

Mr. Zuck

C H E R R Y

P A L E





CHRISTMAS

ISSUE



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Sonnet

The leaves are dying. As they fall I seem
To see among the branches, pale and cold,
The face of h e who ever in a dream
Appeared as from a cloud of fire and gold.
His aura gone, he knows it's time to die;
His image now is turned to ashen white;
The sky is mute and grey:I hear him cry,
"Oh take me Death. My life was very bright,
But Autumn's blood on yonder outstretched hills
Has told me I must go. So let him come
With whipping wind.My heart no longer thrills
Since Summer's smile has paled; my work is done.

When Winter comes with all his icy blast
You'll know that I have found my rest at last.

Elizabeth Hegarty, '41

MANHOOD *

Just as our teen-age boys are about to shed their youth and become men in our next generation, they are struck by the greatest curse of all mankind, a plague. It is not the ordinary type of plague that the doctors can cure by experimentation and observation. It is the plague which appears when men find that it is easy to cheat and plunder, when they find money the king of all, that it makes weaklings giants, and that giants are brought to their knees before dwarfs just because of money. It is the plague of money-mad men where only one thing can save men. "Military Training".

I am not saying that it is a cure all, but it would certainly help men to know that there is a certain place where all men are equal, and that money has no power; that men are what they are and not how much money they have. It is here that men would learn free play and justice.

In the army a man learns to respect his officers and to obey and give orders. Here he changes from his no good shiftless mode of living to a clean, fresh, and healthful way of living.

When he gets out of the army he will be an entirely different man. Not bleary eyed or round-shouldered. He should no longer smoke, drink, or waste his life on any vices. Instead he will be upright, honest, clean, and healthy. He will live in a world of justice and equality.

JOIN THE ARMY!!

Donald Wollins, '42

*(See next article for an answer to this one)

Dear Sir;

Three years ago today I took your advice, and joined the army. In those years I have found out through experience that you are a liar, and, worse still, an indirect murderer.

Prior to the time that I signed up, I was a post-college bum, without work for more than a month, and I guess at that time I was pretty desperate. In fact I was so desperate that I joined the army, hoping that maybe it could do for me what college failed to do; and that at least I would get a few square meals, and build up my health a bit.

Sir, I was wrong! I spent two short months in a training camp, and that was all right. But in less than no time I was packed into a battleship with the rest of the regiment, and shipped to Europe.

The trip wasn't so good. We didn't get enough food, there wasn't any room to move in, and half of us had to sleep on the floor. To add to our troubles, we were interrupted every five minutes by some scared kid yelling, "SUBMARINE" and throwing us out of our wits with his raving. Even considering all this, the trip wasn't so bad.....not half as bad as Europe.

Well, I got to Europe on December fifth. It wasn't the Europe that you read of in your books. No, it was quite a different Europe. There were no dainty cottages or pretty gardens, laughing children, and jolly elders; Grandpa's rocking chair was empty and Grandpa was in the concentration camp! The jolly elders were in the trenches fighting against an irresistible force. The women and children were in the factory making munitions, uniforms, bandages, and medicines! The houses and gardens were demolished, mostly in heaps, with the enemy's barren scar in their place.

the boys of the regiment. The sights I saw on the way were horrifying. Occasionally I would take out cigarettes and smoke; I guess they steadied me for a while; I did this more and more often during my three years in Hell, just to steady me and keep me going. I also drank, but only during the first day, for that night my bottle was stolen. I did this hot because I enjoyed drinking, but rather because I was cold and nervous, and needed the stimulus. Of course you told me that I would rid of these bad habits in the army. Well, instead, I incurred them, and many more.

After five days of steady marching, with an eighty pound pack on my shoulders, and scarcely enough food to keep me going, we arrived at the front. There we met our allies, tattered and torn men, who were welcoming death, rather than defying it. On our trip we were promised a hearty meal on our arrival at this vast, bloody ground. Well, we didn't get it. Instead, we had our usual and limited bite of canned beef and dry crackers.

At about daybreak the following morning the fighting resumed. The man right next to me was hit by a piece of flying shrapnel. He died very soon after, leaving an insecure family behind.

Our life at the front was a helluva lot worse than being a starving and destitute bum. Because during my three year stay at the front and other parts of this endless nightmare of war, I encountered many more sickening sights and experiences than you can find in any slums. One autumn day after two-and-three quarters years of this terror, I was seriously struck. You see it happened that I was part of a little storm troop who was sent out to destroy an enemy machine gun nest. As I was crawling out on my stomach, a mudrat approached me. I struck out with the butt of my rifle, killing the rodent, but as I raised my rifle, one of the heinies

threw a grenade at me. Later when I came to my senses I was in an operating room having my left leg amputated below the knee. This done, I was sent out again. They gave me a job as an ammunition bus driver, because my handicap prevented my walking. But I was kicked out of my job, because it was too difficult to drive with only one leg. My next switch was a permanent one. You see, I was sent back to the U.S.A., to the land of freedom, prosperity and happiness. But now I am sorry to admit that I would have rather been back in the trenches fighting, for sir, I couldn't find any work. I, a college graduate, was on the bread-line, unable to get work because of my handicap, and wishing secretly that I had been one of those unfortunate buddies of mine who had died in Europe.

I am thoroughly disgusted with life, being a steady drinker, cigarette addict, and a miserable beggar who has no purpose in living. All these were quite avoidable, you see. And your fault. I have turned from bad to worse.

JOIN THE ARMY!! and

GO TO HELL!!!

Arthur Kraft, '42

THE DREAM OF MR. GLUTTON

(Or, English Teachers' delight)

"Oh," said Mr. Glutton, the merciless English teacher, "the assignment is too long, is it?" "Yes," said a chorus of pupils' voices.

"Then do drills forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, and fifty!" If I hear just one person make so much as a squeak about the assignment, I will give five times as much. Not a sound was heard. The threats of the horrible English Teacher had won out again.

That evening Mr. Glutton ate pickles and ice cream for supper. After correcting some papers he went to bed. Mr. Glutton was not asleep ten minutes before he began to dream. He dreamed that the judgment day had come. He was before the Devil. "You, like all English teachers, have mistreated your pupils", said the Devil. Mr. Glutton's conscience forced him to say "Yes". The Devil reached for a lever, and in two seconds Mr. Glutton was falling down a shaft full of adjectives. They rushed him from all directions. BEAUTIFUL pulled his hair. OLD started to twist his ear. Then Mr. Glutton ran for the door. When he reached it, adverbial clauses and pronouns began to poke him with pitchforks and paddle him with rules.

They kept saying, "You have forced us on your pupils. We are getting our revenge!" Then some pronouns put him in a barrel and started to pour conjunctions over him. AND and BUT started to punch him, FOR and SO hit Glutton with flour sacks. Mr. Glutton tried to squirm away...but IF held his feet. They kept on all night. Finally he woke up. From that day on, he swore that he would give one drill instead of ten, and not penalize his students any more.

