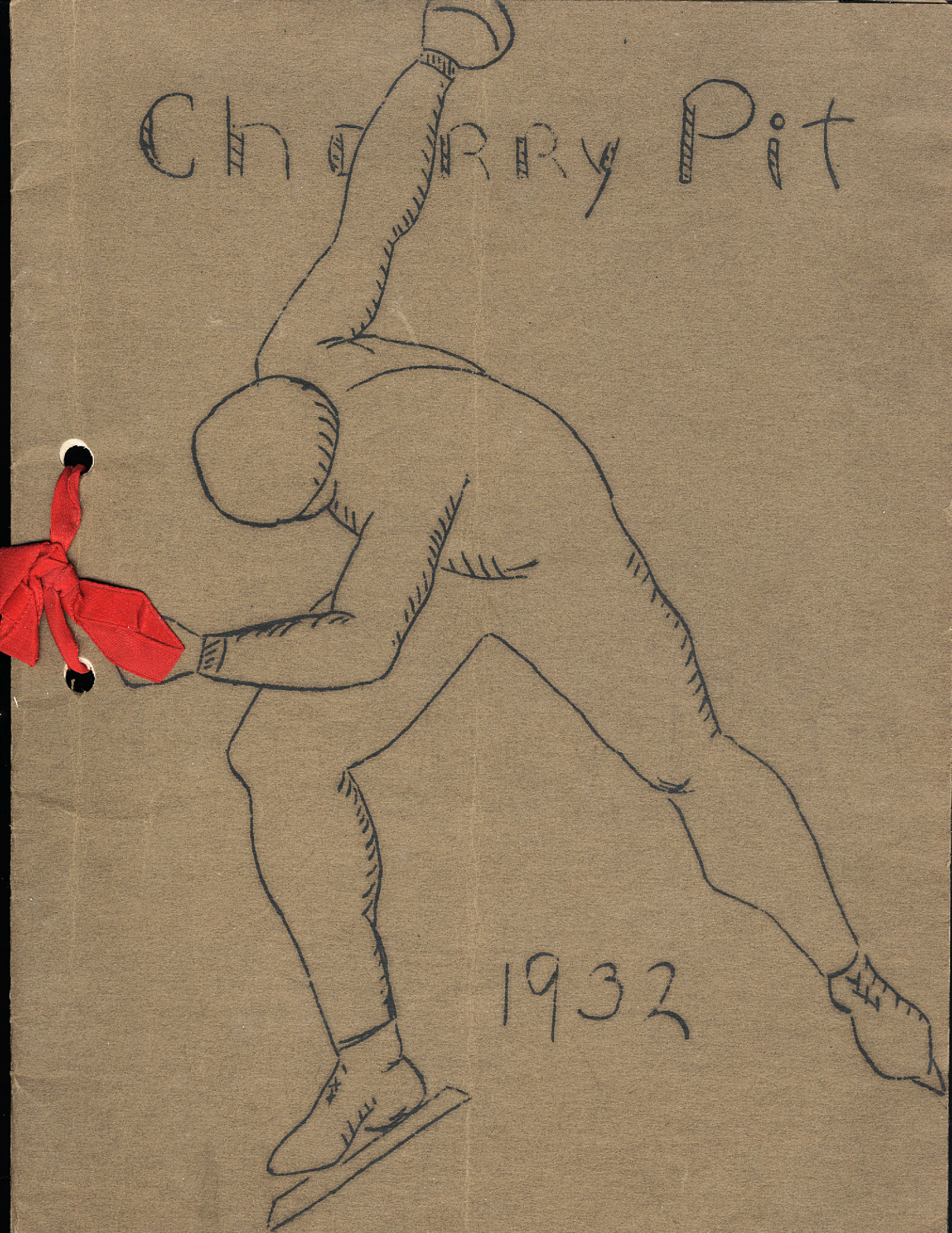


Cherry Pit



1932

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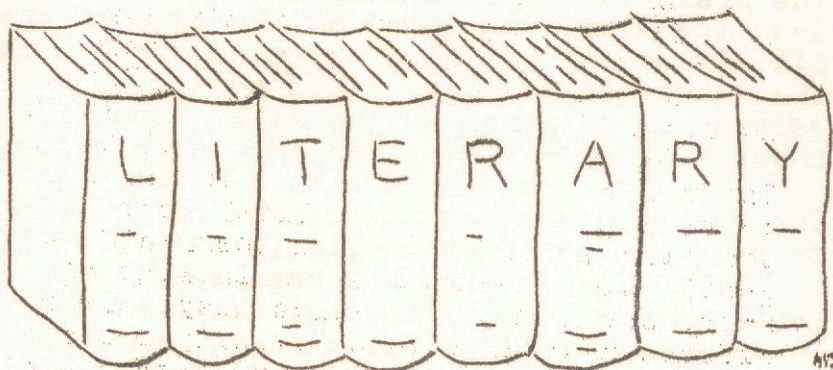
David Weil

EDITORIAL

In a secondary school of the type of Cherry Lawn culture is necessarily emphasized more than in those schools which are merely factories of college material. More stress has been placed upon classes which are outside the normal curriculum of the usual high school.

