

# The Spectator

"The Pulse of the Student Body"

The official student edited newspaper of Stuyvesant High School, 345 East 15 Street, New York 3, New York. Dr. Leonard J. Fliedner, Principal.

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## To Think . . .

There have been many times in the history of the world where men have been organized and fooled into mob actions. A shouter, a screamer, a fighter for a lost or worthless or, what is far worse, for a wrong or malicious cause can all too easily attract a large group of followers, who will also shout and scream, although often they don't even know what the issues are.

This mob action, so frequent, so fact all too many people DO NOT THINK! When a person's mind is so easily molded, what original thoughts could ever have been there?

In all bodily, physical functions, man is in no way superior or different from other animals — in many ways he is inferior. What is it that raises man above the level of an animal? It is his intellect, his ability to think rationally. When a man fails to think, when, without analyzing the issues of an argument, without listening to both sides of a question, he draws hasty and final conclusions, then he is in no way better than an animal — some would say he is worse.

D. K.

## Let's Cooperate . . .

Everyone in Stuyvesant is asking the question — will the single-session benefit Stuyvesant? Whatever the answer to this question is, it will be up to the student body to MAKE the answer. It is up to all of us to make Stuyvesant as a great a school under one session as it was under two. Let's cooperate.

## Ave Atque Vale . . .

Mr. Charles J. Steingart is leaving Stuyvesant for a position in another school. All of us who have known him intimately know we are losing more than a faculty adviser. We know we are losing a friend. We shall say good-bye to an individual who cares more for putting out successful editions of people than to a mechanically correct newspaper.

On behalf of The Spectator, I say "Hail and Farewell" to C. J. Steingart, teacher, adviser, friend.

O. G.

# Off B'way Theaters Boon To Dramatists

By ALEX EITCHES

In addition to New York's excellent theaters on Broadway, our city also possesses quite a few relatively unknown off Broadway theaters, which offer a great assortment of well produced and capably executed plays.

These theaters specialize in little known plays by famous authors as well as other novel types of entertainment. Often it is these unknown theaters which start the rise of certain authors to popularity from which they have fallen or which they never attained. The current demand on Broadway for George Bernard Shaw, and Eugene O'Neill demonstrates what can happen after a few of their plays have been aired to the public off the Great White Way.

In many cases, the theaters are leased to promising producers or playwrights at a very nominal cost. This allows the person, who might be an excellent playwright or producer, but with financial difficulties a chance to prove himself. This was the chance necessary to turn the "Threepenny Opera" into a hit which has already run for two years and is still very popular off Broadway.

In some theaters the actors work for no pay or just for the bare essentials, simply to perfect their style and in some cases to stage a comeback.

The Circle in the Square, which is now showing Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," has a fixed

price of admission, but asks only a liberal fee. Performances are given every evening including Sunday at seven-thirty.

Another theater of this type, is the Cherry Lane at 38 Commerce Street. The current play is a comedy by Sean O'Casey, "The Purple Dust." This is the first time the play has been produced in sixteen years, and is very successfully staged at the Cherry Lane, even though an attempt was made to stage it in London which failed completely.

Many of the plays which prove popular in the off Broadway theaters often move uptown to Broadway, in order to fill the demands of their audiences.

See "Agenda" for listings of theaters with their prices and current shows.

## New York Agenda

### THEATER

PURPLE DUST — comedy by Sean O'Casey at the CHERRY LANE THEATER.

At the THEATRE, Christopher St. THE THREEPENNY OPERA — Evens, 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 No performance on Mondays.

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS — at the ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE, 100 7th Ave. (Sheridan Square). Evens, Thurs. thru Sun.; Mat., Sun.

See "Off B'way Theater Boon To Dramatists."

### MUSIC

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave. Sat. Eve., Jan. 19 only . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONICA conducted by Siegfried Landau.

### MUSEUMS

N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. & 77th St. Films: THE MIDDLE EAST. Jan. 19 only; ISRAEL; Jan. 26 only: IRAQ and IRAN.

### MISCELLANEOUS

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, Jan. 15 thru 27: Shipstads and Johnson ICE FOLLIES. Evens. 8:30. Mats. 2:00. Prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00. PRO BASKETBALL at the 69th Regt. Armory: Jan. 19, KNICKS-FORT WAYNE; Jan. 26, KNICKS-MINNEAPOLIS.

