


THE CHERRY PIT

NEW YEAR'S ISSUE



Dedicated to the teachers
who are leaving Cherry Lawn
to serve their country

Wendall Edgar

Charles Goodwin

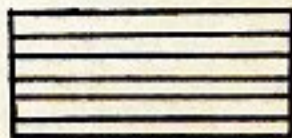
Bernard McAndrews

Samuel Sandt

Jerome Pise

Kenneth Silver

E. Francis Thompson



THE CHERRY PIT STAFF 1942

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To Make You Remember --- And Forget

It is natural for a literary magazine such as the Cherry Pit to reflect the times through the eyes of the students. Here at school we feel the international situation particularly keenly because of the foreign students among us. The reality of the war is still more strongly impressed upon us by the drafting and enlistment of seven of our teachers.

In this issue of the Cherry Pit several of the stories -- some of them based on personal experiences -- will bring home to you the suffering that exists in the world. But no one should be so completely despondent that he cannot forget, and even smile once in a while. Therefore, as you read these stories and poems, though some of them realistically depict the current events, hope that they will help you to forget -- at least momentarily.

-- Barbara Stone '42

Editor-in-Chief

Morning: A Satire

The sound of the bells shatters the silence. Once, twice its discordant clanging resounds through the house. The boys on the porch, flung from their sleep, lie still, trying desperately to regain it. A few boys jump out of bed, rush down the hall, yelling with all their might, overcome by the exuberance of the morning.

A few minutes later, just as the boys in bed have almost regained the enchanting portals of sleep, and are beginning to enjoy its ecstasy, a voice rings out, "All right, boys," - and each boy in turn feels the covers of his bed, as well as the blanket of delightful oblivion which envelopes him, wrenched from his body, and a blast of intense cold pervades his system. The boys open their eyes, and, with a titanic effort of mind, will and body, stagger out of bed.

Each boy hurriedly puts on his clothes, groping in his cavernous locker for that missing sock, his blood slowly congealing. In an effort to warm themselves, the boys stand around the radiators for a few minutes after dressing, and then laboriously start out down the hall and to breakfast.

By this time the hardy souls who rushed out so early creep back to their lockers, dejected, sunken in despair, after having washed. The teachers generously help these poor fellows raise their fallen spirits by promising dire punishment to those who are late to breakfast.

The last bell rings; shouts of "All Out!" echo through the corridors; the stragglers, furiously thinking up excuses, are propelled

from the house by the omniscient teachers.

All is quiet. The clock slowly moves toward eternity; the ghosts of dead resolutions and promises creep into the past.

-- Norman Levy I '43

Pan-American Highway

Sun - a blanket of heat - dust - the muddy river pulsing slowly along - rolling hills too lazy to grow into mountains - one cactus against the vast expanse of sky - plodding natives, strangely alike, pass us with the regularity of an endless belt - a crowded market full of gaudy colors and strange odors - greasy women busily haggling - bare feet the color of dust.

Wash drying on the grass roof of an adobe-walled house - children with dripping noses pause in their game to stare round eyed - a flat, large woman kneading dough the color of putty.

The blue green sea of tumbleweed bows before the rush of wind - a sudden drenching downpour as suddenly departing; leaving in its wake a mist of steam as though the earth itself is sweating.

Night closes in - the headlights gleam in the wet, shiny road - mists hover beyond the next curve - far below Mexico City gleams like a star sapphire set in mist.

-- Carolyn Moyses '43

Was It the Truth?

Camp opened with a bang. People rushing back and forth ----
What group am I in? ---- Are you a counselor or a camper? ---- Isn't
lunch ever going to be served? ---- When do we eat? ---- I want my
mother! ---- When do we go home? ----

But after the first few days things were calmer, or at least
they were more orderly.

This was not an ordinary camp. The campers ranged from English
refugees to W. P. A. offspring; from two-year-olds to fifteen-year-
olds; from bold, reckless boys to timid, pop-eyed girls. The counselors
ranged from fifteen-year-old kids to fifty-year-old "ladies"; from
radical "reds" to "new dealers" and "Lindberghites".

One day it rained. Not a hard rain, but an easy drizzle. Now
the possibilities for activities were limited. ---- What to do?

We all sat in the large recreation hall. Groups sat together
talking ---- some quietly ---- some noisily. Suddenly the room was
quiet - that is, except for one group, the English refugees.

"Why don't we ever hear anything about the war ---- over here?"
This was from a bright-eyed eight-year-old.

"I guess they don't care ---- over here." The girl's voice
quavered as she said this.

"Don't care about what?" came from the other side of the room.

"The war," she said bluntly.

"Oh."

"What war?" This was from another part of the room.

"You don't even care. ---- You don't even know." Her voice was resentful, but its meaning was lost in the noise of the group.

The girl's eyes filled with tears, her lips trembling. She was quite near me. I could almost touch her.

"Let's go for a walk." I took her hand and led her from the room.