Honey Rubel, '44

Slowly the Mist is Lifting

Slowly the mist is lifting o'er the night,
holding its obscurity to rise and glide
through undertows of fate in deep night,
of hope that is sunk in the rising tide.

I fail in the midst of the bitter cold,
as I feel within a numb, anguished ache.
Plunge I must into a warmth that is sure...
But despairing and lonely, I can find no fold
to keep me in refuge, to keep, not forsake
all that's bursting within-----I cannot endure.

Immense is the night, and small am I.
In void painful emptiness, low in grief.
So cold are All Souls, -so chilled they nullify
me to nothing....nothing, I have no relief.

But laugh I must in the dark and exult
my defeat in the night, to one, perhaps all.
God left me alone, with none to consult-
Helpless I rise and helpless I fall
as the coal-black pit of the spacious river
moans in the dark in convulsive shiver.

Till I felt the immersing of turbid clouds,
surge and arise as a wound swelled in pain.
At last came the silence of a mystic shroud-
I am carried soulless- my quest was in vain.

THE HURRICANE

Lashing it, beating it, the wind drove the ocean to a frenzy. It was like a raving maniac striving to tear free of its bonds. The waves flung themselves furiously at the shore again, each time sinking black exhaustedly after having gained a few inches. But the insane ocean threw itself further and further and madly wrapped itself around the trembling houses which stood helpless before its fury. It choked and strangled them without pity, and then rushed on, getting more eager as it advanced, seeing freedom in sight, freedom from its tormentor the wind. It tore and devoured all that stood in its mighty path, struggling to be free of its merciless keeper.

But suddenly, bewildered and horrified, it slid gropingly back, its insane fury exhausted, and quietly, meekly crept back to its bed, spent and weary, to gaze wondering at the havoc it had wrought.

Barbara Stone, '43



Quiet Yet Rich..Lie the Skies

Quiet yet rich lie the skies,
Dark shadows of utter disdain;
As the night wind heaves a sigh
All else in quiet reigns.

And then of a sudden--what beauty!
The moon flames o'er the earth---
Look loving souls--there is much to see
Do you not feel its splendor--its worth?

As you gaze on high--there above,
A thrill will seek your yielding heart;
'Tis all yours- for you and your love
To dwell upon and swell in heart.

June Betty Grossmann, '42

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOSEPH

One day Joseph was out in the fields tending the flocks with the rest of his brothers. The brothers were very jealous of Joseph because he had a cloak made of many colored cloths, that his father had given him. Besides, Joseph's father liked him better than the rest of his sons. The brothers got more jealous every day. At last one of the brothers suggested that they kill him and throw him in a pit, but another of the brothers said, "Do not kill him; he hasn't done any harm. Just take away his cloak and throw him in a pit". So Joseph was thrown in the pit.

"Oh dear", he said, "if they go home without me, my father will think that I have been killed by some wild beast while I am really down here in this pit". But a caravan came along going to Egypt. One of the brothers said, "Let us sell him to the caravan as a slave". So they lifted Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the caravan.

Jamie Macdonald, grade five



Tone Poem

God in heaven!

I can't stand this music! I don't want to bear its grasping melody.

Yet I listen.

No!!

Its sweet tones are torture- Its rhythm devastating; upsetting
the beats of my heart.

The strings of my Soul vibrate with pain, bearing the memory.

Yet I listen-

Yes!! I listen to that music out of the past--

The brain cries, "No" !
The heart sighs, "Yes" !

And I listen-
while my heart breaks..

Bruno Koh, P.G.

Watch a' got dere, washerwoman;
Watcha' got in yer lil ole tub?
Singin dose untuneful toons;
An' all de w'ile yo' rub!

Watch' got in dat dere basin?
--Listen to it, how it squeaks...
An' oozin' out in ripplin streams
T'ru de holes an' long de beams,
De dirty water leaks.

Natalie Michtom, '41

ABOUT 6000 MILES FROM HERE....
or AN INSIDE VIEW OF NAZI GERMANY

I can hardly remember the time when Hitler came to power in Germany, for I was only eight years old at the time. Nobody in Austria seemed to care about foreign politics. They just had a good meal and coffee, and everything was fine.

When I entered high-school, I was already visualizing a beautiful future education for myself. But then three years later, with a big smash, Hitler's troops marched into Austria, and my dreams of my future were completely destroyed. I remember when every Austrian had to go to the ballot boxes and put his vote in for peace, or certain destruction. Hitler wasn't so sure of himself, and marched right into our small country that had only 6,000-000 people and barely any militia. And from then on, the same play got on the stage in all the little countries, "good" big brother Germany was interested in nursing.

Not only the future plans of one individual, but the future plans of the millions around Europe were destroyed. Hatred and religious persecution had been spread, and everyone had a fearful dread of lack of safety and uncertainty.

But there, far in the West, was a statue with the torch of freedom and of equality in the right hand, pointed toward us, the slaves of a mad dictator. It symbolizes to us an entrance to a better life, leaving far behind, far over the Atlantic, the blazing fire of Hell.

Lucky were those people who had relatives in the states. Thank God I am one of those. The first thing I did was to write to my relatives for an affidavit, and to register for the quota at the American consulate, and then after one and a half years of

endless anxiety and waiting, I got my visa, I was already booked for a ship that left two weeks later from Antwerp, Belgium. But I hadn't left Germany yet, as they only allowed me to stay forty-eight hours in Belgium, and there were still two weeks ahead until my ship left. Then the day came when Germany had the non-aggression agreement with Russia, and everybody said that the danger of war was postponed for an indefinite time. But I had a certain feeling that something was in the air, so I said to myself, "You must leave within two days, visa or no visa"..... So I booked for a plane to Brussels, leaving my folks behind... behind to their indefinite fate. I didn't feel very well, and so they X-rayed me at the German passport-control to see if I hadn't swallowed any pearls or precious jewels. When I got into Brussels airport, I had the greatest of difficulties getting in without a visa. I already had a ticket for Antwerp and got there late at night. I didn't have any baggage, nor one cent. You can well imagine how desperate I felt, until I suddenly remembered some friends of my mothers in Antwerp. They were very rich jewel merchants, and I finally got their address in a phone book after having slept on a bench at the railroad station all night.

And now when I look from the American grand-stand over to Europe, the flames of Hell are blazing brighter than ever. The blood of innocent persons is turning it to a gruesome swamp. And I can see something else, that the flames are trying to flare across the spacious ocean and set this country afire. This country of love, about 4,000 miles from there. This country of freedom and equality!

Pence

Wide meadows, blue skies,
Sheep placidly grazing.
Sparkling brooks;
A cemetery, white crosses.
Soft grey doves,
Calm serenity.
The ocean on a windless day
Boats swaying gently
On a swelling sea;
The hush in church,
A sermon, organ music,
The priest murmuring:
"Amen"!

Group poem of 10 grade

Yesterday

To-day
I am happy.

To-day
we drown ourselves
in our ocean
of love and homage.
To-day
the world is ours,
while our hearts
love.