"WEE GEORDIE" at the LITTLE CARNEGIE, 57th St., East of 7th Ave.

LUST FOR LIFE at the PLAZA THEATER, 59th St. near Madison Ave.

## S.H.S. Is Host To Orators

The qualifying speeches for the nation-wide American Legion Oratorical Contest were delivered in Stuyvesant's auditorium Tuesday, January 8.

The first and second place winners, Alice Rogers of Cathedral High School and Kathleen Colbert of Mother Cabrini High School, will go on to the finals for this district of New York State. The two winners received a gold and silver medal while the remaining contestants received bronze medals.

## FACULTY CLOSEUP

# English Teacher Aids Theater Minded Boys

By LOU SCHIRANO

Stuyvesant High School, through the years has been noted for its fine English department. Gracing our English faculty since 1948 is Mrs. Sara R. Baron.

A native New Yorker, Mrs. Baron is a graduate of Evander Childs High School. Her main interests were brought out as early as her high school days. She had not only taken active part in but was also head of several clubs, including the drama club, the dancing club and the biology club. As a high school student, Mrs. Baron directed and acted in several school plays.

Mrs. Baron has stated that she "always wanted to teach" and entered Cornell with that thought in mind. At Cornell, she carried on her high school interests, especially music, dancing and the writing of plays.

At Stuyvesant, Mrs. Baron has, as in the past, given aid to the

direction of countless senior show performances, and was responsible for numerous performances given by the Dramatic Society. The E5T (Theater English class) has also

## DRAMA COACH



Mrs. Sara Baron

been under her tutorship for several years. This class gave the theater minded boys a chance to learn about the history of the theater, the contemporary theater, and also a chance to express themselves in play production during the class periods.

In the near future, Mrs. Sara R. Baron plans to continue her study of music and acting. In this, we here at Stuyvesant who have come to respect and admire here, wish her the best of luck.

# Stuyvesant Radio Amateurs To Open Station Here Soon

By BOB RUDKO, K2TNP

Since the completion of the modernization of the school, many more extracurricular activities have started. Among these activities are clubs which meet during the seventh period. Most of the clubs which met prior to modernization, suspended activities during the work, and then reactivated. One of these is the Radio Club.

The Radio Club is made up of radio amateurs and boys who are interested in radio. When the club started we decided that we would get the school station W2CLE on the air this year. The club had a receiver and had a room to put the equipment in. All we had to do was to put an antenna on the roof and get a transmitter. Mike Rukin, K2LTH, our president, said he knew he could get a good transmitter for about \$100.

Except for one thing — the school would only give \$75. With a little technique known as "getting down the price," we got the transmitter for \$75.

When we brought the transmitter back to school, we found that we now had another problem. The transmitter wouldn't fit into our "shack," that little green closet in Room 313. Right now we are looking for new quarters but as soon as we find some and put up our antenna, station W2CLE will go on the air.

By the way, if anyone knows of a nice place to put our station, please don't keep it a secret.

# Sketches

By AL BERKOWITZ



INASMUCH AS this is the last issue of The Spectator for the fall term, I would like to dedicate my column to a synopsis of the term's activities and the reminiscence of pleasantries of times gone by. If you are all good, I might even include something about Jeff Bolotin.

WE HAVE HAD several entertaining as well as successful dances this term and we owe their success to many people. I would like to assume the representativeness of the entire student body by warmly and gratefully acknowledging the following people for their contributions to the success of our dances:

THANKS TO the social committee under the chairmanship of Ed Neiss, the Band under the baton of Dave Hersey and the delightful singing of Miss Gail Allen, and last but not least, you, the students for your unyielding cooperation.

THIS TERM has also been host to intra-as well as interschool athletic competition. The intramurals were as successful as the varsity competition.

IT IS NEEDLESS for me to express my sincere regrets for the departure of Mr. Charles J. Steingart from Stuyvesant to another school. Mr. Steingart has been more than an adviser to the "men of the press"; he has instilled in us the maturity and qualities befitting newsmen . . . GOOD LUCK, BOSS.

