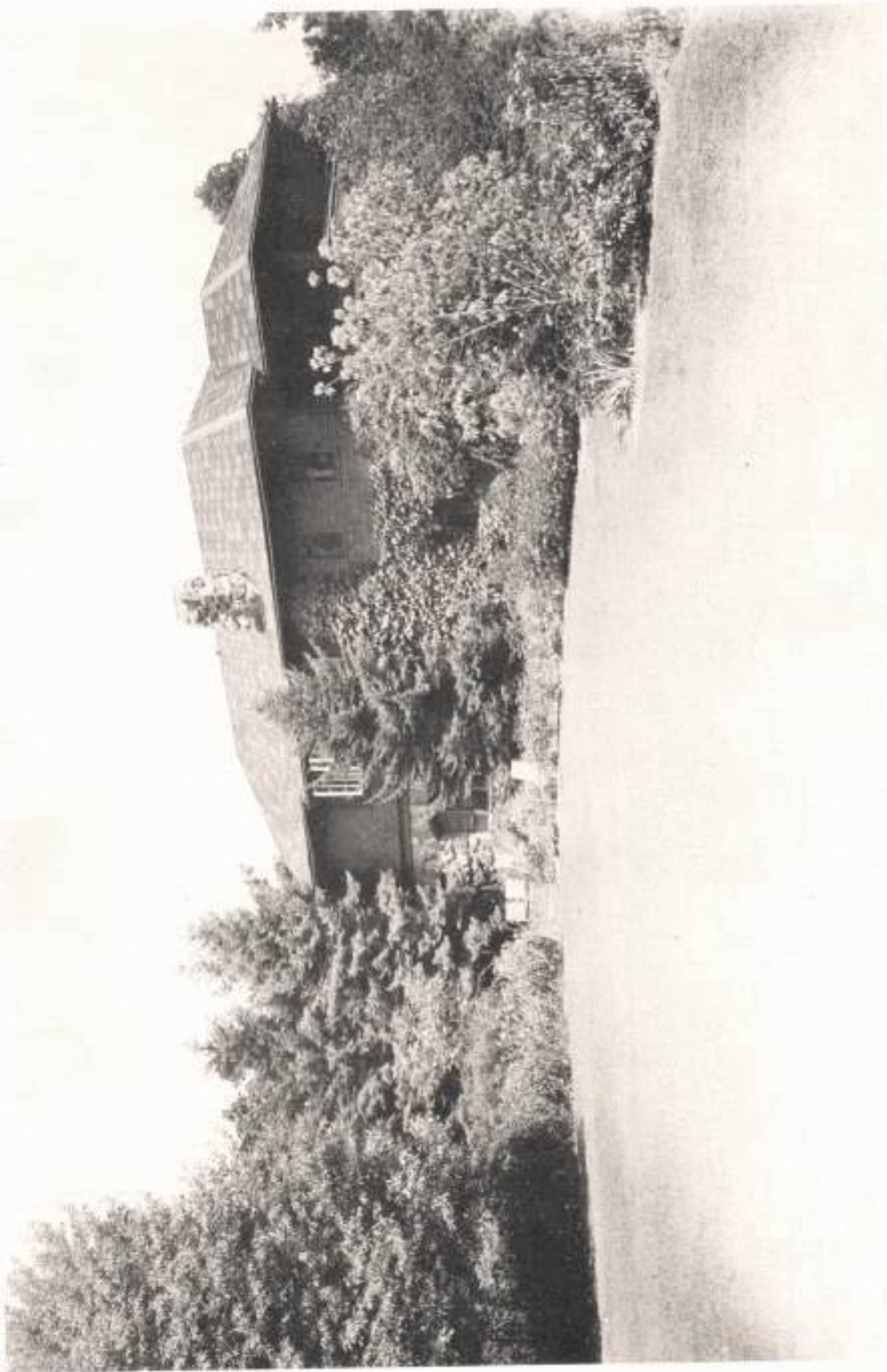


Cherry Lawn School

Darien • Connecticut

THE
CHERRY
PIT





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We thank Max Waldman and David Brooks for photographic assistance.



Dr. Boris Bogoslovsky and Dr. Christina Stael Bogoslovsky,
The Directors, in conversation with a student.

THE STORY OF THE WISE SAINT

"Many hundreds of years ago there was a saint so pious and prudent that none of the minor devils could embarrass him or induce him into heresy of any sort. So Satan himself was obliged to take care of the case and make his appearance before the saint, bombarding him with the most clever and puzzling questions. But all Satan's cunning was of no avail. The saint was so faithful and wise that Satan had to admit his defeat. As a parting shot he dropped his last question: 'What is the greatest creation of God?' The saint thought for a moment and answered, 'The variety of human personalities,' and Satan, as the legend reports, retreated ashamed."—The Ideal School, p. 349

Seniors

1946

FACULTY ADVISER
LETTIE LEE CRAIG



BENEDICT ARTHUR SILVERMAN

"Buster"

"I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder than I am."—Artemus Ward, "Artemus Ward's Lecture."



*To Helaine
Best of luck to a
pet little Cherry
Lawner Bunker.*

CECILE FRANKEL

"CC"

"Nothing is little to him that feels it with great sensibility."—Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*.



PHILLIP WOLFE GORDON

"Phil"

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."—William Shakespeare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I, Scene 1.

*To a swell girl
Lots of Luck
Phil*



Dear Elaine —

I certainly can wish the best of luck
to a real little cherry summer.

Lois



LOIS KLEIN

"Let early education be a sort of amusement; you will then be better able to find out the natural bent."—
Plato, *The Republic*, Book VII.

JOAN HOFFMANN

"Let me go where I will, I hear a sky-born music still."
—Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Good Bye," Stanza 4.



ANTHONY SALISBURY

"Beebe"

"Young men think old men are fools, but old men know that young men are fools."—George Chapman, "All Fools," Act V.

Best of luck to you Elaine,
It's been swell knowing
you.

Anthony

Dear Helaine,

I'll always remember a certain
night. Lots of luck and success.

Mario.

MARIO MERCADO

"You patched up your excuses."—William Shakespeare,
"Anthony and Cleopatra," Act II.



JANET SALOP

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent
thing in a woman."—William Shakespeare, "King
Lear," Act V.

ANN GLOVER

"Anngii"

"There was a star danced, and under that was I born."—
William Shakespeare, "Much Ado About Nothing,"
Act II, Scene I.

To Helaine,

A girl with whom
I have a lot in common—
Good hunting and I hope you
really enjoy the rest of your
days here—Regard it's stuff
Anngii





DALE J. DANENBERG

"Smily"

"Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short."

—William Shakespeare, "King Richard II," Act II, Scene I.

ANNE MCKINNE HEITKAMP

"Kiki"

"How much elder art thou than thy looks?"—William Shakespeare.

