



*Cherry Pit*

*54*



This book is dedicated to Miss Elly Freund — the person who moves quietly behind the scenes—for her services to the Cherry Pit and more especially for her service to and compassion for everybody.

# THE CHERRY PIT '54



CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL • DARIEN, CONNECTICUT



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## CREDIT

Although we haven't space enough to list the names of all members of the school who have helped to prepare the Cherry Pit, we want to acknowledge the typing of Ruth Weiner and Miss Ely Freud in proof-reading and Mr. Jerry Hemendinger in photography.

## STAFF

Below: clockwise from left: Helen Ogus, Bobbie Coleman, Jack Roth, Sandi Lutz, Judi Bernstein, Bill Lowenberg, Rhoda Gordon.

Below right: counter clockwise: right to left: Betsy Lemberg, Dee Flowerman, Jerry Straus, Ginger Chodorov, Richard Kavaer, Sven-Bertil Taube, Rachel Brown, Dave Garn.

## S T A F F



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Faculty Adviser	Byrre Miller

Dear Class of 1954:

When you were Freshmen and the Seniors conceived the idea of students building a Recreation Room, little did you know what proportions this project would take, and that you might be the class to see it through.

The lessons this Project teaches are many. It symbolizes a philosophy of life which urges us not just to let life happen as it may, but consciously to set out as the builders of our own lives. Shall you be able to look back upon your own lives as built firmly of beauty, usefulness, realized ideals, of mistakes corrected, of plans steadily perfected?

Real happiness lies not in satisfying our appetites and senses, though many of you think so now—witness the popularity of Howard Johnson's—but in the process of overcoming realized obstacles while moving towards a known goal, and being able to contemplate a completed task.

Some Cherry Lawners have already experienced this happiness of constructing, of seeing some of the tasks of the building of the Project accomplished.

The Project also reflects the outlook that life gets meaning from ability to work together; as we find strength to do what is hard by placing ourselves in active relationship to others around us, deriving pleasures not from "doing it alone" but from building together. The Apostle Paul tells us: "Bear one another's burdens. Let us not grow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart. So then as we have opportunity, let us do good to all men." That this is true happiness is realized early by only a few students in each class. They are the truly fortunate. They acquire early a becoming seriousness, authority and self-forgetfulness, finding joy in understanding others, in helping and straightening out troubles; carrying other people's burdens. It is only human that at times these youngsters rebel: "Why are there always only a few, and the same few, who do everything?"

You, who are the helpers in the Class of 1954, take heart. You are the favored ones. You will experience the blessing in doing more than what is expected. You will early experience life's chief joy, which lies in being the helpers; carriers of confidence and hope. You will know the satisfaction of accomplishments. The earlier you show this living sense of responsibility, understanding, endurance and ability to sacrifice your own comforts, the greater your chances will be to build yourselves beautiful lives with purpose; acquiring the inward freedom, which means ability to do what is hard in life.

More and more in this great country it is being realized that there are five freedoms: the freedom of speech, of religion, the freedom from want, the freedom from fear and the freedom to become one's best.

My parting wish for you, Class of 1954, is that each and every one of you will build your life so that you will enjoy this fifth freedom: "The opportunity to become one's best." God bless you.



*Christina Tailor H. Bogdanoff*



MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG

Born and brought up in Seattle, Washington, Mrs. Craig attended the University of Washington where she was a political science major, graduating with a B.A. degree. She taught high school and university English, doing graduate English work at the same time. Coming to New York, Mrs. Craig attended Columbia University for a time, but interrupted her studies when she decided she'd prefer a "Mrs." degree to a Ph.D. She taught at several New York schools before coming to Cherry Lawn where she is celebrating her 19th year as one of our most stimulating teachers.

MR. ARTHUR S. MORSE

Mr. Morse claims Springfield, Massachusetts, as his home town. He attended American International College, taking time out to serve in the Merchant Marine as a radio officer. He received his M.A. at American International in 1952. Mr. Morse has worked as technical director in the Weston summer theatre for the past seven years.





OH SENIOR !  
MIGHTY AND ADMIRABLE  
GIVE ME THY HAND  
TO GUIDE ME —



1



1. Judith Maltz
2. Sven-Bertil Taube
3. Ginger Chodorov
4. Helen Ogus
5. Richard Kavner
6. Roberta Keil



2



3

6



6



## "I Heard My Name Mentioned . . ."

The needle scratched once across the record, the seniors gasped, then the familiar strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" were heard. The class of '54 sighed with relief and prepared to march up the aisle. They felt nervous, proud, very worldly, and yet a little melancholy. In the few minutes before the presentation of diplomas, their minds wandered; they began to remember . . .

The moonlight brightened the black cinder path leading to the Project. As the moon rose, strange figures could be seen dashing in and around the building, looking very mysterious. At the door stood two suspicious-looking characters, about to knock. Just then the door was flung open, revealing Betsey, the senior class president. "It's about time you showed up," she said, "what in the world has been keeping you?"

"We couldn't help it," said the first figure who turned out to be Liz Taylor—oops! Roberta. "That darn' car of mine got temperamental again—I practically pushed it all the way here."

"What to do, what to do," muttered Rhoda, who accompanied Roberta. "MUST find those candles," she added by way of explanation as she nervously paced back and forth. Above her, Isaac Rodriguez, the Cuban Rube Goldberg, was hanging a weird-looking object from the ceiling. "It's an automatic smile machine," he explained.

"Isaac, I'm afraid you took 'Brave New World' too seriously," said Betsey, "besides, Bobbie's here, so we don't need a smile machine."

"I heard my name mentioned" said the warm, happy voice of Bobbie, approaching. "Isn't this going to be a wonderful party! I'm so happy everyone could come. What's the matter Rho?" she asked anxiously, for Rhoda was still staring into the fire muttering, "What to do."

"I have it!" yelled Rhoda, pulling a



5





4

2



3



1. Rachel Brown
2. Fred Lascoff
3. Joyce Derwin
4. Louis Roberts
5. Rhoda Gordon
6. William Lowenberg



5

steel filing cabinet from her pocket.

"I'm sure I put those candles in here." Quickly she unlocked the file and hurriedly found the drawer marked "C." She pulled it open and then let out a scream. There, filed under "C," was Ginger Chodorov, quietly gloating over the reviews of her father's latest play. She smiled sheepishly. "Look, aren't they wonderful," she sighed, "I knew he could do it. Of course I helped, you know."

"Lovely, but get out of the drawer so I can find the candles," exclaimed Rhoda. "Where's Helen?" Ginger asked, climbing out of the cabinet and wandering off. She found Helen in a corner reciting her soliloquy: "Lit'l fly upon the wall, ain't you got no home at all?" as she delicately ripped the wings off the imaginary fly and chortled gleefully. Rachel, who was watching the act, exclaimed, "Dahling, you're getting infinitely more gruesome. Please restrain yourself."

Judy Maltz approached with a half-finished argyle sock. "OW!" screamed Helen, "your knitting needle jabbed me."

"And you bent my needle," mourned Judy.

"Don't get into a quandary, Judy dahling," Rachel said. "Just think, you can knit circles in the socks now."

"Oh, that's all right," said Helen taking a running jump and landing in Judi Bernstein's arms. "Cuz," said Judi, "wouldn't it be easier on both of us if you let me know when you were going to jump? After all, I was standing here talking to Ted and the next thing—I'm holding you."

"Nothing like surprises," murmured Ted, "surprises are banned in Boston."

"Oh, I just love surprises aren't they more fun don't you just adore them?" piped up a voice from near the fireplace where Cindy was explaining to Freddy the advantage of a tootsie pop as compared to a bag of potato chips. Without stopping to catch her breath, Cindy con-



6



1



1. Isaac Senehi
2. Isaac Rodriguez
3. Judith Lerner
4. Jack Roth
5. Ted Lavoot
6. Betsey Lemberg



2



3

6





5

tinued, "see Freddy the same thing applies here because no matter what color you choose there's always the tootsie at the end which is a surprise but potato chips are the same thing over and over aren't I right Jack?" she asked, pausing for breath.

"Well then, what about candy bars?" Freddy questioned.

Jack was already assembling his arguments against candy bars. "First of all, they make you thirsty," he said, "and Fred, you know how miserable it is to be thirsty while you're playing ball."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," said Freddy. "By the way, did you notice that big guy on the team we played yesterday? He blocks like this!" said Freddy as he began to demonstrate. Jack neatly shifted his position, causing Freddy to stagger and barely avoid a collision with Judy Lerner and Raymond Senehi, who were jitterbugging at a furious pace. "Dig those crazy cats," Freddy yelled as Raymond, half Persian shah and half French Lothario, spun Judy around. Judy only danced faster and caught Freddy's hand as she whirled by, pulling him into the dance now known as the "Threesome Lindy."

Bill Lowenberg, staggering under the weight of the camera pack, crept along the wall, camera to eye. Suddenly, as this threesome spun crazily nearer, he whipped out his super-polaroid-constatortional-comebackfortotheotherside lens and snapped a picture. Side-stepping out of the way of the steam-rolling three, he sighed "Gotcha ya'all," and patted his camera gently three times.

In a quiet corner, Editor-in-Chief Jerry Strause and Richard Kovner sat discussing ideas for the school magazine. "Now Jer, don't you think we could enlarge the creative arts section a little, huh?" said Kubby, gently twisting the editor's arm behind his back. The editor, ignoring the

1



2



3



4



1. Barbara Coleman

2. Jerry Straus

3. Judi Bernstein

4. David Gorn

5. Priscilla Ann Blum

6. Raymond Senehi



armlock magnificently, with clenched teeth said, "Go write a farewell to Hemingway."

"Didn't he write something with Marilyn Monroe?" asked Joyce, joining the conversation.

"You're thinking of 'The Old Man of the Sea,'" said Jerry.

"Oh yeah, that's right. I knew it had something to do with fish," said Joyce. The boys, used to her non-sequiturs, nodded with a grin. Joyce, meanwhile, had quietly prepared a hot foot for Sven, who was innocently talking to Louie about a Swedish guitar. "Owwwwl!" howled Sven as he leapt into the air and dashed for the punch bowl. He landed feet first in the grape juice. "Hey, Sven, not everyone's had seconds yet," said Joyce.

"Go get your guitar and we'll play a duet," Louie suggested.

"Oh I just couldn't possibly," said Sven modestly, dashing to Boys' House and back, guitar in hand, in less than ten seconds. Just then there was a tremendous roar, a screech, and silence. "Who was that?" everyone chorused. Isaac Senchi looked out the window pensively. "Look like Mossadegh," he said. "I make heem blood." The door opened suddenly, and it was not Mossadegh but Dave Gorn, who stood on the threshold. "I'm not late, am I?" he exclaimed, reaching for a sandwich with one hand and a glass of punch with the other.

Louie and Sven strummed their guitars, and the seniors began to sing their class song. Their voices warmed the hushed room: "S-E-N-I-O-R, we sing, we're seniors . . ."

Now, as each went forward to receive his diploma, they were singing once again, very quietly inside themselves, and the words came back to them, "We have finally reached the top . . . Seniors, we sing."