We walked silently in the rain. Suddenly she turned to me.

"It's so unfair. Why don't they tell you the truth --- the grown-ups --- and the kids, too --- I don't know --- it's so unfair ---." She sounded so old for her twelve years.

"But I know what war is," she continued. "Why shouldn't you know too? ---- Some day you'll face it too ---- then you'll wonder why you didn't know the truth ---- in time."

She sighed; her anger gone. "I'm sorry for you. Your country has so much to lose. More than we did. You'll see how it hurts. --- All that was yours to love gone. ---- Only memories to remind you that ----."

The rain fell softly to the earth. All I could hear was the sound of our footsteps on the damp ground --- and her voice ringing so loudly in my ears ----.

--- Judy Nadell '43

Listen

To the night!

It weeps aloud --- caught in

The hazy perception of

Love's gamut.

--- June Grossmann '42

The Oracle

It lay there so camouflaged by its setting that unless you were aware of its presence it would be impossible to detect it. The Old Man's hand wavered a bit as he held out the tiny object, the subject of so much controversy. Finding your way past the wrinkles and callouses which bespoke a long and hard life, you came upon a small grey lump. At first it seemed to be nothing but a growth on the ancient palm, but looking again you realized that this pebble --- this small piece of insignificance was the Ancient Oracle itself.

Books had been written about its magnetic Powers. Wars had been fought over it. Thousands of lives had been given up to gain it, and thousands wasted in the useless attempt to keep it.

To some it signified Youth -- Love -- Adventure. To others -- Money -- Power -- Fame. But to all it seemed to be the ultimate goal.

As I looked, it seemed to glow and gain proportion. Its brilliance grew until I was almost blinded by it. Then the throbbing intensity, the bright colors seemed to leave it.

When I looked again, it was just a small grey lump. Then I knew why men had given their lives for its possession. I was consumed with a mad longing --- It must give me another insight into the Kingdom to which it was the Key. I waited and waited, but in vain.

Dusk was beginning to cover everything with its mantle of softness and haze. Still I persisted.

"I'm sorry, but you had better go; it's no use." The ancient guardian of the tantalizing stone smiled, deep sympathy and understanding reflected in his eyes.

"You won't see it again, nobody does. No matter how you wish, no matter if you sit here forever --- it will not do any good!"

"Will you tell me one thing before I go?" I asked. "What is it? Why does it have this strange power over me?"

There was a long pause --- now it was twilight and the shadows were deepening. At last, after stroking his beard thoughtfully, he answered, "Some call it the Mirror of the Future; some think it the Key to Happiness or to Success. It is the illusive thing in your soul which you most desire. The goal which you unconsciously strive for, which you dedicate your life to. Its greatness lies in its power to urge people forward, give them strength, and the ability to bring to the top an unconscious wish...Now I have answered your question, and you must go."

"Thank you very much, sir," but he did not seem to hear me; the old, bent back never turned as he slowly re-entered the building.

I was very bewildered and tried to shake off the sense of awe and unreality. How could I be so enchanted with a stone? Surely it's just imagination, I thought, as I looked down at the twinkling lights of the little town below me, set like a jewel in the dark, shadowy, mountain-surrounded valley. It could be nothing else --- but still? ---!

The cool, night air bringing with it a breath of the mountains seemed to clear my head, and it all seemed preposterous nonsense. Yet before I had been so undecided and now my course of action seemed so plain. My original dream to become a doctor had become intensified, and the possibility of a business position or anything in another field had vanished...unbelievable...and yet I knew what my friends'

reactions would be.

"An oracle? In this day and age? How very ridiculous!" "I don't believe it; you must be teasing us! What a senseless joke though, I do think you aren't in your top form --- better have a drink! It will pep you up!"

And my sane mind agrees with me --- it can't happen here; the drink in my hand assures me, the heavy clouds of blue smoke hide it; the gay chatter completely shuts it out --- not in this modern age; it's impossible!

But it did happen, and I know it. It happened to me!

-- Tanya Bogoslovsky '43

Ashes

There lay the rich man's cigarette,

Still in the dirt and the grime of the road,

The red of the devil lurked 'round the tip -

Red for the blood that was spilled for his gold

Red for the rubies that laughed as they shone

And the hearts that were lusterless now and dead.

There lay the butt of the pauper's son,

Lay like a scar on the smooth white road.

Smoke strands were writhing, twisting, straining,

Freeing themselves from the blackish tip

Black for the dark of the smoker's hell,

Black for the shadows that gold coins make.

-- Aileen Harrison '43

Merry Christmas, Auntie

Dear Aunt Louise,

I was so delighted when I came downstairs Christmas morning and saw my lovely present that you sent. I like it even better than the one you sent last year. But did you have to send me a silk nightgown again? I mean, really, you've sent me one for the last five years and I still haven't worn any of them once. I have the whole five packed away in my drawer.