It must be admitted that there is a great strain upon the upper classes who see college as their immediate goal. They are likely to neglect opportunities of broadening their view and widening their social outlook. In other years, it seems to us, the upper school, with few exceptions, has either studied so much or so little that they have been blind to this essential portion of our activities.

The seniors of this past year have done their best not to lose sight of the cultural side of life while working for college. They hope this attitude will be transmitted to those classes following.



THE QUARRY

"Hey, ma!" he called. "I'm going over to Charley's quarry. I'll be back for supper." He listened, and just caught her faint assent as it drifted down from the attic.

It was a broiling summer day. He could look across the flat Ohio plain, unbroken by hill or tree, to where the sun glittered on the tin roofs of the quarry buildings. It was a Saturday afternoon; the quarry would be almost deserted. As a matter of fact, there never were very many men there. Charley was lazy; he had enough to live on and sort of let the thing run itself.

He wondered, as he walked up the road, if they would be using the cars. The railroad was the one thing that Charley really cared about. He had a couple of cute, little engines and a fleet of dump-cars. What had Will told him that day in class? Something about the Lucas and Southeastern? He smiled. Many times he had heard the grown-ups joke about the railway, giving it names a mile long, and now Charley really was going to name it himself.

He didn't like to go right into the quarry, as he knew none of the men who worked there, so he went around and climbed the hill behind it. There he could lie on his stomach and watch the men, small and crawling, below him in the quarry.

This afternoon, when he finally reached the summit, the pit seemed empty. The sun glared on the blocks of limestone which were scattered around. The tracks of the railroad, with a few empty cars on them, led away down

the plain. No sign of a human. He scrambled down the cliff and stood on the edge of the pit. It was as yet shallow, since for years the owners of the quarry had contented themselves with digging at the hill. Recently, however, Charles's foremen had begun mining.

He didn't spend much time at the pit. The railroad was his objective. He had longed to ride in one of those little cars ever since the narrow gauge line had been laid. With its gentle slope down to the main line of the Big Four, seven or eight miles away, the railroad offered a wonderful opportunity for a ride. He had often thought of jumping into one of the little cars and rolling down the long slope. This afternoon he would have his wish.

The little cars stood on the other side of the shallow bowl. He walked around and, after taking a good look about him, jumped into one of the cars, just to see what it would do. It didn't move. Getting out, he found a rock under the front wheels. "I don't want to ride in that car," he thought. "I want the one furthest down the hill, with nothing to stop it." Most of the cars had been put on a siding, those few at the top of the hill were the only ones he could see on the main track. Choosing the one with no obstruction between it and the main line, he pulled the rock from under its wheels and laboriously pushed the car up the hill till it rested beside the pit. Then he gave it as much of a push as he could and hopped in. It started down the slope, gaining speed slowly. The car was very heavy, but when it finally did get going, it rolled about three quarters of a mile from the quarry. The boy enjoyed every second of the ride. He felt the wheels moving under him, saw the track gliding away behind him. It was as good as having a train to yourself. He didn't get out until he was perfectly sure the car had stopped.

As he clambered out, he felt the difference in the temperature. He was back again in a hot June afternoon. The track stretched before him perfectly level, behind him it rose in a gentle curve to the quarry buildings and the cut away face of the hill.

The ride had been exciting, but in order to get another he'd have to push the car up the hill again. He looked it over. It was made of thick

steel plates, and pushing it up the hill would be a slow job. Some letters on the side of the car attracted his eye. They were stenciled small but with red paint. "Lucas and Southeastern Railway" he read. "Whow!" he whistled, "Charley certainly laid it on thick that time." He smiled at the battered car and the rough narrow gauge track. "Still," he thought, "He may be going to make something of it."

A figure shimmering in the sun appeared at the top of the track and shouted something. The boy stared at it a second, shading his eyes. Then he turned his back on the car and walked home across the fields.

When he got in the house, he shouted upstairs, "Ma! Guess what Mr. Langley has done...."

2

Mr. Langley sat in his office with his coat off. When he was alone he was no stickler for form. His desk was covered with sheets of paper, and the papers were covered with figures. Mr. Langley was an able business man, but he was not good at doing sums in his head. He was estimating the cost of a trip to California for himself and his family. He had relatives there who had invited him for Christmas.

Christmas was a long way off, but so was California. He was accounted a well-to-do man in Lucas, but his bank balance would bring him to California and let him stay there. "I wish I had sold that damned quarry," he thought, "It's a waste, and ties up enough cash to start a bank on." Would he have to stick in town all during Christmas? He took up one of the sheets he was writing on and idly glanced at it. "Another waste, this letter head, that paper." Lucas and Southeastern, Chas. Langley, Pres. gleamed golden from the paper. Suddenly Mr. Langley sat upright in the chair. An idea had struck him. One of his more intimate friends and critics would have said, "And id a of doing someone out of something." All in a nice way, of course.

Mr. Langley put on his coat, swept all the papers into the waste basket, put on his straw hat, and walked out, leaving the door open behind him. Five minutes later he turned into a printing office of Joe Ludlow.

That sitting out with Charley Langley was attended by great secrecy within his own family. Everybody else in town knew he was going to California for Christmas, and now didn't bother them. A few jokes were made, small trifling jokes. Maybe Charley was leaving from necessity, not choice. Maybe he didn't like the judge of the County Court. And so forth.

