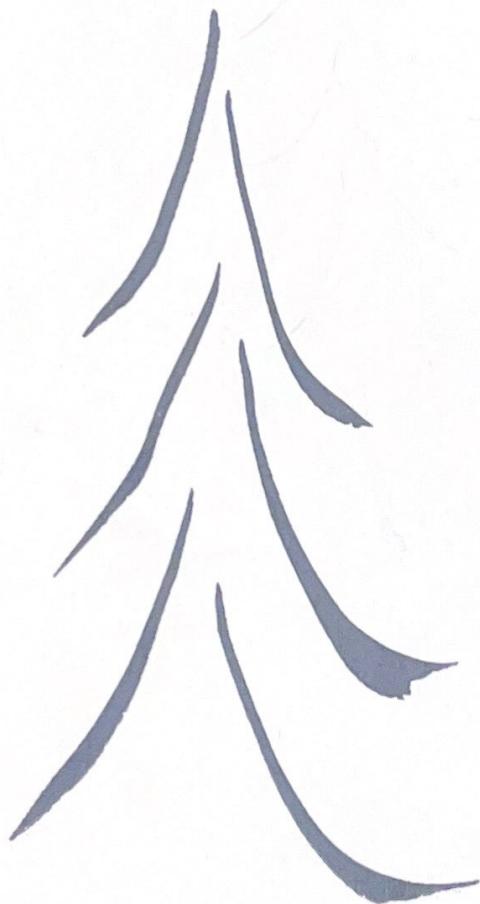
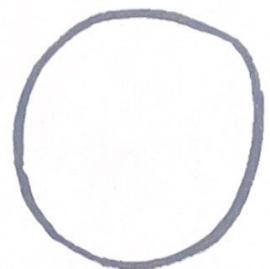


1959

ARGO MAG



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THE ARGOMAG

ANNUAL EDITION

1959



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EXPLANATION OF COVER

The cover of this issue of the *Argo Mag* is meant to be an illustration to the following Japanese haiku:

Moon Viewing

The moon on the pine:

I keep hanging it — taking it off —
And gazing each time.

Hokushi (1665? - 1718)

Haiku is “an integral part of Japan’s culture” and is “practically unknown to the world at large.” It is one of the oldest of *all* Japanese art forms, and everyone in Japan, from garbage man to nobleman, reads and writes it. It is composed of 17 syllables and is supposed not to fully explain its purpose, but to set a mood, make a picture, convey an idea. It is growing in popularity in America, but has no outstanding imitators.

The poem, the information and the quote are taken from *An Introduction to Haiku*, an anthology of poems and poets from Basho to Shiki, with translation and commentary by Harold G. Henderson, Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York, 1958. (\$1.25)

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"Nice Day Out, Isn't It?"

by Barbara Abernethy

I love walking to school. It's not just the beautiful weather, or the frosty wind, or the sun peeking through the trees, but it's the old man I see every day or used to see. He was extremely ugly, had a nose like Cyrano's, and smelled. He was a janitor. I liked him because he always said, "Nice day out, isn't it?" He said this even if it was snowy or foggy or rainy. I also liked him because he tried to be so casual and nonchalant about noticing me. When he saw me coming, he always stopped what he was doing and came down to the sidewalk, from the backs of houses where he had been collecting garbage. He waited there, pretending not to see me, until I passed him, and then he laughed and croaked, "Nice day out, isn't it?"

Now, my old friend isn't there any more. Somehow, the morning walk to school has lost some of its special charm and fantasy. When I come to the usual place where he stood, I don't hear any chuckle or "Nice day out, isn't it?" Sometimes I say it to myself, but it doesn't mean half so much or have half the flavor as it did when he said it.

S N O W

by Danylo Struk

The fire crackled in the fire place and gave forth a warmth which spread itself all through the room. I sat in my rocking chair next to a large window and hopefully looked at the flickers of light in the dark, clear heaven. The stars twinkled and winked at me. Though I could not understand, they were trying to tell me that my wish would come true — it would snow! A few minutes later the first powder puff slowly descended to the earth and with noiseless precision settled on the ground.