Helaine: A day student, but none the less active, popular, or a real cherry hawser. To a very cute gal - with love -

Kiki



NORMAN M. LEVINE

"Studs"

"Keep up appearances whatever you do."—Charles Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

RAYMOND HILL DEPUY

"Doily"

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea can wash the balm off from an annointed king."—William Shakespeare, "King Richard II," Act II, Scene 2.



ANNE MARIE MENKART

"Amy"

"You'll have to take me as I am."—William Steig.

*To a good hockey player
and a swell kid,
love, Anne Marie*

BETTY NILSEN

"Betina"

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid."—Thomas Tickell, "To a Lady with a Present of Flowers."

*Dear Helaine -
I will miss seeing you in
the early morning bus as I
did sometimes this past year.
Luck & stuff
Betina*





JEANNE MAXON

"Her conversation does not show the minute hand, but she strikes the hour very correctly."—Samuel Johnson.

BILLIE ARLENE PINKERSON

"Willy"

"Unquiet meals make ill digestion."—William Shakespeare, "Comedy of Errors," Act V, Scene 1,



FREDERICK HOFMANN

"Fritz"

"I shall laugh myself to death."—William Shakespeare, "The Tempest," Act II.

*All the sweets everywhere
to a true Stamfordian
and a good Cherry Lawner.*

Frederick Hofmann

LARRY FRISCH

"Cecil B"

"Many strings to your bow."—John Heywood, *Proverbs*,
Part I.



ROBERT OLIVER RIGGS

"Reaker"

"Do not say things. What you are stands over you the
while and thunders so that so that I cannot hear what
you say to the contrary."—Ralph W. Emerson, "Letters
and Social Aims."

ADELE BARBARA SCHIFF

"It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter."
—Francis Bacon, "Of Gardens."



To Helaine,
a swell gal
lots of luck!
Babs



BARBARA LOUISE GLAZER

"Babs"

"I wish to write such rhymes as shall not suggest a restraint, but contrariwise the wildest freedom."—Ralph W. Emerson, "Progress of Culture," Phi Beta Kappa Address—July 18, 1867.

ELI B. HARMON

"T.D.E."

"I will review my thoughts just once more."—William Steig.



GINGER GORDON

"GG"

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."—William Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice," Act V, Scene 1.

To Helaine,
The little heart-
breaker -

Good Luck
Babs

Pete Martin

FERRIER T. MARTIN, JR.

"Pete"

"Men of few words are the best men."—William Shakespeare, "King Henry V," Act III, Scene 2.



"Piz"

*Hope you have lots of luck
in future school years.*

GEORGE KUELL

"Piz"

George Kuell

"Who riseth from a feast with that keen appetite that he sits down . . ."—William Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice," Act II, Scene 2.

GEORGE MENKART

"I know a trick worth two of that."—William Shakespeare, "King Henry IV," Part I, Act I, Scene I.

Good luck to Stamford

Sweetheart

George M.





Dear Helaine,
 soon it will be your
 turn to leave on "alumnus".
 Let it pass me, the time
 will fly past without
 me.

MARY GLASSBERG

"Mea"

"Though she be little, she is fierce."—William Shakespeare,
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III, Scene 2.

SONIA STAHLBERG

"Sunny"

"What manner of man?"—William Shakespeare,
 "Twelfth Night," Act I, Scene 5.

Dear Helaine -
 lots of love to Stanford's
 Pin up girl -
 Love Sunny



JOAN RUTH CHERNIACK

"Women are such expensive things."—George Meredith,
 "Juggling Jerry."

Last Will and Testament

We, the Seniors, being of sound mind, bequeath our various possessions, cherished in this life, to those who follow in our footsteps. Some of these possessions, being intangible, are left to you, our friends, to remember us by, not because of our sizes and shapes, or caprices, but because of the vivid fragrance of our personalities. Whosoever wishes to, may take our Will in a humorous way, may laugh and dismiss it with a shrug. We shall bear this humiliation with the dignity which has always characterized us. So unto you these objects and abstractions are solemnly willed:

Ginger Gordon takes Tristan and leaves Isolde.
George Kuell leaves a few athletes to next year's teams.
Jeanne Maxon leaves an empty red plush chair in the Senior Library.
Lois Klein leaves a slinky and not unattractive Cleopatra.
Ray Depuy leaves two broken-down typewriters and a broken-down editor.
Betty Nilsen leaves needles, thread, and crossed-out telephone numbers.
Janet Salop leaves a quiet impression.
Anne Marie Menkart bequeaths the store library keys to next year's Saint Peter of the "Gates of Knowledge."
Tony Salisbury leaves the pennant to the Chicago Cubs.
Joan Hoffmann leaves a "boogie-bear" in the Round Room.
Kiki Heithamp leaves the store cash register open . . . and empty.
Joan Cherniack leaves her Stamford boy friends.
Bob Riggy leaves broken-hearted women in his wake.
Mary Glassberg leaves a pair of plaid trousers which we hope will fit someone.
Billie Pinkerson leaves a perfect bridge hand.
Peter Martin leaves a few car tracks on the road to Darien.
Babs Glazer leaves a size six ballet shoe to next year's Pavlova.
Buster Silverman leaves a pair of well-worn, well-shrunk white socks to their "maker."
Sunny Stahlberg leaves the 55th Infantry division without a mascot.
Phil Gordon leaves a full color map of Malden.
George Menkart leaves before he has a chance to repay all the cigarettes he has "bummed."
Norman Levine leaves that well groomed look to John Elliot.
Mario Mercado leaves his Latin charm to the future Don Juan.
Cecile Frankel leaves her deep sympathies to the other day students.
Larry Frisch leaves a vacuum behind the microphone.
Dale Danenberg leaves a ninety-nine year subscription to the *Bridgeport Herald* which she recommends highly.
Adele Schiff leaves her smile-secret in a volume entitled "Brooklyn and What It's All About."
Eli Harmon leaves, and all the gags about Brooklyn Tech go with him.
Anngii Glover leaves a high C to be picked up by next year's soprano.
Fred Hofmann leaves Mr. Lally in peace.

Class Prophecy

It was dusk, June 9th, 1960, innumerable years since the unforgettable class of 1946 tripped (and fell?) across the threshold into the big wide world. Thanks to Doctor Benedict Silverman, eminent for his invention of the spatial rocket ship, the class was enabled to hold their reunion at the celebrated "STIEV," favorably located on the thickly settled Luna Post Road. Notified of the coming event, Pauline had busied herself with preparations.

Already the outline of the oncoming rockets could be discerned against the horizon. They began to land at a parking lot, reserved by the well-known "Mildred," alias Billie Pinkerson, whose residence was located in one of the larger craters. The first arrival sauntered into "STIEV'S," finding Billie mumbling unintelligibly lines from her forthcoming play, a weed dangling from her rosebud lips.

"Billie, darling," shrieked Lois with a professional air, but none the less affectionately. Arousing from her orations with a startled expression on her face, Billie turned to Lois.