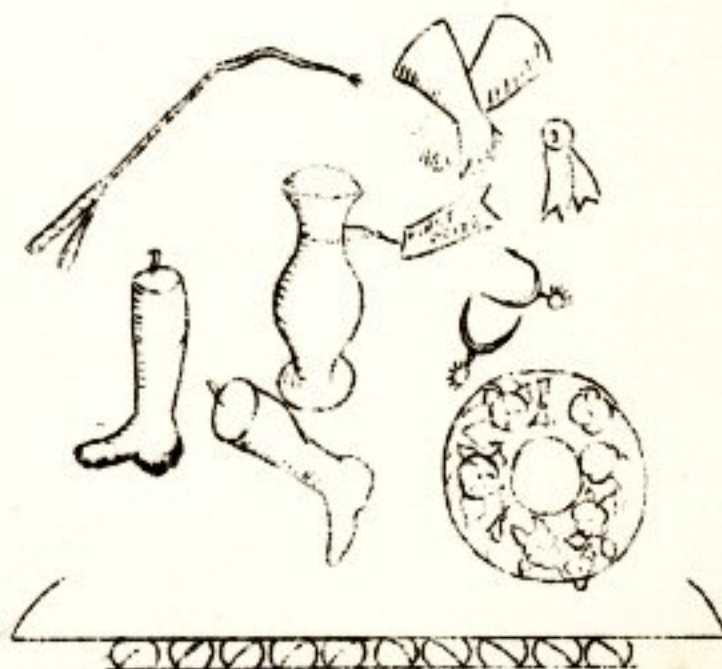
To-day
we dream a dream
into reality,
where
I am you
and you
are I;
a real dream
in which we unite
in an oath
of eternal love.
To-day
I am happy.....

And To-morrow?

WHEN I WAS A JOCKEY

Well, this was the first time that I ever rode in a race, I was riding Seabiscuit and it was his first time in a race too. At first he was very scared but then he calmed down. The names of the other horses were: Princess, Mercury, Red Fox, Black Silver, Grey Dawn and Star Light. Well, by this time we were at the post; the bell rang and we were off. Princess was ahead but I was right behind. I was gaining fast when all of a sudden my horse tripped and fell. It was not a bad spill; I was only a little bit dizzy. So I got on the horse again and tried to catch up. I did, and finally I was neck and neck with Princess coming in the home stretch. Princess tried to push me against the rail but it was a fight to the finish. I gave Seabiscuit the whip and he started to go, leaving Princess behind. That was my first victory.

David Ellis, Grade Five



Sonnet

You held me on the highest mountain peak
Where I could often take my soul to rest.
You led me to the bow'r that all men seek
And kept me with your soft perfume caresses-
I loved the fragrance of the hours you gave
And kept it fresh although you stayed apart.
Because with all your love you helped to save
The music that was dying in my heart.

Don't leave me now that you have used your wiles
Like stealthy snakes that soon devoured the past -
You hold my soul enticed by gentle smiles
To strain is futile, for you have me fast.

Your eyes cut down my haughtiness and broke me
And now the blood of my dead dreams must choke me.

Elizabeth Hegarty, '41

A Kitten

I had a kitten. The kitten ran away. He came back for supper. After supper he ran away again!

Teddy Baker, Grade One

Autumn

You may think that Autumn is not a nice season; but if you think it over again you will like it. Isn't it beautiful to look at those fallen leaves which shine like gold? Say you are taking a walk and you come into an open field with trees. Isn't it beautiful to have a carpet of gold under your feet? Then perhaps you arrive at the top of a hill and you see vines and vines with men working busily and gardens full of fruit. It is truly lovely.

Andrea Rosselli, Grade
Five

A Story about Billy

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He was eight years old and his name was Billy. His mother called him and said, "Look what you did"! Who knows what he did? I'll tell you what he did. He had a dog whose name was Blackie. He was black all over. Billy gave his milk to the dog because he did not like milk at all, but the dog did. His mother said, "You can't go to the circus Sunday". He was very sad because it was his fault. He never did that again.

Rolf Ohlhausen, Grade Two

FALLING CLOUDS

The water idled along the velvety walls of the great cliff, its stark beauty protruding into the blueness of heavens quietude. Clouds winging low upon a moistened earth, impressive as a flock of birds spreading their wings to blind one to the distant beauty. Could it be, or was I dreaming? All seemed so uncertain...a blanket of mist. But then a breeze parted the dense fog and from within the clouds were forming the figures of two beautiful bodies. Each curve formed with the utmost care like a stone statue carved to perfection. Now they were growing more distinct...and finally revealed as the body of a man and a woman.

The night was theirs---the world was theirs- all was theirs, falling humbly beneath the potency of iridescent love! They drifted lower and lower to the magnetic earth until their heavenly beauty mingled with the terrestrial splendor. There they were, two people so in love; a magnanimous love expressed only in the soft and loving strains of music sounded forth from their harp. God's harp...their love, and God's love.

Through the fog, I could distinguish these two beings as lovers, pouring forth their emotion into this beautiful music. Their way, the only way to understanding and passion of love. Still the blue waters idled against the velvety-lined rocks. The soft waves mingling with the beauty of music...lovers' music. But a blue cloud approached,- an impulse! and he took her in his arms; to feel her soft and gentle lips against his...to feel her soft perfected body against his yielding being.

But no, he couldn't do it. It wasn't theirs; not their love to be found only through the immortal strains of music. The music had ceased now, and what had he done? He released her from his arms so that once again he might return to his harp. Suddenly, the waves beat fiercely against the rocks; the velvet lining had changed to a lining of solidity, vulnerable to the furious waves of tormented, rushing waters. That was not their love, nor would it ever be. Their passion was to be attained in one way only...not through the insipid ways of false commonness. Their love was so different, wholesome and pure; but in that one hapless moment they had fallen to the false passion of commonness and destruction: sacrificed their beauty, true beauty, for this unnecessary substitution they thought satisfaction.

As the waves beat madly against the shore, their dying music lost its value. They must now seek refuge in a cloud from wherein they originated. A glorious life, no longer theirs. They must run....for life is worthless and deceptive under the wrath of God!!

June Betty Grossmann, '42

Sea Ritual

Oh leap and whirl in your fervid ritual;
Blaze and foam in your adorned wealth.
Come foward in a rush of surging tide
and quench t he anguished burning
of your soul!

Curve in bewitching splendor and
break into bubbling wild crests
that bathe the rocks with compelling lure
and loveless caresses,
knowing its inaccessible and cold heart-
devoid of intimacy; barren is its womb.
Free, and struggling to be freer yet,
as solitary and mateless it dances in
eternal solo.....

Onward, onward, to an unknown beyond.
Swept in madness, devouring lifes secrecies,
radiating in full the luminescent moon.
Peace is so fleeting in its restless heart;
Comfortless, alone,
inviolable in itself.