Charley himself was in good humor. He had resolutely kept his secret from his wife. She was frankly puzzled. She knew he couldn't afford a trip to Los Angeles, and she knew he knew it. She tried to get him to tell her how he would manage it, but he was adamant. Finally he quieted her with a promise. "When we're on the train," he said.

When he boarded the train without having bought a ticket, she didn't doubt his ability, but was still more puzzled. "Is he going to hold up the train?" she thought. The transcontinental express stopped at Lucas for the first time in many a year. Charley and his family were the passengers, the sole passengers. His wife did not know that Charley had telephoned the railroad.

When they were safe in their section, Mr. Langley solemnly took out his wallet. He opened it, showing a tremendous number of little slips of paper, finely engraved. He handed one to his wife.

"The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad," she read, "extends the privileges of the road to President Charles G. Langley of the Lucas and Southeastern Railroad. Signed, Pres. Walter Hellen, September 5, 1890." "How did you do it Charley?"

Mr. Langley beamed. "I can go anywhere on the face of the United States," he said, "I had Ludlow print about two hundred of these passes and sent 'em to every railroad in the country. I offered the other presidents the courtesy of my road, and they gave me the courtesy of theirs. So here we are on our way to California, free of all fare. I may have to pay the Pullman, but we can afford that, don't you think?"

MY CHAUCER

"A Sargent of law, war and wys,"
Who, at least to my surmise,
Was a crooked, money-craving thief,
Who'd stop at nothing, and bring to grief
Those whose hearts are free from guilt,
For the sake of a greasy dollar bill.
In years he was all of seventy-one,
so to call him old was far from wrong.
In laws he could find technicalities
Enough to make hot water freeze.
He would steal from a child its candy
stick
And hit a man who was weak and sick.
He was no Boy Scout as is easily seen,
His deeds would make a yellow man green.
In all, he was no honest man, and he belong-
ed in jail.
And now because my paper's short, "Telle
I no longere tale."

"There was also a doctour of phisic"
Who of hospital odors did reek.
He was, however, a well-monoyed man,
Who on all liquors solemnly passed ban.
In this respect, and this respect alone,
Was he a man who had nought to atone,
For with the pharmacists he had made bar-
gains
So that each shared the sick man's gains.
Of medicine he knew but very little,
For his tastes ranged in cakes, from
sponge to griddle.
His office was bedecked with magazines
That showed all the gruesome medical
scenes,
There were but few to make his patients
happy.
His nurse was blonde, fair-figured, and
snappy,
Thus men would be attracted by that act-
ress,
And he would much enlarge his practice.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in specie.

Herbert Degen

THE VANISHING HORSE

Not so long ago, over the western plains of this country, herds of wild horses thundered. Wild and free, untouched by human hands, they went their way, over their kingdom of broken hills, small woods, and open desert, they came and went as they pleased.

Then from the east, slowly but surely, civilization pushed forward. Bit by bit, it took possession of their land, driving the glorious beasts back further and further.

And as man came, he captured the wild horses, took him from his wild and free life and put him in harness to spend the rest of his life in slavery to man.

Then a greater power took the traces from him. The Steam Engine! The horse lost his value, until now we speak of the once beautiful creature as "the vanishing horse."

Sheldon Harte

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF CHERRY LAWN

I trudged along, rifle in hand and the last of a ham-sandwich in my pocket. Sniffing the air, I thought I smelled danger, put three more bullets in my rifle and motioned my faithful Oktus Paukkes (scientific name for a cheese hound) to my side. I picked my way gingerly through the cow pasture and to the woods behind the shack called a barn.

As the smell of danger grew fainter, I let my rifle drop to a 1,000,000 degree angle. To my utmost surprise, at my side an enormous animal jumped out of a small shrub. He, she or it, was black and white, had a long face with two huge nostrils out of which buckets of what looked like whipped cream poured. Its tail formed a propeller behind it. It had two huge spikes on its head. It charged on at the enormous speed of forty-five miles a week. I stood stock still in bewilderment at what I saw, for behind it came what seemed to be a "lion". Now a lion has never been known to chase this freak of animal. (I do not know its name and have never heard of it). As I was saying the "lion" was chasing this animal all around, I in turn, chased the "lion" (picture me) who chased the something who chased my Oktus Paukkes who had gone mad and was chasing me. After a few hours of strenuous exercise the "lion" got tired, and the Oktus got tired and the something got tired, so we all sat down to rest.

David Schneider

The Experience of a Judge

I was coming down from Canada after I had spent my summer vacation and my money there. I had with me a nice string of pearls, intended for my wife, and as even I am human, I did not relish the idea of paying duty on a string of pearls worth \$2000.

With all my usual stupidity I failed to declare them, and as I was waiting for my turn to be inspected at the border, I realized that I must get rid of them. I saw a nice-looking old lady, whom I had met that summer, standing on the other side of a guard-rail. She had passed inspection: so I asked her if she would hold my pearls while I was being inspected. She said that she would, I gave them to her and awaited my turn.

When I got through and asked her for the necklace, she would not give it me, and claimed that it was hers. I argued with her for an hour, but that did not help me recover the pearls.