"Lois, Dear!" came her exclamation. With their incessant babbling, neither listening to what the other said, they sprawled in a booth. As their first excitement subsided, a vibrant "Oh God!" resounded through the doorway. Recognizing the voice, Billie flashed, "Oh no, not that!" Assuming indifference, she turned back to her work as Lois bounded forth with greetings.

"Ray, darling! Let me congratulate you on the success of your case at the Supreme Court. You were magnificent!" Lois cried.

"Oh bosh, it was nothing," was the reply.

"Are you fishing for compliments again, arch enemy?" Billie queried. His ever ready retort was drowned out by the muffled shouts of, "Pauline, how good to see you again!" as Ginger, Mary, and Adele cascaded in.

Through the greetings which ensued, Lois was heard to ask, "What brought you three together again?"

"Well, it's like this," Mary commenced. "It was at my debut. Having finished my seventh encore, I retired to my dressing room to find Ginger there, pad and pencil in hand, eager to get her review of the con-

cert in for the late edition. Simultaneously a knock was heard on the door and fifteen eager little school children burst in, followed by the sedate pedagogue, Adele Schiff."

"Yes," interrupted Adele, "As part of the educational growth of a child, I feel that he should experience visually and audibly the results of the perseverance in art."

Not being in the mood for a pedantic discourse, Ginger rudely interrupted, "After many felicitations, the inevitable subject 'The Class of '46' came up. Having received notices of the reunion we decided to come together. So, here we are!"

At this point, thirst becoming greater than she could bear, Ginger stalked out to supply herself with beer.

The debonaire Phil, better known to his friends as "The Miracle Mouse" arrived. No sooner had the loquacious Phil become absorbed in reminiscences than the two voices of Drs. J. Hoffmann and Harmon could be distinguished by their earnest discussion of *Leptospira icteroides* and its cures. Manifestations of welcome arose from the group. The technological jargon of the newcomers was obliterated as they mingled with the class of '46.

The click-click of spike heels echoed through the hall-way as Joan Cherniack fluttered in. Modeling one of her own creations, she was quick in drawing admiring whistles from the male sex-ion.

"Joan, darling," piped Lois, "You're just the one I've been wanting to see. Do stay later and let me discuss with you the dress I'll need for my next production. I need something extraordinary and you're just the one to do it."

"That would be wonderful," replied Joan as she drifted through the ever-growing crowd.

"Look what I brought," called Pauline as she came to take the orders amidst the smoke-filled room. Heads turned and startled expressions spread over all faces as the once "Plaid-shirted" Tony swaggered in, cane and top hat in hand, making a deep sweeping bow.

"I say, Old Beans," he bellowed. Before conversations could be resumed, Pauline interrupted with the eternal question . . .

"What'll it be, kids?"

Need she have asked? The eternal answer came in unison. "Hamburger and French Fries." Scattered shouts requested coffee, orange soda, milk, cokes, and beer.

"Make ours the same," said Anne Marie and Kiki as they made their entrance, dragging behind them their inseparable "Divining Rod."

"Hi, Chums. We just stopped by at C. L. S. to see how the construction of the new gym, auditorium, and swimming pool was coming along," Kiki continued. Jeanne Maxon, having just slipped in, could not but overhear the ensuing discussion. Pulling out of her purse a clipping from her column, she read aloud Kiki's and Smaidi's discovery of the principal of the Divining Rod and their \$12,000,000 contribution to their old Alma Mater.

Modestly changing the subject, "the Spider" broke in, "George won't be able to make our reunion because C. L. S. is depending on him to run the projector for a repeat performance of 'Destry Rides Again'."

Following true to the prediction of the 1946 Cherry Pit, four lovely matrons, no longer known as Misses Salop, Nilsen, Stahlberg, and Frañkel, strolled in. A small group had assembled around the juke-box, and no sooner had the record dropped than the familiar voice was heard crooning . . . "I am a happy bell-boy . . ."

"It's Frisch," someone shouted. "He's finally landed the job."

"So that's why he isn't here."

During the confused excitement which followed the discovery that Larry had at last gotten his longed-for job, Anngii made her appearance. Standing in the doorway, she surveyed the crowd, and an animated expression spread across her face as she saw once more her classmates whom she had not seen since her return to England in 1946. Unnoticed, until Anngii presented him to the group was a little boy, standing next to her, baffled by his surroundings.

"This," announced Anngii in a proud motherly voice, "is Junior. I wanted him to see how singular Cherry Lawners are. He's going there himself next fall."

"Isn't he darling!" exclaimed Lois. "Is he your only one?"

Anngii's answer was drowned out by the mad rush incited by Pauline who was coming in with the finished orders. A munching sound reigned supreme for the next few minutes. Then the jovial voice of Fred was

heard as he came crashing around the corner, with disheveled hair and the attire designating the Bohemian artist from Greenwich Village.

"No comprendo!" cried Mario, not understanding all that was going on. "No comprendo!" he repeated as he quietly snapped a picture of Adele, Mary and Ginger.

Revived by the sudden flash of the bulb, Adele called out, "Frrrrredie! My first graders love your work. They are so inspired that they all have made reproductions."

Dr. Joan Hoffmann, meanwhile, having finished her discourse on bacteriology, surveyed the crowd and looking rather puzzled asked, "Has anyone seen Dale?"

Lord Anthony broke in, "I knew I had a bit of dirt for us all to nibble on, juicy as a pomegranate, the latest report from New York. I have word from Dale and Norm saying that, due to their performance in 'The Magic Flute' tonight, they won't be able to attend the reunion. They want me to deliver their best wishes to everyone."

Sighting George Kuell and Bob Riggs through the window, Billie jumped up and greeted them by exclaiming, "Did Rhode Island win the championship?"

Clad in their uniforms, perspiration streaming down their faces, they turned. "Is Rhode Island still a state?" George asked. "I thought it was incorporated into Connecticut." Hilarious laughter boomed forth, to be quickly silenced as all eyes fell upon Bab's well developed . . . personality.

The spell was broken as the size 13 clod-hoppers of the renowned Dr. Silverman protruded through the door, followed by spectacles bouncing on his nose. The absent-minded professor made his way through the cheers and ovations of the class of '46. On the great heels of Silverman, our own P. G., Peter Martin came tripping in. Since leaving the C. L. S. campus with the rest, he had improved our great navy by designing numerous carriers, cruisers, and destroyers.

The almost complete group waited in anxiety for the last of their constituents. Their anxiety, however, was soon softened as Mrs. Lettie Lee-Craig, better known to her darlings as Lee, crossed the threshold.

As the earth disappeared in the west, and the sun rose in the east, the class of '46, still enjoying each other's company and once again reunited over cheeseburgers and sodas, continued their reminiscences, oblivious of the new dawn.