Irma Kirschbaum, '42

How I Saw the War

I passed the summer of 1939 with many other boys and girls in a camp near Paris. It was wonderful in the summer, for us, but its conclusion was sudden.

The last days of August were already agitated because we know that Hitler, after the conclusion of the German-Russian pact, would certainly attack Poland. But we didn't know if Chamberlain and Daladier would capitulate and make a second Munich. On the other hand, we were absolutely sure that if the war should break out, Hitler would lose it.

During that time France was preparing itself for the war. The government mobilized a great deal of the army and a black-out was ordered. But almost a year ago, the same government had taken the same measures and had then capitulated.

So came the first day of Sept., a beautiful day. The world seemed calm and laughing, but suddenly during lunch came the news which everybody was waiting for and which was horrible for us. Hitler had attacked Poland!

Our leader told us that our parents had decided that we should enter a boarding school near Paris, to be evacuated with the other children. Thus we traveled in horse cars through Paris. This travel was my first impression of war. The streets were almost empty, and all the people we saw were very calm. On the way we bought a paper and read Hitler's fierce speech and details about his cruel aggression. Now we sincerely hoped France and Great Britain would declare war on Germany.

Our hope was not deceived. Three days later the second world-war broke out. All the men who worked in our school were mobilized and so the big boys prepared the cellar as an air-raid shelter. On the first night of war, there was nothing. On the second, at three o'clock we were awakened by sirens. A terrifying sound, and most frightening. Dressed in pajamas, everyone crossed the lawn and ran to the cellar in the other building. For four hours we remained there, always in painful uncertainty. Every sound was a terror for us, but nobody would appear afraid not wanting to frighten the little children. We didn't know Hitler would not yet begin the real war. At seven o'clock, the final signal was given and we left the shelter, relieved but tired. The three following days and nights were horrible. During the day we worked for our own security, and we passed a great many of the nights in the sordid shelter. Then suddenly the air-raid alarms stopped and a relatively calm life began again.

After two months that I had passed in the boarding school, I went home again. Everyone was sure that Hitler had renounced a Blitzkrieg against France. He never would venture to attack our Maginot-Line, for we were too strong and we could defeat Germany economically. Of course, nobody knew that the Maginot-Line did not exist at the most important section of the frontier. For nine months the Frenchmen only heard: "We are strong, Germany is feeble". Nine months Hitler prepared Germany, and he finally broke France to pieces.

But I shall go back to France such as it was in Oct. 1939. I could not even say Paris had much changed since the beginning of the war. It was only that one did not see so many young men as before and the traffic had become indeed smaller. During the first two or three weeks everybody carried his gas-mask. But soon the quantity of people with masks became smaller and smaller.

Thus during the day, there were not many differences between peace and war. But during the night! You couldn't take a step without a flashlight, the streets were so dark, and filled with unknown dangers. We had lived in a house from which we could see all Paris and every evening, we were glad to see from our windows those thousands and millions of lights. But now we only saw darkness, instead of the light of victory....for we were sure at the time, of Hitler's defeat.

One also could see that most of the Frenchmen were against the war. They didn't understand what they were fighting for, and what Hitler's victory would mean. The Daladier government, the same which made Munich, would not really make the war. Only after long deliberations the soldiers got paid. Do you know how much? 50 centimes daily, that is less than one cent!

So finished 1939; then came 1940, and more than one Frenchman was certain this year would be the year of French victory. Everybody was waiting for the big offensive. But every day the same communique "Rien d'important a signaler". Nothing important to relate. The same every day. In France this kind of war began to be called "drole de guerre", strange war. Three months passed and suddenly on the tenth of April, news came like a bomb. Norway and Denmark had been invaded! The strange war was finished. The real war had begun.

After a long time we had on the morning of the tenth, we had an air-raid alarm. My brother and I, being quite sick, did not go into the shelter, thinking that nothing would happen, but we found that we were mistaken. In the morning the radio said a few French homes were bombed. But that wasn't all. They also announced that Germany had invaded Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg.

Every night we had air-raid alarms. But because of our illness, we had to stay in bed. Consequently, we could not hear the noise of planes that crossed over our heads with anti-air

craft gunfire. Over the absolutely dark town of Paris, a few hundred headlights searched the invaders in the sky. Those nights were really bad. We were always glad to see daylight. The news we heard was certainly not encouraging. Then the radio speaker announced: "Mr. Paul Reynaud, prime minister, will speak to you"...we knew something very serious had happened. Once it was high treason, the changing of military leaders.

It is clear that the Frenchmen had great fear of spies and fifth-columnists. Thus the police were very suspicious of the Germans and Austrians, and we were very glad to be evacuated in the south of France.

We left Paris the second of July, and on the third of July, Paris was bombed. My school and my brother's school were completely destroyed. In my brother's school, twenty children were killed, and in my own school, which was at the same time a hospital, two nurses were killed.

We came to a little town in the south. In three weeks the number of its inhabitants grew three times. Hundreds and thousands of refugees from Belgium and northern France came. Most of them had nothing with them but one blanket and a gas-mask. There were families with five or six children who had left Belgium walking day and night in constant danger of being bombed and machine-gunned by planes that flew overhead. There were old women who carried heavy bags, but the luckiest of these people had bicycles. "I won't fight against children and women", Hitler had said.

The news kept growing more fearful. Paris was taken.... Italy declared war, but still everybody was certain of the final victory. Almost every day Mr. Reynaud spoke on the radio and every day his voice grew more and more desperate. The French army was in dissolution. Single soldiers came from the front with or without arms, and did what they wanted, without caring. It was a chaos.

Then the day came when the radio speaker announced that: "The marshall Petain, prime minister, will speak to you". Petain said, "We must try to cease the battle"....Everyone who heard him wept.....for in this moment France died!

Henry Leichter, '42

DEATH!

Why? Why is it that everyone fears me? Why, when my name is spoken, do people shudder and murmur, "It must be horrible"? Why don't people understand? They always are thinking that I am gruesome and horrible, and terrifying. They don't know! There are few indeed who truly understand me, and those are the ones who have met me. They know that I'm not as terrifying, as gruesome, as horrible as most beings think I am. They have seen my face and know that hidden behind my stern and cold features, is a kindness, a soothing warmth that gives rest to the weary. To them I am a Godsend, a thing that brings peace.

Many people have seen me at a distance. They are the ones who saw me as an ugly, wicked scourge of mankind. They are the ones who felt pain, as I came in sight. I never came close to them!

And so, the great body of the people hate me, fear me. But I, as you will know, after you've come very close and stared into my eyes and then joined the others who came very close and stared into my eyes.....I am a blessing. I bring rest to the weary, the wicked, the old, the young...all of you I bring to another world in peace and blissfulness...I am Death.....

Joel Raphaelson, '44



THE DUCHESS'S DILEMMA

"Hell" cried the duchess as she slid down the banister, and landed with a plop in the spittoon. In her evening gown and ten gallon hat she made a lovely sight indeed. She was a charming woman, although slightly impulsive. If she had been born into the lower class she would have been termed as "positively crazy", but she was a member of The high society, and therefore "delightfully eccentric". It is very simple to explain how she came to be sliding down the bannister of the palace. You see, she was giving a party, and the queen was her guest of honor. And, my dear, of course you know what it means to have the queen for a guest!

