je regarde
avec les yeux
Un rayon qu'etincelle sur une goutte
d'eau
Et je pense que de vivre, c'est merveil-
leux!

+ М. П. Италия

ИМЕ

ПО

ИСТО
те.ути

ИЖИЛИ
Юрор;
Итого
Самой
Молода.

ОСТ. АНТИЛЛЫ

КУБА

ОСТ. МАЙКА

М. П. Младодатъ Боу

Roads

JETHRO LIEBERMAN, '60

In the beginning the Infinity created earth. Now the soil was unformed and void, and darkness was upon the face of the earth.

And the Infinity, who was called Construction, said: Let there be roads. And there were roads.

And the Infinity saw the roads, that they were good.

Now the roads were at first mere paths.

They were untangled briar bush and thornweed clearings, and man walked slowly over these roads.

But lo! Something wondrous happened.

Man grew weary of walking on dirt roads.

And in the far off land called America, man began making his own roads!

And they were not soil: they were brick.

Man tried to improve on Construction, and to him it seemed to work.

Inventions sprang up on all the roads in that land. For man had built carriages, and cabs, and hansom, and vans; and later, automobiles.

And they traveled the streets in style.

And they were boggled and jogged by the bricks.

Again man grew weary.

Again was he dissatisfied. Man needed smoothness.

Man invented concrete, and the century turned.

With the invention of the automobile, man yearned for long, spacious roads. He thought and worried and won:

TURNPIKES. And turnpikes there were, at first crossing but two states. And they grew.

Two-lanes became four-lanes; became six-lanes.

Turnpikes began to riddle the country.

Soon turnpikes stretched from one end of the country to the other. They were everywhere.

Monster-boxes grew throughout the wild-pikes. They said: Feed me.

And people were compelled to throw them quarters and half-dollars.

If the people did not feed them, then a mysterious red eye would flash and would not allow the cars to pass on.

Green eyes were what the people wanted.

Eventually the roads were blinded, and armed men in little houses demanded propitiation.

The people grew tired of traveling such long distances without rest.

But blessed be Construction, for Howard Johnson was his prophet.

And Howard Johnson built reststops, and then he built fancy rest-stops, and then he built beaneries, and then he built diners, and then he built restaurants, and then he built nightclubs.

All along the turnpikes.

And then came motels, and hotels, and restaurants; nightclubs, movie theaters, drama, Broadway, and flowershops.

All along the turnpikes.

Now people could travel. They could eat. They could sleep. They could do a lot of other things.

And soon the country became almost one solid turnpike.

Only a few plots of land here and there, and of all the towns none were left standing but the harbor towns.

Man was always driving.

But for shame! Man was not satisfied.

He could go but to the ocean tides.

And ingenious man, with his portable concrete mixers, filled in the oceans. For forty years and forty more, man was at work, night and day, filling in the ocean. It was a sight to see when it was done.

Huge storage vats of water stood on elevated platforms above the con-
creted seas. At last man could travel everywhere.

He concreted all lands, all water. Storage tanks everywhere.

Travel, travel, travel.

And was foolish man satisfied?

No. There was still the sky.

Clever man, ingenious man, began concreting the air.

Skyways became incredibly complex.

Thousands of intersecting roadways ran through land, through ocean, and
lifted high, high into the sky.

Howard Johnson was right on the spot with his pies and hamburgers and
malted milk. Occasionally clam chowder.

And it took work to extricate sea food from the giant vats.

Yet it was done.

And the skyways became more numerous, circling the vats, the air, the
earth, and people.

Now no man saw another, nor rarely spoke at all.

Then began talk of concreting the universe, but that was mostly laughed
off.

And yet, man had nowhere else to go.

And now did Construction begin to crack and fume and strain.

And now did something wondrous happen.

One spring day—or was it fall, or winter?—a trembling began.

