



THE CHERRY PIT



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CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL
Darien, Conn.

June, 1942

THE CHERRY PIT STAFF 1942

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MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING

"Assembly please come to order. Assembly please come to order!" shouted Trudy. Some one hundred and twenty boys and girls who were sitting on the assembly porch heard, but paid no attention.

"SHUDUP!" shouted Trudy suddenly. The assembly shut up.

"Today," she began, "we have a very important election to settle. As you know, Dr. Sall and Dr. Morris have their birthdays this month -- the twenty sixth and the twenty eighth."

"What month?" shouted a member of the sixth grade. Ten people near him yelled Shut up and Be quiet and This month.

"This month," said Trudy. "As you know, it is the custom of the school to give our directors a present at their birthday party, and so we have to elect someone to be in charge of the party and getting the present." At this point about seventeen people suddenly remembered something they had to say to their best friend, and said it, and were answered and told to shut up and wait till after assembly.

"Please be quiet," Trudy shouted. "Nominations are now in order."

There was an interval of one minute, during which no one nominated anyone and sixteen people remembered something they had forgotten to say to Prudence West. They then said it, and Prudence said loudly "I decline." and Trudy said more loudly "Shut up," and "You can't decline Until you've been nominated." A boy next to Prudence said, "That's right." Then someone in the fourth grade got up and nominated Prudence so that she could decline, which she did in a still louder voice.

Next, someone in the first grade, in a small voice, nominated someone else in the first grade, and one hundred and nine people shouted "Who?" (the other eleven did not care). Trudy then shouted the name of the other first grader, but since fifty-three of the assembly were at that moment shouting "Who" for the second or third time, no one heard her. She then wrote upon the board the name Donny Miller. The chalk squeaked and the twenty-four people in the assembly who were affected by squeaking chalk groaned or screamed, according to whether they were male or female. The rest of the assembly also groaned or screamed, being affected by the nomination of an eighth grader.

Then, for several minutes, no one nominated anyone except for three first graders, who, excited by the success of the first one, nominated three seniors, who declined loudly. The rest of the assembly started a discussion about vacation, baseball, clothes, and the relative merits of a Buick and a Dodge. Trudy shouted "Shut up, please," and a senior nominated another senior, who was seconded and did not decline. Then someone nominated a junior, who declined in favor of Donny Miller. Many people thought this was funny, and therefore laughed. The rest did not think it was funny at all and said so in various ways.

The candidates then left to be voted on. Someone made a motion that they vote without discussion, and the assembly voted on it and

passed it. The student body then voted loudly and often twice. The senior who had not declined was elected. All seemed to be in order, when another senior, named Patricia, got up and said she wanted to reopen discussion because she had a very important point to bring up. This announcement was greeted by loud cries from one hundred and eighteen members of the assembly. They said several things such as "Shut up," "Sit down," and "It's all over now," Then Patty said loudly,

"I only want to reopen discussion for one minute on one of the candidates." And the chairman said,

"If you want to reopen discussion you will have to make a motion to vote to revoke on the motion to vote without discussion," and the assembly groaned.

Someone made a motion to vote to revoke on the motion and it was not passed. Then a senior named Hector got up and suggested an amendment and the assembly shouted yes or no according to whether they liked it or not. Patty then said,

"What is going on?" And Trudy said,

"Are you willing to accept Hector's amendment?" And Patty said,

"What is it?" And Hector restated the motion in an unnecessarily loud voice, and the assembly shouted "Shut up" or "Yes," according to whether they liked Hector or not.

Then Patty accepted the amendment and Prudence spoke against the senior for one minute. Some people wanted to answer her, but the minute was up, so they said,

"Let's continue discussion," but Trudy shouted,

"If you want to continue discussion, you will have to make a motion to vote to revoke on Patty's motion with Hector's amendment to it, which is an amendment to the former motion-----" but she got mixed up and could not finish the sentence, and had to be comforted by a senior boy.

"Then they voted again, and the senior who had gotten it in the first place was elected in spite of the things that had been said. One hundred and twenty people then sighed with relief, and assembly was dismissed.

Alison Lurie, '43

THE NIGHTINGALE

The first streaks of dawn tinted the sky a rosy pink. Dew on the fresh, young leaves sparkled like diamonds, only to be drawn back to the sun's greedy heart; then to fall again the next evening.

The sun rose and the flowers began to open to let in the radiant warmth.

The friendly zephyrs played through the grass and trees, making sweet music, in harmony with the bird's soft melodies.

A violet or two peeped through the tall ferns at the risen disk of the sun, but gathering on the horizon were several black clouds, as yet unnoticed.

Then the heat grew intense. The zephyrs still gamboled through the valley, but they held no relief from the oppressive heaviness of the air.

The trees began to rustle, as if in protest against the foreboding atmosphere -- but in vain.

The sun was suddenly blotted out by a great, billowing, black cloud.

The valley shook with the blinding flash of lightning and deafening thunder that came simultaneously.

Then the rain fell. It fell in torrents, bathing the trees, flowers and grass, and breaking the beautiful, feathery ferns.

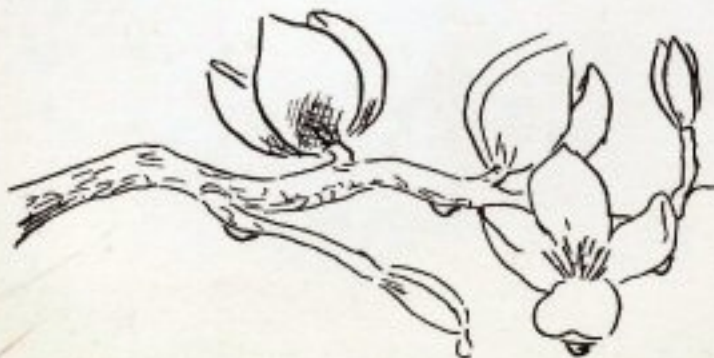
The brook that ran through the valley became swollen, cascading over new waterfalls, and forming new streams.

It rained on. The flowers drooped from the steady beating. The birds sought shelter, but none was to be found.

Then, as suddenly as the storm appeared, it vanished. The clouds, parting, revealed a deep blue sky, sprinkled with stars.

The moon was rising, full and silvery, amid silhouetted against it, pouring its heart out in beautiful, throbbing tones was a nightingale. It was like a benediction.

Naomi Raphaelson, grade 8



ARGENTINA'S "STRICT NEUTRALITY"

In January 1942, at the Pan-American Convention, the twenty-one American Republics resolved to break off relations with the Axis in reprisal for Japan's bombing of Pearl Harbor. Only two Latin-American countries did not follow the dictates of the convention; Argentina and Chile. I have written this paper to define only Argentina's position in relation to the war, although I think Chile is also important.

Why hasn't Argentina broken relations with the Axis? The obvious answer would be that the administration is pro-Nazi; but although the administration is pro-Nazi, I do not accept that as a real answer. The really important answers can be found in Argentina's past history. These are: 1. British and American companies have continually exploited Argentina's natural resources; 2. The British and Americans have not mixed with the natives, while on the other hand the Germans and Italians have always mixed freely; 3. Powerful German and Italian minorities are present in Argentine; 4. Spain has a powerful influence on Argentina, due to the similarity of their cultures; and, 5. Argentina has imperialistic ambitions over Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay and Nazi Germany is willing to help Argentina realize its ambitions.

Since these five reasons are not so obvious, they usually are not mentioned, but it is these reasons that keep the Argentine worker from active opposition to the pro-Nazi administration. The important material reason for Argentina's attitude is that by continuing to follow this course, she believes her power will remain the same at the end of this war, under any conditions. She realizes that if the Allies win, they will not punish her, while if the Axis should win, Argentina and Chile would probably be treated better than their neighbors. The American press, in trying to win over the Argentine, resorts to the argument that it is only the government that is pro-Nazi. Doesn't the American press realize how ridiculous these arguments are? If they did not realize it before the congressional elections, they certainly should have after them. It was not wholly graft that gave the Nationalists, Castillo's pro-Nazi party, such an overwhelming victory over the radicals and socialists, pro-Ally parties.