Dear Aunt Louise,

Thank you ever so much for your lovely present. It's so pretty. Pink is such a nice color, even though I can't wear it with my red hair - you know that as well as I do, Auntie, so why --

Dear Aunt Louise,

I think your present was one of the nicest ones I got this year. It fits me awfully well, except it's about three sizes too big and the waist hangs down to my hips and --

Dear Aunt Louise,

I was so glad to get your lovely present, a silk nightgown, this Christmas. Trimmed with lace too, and with embroidery. But after all, Auntie I'm not a little girl any more, so that Bo-Peep picture on the pocket isn't as appropriate as it might have been when I was six. Of all the stupid --

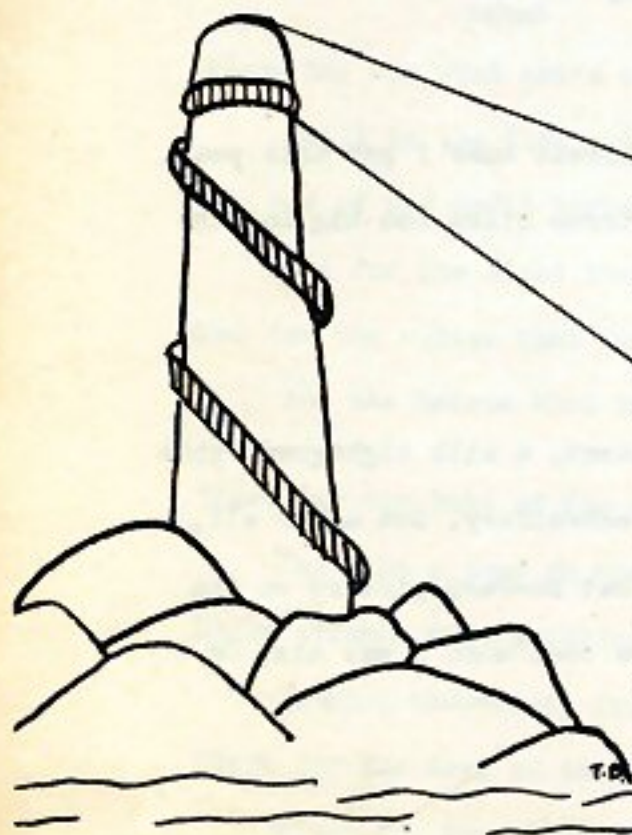
Dear Aunt Louise,

Thank you so much for the lovely present. I've always wanted a silk nightgown, and pink is just the right color. I couldn't wait to try it on, and it fits exactly. The decorations on it are lovely. Thank you so much.

Your loving niece,

Patricia

-- Alison Lurie '43



Sea Silhouette

Proud and straight
the lighthouse tow'rs
above the rocks,
casting its golden beam
across the velvet folds
of water.
The shadow of a lonely mast
swings gently in its light,
a giant pendulum
timing the ocean's endless rhythm.

-- Barbara Stone '42

The following story does not in any way reflect on the patriotic Frenchmen who have sacrificed and still are sacrificing their lives for their country.

Guilty

TWO HUNDRED HOSTAGES TO DIE TOMORROW

-- The Headlines

His name had been on the list and he knew that he was going to die at dawn tomorrow. Jean Pierre Bonnard, one out of two hundred, one out of millions. Nobody.

There he lay in his corner, and sleep would not come. Six more hours - and then you will face a firing squad...the officer in grey - how you hate him - will bark an order, and then...and then...Oh, stop thinking...stop...And you are innocent, Jean Pierre Bonnard, never done any harm...what do they want...why are they going to kill you? You were satisfied with your life of "petit bourgeois", never asked for anything! Do you remember? What was more sacred for you than your little office job that kept you out of war (remember how you thanked God for it then?), nothing was more important than your family, than these evenings after work, a good meal, your quart of red wine? Was there anything more valuable in the world?...and now!...you are innocent, Jean Pierre, why do you have to die? WHY?...It is true, you liked to talk politics like everyone else, behind your "Paris-soir" in the "metro" or with your friends in the little "bistro" at the corner. It was so nice to talk big and to judge, but did you ever mean any harm?...Still, tomorrow (how terrible this word sounds all of a sudden...tomorrow) tomorrow you are going to stand up

