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Pendulum Staff

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Meaning and Music
A. M. SULLIVAN

Was the word or music first
When the rind of being burst
And dawn’s pale eagle took to wing
Unwinding morning’s endless string?
What happened when the dark dispersed
And silence broke the vacuum
And light fell on the pendulum?
Name the rhythm, name the thing
That measured chaos in a span
Before desire shaped the man
to meaning and identity.
The sound was music Adam heard
As he raised upon a knee
Summoned by the singing word
That turned his heart into a drum;
And God in loneliness said “Come.”

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PENDULUM, founded by the Friends of the Livingston Stebbins Library, is published once a year, and contains prose, verse, and graphic art by undergraduates and alumnae of Lesley College.
I Want a Star

SUSAN DI NUNZIO, '64

I want a star.
You can't, it isn't.
I want a star.
No, you mustn't.

Listen:
Wish for a petal,
A smooth white oval
That has life.

I want a star.

Desire a blade of grass.
A green strong string
That has life.

I want a star.

Crave a piece of the earth,
A minute dark particle
That has life.

I want a star.

Listen:
Want a seed.
Own a tiny pointed grain
That is life.
IN OUR WORLD of mechanization, atomic power, speed, daily inventions and crucial conflicts between world powers, we tend to become lost in the mad pace these create, and tensions and anxieties dominate our lives. Material values overpower our daily living, and the greater values such as the moral, religious, aesthetic, and educative are lost or obscured. The wonders of our earth are passed over and forgotten and such marvels as flowers, trees, blue skies, spring buds, fall leaves, and even love tend to be interpreted on the mechanical level. College-age people feel this high pressure and tend to interpret such experiences on an intellectual level. Sentiment, nostalgia, appreciation, and deep love for some one important thing in one’s life are too often not expressed because, perhaps, our conformity to our material and intellectual interpretations dulls and depresses the real feelings within us. We encourage our children in the classroom to share their experiences and interpretations through various educative devices, yet we forget how helpful this same thing may be to ourselves.

Of the many important phases in our lives the four college years without a doubt are the most fruitful. Numberless experiences of many types, new awakenings, knowledge too great and too full of marvel to be expressed in words, philosophies of others and our own, lifelong friendships, good fun, and development and reshaping of much within us are in these short years.

Each person’s alma mater is special to him for his own special reasons, but with every bit of love, appreciation, due sentiment and real truth, our own Lesley College is truly unique among all colleges and universities anywhere in our country.

Ivy-covered bricks, a football team, a famous library, and a picturesque campus are loyalty producing but they are not enough. On the big campus, too often all but a few outstand-
ing students melt into the mass and are known to their professors only as names on class lists in a highly machine-like system.

Lesley is far more than four walls and a machine. Our college is probably as near the ideal in true education as the theories we advocate. Lesley has a strong foundation of tradition upon which we build, and our Wolfard Room, our crest, our elf, our wishing well, May Day, Step-Up, Dr. Stebbins' portrait and Dr. White's portrait are symbols of the fundamental truths that guide us. Yet everyone here is open to new ideas and advances that will add to Lesley's strength and encourage her growth. As we exist in the present we should be aware of the balance created by our past.

Each day since Freshman year some new and great experience enters our lives. More days than not such experience seems to be highly impossible, yet as our first year becomes our second we look back and see that much has taken place. By our Junior year we become student teachers, and all the humdrum, busy work, and countless courses of the first two years suddenly appear unconsciously in our classroom performance and professional conversation. The last year is one of great realizations of all that has passed and been accomplished and a summation of our philosophies and learnings. Although everyone is excited about the prospect of finally having one's own classroom, there prevails a genuine sadness and hesitation to leave.

We can really be proud that we graduate with six hundred hours of student teaching to our credit and can be accepted in the professional field as unusually well prepared. We are given excellent preparation for teaching but we know more than just how to teach. One of the greatest aspects to be credited to Lesley is the fact that we are also given a wealth of knowledge through liberal arts courses taught by an unusual number of excellent professors. We do know what to teach by means of this excellent background. We are given a great deal of basic facts and techniques balanced by philosophical and thought-producing courses.

One cannot express in words the feeling which comes from deep friendships. Our family-like situation allows everyone here to acquire friends of all kinds. Among fellow students
there are many who have become so close to us that they will never be forgotten. But it isn’t only this. Here we are able to know practically every student by name at least. The administration, the housemothers, and the kitchen, housekeeping and maintenance staffs all become part of our group of friends. From each of these friends comes some characteristic or philosophy which adds something fine to our lives.

Our president and dean know nearly everyone by name and are always willing to stop and listen. Best of all is our marvelous relationship with our professors. There are no walls here between student and teacher. Rather than a name on a list, you are a person. How marvelous it is to talk over a problem, a philosophy or idea, or share an unusual experience over a cup of coffee with any one of our professor-friends. What a privilege it is to feel that a personal problem is not too much bother to any one of these fine minds.