Activities

Boys' Sports

Girls' Sports

Government

Publications

Music

Drama

The Dance

Art





Boys' Sports

You have all heard about The Big Three of the world. Well, Cherry Lawn, too, has its own Big Three: Boys' Soccer, Basketball, and Baseball. Two of these sports, soccer and basketball, have already had their season at the time this article is being written. During October and November, soccer was the accepted sport of the day. Under the coaching of Hal Glickman and the captaincy of Fred Hofmann, C. L. S. scheduled two games with Eastern Military Academy and won both of them with the respective scores of 3-0, 2-0. Because of the extreme cold weather that set in, the exciting game of brains and feet was halted, but basketball soon came into the ascendancy.

For one and a half hours an afternoon, six days a week, the basketball squad had its work-out under the direction of its coach, Hal Glickman. Playing with a vastly improved squad of boys in comparison with last year's group, the team wound up the season with

an impressive Southern Connecticut Private School League total of nine victories and three defeats. The boys were invited to play in a Post-Season Tournament held at East Haven, Connecticut. Drawing "hard-playing" Milford as their first opponent, the team played a good game, but fell with the score of 54-36. All eyes look toward the future. Next year three of the five starting men will be back at C. L. S. as the organizing center for another great season of basketball.

As this book goes to press we are entering the baseball season. Baseball gloves, spikes, knickers, and caps are coming out of musty closets; America's favorite pastime is coming into its own at C. L. S. In less than a month, students will hear the all-familiar cry of "Play Ball," and will root for their team. It is expected that all the boys who made the Varsity and Junior Varsity Basketball season such a success will help turn out a highly competitive baseball squad.





In addition to The Big Three in sports at Cherry Lawn this year there were, more or less, other activities which were important, although they did not take the spotlight. Heading this list chronologically was the two weeks spent in training for the two-mile run cross country against Darien High School. Nine boys trained daily during October. Although the boys lost in the competition, they were rewarded by the feeling that they had done their best and had been beaten by

superior runners. Another important feature of the boys' athletic season was the Spring Intra-murals which stressed boxing, track, baseball, basketball, and soccer events.

The year 1945-46 has been one of the most successful in the school's history of sports. Good athletes, a spirit of competitive sportsmanship, and real school spirit have produced this record.

*Best of luck always, Helaine
"S. counter"*



*To a girl who has been
a well friend all year
and who I hope will
continue to be so
love,
Jake*



Anne Marie Menkart—Captain, Ina Spelke, Rita Mary Schoen, Kiki Heitkamp, Trudy Sweet, Babs Glazer, Dale Danenberg, Billie Pinkerson, Renee Choeour, Marjorie Martin, Helaine Fendler, Laura Morgan—Coach.

Girls' Sports

Last fall the girls' hockey team played a long season which ran through December. Although many afternoons were spent in practice, both on skills and in scrimmage, only one competitive game was played. Other games were scheduled but, due to a siege of mumps which reduced the team to one half its original size, they were called off.

SCORES

Cherry Lawn 1 Thomas School 2

In collaboration with the boys, under the auspices of the newly-formed Athletic Association, the girls' basketball team went out determined to score some real victories in order to falsify the reputation achieved in past years of "moral victories." Many hours were spent in practice as well as in good clean competition. Playing on the team were Anne Marie Menkart, Captain, Kiki Heitkamp, Anne Raskin, Babs Glazer, Rhoda Victor, Dale Danenberg, Adele Schiff, Ginger Gordon, Billie Pinkerson, Ina Spelke, Sunny Stahlberg, Trudy Sweet, and Dutch Podell. The Cherry Lawn girls made the first step toward establishing themselves a reputation as "keen" competitors.

BASKETBALL SCORES

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Government

One of the most important and educational functions at Cherry Lawn is the Student Government. Officers are elected by the students for three twelve-week terms. These officers direct the organization which supervises many student functions from social clubs to clean-up. The main officers of the Student Government are: the President, who presides at the Student Council and is in indirect control of all offices; the Vice-President, who acts as presiding officer and speaker of the Lower House; the Judge, who presides over the Student Court; the Secretary of Stein House, who directs Stein House student activities and government and who acts as the Stein House representative in the Council; the Secretary of Activities, whose department includes social clubs, social hour entertainments, bulletin boards, and the music department; the Secretary of Properties, who directs the library, and is in charge of the student treasury and banking; and the Secretary of Labor who organizes and directs work-units, dishes, and clean-up. This group is called the Council. Each of these officials has an under-secretary who assists him and is a member of the body known as the Lower House. The Lower House forms a training ground for future Council members in that it cooperates with the Council in carrying out the various projects that are undertaken.

During the first term Fred Hofmann was President of the Council. He had the difficult task after the Summer interim of getting the Government reorganized and back on its feet. During his term the Sophomore-Student Council book drive was carried through, a

total collection of three hundred books being the result. The War Fund Drive, climaxed by a full-day carnival, was one of the most successful and profitable drives in many years. Hofmann's council consisted of: Adele Schiff, Judge; Tony Salisbury, Speaker of the Lower House; Ginger Gordon, Secretary of Stein House; Sue Fine, Secretary of Properties; Richard Hofmann and Franz Leichter, Co-Secretaries of Activities; and Walter Kaufman, Secretary of Labor. Their faculty adviser was Mr. Lally.

After a colorful and competitive election campaign, Adele Schiff became President for the second term. Her ideas were unique and challenging. She proposed exchanging students with other schools in the vicinity, improving the Saturday night refreshments, giving the Stein House a government of its own, and building up student interest and cooperation through student trips and student participation in Council Meetings. Working with her to carry out her plans were Ginger Gordon, Judge; Eli Harmon, Vice-President; Anngi Glover and Norman Levine, Co-Secretaries of Stein House; Renee Chneour, Secretary of Activities; Sue Fine, Secretary of Properties; and Eve Hoffmann, Secretary of Labor. Individually, each department was improved, and collectively the Council carried out such plans as exchange students and a government week. Mr. Lally continued as faculty adviser for the beginning of the term, and then resigned, because of the stress of other work, to be replaced by Mrs. Schweizer.

As the Cherry Pit goes to press, the third and final Council has not been elected.

Publications

"Get your Spotlight. Only five cents! Latest Cherry Lawn news. Spotlight! Spotlight!"

Every two weeks this cry is heard in the Stein House, announcing that the Spotlight is out, and on time. This has been our aim all year: to publish a good paper *on time*. After some production difficulties at the beginning of the year, we finally got under way under the editorship of Raymond Depuy. Many new features have been added to the newspaper this year, among them "The Rover," "I Think . . .," a feature department, ads, and attractive headlines.

The Spotlight has become the voice of student opinion. Through its columns many reforms have been instigated. Notable among these are the revised clean-up system, and the replacement of the citizenship status

system by an honor and report card social comment system.

Next year's staff has ably taken over the publication of the last two issues of the Spotlight this year, under the editorship of Sheila Keats. Estella Kaufman will be Production Manager for next year, while David Diamond will retain his present position as Business Manager.

A newspaper man's lot is not a happy one. His life involves more than just glory. To be an editor means expending an almost unproportionate amount of time, energy, and ability. It means hours of typing; it means headaches and heartaches. But the satisfaction comes when that paper is in the hands of the students.