I was overjoyed and could not think about anything else save that tomorrow I would be able to go skiing. My mind recalled the smell of the melting ski wax, the fragrance of the burning pine in the ski lodge, and the delightful petting of the wind as I would schuss down the steep trail. All this made me stir uncomfortably in my chair. Tomorrow seemed very far away. I could not wait so long and decided to run outside and at least rejoice in the snow, to receive a kiss from each little snowflake as it brushed past my face.

The air was crisp and cold; there was a smell of snow in the air — a cold, moist smell of freshness. The white flakes were falling slowly, which meant that it would snow for a long time. I only smiled. Again the thoughts of the pleasant time that I would have tomorrow crept into my mind, and my senses recalled the swishing of the pull-rope, the smell of burning leather as I ruined my gloves trying to hold on, the embrace of the soft, but cold, snow as I fell face down into it, and then the joyful laughter. Oh, what a wonderful night! If it would only snow forever!

I stretched out my hands and watched the snowflakes settling down on my black gloves. They seemed to be smiling at me, each one in its own way. For they were all different. Not one of them was like the other. Each one formed a different geometric design. Each was an "individual" in itself. Though thousands of them fell, not one resembled the other. Though they were all white, they were all different. They were all in the form of stars, yet each one completely different from the other. Each one sparkled and each one held in itself a spark which was completely different.

(Continued on page 32)

A Friend

by PETER WILSON

*Chestnuts and salt –
wool dyed brown –
a fall afternoon – a road winding
down to a New England port –
the little white boat hurries
along with the breeze.*

Summer

by PETER WILSON

*Sheets – flies – nakedness –
sluggish hammocks buzz –
ice and lemons and cold ham
. . . fireworks at evening.*

Trains In The Distance

by PETER WILSON

*Soft joy rumbling in the
nether lines of life and
fortune . . . on and on, up and
up – away and far away
and blackness is sucked
slowly back into the mind.*

Clytemnestra, My Mother

by Bruce Gunkle

While walking along the water's edge, I glanced upon the lonely desolate beach. Nowhere a person could be seen, nowhere a friend, only the wind and the waves. The wailing gulls, the calm unfriendly water, each destroyed the warm remembrances. The small trackless dunes, ever shifting, ever there, were the last remains of a joyful summer.

Oh nature, Thou Clytemnestra, mother of my sorrows, you have brought these ill winds. You cause these wintry blasts that chill my blood. You have murdered the summer, you have enslaved the winds, you have taken on a new love. Gone are my friends to their far away homes; gone is my summer joy. You have brought on a swift, cruel end.

The warm breaths of summer are iced to curl the blossoms. No longer do you love your beauty. Now the love of destruction has overwhelmed you. Thou art full of evil!

Where is our savior, our Orestes, to free us from this cursed woman? Orestes, son of thy mother, sun of the universe, bring an end to this cruel fate. Revenge is yours on her who has killed the blessed and fruitful summer. Let her not prevent thee from bringing to us your radiant rays. Clear the house of Earth of this great evil.

Here I sit on the gray beach, looking for an absent friend. The dark amorphous Erynnes are lurching overhead ready to dampen the dreams of evil doers. Here in this vast vacuity evil is destroying the house of Earth; the flowers, the trees fall side by side. Orestes must return, else the house falls. What! Is he dead?

Hurry, Orestes, may your journey home be quick. Close at hand, I pray, is the time when your rays shall rejuvenate the house. The buds will overburst with their beauty in your tribute. The melodious bird will sing your praises, and I, I will listen to the lusty roar of the ocean as it cheerfully clasps the land to its bosom. My friends and I will partake in this friendship, enjoying the foamy rides and the warm sands. So be it, if the gods wish it.

The Dressmaker And Her Clothes



by Susanna Margolis

Once upon a time — and modern time it was, too, — there lived a woman with hands light and quick who sewed and designed lovely women's clothing. She bought only the finest fabrics, which were also very beautiful, and sewed every stitch by hand. She lent her creative talents to new designs for dresses, skirts, blouses and coats.

Luckily for the woman, many people still admired fine pieces of handwork, and her creations were sold to many very fine and very exclusive shops. It was a successful business, but it required a great deal of time — so much time, in fact, that the woman was not able to do very much for herself.

I think it is a shame that a woman who makes beautiful clothes for other people should have to wear her older sister's hand-me-downs.