Small things which add to the end result of an experience are often hard to explain to others and often seem meaningless to the hearer. Lesley is full of such hard to explain but great and meaningful experiences which are highly important to us individually. Grand times such as Sophomore-Freshman Week, Student Government activities, Building Fund cake sales and bazaars, club and class projects; the Junior Prom, May Day, Class Day, Step-Up; the yearbook, *The Lantern, Pendulum*; our magnolia tree, our flowers in the spring, our buildings, our plans for future growth; outside advantages such as plays, concerts, museums, exhibits, lectures, operas, and so forth, outings together in casual friendship, wonderful on-the-spot informal fun; the first student teaching observation, a very successful lesson, especially exciting courses, marching for the first time as Seniors in our robes and mortar boards, and all the other Senior activities all fit into this total picture and are stored in our ever-active memories forever.

Not by bread alone does man exist. And no one here at Lesley exists solely by material values and goals. Whether conscious of it or not, everyone here is enriched daily by sharing and existing in this closely and beautifully woven entity we are part of. Every tradition, every change, every ex-
perience, every book, every course; every girl, every teacher, 
every secretary, every friend, every joy; every value, 
every ideal, every goal, and every plan are complementary of 
every other and in such balance that we tend to feel we are 
existing apart from it instead of realizing how completely we 
are a part of it. To live as part of Lesley is to live forever 
afterwards as an integrated person enriched in the ideals and 
values relevant to the fullest and best that is in life!

The Messiah

EVELYN DUNNE Forti, '61

Rain, rain, go away.

... but where?
Maybe to distant fountains
   Across Oceanus,
Onward towards the ever
   Blooming gardens of Paradise.
There your cool soothing presence
   Will make the eternal flowers of love grow.

Do we not need rain
   Though we wilt in the blazing inferno?
Say not the saving liquid is refused
   By the dying man on the desert.

Come again another day.

... but when?
The rain has come and gone,
And we must grow on the damp dew
   That yet remains.
We held out the cup
To catch the falling water
   And quench our growing thirst;
Then cast the cup down
   Spilling out the life-giving liquid onto the dust.
WHENEVER I look up and see it hanging, I think
"They're shooting at it. That lovely far-away
world, they are shooting at it." Every time I see
it strike along the ocean's edge, silver and strange, I have
to think: People have done it again. Always wrecking every­
thing. And good grief, the moon isn't like a battleship or a
tiger, hostile, that we should throw things at it. Oh, no.
The moon never did anything wrong to us. It just sailed
along, pallidly, powerfully minding its own business, as state­
ly and magic as an albatross, and we take potshots at it just
to reinforce our own earthly little squabbles.

Anything beautiful and ghostly is in danger from us every
minute of the day. The Navy is literally killing off real live
classical albatrosses by the thousands in Antarctica. A few
of the men assigned to blast the albatross off the face of the
earth protested, very feebly, that this might not be such a
good idea in view of what happened to those other mariners.
The New York Times printed a picture of the big white
chilly birds and said they were against it. It maketh not
the least difference to the Navy: Albatross, Moon, or
Cockroach, it is all one to the U. S. Government. And the
U. S. S. R., too, of course, we all know how hateful they
are.

The moon used to be a goddess, you know. And I don't
mean Diana or any of that folderol. I mean a Goddess to
be feared. It was later the signet of the Gods, when there
were gods: it has always been the most dangerous and for­
eign of natural lights. And now man, equipped, no doubt,
with beer can and cigarette butt, is trying to make his mark
on it.

Well, if you remember what happened to one man who
shot one albatross, multiply that by thousands and add the
moon, I think you will see that we are very likely in for a
long dry spell; and whatever disasters come and sit on us,
we deserve them.
Forever —
How strange it seems
That now we two are one
Bound
Together —
Till death do us part
Which is quite a time

One —
We are two together
And yet are one
Alone
Together —
Until we separate
Which may not be so long

Love —
Two people are joined
To live with each other
Forever
Together —
Until they choose to part
Which may be soon now
Avalanche

The snow covered the sloping hills
    The northwind whistled its chilly song.
    A little boy went out to ski
        Each ski tied on with a leather thong.

The under crust was icy hard
    The powder snow was soft and fine.
    His skis threw up a misty spray
        And left behind a phantom line.

The red sun set behind the hills
    The moon came up just sliver wide.
    He didn’t stop his breathless flight
        Though night had come and day had died.

The wind blew wildly way above him
    The roar resounded from high to low.
    The morning shone on deep piled drifts
        And they found his skis upon the snow.
Poetry

Diana Schaffer, '64

He was an old man bent
who saw birds blue winging
clinging mud brown worms squirming
I signed his name for him.

Beaking wide indignant squawking
nests of life
spring's first green sprouts
I visioned past his kindly finger.

Frogs croaking plop into the pond
waters splashing spreading circles
disturbing trees' reflective blur
were deepest parts of his life's being.

Autumn hills blazing changing
were unnecessary for
he saw felt each leaf fall and land
on every bent grass blade.

He could not read, nor write his name
or understand vast logic
Humbly standing looking seeing
With his eyes a poet.
Wo weeks ago I came across a nostalgic piece of poetry describing a hide-away. It had been a long time since I had seen or thought of my childhood hide-away, or thinking spot. Actually, my subconscious had yearned for it often, pulling me back to it with the slackening strings of memory, but I fought it off with more persistent ideas, or substituted as best as was possible with a make-shift place. Saturday, however, I could not do that. This time I consciously traced the path to that childhood spot I knew so well.