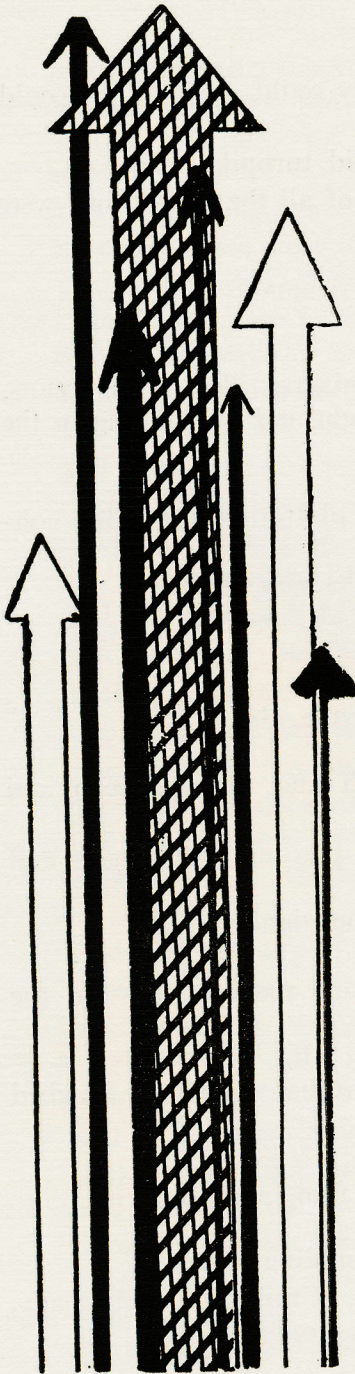
And the trembling reached immense proportions. Until finally all roads,
and turnpikes, and skyways collapsed in a final catastrophic tumult.

And silence reigned over the earth.

The deep vats were smashed, water covering the surface of a concrete earth.

For man was foolhardy.

He did not know that the pikes he caved might be his own.



Rapid Flash and Steady Glow

ELISABETH LEHMANN, '61

A candle in the still and frosty night
Bespread a golden circle on the snow.
As forest creatures crept to watch the light,
From hiding places 'round the clearing bow
And wished that they could feel its glowing heat,
The little flame began to swell with pride.
He shook his head at moon and sky's elite,
But in a sudden breeze he almost died.
Recovering a bit, he flushed with shame,
Then turned an angry red. The laughing trees
Grew silent as the wounded little flame
Waved fiery, vengeful fingers at the breeze.
The fact he quite forgot in all the fume:
With burning rage he could himself consume.

Mood

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

There is a tear in time
So that whatever I pour into it
Leaks out
Leaving time empty.

Paradox

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

On this day when I was most open,
Most happy, I put my head
Out to feel the sun and rain
And I got burned and wet.

poverty. I think and I think, "Why?" I want to know, but I can't find the answer.

I ride along further, passing through beautiful countryside until I reach my spacious home set in its cool green background. I see the sun, a ball of red and orange fire slowly going to sleep behind my house. Soon I know Mother Nature will draw a blanket of night up around her sun in the west. I walk up the flagstone steps to my house and glance at the beautiful rose bushes in front of it. Then my beagle dog comes over to greet me and I welcome him

fondly. I'd rather think about him now than about some strange woman's face. I walk on the thick, blue carpet into the dining room. There I see food piled high and my stomach begins to growl. Forgotten is the ride home. Forgotten is that shabby neighborhood in the Bronx. Forgotten is my quest to know why. In my warm and comfortable house such thoughts don't belong. But the next time I come home from my doctor's and I pass through Sutton Place and then on to that section in the Bronx, I know I'll again ask "Why?" That is, if I haven't something else to do.

THERE IS A DEFINITE CONNECTION—*continued from page 10*

This announcement did not stir smokers very much, because they knew their cigarette companies would come through for them. But the cigarette companies didn't know; in fact, they were scared stiff.

With thoughts of cancer and sales prancing through their minds, they strove day and lunch hour for an answer.

An I. O. M. (Ingenious Organization Man) soon discovered filters. But the mad rush was on; plain filters weren't good enough.

Micronite filters which cut out all the smoke. (They didn't sell too well.)

Porous filters.

Carbon filters.

Iron filters.

Double filters.

And finally, the I. O. M.'s finest hour: all filter.

The only way to do away with cancer was to do away with tobacco. "All the Taste with None of the Waste." A new

name was found when a popular singer sang, "Take My Jeanetta, But Not My Filteretta."

But they couldn't stop. The Age of Zoop (filters didn't draw well) turned into the Age of Flavor. Somebody had remembered the mint flavored cigarettes of old. Immediately, chocolate, vanilla, raspberry, pickle, charcoal broiled, yogurt, and good old sassafras filters. Flavoretta came from the same old source. Other songs were "Flavoretta for Two" and "What's Your Flavor, Neighbor?"