A Tree

by Steven Holsten

What a strange tree you are! What reason, what force made you choose your spot on earth? Why did you wrap your snake-like roots around this marble tomb? There were many better places for you to start life. Did you think that the person's body would be fertile, or did you select the difficult way because you thought it was best? I think you know, standing majestic and strong, deeply enrooted in the earth.

The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship

by John Torrey

Author: Stephen Potter

Publisher: Henry Holt and Co.

The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship, or *The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*, was written, or perhaps I should say, compiled, by Stephen Potter over a period of years from 1931 (8th June) to the early 1950's. This book, which has, since its publication, come to be known as "The Gamesman's Bible" dispels for good and all the now somewhat ludicrous notion that games are won by "skill." *Gamemanship* proves, not once but many times, the validity of its cardinal rule, "A muscle stiffened (in his opponent by the Gamesman) is a point won."

Elaborating on this great axiom, Mr. Potter takes the reader through Clothesmanship, Nice Chapmanship, Winmanship, Luncheonship (Drinkmanship, Guestmanship), Losmanship, and finally, game by game, shows gamesmanship's application in more specific cases. Along the way the reader is introduced to many of the founders and "grand old men" of gamesmanship, — F. V. Morley, Sir Francis Meynell, W. B. Grace, and A. C. Swinburne.

Unlike many of the other books that fall under the trite heading of "satires on the foibles and petty pomposities of modern man," *Gamemanship* is consistently funny. Mr. Potter does not have to resort to the situation comedy technique — his own original style and straight faced British understatement carry the ideas excellently.

Gamemanship is well illustrated by Lt. Col. Frank Wilson. The illustrations include a "specimen wrong route from Maida Vale to Dulwich covered courts," "the Baskerville Lawn Tennis Marker for imparting asymmetry to home courts," and "a graph showing relationship between Mean Bird Gamesmanship and Mean Game Birdsmanship."

I think Mr. Potter's most significant contribution to Western culture is the idea of making a pause (to throw the opponent off his stride) as if for the sake of the opponent's game. This is used in place of "such naive devices as tying up a shoelace after the opponent (at tennis) had served two or three aces running." Mr. Potter presents a sample dialogue used by the modern gamesman in the same circumstances:

(Continued on page 31)

Catullus

*Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
Advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem.
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
Tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.*

Translation

Translation by Elizabeth Kady

Having travelled through many nations and been borne across many seas,
I arrive, my brother, at these unhappy rites,
That I may give you this last gift of the dead
And exhort your silent ash, although in vain,
Since fortune has snatched you from me,
Oh unhappy brother, so unworthily stolen from me.
Now, finally, this sad gift by our parents ordained
as a final gift for these rites,
Receive overflowing with many tears,
And forever, brother, hail and farewell.



A Walk In The Woods

by Steven Holsten

Going into the woods one day with my rifle, I saw birds, squirrels, rabbits, and many other kinds of wildlife. Shooting the red squirrels gave me a kind of satisfaction or pleasure. The next day I decided to make an experiment. This time I went for a walk without my gun. I had only my eyes and ears. After I had walked around for a while, the animals became accustomed to my presence and continued their normal activities, their struggle for existence.

I found that I could have real enjoyment by just watching the animals. It was not the same as the thrill of shooting the squirrels. That was only superficial. Underneath I knew that shooting these trouble-makers didn't give me any true pleasure.

When I was a small boy, I had the silly notion that nature was beautiful, peaceful, and free of the struggles of man. In only one of these was I correct. Nature is beautiful — but it certainly is not peaceful or carefree as I then supposed.

After I took this serious walk in the woods, my childish illusion was smashed forever. I have come to the conclusion that life is a battle for existence for each species. Man is not exempt from this struggle, but he has not the excuses of the animal world. Man has the power to reason and should put it to work to prevent the disasters of war. Today man can push a button and wipe out an entire city. Human beings have used their minds to create good things; they have also used them to construct the engines for their own eradication.

Many people say that the scientists had to make atom bombs to save us, to save human lives. Yet they plan to save us by killing other people. The Russians are telling their people the same thing. As a result we could end up with no more human beings. What could be better? Some animals who were not destroyed in the wake of war could take over what was left of the world. At least they could kill each other without worrying about how they would make peace. Without man to ruin the balance of nature the animals would have a perfect world.