I found my thinking spot the summer I was eight years old. It wasn't the ordinary spot a child would pick, secluded, enclosed, useless if discovered by another. No, it was open, free, made more intimate to me by another's footprint. It suited me.

From my family's summer home in Orient, Long Island, I would leap off the front porch, carefully avoiding the stairs that had worn with age and pressure until at the slightest foot-fall they would creak in agony. My jump was a well practiced one that consisted of landing on the balls of my feet while bending forward and then using my toes as a spring board. I would scampers under the overlapping, doubly deep shade of the maple trees and then continue down the slight incline, picking up speed as I went. By running this way, I could cross the white pebbled street in seven long strides without feeling the small stones dig into the bottom of my feet. After reaching the other side of the street I slowed down in a childish reverence for my approach as well as to feel the grass tickle my feet. I would soon be standing on top of the concrete sea wall. The wall had been cracked or broken down in places by the pounding waves, relentless wind, and droning rain, leaving bare a great many smooth stones. I would curl my agile toes over these stones as if I had to grasp something while I found my breath which I had lost — in part from running and in part from the scene that
never failed to leave me awe-stricken. After a few moments I would jump down to the beach two feet below. It wasn't an ordinary beach. One would call it a stone beach but I called it America because it was a mixture of all the possible elements: red and white sand, stones, rocks, pebbles, and mud particles. I would sit on the beach and lean back against the sea wall, curling my spinal column into comfort, imagining that I was a curved limb of a tree. I was an inverted arch of contentment in a cat.

Directly in front of me was the slowly flowing creek into which I often threw pebbles in order to watch the surface break and the small circle of waves spread endlessly. The circle would become deformed as the current swept up the creek to the marsh which was out of sight. A peninsula from the opposite beach jutted out with its grassy fingers reaching to join my side of the creek or changing with the wind and beckoning to me instead. To my left were large stepping stones guarding the creek entrance and being conquered only by the full moon's tide. Beyond these stones was Gardiner's Bay, sometimes a somber blue-grey with choppy waves that seemed to take delight in jumping toward the sky and producing bubbles called foam, sometimes turquoise and still, but usually a deep sparkling sapphire dancing in tune to the wind and in beat to the current. Closer to me on my right were a few row boats pulling their mooring lines and posts — always trying to follow the current, trying to find freedom as a watch dog tries to pull from the post to which he is tied. Lifting my eyes I could spy, on rough days, the Long Island Sound with white caps on the waters reminding me of dotted swiss material.

The sky was usually clear during the day with the penetrating sun beating down on my surroundings which, more from saturation than rebellion, reflected the heat and light of the sun's rays. But at sunset, my favorite time, the sun would drop quickly, taking the wind with it. It would turn bright orange, giving the impression that the landscape was a two-dimensional picture, black cut outs of houses and trees pasted on orange paper. Then the sun would turn blood red and slip over the side of the earth, leaving violet, pink, green, and even yellow streaks across the horizon.

The world was still. But soon the wind that had not
followed the sun started stirring the reeds, tickling them until they giggled in glee. The sea gulls and the other birds knew this was the time to blend in, in squawk and song. The tide, incoming or outgoing, would lap at the shore making the sound of a person whistling in his sleep.

I would breath the fresh salty air letting the smell linger at my nostrils before vacuuming the delicious odor into my lungs. I would let it out slowly as if I hated to lose it, another breath could never be so enticing. Yet each proved to be more so. I could smell the salt soaked roots of the reeds, and occasionally a dead fish or clam would be on the beach permeating the air in rebellion of death.

I would stretch my toes and then curl them under, catching sand and letting it slowly sift back to the beach as I awaited the incoming tide. As the water rose and over-powered my readily yielding feet it seemed to enter me and I became one with the sea and the sand and the sky. Undaunted, the tide would swirl toward my ankle with its little whistling as a warning and then it would drift away, rally, and continue climbing the shore and my leg. However, the tide always tired of the sport before it reached my knees and started back for the bay, always retreating in swirls and bidding good-bye for another six hours.

I would go to this spot everyday and I might stay fifteen minutes or a few hours. I never read nor shut my eyes. Life and Nature were too beautiful to shut out. My soul soared as the sea gulls and the terns did — gliding, climbing, swooping, always free and content. I thought. Sometimes I laughed and occasionally cried, but I thought.

After my stay, I would pull myself to a standing position, take one last look after mounting the tired wall and then walk back to the house. Yet I always returned and I imagine I always will, to the spot where my eyes can wander in beauty and my soul is free to fly — my thinking spot.
POEMS
BY KAREN KALKER, ’64

The Purpose

It is not death — nor destiny — nor age,
Nor any such superb antagonist,
That works the soul’s defeat and scrawls the page,
With projects turned aside, high aims dismissed,
And blurred and fingered hope. By fate opposed,
Men prove their purpose; in that dangerous hour
Their brief excelling brilliance is disclosed.
When threatened most, the soul puts forth its flower.

O send me great opponents! Day by day
The precious hours, like vacant windows, part;
The pretty vision and the soft delay:
These bring defeat and rust the sword we cart,
Diminish each bright purpose to a dare,
All’s wasted, and the heart’s too dull to care.
Anchored In Dream

Sails on some horizons
are orange, green, and red;
in whimsy chosen
like artful flower beds —
exotic, brazen.