When, a few months later, I was sitting on the bench waiting for the next case to come up, I received a shock, for I saw this very lady's name on the list of cases I was to try.

She had been held for attempting to pass a necklace through the customs. I listened carefully to both defense and prosecution, and then pronounced her guilty. I sentenced her to a term in jail and confiscated the pearls.

Now my wife is wearing the pearls, and I am still condemning people to jail. If Mr. Seabury should hear of this, I should probably be in jail, and Mrs. Seabury would be wearing the pearls.

Arthur Mendelson

LE PATINAGE

Le patinage nous donne beaucoup de joie!
Mais hélas! comme il fait froid!
Les mains nous gèlent, les pieds aussi,
Mais cet exercice nous rendra jolies.

Le temps était très lumineux et clair,
J'ai patiné avec mon frère.
La glace était trop mince et nous l'avons
percée,
A la maison nous sommes courues, trempées.
Nan et Edith

SATIRE

I cannot
stand poetry written like
this. It is the most meaningless
stuff

Ever written.
The lines are all of
diff-

erent length. Words are always sep-
arated in the middle. This
style may be modern; it may be a
revival of something old, but
to me it is just a lot
of words.

Having just read the pre-
ceding fragment to a confrere he in-
forms me that

E.

P.

A.

does not approve of
this sort of
junk; which seems
to justify my opinion.
To write this sort of
stuff

one has to be in
adolescence or
else very lazy(
why lazy I don't know, but
why write this kind of poetry
?

)

People who have no real poetic ability
write like this, because all it means is
writing a story and beating it up into
small bits. Of course many times it couldn'
t be a story because there's no plot.

(

If written all together
the poetry would
appear as above.

)

Ah!

I can picture
someone with an an-
gelic, cherubic countenance who tries

to be Bohemian
and
in her misconception of Bohemianism
writes like this

{
That snatch almost sounded serious,
didn't it?

)
And
just think, here
I've written two and a half
pages, while in ordinary prose form
it would only be a page or
so.

Which gives me a clue to why some
people may observe this style
of
literature.

I begin to
think
that if I go much
farther along this line of thought
I will get too
bitter, so
I believe I
will end
here.

Richard Youdin

PATRON-NOT CUSTOMER

I have often heard the older generation tell stories of the first street railroad in Harrisburg. In those days trolleys had a flimsy sort of superstructure instead of the clean lithe pole used at present. They were a great novelty, and when the line was first put in it was a great success for two days. Every one rode on the trolley, just to see what it was like, and then resumed his daily walk.

The company was a bit discouraged, but persevered. They put tempting advertisements in the paper. Their clientele still consisted of old ladies and children with a nickel to spend.

With this state of affairs, courtesy was naturally the watchword. Then one of my un-

cles was a little boy he was taking his sister back home from down town. He remembered having seen in the paper that children under seven would be carried free of charge. Wishing to give his little sister a thrill he waited for a car, and taking her to it, told the motorman where to put her off. When the man asked for the fare, my uncle pointed out that the notice in the paper said such and such. And the motorman carried her. "Just this once," he said.

These ancient motormen, far from being the gruff tyrants of to-day, were as obliging cavaliers as you could wish.

If you had a suitcase with you, or a heavy parcel, they would stop in front of your house and help you carry it in. This sounds like a fairy tale, but those were leisurely days. The next car was an hour away, and help you carry it in. This sounds like a fairy tale, but those were the leisurely days. The next car was an hour away, and he didn't have any particular schedule to make.

One more story. A Mrs. Shaker was going to a concert on a cold winter's night. She stopped the polite trolley in front of her house and got in. The car was heated "Why wait a moment," she exclaimed to the motorman. I think my mother will come if she knows how warm the car is." He waited, and she brought her mother.

The motormen of today-how different. Good fellows, no doubt. They are ever hurried and under-paid. And then the psychology of the thing. Years ago the motormen and employees knew they were in a developing industry-they saw a glorious future ahead. But now, street railway lines going into bankruptcy, busses coming in. No wonder the employees of Connecticut Co. are a bit soured.

Joel Dirlam

THE SINECURE (BEFORE THE DEPRESSION)

"A rather soft job," said the sage, "Paying About ten thousand a year, is that of a Business psychologist." In answer to his Disciple, who had not understood its Nature, he replied,

"A business psychologist is that breed of Rotarian, who in order to speed up Production Goes about in a Factory, painting red Handles green."

Adele Weil

RAISIN' HELL

It so happened that on the particular day on which our story opens, Miss Lynne Richardson, a young girl of, let us say, twenty summers, was preparing a company dinner and found that she lacked that most essential ingredient — raisins. Our young miss, being of a very meticulous nature, simply wouldn't hear of a company dinner without them, — and who would have? So, throwing her coat about her, Lynne went in quest of the above-mentioned commodity. On arriving, very much out of breath, at the railroad tracks, she saw to her dismay a train standing there. Being in too much of a hurry about her raisins, and fearing that she would return too late to have the dinner ready for her guests, she promptly decided to pass through the train. Just as she reached the uppermost step, the train started. As she was a very timid and dignified young girl, she was afraid to jump off. The train gradually gained momentum. Now what could dear Miss Richardson do in this predicament but ride to the next station, which was five miles away. She sat down comfortably in one of the vacant seats. After she had enjoyed the scenery for about ten minutes, a very corpulent but by no means gentle conductor appeared to collect the fare. Much to her embarrassment, our heroine had nothing with which to pay him. The conductor refused to listen to reason and put Lynne in the embarrassing situation of literally being kicked off the train. When she gained her --- composure, so to speak, she started the long distance home via her pedal extremities, thinking morosely of her guests — She must reach the "old homestead" before they came — Just then the sound of an auto horn behind her broke rudely in upon her bitter meditations. Soon a man in a small roadster drew up beside her.