SINCE YOU'VE proven yourselves good so far, I'll keep my promise. Jeff Bolotin is among the graduating class of January, 1957, so let's all wish him good luck at Adelphi, his new home.

AS DOES the fall semester at Stuyvesant terminate, so do many other things good and bad end. So ends the Sketches column by Jerky Berky. As finals and Regents arrive I find it time to shave off the goatee and mustache, put away the easel and brushes and assume the garb of a normal student for the remainder of my senior year.

# A Day At The 'Spec' Filled With Those . . .

We're in the office of the Spectator — "The Pulse of the Student Body." And what does that pulse reveal? Well, the circulation is all right, but the editors are suffering from a case of high blood pressure. Getting to the heart of the problem, the one who really puts on the pressure is the venerable editor-in-chief, Oscar Garfein. He wants efficiency. "Okay, boys," says he, "the deadline for the sixth issue is Friday." At this, Al Berkowitz pops up and says, "But the THIRD issue is coming out on Monday." Berky is the features page editor. He hates work. However, Garfein is adamant. "Friday is the deadline." Dave Konstan, back page editor, who loves a good argument, says, "I'll never have all my stories in by that time. I'm sorry, but that last story couldn't possibly be in on time. And you know I can't write headlines, and how about that cut (that's a photograph) and I'm sorry but . . ." Garfein, slightly frustrated, says, "All right, all right, just have some of your stories in."

At this point, Eddie Fantino makes his entry. He's invariably fifteen minutes late, and he's humming "Blanche" to himself. Big Ed

is the sports editor, and he's hep. He's always singing a rock and roll song — ONE rock and roll song — BLANCHE! Then Tiny comes running in. That's Bill Hecht, the news editor. His 490 pounds are spread evenly. Oscar announces once more (he's a sadist) "DEADLINE IS FRIDAY!!" Fantino groans, "AAAAHHHHH!!" Bill Hecht takes everything philosophically and we all try to wrench his hands from Oscar's neck.

All of a sudden, the room is invaded by reporters. Stories fly about the room. Chaos becomes the rule. Mr. Steingart, the faculty adviser (who's given to emotional outbursts) stands on top of the desk and shouts, "Okay, youse kids, keep it down!" After a while the furor subsides, and soon the editors are ready to leave — that is, all but Berkowitz. He left an hour ago. Always in a rush, that kid. Actually, the editors aren't really ready to go. But Mr. Steingart is. He's always ready when it comes to going. Thus, The Spectator office is once more deserted for a day, and the dust and soot of the room, once more settle to the ground.



## Survey Demonstrates Physicists Best Paid

By ROGER AARONS

A large majority of Stuyvesantians will choose science as their profession. The following data, as reported by the New York Times, may prove helpful to them in deciding which specific field they wish to enter.

American scientists earned a median salary of \$6,525 a year during 1954-55, a survey by the National Science Foundation, a Government agency, indicated.

Physicists and meteorologists with Ph.D. degrees were the highest paid, with a yearly median salary of \$7,850.

Psychologists' salary showed the lowest median, ranging from \$6,600 for those with Ph.D. degrees to \$4,975 for those without.

An estimated 235,000 natural scientists were employed in the United States in 1954. About half of these held jobs in industry, either working for private concerns, self-employed, or employed by nonprofit foundations and private research foundations. Almost one-third were employed by educational institutions and the remaining eighteen per cent by Federal, state, and local governments.

The primary work of about half the group was in the fields of research, development or field exploration. Eighteen per cent were employed in management or administration and sixteen per cent in teaching.

More than 41 per cent held Ph.D. degrees, 25 per cent M.A. degrees and 32 per cent B.A. or other degrees. Fewer than two per cent held no degrees.

For 54,276 employed scientists, both with and without Ph.D. degrees, the survey showed the following median annual salaries:

All fields, \$6,525; physicists, \$7,275; geologists, \$7,250; mathematicians, \$6,300; biologists, \$6,275; meteorologists, \$6,050; astronomers, \$5,950; psychologists, \$5,850. No data was supplied on the salaries of chemists.