Publications



THE SPOTLIGHT



CHERRY PIT STAFF



Music

"There's no accounting for tastes" will be the cryptic remark of one of Cherry Lawn's "jitterbugs" as he stares disdainfully at a volume of Beethoven propped up against the feet of one of the school's "long hairs." This diversity of tastes is one of the most interesting features of life at school. The clatter and clash of the social hour lindy-hop create quite a contrast to the serenity of the Sunday afternoon symphony.

Music Appreciation Class provides a good opportunity for character study. This enlightening session takes place during Friday afternoon rest-hour. It is something, to observe how many of the high-spirited people who enter the room are sound asleep before half the period is over. Those with hardier constitutions put up a fierce struggle against Morpheus, but it is a losing battle, and when the bell finally rings, the only one awake is the unfortunate individual who is entrusted with changing the records.

A true representation of school spirit is the Community Sing. Song is a medium through which the creativeness of many students is revealed. The number and variety of versions that one song may possess can only be discovered when under the influence of "Pappy" Schwarz's accordion the Friday evening gathering of Cherry Lawners dispense zestfully with many of their vocal inhibitions.

It is true that the richest child is poor without a musical education, but when one is trying to complete a homework assignment the sound of a C Major scale being played over and over again on the piano is not exactly a mental stimulus. There is, of course, the more advanced, temperamental piano student. He is the one who, after many fruitless attempts to master a difficult passage, will throw himself on the piano keys. The effect produced by this action on a quiet study-hall is equivalent to a minor atomic explosion. Cherry Lawners never complain, but every once in a while the key to the piano disappears under very mysterious conditions.

Last, but by no means least, is the school orchestra, a conglomeration of sound, from the sublime tone of the violin to that of the less appreciated but no less sublime harmonica. It is an inspiring moment when the conductor lifts his baton to lead the stirring opening chords of "Beethoven's Fifth." There is an expectant hush, and through the silent hall resounds . . . the dinner bell.

It is sincerely hoped that the light vein in which this article was written does not leave people with the impression that this form of creative expression, music, is entirely conducted along these lines. There is music for everyone at Cherry Lawn, on various levels.





Drama

"The Drama Department presents . . ." These familiar words have introduced many Saturday entertainments at C. L. S. This year, concentration has been placed on radio plays. From the Senior presentation of "On A Note Of Triumph" to the Fourth Grade "Beauty and the Beast," every student has been given a chance to participate in a radio production.

This year, as always, the aim of the drama department has been to give every student dramatic experience, rather than to give all the parts to a talented few who do not need the practice anyway. The same principle has been applied in the musical productions. Directed by Mrs. Schweizer and Mr. Gordon Schwartz, they have given opportunity for student actors, singers, and directors to express themselves.

Outstanding dramatic and musical productions this year have included the radio show, "On A Note Of Triumph," "My Client Curly," and "Beauty and the Beast." Musical and dramatic productions which will long be remembered are the Senior play "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Iolanthe," and the individual class productions.

Another memorable dramatic occasion was the presentation of the Christmas Pageant. This year the annual production was directed by Mrs. Schweizer, Mrs. Laura Morgan, and Mr. Schwartz. Parents and guests from Darien were on hand to watch the pantomime dramatization of the traditional Christmas legend. Dale Danenberg and Tony Salisbury took the dramatic leads, while the musical leads were carried by Mary Glassberg and Paul Nassau.

Orchids to Mrs. Schweizer and Mr. Schwartz for a successful dramatic and musical year.





The final Pantomime Scene from the annual Christmas Pageant. Joseph—Tony Salisbury; Mary—Dale Danenberg; The Three Kings—Norman Levine, Paul Schroeter, and Bob Riggs; Angels—Rita Schoen and Gay Gaer; Gabriel—Sue Fine; Host—Fred Hofmann; Hostess—Nancy Goldberg; Children and Shepherds.



Tony Salisbury and Dale Danenberg, the Joseph and Mary of this year's production in a close-up by the cradle during the last tableau.



The Dance

"ATTITUDE" ON CAMPUS

The aim of the various types of dance here at Cherry Lawn is not to make professional dancers of our students, but rather to develop poise, grace, and alertness. This aim applies both mentally and physically, for in exercise there is mental relief from the sluggishness that always accompanies inactive bodies. Occasionally, though, we really do get students who are intent upon the dance as a career. These students get a good foundation, as well as actual experience for later work.

The Social Dance had preference for the first half of the year at C. L. S. since it put everyone in good form for the February Upper and Lower School Proms, two of the most important events on our social horizon here at school. Country Dancing was taken up after the vacation which followed the Proms. Then the fun started, fast and furious every Tuesday afternoon. Square dances were arranged not only at school but also with Darien and other high schools. The hilarity and vigor of the folk dancing program found their highest expression in "The Dance Festival" on Parents' Day in May.

The Modern and Ballet classes of The Upper School have in production, at the time The Cherry Pit goes to press, "The Last Weekend," a modern choreography dealing with teen-age life at C. L. S. The performance is being danced to various types of music, but especially to George Gershwin's "American In Paris." A special feature of "The Last Weekend" is the participation of the boys' ballet. This group, consisting of eleven boys from the basketball squad, is an interesting innovation at C. L. S.

Other high lights of the "Dance Year" at C. L. S., under the direction of "Poppy" Morgan, have been films, guest artists, and visits to dance performances in New York City.





Art

THIS YEAR'S ART

Throughout the year a great deal of time and effort has been expended in the fields of painting, drawing, and modeling. For various reasons the work has not been fully brought to the students' attention. One of the factors leading to this obscurity of the students' talents is the out-of-the-way location of our art room. Another important factor is a lack of appreciation due to a limited understanding of what is done in various fields of art. Very few students really know the reasons for and the significance of the various movements in art. When given a painting, let us say, of the impressionist style, they are baffled because instead of a tree there are a few colored spots, and a figure is circumscribed with a black line. When something baffles them, when they cannot understand something which looks utterly fantastic, they are tempted to dislike it. Everybody can't be expected to go into a detailed study of art, but more students should know the fundamental characteristics of the various schools. Such knowledge would be of great help, so that they could better judge the art with which most people come in contact in one way or another.

The drawing and painting done at school by our local artists fall into several categories. The first group includes the purely imaginative works in which no models or props are used and in which the accent on different media is pronounced. This category imposes no restraint on the imagination, and the execution is free and spontaneous. In this group are found fine figure drawings, landscapes, still lifes, and a few abstracts. Figure drawings offer an infinite variety of poses and interesting arrangements. Landscapes, along with still lifes, lend themselves to displays of color and suggestion of mood.