Many men indulge in a hobby which they call a sport. They go out into the fields with shotguns, actually cannons, and shoot great numbers of game. As a result they create an unfavorable balance in nature. Perhaps we wouldn't be plagued by so many insects if men had not needlessly killed the birds and snakes which eat insects. Man has made all his own troubles. He is the round peg in the square hole.

Sometimes I seriously think that man likes war. This is why. Every twenty years we seem to be involved in wars. This period of time allows many children who were born in the previous war to become old enough to fight in the next one. Americans fought the First World War to end all wars. During the next war we had no such illusion; in fact, after the war, the historians predicted that the next war would be in the year 1960. From the looks of things we might just make the dead line. It will be a beautiful war. Everybody will be killed. We won't have another war because we won't exist.

Anyone who says that the world is in fine shape must be crazy. Many people say nature is good, but I think they really mean beautiful. What is good about one animal killing another? What is good about one human being killing another? How can anyone say things are fine when human beings are forever preparing for the next war? For all the nature lovers there won't be any nature to enjoy if we don't find some way to make peace. I don't care how it's done, by love, by religion, by any means, but let it be done.



THE MOMENT

by Barbara Abernethy

The young girl is galloping over the golden desert, her black hair like a shadow blending with the blackness of her steed. They can only ride a small part of the day, for there is much work to be done, and each day they both look forward to this small amount of time.

The beautiful black horse stretches his glistening limbs, streaking with sweat, while his small hoofs dig into the cooling sand. The girl is light to carry. He feels as if he were flying. The sun slowly melts into the horizon of the desert. Shadows quickly spread over the sand. The girl sees the setting sun, and tugs at the horse's mane, reminding him that it is time to return home again. He does not heed her. Frantically, he keeps on running, just a little faster and more wildly than before, as if he wants to reach something before it disappears. The girl decides not to stop him this time. She, too, feels his mood. For a moment, the horse and girl skim over the sand so smoothly and quickly that they are flying.

The moment is over. The horse slows down, turns, and heads back into the soft black shadows.

Fog

by Paul Gottlieb

One who observes a fog bank rolling into a valley immediately becomes aware of the treachery that lies within its dank folds. He realizes that within these convolusive billows of humid air, all light and life are choked, and that which remains is dead stillness. Thought, Perception, and Life itself become dormant, inactive, and an ominous silence exists where once did a busy and bustling world.

This blotter of dense clouds may also exist in the mind, and here it has a far worse effect. The haze forms a barrier between the mind and the exterior, and nothing penetrates. All thought is suspended and no new perceptions or conceptions of others are considered. The door is closed to any discussion, and the mind becomes completely dedicated to that which it *alone* believes. Here lies the danger, for the mind, like the bustling world, becomes dormant, and there can be no greater waste than a wasted mind. An organ which is capable of perception, that great ability possessed only by Man, is closed, and a mass of thick, rolling fog stands in its stead. To make an analogy, it is as though one has an express train at his disposal, but prefers to trudge his way slowly. God gave us all minds, some more potent and active than others, but all able to conceive and reason. For such a gift to fall into disuse is a sin. The greatest minds of the world have erred at times, and through discussion were able to correct their mistakes. They, through their open-mindedness, were able to advance Mankind into the realms of Philosophy, Medicine, and Electronics. A single mind, open to discussion and criticism, may some day be responsible for a lifesaving medical discovery, or a new theory regarding space, the great expanse in which we exist. Perhaps the old adage, "Mens sana in corpore sano," a sound mind in a sound body, might better read, "Mens sana apertaque in corpore sano," a sound and *open* mind in a sound body.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

by Mary Bunting

We almost always make our gifts; this part of Christmas giving has been stressed ever since we can remember. Giving developed into as much fun as receiving.

There is one Christmas I will always remember. I was about eight years old and my brothers were six, four, and two. I was just old enough to realize what a Christmas was — a time for giving, a time for giving a part of one's self to those loved.

