

Piety, Learning of Mrs. Soloveichik Retold

Francis Heilbut Opens SCW Series With Piano Recital



Francis Heilbut
Spurs cultural interest

A capacity crowd filled Koch auditorium to witness a big first on the Stern College stage. Francis Heilbut opened the concert series on Thurs., January 5.

Mr. Heilbut, an accomplished musician, was graduated from Columbia University and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He began his career at the age of eight when he gave his first recital at Carnegie Hall.

Due to the reception Mr. Heilbut's performance received, Student Council is planning three more such concerts for the spring semester including a return performance from Mr. Heilbut.

Dr. Solomon Wind, Teacher Librarian, Dies in Israel

Rabbi Dr. Solomon Wind, an authority on Jewish history who was a faculty member of Yeshiva University for 29 years and spiritual leader of several Bronx congregations during a 15-year period, died Thursday, December 15 at Bet Nom Hospital in Rananah, Israel, after a long illness. He was 62 years old.

Rabbi Wind taught Bible, Talmud and Jewish history at the University's Teachers Institute for Men from 1935 to 1957. From 1957 he taught Jewish history and served as assistant librarian here at Stern.

Born in Austria in 1904, he came to the United States in 1920. He was ordained at Yeshiva University's Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary in 1929, received the Bachelor of Social Science degree from the City College of New York in 1930 and a Doctor of Hebrew literature degree from Yeshiva University's Bernard Revel Graduate School in 1942.

He also studied at Dropsie College in Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Wind was a prolific author. His best known works are the textbook, "Mikneseth Ad Kneseth" (Survey of Jewish History); "The Hebrew Calendar," and three books on Rabbi Ezekiel Landau, the famed authority on Jewish law. He also wrote "Responsa Noda B'yhuda: Source of Jewish History," "The Mystic Approach to Prayer" and "The Human Soul."

Survivors are his widow, Lillian Libby; a son, Rabbi Israel of Bridgeport, Conn. who is assistant to the registrar at Yeshiva Uni-

versity; a daughter Rachelle of Brooklyn; brothers Joseph and Fred, both of the Bronx, and sisters Mrs. Celia Cristal of Brooklyn and Mrs. Helen Greenberg of the Bronx.

Spark Our Publication

By ESTHER LEVENBERG

A lot of you have lately started to ask me how "Ashes and Sparks" is coming along. Factiously I answer that it's not coming, or going, anywhere. It's lying around waiting for you. And you look at me in awesome wonder. For me? Now I am being very serious.

The magazine (for the as yet uninitiated "Ashes and Sparks" is indeed waiting for you. It's waiting for you to submit your writing.

Some of you have submitted—things you've written in the past

(Continued on page 6)

'To Have Encountered Greatness'

The following articles are a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Peshe Soloveichik by her grandchildren, Mrs. Aharon Lichtenstein, instructor at Stern, and by SCW sophomore Judy Meiselman. Mrs. Soloveichik was the descendant and progenitor of great rabbinic families, and a personality in her own right. Her oldest son, Rabbi Joseph B. Soloveichik, is the Rosh Ha'Yeshiva of the Rabbeim Yitzchak Elchanan Theological Seminary of Yeshiva University.

By MRS. AHARON LICHTENSTEIN

To have known my grandmother was to have encountered, for a short time, greatness. She was small of frame, and slight; her seeming physical frailness belied her strength. She belonged to history, to a world of European Rabbonim and Gedolim that are no more.

Born in Pruzana, the daughter of Reb Eliahu Pruzner, married to my grandfather, Reb Moshe Soloveichik, son of the renowned Reb Chaim Brisker, she spent her life among scholars and saints whose names are legendary.

She was in this tradition not only by accident of birth but as an active participant. The world of Torah and lamdus was open to her. Her father, a uniquely modern man, studied with her (an unheard of departure from the prevailing tradition), and opened to her the world of Torah Shebiksav as well as Torah Sheb'el Peh, the Written, as well as Oral Law.

In addition to her religious knowledge, my grandmother knew world literature well. Tolstoy was one of her favorites and she disliked Destoyevsky; she knew Bialik by heart, and Ibsen and Shakespeare were her friends.

And yet, to me, having been

brought up in an intellectual home, this was no wonder. When I think of my Bobe, I am particularly impressed by the rare combination of two frequently disparate traits—profound religious conduct and conviction on the one hand, and an open, often intense acceptance of people on the other.

When I will describe her to my children, who, unfortunately, were too young to perceive her greatness, I will need only one word to do it. My Bobe, I will tell them, was an aristocrat—an aristocrat of the spirit.

In moments of joy and sorrow she bore herself with a regal air. When I think of any family simcha I see her, the expression of serenity on her lined, almost emaciated face.

And yet, one saw the same expression at moments of sorrow. I remember her at the funeral of my maternal grandmother five years ago. Remember—no, I shall never forget the expression on her face. Sorrow and grief had transformed her whole face and infused her whole being with an air of beauty, of a strange peace that comes only through suffering.

It was this same expression that I saw in that hospital room in Boston where she died. One sensed that no matter how hard her life had been, and it had not been easy, that she had triumphed, that she had borne her lot with dignity, with serenity, and above all, with emunah, faith.

The most constant expression of her religious commitment was the manner in which my Bobe davened. In engaging my grandmother, my father said that when she davened one felt that her encounter with the Shechinah—the Divine Presence was not the result of its descent, so to speak, but of her ascent.

She literally strove to fulfill the Rambam's dictum concerning prayer, [man's] "heart should be directed upward as if he were standing in Heaven."

She did not "ascend to Heaven" in her prayers, occasionally, in moments of great religious fervor, but three times a day, day in, day out, year in, year out.

When I remember her I see her standing in a cotton dress, in a corner of a room, davening mincha in a droning voice. When I was a child I used to wonder what took her so long; when I grew up, I envied her.

Her last years, the ones that I as a grandchild remember

(Continued on page 4)

By JUDY MEISELMAN

It is hard to imagine a world without my grandmother, for so much of our world was centered around her. Although she was old and frail, her spirit was so young and vibrant that we all leaned on her for support.

She came from a long line of rabbis. She married a famous rabbi and produced rabbis whom the whole world admires. This slender, fragile woman seemed to carry, in every fiber of her being, all of Jewish tradition, learning, and experience.

When she davened, she enunciated with all the dignity, inner strength, stubbornness, pain, and suffering of our people. From the moment she rose until she closed her eyes, her actions and thoughts were directed toward mitzvos. No matter how weak she was, she would fast on Yom Kippur. No matter how poor she was she would always remember to give charity.