Why should sails be white?
Because a poet tufts
the sea with white?
And in my memory drifts
a white-sailed boat?

When chiller winds are lulling
me to the edge of sleep,
when conscious mind is willing
night to fill with deep
dreams of summer sailings,
will they be afloat
with orange, red, or green?

Mysterious, remote,
upon my seascape seen
remains a white-sailed boat.
Grey Shingles
BARBARA POPKIN, ’64

Grey shingles in the summer sun,
Grey shingles, sand cleaned.
Bang, clatter, and a sigh,
Only a shutter, only the wind.
No place is more secure.
Grey shingles, the dunes
Grey shingles, the sun.

Listen to the sand whisper,
Watch the beach grass tiptoe
Across each blinding grain.

Across the marsh a meadow lark,
Upon the fence a wren.
The sparrow sleeps in the high noon sun;
The cricket has had his day,
There is no need for wakefulness,
Man has never looked this way.

Far from the roaring ocean
I still hear each wave throb.
High over my head —
White flecks — the sea gull
In a sky of blazing blue.
Home from the sea, far from the town,
Peace in a secluded way.
Safe from the storm,
Each day I am born
Here with my grey shingles, in summer, my home.
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Safe from the storm,
Each day I am born
Here with my grey shingles, in summer, my home.
As they gathered for breakfast they said to each other it's going to be another hot one. They ate their eggs hot and waited as long as they could for their coffee to be cold. As they lifted their cups the faint heat that was left caused beads of sweat to form on the shelves of their upper lips. They licked it off with their tongues and the men said let's get going and the women began to clear the table and to prepare for their morning tasks. The men gathered by the barn and as the dogs followed them, their paws raised little puffs of dust that coated their legs and bellies making them look like walking dust balls. Each man collected the implement that would help him with his work and they separated to go off to different fields saying see you at lunch and don't work too hard and aw go drown yourself and they laughed because there was no water to drown in. The dogs plodded back to the shady side of the house and lay panting in the dust.

Inside the house the women worked silently. The smell of bleach filled the house and the women's eyes watered as they worked. They washed clothes, made beds and prepared stew which the men would let get cold and lumps of fat would bead on the top. Once in a while one would say the men must need water and would fill two buckets with tepid water from the pump and being careful not to spill any would carry them to the men. When the cow had been milked and the household duties done the women went out to the vegetable garden and raked and hoed and weeded until noon. They did not water the garden. There was not enough if they were going to have any to drink.

At noon the men came back and could not wash and sat down and ate their stew with the fat on top and drank milk. After everyone had eaten they grouped together on the porch and the women told the men that they had done the last washing for awhile that morning and the men told the women that
the wheat and the corn had stopped growing. No one men-
tioned the words water and rain and no one complained.
They looked anxiously at the sky and looked down again im-
mediately as there were no clouds to block the sun’s glare.

The men went back to the fields and the women went back
into the house. They peeled potatoes and got the salt pork
ready for the evening meal. The men did not joke as they
went back. They licked their cracked lips and ground dirt
into their foreheads as they wiped off sweat.

---

The Matterhorn Of Zermatt

Edith Hale Cheever, ’56

Unarrested by time,
Unknowing of eye,
For brief moments
A glimpse of her
Aloof and enchanting;
Above her bed of snowing centuries,
Have echoed great cymbals of silence.

The thickness around her
Departs reverently;
And the deep quiet
Possesses her.
Majestically she returns
Her monumental splendor to the clouds;
Seeking not for conquerors, but for lovers.
REMEMBER that first night in the dormitory. There were twenty of us then. We all sat downstairs in the smoker discussing everything and anything that occurred to us. We were happy, gay — joking and being friendly with one another. Twenty girls is a very small number. But we all liked it that way. We felt as if we were a select few who were allowed to inhabit this very special dormitory. We were all becoming friends — all twenty of us. One big group, one small dorm. We were all alike. Girls eighteen years old living away from home, about to be introduced to a new way of life.

We were constantly in the smoker that first week. We talked and introduced ourselves and our backgrounds to one another. During one conversation someone remarked that within a month's time everything would be changed. The girls would probably be divided into cliques. It seemed a foolish remark to make. There were only twenty of us; we were all friends.

And then classes started. We no longer had so much spare time. Classes consumed the better part of the day, studying consumed most of the night. Everyone seemed to be withdrawing from the general mood of gregariousness. No one seemed to have time for anything. You cared about yourself; I cared about myself. My questions were the important ones; yours were the insignificant ones. My thoughts and ideas were the relevant ones; yours were the irrelevant ones. You lived for yourself; I lived for myself. Weeks and then months passed. The dormitory was still friendly but it was a superficial friendliness. You and the girl down the hall would smile and exchange a few words. Both of you would realize the falseness of the situation, but that's the way it had to be.

Thanksgiving came and went. Nothing had changed, everything remained the same. Understanding, love, warmth,
affection, I wondered if they still existed. Before I had much
time to think about it, Christmas was here. We all welcomed
the necessary diversion to go home and stay with our fami-
lies for a few weeks.