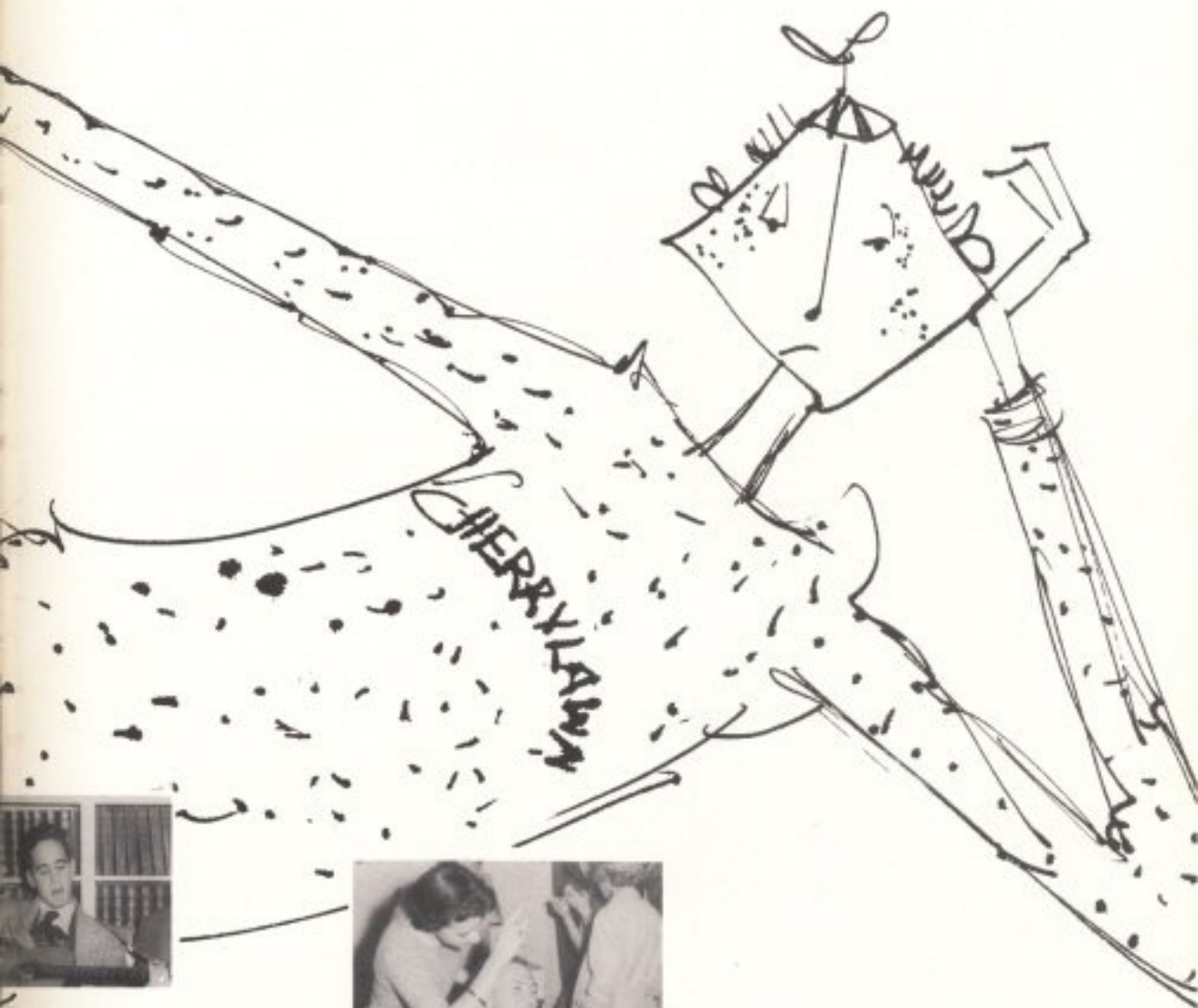




This page is the gift of JERRY STRAUS' family



“For ‘Him’ the Bell Tolls”





## JUNIORS

Counter - clockwise right to left: Gwen Krakower, Paul Silver, Tom Huestis, Bob Livingston, Bobby Penson, Sandi Lutz, Sandy Neuer. Center, left to right: Dee Flowerman, Chuck Wishnew, Helen Grossman.

Left to right: Laine Mandel, Norman Seligman, Ruth Weiner, Paul Shapiro, Seth Abelson, Lynn Haber, Rosemarie Badagnani, Peter Sachs. Standing: Albert Newman, Jan Stone.



### FRESHMEN

Left to right: Mike Gold, Gil Windheim, Clover Vail, John Palka, Lucy Doff, Connie Fekete, David Schancupp, Jeff Spirer.



### SOPHOMORES

Left, back to front, picture 1: Karen Rassas, Nancy Finkelstein, Bud Curran, Davida Popkin, Florence Gralnick, Ike Beck.

Extreme left, picture 2, back to front, Herbie Strohl, John Ward, Rachelle Sholder, Alison Miller, Arlene Fisher, Judy Hess, Mike Greenberg.





**GRADES  
1, 2, 3, 4**

On Jungle Gym, left to right, back-ground: Donald Weiss, Stevie Gordon, Madeline Kerkovius, Paula O'Flynn, Billy Stafford. Foreground: Liz Weinstein, Sally Ahrend.

T H E

Rochelle Sholder '56

Sitting Indian fashion on the floor of the Stein House Library, the Lower-Schoolers sing their favorite songs in tune to the big old piano in the corner. Under the teacher's direction, a class sometimes gives a play, or puts on a program concerning a holiday. Assemblies like this take the place of a morning class every once in a while.

In classes, the children are very busy learning the fundamentals of reading, arithmetic, spelling, writing, and social studies. They also learn how to participate in class discussions and special activities.

After the third period, the bell rings "mid-morning" in and it's time to have fun for half an hour. "Any seconds?" is a favorite phrase among Lower-Schoolers, especially around mid-morning. The Secretaries of Stein House really

have their hands full when an avalanche of hungry kids rush into the dining room. Dressed in colorful hats and jackets, the children impatiently line up for their cookies and milk. After eating their "mid-morning," most of them rush outside to play, but there are always a few who stay for more. When the last cookie has been given out, the empty tray and pitchers are taken into the kitchen and the Stein House Secretaries come back to find only some dirty paper cups to be thrown away and a puddle of milk to be wiped up. After mid-morning, classes start again.

Besides the three R's, there are many non-academic activities to take part in, such as athletics, music, art and shop, and dancing. Through these, strong bodies, alert minds, and creative imaginations are developed. All these activities

**GRADES  
1, 2, 3, 4**

On swings, left to right: Sandy Schon, Judy Cunningham, Isabel Schancupp, Betsy Busch, Ellen Gallant, Seth Werner, Ronald Tyler, Phillip Lieberman, Jamie Ferrelli.

**FIFTH GRADE**

Center Back-ground, left to right: Mike Spierer, Teddy Berlin, John Frankenstein, John Nat-

anson, Eric Long. Foreground, left to right: Gail Blocker, Barry Mandschein, Marilyn Halevi, Jill Rothman.

**SIXTH GRADE**

Far right Back-ground, left to right: Faith Frankenstein, Bob Perlman, Elsa Stone, Elaine Scheiner, Judy Copen. Foreground, left to right: Jack Silver, Mike Werner, Zygumnt Nath.



# LOWER SCHOOL



teach cooperation and help the children to become better, more all-around people.

Crash! bang! and the patter of little feet running into the hall is what you would hear if you went into Stein House on a rainy afternoon. Just in from classes, two little boys, about a head taller than one of our dining room chairs, stand wondering out loud where the rest of their group went to.

"Let's wait for them," suggests one.

"No, they'll be here soon," the other, one says with a superior air, while starting upstairs. Reluctantly, the first follows him. Upstairs, there are some short movies in the gym. After the movies the rain has stopped and they go out.

Outside, the children have fun playing and helping each other, especially with a favorite canine friend called Dana. One little girl in a blue coat can be seen kneeling with her arms affectionately around the dog. She gently strokes his soft fur, as a boy on a red scooter rides past them. Outside the shower rooms, a determined, curly-haired boy steadily pumps away, filling a deflated tire.

"Whose bike?" asks his friend.

"I don't know," is the answer, because it doesn't really matter. As long as there is a bike that needs air in its tires, this little boy is going to fill them up. By the swings some girls have gathered. As they chatter away, the girl with the blue coat picks herself up from the ground.

"I'll be back, Dana," she says as she races into Stein





#### SEVENTH GRADE

Background, left to right: Joan Strasser, Sue Appell, Gil Norman, Bob Teitelbaum. Foreground, left to right: Nancy Moore, Sandy Goldsmith, Janie Miller, Bob Roth, Marc Halevi.



#### EIGHTH GRADE

Back row, left to right: Bella Shamilzadeh, Lucy Webber, Ronald Benjamin, Linda Bell, Judy Fisher. Front row, left to right: Elena Ogus, Kerry O'Flynn, Andy Jampoler, Fran Neuer, Ingrid Stone, Dotty Bocala.

House. The dog's unhappy barking follows her.

"Hey, the bell rang," one of the noisy chatterers cries.

"It did not," is the quick retort from the occupant of another swing.

But the first girl appears to be right because the children slowly walk toward the house. When they get to the door, the curly-haired boy joins them and they disappear inside. After a while the little boy on the red scooter comes back to the swing and finding nobody there, he hurries in after them.

The children all go to their quarters to get dressed. It takes them fifteen minutes to get there because they fool around on the way.

"Is this dress too wrinkled to wear?"

"Do these two match?"

"I can't find my other shoe!"

There's a combination of chopsticks on one piano and the theme from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony on the other, the splashing of water heard from the tubs in the bathroom, lockers being shut with a bang and drawers being opened, the few who are dressed run around looking for misplaced socks, sweaters, and scarfs.

"Please get ready for dinner!" a worn-out teacher is pleading. Two little girls sit on the bench in between two rows of lockers and discuss a major problem, while someone else in front of the mirror, painstakingly arranges a pretty scarf, so that it will look just right. This is girl's quarters between 5:15 and 5:45 p.m. There certainly is a mad scramble to get everyone dressed and downstairs for dinner, and you would never believe that the boys and girls eating are the same ones who came into quarters half an hour ago. Blue jeans have been forsaken for skirts, and jerseys for shirts and ties. All heads have neatly combed hair, and all faces have been scrubbed. Each child is neat and clean, and he stays that way—at least until the end of the meal.

At night, when work and play are over, the littlest children march upstairs to undress and crawl into bed. There in one of the little-girls' rooms, you can find three curly heads lying on three well-made beds. When the lights are turned out, each child gets a chance to lead a prayer, a psalm or a song to thank God for a good day and to hope for many more.



"I voted for Eisenhower"

"Yee, puddy,  
puddy, puddy."





I am writing . . .



Dr. Stoil at the mid-morning break.



This page is  
the gift of  
THE STUDENT  
GOVERNMENT  
of 1953

A birth-day, a mirth-day, an incre-  
girth-day.







My memoirs . . .



Of course!



"Who killed  
Maxwell Bodenheim?"

Left to right: Judy Maltz and Judi Bernstein  
Right to left: Judi Bernstein and Judy Maltz





**"Mrs. Brown taught us."**

D A N C E D

W E S A N G



"Miss Rosalie Gassell taught us."



Square dancing: left to right: Tom Huestis, Louie Roberts, Helen Ogus, Jerry Straus, and Judy Lerner.



This page is the gift of MR. AND MRS. PHILIP BLUM, MR. AND MRS. M. STONE, MR. AND MRS. HARRY ABELSON, and MR. AND MRS. ALEX WEINZIMMER.



Finale: Christmas Pageant, 1953

## WE ACTED

"Dr. Faustus" by Christopher Marlowe—Seniors

"Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw—Juniors

"The Trojan Horse" by Christopher Marley—Middle school



Left to right: Isaac Rodriguez, Tom Huestis, Raymond Senahi.

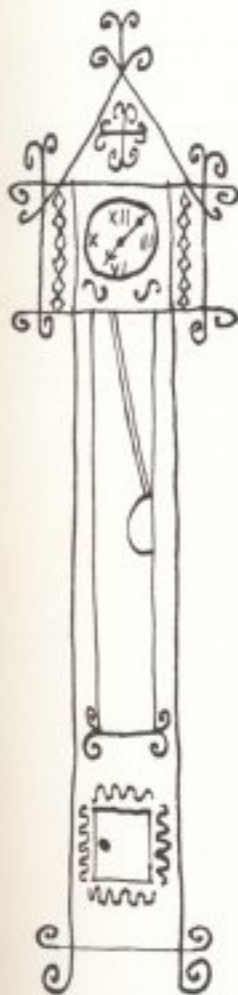
Preparation for Christmas Pageant.



"Mr. Basil Burwell taught us."



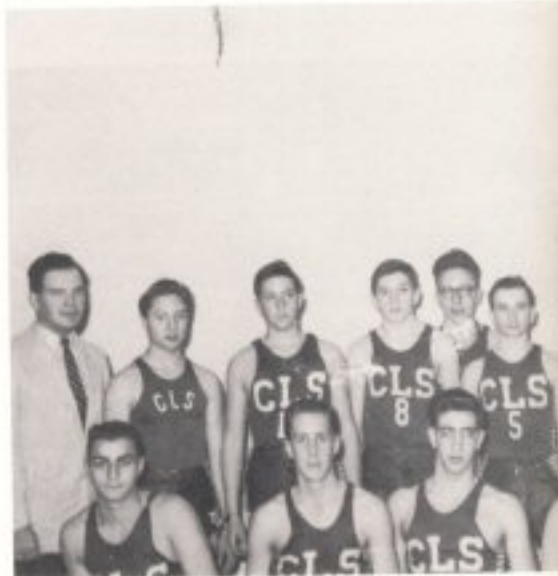
# THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM



Every publication has its home—so does the Cherry Pit. We are proud of our office and do our best to keep it in a state conducive to creative work. Neatness being a prerequisite to a good year book, and cleanliness being next to "Faculty-ness" we never allow paper to pile up on the floor above the three foot mark. In most schools the work is done entirely by the staff, but we are proud to say that this is not the case with the Cherry Pit, for the rest of the student body provides a constant stimulus to our work. Cherry Pit meetings are often enhanced by people wandering in and voicing such contributions as "Has anybody seen a green laundry bag?" Quiet creative work is of course the byword of our meetings. Once, though, a bird wandered in and was asphyxiated by the hot air. Cherry Pit headquarters, however, is a place for serious concentration, as any one who has been caught day-dreaming, and been trampled on by the horde of editors and staff, will attest.