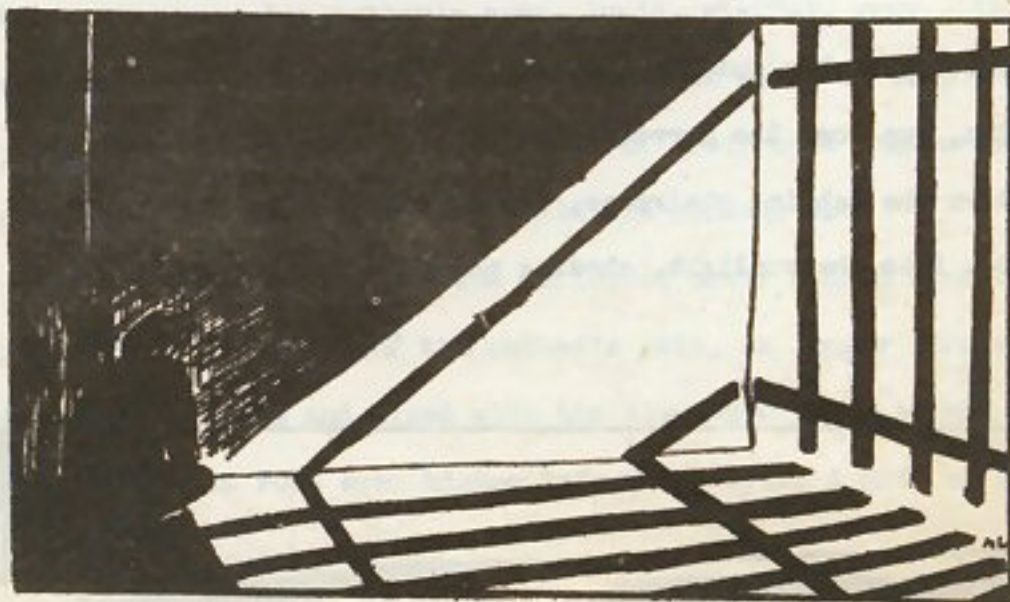
against the wall over there -- can you see it in the moonlight?), maybe they will blindfold you if they can afford the time - and you are going to die, to die miserably...why? What do you care if two fools whom you didn't know, didn't care to know, shot a German officer who, God knows, deserved it? But why did they have to shoot him? Why not submit? You wouldn't have done that, Jean Pierre Bonnard...Oh it was all so foolish, so ununderstandable...

Did you hear that laughter? It came from the backyard...one of the Germans, probably...they can laugh...nothing to do right now except to slaughter prisoners...are they human, do they think?...no, they are part of a machine that tramples down the earth (why doesn't someone stop them?) killing and burning, killing peace loving innocent citizens...do you hear...innocent...you are one of them, Jean Pierre Bonnard, yes you loved peace and you loved life and you loved your comfort; you used to get angry at the government when you had to keep your windows black and didn't have all the coffee you wanted. That war was none of your business and you never made it your business... and now, because some people made it their business to protect what was theirs, because some people would not yield, because some people had pride or an ideal...did you hear?...or...an...ideal...Did you ever have an ideal, Jean Pierre Bonnard, did that talk about "Liberte-Egalite-Fraternite", that fight for freedom ever mean anything? Why are you ashamed to say no? What's wrong with not having an ideal? You are the father of a family and had your own interests. You should be glad, Jean Pierre, that you were not one of these fools who thought

it worthwhile to fight for something and who finally died...finally... died...But you are going to die too, although you were a quiet peaceable bourgeois. Oh, how absurd, how utterly unjust!!!...There! Did you hear that voice in the night? Where from? Where to? Was it one of the guards? Was it one of your fellow-prisoners?...no, don't fool yourself, Jean Pierre Bonnard: this voice in the dark was your own, and what it said was: GUILTY...no! no!...yes, you are guilty, Jean Pierre Bonnard, guilty for not doing your duty...and the two fellows who shot that "Sale Boche" are innocent, they can face death, they have done what they had to do... all those were innocent who knew what they were fighting for, and you, Jean Pierre Bonnard, are not among them, you with your little petty interests and your family life. You are going to die because you are guilty. You can see the wall in the moonlight; a couple of hours more and you will stand there, trembling maybe and empty, because you will not know what you die for.

The man in the corner turned slowly towards the wall.

-- Henry Leichter '42



School After Hours

School after hours, five o'clock or more
Down the empty corridors the long black shadows fell
Making inky patterns on the smooth grey painted floor
Silence in the corridors, sounding like a bell.

Ghosts there after hours, when I walk alone
Up three flights of stairs to get the book I left behind
Mumbled words and laughter, ghostly step and moan,
Phantoms of my fancy, voices of my mind.

Key turned in my locker, fumbling with the door
Trying to read a title by the golden setting sun
Now I've found the book; what do I stand here for?
Lingering in the mellow light though my task is done.
Listening for a footstep that I cannot hear
Watching for a Shadowy form, dead and buried deep
Frozen in the silence by a nameless creeping fear
Shapes and steps and voices that will haunt me in my sleep.

Shut my locker quickly, take my book along
Run, run down the corridor, do not look behind
Down the echoing staircase, followed by a song
Out into the sunlight, chasing phantoms from my mind.

-- Alison Lurie '43



Concordia Discors

Below the swelling hirsute hills stood a worn, brown farmhouse, undaunted by the tempests and devastations of stormy days and years. It stood surrounded by immaculate rows of ripe wheat.

Upon the hill that rose beyond the house there grew a tall apple tree, grotesque in its sinewy curves, and massive with its bulk of succulent apples, whose richly-laden burden bent earthward tremulously.