"Want a lift?" he called.

"Er --- yes, please," she answered, somewhat hesitant.

"Hop in."

Lynne would certainly have scorned such an offer, but this was an emergency to cope with — so she flung convention to the winds.

She scrambled into the front seat, and

they were off. They stopped in the town for the all-important raisins, and when these had been purchased, they proceeded to her home. Lynne graciously thanked the handsome stranger and ran up the steps two at a time. When she had rapidly supplied the decorative raisins to the cake, she went to her bedroom to dress.....

The dinner was a huge success, none of the company guessing that anything had been amiss. Our hostess's thoughts, however, lingered on the attractive "masculine" who had brought her home. His name was Richard Marshall — a minor detail — but she kept repeating: "Dick, Dick" to herself, quite childishly.

The phone rang — Lynne answered it and smiled.

Jane Kosak

* * *

If I Were a Movie Star

If I could be a movie star,
I'd have to travel very far
To Hollywood where the movies are.

But I wouldn't mind the trip a bit,
Because I hope at the end of it
I'd find myself a Hollywood hit.

Then you'd see my name in the Broadway
light,
Shining brightly in the night
In bulbs of yellow, green and white.

I know I would regret
If I hadn't studied. Yet
I'm doing that, you bet.

Grace Lippman

* * *

A Sailor's Life

It was a dark, cold day,
The sun had passed away,
It had set behind a cliff of grayish snow.

In the water cold and blue
A ship lay close hove to,
And her sailors all slept soundly down
below.

Then with a sudden roar
The ship it broke from shore,
But still the sailors slept a sleep so
sound

That before they even knew,
The ship was torn in two.
And all of them were miserably drowned.

Jack Rabb

Sonnet to Nikki

You stretch a velvet paw in half disdain.
Oh what a smooth, sleek beauty you possess.
You quiver with content at each caress —
(What feline wisdom lurks within that brain?)

And yet, those gentle strokings seem profane,
A touch would soil such pearly cleanliness.
You eyes of green, half-slit but still alert
An inadvertent move will disconcert:—

I try to keep my equilibrium....
— Your tail sways like a rhythmic pendulum
This way and that, a constant to and fro,

Desirous to escape but loath to go —
And then, with base ingratitude to me,
You turn the traitor, dash for liberty!

Nan Emanuel

Junior Rhyme

We love to stick tacks
Into Julie Sachs,
And nails that are bent
Into Gracie Kent.

A devoted Junior

EXPERIENCES

As I was sitting in front of a fire suddenly sparks fly out and I see a big white hill. I am standing on the top of it with my chum and his sister. The girl is afraid to go down, but we finally coax her to go down. As the sled starts she holds on to me. I am steering. We go down the hill at a terrific speed, and soon we skim over the frozen lake. Suddenly I hear a crack.

We roll off as quickly as possible, but it is too late. Luckily for us it is shallow and we wade to shore. Then we start to cry, the girl crying the loudest. Soon a man picks us up and takes us home. I am put to bed for a week. Now I am in Florida with the Kranz's. I see myself falling into a pool. I see myself getting left on a street car, and riding out to the end of the line before discovering it. I see the college boys throwing rocks at the house next to us, a police raid that followed. The scene changes. It is a few years later. I am in a large city. The climate is warm, so there is no snow. I am seated on a curb stone with my friends, a boy passes by. We have a hurried conversation on what we are to do to that boy. He becomes suspicious, and begins to run, but we are too quick. One of my friends sticks out his foot in front of him and he falls to the pavement, rolling on to the grass. We are on him in an instant. He sees that he is cornered, and becomes nice and submissive. We take him to the club house and prepare him for the ordeal by telling him of all the tortures we know. He tries to look brave, but it is too much for him, so he contents himself by the fact that he will be avenged. We are ready to tie him up to a tree when the maid tells us to stop. The prisoner silently says his prayers. He is unbound and walks away with an air of nonchalance, but when a good distance away runs for his dear life. In a few days we feel his avengers strongly. I am standing in front of my house. He walks by as bait. I cannot resist the temptation so I go tauntingly near him. Suddenly I am seized from behind, and find his big brother on me. I quickly struggle away

THREE MONKS

Three monks in cassocks bore away
A man who had died on his wedding day.
He had courted his bride full many
a year.
They had walked in the summer was near.
They had walked where the crickets
the moon serenaded,
Where the jack-in-the-pulpit the fox-
glove upbraided.
When the maid had consented to be
his bride;
In joy exulting the man had died.