More and more flavors were thought up until somebody hit on tobacco flavoring. And then Authentic Tobacco flavoring, and then Real Tobacco! (This idea was thought of by Wally Rawlay.)

At this point certain historians committed suicide.

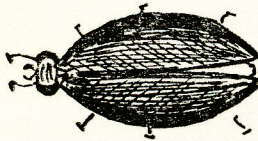
And the rest of the human race? They kept smoking. Now Earth has rings just like Saturn.

George

MICHAEL BORGOS, '61

i am george
you don't know me but perhaps you think you know archie
however you don't for i am going to expose the real archie
the low down lazy good for nothing ungrateful archie that is him as i know him to be
my story is so fantastic so unbelievable so revealing
that four out of five of this country's leading scandal rags rejected it
no doubt for fear that it was so hot
that it would burst into flames coming off the presses
but this is not merely dirt
this is the good soil of truth which alone can nourish and support
the vegetation of intelligence and understanding
which ultimately develops into the forest of civilization
but enough of that
i tell you archie is a fraud
people think that archie is a cockroach who works on a typewriter in a
newspaper office at night producing pages of sophisticated humor
which displays in pleasing abundance all the normal inherent qualities of sophisticated
humor such as commentary on society through keen wit and sharp satire
and since archie is only a cockroach
and is just not heavy enough to push the shift key on the typewriter
there are no capital letters or punctuation marks in his columns
and they look like this
by don marquis goes after the title of every piece
because humans think that every written work must have a human author
so when they see by don marquis they are satisfied
even though archie is identified and uses the first person in the writing
but archie is a fraud
archie is a fraud because it is not he who writes the sophisticated humor
it is i george
i am a cockroach too and just as talented as archie if i say so myself
it all started a few years ago
archie hadn't sold an article in months and he was so poor that on one particular night
he had only one sheet of paper left on which to write
i heard of this and decided to help him
so i slipped into the office while archie was sleeping and wrote a good story for him
the next morning archie was so astonished
that he almost didn't have enough presence of mind
to take the story quickly to his publisher
but he did and he got so much money for it
that he was able to buy enough paper for two more stories
i wrote these and kept on secretly writing for him until he sold a couple of stories
of his own regained confidence and became rich
now recently i ran into a few hard times and so naturally i revealed myself to him

in hope of a little repayment or something and what do you think he said
he said that all his money was tied up in some risky real estate speculations
which is a phony excuse if i ever heard one
so i must conclude
that since he made his reputation and most of his money on my stories
he is just cheap and ungrateful
and so i am exposing him mercilessly to the just eyes of an honest public
in the hopes of making a fast buck



Growing Up

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

I AM growing up and I know while it is happening and I wonder if it is authentic if you know it.

I have expanded the range of a critical eye to include my parents. They have emerged from the mist of being there to be more clearly focused: to being people who are not always right and who sometimes get tired and act rashly. I am independent of my parents.

(She sat and thought and while she thought, up in her room, her parents called her and there was a phone call for her.)

Getting a phone call is the same as getting a letter: it has an element of the unexpected and this call could bring the world.

(It was a friend of hers on the phone and she wanted her to come into the city and sleep over that weekend.)

And why not? The winds blow fast and hard and now I can I want to live. I can do more than I ever thought, more than I can do, and I want to try.

(Mother can I go? No, it is too much you are tired enough is enough you can't have everything no you can't.)

Unreasoning, they hold a chain on me. Yet I cannot rebel because I am theirs, because for some reason, when they speak I must obey, although there is no law. Doors have not opened up for me and still I cannot do as I command, but must wait. Wait impatiently as I yearn to fly and until a world I did not make says, Yes, you are ready.

(She sighed and scowled at the floor.)

Fall

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

Just for a moment's pause in running minutes,
Just for a moment hold my breath
And look at the pearl blue mountains
Caught between seasons
Soberly, unselfconsciously changing their dress,
Silently repeating many before.
But I cannot wave my hand lightly
And my throat bursts with color and crying
And touching the top of the sky on my toes,
I walk down the mountain
Into the traffic.

The Wind A Blowing

CLAIRE STEINBERGER, '61

I heard the wind a blowing
Past my window late that night,
A moaning and a groaning,
And the sills they shook with fright.

One hundred horses flying by,
A herdsman at their heels,
An angry force, an urgent cry:
The earth shook from the ordeal.