It was the slow ebbing of dusk into night, when sunlight folded its wings to the enveloping darkness. Outside the farm a woman began to ring a low, reechoing bell, that hinted warmly of day's end. You could not see the mist that rose before her fine, grey eyes, nor notice the trembling hand, as it effortlessly swung the bell back and forth.

A young girl, with the awkward grace of a young animal, passed before her mother into the house, alert and vibrating with life. Her hair was beautifully unkempt; the color of rich, sunburnt, harvest fields, and her tawny skin was flawless, exuding health and beauty. But her eyes were her mother's eyes, lucid, wistful, grey, like a cloudless sky, childlike in their candor, but wise, as deeply within lay the seeds of fruition. Within each of their eyes they were ageless, and the gulf between mother and child was nonexistent.

The dying rays of the sun reflected their golden haze upon the thin, film-like texture of the mother's skin, no longer firm and tawny, but rather delicate and lined with the dignity of age. As her daughter passed, the mist rose even higher before her eyes. A mist of her youth,

and the poignant memories that were inaccessible and lost.

Her youth had been born again from her womb, from her flesh, blood, torn from her entrails, and yet her age held an iron grasp about her, and stifled the cry that arose exultantly, with the ripeness of a huge wild grape, within her throat.

For a moment she stared at the magnificent apple tree, and a pang of reminiscence tore at her heart. She remembered when she had so often waited beneath it expectantly, with the wild impatience of young love, for Alex to appear. For the moment when his presence would surge through her blood hotly, and her heart would leap ecstatically and yearningly toward him.

Could those lips that had spoken of love be now old, dry, and forever silenced? Could the body that had lain in Alex's arms be now stiff, brittle-boned and unresponsive? What had become of those colt-like, graceful animals, laughing, tearful, remorseful, loving! O young love...return! With impulsive urge she mounted the hill in the direction of the tree, heedless of stiff joints and the tedious climb, only aware of what was before her...

She did not see the figure lying beneath the tree when she reached it, but breathlessly flung herself against the trunk of the tree, dreamily, in a spell, when suddenly the pungent fumes of pipe smoke pierced her nostrils and filled her senses with a start. Alex looked up at her from his lazy meditating with kindly apathy, and she turned away violently, knowing he understood. When she turned again, she met her husband's long, intent gaze, and was first to lower her eyes.

History Class

The fading purple was tipped with an iridescent white that shone from the top of the mountain. It was this that blinded me as it came into view. The glory of the rising sun was doubled as the rushing water tumbling over the rock reflected its shining glow. The rainbows of flowers opened their hearts to the sun which poured warmth to dry the dew. It seemed as if I could look at it forever, but then something interrupted this loveliness.

"Turn the page! What are you waiting for?"

Obediently I turned and saw a picture of some old machinery. Mr. Zuber talked some more and we turned more pages, but still that picture lingered in my mind.

"What do we import from there?" was the question put to me.

"Purple mountains and rushing water!" Geography! Geography! When there is such a picture how can one think of geography!

"I'll give you one more chance."

The class was all agiggle, and who could help it? I wasn't thinking when I said that, and now another question. I'd better try hard on this one.

"Where did they find silver up north?"

Bobby looked at Joan. Joan looked at Bobby. They exploded as Joan said "at the bank" as she screwed up her face. June had a grin on with tears dripping down. Harry cocked his head and watched. Anne, in the middle of fixing her braids, lost her gigantic hairpin, while Mr. Zuber folded his arms and glared.

"Where'd you pick up the 'purple mountains'?" This was Harry.

"A picture on page something," I replied.

Mr. Zuber asked, "What picture?" and I turned pages 'till I found it. But I didn't need to see it again; it was still in my mind. Nobody else had seen it, and Mr. Zuber did say, "It is beautiful." But still I knew I should have been listening.

"Make-up at 3:15."

"For everyone? I didn't make any noise." That was Joan.

"You've wasted five minutes in laughing and talking. So it includes the whole class. Five minutes for every minute wasted, so this afternoon you have twenty-five minutes make-up."

"We have athletics at 3:15." This was Bobby.

"And Science make-up at 4:15." This was Joan.

"You'll just have to miss athletics then and come to make-up. We have to finish this chapter, and the more you argue the more time you waste."

"Oh, come on, girls, be quiet." This came from June. I didn't think she would say anything at that moment because she was busy drying her tears.

The whistle! Everyone jumped up but was promptly seated when Mr. Zuber roared:

"Sit down! This class is not over until I dismiss you, which I have not done yet. This class will meet at 3:15, and if anyone is late, ten minutes for every minute late. And whoever does not come shall be reported to Dr. Stael for skipping classes. Bring your books and paper and pencils. I will not supply pencils. All right, you may go."

We had a fifty-five minute class that afternoon instead of a twenty-five minute class, for Anne was three minutes late. All this trouble just because of a beautiful picture. What a mess!