Three monks in cassocks bore away
A man who had died on his wedding day.
Bore him through the cathedral dim,
By flickering tapers at the chancel rim.
Down the gloomy nave with its black-
ened pews,
Through a haze of bigoting, mystical views.
Said the foremost monk to the other
two,
"The sinful wretch got his rightful due."

Three monks in cassocks bore away
A man who had died on his wedding day.
They dug his grave by the churchyard
wall,
Where in the spring the blossoms would
fall.
The monks then returned to their
aves and chants,
And the smothered emotions religion in-
plants.
Said the foremost monk to the other
two,
"The sinful wretch got his rightful due."

Joel I. Warren

The strain on one's cranium's
quite terrific.
Why must Adele be so specific?
She wants four lines
And I'm not prolific.

Nan Emanuel

A VISION

I am sitting half asleep before the fire, staring into the bright flames. The flames suddenly seem to change shape, the logs begin to fade away, and I am fully awake, sitting on a chair that I had taken from somewhere, intently watching a bright red ball that hangs in the air. The walls and fireplace recede, and I am out in the open beneath a studded sky, sitting cross-legged on the ground, staring at the sphere which has changed from scarlet to white. The ball grows larger, the side nearest me becomes transparent, and through it I see strange pictures slowly moving about. The ball expands suddenly and covers me. I am irresistably drawn toward one of the strange figures. I touch, but I feel nothing. Now that I pass into it, a strange feeling comes over me.

* * *

I see a boy lying under a tree, looking up at the sky. I wonder what he is looking at, and I too look up. At first I see nothing, then suddenly a long, black object with flames shooting from one end flashes by with terrific speed, darting upward at a sharp angle. It grows smaller and smaller, then it vanishes, and I see only the flames which become larger and rounder. I am again gazing at a bright sphere. Then suddenly I remember. Many times I have stared at that ball, some time in the past, in a place which was not on this earth. Flickering, the sphere changes shape, and I am again staring at the fire on the hearth. But I have had a brief moment of knowledge of the world in which I have lived in a forgotten past, and which, something within me says, I shall visit again in the undreamed-of future.

Leonard Jaffe

NOCTURNE

The trees rustle softly,
The leaves echo my sigh.
The moon whimpers quietly;
That crystal star is my tear.

Joan Wallace



TWO LITTLE CHILDREN

There were two children. One was a boy and the other was a girl. One day they said, "Let us go for a walk." So they went for a walk in the woods. On the way they began to grow tired so they went to sleep and they dreamed that it was Christmas morning, and they woke up and heard a noise so they ran in the living room and on the couch was a basket with a little red ribbon, so they went to the couch and opened the little basket and out popped a little white head. They were so happy because they were wishing for a puppy and now they had one.

Loona Weisner

FIVE DOGS

There are Sixty and Seppie and Penny
and Peat,
And Foxy, the female, and boy! How they
eat.
They eat all the garbage, and fight for
the meat,
This Sixty and Sep, Foxy, Penny and Peat.

Andrew Starr

CHERRY LAWN

One Sunday, January 3, 1932, I came up in my uncle's car with my mother and father. I was very excited, because I was going to boarding school. The next morning I was very happy. After breakfast, when I had made my bed and

fixed my locker, I went to class. I liked to sit outside instead of sitting in a classroom inside a big school-house with a lot of children, and it is so hot you can hardly breathe. One of my classes was science, and we made salt crystals. We did not have science in the other school. But there are other reasons why I like this school better.

Inez Morse

A Brave Deed

Betty and Bob were rolling along in their splendid carriage. It was winter, and the streets were covered with mud and slush. They were used to seeing all the mud and snow, but they didn't have to walk in them. (They were very grateful for that.) They were very well known and had many friends. Suddenly Betty said, "Bob, did it ever occur to you that everyone does not possess the fine luxuries, the carriage and the horse, that we do, and all the other things that we enjoy?" Bob thought a moment. "No," he said bluntly. "Well," said Betty, "look over there." And she prodded her head in the direction of a woman. "She looks as if she were half frozen to death, poor soul," he said. "Well, what are you worrying about an old beggar woman for?" asked Bob. "As long as we're not out there, what do we care?" "Oh, but Bob, I do care!" said Betty. "Just think how you would feel if you were frozen with the cold." "I don't want to think," he said roughly. "Let's go back."

As Bob was the older, he usually had command over Betty, so they turned back. They rolled up the big, beautiful driveway of their house. "Hello, children," a kind voice greeted them. It was mother. "Hello mom," said Bob as he flung off his coat and hat. "Hello mother," said Betty as she took off her things and hung them up on the rack. "Betty dear," said mother, "is something on your mind?" "Yes," said Betty. And then she told her mother the whole story, how she had tried to persuade him to take the old lady home, and everything else. When she had finished, mother, with tears in her eyes for the old woman, said, "I'll see to everything."