A leaf, a twig against the pane,
And the wind was blowing hard;
It shouted and it howled at me,
The voice of a wrathful God.

I could not speak, for suddenly
It died out weak and lame;
An angry voice, a lash of fury,
It returned then whence it came.



ANDREA BOROFF, '60

Once, I wanted to grow up,
but now, since I've begun,
I sometimes want
to go back
and take my childhood by the hand
and hold on to it for a moment
and look at it through my present eyes
and feel how it was.

On Beauty

JEFFREY TARTER, '61

She's not the fairest one I've seen,
Of that I'm sure. Her face is not
A face to dream about or praise;
Her hair and eyes are common shades;
Her figure isn't good or bad—
Nor worth a second glance. And yet,
When she walks in a room all filled
With girls whose charms are said to be
Like gold and precious stones — she
shines,
The loveliest of all because
She has a funny thing called Grace.

Guide to the College Boards

SUSAN CRAYNE, '60

Are you going to take College Boards Saturday? If you are, and if you want some fool-proof coaching, read on.

Reading comprehension questions seem difficult to those who don't know how to handle them, but we insiders know all the tricks. Here is a sample reading comprehension selection:

After fixing up her makeup, of which the lipstick was red, the eyebrow pencil brown, and the eye shadow a green that was startlingly iridescent; combing her hair; and spraying it with something which smelled like the ether one is forced to inhale when he has his tonsils taken out; and putting on her gloves, which were of white cotton string and which she prized as a birthday present from her fiance, she went out.

1. What was her name?
 - a. Iridescent Green
 - b. Cotton Matter
 - c. Fragrance Brown
 - d. Red Spray
 - e. Birthday Present

The intelligent test-taker will realize that none of the answers is accurate. From the description, he should be able to guess that the "she" is Our Gal Sal, popular heroine of the color television show, *The Duller Hour*. The answer sheet looks like this:

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | A | B | C | D | E |
| | | | | | |

One draws a sixth column and fills in the correct answer. If one does not get credit for the right answer, he will at least be appreciated for his microscopic penmanship.

2. The gloves were:
 - a. white
 - b. string
 - c. a birthday present
 - d. from her fiance
 - e. put on by the girl

What to do? Each answer is partially correct; so:

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2. | A | B | C | D | E |
| | — | — | — | — | — |

The test-taker is expected to possess some advance knowledge of the subject matter about which he reads. A typical question based on this knowledge follows:

3. What company puts out the makeup she was wearing?
 - a. Revron
 - b. Fax Mactor
 - c. the same company that makes ether
 - d. all of the above
 - e. the College Entrance Examination Board

The answer is *e*. A plug is supposed to be acknowledged.

Equally tricky are word questions. The official booklet put out by the test-makers states that the purpose of these questions is to test the student's sensitivity to the relationships among words. The real test is that of the student's sensitivity to brain waves from the minds of the test-makers. Most frequent in occurrence is the word analogy.

4. good: bad::
 - a. black: white
 - b. virtuous: sinful
 - c. angelic: devilish
 - d. right: wrong
 - e. neutral: nebishy

The answer is *a*. The newest beat philosophy teaches that the obscure is good and the clear is bad. A person who is college material must know his current trends.

Sometimes the student will be confronted with this statement: DO NOT

choose the answer which is NOT the SAME as the word NOT listed. In this case, it is best to give up.

The word fill-in is often challenging because the answers are not specific enough for the clearly defined demands of the question:

5. _____ are _____
- cranberries . . . poisonous
 - College Boards . . . poisonous
 - Communists . . . good
 - neurotics . . . normal
 - animals . . . dogs

Fight that urge to choose *b*! And even though everyone is neurotic, neurotics are not normal. The answer is *c*. An educated person is not affected by American propaganda.

It would seem that mathematics questions would be cut and dried—one plus one equals two, but not on the College Boards. Here is a typical problem:

6. How many more calories does the milk in a large milk can have than the milk in a small milk can?

- 1000
- 500
- 250
- 100
- 100

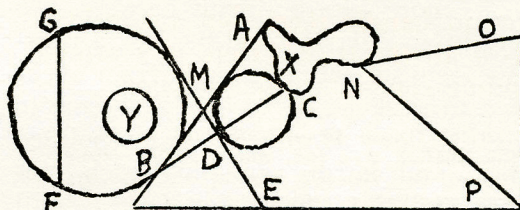
Since a normal person does not know and cannot know the answer, he must use his reasoning powers to eliminate. The logical answers are *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*. Since all four cannot be used, one chooses *e*. And anyway, size is only relative.