All through the year it was possible for some art students to meet at least one or two periods a week and pose for each other. These sketches comprise the greater part of the second group. Drawing from life offers the fastest method of learning proportions. One can easily see his own progress by comparing early drawings with recent ones. By repeated quick poses a freedom and strength of perception is acquired. Still lifes, which seem to the casual observer just a pitcher, bottle, or some fruit on a table cloth, are arranged very meticulously to get the best possible composition. In still life one should look for the strong movement of the objects and the interweaving of color and lines.

The third group of art work at C. L. S. calls for more precision and ingenuity of design. Most students are in some way acquainted with one phase of the art work—posters. The various drives such as the record drive, book drive, and the clothing drive have made good use of the able poster committee. These posters have drawn much comment and have aroused student interest tremendously. The work has undoubtedly included some of the best in the last few years. Less noticeable, but no less important than the posters, has been the work done for the drama department. Stage designs and masks have received such comments as "highly original" or "best in five years."

Some of the most talented students, Renee Chneour, Fred Hoffman, Dutch Podell, and Neville Lewis were represented in this Spring's art exhibit. This project undertaken under Miss Ibling's direction entailed a lot of hard work. Both the artists, the rest of the students, and the faculty were greatly satisfied with the results.

When the achievement in the field of art is summed up, it is well to keep our eyes more on the side of quality than quantity. It is this former adjective which makes the work in all the fields in many ways superior to that of former years.



Here



and
There



Underclasses

Juniors

Sophomores

Freshmen

Eighth Grade

Lower School





The Junior Class



The Sophomore Class



The Freshman Class



The Eighth Grade



The Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Grades



The First, Second, Third, and Fourth Grades

Thoughts on Life

"Literature is the greatest of all sources of refined pleasure, and one of the greatest uses of a liberal education is to enable us to enjoy that pleasure."

Thomas Henry Huxley
"A Liberal Education"

"OH GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST"

An air of expectancy prevailed. The Ward was hushed. Its entire population consisted of men, or, to be exact, boys. Some were in beds or wheel chairs, while others were experiencing the glorious freedom of crutches. Judging from the sounds of their whispers and the looks on their faces, they were young. On second thought, if you could look into their eyes or read their thoughts they were old. Old young men they were, ironical as it sounds; young in mind, young in years, but old in twisted bodies and sightless eyes.

Such was the setting as one hundred and fourteen men, eighty-seven of whom were blind, waited for the appearance of two entertainers. Veterans they were called, at the age of twenty-three, and this program was for the advancing of their morale. There was but one thought in common stirring in every mind. "Morale—for what purpose—what good is it? Are you expected to be cheerful? Can you pick up life, where you left it off, minus an arm, a leg, or even worse, minus eyes? Why pretend? Even if by some miracle you can forget, others won't let you." And so the crippled there envied the blind, for they did not have to flinch against pitcously sympathetic looks of human nature. Conversely, the blind envied the crippled since they could still see all that they both had fought for and some even had died to have. The war was over, but their fight had just begun. The war was over and the cost in human sacrifices was heavy, but society would still pay for the upkeep of these self called left-over-sacrifices. It was in this frame of mind that the group prepared to greet the distinguished vocal artist and genial pianist who were to perform for them.

The guests entered. Those who were blind heard quick but firm footsteps. The crippled saw a slight man enter with an attractive, capable looking woman. The entertainers wended their way with a warm smile on their faces which were completely void of the customary sympathetic looks. The man slowly seated himself at the piano and the woman stood erectly at his side. The whispering subsided as a deep silence crept over everyone. The seeing eyes were staring at the hands lifted slightly over the ivory keys; the unseeing ones strained and stared into the maze that is blindness. The hands fell, and a crash of thunder rocked the room. The fury and tenderness of a "Mid Summer Night's Dream" transformed the Ward into the greatest and most versatile type of theater. A quietness suggesting a secret lover emerging from the shadows stole across

each mind as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" echoed and resounded. In immediate succession the colors of the "Toreador Song" flashed by and were seen by all. The music of Grieg, Chopin, and Schubert rose to heights unknown.

A boy, for he was scarcely more than twenty, in the corner opened his clenched fist. He "had fooled around" at the piano not so long ago. Even now he could see the keyboard before him. His dull and searching eyes lifted above the blind maze. His hands moved in harmony with those of the player's. It was to his command that the uniform black and white soldiers responded. "I wonder . . ." he thought. And yet less than an hour before he had not even seen his way to begin to think. While this reaction was going on in his mind, a similar reaction was moving across the Ward and beginning to take root. A bed patient took mental notes of the performance. He used to write, but he glanced ruefully at what remained of his right arm. Of course he was learning to use his other arm. Half smiling to himself he gave his attention to the program.

The tempo of the music changed as the woman prepared to sing. The rich quality of her voice did justice to an old melodious hymn. As Alec Templeton, the blind piano genius, accompanied Jane Froman, recently cured cripple, the words of the hymn flashed as a prophecy to the no longer dejected group. The music assumed the depth of an organ and the words poured forth . . .

Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy night,
And our eternal light.

CECILE FRANKEL, '46

ELEGY

The tinge
and flush
of autumn
have gone by;
The rich
magenta leaves
have turned to brown—
And loneliness
has crept
into my heart.
The darkness nods
And will not
say goodbye.

BABS GLAZER, '46

ON LOVE

When a golden halo of
warmth rises in early spring to
crown an earth of beauty,
I love.

When little green buds
push their way up between large
brown lumps of rich earth,
I love.

When people dance, sing,
and speak with warmth and voices
of gladness,
I love.

When clouds drift
dreamily through the sky, as blue
as the rolling ocean, and smile,
I love.

When animals graze in
tufted green grass and toss their
heads in play on hilltops,
I love.

And as each day begins and ends,
And brings its fullness in experience,
happiness, and delight,
I also love.

I love people, their habits, their customs,
and the things they do,
For people are like the wind and water
and all the other wonders of nature;
They are changeable and are unpredictable—
and they love.

KIKI HEITKAMP, '46

MOURN ME NOT

Mourn me not because I die.
Oh! No! Laugh and be gay,
For death is not a thing of veils,
Black and mystical—
But shining iridescent whiteness
Too pure and crystalline for eye of man.

For death comes not as a thief in the night,
Robbing as he goes, but as a ministering angel
Conducting a fortunate few
To a bright heaven of eternal bliss.

Mourn me not because I die.
Oh! No! laugh and be happy as I.

JANET SALOP, '46

THE STORM

During the great storm a spark of lightning pulls me
from my bed.
The little pear tree which had always been my friend
Lies dead beneath my window.
How sad I feel.
I remember the many summers when I stood beneath it,
Wanting its roots and limbs to grow stronger.
But now it lies broken and dead.
There is nothing left but the storm.

PAT EDSON, 8th



THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

The Quakers, or Society of Friends, owe their existence to a religious persecution under Charles I of England. Their founder was George Fox, a favorite friend of Oliver Cromwell. George Fox began to preach about 1647 because he was dissatisfied with the religious life of his day. Fox and his friends did not think of founding a separate church. They only wanted a higher spiritual life. After many persecutions the Quaker movement came to a real break-off with the Protestant Church.