This particular year, we, inspired by our mother, built a doll's house. This doll's house was very special because it was for a very special friend of ours, little Jody, a neighbor. We children loved her for various reasons. She was to me the little sister I didn't have at home. She was always laughing and singing, and running and skipping. Her dark curly hair, dark Italian complexion and black sparkling eyes were my secret envy. She was pretty all the time, probably because she was always so happy.

The doll's house we had in mind had to be very exceptional for such a friend. This is where our mother came to the rescue. She acquired from somewhere a tremendous cardboard box which we commenced to transform into a doll's house big enough for Jody to be the doll. This we thought would be different and original enough to give her.

Out came the sharp kitchen knives, and, after many tears, mother persuaded us to let her cut out the door and windows in the upside down box. (This was to save fingers and more tears.) Then we raided the rag box to find pretty rags which could be used for curtains. The next prob-

lem was how to hang the curtains. It was finally settled with a bowl of flour and water paste, most of which was either eaten or stuck in our hair. The next and final project, to complete the construction, was to cover up the blue writing on the sides of the house. We found an old can of red barn paint which would serve the purpose. After much splattering and dripping, the house was finished. We let it dry and then took it over to Jody even though it was a day before Christmas. We were too impatient to see her face light up.

What excitement! She danced around it clapping her hands and giving little shrieks of joy. We just stood there grinning, enjoying the sight of seeing her so happy, watching her dance.

* * *

That was ten years ago. Last week I found out that Jody will have to wear a brace on her entire body for the remainder of her life. Her spine is slowly curving into a hunch back. She will soon be a total cripple . . .

I could find no words. There are no words.

The Child

A little girl ran home crying. All day she had been persecuted by her classmates. The child's mind could not comprehend the pointed remarks hurled at her. She implored her mother to explain these remarks. It was agonizingly simple — she was a negro.

Linda Levy

Sunrise and Sunset

by PETER WILSON

God painted another canvas
and when He came to the sky,
He took the blue of an angel's eyes
mixed with the white of a cloud.
He put His canvas up to the night
holding a match to see right,
and after painting, with all the red
colours of life, a sun, He mixed His colours
and slowly filled in the blue,
using as a brush, a stark, silhouetted tree
with many hairs of leaf.
Then with clear ether and a swooping
motion,
He swirled His brush and made a brook;
with crushed leaves He made trees and
grass;
with melted moon, the clouds.
When He had finished that,
He again looked, and by mistake,
dropped a dot of paint on the sky.
He smiled and enlarged the speck
into a dove, and painted other doves.
Then, oh! would that I could paint that way,
He gave the canvas life,
and the clouds blew,
and the doves flew,
and the great, red blotch of paint
rode slowly up
towards the center of the canvas.
Wondering if it wanted a thing,
God sat back and looked,
and as He looked,

He saw two men,
merely pencil sketches,
lying on His table.
He painted these in,
just as He always did, day after day.
Always a little fascinated,
God looked, and as He looked,
just as He looked
day after day,
both of these men
screamed at the sun,
screamed at the sky,
screamed at the whole,
pulled out their weapons
and killed each other —
just as they killed,
day after day.
Then the sun set,
and God gave a sigh.
He picked up the canvas
and threw it away.
“I should resist the temptation
of putting them in,
but I can't help wishing
that they wouldn't — some day;
and I know someday that they will
keep the sun
from going down.”
He sighed again,
picked up a canvas and
dipped into His pot of bat's wing black.

LOVE

by Susanna Margolis

Once upon a time there were two Frenchmen, who, having grown old together, spent their days in the healthy sun of Paris, sipping wine in a street cafe. One of them, André, one day began to fear that he would die alone and unloved, and so he asked the other, Pierre, a simple question.

"Pierre, do you love me?"

"André," replied the other, "what a fool you are to ask such a question of me! Of course I love you. Was it not I who grew up with you, who went to school with you, who worked by your side, who approved of your choice of wife, who has helped you always? . . . And you ask if I love you! Yes, my friend, I love you."

"Then, Pierre, do you know what I need?"

"André," answered Pierre in a rather angry tone, "how in the name of God can *I* know what *you* need?"

"Then alas, Pierre, you do not love me."