All right, we realize, Argentina is pro-Nazi. What are we going to do about it? The Argentine government is supplying food to supposedly neutral Spain, which in turn supplies Hitler's armies. This in itself is benefitting the Axis and prolonging the war. At home the Argentine quisling has issued orders that only the Nationalist party can have meetings, and that only they can discuss foreign affairs. It is also important that he supports Fresco, the Argentine pro-Nazi, Jew-hating Hitlerite. There are at least two reasonable courses to follow in stopping the Argentine: a coup d'etat secretly conducted by the Allies or as a last resort; invasion and capture of the Argentine itself. Of these the first course is the best, as the other Latin-American countries would be apt to turn more pro-Nazi if we were to invade the Argentine, due to their powerful cultural bonds with it. I would suggest an immediate coup d'etat in the Argentine, as otherwise a British warship will eventually sink an Argentine vessel going to Spain, which in

turn would start a crisis. Just in case you should think that the Argentine is dependent on American trade, I will tell you that the Argentine can hold out for the duration of the war without outside help.

Argentine's attitude cannot and should not be ignored, as the alliance of the Argentine and Nazi Germany is becoming more and more powerful every day.

Norton Sourasky, '42

NIGHT WINDS

*It's the night air I think, or maybe the lack of it
Fills you with fear of its emptiness,
Emptiness just like the void in your heart
Holding the breath of the wind in the leaves.*

*It's the night air I think, and maybe the cold of it
Fills you with longing to seek and to find.
But the longing itself is of darkness and turmoil
That fills you with dread of the night.*

*It's the night winds I think,
That howl o'er the rooftops
Wet with the kiss of the queen of the skies;
The muttering night winds rejoicing, yet groaning,
Glad that it's you who is empty inside.*

Aileen Harrison, '43



REFUGEE

I walked into his room.

"Hello," he said to me pleasantly.

I went in and sat down at his desk. He was sitting on his bed.

Finally I said to him, "Are you ever going back?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm going back. I shouldn't have been here in the first place. I feel that I've deserted something."

"But you couldn't help it; you were forced to come over. Think of your parents. What would they have done if you had stayed?"

"Yes, that's true, but I deserted my ideals. I belong in the air-raid shelters. I should be in 'the watch!' You know, that's when I learned to sleep in the day time."

He reached into a drawer and pulled out a long knife.

"You see this?" he said, "Well, in the air raid shelters I would stand at the door, and if any one got panicky or hysterical I would hold up my knife and yell, 'If any one advances towards this exit, he will get a knife in him. No, I never had to use it, but if anyone had come up, I would have turned it around and hit him over the head with the handle.'"

He showed me the lead handle.

"They would be quiet then," he said.

I left him after that, but I didn't leave his room without a peculiar feeling. He was only a boy; 17, yes 17 years of age. Yet, he was a man.

I preached about high ideals --- he fought for them --- in the air raid shelters of Paris.

Leon Dohn, '43

BLACK MAGIC

*The necromancer in his den
with slender, sparkling, black-tipped wand
has mesmerised the souls of men
and sent them soulless to a pond,
where, hollow-eyed behind black bars
they strain their senseless eyes to see
the diorama of the stars
which seal their fate eternally*

Barbara Stone, '42

THE SUBWAY RIDE

In at last out of the wet, I hurried down the filthy stairs to the subway. A nickel. Get change. Up town, down town. People scurrying on their ways about me. I dropped my nickel into the slot and pushed my way through the turnstile. Excuse me. A hurrying passerby knocked into me. Express, down town; that's what I wanted. The cement floor was wet, dirty, from the footsteps of a million people. I made my way over to the platform to wait for my train. An old man with a large, brown paper parcel stumbled past me mumbling to himself. A young girl with her little brother held firmly by the hand sauntered up to wait beside me.

I peered into the dark tunnels on both sides of me. The signal lights blinked anxiously through the muggy air. More people edged up to the platform to wait, some impatient, some just waiting. A little girl dropped a penny into a gum machine. It didn't work. Her face fell as she picked up her returned penny. A serious young man sat down on the bench to wait, reading a newspaper. Headlines -- "Japs smash our valiant lines ---" I turned away.

And now the roar of an approaching train echoing through the dismal station. The train rushed into view. The people stirred nearer to the edge of the platform. The girl took her little brother more firmly by the hand. The serious young man got up to meet the incoming train, still reading his paper. The train slid to a standstill. A few lonely people pushed their way out of the train. I got in after the little girl. The serious young man looked up from his paper to step on the train. He made it just before the door slammed shut. A seat. The car was half empty. I sat down next to the girl and her brother. The train started with a jerk. I looked about me. The serious young man, now sitting across from me, was still reading his paper. "Dies Committee convicts ---" he turned the page. The train roared through the darkness, lights blinking. A young colored fellow gazed up at the giddy ads above the windows. The train lurched around the curve, and the lights from the next station came into view. Slower --- Times Square. The girl pulled her little brother to his feet and walked unsteadily to the door. The train halted suddenly. They stepped out and soon were merged with the crowd. People pushed their way into the car. An old woman, a young girl, a man, another girl, a drunk, all looking for seats. The smell of wet clothes; it still must be raining out. The serious young man looked up from the paper to watch the people. The drunk staggered to a seat near me, dirty, unwashed, buttons missing from his ragged clothing. He must be about forty five. The young man turned back to his paper. The door slammed, the train jerked, it moved forward into the darkness. The drunk looked at the young man and started talking to no one in particular.

"Look at those headlines. And they won't let me fight." Heads turned to look at him. Some shuddered, some stared indifferently. "Why aren't you fighting?" he asked the young man. You're young, dam you. He spat loudly on the floor. The young man glanced up, and then turned back to his paper. The train groaned, blotting out the drunk's jabber. Lights blared into view. Thirty fourth street station. My stop. I got up and went to the door. Jerk. We stopped. The serious young man continued reading. The doors opened. I stepped out into the damp sta-

tion. People hurried in all directions. I walked to the turnstile. I pushed my way through. As I turned to walk up the stairs I could hear the echoing roar of the departing train.

Judy Nadell, '43

BACK TO SCHOOL*

*Though I am not in any sense a prodigy of learning,
Most certainly you cannot say that culture I am spurning.
I've studied every theory on Aurora Borealis,
And what effect it has on upon the radios in Dallas.*

*I wrote a published essay on "Urbanity when Dining";
I've read ten lengthy volumes on Rome falling and declining.
I know the facts and figures on the famous march of Hannibal;
I've studied psychologically what makes the common cannibal.*

*Though many folks consider it monotonous and tedious,
I read two hours every day in my encyclopedias.
I know each phase and every branch of any kind of science;
I've studied astro-physics and its practical appliance.*

*I've read the works of Cicero—I've read the works of Caesar;
I'll readily compare for you DiMaggio and Rieser.
I've drawn a dissertation on the doctrinal of Freud.
I know the scientific name for shark is carcharoid.*

*I took a test that tested me on my entire knowledge,
And scored fifteen points higher than the dean of Harvard College.
But since I'm unfamiliar still with valued information,
I'll take the second year of my progressive education!*

Joel Raphaelson, '44

* With a bow to G. and S.

It was morning. The sun was rising over the tree-tops and birds sang in the trees. A squirrel came bouncing by very gaily, and ran up a tree. A frog jumped across the dusty road that wound its way through the forest and into the mountains. The road was a very old one and grass grew all over it so that it hardly could be distinguished from the weeds and bushes and wild flowers that grew on its edges. Nature was happy; all the animals were happy, and the flowers bobbed their heads at each other in the merry breeze. But when a squirrel or a bird or the flowers looked onto the road they all nodded and looked mystified. For that road was built by men, the strange people who always passed by, sick or hungry or tired, and always looked unhappy. Sometimes they lay down and never got up again, and after a while they would turn to dust and disappear. The old elm by the road could tell you all about men if you asked him, for he had been across the road forever, and he knew all about their troubles, because when they sat down near him they always talked about them. But the old elm didn't speak much, and he didn't tell about man.

Then the sun really came up and shed its glorious light on the whole, big forest. There was a brook near the road and animals came up and drank from its cooling, clean water. A rabbit came and drank and talked with the old turtle who was always sleeping. Everything was peaceful.