The Friends have no formal creed or confession. Their most outstanding doctrine is that every man is given an "inward light" and that, therefore, religion is mostly a matter of personal conviction. They insist on the need of the Scriptures. They use the ceremony of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, but they have no use for ritual or for an ordained minister. Every man or woman is allowed to preach. They call their services Meetings and they think silence is the best atmosphere for worship. Quakers refuse to take any kind of oath because Christ has forbidden swearing. They consider upright conduct and simplicity of life of the greatest importance. The stress put on plain language by the Quakers led them to the use of "Thee" and "Thou." The Quakers declare that warfare is not acceptable with the spirit of Christianity. In wartime the United States has recognized Quakers as Conscientious Objectors. During World War II Quakers of army age have worked at various jobs in soldier and work camps in order to show their desire to serve their country and at the same time obey their religion which does not allow them to carry arms.

The religious doctrines of the Quakers are not new ideas. They cut Christianity down to a very simple and basic religion. The emphasis is put on the obligation to apply these principles to every day affairs.

Therefore, questions and problems concerning peace and social work are fields in which the Friends are interested. The Quakers have entered all the possible charitable activities in Europe and America. Their relief work after the First World War—mainly for the benefit of children—has helped to bridge all national differences. By deeds of applied Christianity they have demonstrated the common brotherhood of men. The Quakers are also very concerned about the education of their children. They have founded high schools and colleges where their faith is upheld. Swarthmore, Haverford, and Bryn Mawr are the best known of these out of the many others in this country.

I know a Quaker family. Their home and family life are filled with this spirit. I never will forget how much I enjoyed staying with them. All our life we have a longing and need for friends. In happy and sad days the friendship of a real friend is a wonderful thing. I often wish there would be a whole "World of Friends"—and not the mere 250,000 in the "Society of Friends."

W. PETER LANDE, '48

THE SLUMS

Tall grey buildings . . . smashed windows . . . clothes lines with torn sheets and long underwear . . . yards filled with dirt and broken bottles . . . garbage cans filled to the brim with rotten food . . . alley cats slinking about, and crawling through broken fences . . . boys playing baseball and football in the streets, dodging cars . . . little girls playing house with broken-headed dolls . . . old women sitting in the sun, talking and knitting . . . mothers pushing old dilapidated carriages with bawling kids. These . . . are the slums.

ELAINE KASHINS, '49



SEASONAL NEW YORK

Days come and go, unseen, unnoticed. They turn into weeks and then into months. The weather changes with the days, and with the changing of the weather, the people change. The change in people is very noticeable, enough so, to give you pleasurable sensations—and feelings of disgust . . .

The air is crisp and clear, except for the mingling of the smoke from the factories with the steam from the people's mouths. Everything is clean and bright. The sun, reflected from the thin layer of ice on the sidewalk, spreads a white glow over the people and their buildings. The people walk by, smooth untouched people, unobservant of the things about them. They have no relationship to you, because there is nothing forcing and holding you together. Each particle of air is separate from one another. The people seem so cleansed of any human emotions, so horribly ultra-decent. You get on the bus; the conductor barely touches your hand, reaching for the coin. He doesn't smile, nor do the other people when he drops the

coin. They are not people like you, but people of another world apart from yours. You sit down, and the man next to you ruffles his newspaper crisply and moves nearer to the window, unconsciously, of course, but the feeling of separation prevails . . .

You walk down the front steps, slowly, taking in everything around you. A delicious smell fills your nostrils and a soft, warm breeze ruffles your hair. The old man and the little boy smile as your eyes catch the warm spreading glow of the first flowers. You watch the children playing baseball in the street, and the tennis players as the few people standing about cheer them on. There is no energy used in their movements. Everything flows on smoothly, as water moving on in a river. You feel the muscles in your back and legs pulling and growing taut. You wish you could fly, soar above the clouds, because suddenly you feel small and unimportant. On the grass, pushing up through the rich earth under it, are little green buds; and you push up too, and you feel the cool, wet grass beneath your feet and you are relaxed . . .

The air is humid and hangs down heavily over the people. The women, in their summer dresses, brush against you. The men, in their Panamas, walk slowly; and you too are conscious of the weight of your feet. You're uncomfortable. The sweat trickles down your arms and you realize that the people around you are uncomfortable. Suddenly, you are aware that you are one of these people. You are no longer an individual, but a part of a mass of people moving as one piece along the streets. You walk faster, anxious to get away from them, but they surge toward you. You sit down in the movies and your arm comes into contact with the arm of the man next to you. There is a feeling of intimacy that you want to get away from. You get up and walk out of the movie, continually bumping against the people . . .

There is a feeling in the air of an ending. The leaves have left the trees and are lying in beautiful colors on the ground. The birds fly in a big cloud across the sky because they too are leaving. You feel death itself lurking around as some of the people depart; people leaving for a climate from which there is no return. You want to leave or to die with these and some day, to your regret, you will.

The seasons change the people, change your own moods and your whole life. You never want the season taking place at a particular time, but wish to be warmer or colder, farther away or nearer to people.

DUTCH POBELL, '48

A REAL LETTER FROM A DUTCH BOY

(A Free Translation)

Amsterdam, Holland, January . . .

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Piet van Ryn. I am Dutch, and I am fifteen years old. I have two brothers, both a few years younger than I. Before the war struck our little country, my mother, father, my two brothers, and I were peacefully living in a small red brick house along side of a very nice canal.

My father was the owner of a shoe factory. He daily went to work. I went to high school and my brothers went to the lower school. Mother always stayed home. She was always there with a happy smile when we came home from school for lunch. Later at four o'clock when school was over I played the piano which was one of the things I loved to do. After supper we always played outside.

We enjoyed life until one day, May 10, 1940, when our peaceful country was invaded. We were, as you know, occupied for four years on the whole. The first year wasn't too bad, but soon food got scarce and everything else became worse. Then the Nazis started to round-up slave labor. One afternoon when my father came home from work he was very upset and nervous. He told us that we had to leave our home in ten minutes, because he had heard that our district was the next to be raided. You cannot imagine what silly things you do when you have only ten minutes in which to grab the possessions that you want to take with you. I got hold of my stamp collection, which I prized very much, and lots of other things until my mother saw me and only let me have my stamps and some necessary clothing. With the help of friends, in no

time we reached our destination some strange little farm house out in the country. But only a very little attic room was available for all of us. The five of us lived for three years in this room which was not larger than 4 by 5 meters. This space became a prison for all of us, with the only difference that we moved into it on our own will.

We found out that we could only leave the room at night because then, under the cover of the darkness, we could not be recognized so easily. During the day the farmer smuggled food up to us. We had to whisper always, and we could not listen to a radio, because noise from the attic would attract the attention of the policing Gestapo. The farmer was considered by all a Dutch Nazi.