The Reflection In The Beer Bottle

by Ellen Holsten

Every day for the past ten years of my dull routine life, I have stopped off at the corner tavern when walking home from work. There is nothing special about this tavern except for its pot-bellied bartender, who is a friend of mine. One day, as usual, I said, "Hey, Pop, how about a beer to refresh the parched traveler?" This time Pop turned around and said that the tap beer was all sold out and all he had left were a few bottles of some German beer. I had heard what wonderful beer makers these Germans were, so I tried a little of the dark foamy brew. I held the bottle up to get a full view of the beer's dark brown color as it sparkled in the sunlight. As I looked at the bottle, my imagination ran wild, and I no longer saw the reflection of the sunlight on beer, but on the flowing Rhine river in Germany.

I could picture a busy little hamlet nestled in the green hills where the town brewery sits beside the Rhine River. The women and children raise barley while the men process it into good German beer. The whole life of this little hamlet centers around the making of beer.

The women in the fields in their multi-colored skirts pluck the barley sprouts into baskets held by the little children. The baskets are made by the old folks from the weeds which grow in the marches by the Rhine. The older children carry the barley sprouts in old rickety carts to the brewery to be processed. A boy, accompanied by his mongrel dog, pushes his cart by the bank of the river while boats puff by. There are no cars and buses; horses help in the arduous tasks of the townfolk.

(Continued on page 31)

Hiroshima

Author: John Hersey — Publisher: Bantam Books, Inc.

Copyright Date: 1946

by Peter Wintersteiner

As can be surmised from the title, this book concerns the dropping of the first atomic bomb in actual warfare upon the Japanese city of Hiroshima. It is not, however, the story of all the minute calculations and tests during the preparation of the bomb and during the carrying out of the awful mission, but rather is a narrative more about its horrible effects upon that city, and more so, upon her occupants.

In *Hiroshima* Hersey has gone to great pains to bring out the extreme in human suffering. As a preparation for the book, he went directly to Japan to seek survivors, actual eye-witnesses of the consequences of the blast, which was fatal to more than one-hundred-thousand. The result is an incredibly realistic and possible view of the horrors and tortures which seem so unreal and impossible to many of us that they are practically out of our contemplation. The author places that truth, the horrible truth, the truth in its purest and simplest form, right into the middle of his account (indeed it is practically the whole book) and thus into the midst of the reader's thoughts.

The horrors of the grim document, worse than any ever encountered in a tale of fiction because they really happened, stand out from cover to cover. In fact, practically the whole book minutely describes the agonies of a terror-stricken people, a populace burned, broken, and dying. These horrors are augmented greatly by Hersey's style of writing, the basic simplicity of which tends to minimize its own import and to stress truth and fact. Other authors are lauded often because an extraordinarily good style of writing transforms an ordinary plot into something extra special. Hersey can be praised here because he does not let any such style steal in to cover up or change in any way the plot (or, to be more exact, the subject material) which is already so extra special. To say the least, matter-of-factness plays a great part in the success of *Hiroshima*.

O Tempora! O Mores! A Modern Parable

by Richard Kluft

Once, in a land far away, there lived a man named Murple Greep. He wasn't very tall, but then he wasn't very short; he wasn't very bright, but then he wasn't very dull. Murple had but one trait which the folk of his native land despised. What little he had, he used to its best advantage; also, he never let his mind become stagnant since his mentality, however mediocre, was always fully utilized. This made him the smartest man in the world. It also made him the most despised.

Once he discovered that a precept he had been taught was rather shakey, so he told his teachers, who said, "Murple Greep, why can't you be like everyone else? Forget it." But Murple Greep wouldn't forget it. He went to the principal who said, "Go away, Murple Greep!" Murple Greep went away, to the King. The King explained it to him, "My dear sir, you must realize that in order to make incompatible society coexist in relative discordant harmony for the best interest of the majority to be manifested in the privileged few. Do you see?"

Murple Greep saw. He decided to go to the United States where he felt sure a man would be allowed to express his opinion and give his contribution, however small, to society. As soon as he got off the boat, to be trite, he immediately went to a renowned university to consult with learned professors about the precept. The professors said, "Hmmm!" and went on sabbatical. Murple Greep wasn't discouraged at all; he realized that to accomplish his aims would require years of effort and self-sacrifice. With this in mind, Murple approached the first typical American he met on the street and said, "Excuse me, sir, but I fear you have spent your life under a severe misapprehension. I have come to help you . . ." Murple stopped for the man had walked away. Mr. Greep than took a careful look around and decided that only through the newspapers, the voices of free America, could he inform the multitudes. So he went to the owner of a great metropolitan newspaper and said, "Sir?"