Then she whispered something in Betty's ear. "Now run along upstairs," she said. Betty ran up to her room, and shut the door. She and Bob sat on the bed and talked. What went on behind that door you shall learn from the fact that the next day they started out in their carriage to get the old woman. They had some difficulty in finding her, but finally they saw her standing in front of a baker's shop, staring in at the hot buns, greedily. They got out of the carriage and walked over to her. As they approached, she looked at them with a hungry look in her eyes. Now they saw her features plainly. She had large, hollow brown eyes, a pug nose, and a sweet little mouth. She looked like a good-natured person, but one who could flare up once in a while. They had hard work persuading her to come with them, but finally they made her understand that they would not hurt her. So very hesitantly she stepped into the carriage, and they started for home. On the way she was not very familiar with them. When they got home, Betty's mother greeted the strange lady kindly. It was a long time before she got used to everything. One day about seven months after the time when they took Sylvia Morten home with them, Sylvia said to the children: "Do you remember when you first picked me up in the street?" "Yes," said the children in one breath.

Sylvia had become their nurse, and she loved them both. After her work was done around the house, she would sit on the floor beside the fire with Betty and Bob, and they would tell stories. But the story they all loved the best was the story of the time when they had first seen Sylvia, and then she would go on to tell the story of her life before they found her. None of them ever got tired of either of those stories. Now I will leave them sitting around the fire.

Doreen Livingston

Always Be Kind

Once upon a time there were two little children. They were brother and sister, but they were very different. The little boy was kind-hearted, while the girl was unkind.

One day when they were going out to play, their mother asked them to go to the store. The little boy was glad to go, but his little sister began cry and said that it would spoil her fun. So the little boy went alone.

That night the little girl had a strange dream. She dreamed that she was walking, and just as she was going to cross the street, a blind man asked her to lead him to the other side. But she said, "I cannot be bothered with you." Then all of a sudden she found herself in a dark forest. Then she heard a voice say, "You have been put in this forest because you have been unkind all your life. Here you will think a while till you have realized all the unkind things you have said and done." So the little girl sat and thought, and when she heard the voice say, "Will you ever be unkind again?" she said, "I will never be unkind as long as I live."

Then the little girl woke up. But after that dream she was always kind to everyone.

Inez Morse

My Christmas Vacation

On Christmas morn I woke with a start
And jumping from my bed,
I saw the room was clad in cloaks
Of green and fluttering red.

I ran into the living room,
And this is what I found:
A pretty little Christmas Tree.
But I didn't make a sound.

I went to wake my mother
So she could see the tree,
And found that she was getting up
To join the fun with me.

Among the gifts were handkerchiefs
And books and books and books,
And a pretty little pin cushion;
You'd know it from its looks.

the gifts I liked the best of all
Were ice skates from my dearest.
I hope there'll be skating soon
With ice and sky the clearest.

That selfsame day I had a treat,
It took me far away
Into the land of old Japan.
The Mikado was the play.

It was the happiest day of all
Except for that one day
When I came back to Cherry Lawn
And not my friends so gay.

Doreen Livingston

The Middle of the Earth

Jupiter wanted to find the middle of the earth. So he found two eagles and trained them to fly as fast as each other. Then he took one to the east and one to the west, and they flew toward each other until they bumped together. Then he said: "This is the middle of the earth." and there he built a fire castle.

Hopo Biscow

The Patient Cat

The cat went up a tree. He found a nest. He thought that there was eggs in it, but there were none. He waited a while. Then he went up again, and in the nest there were five eggs. He went down again, because there were no birds in the nest. He waited a little more. Then when he went up the tree again, there were five birds in the nest. He said, "These birds are not fat enough for me to eat. I will wait a little longer. Then the birds will be fatter. Then I can eat them. I like birds. I like to eat them." He went up the tree, he saw the father bird bringing worms to the baby birds. When the cat next day went up the tree he saw that the birds had flown away. He said, "What horrid birds."

Judith Kay Wasser



On India

One Saturday night Mr. Robinson lectured to us on India. We were a trifle surprised at his youth, for we had expected some bearded Briton tanned by years beneath the tropical sun. But Mr. Robinson, however young he was, had seen much of India.

His lecture was sandwiched between lantern slides, or rather the slides were sandwiched between sections of his talk.

He had been a deck-hand on the tramp steamer which brought him to India, and he described his voyage to us at some length. After a considerable trip he arrived in India. He was glad to set foot on land once more. Though his first landing-place was an insignificant port, it was here that he saw his first "Gandhi-gassers". This was his nickname for the nationalists, dressed in white, who made speeches at every corner. At Bombay, the next port of call, Mr. Robinson heard that there was going to be a meeting of the Gandhi-gassers; he took his camera and went to it. The meeting turned out to be much hotter than he had expected. He described the British pouring machine-gun and rifle bullets into the mob of twenty thousand which was armed only with long poles. He himself received a taste of these poles, for hardly had he begun to take a picture when three Hindu students hit him on the back of the head with their poles. His life was saved by some British who shot

the Hindus before they could finish the job. He was laid up for some time with this injury.

I think his account of this riot in Bombay was the most interesting part of the lecture. Mr. Robinson showed us what lies behind every item in the papers, telling of a riot or a disturbance in India. And it should be remembered that in 1930 there was very little in the newspapers concerning India; and that was the year of Mr. Robinson's experience.

J. Baxter Dirlam

Lot's Wife

Feeling the need of a little spiritual enlightenment in the school, Mr. Wheeler decided to administer it to us in the form of a play. In order to convert the stubbornest backsliders, he gave us the dose twice in one evening.