7. John is traveling at a speed of 180,000 miles per second. Jane is traveling 100,000 miles per second faster. Jane is:

- a rocket ship
- going 279,000 miles per second
- moving at right angles to John
- dead

e. aging more slowly than John

The answer one arrives at by computation is 280,000 miles per second, and *b* is closest. But the correct answer is *e*. Jane would be traveling faster than light and would therefore be aging more slowly than John.



8. GF is 10, AB is tangent to circle GFB at B, figure $x \times 100$ cubic units, angle EMB is 30. To find the area of circle Y:

- use the formula: K is $4s$
- use the formula: A is bh
- use the formula: A is b plus $3xy$
- use the formula: ten ounces of evaporated milk to one tablespoon of Karo syrup and one-half tablespoon of dextro-maltose.

e. consult Jackson Pollack

The answer is easy to arrive at; anyone can see that this is a non-objective painting which can be interpreted only by Jackson Pollack.

And then there is the non-mathematical mathematics question:

- Mrs. Brown's husband is an honorary member of the Deers.
- To be a Deer one must not be a member of the F. A. D.
- F. A. D. members must be either Baby Scout leaders or housewives.
- Mrs. Brown's husband must not be Mrs. Brown's brother.
- All members of the Baby Scouts must be former treasurers of the Deers.

9. Who can be a Doe?

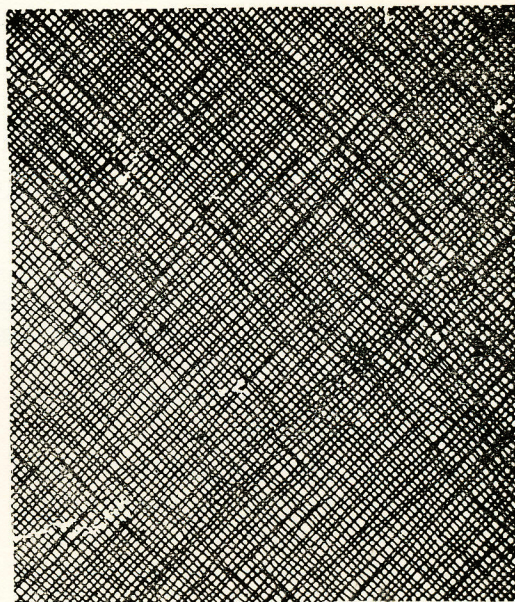
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Point of View

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

HARDLY ever a now in a school hall . . . hardly ever seeing, hardly ever live and strong: the books and tables, the bells and lunch . . . more like a dream between two bright and glaring realities . . . a passing from summer to college, from weekend to weekend, from big life dream to life dream. Hardly a sharp-pointed desk and hardly grasping each moment in clear focus for fear it will escape.

Mostly egging on the days as if they were slow runners . . . mostly seeing over the heads of the days . . .



GUIDE TO COLLEGE BOARDS—*continued from page 23*

- a. Mrs. Brown
- b. Mrs. Brown's husband's brother's baby
- c. animals with antlers
- d. Mrs. Brown's father
- e. the visiting mayor of Scabblebrook, Illinois

The answer is *e* and is derived by means of symbolic logic. The visiting mayor was given an honorary membership in the Doe Club.

The masterpiece of the College Board Examination is the problem-solving question. An example follows:

- I. Answer *a* if A solves the problem alone, without B.
- II. Answer *b* if all of B and part of A are necessary to the solution.
- III. Answer *c* if the opposites of A and B are necessary to the solution.
- IV. Answer *d* if the problem cannot be solved.

V. Answer E if the problem is too easy to bother with.

10. Jimmy has five marbles. He gives three to Sarah. How many does Bobby have?

A. Bobby is a boy.

B. Sarah has lost all her marbles.

The answer is *e*; the problem is too easy to bother with. The successful student is expected to possess self-confidence.

In preparing for College Boards, one should not attempt to improve his basic mathematical and verbal skills. This procedure will do him no good. Instead, the night before the test, he should try to assemble all the miscellaneous facts he can. The best idea is to cram all night while taking pep pills. Then, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, he will fall asleep and thus escape the ordeal.