Anyway, the duchess, several hours before, had put on her mud-pack and laid herself down to sleep. Well, my dear, it was simply shocking! She woke up just as her first guest arrived, and to make matters worse, she had accidentally taken the duke's clay. You know of course that the duke has had an awful bug on sculpture lately? Oh yes, have you seen that statue, "Dawn breaking over the Bronx?" He's really very talented. But, as I was saying, the duchess had used his clay, and when she woke up it was almost (though not quite) like cement. Well, you could never imagine what a turmoil this caused. They called in one of those men on the construction crew: the ones who go around drilling holes in the street---!

Well finally they got the clay off the duchess, though I dare say her entrance would have been more spectacular if she had left it on. And then, of course, it took her quite a time to dress and collect herself. And after all, guests are guests, and they were becoming pretty impatient after waiting three hours. And then, to make it worse yet, the queen arrived making her entrance in full

regal splendor. Could you blame the duchess for being perturbed? As you may know, there are 25,900 steps. It would take ages. But, the duchess, being very strict on etiquette, knew it would be terribly bad manners to keep the queen waiting. Well, you know what happened. She slid down the banister. The spittoon? The last I heard, the towing company had been trying to dislodge it from the posterior portion of the duchess!

Gloria Rosenfield, '44



The Nun

Most serene night ,
clothed in your gown of black.
What secrets lie so hidden
darkly enfolded within your bosom?

Withhold your soul in veiled mystery
behind its shroud of an unknown fortress.
What self do you spare from the
entombing of your heart?

How placid is your countenance
revealing never the nakedness of your heart.
How unlike a rose that bursts forth in full
the sensuous fire of its soul.

Oh, how can I touch thee, dark unknown?
You who are obscure and inaccessible.....
You stand sublimely solitary; saintly alone-
utter mistress of your soul, and of your fate.

Irma Kirschbaum, '42

A NIGHT IN A WAR TIME BRITISH SCHOOL

It is December 3, 1939, in northern Scotland, a chill foggy night as I lie in my bed.

Silence pervades everything, broken here and there by the quiet rustle of the wind, by the uneasy tossing of the boy down at the other end of the room. A cough is heard; I sit up and look at my watch. It is 2:00 A.M.; five hours more in bed. Through the darkness, my blackout-trained eyes perceive eleven other beds, five facing one way and six the other, opposite mine along the room.

I hear the approach of footsteps, soft and slow. The door opens slowly, a flashlight comes through the darkness and a voice at the other end of the beam whispers, "New dormitory, all correct?" I look around and see eleven heads lying on their pillow. "New dormitory all correct" is my answer, and the monitor on A.R.P. duty goes out slowly.

Silence falls once more, and I lie back thinking about the war, about that hectic day, Sept. 3, just three months before, when I heard Chamberlain say, "and we are now at war with Germany". Thinking about the B.E.F. in their trenches, the R.A.F. in the air, the Civil defense on the ground, all watching, waiting, guarding us from evil by their vigilance. Suddenly a sharp sound interrupts my train of thought; I hear a sound which is officially described as "an uneven or warbling note of uneven pitch" but which sounds in the darkness like the wailing of a banshee in some far-off Irish ruin. To me, drilled as I had been in Civil Defense, this meant just one thing: Air Raid, and I shot out of bed to the door. When I was halfway across, the school siren took up the wail, and a split second afterwards I chimed in with my whistle. Pandemonium

broke loose for a minute. What had been a quiet and peaceful dormitory turned in a brief second to a bedlam of noise, with fire gongs, sirens, shouts and yells adding to the din. Within a minute this died down and we settled down to our grim routing. One and a half more minutes and every boy had grabbed the equipment which was ready beside his bed and put it on, all this being in utter darkness. After this I shouted, "Ready? one, two, three" etc. Each boy promptly answered to his number, so I was able to shout directly, "O.K. Number one take charge. To the shelters, double march!" In good order they filed out the door. I raced around as per orders, and shut all the windows, went to the next dormitory to see if they were up and then doubled back to report to the warden. He ordered me into the shelter, so I crept through the narrow opening on hands and knees, and stood up inside.

The buzz of conversation became audible and swelled but we could detect an undercurrent of apprehensiveness. Somebody suggested a song and within a minute we were going strong on, "Loch Lomond" "Oh Johnny", "Hanging out the washing on the Seigfried Line" and "Run Adolf, Run"!

The time passed quickly; soon somebody stuck his head in and shouted, "The all clear had sounded". We began filing out. Another roll call was taken and then we marched off to our dormitories. Within five minutes all was again quiet. I looked at my watch again: 2:20, four hours and forty minutes to go.

The noises of British fighters sounded overhead, among them the familiar whine of the Spit-fire as the R.A.F. returned from its routing the Luftwaffe.

"The good old RAF s" I mumbled as I fell off to sleep.

Poem

A cool mist is descending
with its silky gossamer
Tentacles, that envelope all.

Its dull haze of milky whiteness
Is filmy with impenetrable dust
That casts a shadow of weariness.

The day was so very young
Yet its blossoming has been
Stopped by an ageless shroud.

Why could it not free itself
From this stifling monster?
Is an antiquated shadow of mist
stronger than dauntless youth of morn?

Connie Blake, '41

Close your eyes and do not touch;
Put cotton in your ears,
For then fears
Do not exist.
And ~~ign~~orance is bliss.

Natalie Nichten, '41

BALLAD FOR AMERICANS

A social secretary, while sorting the mail was noticeably attracted by the snatches of song her employer was singing.

"That's the Ballad for Americans, by John La Touche and Earl Robinson", her employer explained. "I'm in the community chorus. Isn't that grand! But why are you so startled?"

"Because I'm in the chorus too, and the janitor of this building is singing the Paul Robeson part".

And that's the way this modern musical masterpiece has caught the public's fancy. Old and young, rich and poor, those with social positions, and those with none, musical and non-musical, all stand up and cheer for this rousing call to arms for America.