## Hunter Hop Huge Success

By MARK SILBERFARB

November 28th was the date, and Hunter High School was the setting of the first freshman-sophomore dance of the term. A group of Stuyvesant PM's entered the school, and proceeded to the auditorium. There they received last-minute instructions from Ed Weisband and Mr. Herbst, the G.O. president and adviser, respectively.

After the attendance was taken, and a few announcements made, the Stuyvesantians advanced to the sixth floor gyms, where the dance was held. The number of students participating in the dance was so great that two gyms had to be employed. A very fine band played live in one gym, and over a public address system in the other. Between the two gyms was a hallway, in which refreshments were served.

I was one of the occupants of the gym which utilized a P.A. system to present the music. The most popular girls on the dance floor seemed to be the hostesses, who were busy wandering around matchmaking between Hunter girls and PM's. When the band played the first tune, only two boys in our gym had

nerve enough to dance. They were Lenny Strickman, the third form president, and myself. I was dancing with one of the hostesses. Wow!

If a talent scout was present at the dance, he might have brought someone back to Arthur Godfrey with him. At approximately the midpoint of the dance the piano player imitated Arthur Godfrey, James Stewart, and other celebrities. A little while later, the chairman of our social committee, Edgar Neiss, proved himself to be an excellent singer, although his efforts weren't appreciated in my gym because of the poor condition of the public address system.

Special thanks should be offered to the social committee, Mike Rosch, Ed Weisband, and Mr. Herbst, who came to help out at the dance on their own time. The social committee of our Parents' Association should also have some commendation, for they helped to chaperone the dance.

What kind of day was November 28th? It was a day like all days, except that Stuyvesantians were collecting addresses and phone numbers.

## Advanced Subjects In Math Society Talks

By MONROE RABIN



The officers of the Math Society: (l. to r.) Saul Zaveler, Monroe Rabin, David Konstan and Jack Lowenthal.

The Math Society this term presented a series of talks which proved to be one of the most interesting and informative ever given by this group. In general, it was the students who led the discussions, but Mr. Berman, chairman of the Math Department, also gave a lecture.

The purpose of the society this term was "to give Stuyvesantians an idea of the mathematics they would take in college, and to stimulate interest in math and related fields."

At the opening meeting, Monroe Rabin delivered a talk on "Magic Squares" demonstrating some odd and even fascinating tricks with numbers. Rabin also lectured on "Vector Analysis," an important topic touched upon only slightly in the physics course, and the "Theory of Sets," useful in forming probability tables of insurance companies.

Vice President Saul Zaveler discussed "Mathematical Induction," a novel and efficient method of proving many difficult theorems. Jack Lowenthal, secretary of the society, discussed "Determinants," which is utilized in solving simultaneous equations of any amount of unknowns, as well as finding

the area of a graphed triangle, etc. Sergeant-at-arms David Konstan talked on "Symbolic Logic," which is the basis for mathematics and most other sciences. He demonstrated the use of the truth table for the proving of theorems.

Alan Katcher talked on the "Binary System," a number system based on two, just as ours is based on ten. This system is used in electric computers. Jeff Rubens, captain of the math team, spoke on "Inequalities," giving proofs and applications.

One of the most interesting lectures of the term was by Mr. Berman, on "An Introduction to Calculus." He gave an interesting and explicit account of the fundamentals of differentiation.

The Math Society, which meets in Room 414 on Wednesdays, has drawn record attendance this season.

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## What GOes in the G.O.

By ED WEISBAND

The G.O. is finishing up the term with many plans for the future.

Perhaps the most important of these involves the change from the double session to the single. Various new committees will be formed, and in general, a great deal of reorganization is going to be required. Any boy who would like to work on the Reorganization Committee will please see me in the G.O. office.

Due to the fact that all four forms will be in school at the same time next term, we will be able to hold unofficial leadership classes for interested lower termers.

The Social Committee has already started working on dances for next term. Here's hoping for a successful dance program.

All those who have not yet handed in their service credit cards, get them in TODAY.

And now, let us discuss what we have done this past term.

1) The Christmas Drag Dance was a big success for all who attended, including myself.

2) Our teams have continued on a big scale.

3) Clubs and committees have functioned to the fullest extent, giving many boys a chance to work in the G.O.

In conclusion, I think that we have had a good term full of activity.

GOOD LUCK ON THE FINALS!