Cherry Pit headquarters were not always so hectic. Way back in the 'twenties, when the name "Cherry Pit" first appeared on a masthead, it was strictly a literary-arts magazine; just a few mimeographed sheets. The Cherry Pit grew as Cherry Lawn grew and by 1926 as many as four editions were published annually, however, in the same simple format. It was not until twenty years later that the modern Cherry Pit was born, a hard-covered, part year-book, part literary-arts magazine. It has continued in this form ever since, and has won a first-place rating from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association since 1951.

The Cherry Pit has become an integral part of Cherry Lawn life. It has given us some insight into the adult world of which we are fast becoming a part. It has also provided for us a wonderful opportunity for learning about the problems of the Publication, Art, Literary, and Business worlds.



Left to right: top row: Coach Jerry Hemendinger, Seth Abelson, Paul Shapiro, Bud Curran, John Polka, Bob Person, and Ike Beck. Bottom row: Jack Roth, Fred Lascoff, Ted Lavoot, and Richard Kovner.



This page is the gift of MR. and MRS. H. S. GORDON, ELLEN GAL-LANT, SAMUEL FINKELSTEIN, MR. FRED A. FORAY, and a FRIEND.

Coach Jerry Hemendinger's call to basketball practice, the first day, brought twenty eager boys ready to vie for positions on the team. The spirit was high, making the task of cutting the varsity down to ten men a difficult one. The team lacked height—none of its members reached six feet. This was especially discouraging since most of the teams in the Southern Connecticut Private School League are quite tall. It became evident that in order to win games, our team would have to rely on speed, shooting, and lots of hustle.

For two weeks, the boys showed great enthusiasm as they practiced long and hard, several nights each week at the Baker School in Darien.

Spirit was at a peak as we prepared to meet Daycroft in our first game. Fred Lascoff, a returnee from last year's varsity and a guard on the starting five, was chosen captain. The rest of the starting team for that game and for the rest of the season was as follows: Bobby Penson at other guard, Ted Lavaot and Jack Roth, forwards, and Richard Kovner, center.

Travelling to Daycroft for the start of the season, the boys were filled with determination; they realized in Daycroft a tall well-drilled ball club. The game was played with Cherry Lawn methodically whacking and shooting the ball to build up a tremendous twenty-one point lead which it never relinquished. But the real credit for this overwhelming victory should go to the drive and hustle the team displayed off the backboards as the Lawners out-rebounded their taller opponents.

This spirited type of play characterized the team throughout the year. No matter how great the odds, the team was always in there fighting.

Thus far, our season must be considered a success. In our first eight games, we have won five; of which several were against very highly-rated teams.





Plus des crêpes suzettes, s'il vous plait?



Injured Athlete Seeks Solacé



America triumphs



## FOOTBALL

### A Statement from a Player

When they asked me to say something about our football season, I didn't know what to say. We didn't have a winning season but everybody who played got a feeling of achievement and success. It's hard to make other people feel what the players feel. You can't put on paper the thrill of playing your guts out and feeling that everybody is doing it too; everybody giving the most of themselves, in stamina and in courage. It's sort of good for the spirit—like the guy who climbed that big mountain, Annapurna. It's a great game.

Football: back row, left to right: Mike Greenberg, Pete Sachs, Norman Seligman, Chuck Wisniew, Bob Livingston, Coach Hemendinger, Paul Silver, Jan Stone, Isaac Rodriguez, John Ward. Front row, left to right: Bud Carran, Fred Lascoff, Tom Heustis, Captain Jack Keith, Paul Shapiro, Louie Roberts, Seth Abelson.





**Cheerleaders:** front row: Helen Ogus, Captain. Back row, left to right: Bella Shamilzadeh, Judy Maltz, Judy Hess. Middle row, left to right: Judy Lerner, Ginger Chodorov, Laine Mandel.

## THE HOCKEY TEAM

The Varsity hockey team, eleven girls, slightly nervous but with heads high, stand in a circle and cross their sticks in the center. A few words from the captain, the traditional cheer, and the team members run out to take their places. The shrill sound of the whistle, the clash of sticks and the game is on!

Cherry Lawn was off to a fast start in what turned out to be the most successful season that a Cherry Lawn Varsity Hockey team had seen in the past six years. The team played against two schools in a set of four games, winning two games against Edgewood School 2-1 and 5-3, and tying with Daycraft 1-1 and losing one to Daycraft 6-3.

The unflinching cheerfulness of the girls and the close cooperation between coach and team was in many ways responsible for the wonderful record. To demonstrate what is meant by cooperation and team work, the total goals scored by Cherry Lawn this year, which numbered eleven, were distributed among the five girls who played offense. The girls played for love of sport and were very grateful when a crew of six boys donned cheerleading outfits and came out to the field to cheer for the team. The boys cheered with gusto and wild abandon; that was the only game we lost.

Thanks to the understanding direction of Janet DiPesa, our coach, the success of this year's hockey team will long be remembered; it is something Cherry Lawn is really proud of.

## THE CHEERLEADERS

The rain dribbled from their hair into their muddy sneakers, as the drowning cheerleaders screamed for the boys on the football field. The other team was ahead by thirty points, but the valiant cheerers yelled on, trying desperately to spur the boys to a touch-down. Then alas, the game was over, and twelve miserable boys and girls dragged themselves over to the waiting cars. Their procession resembled a funeral march; no one spoke, everyone was silent except for a disgruntled sigh now and then.

But as it cannot rain forever, we did not lose forever. On a brisk, wonderful day in October, we won a game. The cheerleaders whirled around madly in their approval, flipping and spinning up and down the sidelines. There was no restraining the tumultuous explosion — the roaring welled up into a huge — T-E-A-M, FIGHT TEAM FIGHT—rah, rah, rah. The joy of victory!

All their beautifully-executed flips and turns could be achieved only through hours of strenuous practice: rehearsing each cheer with the uttermost precision; every step and motion absolutely perfect.

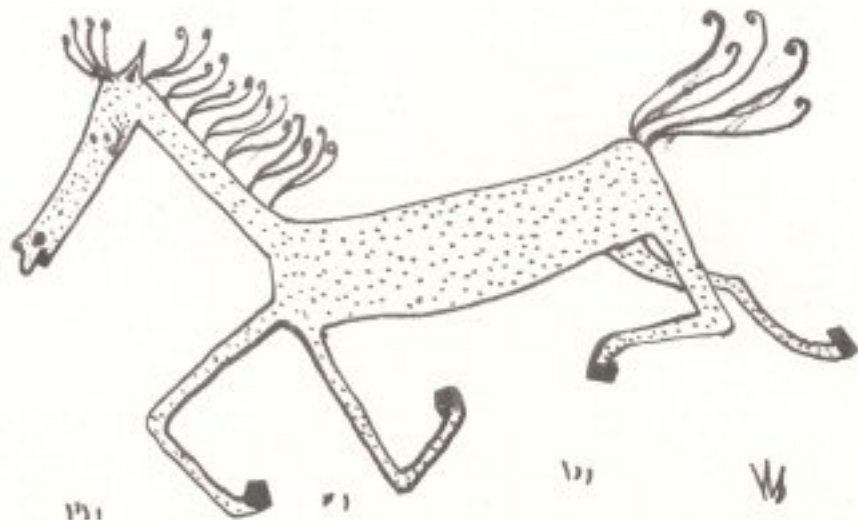
To most, this would have been laborious, but to the cheerers it was a labor of love. Seven eager girls willing to give up their comic books; seven cheerleaders all lined up at a game in eager anticipation, having sacrificed all, to become a cheerleader.



**Hockey Team:** kneeling: Captain, Judi Bernstein. Left to right: F. Neuer, Lucy Webber, Coenie Fekete, Rochelle Sholder, Judy H. Bobbie Coleman, Ginger Chodorov, Sandy Neuer, Helen Ogus, Rh. Gordon, Judy Fisher.

CHEVAL  
PFERD  
HÄST  
HORSE?!

ND



## "Strait" from the Horse's Mouth

Alison Miller '56

Oh no, not again! I am standing in my stall, peacefully enjoying my dinner and dreaming of my younger days, when suddenly . . . Bang!! Trouble, in the form of a 20-pound hunk of leather, hits my back with nerve-shattering suddenness. I look up with some surprise and more resentment to find an all-too-familiar two-legged monster thrusting an iron bar at my teeth with no more feeling than if my mouth were made of wood. Between pinching and jostling, by a miracle the monster gets my bridle on. With a savage jab at my sore mouth, I am rudely shoved out of my comfortable stall.

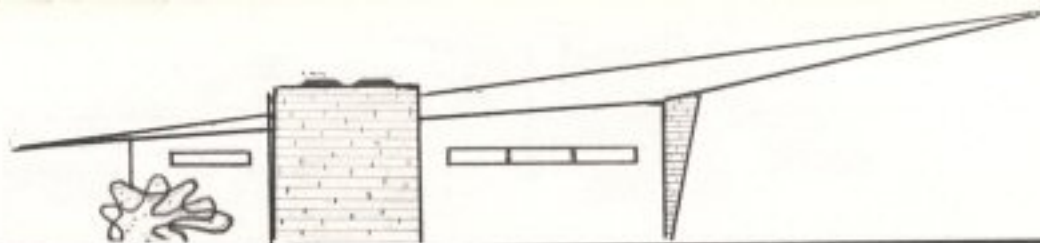
Out in the yard, I am stopped for that painful process called "Tightening the Girth." This completed, a taller two-legged creature picks little Susie up and lands her with a resounding plop, in the saddle.

Another painful pull on my mouth and a banging of the rider's heels on my flanks—apparently I am supposed to back up? "No, no!" a voice squeals, "that means go forward, of course." How stubborn can you be? Eventually, if you try all gaits, you're bound to hit the right one. Ah, now, here we go. Oops!!!

My troubles are just beginning. Like a death sentence comes the order, "T-trot please." Well, we aim to please, so here goes. "Up, down, up, down, up, down." Bang, bang, bang, bang. "Oh, my achin' back, our ancestors who fought in the Crimea never had it this bad." Sooner or later, the understanding instructor will call a walk. After a little more banging around, the hour is over. Back to our stalls? Not so fast. If we are still alive, they throw more riders on our backs. Perhaps this group canters. "Ah, such exquisite torture." At around five o'clock, the endless day is over and we are taken back to our stalls for a well-earned rest, and food.

Apparently God never thought of giving horses a day of rest, for we work on Sundays, too. As for weekdays, our kind masters must give extra rides. (groan!!) However, in all fairness to the Bardens, I must say that they are giving us a better chance. With the help of an ugly yellow monster on wheels, they have leveled our old paddock into a huge riding ring. Here an ambitious horse can dump the not-so-skilful rider.

In May, we have a chance to show off our best manners to advantage in the school Horse Show. (Heaven forbid that we should get any credit if we should win first or second place for our riders!) If we don't change leads properly, or go into the right gait, of course we are to blame. But, as I think an old-time humorist, probably a horse, put it, "Life is not all play and vittles."



## S T U D E N T P R O J E C T R E P O R T

The possession of a beautiful, self-created object can give a tremendous amount of pleasure to an individual or (as in this case) to a group of individuals: the students. This object of pleasure and pride situated in the field before the lake, is the modern, compact building commonly and affectionately called "The Project."

It is this Student Project that began as a dream in the minds of students and now stands as a visible creation of their own hands. The students created it to be their own. And so it is, for dancing, parties or anything they may wish.

Not only the students were interested in the project. On many a week-end, crews of parents could be found in working clothes, up to their elbows in cement, laying bricks, pounding the floor and working as enthusiastically as the students.