We departed from the two or three very close friends
we had made. Those were the girls who had similar back-
grounds, personalities like our own, or some abstract quali-
ties that made you want to spend more of your time with
them than with anyone else.

At home each girl had time to think, study, and find her-
self. Evidently two of our dormitory associates did not find
this to be so. Returning to school, all of the girls were told
that our number had been reduced by two. We were now a
small dorm of eighteen.

The first night back I was bothered by this fact. Statistic-
ally I did not care. Two girls gone. One tenth of our dorm
had left. What difference did it make? I wanted to know
why. What made them do so?

One had eloped. The other was in poor physical condi-
tion. Those were the reasons. But what if, I kept thinking
to myself. Yes, what if conditions had been different? Would
the outcome have been so disastrous? Couldn't I have given
more of my time toward understanding those around me?
When a question was asked of me, couldn't I have tried my
best to give a complete and satisfactory answer to the person
concerned? Did I try to meet or realize another person's
needs? Maybe if the environment had been more conducive
to understanding, sickness and eloping would not have been
the result.

I am not the only one bothered by the loss of our two fel-
low students. I think it bothered everyone in the dormitory.
We talked about it among ourselves; we hesitated to talk to
any outsider about it. In the back of everyone's mind was
the question: Did I have anything to do with the girls' leav-
ing? We all thought, we all wondered, we all were unsure.
Whether or not we were the cause we shall never know.
Nevertheless this uncertainty has served a purpose. We
know we were wrong. We are trying to correct it. We have
learned from these two occurrences what a lack of under-
standing in a world of great needs can do.
Ode to a Drifting, Tormented Soul

— Judith Pinn, '63

The mourners watch with downcast eyes, sobbing.
The women ply their beads
  one
  by
  one with trembling care.
Their men hunch with pity lest a tear,
  drifting,
  reveal their torment.
The young man was a staunch believer, they say,
Trying out his wings he stumbled,
  again,
  and again, not picking himself up.
A shame . . . Tsk! . . . Tsk! . . .
A young man, they say . . .

The procession pauses outside the cathedral doors.
The bearers carry his weight with ease —
  lightly . . .
  sadly . . .
  — as if it were void.
The father and mother sob, and tears,
  drifting,
  reveal their torment.

For he really was such a young man.

As they said, he was an ardent believer, devout.
In this chaos while stumbling,
  again,
  and again he thought he found his niche.
He didn’t . . .
The empty box contains only flesh — the soul is yet stumbling.
Tsk! . . . A young man, too.
Winter Briars

Naked,  
Fruitless,  
Cling with brittle limbs  
Like spiders  
Fearing the wind  
On a snowy cliff.

Last Walk

These wintry woods  
Rising stark and spatial,  
Bare colorless  
All that the spring  
So cleverly concealed.

Glow red sunset  
This skyswept afternoon!  
Discontentment  
No longer weaves  
Your ties beneath my feet.

— Edith Hale Cheever, '56
THE MOUNTAIN
— KAREN KALKER, '64

"... I am large;
I contain multitudes."

CLIMB a mountain. I stand on top of the mountain and gaze towards the West; then slowly I turn to observe the North. Quickly I go on to look south, and east. Casually I peruse the footholds which surround me. I watch casually because I’m afraid, afraid to examine my surroundings closely.

I think to myself: "Well, here we are."
I answer myself: "Yes, here we are."
I pause. I look around again and finally say: "That’s right, here we are."

Then a voice which I have been suppressing gets out: "Where?"

Frantically, I look around. I see the farmlands of the South, where I once lived, gently floating on softly billowing slopes. I see smoke coming out of the chimneys and floating slowly east, on a breeze.

Smoke.

I spin towards the East where I once lived later. Smoke. I see factories puffing mightily on steel and aluminum pipes, exhaling deep drags in each other’s faces. I see a long line of objects moving from each door: guns and comic books, planes and tanks, atomic bombs and washing machines.

I shut my eyes.

I look north, where I once lived afterwards. The sun is sinking and turning the clouds to fleecy yellows and reds. All I can see are clouds save for a silvery spire looming in the middle distance.

Up the sides of the slope leading from the North I see footsteps. My footsteps.

I look west. There is nothing there. The West is undiscovered. The mountain ends a short distance away in a
cliff. Beyond that is the West. The necessary remainder of the circumference of the foundation.

I sense incompleteness. Possibility.

I have gained courage. I think back on my life. I have made my mark and now I'm on top of the mountain.

The same mountain that I dreamed of when I was a lad milking a cow, down south; and when I laid down a newspaper, back east; and when I strolled through the airy fog, up north.

Now I'm on top. The voice says: "So what?"
I don't answer. I sit on a stone. The voice says: "Look up."

Involuntarily, I do so. The stars twinkle down at me. The voice says: "Are you any closer?"
I sit and think for a while, not daring to look up. Now I'm afraid again. My world is one of frustration.

Am I any closer? What have I gained by my travels? What will I gain in the West?

The voice is shouting now, and my attempts to calm it are useless.

Another voice chimes in: "Go back, Go back up north. Relax in the fog." The shouting voice shouts it down. Something else says something.