When she was unable to walk to shul on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur she would go in a wheelchair. After a massive

(Continued on page 4)

Promise of Russian Exodus—Fact or Fiction?

By LENORE WOLFSON

December 3, 1966, Aleksei N. Kosygin made a statement to the Paris press that Soviet Jews wishing to join relatives abroad were free to leave the Soviet Union. He made the statement in answer to an American reporter who asked whether war-torn Jewish families would be able to reunite.

January 2, 1967, it was reported in the New York press that many Russian Jews with copies of Pravda, which carried an edited version of Kosygin's statement, were applying for emigration passports.

Although many war-torn Russian Jews are reported to be taking Kosygin's statement seriously, one wonders how many more Russian Jews who do not have relatives outside of Russia would be interested in leaving Russia.

Eli Wiesel's book, *The Jews of Silence*, vividly portrays the many fears under which the Russian Jews live. One wonders how many Jews are too afraid to apply.

Many questions should not be forgotten when reading Kosygin's statement: Will the Soviet Union keep its promises to let war-torn families reunite? Will those who apply for passports be able to leave the Soviet Union within a short period of time or will they indefinitely be kept waiting? While Jews are waiting to leave, will their lives and the lives of their relatives be harassed?

December 11, 1966, was designated as "National Chanukah Soviet Jewry Protest Day." The New York City Student March for Soviet Jewry began at the

United Nations and ended at historic Cooper Union Hall. The television and press carried scenes from the march. The march was followed by an adult rally inside Cooper Union Hall.

Rabbi Israel Miller, Chairman of the American Conference for Soviet Jewry, pleaded that the Soviet Union give the Jews their rights as stated in the Soviet Union's constitution. Via telephone from Atlanta, Georgia, Dr. Martin Luther King spoke to the New York rally.

At the same time, he was speaking to several other rallies across the nation. Yonkers, Boston, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Washington, D.C., Cleveland and Los Angeles were but a few of the many cities which held rallies for Soviet Jewry.

Recently, many national pub-

lications have included articles or devoted issues to Soviet Jewry. A few of these include the November 19th issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, which carried a moving article excerpted from Eli Wiesel's book *The Jews of Silence*. It is an emotionally overwhelming account of Mr. Wiesel's recent visit among Soviet Jews.

Hadassah Magazine, December issue, is devoted entirely to Soviet Jewry. November 29, 1966, *Look* carried Rabbi Arthur Scholer's article "Russia's Jews."

The existence of these articles seems to indicate that American Jews, as well as Americans, are finally becoming aware of the problems of Soviet Jewry. The problem for Soviet Jewry. The problem for Jews. Will they join together in a united protest, or will they remain apathetic?

Two names were omitted from the list of Dean's-List students in the last issue of *The Observer*: Phyllis Maza and Judith Schapira, both sophomores, have attained Dean's-List status.

Season's Greetings

Happy New Year! Greetings from Stern College!

Instead of issuing printed cards in the grand manner of Yeshiva University, the administration decided that a more subtle sort of celebration would be advisable due to the religious reactionaries attending the college. The following measures were secretly effected:

1. Due to the festivities, the library was closed all day on January 1st, on the assumption that the religious subversives would not have term papers due on January 2nd.

2. An extended curfew was allowed for the dormitory students. The fanatic zealots, of course, would not take note for they, the administration hoped, were not aware that the rest of the world was ushering in a new year.

We regret to inform the administration that the Observer has received angry accusations of anti-Semitism from various factions of the student body concerning Yeshiva's acceptance of "New Year." "Yeshiva," these protestors said, in effect, "worshipped and celebrated on the traditional Rosh Hashana and to impose the burden of two such holidays on a minority group is a blatant discriminatory act."

I Remember Mama

We understand the unavailability of crowded dormitory rooms and the consequent lack of privacy. The necessity to announce our whereabouts to the dorm administration is clear, too. But dorm students are entitled to some privacy.

It is unfair to us and to our escorts to return from a date and be confronted by a row of studying eyes. They belong to the guard, the maid, and a varying number of housemothers who strategically place themselves at the lobby elevators.

No only do they study us as we return, but they feel free to comment as we pass, directing their remarks to the student, her date, or to another member of the tribunal.

We have not spoken earlier because we

felt that the embarrassing situations were isolated cases. This is no longer true.

A guard is necessary for our safety, and a girl at the switchboard is there for our convenience, but housemothers, maids, and the like should find an evening's entertainment in some other place. We have a spacious, 19-story dormitory. Why must they congregate at the front door?

Wake Up Alarm

Those who say that the Stern College "administration" is sound asleep are not quite accurate. A better analogy can be found in the thought that the administration is more like a sluggish bear, i.e. — not quite asleep, but certainly far from completely awake.

Occasionally, that bear, however, does awaken and it is at this time that the worst of administration actions are brought to light.

The last issue of the Observer carried the story of one victim of such an awakening who was told in December that credits would be dropped for a course taken in July. For this girl and others on record, graduation has been postponed and plans will have to be salvaged and rearranged.

Recently we saw another example which is so absurd, that it is almost funny. A number of seniors have been informed that they will not graduate in June unless they have completed R.S. 51. Included in this group were not only married students, who have been married for at least a year, but also the mother of a six month old son.

This is not the time to argue the benefits of a compulsory R.S. 51 course. But this is the time to rudely awaken the administration as to the nature of an R.S. 51 course, and the marital status of these girls. For a married student, in many cases, married to a rabbi or smicha student, to be required to take R.S. 51 is absurd; to require a mother to take a required course such as R.S. 51, which becomes a requirement after her marriage, is almost unbelievable.

Now that the administration has awakened, we can only ask that they take a look at the hour.

Board Soundings

Familiarity Breeds Nothing

By ESTHER SPENCER

To the casual observer, Stern is perhaps most known for its small, close atmosphere. Ideally, such a close atmosphere breeds a cohesion between student, faculty, and administration and a common brotherhood amidst academic life.

But, as anyone involved in student life knows, the statement above is largely a myth. Student and teacher seldom meet in any fashion, and the concept of "the administration" is such a vague and meaningless one that not even faculty members are sure of exactly what it refers to.

If there is any cohesion at all, it results when student and teacher unite in a fit of "ten-cent" desperation to override "the administration."

Examples abound. We have the case of one elective class which took it upon themselves to cover both required material and additional studies in the required amount of time, because the administration refused to logically revise the course.

Next semester we are going to have the example of a class, Intellectual History, which desperately wants to continue. The history department will not sponsor it (for lack of a proper professor) for another semester, and there is no other department chairman to whom the students can appeal.

The course could very properly be given in the philosophy department. (Despite the fact that that department boasts two more instructors than the "official" Speech, Political Science, Spanish or French departments there is no place to turn.) As a result, the course will probably be dropped and no credit given.