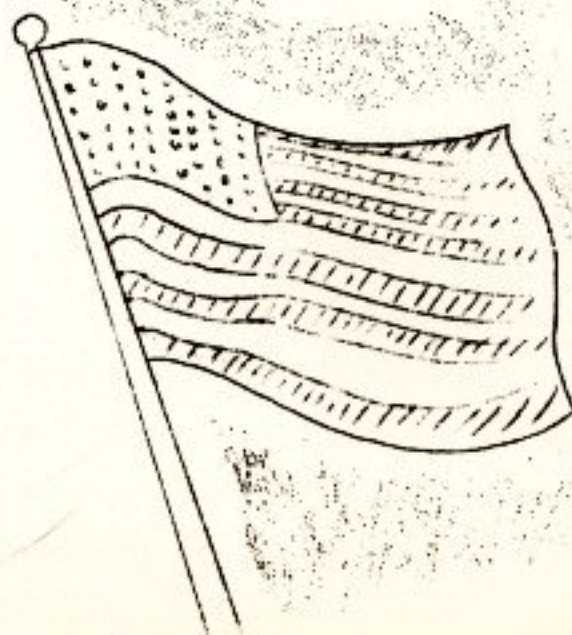
The words were written in ballad form by John La Touche in 1935, at that time already gaining a reputation as a poet of merit. A Native Virginian, Poet La Touche had come to New York where he won the poetry awards at Columbia University in 1934 and 1935. Composer Robinson was a modern minstrel who gave recitals of his own compositions dressed in overalls and accompanying himself upon a banjo. The two men met in New York in 1939. Between the two, the Ballad, as it is today, took shape.

Knowing Paul Robeson, La Touche's search for a singer worthy of giving a performance as the selection required, was not long. At its first performance on the "Pursuit of Happiness" program, the studio audience was heard on the air cheering and shouting for a full two minutes. However, they didn't stop there. They remained to applaud the masterpiece for fifteen more minutes. Nobody can compute the time spent by the unseen audience in adding their voices to the joyous outcry. But this we know, for twenty minutes the Columbia switchboard was so jammed with requests for repeat

performances and information that no other call could come through. After the first general excitement, letters and telegrams asking the same things continued to pour in. Contrary to some people's belief, the hubbub did not die down, but increased until a spot for a repeat performance was found on Ford Symphony Evening Hour, where it again received acclaim. When Victor made the records they realized that no other bass but Robeson could do so magnificent a job, so he was acquired. When the album was finally presented, its reception, both at the time and to the present, has been all, nay more than its followers could ever hope for.

The buying public appreciate the extra-fine quality of music, but in my opinion, it's more than that. "Ballad for Americans", is awakening the people as to what their heritage is, and is making them jealous of it, ready at all costs, to keep it, and that, after all, is what Poet La Touche wanted.

Sylvia Perloff, '43



On an Assignment *

The dirty, monotonous looking barge labeled Howard & Co. whose appearance suggested a great coffin with warped sides, slunk constantly away from its dock, only to be arrested and pulled back by the giant ropes which bound it to the shore. Atop its narrow deckline which borders the yawning hold, stood a weather beaten figure, his frazzled clothes sprinkled with coal dust and mud and sweat hanging baglike, time worn cap bent low, while he **puffed** diligently on a corn pipe. The "salt" watched with the indifferent eye of experience, as overhead a dragon of steel gave a tremendous snort of vapor, lowered like the knife of the guillotine its cold head which swung puppet fashion from controlling cables, and gnawed a mouthful of fuel for the American fireside from the infinite bowels of the aquatic freight car.

The man's name is Manuel Androues. He is typical of the numerous bargemen who have their barge, and homes, towed by tugs up and down the eastern seaboard with tons and tons of coal. His freight boat is his home, and within its limited confines he and his wife live their days. For over on the extreme side of the boat, is a square cabin, leaning over the precipice whose bottom sometimes contains as much as 1100 tons of coal, and this is the Androues homestead. As the simple but warm-hearted Portugese seaman led this Sunday World reporter along the deck of the barge, he overflowed with effervescent curiosity, dominated by a wonder which comes when one knows not what to expect. Androues rounded the extreme end of the boat, walked a few paces along its width and came to the door of the cabin. There sat his wife, a big dark-skinned Portugese woman who murmured an accented, "Hello" to the visitor's greeting. When the seaman opened the door, the reporter was hit by

*(Written on an assignment as feature reporter for Sunday World)

the stale odor of gasoline, which, coupled with the closeness of everything, made comfortable breathing difficult. This room was the kitchen. It was a low oblong room, no bigger than nine feet in width and thirty feet in length. In one corner was a closet for dishes, the rest of that side being taken up by a coal bin. Along one wall stood an old fashioned coal stove, and a large wooden box, which had some bedding on its top. On the opposite side was a little table and two chairs. Farther down along the wall was an old icebox, and in the corner stood the kitchen's most modern object, a full sized radio. Alongside the radio, a door led into a small cubbyhole which is a bedroom, large enough for a bed and closet. Though everything was confined, quite primitive and frugal, it is noteworthy how clean and tidy the living quarters were. And so this is a portrait of a very different sort of American home life. True to the legend of the sea is the food Androues eats, corned-beef, pork and beans, and fish; all canned. He has little fresh food, for the icebox usually runs short of ice.

Ironically enough, this man of 46 enjoys and is satisfied with this seemingly uninteresting life he leads. For 20 years he has shipped coal from the Amboys, Edgeworth, Hackensack, and other New Jersey ports where trains bring it from Pennsylvania's great coal region to Nantucket, Boston, and Stamford. He claims that his work is not hard, and that his principal care is in the keeping of the barge. He considers himself fortunate with his modest salary of \$11 a month which enables him to live comfortably. When his barge is in port, he waits about forty days until the steam shovels unload it. Then a tug tows him to New York, where he gets further orders.

Harold March, '41

The Story About America

We saw the Indians. They were the
Americans good friends. Some of
the Indians were not the Americans
good friends. The bad Indians wanted
war, so the Americans had war and
they won the war.

Bobby Haskell, Grade Two

Slums

Grey square buildings.....dark and foreboding
Dumps by the river.....Smoke prevailing
Old warped wharves.....ancient, murky.
Tall wood buildings.....narrow streets
Putrid sidewalks.....garbage cans, filth
Crowds of dirty children filling up the streets
Many people....ragged, filthy...half dressed.

Clothes lines flapping in the dust.
Wash hanging from dingy houses-
Noise...smelly black firescapes.....
Poverty reigns.

Group poem of 10 Grade

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Progressive education stresses individualism. Yet what good is learning how to be individual when, as soon as one leaves school, he becomes a part of the masses, and, unless a genius, must succumb to the multitude and become one of them? By training a portion of youth to be individual, those few youngsters find it much harder to learn to adjust themselves when they are thrown on their own resources.

Progressive education disputes this theory by saying that they will find it easier when on their own, because they have been trained to be individual. It then goes ^{on} to say that the reason for their finding it easier is that they will stand out amongst their fellow men when they find themselves in competition with them.

However, from my observations, I find quite the contrary. To live in this world one must be a part of the whole. Which in this case means, that to get anywhere in this world, you cannot be eccentrically different from other people, because they will not tolerate it. They will either look up or down at you, but whichever it is makes no difference, for you are not on their level. Not being on their level conveys the connotation that the majority who can sway things their own way is against you. And to attain your goal you must have the multitude with you. For it matters not how good you are, recognition of your efforts will not come without the majority to endorse you. Consequently, a life time will have been wasted and only if someone achieves the opening of the multitudes' eyes will your efforts not have been in vain.