I look up again. The stars look back, unblinking.
Then the clouds move aside. I see the moon. I turn and walk towards the West. Half way down the slope, I turn and look at the stars. They are closer.
I speak aloud in the silence. "Wait. I'll be back."

Ready.
I hope.
IMAGINE one lovely, delicate snow crystal whose glimmer-glitter can set sparkle to darkness. Think then, of an infinite number of crystals, multiplied thousands and millions and billions of times. That many snowflakes is but a fraction of the number that blankets in beauty, in silence, in softness, the country-side, the city-side. A picture of innocent beauty complete in one afternoon.

There was just one bit of sky that I could see from my bedroom window. It was sky so blue, so high, so glorious — though it was just a small patch. If I had been in the front yard I could have seen more — a wider patch. Think then, how much sky, beautiful, magnificently beautiful and blue and unbelievably high, there is for all to see at the very moment I saw . . . great-wide, world-wide patches.

You cannot measure the beauty that one fresh, sweet rose provides in any setting. Imagine then, eighteen thousand roses and multiply those by thirty times as many more roses, carnations and orchids. Breathe deeply and think with wonder of the beauty- and scent-weighted air.

One more, though there could be hundreds more . . . Imagine the glowing pride of one pair of love-filled parents. In a smile on the still unseeing babe, they see hope for a future for which they hold absolute, fragile responsibility. Imagine then, the glow that could radiate from the faces of the millions of such blessed families all over the world. These are people who realize that they each have the right to own joy.

Just one more . . . one simple, swift-stayed smile of man or woman, old or young. . . . The glory and goodness of one smile is happiness. Think and be thankful for smiles, for each is a single particle of sincere pleasantness.

Some say that the uniqueness of one rose, one flake, one smile is lost if there are two. But the fullness, the rich warm fullness of beauty and joy may show in numbers. Uniqueness
is not missed. There is beauty in one grass blade and there is beauty in the lushness of a full green plain that folds softly beneath a footstep. There is unique beauty in one leaf, but there is as much in one full tree, or one blooming orchard, or one blossomed stretch. One growing flower is lovely. But is not an entire garden where each of many flowers is amazingly identically beautiful — that's as beauty full — as the one that grows, next side, and next and next? The garden is as awesome as is the one flower.

Let it be accepted that there is beauty in great numbers as beauty is in one.

Ah, one is new.
That's lost in two.
Makes empty few.
No! That's not true.

For beauty reaches all numbers known,
No single thing holds such gifts alone.

—

Love

CLAIRE DIENES, '63

Black depression drooping in joy ride
subway to roaring noisome stop. Two aging
persons, mainly man and wife, with duco-
cemented faces and vanished emotions slowly
silently sliding on seat. White eyes-stick
approaching invisible space between spirit-
less couple; reconciling advance, smiling
cavities, connected fingers . . .
Void

— MARY V. WRIGHT, ’29

There is nothing so lonely as Nothingness.
I have known it in the sweep of wind across a field.
I have watched it in the faces of the newly lost,
as they look into the swirling, abysmal world of Nothingness.
Where there are no images,
no futures, no nothing,
only emptiness.
A place where song is stilled,
And echoes ring a strange mournful moan.
Where no flowers bloom,
And the cry of lost children rises from the grey vapor of Nowhere.
There is nothing so lonely as Nothingness.
But hear this one truth —
You meet nothingness Alone.
New York City By Airplane

EDITH HALE CHEEVER, '56

A swollen
Golden moon
Hung down the west
Drawing out in myriad sparkles,
A profusion of color
Lighting up God's face
Like Christmas.


Nonsense

Nonsense could be said to be
The fourth dimension of Literature.

This is Nonsense you see,
Positively strained is she;
Her figure has no rule or joint,
And so it's hard to see the point.

— Judie Walker, '61
WONDER if John Alden’s in-laws squabbled about where Thanksgiving dinner was to be held. “My back yard would be just the place,” I can hear Priscilla say, “but my maid just can’t give me the time.” “Well,” I’m sure Alden’s wife’s sister-in-law gossiped across her pumpkin patch, “I don’t see why you-know-who doesn’t prepare dinner at her cabin. She has plenty of room.” “I don’t want to have anything to do with this,” John A. surely bellowed. “I want to have a peaceful Thanksgiving meal with my own peaceful family in my own peaceful house. I don’t want to have anything to do with this squab-gobbling!”

If John Alden’s family was anything like mine, this kind of arguing (about who’s going to have forty-nine hungry pilgrims for one turkey dinner) continued from the first day of October to the day before Thanksgiving, when Grandma Pilgrim said, “I don’t care how we do it . . . even if we eat with the Indians . . . we MUST have the family together for turkey dinner.” In the end, the blustering-fluster-ing John A., the gossiping sister-in-law, Priscilla, Grandma, and all the rest, ate a dinner of roast indigestion with a bunch of riotous Indians . . . but at least the family was together!