Had philo credit been given for it, it is possible enough credits could be taken in Stern to consti-

tute a philo major—something this School has consistently denied is possible.

Every student is doubtless aware of a personal example, where in a time of appeal there was no place to turn. Lines of hierarchy are not only not drawn at Stern, they are obliquely hidden. The greatest shock to a student editor is to find that in many cases the faculty is as anxious to help as we are to have them.

And yet, because there is no clear basis of communication between faculty and student body, and because in many cases, student and teacher are placed on opposite and unequal ends, many worthwhile ideas and projects are scrapped before they begin.

We are not suggesting a "Love Your Faculty Week." Neither are we suggesting the establishment of a student-faculty committee. Ideally, such a committee—the Faculty Committee on Student Life—exists.

What we are asking is that clear channels between students and committee members be opened. Currently, even the names of those faculty members on the committee is a well-guarded secret. In addition, the goals and purposes of that committee should become public knowledge for all students.

If the committee should prove inadequate for placating student demands, than other means will have to be established. But in the meantime, the students deserve and demand a clear channel to the faculty . . . and the right to be heard and listened to. Perhaps together we can accomplish what is not being accomplished alone.

Student applications are now being accepted by the editorial board for positions on the staff of "The Observer".

Letters To The Editor

An Apology

To the Editor:

I very much regret having caused any pain or embarrassment to any member of the cafeteria staff through my last letter to this newspaper. No insult or ridicule was intended in what I wrote, and I apologize to any who found my letter humiliating. (Rabbi) Gerald J. Blidstein Instructor Religious Studies

A Condolence

To the Editor:

A great lady died recently. She was Rebbetzin Soloveichik, the wife of Rav Moshe Soloveichik, the mother of "The Rav" and Rav Aharon Soloveichik and a personality herself. No mention of her death was made here. Not even a note was posted on the front bulletin board. There was no assembly.

We go to a girls' school whose goal is to teach us to be observant, educated Jewish women. She was all this in its greatest form, yet the student body was not told of her death so it could learn from her life.

The highest form of learning is learning by example. We were deprived of hearing her greatness so we could try to emulate her.

The administration failed us here.

Name withheld

Protests Apathy

To the Editor:

The Nazis (may their names be blotted out) slaughtered many people during the Second World War including six million Jews. That is something which must never be forgotten and never be forgiven. Now, just twenty years after the Berlin Peace Treaty was signed, members of the National Democratic Party (neo-Nazis) have been elected in Germany. Every person of every race should and must oppose vehemently this resurgence of ultra-nationalism, and especially the Jews, who lost so much!

To show the world that the Jews do care and to alert people the world-over, a 24-hour vigil sponsored by the American Zionist Youth Council was held at the West German Consulate at Park Avenue and 57th Street (4 subway stops from SCW) on Wednesday, December 21.

I was there half of the time from 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. and it was indeed disheartening to see that of the entire Stern College Student Body, only about 15 girls showed up at all! This apathy

is incomprehensible!

Yeshiva College charted a bus and 50 boys came to the vigil! As a human being, not only as a Jew, it is each and everyone's responsibility to protest against Nazism and alert others of its consequences before it is too late! We have lost too much already.

What were you doing on Wednesday evening, December 21st, that was more important?

Bella Bryks Stern '70

Twenty-Four Hour Vigil

To the Editor:

Recently the students at Stern College were notified of a twenty-four-hour vigil to take place outside the German Consulate, protesting the rise of neo-Nazism in Germany. A number of students, eager to display some sense of social consciousness, requested permission to attend the vigil.

The matter was brought up before the administration and dorm officials and had almost received approval, until a complaint was voiced that if one made an exception for the vigil, one would have to do so in other cases.

Going to a Jewishly-oriented school, one would expect support on issues pertaining to universal and Jewish welfare. This support, however, was denied.

Doesn't this issue deserve special consideration? Must Stern girls always be labelled "wishy-washy", complacent and uninformed? Why must this reputation be perpetuated even when we make attempts to be rid of it?

Protest may possibly have been carried to extremes on campuses throughout the country, but Stern's voice has been silent on too many matters for too long.

We do not ask the college to take an official stand on these issues, but when students wish to do so, why must their efforts be brought to a standstill by higher authorities?

We urge that an intelligent request be answered with an intelligent response.

Dvora Weinrib '70 Chaya Spatz '70

(Continued on page 4)

The Observer

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Russian Captures New York State Theater; Thespians To Hear Axelrod

Yevtushenko Gives Farewell Performance

By SYLVIA LAUFER

Yevgeny Yevtushenko, after completing a six week poetry-reading tour of the United States, gave his farewell performance at Lincoln Center on December 19, 1966. The lean and handsome Russian poet sat at a table on a bare stage with Edward Albee who introduced him, Barry Boys who read his poems in English, and Edward L. Keenan who served as interpreter.

The evening opened with Albee's remarks in which he hailed Yevtushenko as one of Russia's most important poets, a man worthy of the fame that draws thousands to hear him. Albee took his seat and was followed by Mr. Boys who gave the English version of "Babi Yar."

This poem has become well known in the U.S. probably because it illustrates, not only fine poetry, but the Soviet poet's outspokenness.

Its subject is the infamous massacre of thousands of Jews at Babi Yar during the Second World War. Yevtushenko lashes out against anti-Semitism speaking for himself, the true Russian, who cannot tolerate such discrimination.

He expresses his empathy in the closing lines of the poem. "No Jewish blood runs among my blood; but I am as bitterly and hardly hated/ by every anti-semitic/ as if I were a Jew. By This/ I am a Russian."

Yevtushenko, dressed in trousers and a casual blue shirt, strode over



Yevgeny Yevtushenko
True Russian

to the microphone and plunged into an emotional recitation of the poem in Russian. He performed with dramatic ease, gesturing with outstretched arms in universal communication.

The grating Russian sounds that seemed to wrench themselves from his throat, together with the rise and fall of his voice, conveyed the moods of his poem even to those who understood no Russian.

The cheering and long applause following his recitation served as testimony.

"The City of Yes and the City of No" was also presented. In it Yevtushenko describes the City of No, a place where everything is

false, rigid, and denying. The City of Yes is a contrast to the other because it begs to be taken, offering anything and all in it.

Yevtushenko loaded his reading with innuendos as he murmured the lines composed of a series of "Yeses." He punctuated each "No" with finality, and broke off abruptly. At the end of the poem his

Career Night

On Wednesday evenings, February 15 & March 1, 1967 representatives from 16 different types of careers will conduct individual sessions for interested students. The program will include discussion of requirements, job opportunities and question and answer period. All students are urged to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain information about their future goals.

choice was to remain in limbo between the two cities.