"Huh?" said the newspaperman.

"I have come to bring a message to the people of America. It is extremely important that I have room on the front page."

"I could put you between the comics and sports sections," declaimed the disseminator. "That's the only place the regular people read."

"You don't understand," cried Murple in agony. "I come to speak of Dame Liberty!"

"Hey! That sounds good!" ejaculated the newspaperman. "A photo in the centerfold! What are her measurements?"

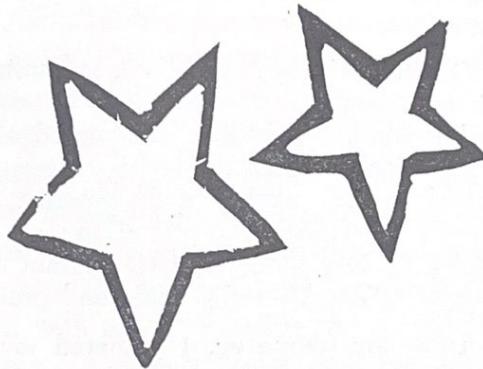
Murple Greep called him a name. The man reported Murple to the President since overuse and abuse of the press is guaranteed in the List of Liberties to Violate. The President said to Murple: "Murple Greep, you are guilty of anti-American actions! You shall be deported to an iceberg!"

At this point of the game, an iceberg suited Murple fine.

One day a big plane flew over the water on its way to the summit conference. It carried the King and the President, who would sign the treaty, the professors, who would interpret the treaty, the omnipresent typical American, and the newspaperman, who was along to confuse the issue.

The plane had engine trouble — it was forced down near Murple Greep's iceberg. As the passengers got into a raft, they noticed a pack of polar bears. They also noticed Murple Greep on his iceberg. The dignitaries shouted, "Save us with your rifle, Murple Greep! Shoot the polar bears!" Murple Greep raised his rifle. He took careful aim. He shot holes in the raft, lots of holes.

What else did you expect?



The Stars

by PETER WILSON

*One by one by two by three —
crumbs left over from the Sun God's meal.
Whose are they?
Mine? Yours? His?*

Knowledge Of A Foreign Language Is A Wonderful Thing

by Susanna Margolis

The train ride from Paris to the quaint Normandy town of Honfleur is a long one. It is also very lovely. I have taken it. I was on my way with some friends to live with a French family. The rest of my party knew the family well. I did not.

For the first part of the ride I did nothing but sleep. My waking moments found me intensely bent over my Berlitz book, trying to master the pronunciation and intonation of one phrase, and at the same time, commit it to memory. It was a very short phrase. It consisted of only five words, but they were five very important words. They were the first words of French that I would ever say to a Frenchmen on French soil. "Enchantée de faire votre connaissance." (I am glad to meet you.) I felt very confident as I repeated it over and over to myself and to my companions.

Out the window, the French countryside flew by. Cows chewing their cuds in pastures remained oblivious to the huge black train as it raged forward. "Enchantée," I shouted after them. Peasants reaping in the fields looked up but only for a second. "Enchantée!" I waved. They returned to their work. People boarded the train. Others disembarked. At every movement, I repeated my phrase. I imagined myself boldly stepping up to a kindly French peasant farmer as I spoke: "Enchantée, Monsieur." Then he would smile and praise me.

I felt the train stop. I gathered my things together and followed my friends out into the brisk night air. French men and women jumped off the train at every point, shouting rapidly to each other, and disappeared from the station. The train moved on. We stood alone on the platform. A gendarme paced the floor across the track, stealing sideward glances at us from his normally downward look.

A door opened. A big man with a red face and very little hair came in, looked about, noticed us, and smiled. He began to run. "Hello!" he yelled. "Is that you?" Two minutes later he was shaking my hand. "So this is Susy," he said in perfect, clipped tones. "I'm delighted to meet you." He had an Oxford accent! "Enchantée de faire votre connaissance," I said, feeling very small indeed.