Then it started to get dark and it was a little after twilight that two people came up the road. All the animals hid somewhere and watched the two sit down on the old elm. They were miners, who came back from the mountains with great treasures of gold in their sacks. They looked very tired, and their clothes were all ripped and worn out. They sat in silence. Suddenly the younger of the two, who had a lighter burden than the other, pulled out a black thing and pressed something on so that there was a lot of noise and smoke. When everything was clear again the man looked at the other who was lying down and seemed horrified. Then he pressed the thing again, and this time, when all was clear, he was lying down too, and neither of them moved.

The animals came out again and looked at the two for a while; as it became darker they all slowly went away, one by one, and didn't say or ask anything, for they all understood. That was man.

John Silard, grade 8



IN BRIEF

Think of the kibitzers that bother you when you indulge in a game of chess, or perhaps in a soda, or when you are trying your skill at something. Yes, now we both agree to think about the average kibitzer. Think of the one who sits in at a smoke in the corner drug store of Main Street. What does he do for a living? He may be a clerk, have an office job, or be a conductor in a subway, who always has an ear in Mr. and Mrs. Citizen's conversation, or, better, he may be Jones of Berkowitz, Berkowitz and Jones Inc. But most of the time the daily kibitzer is about fifty, and by a mistake in government processes, he has received his old-age pension and has retired at fifty with an income of \$1500, and quits his present \$45 a week job.

He thinks he is sitting pretty, but the question arises, "What shall he do with the money?" My God, he can't go on a trip, can't afford it, but the main excuse he gives to his fellow kibitzers is that he is married. What a life! His wife is the nagging type. She's about five feet-six, when standing in her Pediform Oxfords, and constantly wears the black lace dress her husband gave her two weeks after their marriage. She is pale, mostly all bridge parties and no sun. Not a speck of lipstick, not even dime lipstick. I wonder what's going to happen to her now that her husband's income is \$1500.

Well, enough of this. About the average kibitzers, whether they are married or not, what's to be done with them? I can think of one idea - a large conscription bill to be passed by Congress for kibitzers or else I can open up a colony, preferably in the north woods of Maine, and I'll call it "The Social Adjustment Club".

Of course it would be difficult to get them to Maine; if it could not be done by persuasion, then by my conscription bill, which will send them there.

Now that the kibitzers have been put in their proper places, we can relax, smoke our pipe or cigarette, or perhaps go to the corner drug-store without an ear or nose poking into our private affairs.

Oh, yes, I was just informed that Mrs. Kibitzer is seeking a divorce in Reno....must be family financial trouble.

Robert Ross

BIRDS

My hobby is studying birds. I started liking birds when I was five and I started studying them when I was eight. I spend all my spare time watching birds or reading books about them and seeing there diferent ways of flieing and lisning to there songs. I have Adelon's history and his book of birds.

I want to be an ornithologist.

Richard Smythe, grade 4

GREEN GRASS

Yeah, that's where I worked. The one with the big smoke stacks. I worked there ten years, same job. Hard grind, that. No, that's not what got me. It's a long story. Ya wanta hear about it? Why, sure, I'll tell ya.

Ya see, it was 'bout a year ago. I'd been to the country the week before---first time in my life---an' I'd just got back. Boy, that was a swell vacation. Have ya ever lain in the grass, smellin' its clean smell, an' lookin' up at the sky, real blue, with white clouds floatin in it. An' there was a little brook---what's that? Ya want the rest of my story? Sure.

Well, I was workin' as usual that mornin'. I was tendin' a big ladle---ya know, the ones that are filled fulla the melted iron straight from the furnace, an' I was fillin' a row o' molds, an' I see the sun shinin' through the trees. I'd be pourin' the ladle, and I'd be hearin' the brook bubblin' away over the rocks, an' smellin' the flowers. They were the same molds I been lookin' at for ten years, the same white-hot iron, the same coal-dust I'd been breathing all along. But I kept on seein' the country.

So, anyhow, later on I was bringin' a full ladle back, an' there I hear this bird singin', such a pretty song, I just hadda stop an' listen. Ya know how it is---when those red an' brown birds are singin', an' they sing so sweet, too. Suddenly the ol' ladle slips, an' before I know there's a crash, an' it falls on my legs, throwin' the iron all over. God, that hurt. Sometimes I can still feel it. But all the time I was lyin' there, this red hot ladle on top o' me, I could hear the bird singin' its song, an' the louder it got the less pain I could feel, until finally I couldn't hear it anymore, an' I couldn't feel anythin' either. I came to in a hospital, an' it was a long time before I got out.

An' ya know, even with all these dirty houses around, an' the smoke an' all, sometimes I look outa the winda an' I kin see the trees an' flowers an' the little white clouds in the blue sky. An' I always hear that bird singin', such a sweet song, sounds like those little five cent whistles ya get, only lots better. Why, there it goes now. You kin hear it, can't ya? Sure. Listen---isn't that the prettiest thing ya ever heard?

Norman Levy I, '43



THE TRAGEDY OF DOUBT

"Hamlet"-"Key-Largo"...two plays, one written in the middle of the seventeenth, the other in the middle of the twentieth century. And yet we can notice many striking similarities between these plays, similarities mainly between the two leading characters, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark and King McCloud, a young American college-graduate. Here is the old, yet ever new tragedy of a great purpose and a great doubt, the tragedy of two individuals with a high standard of intelligence and morals, who hesitate, and by their hesitation, although they eventually achieve their purpose, lose themselves.

It is not my purpose here, and it would be entirely wrong to see similarities in every little incident of the two plays. No, I do not intend to prove anything. It is interesting, however, to look at all the points in which both plays seem to be congruous, and investigate where the similarities and where the differences lie.

As I said before, we have two intelligent young men who are pushed to some great purpose by a moral obligation which is stronger than either of them. Hamlet is told by his father's ghost to revenge a "foul and most unnatural murder". King is driven by his ideal "into Spain to save the world". Mark the difference: Hamlet receives a concrete command, while King is always rather hazy about the reasons for his deeds and about the force which makes him do them "Sunday-school teacher" or "great master of the laboratory" he calls this force. There is a greater and more important difference, however, a difference which lies deeply in the character of both heroes. King, compelled partly by the horrors of war, partly by the seeming uselessness of the sacrifice, breaks away from his ideal. Hamlet, although he has some doubts about the authenticity of the ghost, which he proves to himself by the ingenious method of the play he commands, never moves even an inch from his aim. This may lead us to the conclusion that King is by far the more open minded and elastic type, who can be influenced, while Hamlet, once his mind is set on something, does the impossible to fulfill it.

Let us add here that Hamlet has but one aim throughout the whole: kill the King in order to revenge his father. King's ideals change in the course of the plot: first he fights for his belief in Spain. Then he is given the task (still by this mysterious force) to protect the girl he loves against the desires of an all-powerful gangster. Finally, he is asked to sacrifice his life to save two Indian fugitives, who, as he complains, he does not even know. In the end these three "ideals" seem to be united again, for by the killing of Murillo, King finds himself and accomplishes all three purposes.

According to our standards, King's ideals are higher than Hamlet's. Hamlet merely fights for personal satisfaction or, at the most, for his family, while the hero of "Key-Largo" always has an ideal larger than himself or his immediate surroundings.

How are the two characters influenced from other sides? What are the impulses that make their tasks more difficult in one case, impos-

sible in the other? These influences are brought out much more in Anderson's play; King is afraid, afraid that he will die for a lost cause, and he takes the one way out: he runs. Hamlet, however, subdues the contrary influences that hinder him; he subdues his love for Ophelia and the pity for his mother. Of course, these factors cannot fail to exert an influence upon him, but--and there lies Hamlet's greatness--he sticks to what he considers the most important purpose: to revenge his father by killing the king of Denmark.

Hamlet and King both have their fears. While King, as we have seen, dreads dying for a lost cause, Hamlet is afraid that he shows too little enthusiasm and feeling for the task he has set himself.

King:

"Nobody's afraid to die when he sees a good reason for it. ...I have been trying to hold on this last half year...And now I'm beginning to wonder if a cause is sacred when it's lost. Did we volunteer to die in a lost cause...?"

Hamlet:

"Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion
Could force his soul to his own conceit.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal peak
Like a John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing...;"

In this speech Hamlet proves that he is a masochist. King shows the same thing more clearly when he decided to visit the parents of his fallen comrades, and when he tells Alegre how Victor died: "I've told this all so often--and yet the oftener told...the harder it is to bring myself to begin. I can't help knowing that it is a shock to see me..." and "Something within myself accuses me, without warrant, without reason, day and night...until I look...at a road with horror, as something I must walk along forever, followed by the dead."