That might be the story of the first Thanksgiving and it’s a true story even today. My family has always been in just that sort of turkey stew. There are forty-nine relatives, (one is a bachelor uncle), of the aunt, uncle, cousin, and second cousin variety . . . and of course Granny. No one of the forty-nine, least of all the bachelor uncle, wants to open his basement, attic or garage to the vultures, noisemakers, crying babies, restless sevens and eights, “not on speaking terms” sisters-in-law, or to the blustering-fluster ing male adults who “want nothing to do with all this squab-gobbling”. Yet everyone must get together because . . . why because it’s Thanks-
giving. What kind of family would we be if we didn’t get together to give thanks? (We’d probably be a family with a lot less indigestion!)

The outcome of each year’s “discussion” is that the family decides to reserve space at a restaurant. This way no one has to worry about making sweet potatoes, cooking twenty mince pies, or bringing turkey over that raging river and through those wicked woods. After the weeks of arguing, the one who brings forth this “novel” idea each year is the hero. You would think someone would want to be “hero” on the first of October . . . altercators all!

When everyone agrees to eat at a restaurant, the fight moves on to round two. The question is, where do we eat? Aunt Sophie likes Italian food, but who ever heard of having pizza for Thanksgiving? That’s almost as bad as not having the family together at all. Ah . . . I remember the choices that have been made in the past. Since the Brass Rail couldn’t set aside fifty drumsticks and fifty wings (Granny eats two of each, if you’re wondering about my arithmetic . . . ) the group decided to order chops and steaks. Aunt Sophie looked on with wide-open eyes. She couldn’t see why steaks and chops were “okay” and pizza was “out”. Aunt Sophie always forgets Uncle Sam’s ulcers!

Moscowitz and Lupkowitz (a good Chinese restaurant) was another year’s prize. This was Aunt Jeanette’s choice of choices because the owner promised us fifty drumsticks and fifty wings. AND, if Aunt Sophie wanted meatballs and spaghetti, she could order them on the side. My father decided he didn’t want turkey unless wifey made it, so he ordered duck. He had an “I-don’t-want-any-part-of-this . . . I-want-a-peaceful-meal-in-my-own-peaceful-house” look on his blustering-flustering face when his duck flew in cold after all forty-eight others had smacked their lips and licked their turkety-tasting chops! Besides that, Uncle Charlie, Uncle Gabe and Uncle Henry had fights with a fresh hat-check girl to end a perfect day!

This year found the hungry, gluttonous group at Lundy’s, a famous SEAFOOD restaurant. Age has almost calmed the group, although I need not relate what went on from the first of October to the day before Thanksgiving. As a mat-
ter of fact, this year the family came closest to having sepa-
rate peaceful meals in their own peaceful . . The outcome,
however, was:
1. Lobsters, steamed clams, and scallops decorated the
Thanksgiving table.
2. Aunt Sophie left early.
3. Granny was in her eighty-seventh year of glory!
Friday, Mommy cooked a turkey with all the trimmings.
The immediate family gave peaceful thanks (for the quiet)
just to prove that Thanksgiving is not a “one-day-of-the-year-
only” affair. The time from John Alden’s first to our last
feast covers a great many years. How America (and its
pilgrims) has progressed!

A Lobster Tale
— Suzanne R. Hruska, ’61

While hungrily I scrutinize
Your gruesome claws and ghastly size,
There you lie, you wretched beast,
Longing to destroy my feast.
Though lengthy battle you’ll display,
My appetite will not give way
To all of your perversity
Oh lobster, how I cursed thee!
Cautiously in trepidation
I’ll plan attack with determination.
I shall not dine on drink nor bread
Until your carcass I behead.
But tired and weary I’ll become
Of searching for meat where there is none.
And then at last, in sad dismay,
I’ll ask the waiter for fish fillet.
My Dad

GAIL EPSTEIN, ’64

Before I came into the world
My Dad prepared the way
With cowboy boots, a bat, and ball,
And even modeling clay.

He bought a catcher’s mask for me
And a genuine leather mitt,
A Dodger’s baseball uniform
That would take years to fit.

He bought me so many gifts
The pile began to totter.
Imagine his surprise when I
Turned out to be a daughter!
I try writing like Mr. Lewis," he said. Like C. S. Lewis, yet. So I read C. S. Lewis, and then I re-read him, then I studied C. S. Lewis, and tried to analyze C. S. Lewis' work and I've come to the clever conclusion that I'm not C. S. Lewis and it would be rather difficult to write like C. S. Lewis. So I won't. I'll write like Me, esq. So, here goes. Here are some of my ideas on logic, ready or not.

Logic is shrewd, rude, ridiculous and useful. It can defend, offend, portend, and pretend. Logic can create and destroy; it destroys most easily that which it creates. Logic is the last refuge of a scoundrel, the vice of philosophers. It cleverly defends the indefensible, and denies the obvious. It knows neither mercy nor scruple.

As someone once said, "The devil was the first logician, Eve the second. Man was seduced by the devil's glib deduction. Man was left with only the power of the devil to make his way in the world. Logic is the fruit of the fall." Is it right then that with the fruit of the fall he should seek paradise again? I shall not answer this question for fear of using that which I disregard — logic.