For instance, today we have just come to ourselves about the real meaning behind many philosophers, writers, musicians,

and painters etc. And now we realize that many of them expressed what we now believe in, back further than the time of the Greeks and Romans, (400 b.c.) Many people will contest my point that people have wasted their lives for lack of immediate recognition, by saying that they did not waste their lives, for we have recognized their talents, ideals, beliefs and what they lived for. First of all, there are still many things left that we have not understood or discovered to this day, and second, think how much better a place the world would be to live in now if we had understood then what was there, instead of now, thousands of years later.

Consequently being individual seems to me to be no solution towards achieving one's goals. For if we are individual within ourselves, it must rise to the surface for all to gaze upon.

So what next? What is the answer? Individuality, alias Progressive Education, I have proved in my way, is no solution. And it is no solution because the youth who have emerged from Progressive Education teachings, find it harder, not easier, to get along, than people who believe in it suppose.

And now we have two alternatives left open for us to decide upon. One is, "Have no Progressive Education, and have the world stagnate", or second, "Instead of a few individuals, have the masses educated so they will become individuals too". Then the minority will not have to struggle against the great odds to overcome the majority, for they will be one, understanding and developing each other for one common cause.

Progressive Education will now answer back, stating that is what they are trying to do, but that as yet they have not had had sufficient time to enlighten the masses. True, true enough, but time is not the determining factor, for the small scale it is now

run on, would not work on a large scale, mainly for economic reasons. And so we must find a substitute that will work on such a large scale.

I, for one, cannot suggest this substitute, but it must and can be found by people who are capable of a greater conception of things than I am. It must be done, for the present minority can become a majority if we can work out a system of education to be put at the disposal of the present majority. And with such a system worked out, perhaps many of the people will be found to have latent possibilities and so will throw off the chains that are now binding them. And the other, average people will contribute to civilization by understanding and realizing the greatness that arise from a few people while they are still alive and throbbing with new ideas...and not when they are dust in their graves many thousands of years later!!!

Connie Blake, '41

THE COWS

We have a calf, it is so cute. We feed it apples. It stays in the pasture. The cows give us milk. The calf is eating so much grass that it will soon be giving us milk. The cows are lying down, but the calf is eating grass and apples. The cows are lying down by the lake. The calf is so cute.

Eleanor Baker, Grade 2

The Awakening

Stealthily did I steal along the walls
of solitude-----seeking a
Peace of mind and soul, so oft'
distorted by discontent.
Remote, but seemingly present
Just to wander aimlessly in the
Night,- beneath the splendor
Of shining hope-----the light of enchantment
Permeating a blanket of nothingness.
Peace-----inspiration-----light,
The dawn to another world, life anew
But so different from the shining wealth
Of dawn's interminable cycle...
What lies behind it all, I do
Not know. Somehow I never cared
To find its origin- just peacefully
Let me roam---Oh God!

What splendor, what beauty!
Fortunes lie in its splendor, far
Surpassing gold and silver, wealth--
Lying within the fertile valley of
A productive mind---Freedom, solitude--
To think and cultivate our souls, so often
Unattended, to fall beneath destruction and evil.

Blind ones---arise from your shell!!
Live and find life's happiness!
Are you not fools, to exist as idle parasites?
Love is life--but you know not its sincerity.
Souls are stubborn and bound as one.
Where we may live, envelope the beauty--
Others may exist, ignorant of all.
God had given the power of perception
Awake---drink from the wine of life-
It shall never grow stagnant!!

June Betty Grossmann, '42

COLD TRANQUILLITY

All I can do now is to keep on with that eternal search for peace.....And I look for peace in solitude. Or should I search in the uproar of my Quiet Soul? Or in the tranquillity of the raving ocean.

Once I thought I had found it and I felt as nature must feel in the first death of winter. You! You were the death of another winter in me. I looked for peace in solitude; it was thronged with prides and delusions. I looked for truth within myself alone, but the truth which is in all men was frozen deep in me and I had no sun to discover it. And then, because you loved me, the winter of my soul moved from me and solitude was emptied of great perils. There is no surprise more magical than the surprise of being loved; it is God's finger on man's shoulder. There is no peace equivalent to the peace of loving; it is the sigh of the hated child, who, laying his head upon the pillow, has consolation in sleep, passing from the blindness of life into the serene assurance of dreams. The beauty of this world is comprehended in you and the beauty of another prefigured. You are all the seasons of mercy. And because I knew that like the seasons, you would pass from me, each hour that I was with you will have had the double bliss of memory and experience.

Yes, I thought I found peace---Peace of the Soul. And I did; I found it in you.----But you passed.

And it is winter again, though not a freezing one, It is a warm, gently quiet, and understanding winter---but still---it is winter.

Bruno Koh, P.G.

PREFACE TO POETRY

From the depths of our inner selves comes the poem. A poem is forever being born, its structure molded from the clay of our hearts, forever lonely and alone.

Solitude is the world of the living poet, a refuge from reality whose only outlet is the poetic impulse. Intangible and reclusive as this world may be, still it is lanced and inspired by the penetrating shafts of reality and nature. In this silent pulsing world, we become unconscious of the conscious substance of human beings, and yet by some mysterious paradox of the imagination, it holds the wisdom of all men. This freedom from the actual world of disconcerting trivialities brings with it the wine of life, the song of spirit, the power of love and the knowledge of One Human Being. This is "Solitude that unmakes me one of man".

Poetry brings out the hidden, profound mystery of ourselves and spreads itself into imagination. It grasps the obscure and finds a relation, a resemblance to reality. When the human soul is permeated by dreams, desires and that deep tragedy forever embedded in the human spirit, it seeks its imaginative expression for the fulfilment of that life forever emerging.

And yet poetry is something strong within the earth; often it is like rain washing away from the earth's surface the superficial layers of heavy dirt. It lays bare pulsing veins of creative life. It is this the poet sees. He sees beyond reality, he seeks relation in the human heart and its sorrow too. He creates new life and unshackles human living from its burdens. In everything real and imaginable there is a poem, a poem of the Cosmic soul. A poem, sincere and from the heart cannot be good or bad. It is only the

material, the form, the way it is expressed, that is good or bad but not the soul of it. It is only with great patience and that passion for salvation, that the poet draws from the genuine soul, as from a person, the inspiration of faith. Perhaps a poem is no more than this; perhaps it is not even faith in something; perhaps it is faith in itself and no more.

Art, which is poetry, gives one a goal, an ideal to live for. It lifts the loneliness from within, leaving one somehow in a remote world, distant and yet able to observe everything unconsciously. It is almost a frustration not to understand yourself, the mystery of your creation and of the human soul and of its Cosmic enlargement, as it keeps coming forth as though from an elusive world, ever unknown and mysterious. Yet a poet is a vital part of all living men. From the peak of his remote solitude he delves into himself, seeks out the mystery, gives it expression and life, and pours it into men as their own life-blood. A poem pours ever-nascent blood into the veins of earth and man, and keeps them undyingly fertile. It is the poet's poem, which is a vaguely familiar feeling or thought to another human being, that saves us all from being strangers to one another through the darkness of worldliness. This is, "The poetry of earth that is never dead".