"Lot's Wife" is the terrifying depiction of the headstrong woman (they are all headstrong) who, despite all warning, looked back at her city and was turned to salt. In the play by Percival Wild the plot is modernized, and the events are revealed as they probably occurred.

The first performance was given by David Weil (Peter Lot), Roslyn Knecht (Wahela Lot), Roslyn Doktor and Edith Katz (the Lot children). After it had been put on a second time by Marion Shapiro, Leonard Jaffe, Jane Kosak and Roslyn Slope, a vote was taken as to what would be the ideal cast. Roslyn Knecht, Leonard, Edith and Jane were salted out as the best possible cast.

I. Joel Warren

The Junior Prom

On February 2nd the Stein House gave a prom for the Manor House. There were a number of novelty dances, including luminous number; balloon and spotlight dances. The

refreshments were excellent, and there were many individuals who did not move far from the punch-bowl. (To be perfectly frank, I was one of these.) Such dissipation was very unusual at Cherry Lawn, and everyone seemed to enjoy himself immensely.

Andrew Starr

Taffy's Movies

Saturday evening, January 19th, was the auspicious date of the preview of the distinguished (in so far as appetite is concerned) traveler, the honorable Taff. E. Goldsmythe's (one of the Goldsmythes of New York and Darien) travel talks, shown before the appreciative Cherry Lawn Bored of Censors.

Mr Goldsmythe's photography of Budapest, Nuremberg, Paris, etc. was excellent, and the instructive and interesting explanation with which he accompanied the pictures of the various scenic wonders enabled the innocent by-sitter to obtain a glimpse into the beauty spots of the Old World.

Following Taff E.'s (such familiarity must be deserved) s(n)ap-shots, there were movies of a thrilling struggle between an octopus 'n a lobster, then a film entitled "Crystal Champions", and finally a cartoon of that incomparable Mick. E. Mouse.

Nan Emanuel

The Manchurian Question

One Saturday morning during big assembly we were royally entertained by a debate given by the members of Sackie's English class.

The question on hand was the Sino-Japanese situation in Manchuria. The one half of the class defended the Japanese attitude, while the other half felt that Japan had no right whatsoever to force her way into a Chinese province.

Each side gave its delivery and then its rebuttal. The assembled school was then asked to choose the winning side. After much discussion we decided that it was a draw.

Sheldon Harte

A Piano Recital

One of Cherry Lawn's best Saturday night performances was that of December 12th. Mrs. Ida Strongin and Mrs. Editha Messer from New York, assisted by Mr. Abram Gold, gave a two piano recital which would have easily satisfied an audience of musical experts. It certainly was received with the greatest appreciation by every one of the eighty listeners.

The very well-selected program was opened by the first movement of Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianos. The difficult and complex composition was mastered by all three players in technique as well as expression. A beautiful contrast to this was attained in Bach's Sicilienne, which was performed equally well. The first part of the program reached its climax in Mozart's Sonata in D-major. In this Mrs. Strongin at the first piano in particular showed her artistic abilities in interpreting classical music.

The second part of the program began with two compositions by Arensky, a representative of the modern French school. A Romance and a waltz of opus 15 were splendidly interpreted with Mrs. Messer at the first piano.

In the last number, the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony the two artists performed the ambitious task of replacing the orchestra. They certainly succeeded insofar as the instrumental limits of the piano permitted.

A Beethoven minuet as an encore was likewise received with great applause.

Albert Scholz

The Monkey et al.

On Saturday afternoon Sheldon Harte and David Schneider completed their cage and installed Jocko, a Javanese ringtailed monkey. Jocko is a great source of entertainment, and he soon learned to swing on his trapeze and do tricks.

Saturday evening two plays were given, the first by the younger group. This play they wrote themselves — it was called "Unknown Prince". Marjorie Biscow took the part of the Princess; Margery Schwartz the Witch, and Doreen Livingston the Prince. Judith Was-

ser and Hope Biscoe were the fairies. Hope also doubled and took the part of a nurse. All enjoyed the play very much and cheered when the witch was burnt.

This play was followed by "Two Crooks and a Lady". Doreen Livingston took the part of the paralytic old lady and did very well. The chief villain was played with a dash by Stephen Crocker. Grace Lipman as the second crook did very well and played her part in a convincing manner. Blanche Miller, who recently appeared in the Darien Methodist Church play, took the part of the secretary. Bobbie Lewis and Andrew Starr were policemen. The audience was very much excited and mighty glad when the police arrived.

Herbert Hirsch

The Nativity Play

On Thursday evening, December 17th, a performance of unusual excellence was presented under the direction of Kenneth K. Wheeler. It included the entire school orchestra and the chorus. Christmas carols and one or two negro spirituals, arranged in such a way as to tell the story of the Nativity were sung by the chorus while they were acted in pantomime on the stage. Both the scenery and the singing were very effective. Thanks to the supervision of Mr. Wheeler, the performance was a great success.

Adele Weil

Basketball

On Saturday afternoon, February 20th, we had another basketball game which was one of the best played this year. The team so far had won two and lost four games, so this raised their average. The second team lost despite its plucky playing.

Adele Weil