After finishing his last poem "Hail in Kharkov" Yevtushenko offered impressions of the U.S. that he had gathered during the past six weeks. His humor evoked laughter from the audience although his candor was sometimes received silently.

Smiling and half embracing his interpreter, Yevtushenko recalled a walk through Central Park during the wee hours of the morning.

(Continued on page 5)

The Stern College Drama Society will feature STAGE ARTISTS, INC. President Ira Axelrod as a guest speaker before the end of the fall semester, according to the Society's president, Judy Turk.

Axelrod has produced six shows, including four off-Broadway. He has directed four and written two. His most recent show was "Chased and Chaste," his own adaptation of Henry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews."

A ba'al t'shuvah and devotee of the Bostoner Rebbe, Axelrod has never avoided controversy in the theatre or any other field in which he has worked. He caused somewhat of a stir in the Orthodox Jewish community in 1964 when he produced and directed Shake-

spears' "The Merchant of Venice," asserting strongly that it was not an anti-Semitic play.

As an Orthodox Jew, he has not permitted the plays he directs to be performed Friday night or Sabbath afternoon, but still has never had a production that has lost money. He believes there is a possibility that the Shomer Shabbos Jew can find a place in the American secular theatre, and this will be the topic of his talk.

He also believes that there is a way to directly and immediately involve students of Stern College in a joint project with men from Yeshiva University, where he spoke last week.

Time and place are yet to be announced for the speech.

AECOM Grad 'Very Happy' With Her SCW Background

People with only a passing acquaintance with our school tend to speak of the "typical Stern girl." Many claim that we may give the outside world cause to classify all of us under one general heading: marriage-minded, uninspired, unintellectual, uninformed future leaders of the American Jewish community.

Through interviews with former students, some critical, some grateful, we have formulated a series which will prove that our graduates are interested in things beyond the next CRT. They are not permanently tied to their children's diaper pails; they have interests and often careers.

The following is the second in a

series of interviews prepared for this purpose.

"Education isn't everything," says Naomi Willamowsky Twersky, valedictorian of her class at Stern and once president of the AECOM Chapter of the National Honor Medical Society.

A proud mother, a conscientiously religious Jewess, and an accomplished student of medicine, Naomi is "very happy I went to Stern."

She hastened to add that she was critical of the school when she was a student, and she still feels that the administration is not sufficiently interested in the students. But, "I think more highly of Stern now, than I did five years ago."

A Ramaz graduate, Naomi chose SCW because she wanted to continue her religious education in an

ETA Summer: Paris and Salzburg

University level summer sessions in France and Austria for college students interested in the language and history of either country are being offered this summer by the Educational Travel Association in cooperation with Air France.

Featured in the 17th annual "Summer Session Abroad" program are month-long terms at either the Ecole Pratique de L'Alliance Francaise in Paris or the University of Salzburg, Austria.

The price for a complete session at either school is \$225, which includes the courses, board and lodging, local sightseeing programs, transfers of group arrivals from the airport to the city, and a graduation certificate.

Each school will hold two sessions, one in July and a repeat session in August to provide flexibility of arrangements. Both sessions will offer the same courses in elementary, intermediate and advanced language, as well as the history of civilization, of the respective country.

Departures from New York for the university in Paris will be on June 30 for the first session, and July 31 for the second. Departures for the University of Salzburg will be on July 2 and August 2.

Round trip economy class fare to Paris from New York via Air France will be \$526.30. To Vienna the same class fare will be \$611.80. This fare, according to Air France, permits the student to stop over at various cities in Europe en route home at no additional cost.

In conjunction with the school program, ETA is offering a variety of extension tours in Europe following the study sessions.

For detailed information, write for the "Summer Sessions Abroad" brochure to Air France, P.O. Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Games Herald LBJ, Great Society

By Brenda Siegel

Since so many movie stars have stepped into the field of politics, it was inevitable that the country's politicians would try their hands at filling actors' roles.

Last week, in the true Hollywood spirit, a group of hardy politicians generously volunteered to play a benefit football game, with the proceeds of the game going to such needy organizations as the Democratic Party, the LBJ radio stations, and the "Let's Keep America Beautiful Foundation."

In order to make the game more interesting, the country's two rival political factions were to face each other. Yes, it was the "All Americans," captained by none other than Lyndon Baines Johnson, against the "New Frontiersmen," led by Robert F. Kennedy. Space will not permit a fully detailed description of the game, but here are some of the general highlights.

In the first quarter the New Frontiersmen were off to a flying start. Within minutes they had possession of the ball on the American 20 yard line, and could only be stopped from scoring by a brilliant American defense.

Robert McNamara was called upon to set up the American strategy, and promptly revealed that he knew absolutely nothing about defense, as the Frontiersmen scored on the first down. A poll taken in the stadium showed that 51% of the fans approved of the score.

Leading the American offensive team, quarterback Lyndon Johnson managed to gain all of 1 1/2 yards on the next play. Then, following consecutive fumbles by Dean Rusk, Ethel Kennedy, and the referee Dwight D. Eisenhower (who knew nothing about the game), George Hamilton completed the play by losing his balance while smiling at the camera and receiving a pass at the same time.

(It was at this point that he was accidentally tackled by the Lynda Bird, a member of the same

team. The polls showed that 88% of the crowd approved of this action).

With the score 21-0 in favor of the Frontiersmen, Lyndon Johnson made a brilliant, but vain, effort to score during the last 2 minutes of the second quarter. Calling Earl Warren off the bench to cover his violent actions against the Kennedy team, Johnson personally ran 50 yards, and not only that, managed to carry the ball with him.

Unfortunately, not only was he running the wrong way, he also crashed into a tree planted by his wife on the 10 yard line for the purpose of beautifying the field. Johnson, bleeding profusely, was carried off the field by four personal slaves.

The poll showed that 100% of the crowd, and the entire television audience, approved of his removal. It was also during this quarter that J. Edgar Hoover was kicked out of the game for bugging the New Frontiersmen locker room.

With Johnson out of the game the All Americans came to life in the third quarter. Lady Bird Johnson, wearing a bright red, white, and blue uniform with matching shoes, gloves, and shoulder pads, scored three times, while Luci managed to obtain the extra point each time to bring the score to 21-21.

In the fourth quarter it was clear that number 72, Bobby Kennedy would not stand for another Johnson victory. Ruthlessly tackling every member of the American team, Kennedy scored twice and single-handedly won the game with the final score being 35-21.