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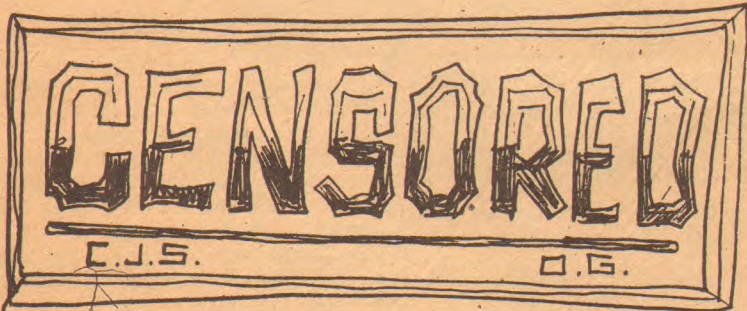
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# The Incinerator

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## In The Press Box

With ED FANTASTIC

The other night in a thrilling HHL (Hawkins Hockey League) tilt, the Toronto Maple Syrup moved back into a fourth place tie by defeating the New York Ringers in the Garden before a capacity crowd of 15,905. Teeder Totter drove what appeared to be the winning goal past New York goalie Gump Wormsley at 17:23 of the final period. Actually it was a hard boiled egg, which an irate fan had intended for line center Gaby Hayes, that faked the Gumper out of his pads and into \$4.50 seats.

The Toronto club got off a total of forty-six shots at Wormsley, who made a total of thirty-seven saves, against six shots for the home sextet.

After the game Alle Wetson, Ringer's coach, and Fuzz Patrick, the general manager, agreed unanimously that the defense could stand some improvement.

"They look all right in practice," Patrick said, "but in the Garden that pretty blonde who comes to all the games distracts them." When asked about Wormsley's performance, Patrick told me, "I think he did a magnificent job, considering."

"Considering what?" I asked, but Fuzz had already left.

\* \* \*

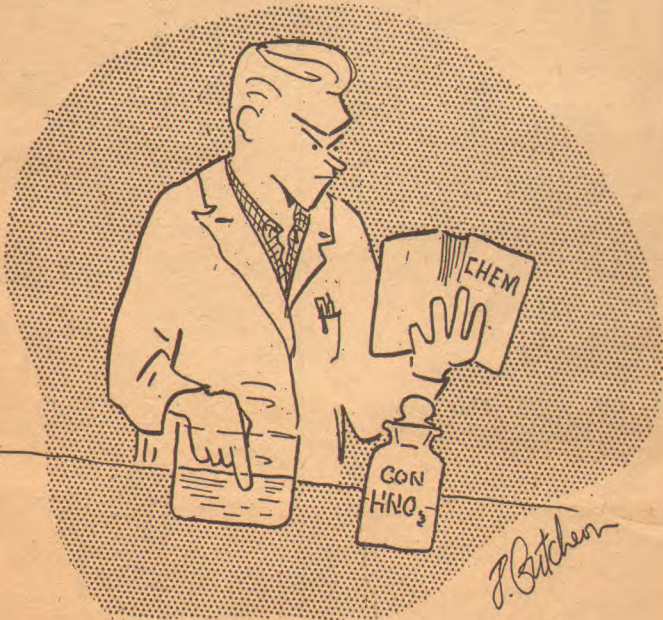
Last Saturday the Republicans and the Democrats played a 6-6 tie in the Annual Dust Bowl Game.

Statistically minded people were looking for a possible trend in '60, but our own Herm Hickenman, (who, incidentally, outpredicted Univac) said it would be close going, with the team whose forward wall could hold the longest probably winning in an end sweep. We got a big boot out of the whole thing.

### ODE TO HOMO OBSCURE SUBWAY TRAIN

By JEFF GUTCHEON

Your lethargy, and unconcern,  
And volume all abhor me.  
Every time I turn around  
You're always there before me.  
You block the doors, the stairs,  
All in a manner unbecoming.  
I cannot understand why I have  
Never seen you moving.  
Of course, a mound of flesh  
Can take an awful lot of shock,  
But all the pushing does no good,  
You're solid as a rock.  
I finally launch my shoulders,  
Or mutter some foul name,  
Or sneer at you in sheer disgust,  
And always I'm to blame.  
So seniors: Bear the brunt,  
And when in need, apply the power.  
Within a year, the bulk of you,  
Will forget the morning rush hour.