The idea for this project was conceived by students and accepted by school authorities in 1949. P.T.A. donations, a plate dinner in 1951, and a fair with an auction in 1952, provided finances for the building.

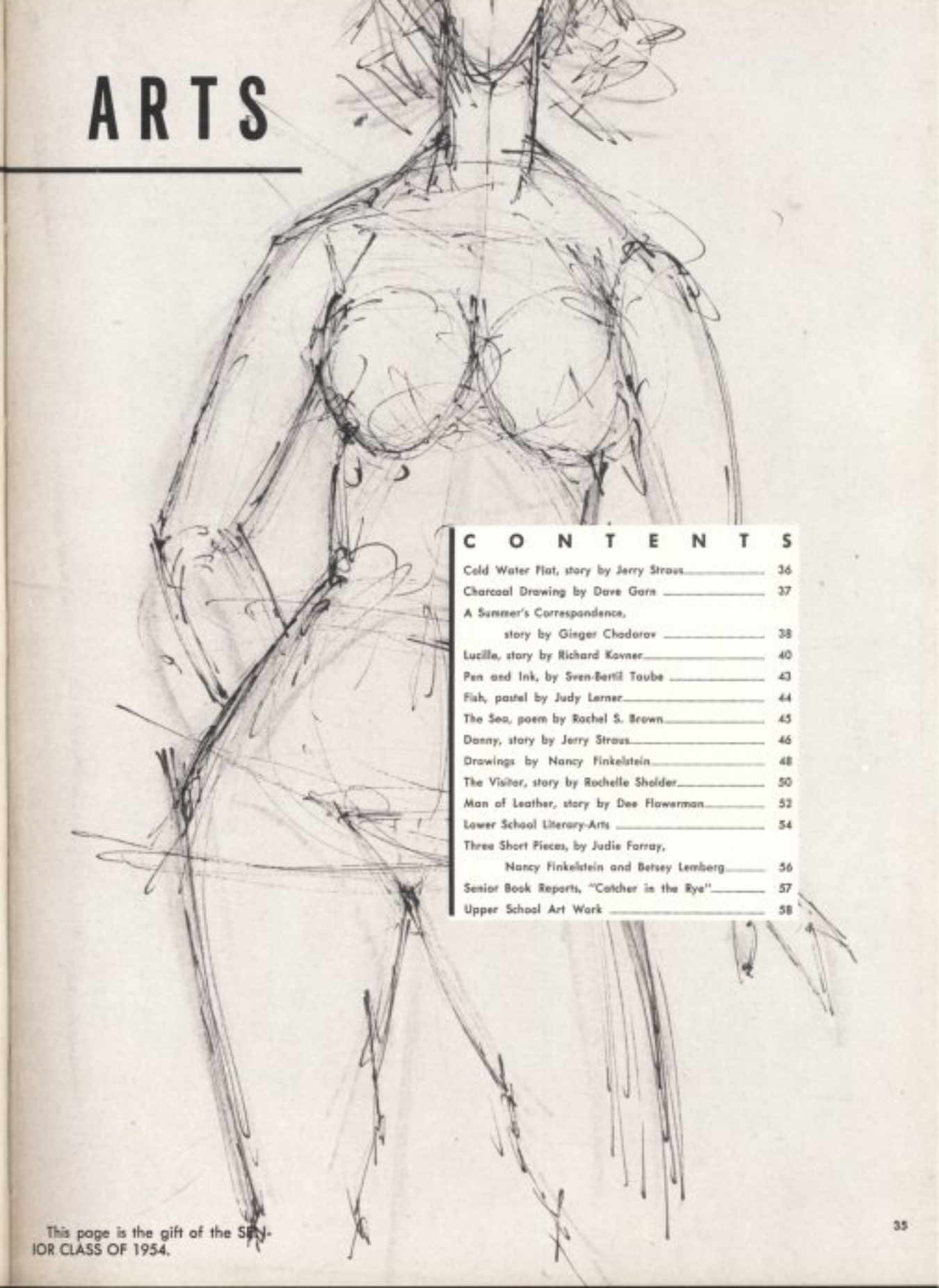
At the beginning of this school year, all was completed with the exception of electricity, heating, landscaping and furnishings for the project's two rooms. At present the students are tackling these unfinished tasks. It is not unusual to see (and generally hear) swarms of busy workers about the building. Heads protrude from windows, doors, around corners and over the top of the roof. Foot prints in wet cement, fingermarks on clean walls, and other bits of evidence support the fact that industrious students are often about.

The outstanding feature of the project is its large, slanting picture window. It constitutes the front of the building and gives such a convincing feeling of freedom that it is not uncommon to find several birds inside the large room who, having accepted the invitation of the open door, then try vainly to fly out through the glass panes.

By the time this book is published, it is expected that a completed Student Project will stand as the proud fulfillment of a dream that began four years ago.

# ARTS

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## Cold Water Flat

*Jerry Straus, '54*

Meg walked up the warped wooden stairs, clutching a small brown parcel under her arm. The hallway was lit by a single naked light bulb, which cast strange shadows over the crusty walls. On the landing, she bumped into Mrs. Ferroni, who greeted her warmly with breath that reeked of garlic. Meg ran the rest of the way up.

She hung her coat over the chair and pressed to her breast the parcel she was carrying. She looked around at the bare but spotlessly clean room and sank down on the crate that they used for a sofa. The screaming arguments with her father came back to her mind again.

\* \* \*

"Each to his own"

"I love him"

"GREASEBALL, GARLIC BOAT"

"I love him"

"WOP PIG"

"I love him"

"MARRY HIM AND YOU'RE NO LONGER MY DAUGHTER"

"I love him and that's all that matters"

\* \* \*

In the beginning that's all that did matter; they had been so happy, so in love. The squalor that surrounded them was of no importance, she had Vince and the warmth of his heart and body. She began to grow fat, fat with the wonderful fatness of new life, and gave birth to a baby boy. Vince said it looked like her and she said it looked like him. They cuddled, and spoiled, and rejoiced in the life that they had created. The baby died of diphtheria shortly before its first birthday.

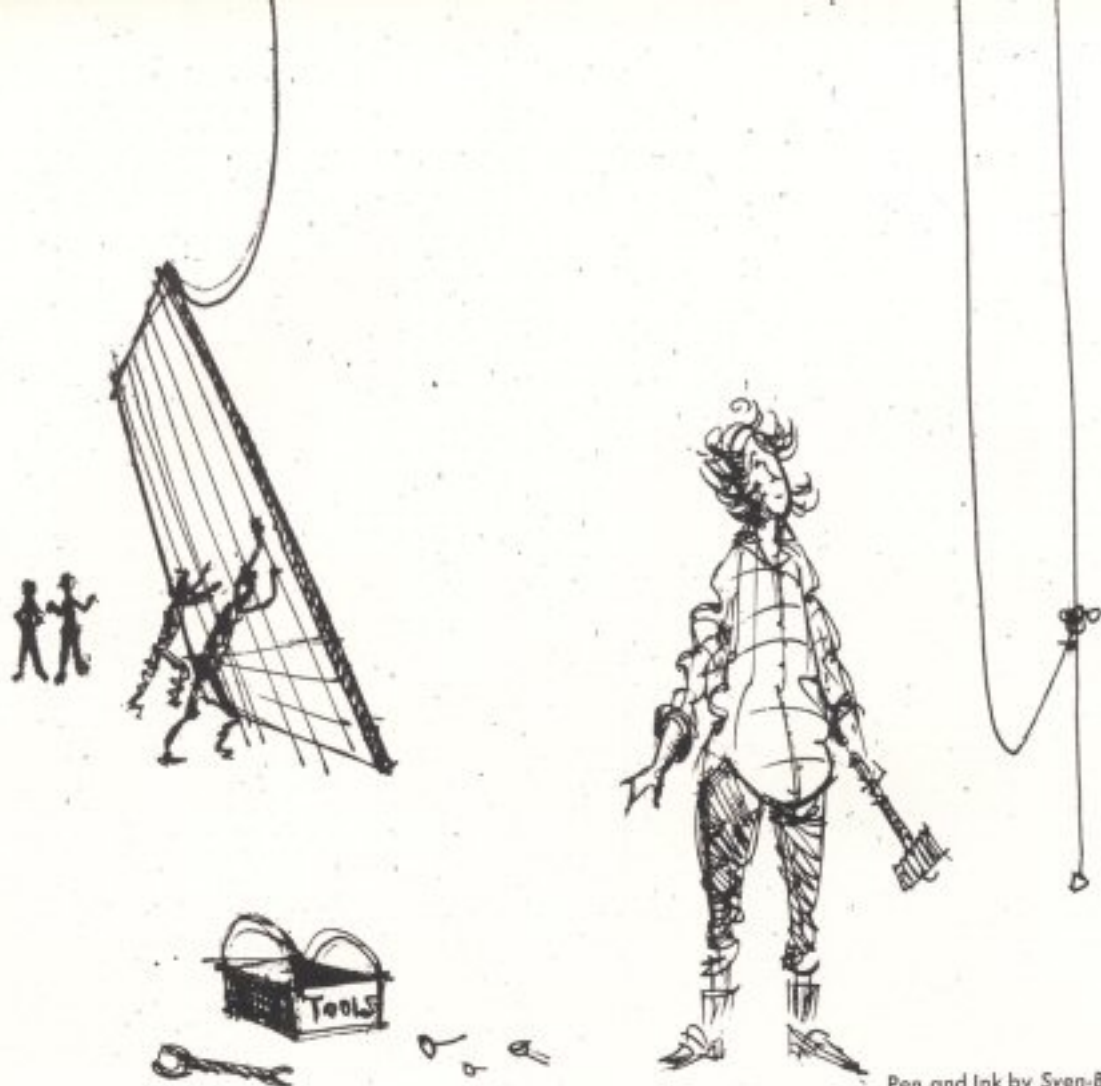
Meg's body shook at the thought of her child, and the cold, crisp, consoling mouth of the doctor forming the words of death haunted her memory. She looked down at the package that was in her lap and began slowly to open it. ("This place killed my babe—my lamb") The gun was shiny and new. ("How could I have let my baby be born in such a place") The gun glistened in the deepening twilight. ("I don't deserve to live for letting my baby be born in such a place") Here was relief, here was bliss, here was happiness.

Vince's short, hard knock plunged her back into the abyss of reality. Frantically her mind urged her to do something. "Vince mustn't see the gun." Her body hugged the crate refusing to respond. A cry of anguish died unuttered on her lips. Meg moaned and sank hysterically in a heap on the floor as a key turned in the lock.

Tears filled Vince's eyes when he saw his wife sobbing on the floor with the box with the smiling cowboy in it and the toy gun at her side. Half crying, half screaming he shouted, "You gotta stop buying the kid toys, do ya' hear me—he's dead, cancha understand—he's dead."



MOTHER AND CHILD  
D. Gorn



Pen and Ink by Sven-Bertil Taub

## A Summer's Correspondence

Ginger Chodorov '54

June 20

Dear Sal,

Only three more days to go! I can't wait!! Naturally everything is in a mess. Don't know what kind of clothes I should take. During the day jeans I guess but what if I go out at night (with some adorable actor of course). Oh well, I'll end up taking everything I own. Imagine—me—working in summer stock at last. I may even get a chance to act (if I'm lucky). They say apprentices have to do a lot of messy jobs like scrubbing the floors and ironing costumes—but who cares?! I'll still get a chance to work with professionals—which reminds me, I hear a rumor that Helen Hayes may come up for a week—wouldn't that be the greatest!!! What do you say to someone like that? I'll probably just stare!!!

Must run now—everything is absolutely hectic—I'll write as soon as I'm settled.

My love to all,

Love,  
Debbie

July 7

Dear Sal,

Boy, am I tired! We've been working like crazy since you came. Sorry I didn't write sooner but I haven't had a minute to do anything. I live in a boarding house across the street from the playhouse. I share a real bohemian-type room with two other apprentices who are terrific. We have the greatest time. Last night we worked until 1 A.M. then Joan and I went into town for hamburgers. We walked around for hours talking to the druggist, the policeman, and anyone else who was awake. We got to bed at 4 A.M. and today my eyes keep closing every few minutes. This play this week is wonderful. There's a real cute guy in the cast, but he's at least 26 so I don't have much of a chance. I'm not even supposed to be an apprentice because you have to be 18. My Uncle Harry told Mr. Reynolds, who's the manager, that I was very mature! (Everyone knows that I'm not even 16, and boy, do they tease me!) As far as my love life goes—I'm working on one of the apprentices—the



are 4 boys and 6 girls altogether—his name is Eddie and he wants to be an actor. Will tell you more when something happens. Time to set up the stage for the matinee. Write soon.