Of course, these are not the only doubts the two heroes have. Does Hamlet love his mother or does he hate her? Can his desire for revenge be stronger than his love for her? King finally gets to doubt that life is anything but the mere facts of science. That men are nothing but "a silly accident", "naked white animals without poetry or God". Shakespeare solves this deadlock by using the old Greek means of "Deus ex machina"; he brings in the ghost of Hamlet's father who tells Hamlet to use moderation. Anderson lets Alegre's love and D'Alcala's philosophy convince King that there is an ideal which he must live up to.

Much more in "Hamlet" than in "Key Largo" depends on one fatal hesitation. Hamlet has an opportunity of killing the king while he is praying, but in order to make his revenge more formidable he lets this moment pass. King also has a possibility of shooting his enemy when they

first met but he hesitates. "You're afraid", says Murillo, the gambler, "afraid all your life". It is true that he gets another chance later, but what he says is not entirely true: "Once in a thousand years a mortal man gets the same chance twice..."; it is not the same chance any more, for in order to get rid of the gangster, King has to die. The same is true for Hamlet: he finally does achieve his purpose but brings also death to himself, his mother, Ophelia, Polonius, and Laertes.

So much for the relation of the two leading characters. The two plays have other similarities: we find another instance of "Deus ex machina", this time used by Anderson. The plot is solved by D'Alcala's extraordinary hearing, a fact which is not otherwise relevant to the plot, although it helps to build up the blind man's character. Shakespeare leads up to the conclusion of his play by letting Laertes attack the King. The argument which follows induces Laertes to kill Hamlet.

The whole shrewdness Hamlet shows when he commands the play to be given is entirely lacking in "Key Largo", where King says straightforwardly what he thinks. "Hamlet" is by far the more difficult and more subtle play- maybe because Shakespeare was the better dramatist.

Henry Leichter, '42



OBSERVATION

Quietly she sat on the blue cushioned chair, as the train sped on. Her hair hung straight down to her shoulders, covering most of the silver necklace that she was wearing. She was comforting herself by reading a magazine which, I guess, had taken a good portion of her nervousness away from her. I saw very little of her face and expression, but the clothes she wore gave her the appearance of a small, out of town girl. I knew that she was, because she became friendly with those who passed her, and she would return a nod or a soft murmur to those who accidentally bumped into her from the rocking of the train.

After an hour's time I knew she was getting worried about something, but was trying not to show it. She moved restlessly about, and her black velvet dress started to wrinkle. I glanced at her several times, but unnoticed by her. I thought of starting a conversation with her, but my laziness got the better of me; and I thought I'd better not, anyway.

She would often look out of the window to try and gather her whereabouts, but the speed of the train prevented that.

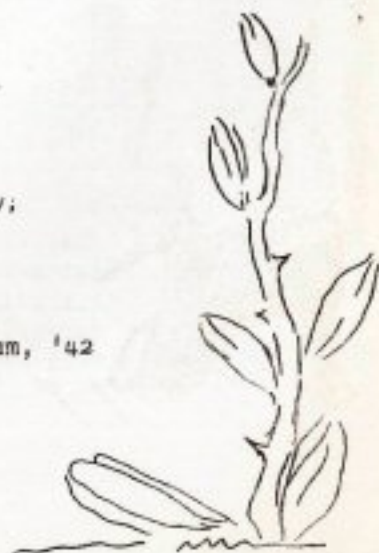
Both of us, accidentally, got off at the same station, but I lost view of her in the multitude of people.

Robert Ross, '43

PAVANE

*A drop of dew
gently quivered upon
an upturned leaf,
and, softly outlined
against an evening sky;
it seemed to wave
a trembling farewell
to the setting sun.*

Irma Kirschbaum, '42



THE CLOCK

The words were swimming in front of me. I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them, the print was in focus once more. There was that list, plainly set before me eyes. At first it seemed somewhat silly. My son, dead. I laughed. "They can't kill my son," I told myself. "How foolish they are to think he is dead." And then I realized suddenly, but somehow without emotion, without feeling, that my son was no more; I would not see nor hear him again. He was gone to join his mother, and I thought that would be very pleasant for her. She would enjoy his company. I looked around the room. The clock on the wall said it was 8:30. People don't really appreciate clocks, I thought. You can't kill a clock. A clock can be broken, but they can always fix it again. A clock is something to be admired. Now, take my son, for instance. Pffft--gone. No jeweler can fix him, put him on the wall again to tick away for another ten or fifteen years. 8:30? I had better leave if I am going to be on time at the office. The office? What is the office for? Jimmy is dead. Why should I go to the office? Gradually the feeling crept into me. I clenched my hands. They were sticky with sweat. There was a digging empty feeling in my stomach. I never had to go to the office any more. I went to the office because I wanted to live. "What is life?" I thought. I could jump out of the window over there and I might even join Jimmy. Who knows? And then I walked over to the window, and looked down, down, into the street. People, all those people, were going to work. How foolish of them. It would be so much easier to jump out of a window. Watch me and see how stupid you are.

It wasn't easy to walk away from that window, even if I felt ashamed of having stood there so long. But it was a sort of obligation to myself, I felt, to leave that window. It would give me a little more personal pride. I hadn't given in to the impulse of the moment. I put on my overcoat, choked the tears back into my throat, and pushed myself out into the street.

Joel Raphaelson, '44

*What is love to you and me?
Not more, nor less than life;
but all the sweetness of two hearts
defeating tears and mundane strife
beating in unity.*

June Grossman, '42

"Close. Open. Wider, please," remarked Dr. Ritter, leaning over the dentist's chair.

"Aoo. Ooer errting e!" Frankie cried through Dr. Ritter's fingers. Dr. Ritter paid no attention.

"Aooe!" screamed Frankie, closing his jaws on Dr. Ritter's finger. "Ooh, did I hurt you, Dr. Ritter?" Dr. Ritter, who was jumping up and down in a corner shaking his finger, paused.

"Not at all," he said, hoping he sounding sarcastic.

"That's good," said Frankie contentedly. Dr. Ritter stopped jumping up and down and approached Frankie. He picked up a pair of tweezers and tried again to remove the upper half of Frankie's braces.

"Whatcher going to do now," asked Frankie, when this operation had been completed. "Put on a new piece? Huh?" Dr. Ritter nodded, and disappeared through the door into his work room.

"Ho-hum." Frankie yawned and stared out of the window at the dull, familiar landscape. The gray, muddy sky, the bare trees tossing in the wind about the dirty, red brick buildings across the street. Nothing of interest there. The inside of the room was not much better. The crack in the plaster of the ceiling, the washbowl and the streaked mirror, the glass case full of grinning white casts of teeth. His own cast, on the stand in front of him marked "Frank Lansing, April, 1940." The drawers of dental instruments, the drill rising from the floor behind him like a strange, many-armed plant, bristling with knobs, levers, and handles. By careful investigation he had learned which one squirted air, which mouthwash, which stopped and started the flow of water in the rinsing basin. Nor had he yet been caught by Dr. Ritter in the course of his explorations.

Now, this gadget up here--it was marked "High. Low. Off." Frankie wondered what that was for. He looked about for any sign of Dr. Ritter or a nurse, but the room was empty. He pushed the knob. A loud, rasping noise greeted his ears. The drill began to revolve. Frankie screamed. The door swung open, emitting Dr. Ritter, tweezers in hand, followed by Miss Lee, her pretty mouth open in astonishment.

"Frankie!" exclaimed Dr. Ritter. He rushed up to the machine and turned it off.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Ritter," Frankie turned slowly red, beginning at his collar and going upwards. "I only wanted to see what would happen----" His voice trailed off.

The rest of the appointment was carried on in silence.

"Well, that's that," sighed Dr. Ritter, one of whose finger's was strapped in a band-aid, as Frankie's steps echoed down the hall. "Next

time someone turns that thing on, Miss Lee, do you think I could spank him?"

"I don't think so," Miss Lee said. "It wouldn't be much good for the business."

"Well, who's next?" Dr. Ritter inquired.