Tough Guy

There was a droning noise, and then the crash of wood against metal, and then a loud yell, "Shut up, you fools, or I'll put the lot of you in solitary confinement for three days." After that remark everything was quiet. Ten long, long minutes passed, and a priest walked down the hall toward cell 13. Stopping before it, the priest motioned to the guard to let him in.

"What do you want here, you blackrobed dog?" was the snarling query that greeted him.

"To help forgive you your sins to the world, my son."

"I ain't no son of yours, so just beat it out of here before I start to hurt you."

"You still need my help, for at 12:00 o'clock tonight you will die, and you have only one hour left."

"All right, go ahead and talk, but I won't listen to you."

"Come, father; he won't listen to you. Don't waste your time on people like him," put in the guard.

"Well, Guard, he must atone for his sins before the Almighty God." The priest motioned the guard away and sat there talking for twenty-five minutes, and there was quiet in the prison. And then a roar and a sound of blows came from cell 13, and the guards rushed down the hall to the cell. There they found the father laid out on the floor with a bruise on the side of his head. They rushed in and pulled the two apart. Looking the cell door, they rushed the priest down the hall. A muttered oath escaped the prisoner's mouth. "The dirty son of God; trying to scare me. Why, I'll do it again if he

comes in here." Then some muttered oaths passed his lips, and a guard told him to shut up.

11:50 came and there was a tread of men walking down the hall toward cell 13. Stopping before it, the guard opened the cell door and motioned for the man to come out of the cell.

The warden said, "Joe Rossetti, you have been sentenced by the court to die in the electric chair on this night of November 1, 1939. Are you ready?"

"Yea," was the quick reply.

"Do you have any last things you wish to give me for your mother or father?"

"Naw, they never did anything for me, so I won't do anything for them." Joe then walked down the hall between guards toward a little green door. Prisoners were sticking their hands out between the bars. Some offered him candy, and others offered him cigarettes. But the guards pushed their hands back. Arriving at the door one of the guards gave Joe a cigarette and lit it for him. After smoking it for a few minutes Joe dropped it to the floor and crushed it. Taking one last look around the cell room, he walked through the green door. He saw faces staring at him and old prison friends waving their hands at him, and then the door closed. Looking around inside the room, he saw a different view. Reporters lounged around, smoking cigarettes. Then seeing the warden, they sat down in their seats and looked at the clock.

Joe looked too and saw it was 11:55 P. M. Five more minutes to live. Sitting down in the electric chair, he waited to be strapped.

"Do you want your eyes covered?"

"Nope, just leave them like they are."

"Do you have anything else to say, Joe?"

"Yea, I have. Tell the public I got what I wanted out of life."

The last glimpse the reporters had of Joe Rossetti showed them a man about five feet, seven inches tall. His hair was the dark, greasy, Italian type. His eyes black as the night gleamed at them from squinting eyes. His nose was crooked. His face was tough. And then the lights dimmed, brightened again, and Joe Rossetti was dead. He was slumped down in his seat.

Cell 13 stood empty, impassively awaiting its next victim.

-- Ronald Kaas '44

The Burial

I see before me the soft, short-cut grass, green amidst the cold whiteness of gravestones. The mute, hushed peace overwhelms me in the great garden of blocks that lie among the sage elms at the top of the hill. There is to be a funeral soon. The long black car with its trail of mourners creeps through the hills, disappearing and reappearing. The wandering boy comes home. The six hired mourners, paid to keep those iron faces, slowly raise the gilt-edged ebony box. A lily, pure and saintlike, remains forgotten on the still oblong crate. The veiled mother, having lost half her life, weeps ceaselessly. The goodlooking chauffeur sneaks a cigarette. The cool, rich earth is piled in clean symmetry before the hollow opening that is to be the end of the pilgrimage.

-- Stefan Gierasch '45

Impressions

Dusty dirt roads lined with mild weeds and barbed wire fences. Fields of corn waving gently in the breeze. Old, ram-shackle barns painted a drab grey by the wind and rain. Cows placidly grazing, munching the clover and alfalfa. The air full of flitting yellow butterflies, whirring grasshoppers, twittering birds, and dust from passing cars. Small, swift streams full of rocks, crossed by old, rotten, wooden bridges. Tiny towns with people sitting outside the stores talking, or hanging around the railroad station waiting for the afternoon train. Long stretches of railroad tracks and electric wires. And sometimes a train passing, heaving at its heavy load of cars, shrieking out a greeting, the sound of the whistle resounding from the surrounding hills.

Little graveyards full of tombstones with quaint inscriptions: "Sacred to the memory of..." Trees shading everything. Oak, maple, birch, apple, receding into the distance, covering the nearby hills like a woolly coat, finally dissolving into the blueness of the far distant mountains. Pale white clouds floating in a serene blue sky; the bright, hot sun beating down, covers the land with its light and heat.