"... And stir gently with finger one minute. Notice how much shorter finger is ..."

## S.H.S. Wins Olympics

Dissociated press wiretap — Melbourne (NJ) — Stuyvesant won a sweeping victory in Tree-leaping events at the Olympics, capturing the most coveted award, the Golden Crutch.

Harold Grozny, team captain, shattered all existing world records, his ankle, three ribs, and his left jaw, by easily vaulting a sixteen and three quarter foot Eucalyptus with a graceful permanent twist of his body.

Score is computed by dividing the jumper's distance from tree by his downward fall. It was suggested that the jumper's mass be considered, but nobody seemed to know just how. Standard equipment consists of sneakers, kid gloves, and head padding (to insure non-injury to the tree).

Tcharl E. Hoars, Health Ed. department head, said, "Tree-leaping lacks nothing as a sport, but I doubt the logic behind it." At a recent team meeting, the fact that broken gorilla skeletons were found at the bases of trees, was brought out by Broak N. Hedd, team coach. The fact and Mr. Hedd were dismissed as "Detrimental, irrelevant, and totally useless."

Practice is held where there is a tree and soft grass, but with a chance of a winter this year, a corner of the gym was requested for the team.

When the team heard that the Boston Human Society might have the sport banned, they were crated and quietly smuggled to Melbourne. Please donate money and plaster.

## 1956-57 Best Cellar List

Edited by S. C. HAWKINS

How Not To Do It Yourself  
by P. Gioberti  
My Opinion of Texas  
by S. Clayton Hawkins  
My Opinion of Hawkins  
by Jeff Gutcheon (banned in Vancouver and condemned by the Hawkins Book Review Service)  
Notable Events of the 20th Century  
by John Foster Hawkins  
War and Pieces  
by Bulganin and Hawkins  
Al (Tom Swift) Berkowitz and his Electric Typewriter  
by Ivy League Hawkins  
How To Diet and Enjoy It  
by T. R. Hartburne  
Forever Amber  
by Bert and Harry Piel  
Russian Roulette for Fun and Profit  
by Roger Price  
The Raising of the Two-Footed Fourfluser  
by Mertye Wurdfeend

to make the island visible. Then, in the daring daylight assault, they captured the inhabitants, two old walreese and an older one (mascots?). The Island was promptly surveyed with a ball of yarn, the team returned, and a claim was filed.

There will be an auction tomorrow. Don't forget — there may be oil, coal or uranium, NO bids under one dollar.

## MADRE NATURA

By D. KONSTAN

What is it makes a tree so high?  
What is it makes a flower grow?  
What makes the clouds stay in the sky?  
What makes you think that I would know?

# Rare Bopus Found By Excited Pegleg

By GARY BERLIND

The American Bopster is a queer type of animal. It neither hangs by its toes when frightened, nor stores its young in its pouch. It cannot leap fifty-five feet from a standstill and cannot attain speeds of eighty-five miles per hour. In fact, the American Bop, or Bopus Americanus, cannot easily be distinguished from its close cousin, Homo Sapiens.

The two ways of discovering a Bop are either to take an excursion to such exotic corners of the Earth as Birdland, Basin Street, and Mrs. Stoffregen's office (when Mr. Stoffregen isn't around), or to keep one's ears peeled for the Bopus' dialect. Some Philosophers, such as Louis Armstrong, Jazzbo Collins, and Mr. Bart (when Mr. Stoffregen isn't around), claim that the mumblings of Bopi are the next step toward telepathy. They see in its incoherent babbling a deep sentimental sense of extraordinary piquancy coupled with an intense predilection for the ethereal wonders that are ingrained in the interminate cosmos. Other