"Bernice Miller. She has something scratching her cheek. Then Jimmy Sand. He says he has something sticking up in his mouth."

"His tongue, no doubt. Well, show Bernice in."

"Hello, Dr. Ritter." Bernice tripped into the room, carrying a "funny book" under her arm. "Something's scratching my cheek, Dr. Ritter." She sat down and opened her mouth. "Ooer ere," she added, pointing. Dr. Ritter found and removed a wire which was bent out of shape.

Bernice opened the comic book to "The Adventures of Maximo, the Miracle Man". She read through twenty minutes of her appointment, stopping only to murmur "Ow," or "That hurts!"

Dr. Ritter went into his workroom for a minute. While bending a delicate bit of metal into shape, he suddenly heard a loud, rasping sound from the next room. He rushed to the door, but the sound had stopped, and Bernice was immersed in her comic book.

"Did you turn the machine on, Bernice," he inquired. "What," said Bernice innocently. Dr. Ritter closed the door again, and swore.
.....

"There's something sticking up in my mouth, Dr. Ritter," Jimmy Sand explained. "I think something happened to my braces."

"Oh," said Dr. Ritter. "Yes."

"It happened when I was eating a popsicle the other day," said Jimmy. "Wednesday, I guess. Or was it Thursday? I guess it was, because it was the day I saw William Marston in 'Bad Men of Missouri'. Did you see that picture, Dr. Ritter? Gee, it was swell--especially when the sheriff got burned at the stake by the Indians and----" his flow of words was stopped by the insertion of a mirror into his mouth. Dr. Ritter pinched and twisted things experimentally.

"Is that all right now," he asked.

"Um." Jimmy felt around with his tongue. "No, it still feels funny over here on the left side." Dr. Ritter sighed. He took up the pliers and removed the lower half of Jimmy's braces. He pinched them carefully this way and that.

"That's okay now," Jimmy said. "It only got wrong, I expect, because of the popsicle I ate when I went to the movies--" He stopped, aware that Dr. Ritter had left the room. Well, what could he do now? Let's see---hmm---"High. Low. Off." "I wonder what would happen if I pushed this---" A loud, rasping noise startled Dr. Ritter from his work in the other room. He dropped his pliers and strode through the door.

Miss Lee, listening, heard screams, cries of anguish, and a loud, regular slapping sound. She giggled softly to herself.

Alison Lurie, '43

MY LAKE

There's a special walk I like to take
that's mine and mine alone,
far over a hill and past a lake,
with a beauty all its own.

On sunny days the sky is serene
and my lake is calm and clear;
the clouds are white and bright and clean
at peace with nagging fear.

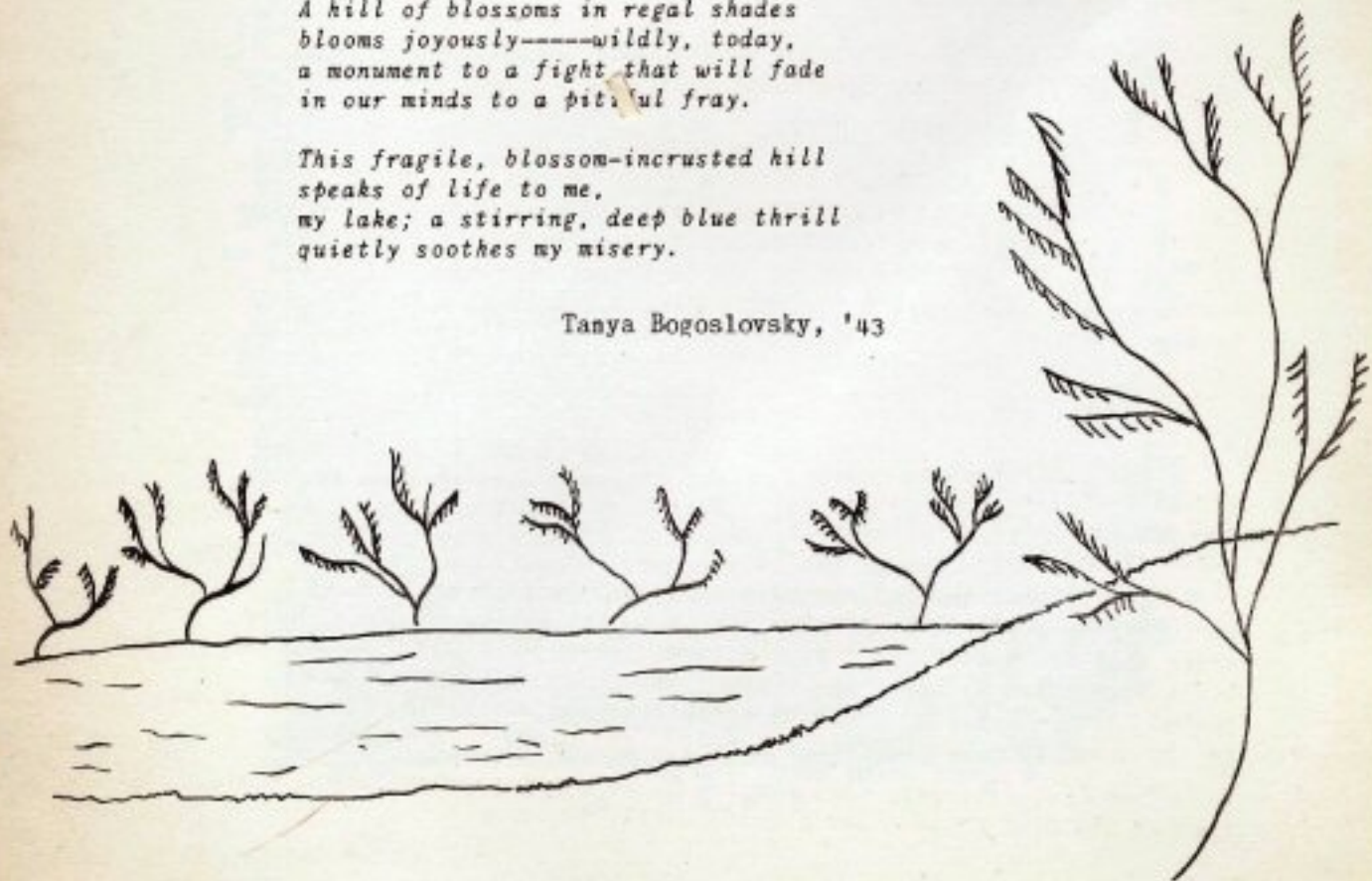
On stormy days when all is gray
and clouds go tumbling by,
the waves rise up as though to say
admonishing things to the sky.

And then the fleeing hordes are stopped
the pattern is pieced together;
misty gray tears are softly dropped,
to nourish a field of heather.

A hill of blossoms in regal shades
blooms joyously-----wildly, today,
a monument to a fight that will fade
in our minds to a pitiful fray.

This fragile, blossom-incrusted hill
speaks of life to me,
my lake; a stirring, deep blue thrill
quietly soothes my misery.

Tanya Bogoslovsky, '43



HOSPITAL WARD

I was lying in my bed, trying to go to sleep. It should have been easy, but it wasn't. It was late at night. In fact it was early morning. The hospital bed had been hard. My bed was soft. Lights from the street and nearby apartment houses had shone all night there. Here, at home, my two windows were facing the top of the mountain --- dark and drowsy during the serene summer night. There - there were busy streets --- noisy night and day. Here, was no noise --- save the monotonous sound of crickets, which tend to put one to sleep. There, I had been in a medical institution in which --- Wait! Maybe that was it. When you are in the midst of something, it is very hard to look at it objectively; but not so after you have gone outside of it.

My mind went back a few days. I had just gotten out of the hospital that morning. I was in a semi-private room with two other fellows. One was a handsome young man with blue eyes, blond hair, and a pleasant voice. He looked like a college senior. He was recovering from pneumonia. The other fellow was older. There was a big cradle-like object in which his legs were. He could not see over the top of it. I met a young, dark, Italian fellow in the ward. He had a bad case of colitis, and looked thin and frail. From a newspaper he showed me pictures of himself in a football uniform --- big, husky, strong. He showed me the accompanying clippings; he had been a high-school football hero. Next to him was an old man with a small oxygen tank and some peculiar apparatus on the table near his bed.