Evening approaches. The sky slowly darkens; the sun sinks in the west, a glowing ball of fiery red. The clouds hang motionless; the breeze is stilled. The clouds disperse as the stars begin to come out. Venus, the evening star in the west, heralding the night.

It is night. A cool wind has sprung up, moist, refreshing.

The feeble light cast by the crescent moon does not blot out the stars winking brightly in the void. The sound of crickets and katydids chirping is everywhere, swelling, dying down; here the voice of a lone cricket, there a whole chorus of insects. The mournful sound of a faraway train whistle echoes through the night.

— Norman Levy I '43

The Changing Road

Quiet little Connecticut road
Wandering slowly on
Past bare grey trees and old stone walls
Over the hill - and gone.
Noisy roaring "U. S. 1"
Screaming, squawking by,
Billboards, junk heaps, roadside stands,
Dark rain-muddied sky.

Hurried, busy city street,
Shifting restless crowd,
Streetcars, subways, dust and smoke
Where once a farmer plowed.

— Alison Lurie '43

The Operation

Slowly the adept fingers of the doctor begin to move as he tests their strength by dexterously drawing them into a tight fist. In a very few moments he will commence a dangerous and tiring operation.

The disease is a brain tumor and the patient is his father.

The patient is rolled in on the operating table. Words of deep affection are spoken between the son and father.

The doctor at once administers ether to his patient, and the operation slowly commences.

One hour later great beads of sweat pour from the doctor's brow as he laboriously guides his great hand around the brain.

In a soft tone he commands one of the nurses to hand him a scalpel. As he handles the scalpel one can clearly see the patience and poise which those hands possess.

The patient is losing breath rapidly. Quickly the oxygen tank is applied, and the patient is breathing normally once more.

Fifteen minutes later: the tumor is visible. This is the most delicate and nerve-racking part of the operation.

The tumor is enormous; one slip of the hand would splatter the tumor, and the patient would be at death's door.

Suddenly the patient's breathing increases, increases, increases, until there is sharp silence. The doctor turns wearily and leaves the room with bowed head. The nurses know that one more gamble has been played and lost.

Just a Dream?

It was on a beautiful Sunday night in autumn that my sister and I rumbled home on the Vienna-bound train that had brought us home from our summer vacation. My aunt was waiting for us at the station, as we were thinking of school days to come. We greeted her with the usual kisses and it was during one of these that someone started shouting and a siren went off in full blast. Everyone started running towards the entrance, each person asking his neighbor what had happened. Yet we all knew without asking. It was war! The German troops were crossing the border. We all had the same thought in mind, to get out of Austria and to do it quickly. In a few minutes we were on the train again and in another half hour we took a deep breath as we crossed the border to Italy.

We sent a telegram to our relatives in Triest to expect us at two in the morning and to be ready for a heart-broken family. My little sister went to sleep in my lap without further excitement. A month later we were still in Triest spending our small amount of money which was rapidly diminishing and trying desperately to get to Australia. Why it was Australia we didn't exactly know, but we had some very vague ideas about going on from there to America, the place where everyone was trying to get to, but no one succeeded. Yet we really considered it a joke more or less, since out of thousands only a few had realized this sacred but possible dream. The next few months seemed like a dream. Rushing from one place to another, getting visas, affidavits, tickets, and at last final success in getting a boat straight to

America, without even going to Australia, that dirty little place,
or so it seemed to us now.

Our happiness was, however, not as great as it could have
been since the food was bad, the boat was small and awfully crowded.
On the third day as we were eating, a rumor spread over the ship that
there was something wrong with the engines, and sure enough in a few
minutes we stopped, to the great horror of the passengers. The boat
was sinking! When no aid had come in a few minutes, we gave up hope.
My family had drowned, and I was just on the point of drowning myself
when I woke up to find that it was just a dream and I was back in the
good old U. S. A. But yet, to some people it has been more than a
dream, and the question remains, will this dream ever end?

-- John Silard '46

Irradiation

Memory out of the blue mist
silently ripples on a deathless sea.

The ripple ---
Nothing more then can be seen
as the white foam crumples
like a small, wet bud ---
breaks and is seen no more.

-- Irma Kirschbaum '42

Dancing School

"One, two, three. One, two, three. Step, slide, step," chanted Miss Grace Pidmore in her high nasal voice. On the shiny polished dance floor some fifty boys and girls from the seventh and eighth grades stumbled unhappily back and forth.

"Oh God," she thought. "When is this going to end?" She twisted her neck around backwards to look up at the clock on the balcony. 7:55. Thirty-five minutes to go.

She caught Miss Rich's eye and hastily turned her head back to its proper position. "Stop idling," Miss Rich's eye had said. "You're supposed to be teaching dancing here." Miss Grace Pidmore sighed and looked around the room. Approaching a couple which was hopelessly mixed up, she gently tapped them.