Love,  
Debbie

July 25

Dear Sal,

Wait 'til you hear!!! I'm sure Eddie likes me (remember I told you about him in my last letter?) Well, he told Annie that he thought I was very cute!! We're making progress! I have a crazy schedule but I love it! We work from 8 A.M. until about 11 P.M.—with breaks for meals of course. We have to check on all the props, set up the stage for the next performance and build scenery for the following week. On days when we have a matinee things are a little rushed, but it's still fun. Joan, Annie, and I want to go up to Tanglewood but we can't seem to find the time (or the money)—but we haven't given up hope yet. Julie Harris is going to be in the play next week—I can't wait 'til she gets here. The play this week isn't too good—we all feel very bad because Lillian Gish is in it and she's wonderful; but when it's a bad play to begin with, it doesn't help. Miss Gish is nice to the apprentices too, let me tell you—that's quite unusual. Most of the actors think we're slaves or something. Better get going now or Mr. Reynolds will get mad. In answer to your letter—what do you mean you may not go back to school next fall? Write the details.

Love,  
Debbie

Aug. 9

Dear Sal,

That darn Mr. Reynolds—he bosses everyone around like he's a king or something. I know he's supposed to tell us what to do but he doesn't have to be nasty. He gave Eddie a real bawling out yesterday because Eddie had lost a prop list—I was sure Eddie was going to quit. I'm mad at Eddie too—he's a hypocrite. He's been buttering up all the big brass around the place so he can get into a play before the season closes. There's a dream man in this play—this is his first real acting job—what a doll (when he smiles—Wow!) I'm in a hurry—will finish this tonight or tomorrow.

Aug. 10

Bad news—my dream man is—well, I found out he's not

very masculine. I happened to pass his dressing room and he was plucking his eyebrows!!! That cured me alright. I am really exhausted. Thank goodness we only have a month to go. My fingers are black and blue from hitting them instead of the nail when I hammer those flats—which weigh a ton and we lug them all over the place. Joan is getting to be such a pain—she giggles about everything—it gets annoying. Must get some sleep.

Love,  
Debbie

Aug. 27

Dear Sal,

Gig Young is here! This is the first play he's been in for about 8 years and he is something!! He looks exactly like he does in the movies—yum!! He thinks he's too much of a big shot to talk to us, though. Only one more play after this and I won't be sorry. The room I live in is so crummy it's coming apart. The plaster falls down every once in awhile and what paper there is peels off. If Annie would clean her part of the room sometimes it would help. She's such a slob! Worse than that kid at school who left in the middle of the year—remember? Glad to hear you're coming back. I wonder if Miss Englands is—I hope not. Believe me—this has been some summer—when I get home I'm going to sleep until school starts. I'd love to see you before school—come down to my house for a few days if you can. Must go now, slave-driver Reynolds is yelling.

Love,  
Debbie

Sept. 8

Dear Sal,

Well I'm home—and it feels great. The playhouse ended up in a riot. The last night everyone got drunk and were acting like idiots. Eddie got sick all over Mr. Reynolds' car and, Joan—the giggling idiot—dropped a whole pile of Annie's records. My Lord, what an experience—I'm glad it's over. The dentist says I can have my braces off next week—hurray!!! Sorry you can't come up here for a few days. My mother is buying me three new skirts for school—guess she's glad to have me home. I'm sort of glad school is starting—I miss old Mr. Sheffer (ha-ha). Must stop now—my little brother is fighting with his friend so I'll have to act as referee! See you the 17th!

Love,  
Debbie



## LUCILLE

Richard Kovner '54

There was still a light chill in the air as Lucille fought her way through the early morning subway mob out onto 37th Street and Sixth Avenue. The waking sun left patches of black shade close to the tall grey buildings. Lucille walked along the one block to her office slowly and tiredly. The candy store on the corner had not yet opened. The red leather stools were empty and the milk shake cylinder stood clean and shining on the grey and white stained imitation marble counter. Lucille glanced inside and imagined Cliff standing behind the counter, bald and fat, whipping up sodas and sliding them along to the customers with the light touch of eighteen years' practice. "How many of my nickels have gone into that cash register," Lucille thought,

"probably enough to pay for my tests at the hospital three times over. Funny the way a nickel by itself is nothing to you, but fifteen years of them is a lot of nickels. What I would do for some of them now."

As she turned away from the window, a boy with a hand truck, walking with his eyes on the ground, bumped into her. "Hey, watch where you're going, Lady," he said in an annoyed tone. "If anything in these here packages gets broken the boss'll can me." "I'm sorry," Lucille said simply. The boy's eyes softened for a moment as he looked at her and then he moved on with his hand truck, his eyes on the ground.

Lucille walked to the corner, crossed the street, and

headed for number 37. In fifteen years of walking from the subway to the offices of Kessel Glo & Company, the life between the walls of the buildings had not changed. The husky truck loaders working across the street, with muscles swelling and rippling down the length of their arms. They would stand for a long while in the patch of shade beside the buildings, mopping their faces with handkerchiefs. When the boss came out, they would pick up the cartons and carry them with great effort out to the curb where the sun and the trucks were. The hot corn stand with its dirty yellow water hissing and bubbling between the tin sides. The dirty old woman who poked at the corn with a long fork had always given Lucille the same choked feeling in the throat that she had when trying to eat squash. Often Lucille had yearned to buy one of the dripping corns after a hard day's work, but the old woman's deeply pock-marked face always made her move on. But now her throat was so sore and constricted that she couldn't have eaten one anyway. She had been living on malted milks and soft fruit for weeks and it caused her great pain in the throat when she tried to eat a sandwich.

Across the street, Lucille saw the messenger boy, who had palsy, going to work. He moved up the street with awkward thrusts of his arms and legs, his head jerking to the rhythm of his uncontrollable appendages. Once Lucille had picked up a package that had fallen from his hands and had given it back to him. His tongue had been hanging out, saliva from his mouth dripping slowly in long strings to the pavement. He had taken the package from her hand with an awkward stab and said "Thank you." Then he had walked away, lurching with the endless torment that racked his body.

After weeks of tests at the hospital, Lucille still didn't know what was wrong with her throat. Going to the hospital two times a week had been very tiring for her since it meant a long subway trip back to Harlem afterward. She couldn't get the huge white X-ray machine out of her mind, and the buzzing it made while the doctor and nurse stood behind the protective screen at the other end of the white-porcelainized room. Two times a week, twenty dollars each time, and her salary only forty dollars. The doctor saying pleasantly as she left the hospital each time, "Come back next week, Miss Washington, come back next week." She would look pleadingly into his face and say "Doctor please tell me what it is. I'm a poor working woman with no money, and no family up north, please doctor. You mustn't be afraid to tell me whatever it is but I can't go on this way not knowing and spending the little money that I've saved in fifteen years. I can't go on living this way." And the doctor would look thoughtfully at her and say "We don't know, Miss Washington, we'll try a new test next week." And he would walk away, his spotless white uniform hanging about him like a dress and his shoes clicking and echoing through the tiled corridor.

Last Thursday when Lucille had returned to her flat, the kindly Irish landlady who looked like a gentle mother, stopped her on the stairs.

"Miss Washington, honey," she said, her eyes soft and gentle behind her thick glasses, "I know you got plenty of trouble, honey, what with the hospital and everything but, honey, you're already two months behind and please try to sort of hurry, honey, she said, and a pleading had come into her eyes."

Lucille had nodded and tiredly pushed her way up the long brown staircase to her room where she stood leaning on the window and looking out at the neon glitter of 125th Street. She had looked at the flashy dress of the couples on the street and the laughing of their faces. She was still looking into the growing blackness when there was an anxious landlady's knock at the door. Not hearing, Lucille sank slowly down on her knees beside the window and lay there on the cold floor, her forehead resting against her outstretched hands.

The south came back to her now, hot and dry, the long rows of dried brown furrows under the white heat of the sun. Long hours of burning sun in the field, parching the throat and making the body itch in a million places. Poverty had been a torture for the Washington family. Then, Lucille had decided to go to New York to try to help her family.

The shack of the Washingtons, dry and crackling, as the sun sloped over the horizon leaving a soft pink and orange where the bright white had been. Her father, tired and sunken, almost asleep at the dinner table. Her mother, fat and reeking with the grease from the side meat. Father, his great brown eyes looking up at her, steady in their white pools.

Her journey to New York to help them out of their poverty. Half of every week's pay in a three-cent envelope sent to Sallisaw, South Carolina. Her dream at night as the elevator trains of Harlem sped by in the night. "Gosh, pappy, I miss you. I'll be back when I save enough." With the moon and her father's great brown eyes gnawing at her, Lucille dragged herself to her bed and fell into a drugged sleep.

## II

Lucille Washington walked through the doorway of Number 37, Sixth Avenue, and pressed the elevator button.

Soon the door swung open and she was looking at Al, his jelly-like stomach rolling as he straightened his blue cap.

"How are you this morning, Lucy?" he said, smiling and twinkling with his little blue eyes.

"Not so good," Lucille sighed as she stepped into the elevator. "I have to go back to the hospital next week." "They don't know what it is yet," Al said, shaking his head. "No" Lucille said, slowly. There was a silence in the little elevator car as it clanked upward.

Al Worth had known Lucille Washington for the fifteen years she had worked at Kessel Glo & Company. He had grown to admire the broad, heavyset figure with its creamy brown skin. Somehow, she reminded him of something great and strong. She reminded him of the brown fields of the South. In the fifteen years, he had never heard her complain about everything. And now she had trouble and told no one, just let herself suffer withinside herself. He shook his head slowly and brought the elevator to a stop and opened the door. As Lucille stepped out, Al fought back the tears he felt coming up to his eyes. He longed to reach out and grab her and say, "Honey, let me help you." He closed the door slowly and guided his car slowly down.


Lucille went to the back storeroom where the long racks of packaged buttons ran above her head, and hung up her coat. Mr. Steigel the nervous, redheaded boss, looked up from the racks and called to her, "Lucy, try to get that Johnson order out today. Take them home and do some tonight, if you have to." She nodded slowly and said, "Yes, Sir."

When Mr. Steigel went away, Lucille walked toward the bathroom, leaning on the wall as she went. She opened the door of a toilet and locked herself in. Then she sat down on the seat and put her head slowly into her lap. The tear ran slowly along the wrinkled hollows of her eyes and dripped slowly on to her brown skirt.



Pen and Ink by Sven-Bertil Taube



 Pastel by *Judy Lerner*



## Beneath the Surface

*Rachel S. Brown '54*

The sea has one million moods.  
It tosses and turns with restlessness  
And writhes with loneliness.  
Aggravated by the scornful wind,  
It lashes at the land with rancor and hatred . . .  
Never ceasing the passionate tumult as one who loves  
and is loved not.  
But too, the sea is serene.  
It rises with dignity and seems to gossip with  
the rasping gulls, who, in turn  
Relay the message to the wandering dunes.  
The sea is longing . . . but not greedy.  
It takes life where life has been taken from it.  
And gives life to things more wondrous than any human  
mind can conjure up.  
The sea is moody,  
and restless,  
and lonely.



## DANNY

Jerry Straus '54

Danny turned savagely in half sleep, brushed a careless lock of brown hair out of his eyes and then stretched out an arm to stop the piercing ring of the alarm clock. He lay between the sweaty sheets, his lean Irish face set in a frown, his eyes blinking in the soft summer sunlight, filtering in through the venetian blinds. And then he remembered what day it was. He jumped out of bed and gave a boyish squeal of sudden joy. It was hard to believe the time had really come; that he had worked a year with the drug company and after today, was going on a paid vacation for two whole weeks. And on top of that it was his birthday. He wanted to feel clean and new all over so he laid out fresh clothes, even though he would only get them dirty again at work. He dressed quickly and finished the ritual of his toilet with unusual speed.