However, while Kennedy messed up his hair so he could pose for the cameras, Lyndon Johnson stole the show by unveiling his newly bandaged, and still bleeding, battle wounds. A poll showed that only 1% of the viewing audience tuned during this exhibition. The rest of the audience had switched to a more tasteful presenta-

(Continued on page 6)

All seniors must turn in their \$30 ad requirement for the Yearbook to Fran Levitt or Naomi Meyer by Feb. 24th, the first day of the new semester. Failure to do so will result in the omission of that senior's picture from the yearbook. Extra ad blanks, if needed, may be obtained from Fran Levitt, in Room 5H.

environment which offered an integrated life with everything equally important.

"After college, that's it," says Naomi—"whatever Jewish education I got in Stern will remain with me, and no matter how good my intentions, it's not easy to continue on my own."

"The school enabled me to stay within the right environment four years out of high school."

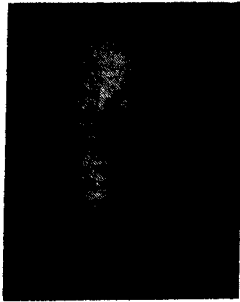
She is a resident in radiology, "a rapidly moving field" and one that will allow her to work part time once she is out of training. She plans to work only a few hours a day, devoting the remaining time to ten-month old Soroh, "the most important member of the family."

Her mother, a straight "A" graduate of Hunter; her sister Dvora, a SCW grad, now interning in the Bronx; and her twin brothers, have all "successfully combined their ideals of Torah with their careers." (When she was interviewed, Naomi explained that her doctor-husband was "out learning with the boys.")

Co-editor of the Observer while in her Junior year, Naomi was (Continued on page 6)

Man Needs Friends—Agnon; Theme of "Yiddidut" Story

Shmuel Yosef Agnon was recently awarded the Nobel Prize of literature, an honor which he shares with Nelly Sachs of Sweden. We would like to give our readers a taste of Agnon's short stories.



Shmuel Agnon

This one, "Yiddidut," "Friendships," is part of a book of short stories called "Somach V'Nirach," published by Schocken Books.

Agnon often writes of relationships between the individual and society, and the symbolism in this story can be taken in that light.

The narrator of "Yiddidut" represents his wife's friendship with Mrs. Klingle (whose name Agnon chose for its ring; it corresponded to the bearer who was very conscious of her image which, too, was distinctive because of its ring.)

To the narrator, friendships are a burden. Their nature is such that a few minutes spent with another person obligates one to be civil at every encounter with him.

When he finally relents a little and visits Mrs. Klingle (if only so she'll not visit him) she does not even get out of bed to greet him.

The irony of his attitude becomes obvious during this visit. Mrs. Klingle jokes about his faithfulness. He, in turn, is infuriated and proves that there is something sacred in a relationship. Thus we see that he does need friendship.

The three men he meets outside, however, affect again, to his disinterest in society. He is not sure who they are, and he does not care. He finds a letter in his pocket

which explains Job's story. He destroys the letter and later regrets it.

Mail, he feels, is communication between men; he doesn't usually communicate. It is his practice to destroy his letters either before or immediately after reading them.

He resents man's inability to stand up against the forces of evil (Job). He is upset because he can not find his home—he can not find himself — he needs help from others.

He feels weak and inadequate, as Job did. He must seek help for something simple like finding his home.

He finds security in meeting a man he knew "in the old days." This banker is secure himself; he has a treasury; he keeps his "balance," and is finally able to help him

(Continued from page 2)

Flag Display

To the Editor:

We live in a time of duress for every American. This country is torn by conflicts from within which it has never had to face before.

Within our beloved land factions war over the morality of American involvement in Viet Nam; white men struggle to maintain dominance over the Negro in the South; discrimination of every type lurks in our cities. We are a nation torn by internal strife.

The one thing that still symbolizes that we are "... one nation under G-d..." is our flag. Those thirteen red and white bars with fifty white stars on a field of blue is the sign of our great nation.

Our flag is a sign of so much. It has accompanied our troops in the revolution, across the battlefields of this nation a hundred years ago, up San Juan Hill, and on the blood-spilled fields of Europe twice in twenty five years. Our government has sixteen days on which it calls on the American people to show the flag.

These days include Veteran's Day, a day on which we honor those who have served this nation so valiantly; and Memorial Day, a day set aside to honor those who have died so that we may be free.

On neither of these days, or any of the other sixteen days, did

Stern College display an American flag. Is Stern so far removed from the American scene as to fail to see its responsibility in displaying the colors?

Indeed, displaying the flag is a responsibility. The 77th Congress in passing Public Law 829 proclaimed: "The National Flag should be flown daily from sunrise to sunset in good weather from public buildings, schools..." and "The Flag should always be flown on national and state holidays and on those occasions proclaimed by the President."

The minimum requirements for flying the flag calls for flying it on the following sixteen days: New Years Day, Inauguration Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Easter Sunday, Mother's Day, Armed Forces Day, Memorial Day, Flag Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Citizenship Day, Columbus Day, Veteran's Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas Day. Other days may be proclaimed under Public Law 829, 77th Congress, by our President.

The flag should not be flown on these sixteen days alone, but on every day of the year. This is our country. It has done a lot for us. Stern College is not too proud to accept money from the government to carry on its "Blue Print for the Sixties" yet she fails to be proud enough to fly her colors.

Very respectfully yours,

Evelyn A. Gelbstein '70

We feel that a plan of this sort would enhance the atmosphere at these gatherings.

Who says a Stern social can't be fun?

Names withheld

Yavneh Institute

To the Editor:

The formation of the Yavneh Israel Institute with Bar Ilan University has been finalized. Briefly, the course of study will include: Talmud, Bible, Jewish Philosophy, Jewish History and Hebrew Literature. The institute will be independent of the University, and yet participants will be able to avail themselves of all campus facilities.

The program will begin September, 1967, and will continue until July, 1968. Prior to the opening of the academic year, an Ullpan will be held for those who wish the opportunity of an intensive preparation in conversational Hebrew.

A minimal fee of \$850 will include tuition, room and board, tours and transportation for the year.

Additional details will be included in the brochure which will be sent to all those who express interest by contacting the Yavneh office at 84 Fifth Avenue.

Abie Wahrhaftig
Selma Kuflik
Chairmen of the Israel Institute

Better Chagigas

To the Editor:

In the past we have had the pleasure of attending various social functions sponsored by orthodox college House-Plans in the metropolitan area.

Naturally, we couldn't help but compare our experiences with those we "incurred" at Stern College social affair. The pleasant, informal, cozy atmosphere surrounding the House-Plan function was in direct contrast with the shy, nervous, disorganized masses milling about at a Stern social.