Back in my room. The young fellow with pneumonia was better. He left the hospital.

I look in the ward. Old men. Pain on their faces. Never sit up. Sleep most of the time.

A male nurse outside a small partitioned room. Sitting reading a newspaper. Man in an oxygen tent inside. Old man. Looked like a mummy.

"Will he have to be in that thing all his life?" I asked an attendant.

"Yeah. Won't be long now. He'll kick off any day now," he said pleasantly.

Back to my room. A doctor, an interne, and a nurse came in. The nurse wheeled in a surgical tray. They drew Pete's curtain. Pete was my room mate. Had a circulatory disease. Blood stopped at certain parts of his leg. Starved two of his toes. Couple of joints cut off each one. Doctors picked at the stubs. Had to keep his foot warm. Kept it in a cradle. They drew Pete's curtain all the way around his bed. Closed the door.

"How is it Doctor? How does it look?"

"Oh, much better Pete," --- slowly and calmly.

"Doctor, are you going to pick at it today?"

"Just going to work on it a little. You ready?"

"No. Just a minute."

"All right."

"Ow! Talk to me doctor. Talk to me." (Quickly and nervously subdued). "Oh, doctor, doctor, doctor --- is there much longer?"

"No, Pete. I'm almost finished." (Very slowly and calmly).

"Ow! It hurts! Oh, doctor --- Oh, doctor. Talk to me doctor. Please talk to me --- How are you getting along? Is there much longer?"

"We're getting along fine. Just a bit --- a bit more. There! That's all, Pete! See you tomorrow."

"Ohhhhh -----," and Pete sighed deeply several times.

I shuddered. A chill ran up and down my spine. Then it went away.

My bed was soft. Nothing to keep me awake. It was late. It was very late. In fact it was early morning. I let the dull, monotonous sound of the crickets lull me to sleep.

Leon Dohn, '43

MOONLIGHT

*The moon has stolen my heart
The moon has taken my breath
And the bright points of the stars
Are spears of the angel of death.*

*The wee white clouds are like flowers
On the steel blue shield of heaven
And the city is white, with a mystic light--
As of a spirit forgiven.*

Carolyn Meyer, '43



PINK DILEMMA

He had a gay twinkle in his eye, and a smile spread over his face as he strolled happily on the path, the usual brown briefcase in his hand, swinging with the light rhythm of his quick walk.

Skating down the street, a group of children shrieked gleefully as they passed by him. The man stopped and gazed at them tenderly, turning his head to catch the last glimpse of them as they disappeared around the corner.

He heaved a sigh, and smiled again to himself. How wonderful the world was, he thought, starting once more on his way. Overhead, the bright morning sun shone brilliantly, its warm rays penetrating the briskness of the early fall day and painting the lovely splashed leaves with an even more vivid color.

He paused for a moment before a small toy shop, staring at the appealing display before him, gazing at it familiarly.

A clock sounding in the distance brought him suddenly from his thoughts. He fumbled for his watch and stared in shocked horror at the face; 8:15--fifteen minutes late; what would they say! He never should have delayed his start.

He arrived at the classroom ten minutes later. The children were in a wild state as usual, demanding of him loudly, in their habits so typical of a progressive school, why he was so late.

"I'm sorry kids," he apologized, rumaging through the briefcase for his papers. Suddenly an object fell to the floor; the class stared at it, at first bewildered. The teacher blushed, at once amused and embarrassed for it was the little pink elephant with which he had been teasing his baby that very morning; when he hastily rushed out he had stuffed it absent-mindedly in the briefcase!

By this time the class was laughing hilariously but then they gradually subsided, as they saw their teacher standing before them, elephant in one hand and their essays on Lippman in the other. His face was like a beet, but he was hiding a growing chuckle in his throat; the class tittered quietly...then settled down to work...They understood.

Hope North, '42



MY PHILOSOPHY

Concerning a philosophy of life, I have none. I live as many others do, from day to day, without any particular faith, trying to find something in each following day to look forward to. Of course, a person cannot go on living like this. When a crisis arises in a person's life he must have some faith, or something to believe in, or he will not have the strength to pull through. Nevertheless, after much mental labor, I still have not been able to evolve a philosophy on which to base my life.

Many people believe in an all-seeing and knowing God, who, they believe, will watch out for them all through life. Others believe that man is a freak of nature; that there is no actual reason for his being on this planet. Of course, it is much nicer to base one's faith on the former belief. The trouble, however, with both these beliefs is that there is no actual, final proof for either of them. There are two arguments for believing in some sort of supreme being. One is that you should take the chance and believe in it because there is nothing better to believe in. The other one, (practically the same as the latter), is, that in everyday life, if we are not sure of something, we accept the hypothesis that works best.

I, for one, cannot see how anyone would be able to base his whole life on something of which he is not even sure in his own mind. Granted that there are many people who do not even doubt the existence of a supreme being; but what are those people to do who do doubt the existence of one.

Some people may say they should do good on earth--that that will make them happy. People who get joy out of doing good still have some faith that there is some sort of purpose for the existence of man; but those who get no happiness at all out of doing good to others have lost all faith in any purpose in the universe.

I, as yet, have not lost all hope of being able to believe, some day, in a supreme being. I am an absolute agnostic, bordering between complete faith in a God, and complete disbelief in any purpose of the universe. This position is, perhaps, the least to be desired, as a person who has lost absolutely all hope may go and kill himself, while a person who is in this in-between stage is perpetually in a state of torture---not knowing whether to believe in one side or the other, and therefore not knowing how to adjust his life accordingly.

Anonymous



MY HOBBY

My favority hobby is riding horses. I am very interested in it. I am learning how to gallop. I don't know how very well.

I think I am going to be in the horse show. My ridding days are Tuesdays and Thursdays. a week ago I fell off but I didn't hurt myself. rode Jenny cappy strawberry and Bobby.

Pat Edson, grade 5

JESUS WEPT

A gaunt man in a large black overcoat hurried along the grey sidewalk past rows of sleeping red stone houses with their potted plants and twisted iron window boxes. Under his arm he carried a stack of brown gilt-edged books held together with a stout cord whose ends fluttered in the brisk air. Bits of soiled paper whirled about the rainfilled gutters. Above the buildings the sky was dark grey.

At the next corner the man turned, and slowing his pace a little, took a firmer grip upon his package and looked about him. A second-hand book store attracted his attention. Weaving through the people who were standing in front of the store, fingering the ragged books to be sold for ten cents, he opened the glass door to the interior of the building and went in.

By the light in the street the man's face could not be clearly seen. It was a thin face, with high, distinct cheekbones shining in the light, forming shadows beneath them. His forehead with its sparse black hair combed back, was the color of putty. Bushy eyebrows were embedded above a pair of thick, hornrimmed glasses. The full lips and weak chin seemed incongruous with the rest of the face. Whenever he would move his head to the side, a short, jagged scar, extending blue and ugly, was seen on his neck just below the cheekbone.

On one of the tables filled with second-hand books, he rested the pile he was carrying, automatically opening and shutting his fist to revive his stiff fingers from the cutting edge of the bottom book.

He stood facing the small stack of books he had in front of him as if he were not aware of anyone about him. It seemed like only a few years or even minutes ago that he had been leaning over them by lamp-light at his small, wooden desk in an attic room of the cheaper boarding houses of Cambridge, or in the summer, lying half asleep under a large willow tree that overhung the quiet, beautiful river flowing behind his home, with a book in his hands till darkness came, and he could no longer see to read. But, alas, since those times, the scarred volumes had felt many of the beatings he had felt; there once were more in their number, but they had had their leaves ripped out and burnt, crucified with the books of other free, quiet men. It had happened when he was traveling in Germany in 1934 - that land of beer and sausage, fat, warm men, blond blue-eyed youths, redcheeked buxom maidens, folk tales and vibrant song. That was the picture he had had in his imagination, and a very foolish one it was. These cheery people were now men with deep socketed eyes; with bloody stumps of torn out teeth searing their jaws; men walking with limps and carrying scars hidden by their clothing; men living like rats in a drain. The whole set-up was running so smoothly in the modern efficient world; everyone was so smart it hurt to think of it. Why, all the barbarism of the Tartar hordes had little exceeded this.