As Danny gulped down his breakfast, he studied the flabby, care-strained face of his mother. He thought about the rotten breaks life had given her. He was just five when the accident happened but he remembered it like yesterday. They had just returned from a vacation in Atlantic City; Dad, his brother Steve, Mom, and himself. It was the best time that he could remember. Steve took him on all the rides in the amusement park and they went swimming every day—Pa didn't holler even once in the week they were there, he and Ma just sat and relaxed in the sun. Then in the evenings, they would all sit on the boardwalk, facing out to sea, their faces cooled by moist breezes, and Ma would lead them in a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, to give thanks for their happiness. They all hated to leave, but Pa and Steve had to get back to their jobs at the Railway Express and Danny was to start school in the fall. Two days after they were home, men came with waxen faces, and went into the kitchen with Ma; and Danny heard phrases from the other room, where he had been told to stay, like "drunken driver" and "They didn't have a chance" and "Thank God it was over quick—they didn't suffer" and Danny was told that Pa and Steve had gone away, and somehow would never come back. "Did they go to 'Lantic City Ma?" he had asked, and Ma cried again, and Danny cried with her.

Danny stirred the black gruel in his coffee cup and allowed himself the luxury of brooding about his job. "A stock boy at thirty years old, makin' forty stinkin' bucks a week. What the hell could you do with forty bucks except eat and sleep, once in awhile. Lucky thing Ma still had her job and the pension, he could never support them both on what he made. But she couldn't work too much longer, she was getting old now—then what would he do—but that was still a long way off. One of these days he'd get another job—now he was going on his vacation and when he got back there would be a nice fat raise of five bucks waiting for him." Danny swallowed the coffee, kissed his mother goodbye, and left for work.

The air gave promise of a hot day and hot days were no fun in the windowless drug warehouse where he worked. Danny decided to buy the whiskey then, instead of during lunch hour, as he still had plenty of time left. Whenever anyone had a birthday at the Long Island Drug Company, everyone in the gang gave a couple of bucks as a present and the person whose birthday it was treated everybody to some whiskey—of course the whiskey part had to be done on the sly but that was the fun of it. Danny went into the liquor store and bought the cheapest stuff they had and put it in his lunch box. Boy, he could sure use the cash they would give him. He had managed to stash away half a hundred for his vacation and he figured he'd clear another fifteen in presents—sixty-five bucks altogether—"not bad, not bad at all" he thought. The thermometer in the window of Shultz's delicatessen hovered above seventy-five.



Danny winced at the thought of the heat that awaited him at his place, the great, dusty, humid warehouse. But it didn't matter so much today—he was goin' on his vacation, let 'em all stew in their goddamned warehouse, he, Danny Mallory, was gonna vacache. He smiled—all was right with the world—and gave the lunch box an affectionate pat. Danny looked at his watch and saw he still had a few minutes to kill, so he went into Marty's Diner to get a decent cup of coffee. Tomorrow he'd tell Ma he was gonna breakfast out from then on unless she'd start cooking him something eatable in the morning. She was a good egg—if only she wasn't so damned stubborn Irish. Who the hell ever heard of usin' the same lousy coffee grinds over and over again—if he was lucky he got a decent cup of java twice a week at home—and she knows a hard-workin' guy like me has got to get a decent feed in the morning. And the goony way she fixes cuts—putting salt on them—when he got iodine free from the drug company. Why did she always have to do things wrong? Why did she always have to ruin things for him? If it wasn't for her there would be so many things he could do. But she was always there, to be taken care of, to be watched over. Then a feeling of love welled up in his heart replacing his peevishness 'cause he had to admit that the old lady worked damned hard to earn her share of the house money, and he really didn't mind if she nagged him about getting married and settling down, after all it was natural for a mother to feel that way—and besides he was going on vacation and couldn't feel annoyed for long at anything. "Yeah, 'Ma's a good egg all right," and, thinking of his breakfast "But she sure makes lousy eggs." He smiled inwardly at his pun. Marty saluted him over the rattle of dishes. "What'll it be this morning, you old sonafabitch?" "Usual." "One java, Mabel. Ain't seen yuh in a coupla days Dan—where ya been?" "Around. Gain' on my vacation ya know." "Yeah, I know you lucky sonafabitch. Where you think you'll be headin' for?" "Well, I ain't gonna do nothin' but sleep for a few days anyway and then I think I might hitch down to Atlantic City." Danny's eyes lit up at the thought, despite his effort at nonchalance—the words had magic for him, "Atlantic City, Atlantic City" the words glistened in his mind. He gazed into the swirling blackness of the coffee Marty set before him. The scene of his childhood returned to his mind again, the happy time. "Hey Dan" Marty broke in "You better hustle or you'll be late." Danny flipped his dime on the counter and walked out of the diner.

He stretched, groaned, murmured "Only one more day," and started towards his place which was just down the street. He always hated to go through the air-conditioned office that had to be gone through in order to get to the warehouse. The sleek office workers, in their quiet ignoring of him, always seemed to see right through him. Today they saw the whiskey through the metal walls of the lunch box. Danny punched his card and breathed in the hot stink of the huge room. Somebody had broken a bottle of Toni Home Permanent in his section and this made it even worse. He started working at his stock and began to sweat profusely, destroying the nice fresh feel of his clothes. That snoutnose brother of C.J.'s leered at him and told him to get his tail moving. Hubbard was the first to come over, giggled something about "Don't do nothing that I wouldn't do" and slipped a buck into Danny's hand. "Cheap bastard," Danny thought but gave him a slug of liquor anyway. Fatso Claire didn't give him anything because she was broke and she drooled at the thought of the whiskey. "Ya ain't gonna forget me—huh Dan—are ya Dan?" she pleaded. He gave her a shot. Then everybody came, and the whiskey ran out before the presents did, and Danny was embarrassed and apologized violently to everyone who didn't get any, and when it was over he had twenty bucks bulging his wallet. That plus his fifty made seventy bucks. George, the porter, came over to him, grinned, "I got somethin' for ya Dan" and made a gesture. Danny laughed "Get the hell out of here you old bastard" and heard his name booming out of the loudspeaker. It sang out "Danny Maloorey wanted in the o-r-r-ifice."

"What is it Mabel?" he asked the receptionist. "Phonecall" she said and handed him the receiver.

"Hello."

"This is Dr. Prescott—Queen's General Hospital. Your mother was brought in today with a bone infection in her arm."

"Bone infection? How the hell did that happen?"

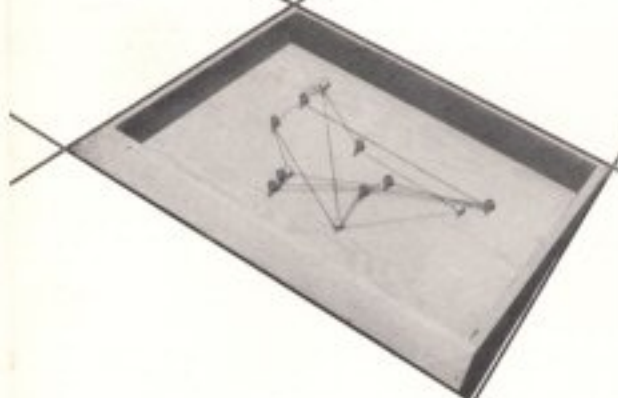
"Of course we can't be sure, but it seems to have developed from a scratch which wasn't cauterized properly. The reason we called you though, Mr. Mallory, is to get your permission for us to operate."

"Operate!—She's O.K. Doc, ain't she?"

"Well—the infection has spread but I think we have caught it in time. She will need an operation, and the sooner the better. Can you come down to the hospital now and sign the papers? We need your authorization for the operation and the expenses."

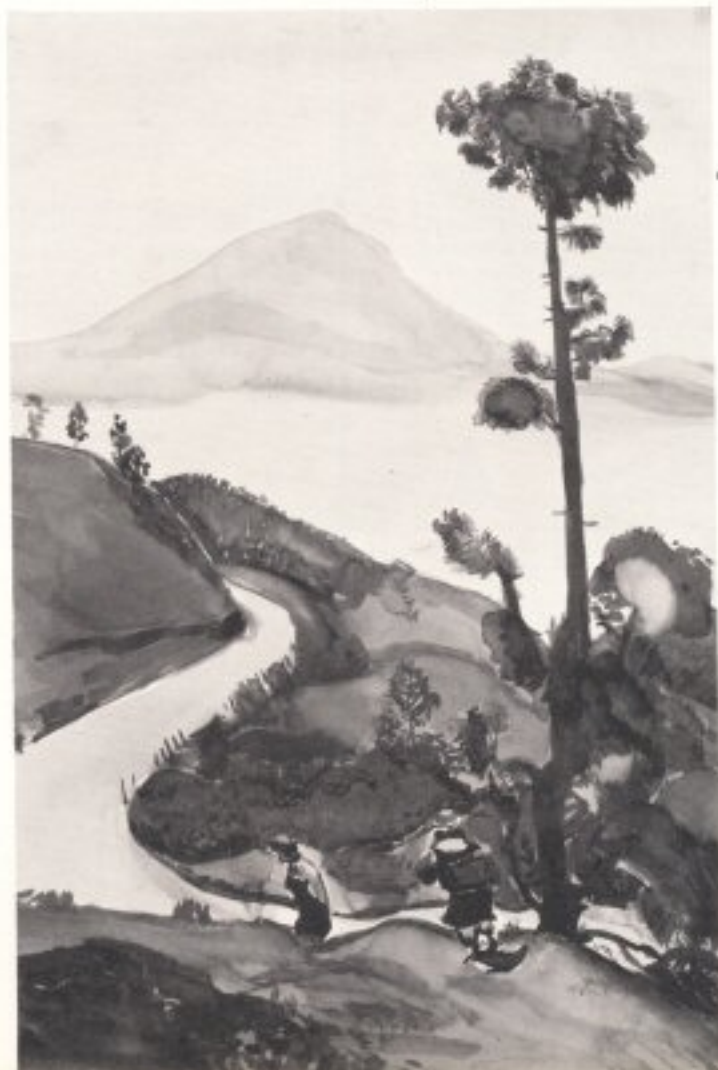
"It isn't an expensive operation, is it, doc?. It can't be an expensive operation?"

"Don't worry about that now—your mother told me your situation and I'll keep my fee down to the minimum, so it won't cost you more than two hundred dollars, including hospital expenses. Now, as I was saying, can you come right down?—Hello Mr. Mallory—hello—are you there?—She's not in any immediate danger—Hello Mr. Mallory—Hello—hello—hello . . .



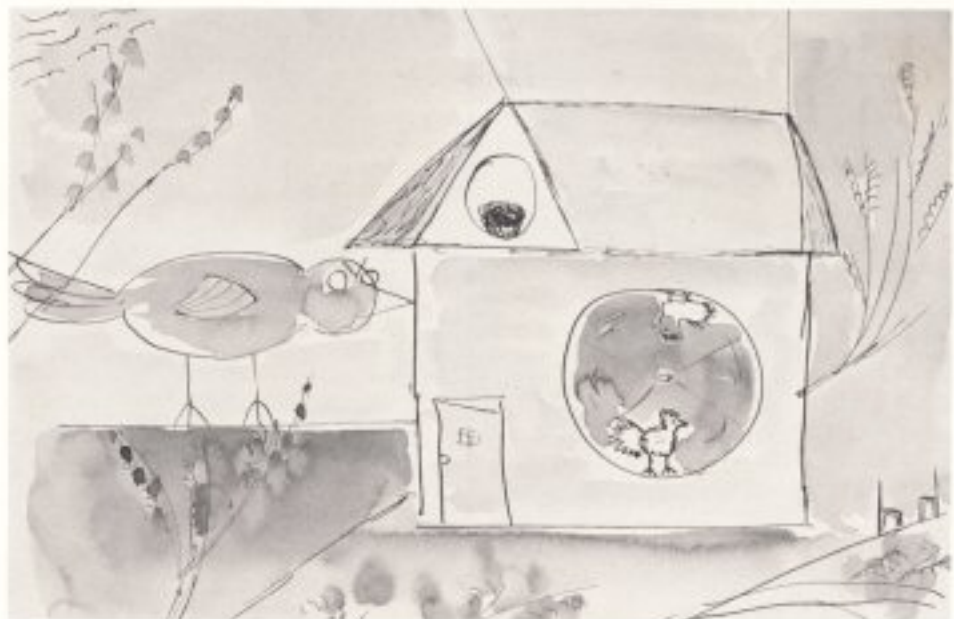
Block print by Mark Halevi, Grade 7

Above left THE HARP, string painting by Alison Miller, '56



This page is the gift  
of TWIN TERRACE and  
THE BERT LANE CO., Inc.

Water Color  
by  
Nancy Finkelstein



Water color by Helen Ogus '54



Water color by Dee Flowerman '55

Pastel by Sven-Bertil Taube '54

This page is the gift of KAY BOYLE and MR. and MRS. SAMUEL LERNER THE HABER FAMILY and MR. WALTER OPUS.