Irma Kirschbaum, '42

Here n' There

This season started with a bang, just like the war in Europe. We spent our first few days acquainting ourselves with faculty and students both new and old.

Some staticians claim that the average height of man is increasing with the centuries. Well, it's my belief that he must have taken a wandering glance at the C.L.S. male faculty before they published this fact. For, in addition to our old stalwarts, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Zuber etc. we received a few new pedagogs-who insist on breathing the thinner layers of the ozone. Amongst these elongated physical specimens are Ed. Reinish, our physical Ed. director, or just plain "coach"; Mr. Goodwin, who teaches the youngsters all the tricks of the trade (of which trade we're not sure yet) Bud Bridges, our former dramatics teacher, who had to leave us quite recently for Hollywood. His screen test was accepted by the Columbia Studio. (We knew him when!).....

Our faculty was also blessed with a few other new teachers. Among these are, "Boyer" Mr. Piscé, who teaches french (naturally). Mr. Doren who takes care of the lab. and teaches science in various aspects.

I do think that our 1940 graduates merit reference in this column. We won't like to have them feel forgotten. Besides, I wonder if thats quite possible.....
Alan (Punky) Craig, Dick (Sacky) Sackerman, Eleanor Cohen, Bruno Koh, have all stayed on as Post Graduates.

Richard Kurz is bolstering up the spirit at C.C.N.Y.--While Midge North, Ben Oak and Lois Goodney are cheering in unison at Wisconsin, and we hear, are doing so well in English (ahem, Roger!) that they even have been put into Sophomore English-.

In the "City of Brotherly Love", (so they say(?)-), in Philadelphia's University of Pennsylvania, we find Roz Kirschbaum, and Richard Ross, who attends the renown Wharton School.

Also in Philadelphia is Lannee (mighty atom) Goodman, as a Lab. Technician. And very near Phila. in Swarthmore is Gustav Szekely, still dissecting and discovering in the college Lab.

Mildred Sterman is showing some of those bespectacled professors at Barnard, how to wield the pen.

Ralph Kahana is drawing his ingenious woogies all over the walls at Bard.

If we are allowed to make any guesses that are founded on past observations, I would say that Peter Reid is probably debating political situations, and wishing that Dartmouth had a better football team.

Jerry Meltzer, our local news correspondent is now at work for a renown importing company which claims our red-headed casanova has offices in Paris, London, and Delancy Street.

Doris Cohen of Cherry Lawn "Dramatics History" is doing her stuff down in Rollins, south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Also we are happy to announce that Marjorie Kamen, our song-bird extra-special, has pitched her quoniam in Dixie. She's spending her next four years at Salem College, in North Carolina.

The lady in the fur coat and etc., Miss Fay Brenner, is making herself at home in Centenary College in New Jersey.

Richard Spring, the connoisseur of Johnson and Smith & Co. is gadgeting away at Bergen County College. Let it be understood that Dick is not studying ventriloquism.

Peter Hoff, the titanic Prussian, is probably smoking his pipe, and working away at Middlebury College in New Jersey.

While we're freezing we can be assured that Norman Smith is swimming or sun-bathing at the University of California. (U.C.L.A. to you)!

Well, so much for our new faculty and the 1940 class. And now for some local news.

As always, sports have played a major part in our life here. This year the girls opened up the season first in a field hockey game in which captian Hope North's dashing dames were defeated at the hands of a superior Pleasantville team to the tune of 5-0. The next contest took place at Edgewood High, where C.L.S. managed to come home with half of the bacon. It was 1-1, tie. Finally, the girls proved victorious in their last game with New Canaan Country Day School, with the score of 3-0. Goals were made by Hope North with two scorings, and Connie Blake.

The boys, under Ed Reinish, have not been idle while Peggy Bosetto's girls have been carrying our school standard. For under his supervision, the boys were organized into an intra-mural league of four teams. It was stipulated in the league rules that the two cellar-huggers at the end of the season were to buy sodas for the two leaders. The teams are Harold Marchs' Cream Puffs, Bruno Kohs' Bums, Donald Wollins' Wops, and Punky Craigs' Soda Jokers. The two teams that got the sodas, are the "Wops", who came in first, and the "Bums", second.

The dramatics department has always been the chief source of entertainment. Brilliant performances with very fine acting has been the old tradition. This year, we have had Bud and Dotty Bridges, but as I already stated, they have left, and with much regret. Already they have given us several fine plays, of the

younger students, and a choral group of poetry reciters presented a few excellently performed poems. The senior class gave the "Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden", by Thornton Wilder. Some others are "The Magic Fishbone" given by the younger students, and "The Land Of Hearts Desire", given by the Sophomores. Plays on their way are the three act, "You can't take it with you", with both seniors and juniors, and "The Intruder", with the juniors.

Music lovers everywhere, and especially at C.L., go to the Norwalk Community Concerts every year. A large group have already heard Robert Virovai and his violin. Coming soon on this program will be such attractions as Paul Robeson, the famous negro baritone, a well known pianist, and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. A group of music enthusiasts have seen Rachmoninoff, the great pianist, play in Stamford.

Once again the student government under Pres. Michaela Frank, who is just one term behind Roosevelt in her string of terms as president, is doing a fine job in maintaining its prestige and that of the 122 students it represents. Along with Michie is secretary of Interior, Rhea Coalwin, who is clogging up the leaks left in the department by past officers. Judy Madell is adding up the figures and collecting debts promptly, as secretary of Treasury. Secretary of Grounds, Ronald Kaas is really proving that the grounds can be clean. Judge Bruno Koh is upholding the courts former prestige, and all those who have broken rules can testify to this.

The store, under the capable Sackerman regime is truly, once again a thriving institution. (Sans the Garthian regime of two years ago). This year they sell everything to anybody (for cash). That is, everything but life insurance. There's always something in store for you.

Well-----knit one---pearl two---I think I have unravelled just about all the yarn. Till next time then, when I'll have more 'News for you's'.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Faculty Advisor-----Mr. Churchill
President-----Michi Frank
Secretary of Treasury-----Judy Nadel
Commissioner of Stein House Library-Estelle NaBell
Commissioner of Manor House Library-Tony Wortheimer
Commissioner of Manor House entertainment
-----Jerry Rosenthal
Commissioner of Middle Group "-----Miriam Anne Gierasch
Commissioner of Stein House "-----Peter Lande
Secretary of Interior-----Rhea Goalwin
Commissioner of Publicity-----Chris Reid
Commissioner of Music-----David Van Tijn
Commissioner of Repast-----Sylvia Perloff
Secretary of Grounds-----Ronald Kaas
Commissioner of Manor House-----Renate Sommernitz
Commissioner of Stein House-----Judy Ellis
Commissioner of Vehicals-----Tony Wollins
Commissioner of Pets-----Bob Lidz
Judge-----Bruno Koh
Secretary of Council-----Arthur Kraft