My obviously inimical attitude came upon me in the last year; it occurred especially when I tried to convince certain members of my family of certain things. Illogical, to be sure, but for once I was tired of being logical. And that's why I'm writing this now. I found this typical logical streak of mine impinging on my love of the irrational. Everyone is entitled to several unalienable idiosyncrasies, and one of my latest ones is irrationalism, peppered with a generous amount of good, plain, common-sense dislike of logic, and this is nothing to be sneezed at. I recognized my dislike of logic in the compassion I had towards a minor philosopher, if indeed he was a philosopher at all, who stated in a short article that he honestly thought that there was no truth. His sincere statement was met by the traditional logical slap in the face, at the hand of an unscrupulous logician. "The fact is," said
the logician, "that in denying the truth, you affirm it." "You see," he said, with a smug syllogistic smile, "what you are saying is, is that the only truth is that there is no truth, and this everyone can see is a contradiction." The philosopher was defeated, but not convinced. He spent several sleepless nights wondering if he was wrong. The logician, satisfied that he had refuted the theory, spent several sleepless nights wondering if the philosopher was right. How does a sincere person, believing that there is no truth, state his belief in a way which, at least grammatically, contains no inherent contradictions? The answer to this question, obviously, is to deny logic. Let me give you a reason for my indifference.

There was a man named Kant who postulated two realities. The phenomenon, which we can know, and the noumenon, which is unknowable. In the phenomenon, tables are tables, spades are spades, and generally, things are as we see them. This I like. It really upsets me when they call a table a piece of "chaotic matter participating in the form of tableness," or "the secondary qualities of some basic substance, 'I know not what,'" or simply an idea in mind. I would hate to be that scientific or logical. Calling a table anything other than a table makes about as much sense to me, as having to know just how many atoms make up the head of a pin. I guess I just don't have a scientific mind. I like to accept certain things as they are. So I'm stubborn and illogical, and the "noumenon" doesn't bother me; if I can't know it, why should I worry about it? For a while, anyway. There is already so much to know. But the logicians felt otherwise. They got upset about the noumenon even though they could never know it. It's funny how little it takes to upset a logician. They were unhappy either because they thought that Kant knew something they couldn't know, or that Kant knew something that he couldn't know. The logicians' two basic attacks were:

1. The noumenon is unknowable by man.
   Kant knows the noumenon.
   Kant is not a man.

2. Kant says the noumenon is unknowable.
   Kant knows the noumenon.
   Kant is lying.
The logicians, although inclined to attack Kant's argument with syllogism number one, thereby ridding themselves of Kant altogether, and at the same time blemishing the reputations of his sons, chose the second as being the stronger of the two. They attacked and won.

Well, there it is. My opinion of logic, for now anyway. Perhaps I'll change in a few years. I don't know about you, but as far as I'm concerned, syllogistic sanctification will never replace common sense justification. I revel in my irrationality.

---

**Daylight Saving Time**

— GAIL EPSTEIN, '64

Of course I let the dog in
And yes, the front door's locked.
The night you don't remind me
I really will be shocked.

No, I don't hear any dripping
From the downstairs kitchen sink.
Of course I'll go and check, dear
Or you'll never sleep a wink.

I've checked and double checked, dear
And everything's in order.
Now I know the reason why
They say the nights are shorter!
FAMILY REUNION

JUDITH KIMBALL, '63

Why yes, Auntie, she said, thank you. Thank you, bah! she thought, you sound as though you haven't seen me in years and years. But you saw me just a year ago, one year ago today. I couldn't have changed that much.

These reunions are so stupid. I'd much rather go out and play. And I hate to get dressed up! Why do I have to see these people once a year? If it was more often I wouldn't mind, but this is awful. And why do they have to be so silly? I'd . . .

"Why darling, you have grown so much."

I'd give anything to get out of here. No, she kept thinking, I have not grown any. Not in the past year anyway. But don't worry, Mom says that soon I will shoot up. Then you can tell me how much I've grown, but not now.

Some kids are lucky, they have no relatives. Or even if they do, they don't have reunions once a year. But look at me. So far, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Dorothy, Aunt May, and two Aunt Sylvias and Aunt Felice have all told me how much I've grown and how I've changed.

"Darling, come say hello to Uncle Martin."

Uncle Martin, she thought, I never met him before. It seems that each year I meet a new relative. Where do I get them all? This one looks like a grouch. Hello, she said, how do you do? Not, she thought, that I'm at all interested. Now don't you go telling me that I've grown, or that my voice has changed. Good, you're not paying attention to me. Goodbye.

Of course I have to be nice to my cousins, but they're such a bunch of babies. All the girls think of is playing with dolls and all the boys think of is baseball. I do prefer baseball to dolls, but not with those sissies. Hey! that candy looks good! I think . . .

"Dear, come give Grandmother a kiss, and smile."

40
Yes, mother, she said. Grandmas, she thought, can be very nice, when they bring you presents. But when Mommy and Daddy go away, and Granny comes to stay with you, you can't do anything you want to that Mommy always lets you do. That candy does look good. I think I ... Oh! excuse me, Auntie, she said. They keep saying how much I've grown, and then keep stepping on me because I'm too little for them to see. If cousin Richard gets to that candy before I do . . . mmm, it is good. I don't know why we only have candy like this when we have company. All I ever get is M & M's.

"Dear, that candy is not for you."

Yes, Mom, she thought, I'll just take this one more piece. It really isn't that good anyway. I do wish these people would leave. I'm tired and hungry. I'm so glad that next year is a whole year away.
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