# THE VISITOR

Rochelle Sholder '56

The sea came rolling in, little waves gently tumbling over one another and then silently withdrawing. On an overhanging rock, jutting out from the great mass of boulders used as a breaker, sat two girls. The day was the darkness before a rain, and the cold wind silently glided over them. The older girl was about thirteen and had short, pageboy black hair. Her rather pretty face was strong and sensitive. She was speaking in a low voice.

"—and as soon as I opened my eyes, the light startled me and I became wide awake. Then I saw the man standing near the door. He was tall and had on a grey suit. I broke out in a cold sweat and was so scared that I didn't dare to move. I just lay there, feeling my heart beating stronger and stronger against my ribs. As he started walking toward me, I noticed that his left hand kept clenching and unclenching. The even rhythmic movement sort of hypnotized me and I watched him slowly come closer. When he was about two yards from my bed, I had to close my eyes. I heard Gail flop over in her bed and I guess she must have scared him, because I heard him turn quickly and go out. All I could see was a flash of grey before he turned off the light. Then he was gone!"

A silence stole over both girls for a few minutes and then the other girl spoke.

"Oh my God, you must have been petrified," she said, staring thoughtfully into the water with her deep blue eyes. She gave a little toss of her head to push back the unruly lock that kept falling in her eyes and her long dirty-blonde pony tail swung back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. Then she looked up at her friend with a wide grin that covered most of her boyish face.

"We'd better be going now," she said, "it's getting cold." Her face sobered. "And dark," she added.

"You go, I want to just sit here a little while longer."

For a few minutes she watched her friend go, and then sat and stared at the water until the stars came out. Finally she picked herself up and started walking from rock to rock towards home, but she had not gone far when she suddenly stopped. Where the great pile of rocks began, a man was coming towards her. Unconsciously she stepped back, away from him. He came closer and closer. There was a short struggle and a loud splash. Then the man walked away, his left hand slowly clenching and unclenching.

The next day the newspapers read "WELLINGTON GIRL DROWNS." In the home of the girl, there was complete chaos. Why should a young girl, brought up near the sea, and who knew perfectly well how to swim, drown? Everyone was in a state of utter confusion. Her mother was on the verge of collapse; her husband suggested that a psychiatrist might do some good. He took her to a Dr. Laughton in New York.

Dr. Laughton was a successful physician. His office was in a modern building in a pros-

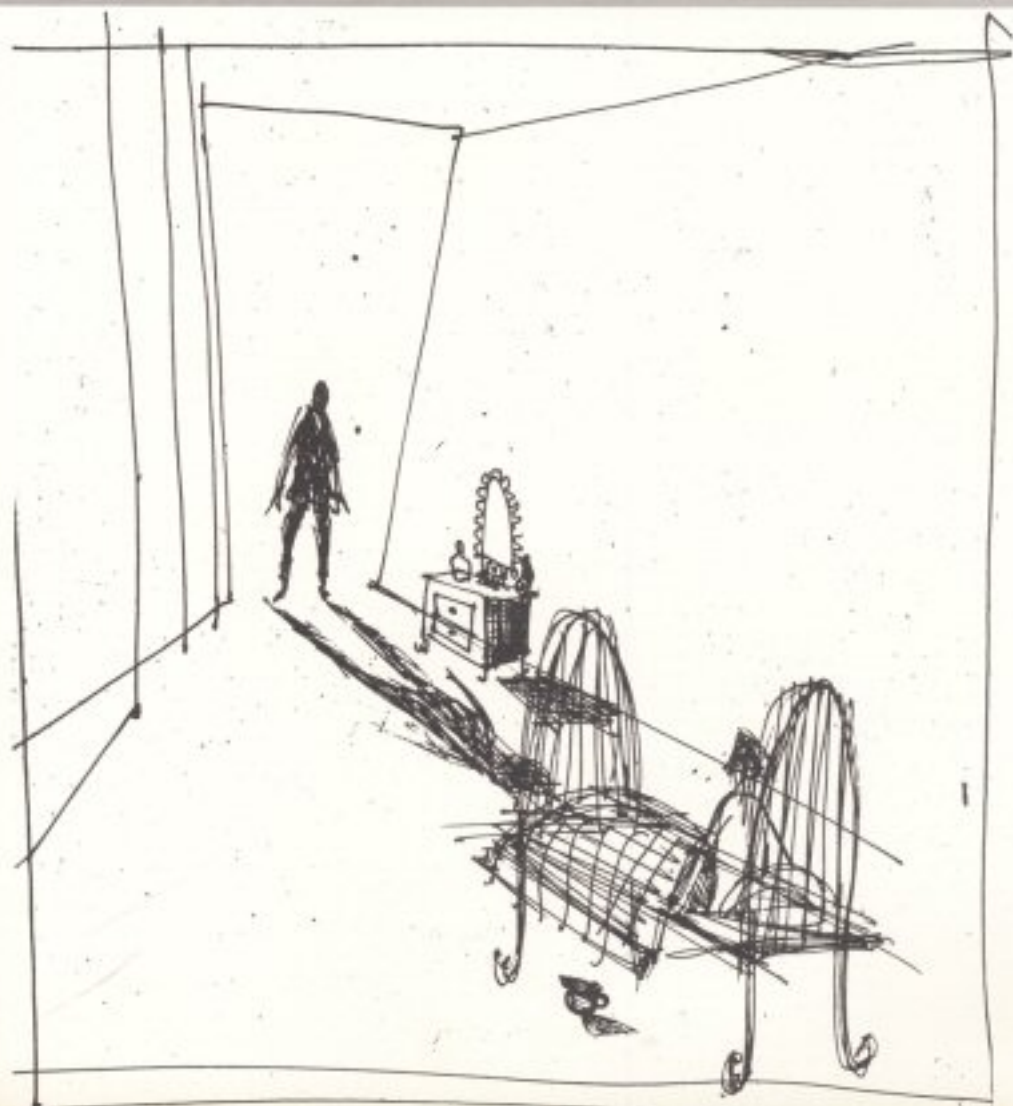
perous section of town. He did well in his work and all who knew him liked him. Mr. Roster left his wife at the building and she climbed the stairs to his office.

A tall man in a grey suit greeted her with, "Hello Mrs. Roster. I'm Dr. Laughton. Won't you come in and sit down."

From the very first moment she saw this man, Mrs. Roster thought that she remembered him from somewhere. His face looked very familiar and all during her talk with him, she kept trying to remember who he was. Suddenly as she was leaving, it came to her. A picture of a sandy beach and a high overhanging cliff came to her mind. Three children were playing on the cliff, unaware of the danger below—she, Ann Daton, only five years old, Barry Laughton, eight, and his three-year-old sister, Nora. Slowly in their play, they inched themselves towards the precipice. They were just a foot away from it when Ann tripped and, bumping into Nora, sent her crashing to her death in the waters below. She remembered getting up and seeing Barry's horrified face. She heard him say, "You've killed her, but I'll get back at you. I'll fix you for killing her. I'll get you if it's the last thing I do." She remembered running away crying to her mother.

Now the accident, forgotten for years, came back as clearly as if she were there all over again. She could see the cold hate in Barry Laughton's eyes as he said to her, "I'll get you," and yet she couldn't connect it with this man who stood before her now. When she looked at him with questioning eyes, he answered her unspoken question—"Yes, I'm the same Barry Laughton, but it's been almost thirty years now."

As she said goodbye, she didn't notice the slight cold smile, or his left hand clenching and unclenching.





Pastel by Author

# Man of Leather

Doris Flowerman '55

Howdy was nervous about meeting Eastern gals for the first time. It was the first time that we "Eastern gals" had ever met a cowboy. Neither knew exactly what to expect.

It was the night of our arrival, that first summer on the pack ranch. As the truck climbed further into the folds of the Rocky Mountains, the air grew cold. In the heart of the forest on the bank of a glacial river was our camp. The cookhouse looked comfortable and inviting. It was pleasantly warm inside.

Howdy stood leaning, wrangler-fashion, against the kitchen counter. He looked like a fugitive from a western travel folder. He wore a big brimmed "bonnet," a snap-button shirt, close-fitting faded levis, high-heeled boots and a chartreuse scarf around his neck. Occasionally his face was illuminated as he turned it toward the kerosene lamp that glowed and hissed from the ceiling above. Then I could see his rugged features and sharp eyes. Most of the time his face remained deep in shadow under the brim of his dusty hat. There was a legendary quality about him. He seemed apart from the world with which I was familiar.

The next summer his face came away out of the shadows on the very night of our arrival. His sharp-edged, half-Indian features were animated. His face was crowded with pleasure and emotion upon seeing old friends once more. I saw the long scar from eye to mouth that he had received in one of his rodeos.

He was a delightful mixture of storybook romance, tragedy and masculine charm. He had an amazing sensitivity to people. For these reasons, Howdy was as desirable to sophisticated New York femmes as he was to shy mountain girls. He acknowledged both in his usual charming way.

He was in a poor state of health. He had no money to provide for proper care. He had constant headaches, a bad cough and bad teeth. His bones always seemed to be mending from breaks received in a recent rough-and-tumble rodeo.

He was twenty-seven, but could have passed for forty. A great many hardships had been thrust upon him during the comparatively short period of adolescence and had followed him through adulthood. His weatherbeaten appearance and genuine air gave him some of the quality of fine worn leather.

Howdy was one man against the world and his bitterness came to light occasionally. He was part

Blackfoot and suffered unjustly for it. Yet he had a soft spot in his heart for anything good or innocent. I sensed a certain wistfulness about him when he spoke with any of us. We were his "children" and his concern for our welfare was touching. Almost greater was our concern for his welfare. We loved him and pitied him. He resented pity so we hid that from him . . . but it was there.

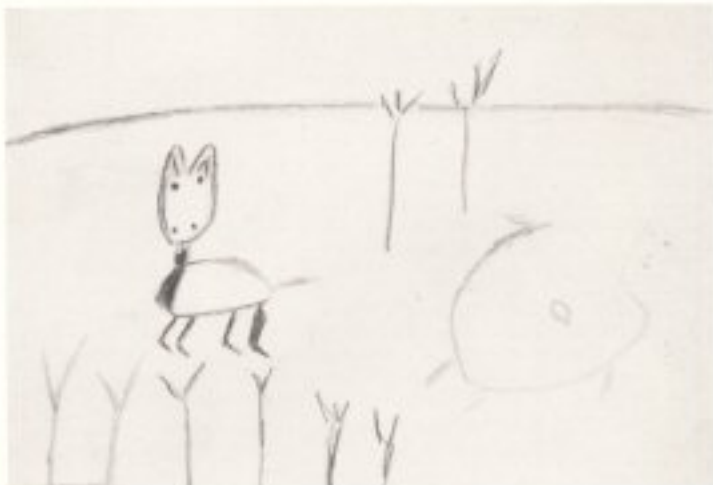
Howdy was just above illiteracy. In fact, his writing had improved over the winter with the letters he had written to us.

After lunch each day, we would take our cookies and Kool-Aid and gather 'round Howdy outside the cookhouse. Here he would sit propped against a pine tree while he sipped his black coffee. With half-closed eyes he would talk of the country "down home" and the rodeos of the past year.

Howdy lived only to fulfill a great dream. When he was younger and stronger he "made a good ride on a Brahma bull" in a rodeo. He had been striving ever since to equal . . . to surpass that record. But trial and error in a rodeo are not that simple. They mean broken bones and loss of strength. As a rodeo champ, Howdy could take his winnings, "quit rodeoin" before he got too broken up" and settle down on a nice-sized cattle ranch. Every year he said "Just four more years" as an habitual drunkard says "just one more for the road." We knew his weakness as well as he did. Howdy would continue rodeoing until it killed him or crippled him cruelly. He was addicted to it.

An incident that occurred the last time we saw Howdy left a mark upon us like the brand from a hot iron. It was the day of our departure from Montana. Before train time, Howdy drank just enough whiskey to fill the empty place in his heart that would be left when we were gone. He walked into a luncheonette on the main street of the hot western town. Once inside, he demanded service with the impatient clatter of a silver dollar on the counter. The waitress reached obligingly for the money and glanced at her customer simultaneously. Injun! She seemed to freeze. Silently she replaced the coin and turning, left him at the counter.

As for his ultimate fate, Howdy was outwardly indifferent to it. He simply said with a drawl and a slow grin "Mah mammy always tol' me ah'd die by hangin', someday."