"One, two, three. One, two, three," she remarked chidingly. "No. This way." She took the boy's hot, moist hand in hers and led him to the side. "Like this. One, two, three." He stepped on her foot squarely. Miss Grace Pidmore bit her lip and emitted a painful gurgle.

"I didn't hurt you much, did I, Miss Basset?" inquired the boy anxiously.

"No," she said untruthfully, omitting to add that her name was not Miss Basset.

"Are you planning to spend your whole life letting brats step on your feet?" she asked herself. "You've been here five years already, you know." Yes. Five years since she'd seen that ad in the paper:

"Young lady, high school graduate,
inexperienced, attractive, to teach
ballroom dancing Box 2355 "

Well, she was a high school graduate, Grace had thought, inexperienced enough, certainly, attractive enough -- at least Henry had thought so. So she had written to Box 2355 had been asked to call Wednesday at 9:00 A. M.

"Just a temporary job," her mother said. Grace had thought so too. But when Henry lost his job at the insurance office three months before they had planned to get married, and had to go to his uncle's in Michigan, she wondered if it was so temporary. Henry was married now, to some girl in Michigan.

"Only a year more, at the most," Bill had said the night he proposed. But Bill met Janet Price, the town belle, and that was almost three years ago.

"Anyhow," the town gossips had said, cattily sweet, "you have your job."

That had started her thinking.

"Mr. Black's secretary is leaving; you might get her place."

"Miss Nelson says she wants a girl to help at the store."

"Dr. Johnson just fired his office girl. Why don't you apply?"

Miss Grace Pidmore had applied to all of them. But Mr. Black wanted someone who could use a dictaphone. Miss Nelson gave the job to her niece. Dr. Johnson rehired his office girl.

"Besides," they all said consolingly, "you don't need a job."

You have one already."

The music stopped. The boy stepped once more on her foot -- conclusively -- dropped her hand, and sat down on the nearest chair.

"Will you all please choose partners for the next dance?"

Miss Rich waved to the pianist. The music started. Couples moved out on to the floor. Miss Grace Pidmore sighed. Her voice rose above the popular tune.

"One, two, three. One, two, three. Step, slide, step."

Yes, she had a job.

-- Alison Lurie '43

From the Sixteenth Floor

Tall buildings in the distance - high domes become faint as they pierce the misty grey sky.

Below, Central Park spread out, empty - desolate. Trees and bushes stripped naked, the ground a dull brown.

A few scurrying figures clutch their hats --- coats whip against legs --- blue from the river's biting wind.

Faint sounds arise from below, screeching of brakes - horns honking - the rhythmical stop and go of traffic.

Afternoon fades --- light dims - twilight. Street lamps flick on - in the park, in many windows - the distant bridge becomes a thread of light against the black.

A moon partly hidden by fog rises - but unobserved, for people are too submerged under the rushing tide of - City.

-- Hope North '42

Navy Wife

Where was he? Was he all right? Why hadn't she heard from him? When was his ship docking? And where? Slowly her heart sank as the many dangers which faced him loomed before her in a multitude which she felt she could never surmount. Tears filled her brown eyes, and her grip tightened on the package which she was selling to an unobliging customer. A sharp "thank you," and a quick passing of bills was the only sympathy shown her. The next customer came, another, and another. All the time thoughts pierced her mind -- thoughts of her early married life. Three years of this inferno had passed. Only a few more weeks and his cruise would be ended! This would be the beginning of their real married life. This comforting thought soothed her. The sharp sound of a bell, which marked the end of another working day, interrupted her train of thought.

Strolling back to her flat, she passed the wharf where three years and some odd months ago she had said goodbye to her sailor husband. The scene seemed to rehearse itself in her mind. The last smile that shone on his face seemed to penetrate her path of vision. All she could see was him standing before her giving her a gentle chuck under the chin. The echo of his parting words seemed to be locked in some hidden corner and were slowly oozing out until she could hear nothing else. "There's nothing to worry about. I'm with the boys. We're going to have a hell of a good time. Join the Navy and see the world. That's what I always say. Keep your chin up, honey. I'll be back before you know it." With this he had given her

a gentle kiss. A kiss you would expect from a long wedded husband when he was about to fetch the evening paper. All of this was so clear to her. She could even see him stepping onto the ship with his arms around a couple of the other gobs. Then his ship had sunk slowly into the horizon.

That's all she could remember. That was all there was to remember. The questions of where and how he was, why she hadn't heard from him, repeated themselves in her mind like an old, monotonous chant. Slowly she strolled away from the wharf, when a confused crowd caught her attention. People were huddling around an old man who was giving out something. She couldn't see what it was. Regaining her normal vitality she ran toward the man. Who was she to miss anything, especially if it was free. By the time she reached that end of the wharf the man had disappeared. Looking over a close bystander's shoulder she saw written in heavy black print: "U. S. S. Kearny torpedoed; 11 men killed." Her eyes flashed down the obituary list.

Now she knew. Where he was. How he was. When his ship was docking, and where.

-- Betty Guinzburg '43