We see no reason why Stern College could not also adopt the concept of a House-Plans system with its apparent advantages. This would involve setting up a comparatively small House-Plan which would hold socials by return invitation only. Such a system would ensure a proper boy-girl ratio. Stern socials would appear less like an auction block and more like a social gathering.

We hope that our suggestions will be taken seriously as our criticism is meant to be constructive.

Criticizes Review

To the Editor,

(As a poet and a translator of poetry, I was disturbed to find that despite the many excellent volumes on poetry criticism and the many descriptions by poets of their art, many people still commit some grave errors when they come in contact with poetry and good poetry criticism.

These errors glare out of four paragraphs from Peninah Krumbain's review of *The Modern He-*

(Continued on page 5)

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Lichtenstein: My Bobe's Warmth

(Continued from page 1)

most distinctly, were spent in studying and davening. And yet, my Bobe was very much of this world. Her interest in world affairs and politics was amazing. The N. Y. Times and the Jewish Morning Journal kept her abreast of Jewish and world news.

Ben Gurion and Eshkol would have done well to have had her in their cabinets. Adenauer's visit to Israel, the Israeli economy, President Johnson's policy in Viet Nam, Pope John XXIII and his successor were some of the men and issues about which I remember her voicing strong, almost vehement, opinions. She was an opinionated person and it didn't help to argue

My Bobe was also an aristocrat in human relations both in regard to strangers and to her family. She had 14 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren, and each one of us respected, admired and loved her. I always felt her love and interest, not only in me, but in my husband and children. But more than love, in itself a great gift, we felt more—we felt love and acceptance.

I always wondered how a woman who had lived in Pruzana—a daughter of the eminent Feinstein family, who had married into the tradition of Volozhin, who had known intimately eminent Talmudei Chachonim, who had an inner standard of ethical, religious,

and moral conduct of the highest order, could constantly communicate approval to us.

Did we never fail short, did we never fail to meet her standards? I am sure there were times that I did not measure up to what she expected, yet I always felt love, yes but also unstinting and unfailing acceptance. It was this human warm quality, this open and intense acceptance of life and people coupled with her religious faith that inspired those of us who knew her best.

She was a woman, take her all in all, I shall not see her likes again—this my Bobe, this my friend, O, daughters of Jerusalem.

Meiselman: Patience, Learning

(Continued from page 1)

coronary, she refused to go to the hospital for she wanted to observe her mother's "yartzeit." She asked my brother on her last "motzoet Shabbos," Saturday night, to say havdallah for her. Being hard of hearing she realized that it might disturb the pattern in the next bed. She then asked him to recite only the first two phrases.

Her thoughts and soul will never rest in the earth and God's commandments. Despite the hardships and the despair of us all

Although she could converse with the greatest Talmudic

sage, she could also talk with the humblest woman and make her feel important. My grandmother told me that I must never look down upon any Jew even though he were ignorant or non-observant.

God had created him and therefore he was deserving of my respect.

My grandmother belonged to the world of the spirit, yet she was very much a part of the modern world. She discussed literature and she constantly voiced opinions on American policy in Africa and Asia.

I now see my Bobe before me. She is sitting in the kitchen,

crouched over her T'hilim; she is patiently helping me with my work; she is joyously telling us a new interpretation of a verse in Tanach; she is sincerely expressing deep concern for the Jew in Russia and for the citizen of South Viet Nam.

My grandmother is everywhere. Her spirit and memories are present within me. My grandmother will live as long as the Jewish people will dedicate themselves to her ideals.

He hath told thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God" (Micah, 6:8).

Letters To The Editor

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C'est-a-Dire:

**Best Predictions for 1866:
Phonotelephones of Today**

IN 1866, exactly 100 years ago, two French daily newspapers held their public in suspense by publishing in serial form the latest Jules Verne novel, *From the Earth to the Moon*. More than 500 ardent readers registered for the next voyage.

Jules Verne was a great visionary, and, in 100 years, scientific progress has only increased the interest of his books. Long before radio was invented, he had envisioned television (which he christened "phonotele-photo"), and his helicopters flew 50 years before the Wright brothers.

There are few wonders of our era that this amazing thinker did not foresee: submarines, airplanes, neon lighting, air conditioning, skyscrapers, guided missiles, and tanks, were among the creations of his mind.

Verne described the inventions of tomorrow with such precision, such minutia of detail, that scholarly societies discussed them, and mathematicians spent weeks verifying his calculations. Today, if one compares his fiction to the most modern realizations, one is amazed by the precision of his predictions and the certainty of his intuition.

For example, in *From the Earth to the Moon* his first cosmonauts took off from a place situated in Florida 27° N latitude and 83°25' W longitude: actually, this is Cape Kennedy which is situated at 28° N latitude and 80°28' W longitude!

The first of Verne's books was *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. Fifteen editors refused it. Furious, Verne threw his manuscript into the fireplace, but his wife succeeded in

Yevtushenko . . .

(Continued from page 3)
He admitted being warned of the dangers lurking in this park, but he was unable to overcome his curiosity.

One night he found himself walking through Central Park where he was accosted by two gentlemen who "asked to borrow money without the possibility of return."

In halting English Yevtushenko told them that he was a guest in their country. Impressed by the fact that he was from Russia, the thieves reconsidered and went for a drink with him. They told him that they were just small-time thieves in a big capitalist country where the competition was stiff.

On a more serious note, Yevtushenko commented on the gap between the intelligentsia and the common working people in America. He felt that this gap had to be bridged. Concerning jazz he thought it was O.K., but the accompanying sound of bombs in far off places was disheartening.

He was impressed by the variety of people he met "from Averill Harriman to Mario Savio," but found television commercials very annoying.

In turning back to the problems of the working class he admonished them by declaring "It's not a shame to be poor."

The young Siberian poet closed by saying that he will write about his experiences in the United States, but no matter what he writes it will be the truth.

saving it and made her husband promise to give it one more chance. The sixteenth editor accepted it.

Five Weeks in a Balloon knew immediate success and was translated into all the civilized languages, with the result that in 1862, at the age of 34, its author became a celebrity. He left his financial career and signed a contract that required him to write two novels a year.

The best known of Jules Verne's novels is, without a doubt, *Around the World in Eighty Days*. When it appeared in serial form in *Le Temps*, the adventures of his hero Phineas Fogg, battling against time to win a bet, got the public excited to such a point that, each day, newspaper correspondents of New York and London cabled home their translations of the latest tribulations of the imaginary British globe-trotter.

Jules Verne's last years were not particularly happy. A victim to the sarcasm of the intellectual milieu, he was refused a chair in the *Academie Francaise*, although he was definitely one of the most productive and widely read authors of his generation.