It was not the actual, physical beatings and oppression but the intellectual suffocation, the narrow-minded power that stifled and slaughtered the art and beauty of the world.

What is this bastard son of man with the mind of an ape and the claws of a lion? It hurt this man to think that the clean, sensible land in which he lives was now calmly going on its course, paying no heed to the other writhing lands across the ocean. Yes, they condemned it, thought it brutal and bad, yet only with words and mild action. What did the newly elected congressman sitting in his comfortable seat in the Hall of Congress care about the young mother whose husband had been forced to join the army to make it able to spread the murderous faith of the hated fatherland?

The man stood thinking this way, his eyes focused on nothing, lips compressed. A faint smile, cynical and bitter, gradually turned the corners of his mouth upward. It was amazing how a man's ideas, fervent and overpowering to a few, are thrown aside in a moment when you have an empty stomach aching for want of food. This man wore a coat decaying and old. The tenement in which he lived was without heat and so he had developed a hacking cough. His closest possessions, odd pieces of junk that meant something only to him, had been sold to greedy, unmerciful pawn shops. Finally he had been forced to sell these last dear remnants of the happier, quieter life of his youth.

"How much for these?" he asked the clerk, who had come up as he stood there.

"I'll be able to take three of these; the others we already have. How much do you want for them?"

"Well, I thought you would take them all so I had just included the whole lot under one price but if you don't want the rest, I guess six dollars would be all right, though I thought you'd want them all. You have an edition of Kant then?"

"Six dollars," the clerk repeated as he drew two green bills from the cash register on his desk. "No, I'm sorry sir, but we have several editions of all the rest. You might try a shop on the next block."

The man slowly picked up the rest of his books and reluctantly crossed past the tables to the door.

"Thank you," he said quietly and went out. With the smaller bundle one would think his step lighter, but there was an unmistakeable slowness and pain in the walk of the black figure as it turned the corner at the end of the block.

Stefan Gierasch, '43



THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

By Thornton Wilder

The Bridge of San Luis Rey is a very unusual book which attracted me at first by its striking dissimilarity to the author's more recent work, *Our Town*. As *Our Town* was a play, and was written much later than the novel, perhaps the comparison is not a good one, but these two works show, I think, Wilder's amazing versatility of style, characterization and theme. This book does not have a plot; it has no definite beginning, development or climax. It is rather a series of extraordinary character sketches connected by the slightly remote tie of all the characters having perished together on a bridge.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey is written with an elusive charm that is difficult to define. The characters are drawn with clever humor, and though they portray very human emotions, there is always something unreal and intangible about them. The physical and mental aspects of the characters are clearly and brilliantly drawn; yet there is a dreamy, esoteric atmosphere surrounding them, which cannot be swept away.

The intelligent, ugly, doting Marquesa de Montemayor; the brilliant little actress Perichole, whose loss of beauty transforms her gradually into a melancholy, humiliated mother; the dark, tormented twins, Esteban and Manuel; Maria Madre del Pilar, deeply religious, with an intense faith in life-- all these are remarkably defined characters, yet immersed in an unreal atmosphere which can never quite be penetrated.

These people are all held strangely together by Uncle Dio, who is actually the only completely tangible character in the book. It was his appearance which made me conscious of the fact that I was reading, rather than dreaming---although, considering the book as a whole, my feeling, after reading it in about two hours, was that I had been dreaming under the heavy influence of incense.

Barbara Stone, '42

*The great ghost drops of time
drip on the world below--
while a death-veined hand
on earth's throbbing brow
holds the drops as they go.*

Irma Kirschbaum, '42

COME SPRING

It was early March. The grass was drab and dead; the trees had not yet begun to bud. In the late grey morning a cold, drizzling rain fell sadly to the ground. Joanna trudged down the wet path to her next class. Her rubbers splashed in the puddles, sending the water against her bare legs.

The classroom was empty, cold, and damp when she reached it. Smoke poured from the sputtering rusty stove whose black pipe twisted up to the low ceiling. An odor of wet clothes and bodies still lingered from the last class. Joanna sat down, thumping her books on the arm of the chair. She glanced gloomily at the paper protruding from the top. 100% on her algebra test. Yes, but what good was that?

"The whole school knows by now" she thought, "I can see it in their eyes. They look away when I pass them on the path, or smile comfortingly, pitying me because I couldn't keep him. The whole school knows he broke up with me - and they all think I would go down on my knees to stop him - because I would. I can't stand being pitied; people saying 'Dick's awfully changeable, you know-' and 'Everyone gets dropped sometime Joannie' and 'Of course you never really took him seriously, did you?' and smiling, smiling and feeling sorry for me, but a little glad because she got what was coming to her, the flirt."

"Played around with the whole high-school," they say, "but never had a crush till this year" whispering together in my room and changing the subject quickly and obviously when I come in.

The door slammed. Ellie Herriot entered, her arms full of books. "Hello stinky" said Ellie carelessly, dropping the books on the stove. "Where's the old grouch?"

"How should I know where he is," asked Joanna. "Where's the rest of the class?"

"Oh, John's sick and Andy's skipping, I guess," Ellie's voice was just as careless as before, but inside the pockets of her raincoat she clenched and unclenched her fists.

She sat down and crossed her bare legs on the chair in front. Not that there was anyone to see them, of course, but it had become a habit with Ellie.

The minutes dragged by. Mr. Purdy did not come. "I hate March" thought Ellie. "I hate this damn weather and the rain and the wind."

"Yes," said a voice inside her, "and you'll hate it worse when spring comes - spring and flowers and the warm nights- and Andy out necking with that witch" Ellie stared out of the window at the trees waving drearily in the rain. She looked at Joanne who sat with her hands folded in her lap and her chin elevated in the air.

"What's she got to look so cocky about?" Ellie asked herself. "I thought she got ditched by Dick, the drip. Not that he's so bad looking, but the way he studies is something awful. I should think she'd be mad as hell, or crying or something. And she acts as if she owns the world."

"Oh, it's easy if you're like her," Ellie thought. "One of those intellectuals who spend their whole life with their noses in a book. Always gets her lesson too. Anybody can do it if they study. What does she care if she breaks up with Dick, anyway? She can go off and read a book. Why, you know what they were doing that night down at the lake? Glad Andy and I were at the boathouse- it's near enough so that we could get a good laugh! Well, they were down by the water and they were talking about the 'Moral Equivalent of War'!! If that isn't the funniest thing!" Ellie laughed to herself, but it was a forced laugh that ended in a half-audible sob. She put her head down on her arms.

"What's the matter, Ellie?" Joanna got up and crossed the room. Ellie did not move.

"Can't I help, Ellie?"

"Nothing's the matter!" Ellie's eyes were red, but dry. "I'm all right." She shook Joanna's hand off her shoulder. "My God, can't I move without someone interfering?" Joanna stood up.

"I'm sorry," she said. She went back to her seat. "Imagine Ellie crying. What on earth can be the matter? Too bad. Ellie's not so bad underneath, but gee, what an exterior- and that purple lipstick...well, I don't see what anyone can like about a girl like that. She never said a sensible word in her life. Yesterday in class Jenky asked her a perfectly simple question about the influence of Joe Kramer on Billy in Paris, and all she could do was giggle. Some of the boys thought she was cute...John and David and maybe Andy...but they're the same as her. I wonder what she's crying about. She is crying. Maybe it's a boy, but I guess not. She wouldn't take it that hard...she'd just go out and get another. Why don't I do that? Because there isn't any other...not for me. If you don't look out, Joanne, you'll start bawling too...Oh Dick.. Dick...In a month it will be spring, and I'll sit in the library alone, and where will Dick be? And people will come and talk to me, stupidly, like Ellie, she's still crying...What can the matter be? I wonder if I ought to--"

The door slammed, Mr. Purdy dragged his wet feet across the floor.

"Good morning class. Sorry I'm late, but I was talking to Mr. Jenkins. Isn't it nice weather? Soon it will be spring."

Alison Lurie



Edward was living with some very nice people, who had adopted him for the duration of the war, when the news of his father's death reached him. Edward hadn't seen his parents for more than a year now. "War" separated them from him, and thirty thousand miles of water lay between them.