after.  
friend and they all lived happily ever  
his lesson and became a juke box  
finally done. Midas had learned  
away his dreaded power. This was  
to restore everything and to take  
from Decca, or whoever he was,  
waste he pleaded with the man  
rather than let the record go to  
a big enough record player? So  
Where on earth would he ever find  
with despair. What could he do?  
was horror stricken. He was filled  
in a rock and roll record.  
his arms. Instantly she too turned  
polar bear," and she rushed into  
words of endearment, "Hi there,  
into the room and whispered a few  
pot, the light of Midas' life ran  
in the castle seemed to be going to  
over the house. Just as everything  
roll records. They were strewn all  
erally became fed up with rock 'n'  
trying to eat some of these, he lit  
platter. After repeated efforts at  
it too turned into a really solid  
stant he touched any of the food,  
hall for some chow. But the in-  
diversion and he went into the mess  
After a while he tired of this  
of Elvis and they became really  
EST flowers growing. One touch  
where they had some of the WILD-  
did go to go into the garden  
beared. Well, the first thing he  
agreed and the shadow disap-  
roll records. Without hesitation, he  
everything he touched to rock 'n'  
to give Midas the power to turn  
chariot boots. The shadow offered  
wearing a black leather jacket and  
ly a black shadow materialized  
everyday around tea time. Sudden-  
some of the wild records as he did  
counting house, Midas was playing  
Well, one day in the sound-proof  
immediately began hoarding them.  
the new medium of exchange and  
cree, he made rock 'n' roll records  
beat really sent him. By royal de-  
Fifi was playing some lively tunes.  
ard. It all happened one day when  
happened to be on the gold stand-  
Midas was the big macho, just  
the little kingdom of Elvizia, where

## Stuyvesant Claims Island

The Stuyvesant Geographical Society has just discovered and claimed an island in the Atlantic Ocean, partly sunk by a dum-dum bullet.

While studying old Indian maps of Laun Gylin (older Indian name of land around here somewhere) a small island off the coast of Coney Island was found. According to a charter dated 8179 B.C., this was part of a grant to the Eskimos if another glacier came, if not, the seals would get it. A check with the Squatters' Rights Office revealed the island to be unclaimed.

A ship was quickly borrowed from the Navy Yard in the middle of the night, brought by subway to First Avenue and floated to the

(Continued below)

sages, such as Oistrakh, Kous-sevitsky, and Mr. Stoffregen (when Mr. Bart isn't around) see in its incoherent babbling an incoherent babbling.

The language is easily detected. Most sentences are preceded by 'MAN!' and are accompanied by a glazed look in the eye and a trickle of saliva down either the left or right side of the jaw (depending on whether the Bop is a left or right handed drooler).

The verb 'dig' has an important place in the language. It is used to convey a meaning of discernment. As used, however, in the vocabulary of the Bopus Americanus Morticianus, the word has a wierd double connotation, which we can't discuss now.

Many wise men believe that the Bop does not possess the mental capacity of Homo Sapiens, lacks in cranial gyri, and is just plain stupid.

Well Cat, I'm here to tell ya that I don't dig that jive, and I'll bet a Green George against a circular Lincoln that Homo Sapiens can't grunch the mostest, to say the leastest. MAN!

East River in a sewer. The old name (She Wulphe or something) was crossed out and renamed the "Do or Return" by a fellow we found sleeping in Union Square. He muttered about "such a waste of good something." Amid a five cap pistol salute, oars were thrust through the portholes. In the spray following the first oarstrokes, the vessel drew an additional yard. Some bubble gum repaired the difficulty and they went down the river.

In a week they passed Lower New York and waited for low tide

(Continued Column 2)

## One Touch of Elvis

By ANDY Q. EFFRAT

One cool purple century, there lived a real kool king by the name of Elvis Midas III. He was a pretty hep daddy-o who had a daughter name Fifi who was a dangaree doll.  
Well, most of the kings of those days were just gone on gold. But

## Miscellaneous Trash

College News — Stuyvesantians will find it impossible to enter South Louisville Municipal College for Income Tax Collectors. This year they are only accepting social outcasts from East Baltimore.

Lost — Three late model left handed grunches and one black flurb. Will the finder kindly return to Dave Neuman, Arpudoom, B.14.

Agenda — Next week the Ed Sellivan shew (a r-r-really big one) will feature the Mau Mau Boys Choir singing "Love Me Tender," Jeff Bolotin and his niece Al Berkowitz, the Bulganin and Kruschew Juggling Team, and the r-r-r-really big Mad Bomber.