Finally fate closed in on him; attacked by diabetes, he lost his sight and became almost deaf. From then on, his last books betrayed his pessimism and fear of the advent of totalitarian regimes.

Jules Verne died in 1905. The entire world mourned his death, even those who had mocked and disparaged him. But to the showers of eloquence that were poured on his coffin, Jules Verne would have preferred these two simple lines written by a Paris journalist: "Le vieux conteur d'histoires n'est plus. Et c'est un peu comme si nous apprenions la mort du pere Noel."

Sperling: Honor System—What For?

By ROCHEL SPERLING
In my four year stay at Stern I have come to regard my fellow Sterners as a comparatively mature, considerate, level-headed, and common sensical individual. She has been a girl who has taken pride in herself, her actions, and in her school.

However, in the past few weeks, I have witnessed certain events and have been informed about others, which seem to raise suspicions in my mind and have forced me to reconsider my prior convictions concerning a Sternley.

For example, the wall opposite the elevator on the second floor of the dormitory is bare and defaced,

only because some girl carefully removed the wallpaper with a razor blade, thus giving some other girl something to write on while she waits for the elevator. (And it wouldn't surprise me if she was merely waiting for the elevator to take her down to the first floor).

Every year the girls of the dormitory delegate the officers of Dorm Council to buy Chanukah gifts for the housemothers. And every year the housemothers in return remember to send thank-you notes to the girls of the dormitory in appreciation for their gifts.

This year they again sent us notes which were posted on the bulletin board. One day soon after, two of the notes had mysteriously disappeared.

Only a couple of weeks ago a meeting was held for the entire dormitory, for the expressed pur-

pose of ratifying a dormitory constitution, the first one to be drawn up in the history of our school.

There were those present who were interested and who offered constructive criticism and advice in the correction of the present form of the constitution. But, unfortunately, there were also others present, who thought they were at the meeting for a pleasant eve-

(Continued on page 6)

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Letters To The Editor

(Continued from page 4)
brev *Poem Itself* (*The Observer*, December 20, 1966, p. 4, columns 1 and 2):

The reviewer complains that each of the poems is treated as "a unique personal experience of the poet and of the reader." But indeed, each poem is a unique personal experience of the poet and should be the reader.

Otherwise, *has vishalom*, both poet and reader would quickly give up *Sefer Tehillim*—with its constantly recurring themes and even phrases—as boring. Each psalm is the result of a unique personal experience (Psalm #3 was composed in the middle of flight from Avshalom) and is complete in itself (Ibn Ezra realizes the completeness of each psalm and polemicalizes against Saadia Gaon's trying to interpolate them all.)

The Psalmist's own natural economy of language rules out the possibility that the book was written all at one time: any self-respecting poet would have condensed his ideas better.

Similarly, the Legal Poet of the Torah can repeat sections of legal codes without being redundant: the unique situation at each instant of repetition demands a unique personal response; if the words are the same, we can safely project that the Poet's reaction to the two situations are the same—but we are still dealing with two separate situations.

To ask a critic to treat a poem as anything different from a unique personal experience is to ask him to betray his sympathetic contract with the poet (See John Ciardi's *How Does a Poem Mean?* for a discussion of the sympathetic contract and of poetry and its language.)

Any comparisons that a critic makes between two poems is not so much an explication of either of the two poems as it is the critic's own style of imagery and metaphor—and it must stand as the critic's own record of what he understands to be an experience similar to the poet's, as a separate, legitimate act of creation.

The review also decries the lack

of biographical information. If some brilliant critics in both Israel and America feel that it is unimportant to know the poet's biography (which is readily available in the libraries, anyhow), it is a statement that what is important in the criticism of poetry is the poem. Period.

The insights the reviewer claims would result are usually contrived, with no basis. The experience that occasioned any given poem is explained in full by the poem itself—otherwise the poet would give us additional needed information in headings (e.g. Coleridge's headings in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" or better still, in "Kubla Khan") or in the title (e.g. Wordsworth's "Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802"). The poem—indeed, every work of art—is complete in itself.

It is the poem's very completeness that makes the question in the poem. So, too, are the reasons for writing a particular type of poem—the style of the poem is obviously the only way the poet could write about that particular experience, this last statement gets complete treatment in *How Does a Poem Mean*—it is the thesis of Ciardi's book).

Going outside the poem to find explanations of why and how the poet wrote it is like trying to find reasons for the *mitzvoth* outside of the Torah—such a search ends in a perversion of both the *Mitzvoth* and the reasons for them, a unique experience and is complete in itself, any "interstitial material . . . into a unified stream" is indeed out of place. It also hap-

pens to be ridiculous, just as ridiculous as labelling Bach a Baroque composer—what would you do then with the second movement of the E Major Violin Concerto, the Fifth Three-Part Invention, or the music borrowed by Beethoven, Franck, and Debussy? These are only a few examples of the music of other "periods" that Bach wrote, they violate the rules of good Baroque music.

For good reason, then, the history in the back is only an outline—if it were more than superficial, it would be a downright lie. For another treatment of the problems we have been discussing here, see Yeheskel Kaufman's "*Bakivshana shel haYitzro, haLe'umit*," especially the first part.

Taking the nature of poetry—its uniqueness and its completeness—and the sympathetic contract with the poet into account, how could the reviewer say, "Messrs. Burnshaw, Carmi, and Spiechandler did not do what they could, and should, have done with their material?"

What more could they have—in good conscience—done, what more should they have done? They have met all the demands placed on them by their situation. The defense here is not of the book, but of poetry and good poetry criticism.

—An Anonymous Poet

Rings & Things
Engagements:
Judy Avrutick '65 to Stanley Lipnick
Linda Genauer '68 to Yehoshua Abramoff
Shari Grauer '70 to Stanley Raakas
Nedra Israel '65 to Norman Feldman
Bella Salt '67 to Jerrold Apsher
Bella Solow '68 to Seymour Burack
Ellythe Styler '64 to Yehudah Gelman
Married:
Jeanne Levine '64 to Bruce Goldner
Births:
Miriam Landseman Sperling '65 — a girl
Frayda Fink Welas '65 — a boy
Sharon Tischler Richter '65 — a girl
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Sperling — Honor System

Games Herald LBJ, Great Society

(Continued from page 5)
 ning of joking and laughter.
 They forgot about the presiding officer who had had a long day and just continued to bang away as she pleaded for order.

And while I am questioning I would like to know why there must be mad bedlam in the halls of the dormitory at night. I am not referring to the normal chatter which will inevitably occur at 8:30 or 9.