His father had been a lieutenant in a British heavy artillery regiment. Until now Eddy had always hoped to see both of his parents back again in their little country house in Worcester. But Edward had been chased away from home by bombs, and now his father, his own father, was dead - shot, murdered, in this war of destruction, demolition and devastation.

Edward was alone now, and he had to make the best of his unhappiness and misfortune. No one was here to share his sadness; he was all alone in this world of treachery, perfidy and betrayal, where you get laughed at, mocked, robbed of your rights, and where injustice reigns in everyone's heart with no pity---no pity! This was Edward's position. To him his guardians were not much more than strangers. Everything seemed black now to Edward's little but strong and good mind. He had been full of life and hope for a shining future---now everything seemed dark to him; his hopes were gone, his pep and his joy of living left him; he became sober, pessimistic and negative about life---and he didn't look forward to his trip back to England anymore. He didn't like to mix with society; he disdained people because he was a little frightened of them.

He remembered that telegram so clearly---it had been the first one he had received from his parents---his mother now---since his birthday. Only three words were written in a tragic pattern, but their full meaning and explanation lay in that piece of paper; miserable, dirty, scratched piece of paper; and yet it contained such bad news. The telegram read:

"Your father dead." These three words were printed in stone before Edward's eyes, and he could not see beyond them.

But, he thought, what is the cause of my father's death? Who is to blame, who is to pay for the dead---Germans killed him---Germans are men---men are beasts--- but beasts are human---that's what they say. Yes, yes!! I've got it--- It is to blame; It did it. War is to blame.



Anonymous

CRASH QUARTERS

"Up periscope!" the command resounds and re-echoes through the compartments of pigboat S-26, attached to the Atlantic fleet of the U.S. Navy. Two ensigns rush to the periscope controls. There is a grinding of worn gears, and the thin tube breaks the surface of the water, nine feet above the deck of the submarine. The commanding officer steps to the eyepiece, and, taking a firm grasp on the handles of the "sub-eye," begins a slow sweep of the horizon.

"Convoy ho!" he suddenly cries.

"Whereaway?" the navigator calls back.

"Six points off starboard bow."

"Courses?"

"Possibly coinciding."

An uneasy rustle passes along the crew.

"Better take her upstairs, Skip," one of the ensigns suggests nervously.

"We'll see," comes the cool reply.

After another run of about three minutes the awaited order is given. There is a scurry for positions. All kingston valves are manned, all gauges carefully watched. There is a hissing of compressed air, and the craft slowly begins its ascent.

"Conning towers awash!" calls the watch. The skipper and two officers go up into the conning towers.

Suddenly, out of the murky evening mist, a large army transport looms to.

"Hard astern!"

"Hard astarboard!"

"Crash quarters!"

A grinding crash, the scraping of steel against steel. Moans, shrieks - the transport is passed. Three heads toss in the oily, murky water, but no sub, no crew, just oily, murky water.

Bill Tomlinson, '43



YEARBOOK

SPRING of *1942*

VALE

*Reluctant to the end
The bright stars
Fade
One by one,
Unforgotten moments
Trembling
As we hold them...*

Irma Kirschbaum, '42

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF '42

We, the senior class of 1942, now that it has come time to leave Cherry Lawn, where, for the last nine months we have struggled under the task of being seniors, wish to bequeath, to those who follow after us, some of our worldly possessions.

Gerry leaves his curlers and bottle of wave set to Bill Tomlinson.

Arthur bequeaths his size ten baseball uniform to Teddy Baker.

Hope leaves her "laboratory technique" to Peter Franken, which will come in handy in his measuring of the small intestine.

Moocho fondly leaves his little blue attendance book to the next senior class representative.

To Aileen Harrison Irma bequeaths her poetic reputation, in order to give Aileen a standard for her work in The Maroon and Gray.

Henry does not leave his affections for a junior girl to anyone.

To next year's entire algebra class, Herbert leaves his mathematical ability, and his advice not to take the spatial relations Scholastic Achievement test.

Jackie leaves her patience and sweet temper to next year's seniors to use during some of the awful trials which await them.

To Chris Reid, Mary Ann leaves her giggle, so he'll have someone to laugh at his jokes.

Helmut bequeaths his perpetual energy to Charlie Coleman.

Peter leaves his love of setting up exercises to Dick Erenthal.

June leaves her absences from classes to Bruce Gordon, who doesn't need them.

Victor leaves all his arguments to Leon Dohn, who needs them even less than Bruce needs June's absences.

To Alison Lurie Barbara leaves her admission to Swarthmore--good luck!

Donald leaves his paternal blessing to the three Starr sisters.

To Stefan, Dody leaves his talent for bluffing in history.

Roxy bequeaths her even disposition to Tanya, with the recommendation that she share it with Norman.

In addition to our personal possessions, we wish collectively to leave to next year's seniors a few helpful hints:

Do you know?

That there is no study hall teacher in the library?

That a college acceptance is the most prized thing in the world?

That now that you are seniors, the whole school will expect you to set a good example in everything?

That Dr. Stael is very fond of American History graphs?

That Mr. Strasser will stop talking about grammar if you whisper "Joan Ellen?"

That silver nitrate leaves a horrible, brown stain?

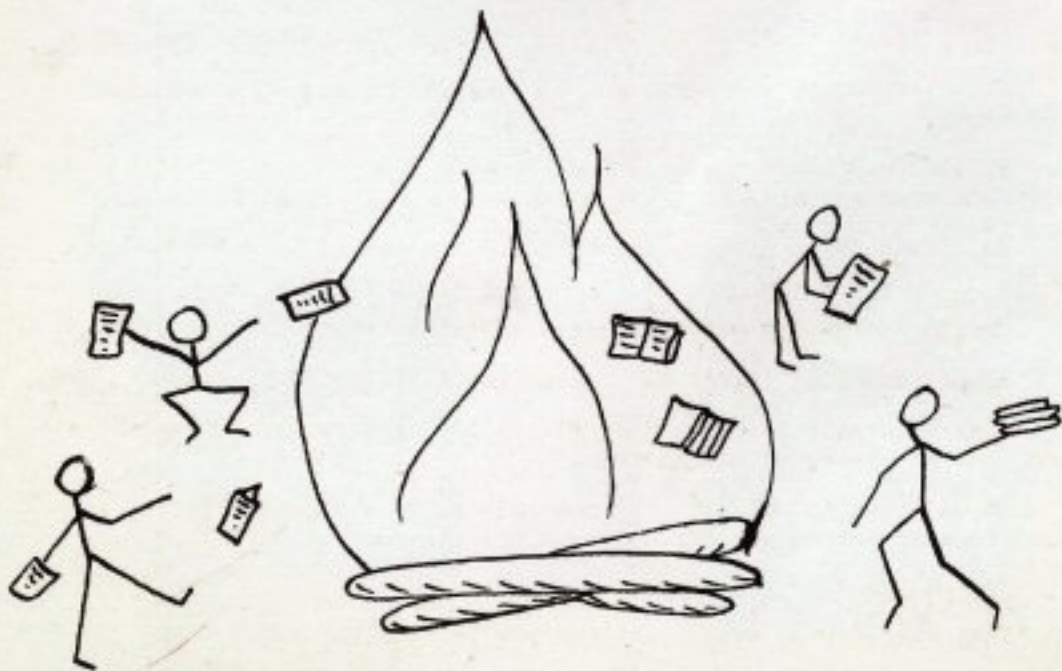
That Lettie Lee thinks each senior class is the nicest she's ever had?

That now, at last, you will have those mystical, nebulous, things called "Senior Privileges"?

That you should wear a white shirt or blouse when having your college application picture taken?

That you, as a senior class, can have an awfully good time together if you cooperate with each other, your adviser, and the rest of the school?

... ..





VICTOR GOUREVITCH



JUNE GROSSMAN



IRMA KIRSCHBAUM



DONALD WOLLINS



VICTOR GOUREVITCH



JUNE GROSSMAN



IRMA KIRSCHBAUM



DONALD WOLLINS



FRANKLIN KLINE



HOPE NORTH



BARBARA STONE



GERRY ROSENTHAL



HERBERT SCHILLER



ROXANNE DINKOWITCH



HELMUT MEYERBACH



JACQUELINE NICHOLS



HENRY LEICHTER



NORTON SOURASKY



MARY ANNE COHN



PETER WOLF



ARTHUR KRAFT