



"The Clue in the Moss-Covered Toffee-Tin;" OR, "The Well-Tempered Meat Cleaver." A continuing saga of Mystery and Suspense by Alexander N. Marsh

Part One

One could not help but hear. It was spread across the monochrome surface of the press, it blared from the tubes of the broadcast medias. Women, and sometimes men too, were stopped and warned by vigilant police officers on their late night duties. The sale of light bulbs, it has been reported, multiplied rapidly during the terror-charged month when the metropolitan cosmos of our city were the stalking grounds for that phantom-killer; no one wanted to be alone in the dark.

But the deaths continued, each with the same heinous earmarks of its antecedent: the skull burst asunder, the throat a pulpy entanglement of air-thickened blood, twisted cartilage, and creamy flesh. One consulting doctor, a Scandinavian chap, propsoed that the murderer had chewed his victims' necks. This theory, discarded by most, still claimed a fearful group who brandished their plastic Marys wherever they went. Some fanatic citizens thought he was a vampire, others a jealous lover. But the entire populous of our city agreed that a monstrous being had swooped like a ravenous leech upon us and the local authorities (including their band of ace detectives) sternly challanged the murderer's every move.

It was at this time that I, Colin Hawthorn, had chosen to migrate to the provincial safety of my Auntie Climaxe's mansion in the Kaatskill Mountains. Often had my Aunt implored me to spend a restful fortnight, but my demanding job as drama critic for a prominent periodical had refrained me from accepting.

But the city editor, Randy, had relieved me of my labors and I, though feebly insisting that I really shouldn't leave, finally submitted to a two-week break. Randy assured me that he was competent for the role of drama reviewer after all, he DID dabble in acting in High School. Or did he only hand out programs?

At any rate, I was filling my green plaid, terrycloth luggage with clothing when the radio excreted another grisly bulletin of murder. In this particular case, it was an elderly laundress who received the bitter taste of his ghastly brand of death. But I could not be bothered with mashed laundress on that night. My imagination was in the lush ridges of the New York mountains.

I set out before dawn in my small, fig-colored automobile. The urban pinnacles still glistened with

(cont. on page 4.)

ERRORS

Errata: In our haste to get the Essay out on time last week, we made a few minor, but irritating mistakes. First of all, "Courtney Jones" is really Courtland Jones; our apologies. "It's The Real Thing," the artice about the Coca-Cola complex was reprinted (with permission) from The Distant Drummer, a fine little paper fhat battles corruption and Police Chief Rizzo in Philadelphia, Pa. Finally, the article concerning the lack of space in the music dept., titled "No Room!," was written by none other than Courtland Jones.

S.C.A. COMPLETE

After the last election results were tallied the Student Council Association became a complete body of representatives. The following is a list of all the representatives who will serve on the council until the spring of '71:

- Lower Division - Leslie Spotz
Jesse Hawkins
- Middle Division - Alan Smallwood
Annette Kamienski
- Upper Division - Lauren Eager
Marylin McIntyre
- Dance Dept. - Jeff Satinoff
Becky Slifkin
- Music Dept. - Phil Wachowski
Karen Wilson
- Drama Dept. - Carol Rogers
Gene Johnson
- Dept. of Design and Production-
Debbie Litwack
Randy Herderson
- Visual Arts Dept. - Diane Bower
Tommy Buzbee
- Writing Dept. - Edwin Schloss
E. Henry Power
- Editor of the N.C. Essay -
Mike Ferguson
- President - Tommy Williams
- Vice President - Stanley Bernstein
- Secretary - Kathy Fitzgerald
- Judicial Board Chairman -
Joyce Reehling

If you have any grievances, contact the person on this list who is your representative. The Council meets every other Wednesday in the middle seminar room in the Commons Building at 12:30. Items for the agenda should be given to your representative or to Stanley Bernstein no later than the Monday which precedes the meeting. The meetings are open to members of the student body

PERSPECTIVES

- AN EDITORIAL -

BY SAM BARCELONA

Aristotle has left educators with the warning that "the only true knowledge is what becomes second nature." It is a warning that educators, but for a few notable exceptions, have chosen to ignore.

What Aristotle seems to be implying here is that schools should teach students and not just subjects. Students should be considered as something to which the subject matter should adapt to and not the reverse. This means that, above all else, the student must be considered as an individual who has particular needs, interests, and capacities. Naturally, he is a part of a group, but more important, he is something apart from it as well.

Schools should strive to free the student's mind, now bound up with busywork, to pursue areas of study in which he will have an interest and therefore incorporate into himself this true knowledge as second nature.

All of us remember the school subjects "we had to take" (because we had to take them) and how precious little we retained. Those wasted hours should have been put to use toward perfecting skills and talents we felt at home with and could both literally and figuratively grow up with.

It is in this critical period of human history, in a society already rampant with dehumanization, that it is the school's duty, as the last resort of humanization, to start teaching students and not subjects.

Notice: Due to the absence of several important staff members next week and because we are currently plotting new ways to make this a better paper The Essay will not publish next week. Several things have to be taken care of, so we'll spend the time regrouping our forces. We'll see you in two weeks with a story on the Italy tour, a look at Women's Lib., and all kinds of groovy stuff. Thank You.

Editor