But rather I question the necessity for the shouting, laughter, and galloping through the halls at 2 or 3 A.M. Maybe there are some freshmen or sophomores who can survive such hours, but as one reaches the old age of a junior and more so of a senior, every minute of sleep and rest for one's weary bones becomes a precious treasure which one dares not let slip through her fingers.

In all these cases there seems to be one underlying factor—a lack of consideration and/or feeling.

In the first example we see a lack of consideration for the property of others and for one's own property, while in the other cases there is obviously a more serious lack, that being a lack in the consideration of the welfare and of the feelings of a fellow human being.

There are some who contend that the girls who are guilty of

these acts are in a state of rebellion. They are merely reacting to the stupidity of the dormitory rules. That is why they are defacing property, toying with the feelings of others, and disregarding the welfare of schoolmates? To me this seems to be a very weird, warped, and cruel manner in which to achieve any desired results.

This is a rebellion where a girl is merely cutting her nose to spite her face. And, speaking of faces, if she will travel upward from the nose region she will find her eyes, and if she will open her eyes a bit wider, maybe she will see a few more constructive things to do with her time, whereby she can accomplish her goal.

Lately there has been much talk going on about the possibility of instituting an honor system at Stern. There are many areas of life both in the school itself and in the dormitory where I believe such a system would be most logical and beneficial.

However, I don't think that we have to wait until an official system such as this is put into effect. I feel that there is a much more basic and pressing honor system which needs a bit of re-evaluation and recharging on the part of all of us—an honor system from ourselves, to ourselves and from ourselves, to a fellow human being.

(Continued from page 3)
 tion, the color film of pictures broadcast from a Vietnam battlefield.

Of course the politicians expected to profit from their appearances at the benefit, and they were not disappointed. George Hamilton was awarded an Oscar for his cheerleading activities at the half, while Lyndon Johnson received a four-year contract with the Lifebuoy Soap Company.

Not content to let Johnson get any four-year

contracts, Bobby Kennedy proceeded to buy the Lifebuoy Company. To balance this action, Johnson bought a rival soap corporation, and peacefully dropped dirt bombs on Kennedy's factories.

While it is not known exactly what move Kennedy is planning in retaliation, it is certain that he will not let Johnson go unchallenged. However, another poll has shown that no one is paying much attention to the antics of these men, because everyone is so worried about world peace and stability.

Pressure To "Go Steady" Serious But Not Necessarily Sex-Linked

Do you feel a pressure weighing you down?

To go steady or not to go steady, is that the question? Whether it is nobler to suffer in the mind the anguish of uncertainty about next Saturday night or to be certain that someone will be there to escort you is the real problem. Is it necessary to feel the slings and arrows of heartbreak about not being a steady, or is there a need to hang on to the ball and chain bit?

The answer seems to lie in the individual. Some young people today feel when they turn a certain age they are mature enough to cope with the responsibilities of going steady. They feel no problems will arise between them to change their attitudes. They argue that going steady is not a crutch on which they lean for security. The confidence which having a steady gives them, and the feeling of significance which they gain from being a steady is their backbone.

Looking on the idea from the female standpoint, I can see how the security is very important to a girl. My optimistic attitude changes when a girl feels that her steady is her personal property, not to be tampered with by any other female. This possessive quality frequently brought out in the female species shows how much she needs to be constantly escorted. Their main argument on the subject is that "no girl likes to sit by her telephone

waiting for it to ring." It is truly a shame that she has to depend on her "crutch" to walk.

The male of the species is no better. He is like a little puppy who wants to be petted and pampered. On his part it is evident that he also seeks security.

Too many young people have fallen into the stereotype of Sherwood Anderson's steady dater Herbert Crux when he addressed his steady with these words, "I am a lover and have not found anything to love."

Apparently, they are looking for someone or something to receive their affection and this youthful infatuation causes them to be insecure unless they can wholly transfer their "love" to a single

person. The great downfall in being singularly attentive is that the steady feels he can take certain liberties which would not be allowed if he dated around.

Therein lies one of the gravest problems faced by young people today. Too often they are pressured into walking the tightrope of indecision and unfortunately more often than not, they lose their footing.

Maybe the ball and chain are needed and even wanted, but the easy way out is not always the easiest. Security can be a warm blanket as well as a warm heart. . . . no man is an island, but islands are in groups of more than two. So consider the consequences before the pleasure.

More Creative Expression Through Israeli Dancing

Dancing Class met Wednesday for another session of creative expression through the dance. This week's guest instructor, a famed professor of dance innovation at Pitt College (i.e. Flunk-Out Y.), who kindly consented to lead the group, arrived sharply at 8:30 P.M. for the 7:15 P.M. meeting and was greeted by a friendly group of anxious students—ninety eight of them.

The professor immediately proceeded to place the girls into groups of fifteen with a commune leader democratically elected by each of the groups. Jumping up on the desk at the front of the room, the energetic professor went into a brick soft shoe Hebrew dance.

Beginning with a graceful piourette, he followed with two Yemenite steps left and two to the right, a forward allemande and finally concluded with a breathtaking arabesque.

The room was awe-stricken! An ominous murmur broke out in the room as the girls began to talk among themselves. Was this a Hebrew dance? Or was this really an attempt to compromise Hebrew Dancing's position in the field of art. No, definitely not; this was no new form or art. This was assimilation.

The girls collectively sat down and refused to budge, while the baffled professor edged his way out of the room. The dance group broke up for refreshments after noting never to invite a member of the Pitt College faculty to a Stern College function again.

"Ashes & Sparks Needs You"

(Continued from page 1)
 that were wilted and yellowing in drawers and brown envelopes. We have read it very carefully. Some of it is good, some of it is bad, and one or two pieces are excellent. On the whole "Ashes and Sparks" is, right now, very mediocre.

We are waiting for what we know you can produce—new and original material. Sit down and write! Get inspired! If it's poetry you'd like to try read some of the great poems—Prufrock, Ars Poetica or your own favorites.

Try to see how it's done well, get the feel of it, and then write your own. You may not be an Eliot but you probably have your own unique way of expressing your feelings.

If it's prose give us anything. A story you've been meaning to

write, an essay about your own bugaboos or grievances. Even that stream-of-consciousness might be just what we need.

If you're worried about the quality then bother your teachers.

Mitzvah Cards can now be obtained from either Hene Nedelman (room 5D) or Bella Salt (room 5F). All proceeds go to the Belt Olot Tzedakah Fund.

From personal experience we know they are very generous and eager to help an eager student.

For those of you who think that the Stern College magazine couldn't possibly accept that off-beat piece you've been meaning to write, well just try us. For the best of whatever we receive \$20 is waiting for you. For the rest is "Ashes and Sparks."

AECOM Grad . . .

(Continued from page 3)
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