Pencil drawing by Philip Lieberman, Grade 3

## The Kitten In The Bag

Sairlee Jones, Grade 2

When I was three years old it so happened that I needed a friend. My mother was going to the store and she said she might bring me a kitten. When she came back she had a bag of potatoes and a little kitten's head was sticking out of the top of the bag.

## Dancing

Paula O'Flynn, Grade 4

Yesterday at the Mardi Gras I did a Gypsy dance. I wore dangle ear rings, necklaces and bracelets, and wore a big scarf over my hair. Everybody said it was a pretty dress. The music, I think, was very fascinating and jazzy.

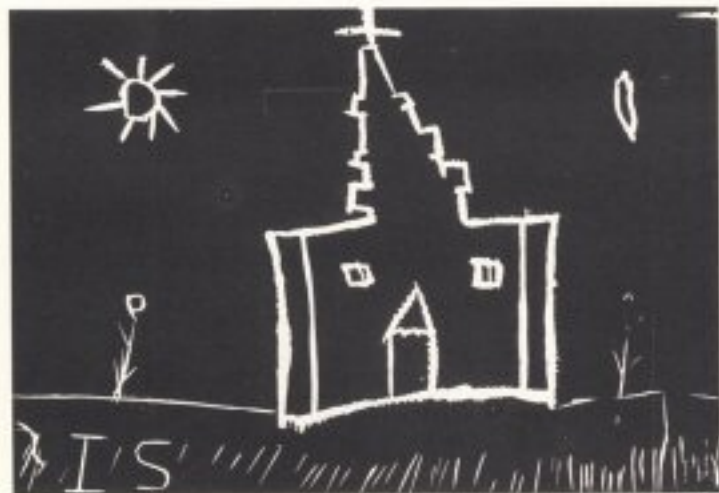
Betsy Busch also did a dance. The music sounded like butterflies flying. She wore a white ballet dancing costume. She looked very pretty and it was a wonderful dance.

The Chinese dance was very wonderful. It was done by Rita and Eileen Gins. Nancy Moore won the prize for her Scotch dance.

It turned out a lovely Mardi Gras.



Table by Seth Werner. Settings by Ellen Gallor, Betsy Busch, Judy Cunningham, Paula O'Flynn, Sally Ahrends.



Block print by Isabel Schancupp, Grade 2

## I Saw A Bird

Marilyn Halevi, Grade 5

I saw a bird sing so sweet,  
I loved to hear his little tweet,  
I looked and looked to see some more,  
Until it got to be a bore,  
Then I saw the bird was there,  
And sure enough he brought his pair.  
They sang to me a little song,  
Until I saw that they were gone.





Block print by Gail Blocker, Grade 5

Jaime Ferrelli  
Grade 3

Little brown rabbit hops over the field,  
Eating carrots as he hops over the field,  
Nibbling lettuce as he hops over the field,  
Little brown rabbit goes hippity hop.

Laura Lewenhof  
Grade 3

See the pretty snowflakes  
Falling from the sky,  
On the walk and house top,  
Soft and thick they lie.

Lizweimerein Grade I Marchy  
I used to have a very  
dee p voice. Now I sing  
so hig h.



Clay figures by Jack Silver and Linda Bell, Grade 6 and 8



Clay "handy" by Marc Halevi

### The Lumberjacks

Betsy Busch, Grade 4

The lumberjacks with pick and ax go on  
their busy way  
They gather their goods and camp in the  
woods far, far away  
In the early morning when the sun begins  
to rise  
The lumberjacks get up and chop until  
night  
When it is night and sun begins to set  
The lumberjacks rush and pitch their tents.

## The Box

Judie Furray '55

All she knew was that it was dark. Not the friendly, gentle dark that she had known and loved, but instead a cold, moving, eerie dark that made her want to curl up and hide. She drew her doll, her little baby, to her. The baby seemed to look at her and say: "Don't be afraid, Mama Lucy, I love you." But Lucy was afraid. Where were mama and papa and brother Peter? The big men with the guns had come and taken them away, and then left her here—alone . . . Why?

Mama said that people were good . . . but she was wrong! Good people don't take mamas from Lucys. Papa said that whenever she was afraid, she should pray to the Kind Man in Heaven (but not out loud 'cause the big men with guns don't like you to pray to God.) Papa was gone, too. Brother Peter was tall and handsome with an orange mustache that twitched when he was mad. He played with her sometimes . . . whenever he was home . . . but that was not often. He too was gone!

She looked around . . . the fire in the stove had gone out but she was too cold and afraid to get out of bed, and put some more wood on it. She liked the

fire 'cause it was bright and warm, and turned many colors.

Her tummy began to growl; she put her little hand on it and pressed hard . . . Ahh, but why worry . . . this happened often. She looked at the food shelf . . . only the flour. Mama made good things from flour, but she was gone.

She remembered one day Brother Peter had run into the house with a bump under his jacket. He was breathing hard and he was afraid. Mama and Papa had told her to go away and be quiet but she hid and watched . . . the bump was an iron box, with a wire and two pads of metal that you put over your ears. When you pressed a button, music and voices came out of the box! The voices said things she didn't understand but the music . . . Ahh! the music! It was gay and warm, like the fire.

She told her friend Paula about it, and Paula told her parents, and the big men with guns had come and taken Mama, Papa and Peter . . . and now she was alone . . .

## Autumn

Nancy Finkelstein '56

Yesterday, as I peered through the icy glass of the study hall window, I noticed that summer had finally come to a pleasant, peaceful end. The dogwood's leaves were transformed into an array of sparkling rubies by the morning sun, the linden had not yet changed its citron and emerald color, and the maples were radiant in their vivid maroon, canary, and russet foliage. Later, during the afternoon, I decided on a walk through the woods in the vicinity of the campus. As I walked through a grove of towering

maples, exuberantly absorbing the cool, nippy air and the wondrous colors nature had wrought, a startled chipmunk dashed for cover through the terracotta of the fallen leaves. A saucy grey squirrel busily preparing for the winter to come, scampered up a gnarled old oak, to be out of sight in seconds. The bare branches of some of the trees made a sharp black silhouette against the mother-of-pearl sky. Two white pines stood out against the other trees like blue-green sentinals.

## The Piece of Yarn

Betsy Lemberg '54

The wind whistled through the broken dirty windowpane and into a room which was dank and dirty. In the far corner, a little girl sat huddled, a glazed look in her eyes. She was playing aimlessly with a piece of yarn as she hummed little snatches of a tune. On the street below the window, some children played a game of tag among the overflowing trash cans which lined the curb. Across the street, a window opened and a shrill voice pierced the child's thought. Slowly, she got up and wandered into the hall. Solemnly she stood before a mirror there, and continued to play with the piece of yarn. Again the piercing voice shrilled forth and the child shivered for it seemed that the voice was following her. She came

closer to the mirror and began to laugh softly, softly then hysterically. She dangled the yarn in front of her face and blew at it. Still she laughed and then suddenly was silent. She ran to the window and looked down at the children below pleadingly. One little boy saw her at the window and pointed, jeering. The rest of the children began to laugh and tease. Slowly the tears fell from her eyes. She could not grasp the meaning of the children's words. All she knew was that they were mean words, words which were meant to hurt. Then suddenly the hurt was forgotten. The slightly hysterical laugh returned and as she walked across the room she began, once again, to pluck the piece of yarn.

## Discussion, Difficult and Belligerent

from Senior Class book reviews of "Catcher in the Rye"

by J. D. Salinger

Adolescence is a time of searching; searching for right, for wrong, for love and for a purpose in life. Within the figure of Holden Caulfield was some part with which each of us could, and did, identify ourselves. He personified youth! Youth with all its unhappiness and uncertainty! We are told that these years are the best years of our lives, yet looking at Holden, this is hard to believe. Some day, we may look back and laugh. Today, each mountain we have to cross is a high one, and the searching must be satisfied.

Betsy Lemberg

Holden Caulfield is in some ways like any other youth in the world. He is looking for an answer to the "whys?" of life, for an understanding of people's actions. Eugene in "Look Homeward Angel" begins to realize what he is looking for only after his brother dies, Erickson in "The Cruel Sea" develops a new awareness when his ship is bombed and he is stranded with his crew in a lifeboat, but Holden is unique in that he has always known what he is looking for. We find our answers by living, the wiser ones by trying to learn by the mistakes of the old, but all of us, from experience. "Catcher In The Rye" says something for all who have felt a sense of struggle, for although he doesn't realize his potential or his purpose, Holden shows us our system and we see ourselves in both Holden and the picture he has painted.

Ginger Chodorov

Discussion on this book, in class, has been quite meager and shallow but not without merit. The subject matter is too close to us, and therefore we cannot be objective about its characters, their actions, ways of speaking, mannerisms, and thoughts. We, as a group of adolescents, are on the defensive when discussing the book, a fact which makes discussion difficult and belligerent when it occurs.

Rhoda Gordon

Holden is a very mixed-up kid; he is too old to be a child and too young to be mature. Every young person has difficulties in his stages of adolescence, some can surmount them easily, and some with hardship, but some get completely lost.

Raymond Senehi

The world in a gathering tempo is becoming a smaller place. Peaceful places uncluttered by the turmoil of society are few and far apart. Holden Caulfield's natural problems, as well as those of any sensitive youth, are very much intensified by the complex and jungle quality of our society. His is a tragic struggle, the struggle to reconcile perfection and the ideal with a sometimes brutal reality.

Richard Kovner

Holden Caulfield shares with all adolescents that desperate in-betweenness when males are neither men nor boys; females neither women nor girls. The book evokes in the reader a real understanding of the wonderfully terrible struggle that the adolescent of today must go through.

Jerry Straus





Water color by Jerry Straus '54

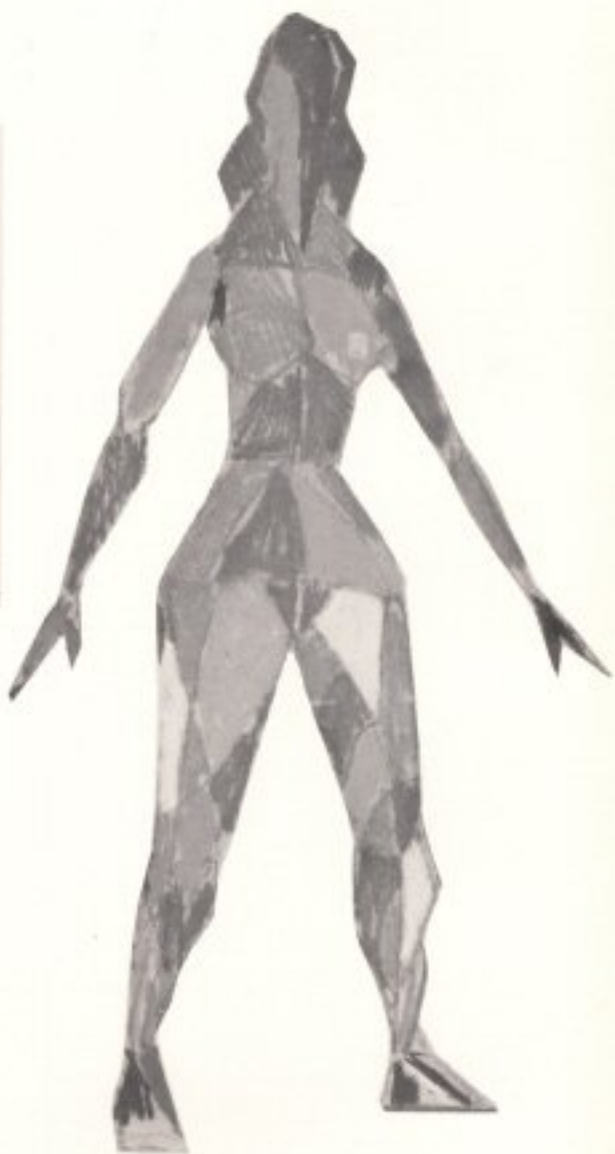


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Dorothy Bocala, Grade 8





Water color by Rachel Brown '54



Pastel by Sven-Bertil Taube '54

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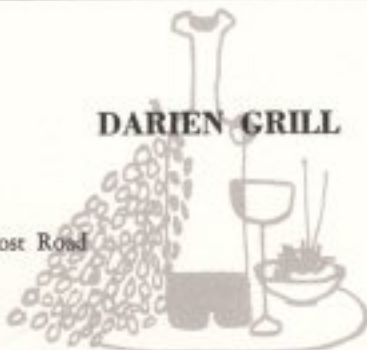
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