We knitted in order to keep busy with our hands. My father taught us school subjects to keep our minds busy. All that was not too bad for me. The really tough thing during these years was that I had to sit all day long and even could not move a few steps inside the room. Then came THE DAY, the day when the British-Canadian forces liberated our country. I could not conceive what it meant to be free. But my first attempt to go out and do new things made me very unhappy and sad. I felt that my legs were not able to walk in the natural way. My legs were so numb that my weight was too heavy for them. I never will forget how sad I was when I could not join the others to welcome the liberating soldiers.

And yet these physical handicaps have not pulled my spirits down. I am filled with hope for my future life and I know that I shall make this newly-gained life of mine a permanent contribution to help rebuild my country.

Signed, "One Out of a Million."

LOUIS DE LEEUW, '47



SILONE—A Man and a Philosophy

One of the greatest thinkers and humanitarians of our time is Ignazio Silone, the Poet Laureate of Italian Resistance. To say he is a product of the Nineteenth-thirties and the Second World War would be erroneous. He has been fighting imperialism since the First World War, although between the two wars he was, for the most part, in exile. But the situations that brought about the Second World War and the reaction of the Italian people to them have altered his thinking to such a great extent that his present philosophy is almost solely a product of this war.

Silone's importance is obvious. He is a great mind who has suffered for the cause of freedom. He is a friend of humanity. His is a personality stronger than the forces which brought his countrymen and half a world to slavery of the mind as well as of the body. He is unique in that he has the strength of character and force to withstand the bitterness of despair and disillusion, and to become hard when the means to his end are brutal. Yet, in spite of this, he has retained the soul of a poet.

His latest book *Bread and Wine*, which deals with the political crises in Italy during the rise of Mussolini and the subsequent war in Ethiopia, is an amazing contrast of the necessary brutality and forceful action in the resistance movement coupled with the innate instinct of humanitarianism which causes the rebel to revolt against oppression in the first place. Silone's chief character, the Communist, Pietro Spina, combines these two elements in his character—they constantly struggle within him to decide his actions. Spina is, in reality, a self-portrait of Silone, a dreaming contemplative political refugee, whose return to his native country is unavoidable because of his poetic sensuous love for Italy. This return, this betrayal of deep feeling, leads to the betrayal and the downfall of Pietro Spina.

The travels of Spina through Italy bear out another new element in the changing philosophy of Silone—the return to religion. For the purpose of disguise, Spina dresses as a priest and, since the mountain village where he hides is without a church, is called by the unsuspecting villagers to officiate at marriages, deaths, confessions, and similar deeply personal happenings. These experiences in solving the riddle of God and Humanity become such a ritual to Spina that he is gradually convinced that true Christianity which combines Communism with good will toward men and holy and wordly meditation is the only real answer to the problems of the ages. How true this theory is we have yet to discover.

JEANNE MAXON, '46

ODE TO HOPE

Greater than the mighty Alps
In ice and snow clad, bleak and bare;
Wilder than the roughest stream
That tumbles its tumultuous flood;
Sweeter than the humming bird
Who in uncertain flight
Sparkles as a jewel—
O, Hope, you are all that and more
To keep and to remember—
The splendor of a setting sun,
The gold clad king of days,
A lullaby drifting, with melody still,
Over waters blue with night.
Slumber on, you everlasting glow,
Chant on; your song is heard
And once heard is never forgot.

FRED HOFMANN, '46

VARIATIONS ON THE MOON

I

The moon reminds me
Of fairies dancing lightly,
Weaving in and out
Of the soft white clouds.

II

The moon, the moon,
It consoles me,
And when I am lonely
It keeps me company.

I suppose I do owe it something,
But, alas, how can I repay it
So far up there in the sky.

III

Last night I saw the moon.
It seemed very funny to look at this strange moon
With a face like a man's.

Oh, it was very bright
In the sky and dimmed the stars.
Yes, it was the king of the black sky
Shining high above us.

King of the sky, Light of the Night,
Shine, shine,
Guard this world beneath you.

IV

As I lie on my soft bed of leaves and grass,
My eyes wander over the moon shining white
Down from the everlasting sky.

Through the trees overhead the moon shines,
Casting weird shadows of man and beast.
All around they are black statues
Standing unmoved.

The shadow-statues stand unmoved
Until sleep takes them away,
But they will come back another moonlit night.

I CAROL LIST, 8th

II BARBARA ROSENFELD, 8th

III PHILIP DENNERY, 8th

IV MICHAEL WAGREICH, 8th



SYMPHONY OF SORROW

As the chords rose to a crashing crescendo, the composer leaned back in his seat filled with a sense of well-being. His wife, sitting by his side, gave him a tender look of understanding, and pressed his hand gently to let him know she shared his deep suspense. The gleam of the baton as it struck the air, the full movement of the conductor's black coated arm, the glorious harmony of the well-trained orchestra, all blended into a oneness to satisfy even the most fastidious musical mind.

Now there was a melody, as gently caressing as a summer's breeze. It was carried by the violins, and then picked up by the wood-winds which added an illusion of multi-colored birds cutting the air with their wings as they glided along in graceful flight. There was a second of almost complete silence, and then a low sigh issued from the depths, like the echo of a sob. It rose in intensity, and as the artist listened he felt his heart and soul swell with it. The sob was now a heart-rending cry; and just as suddenly as it had arisen it subsided. It was a broken heart resigned to its fate. There was a distant roll of drums as the final theme was ushered in. Triumphant, regal, it filled the concert hall, and the artist was sure that it could leave no one untouched. It swept along majestically, pushing aside all petty cares and emotions, and as it closed it reached the heights of a supreme confidence.

As the maestro brought down his "magic wand" for the final chord, the creator of all this magnificence, sorrow, and tenderness sat up straight awaiting the response. His heart, warmed by the magnitude of his own inspired genius, froze sickeningly as the unappreciative audience applauded in a polite almost bored manner. His dreams of success and security shattered, he walked out into the night—his eyes opened, his senses numbed. He breathed deeply, hoping that the sharp winter air would dispel his visions of unresponsive faces filled with an ennui that would soon be dispersed with glasses of wine. He hailed a passing conveyance and in a state of semi-stupor guided his wife into the carriage. During the ride home his state of misery turned into a white fury, and he was filled with a loathing contempt for the bourgeoisie whose narrow little minds could not grasp the full impact of his inspiration. Through all this darkness gleamed the ray of hope that someone had understood and would give encouragement.

In bed that night his mind seethed with new melodies—wild bacchanalian chants, tender love songs, and

new melodic constructions that would at a future date enchant an awakened world. As he rested, his troubled mind was soothed by the gentle voice of his wife reading to him. With what did she calm this turbulent soul—poetry, or perhaps the writings of his favorite author? Neither, but in her hand was a book of E.T.A. Hoffmann's Tales. Little did she dream that in future generations numberless people would revere the music of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and remember that the main source of his inspiration was herself reading to him some simple child's tale.

GINGER GORDON, '46

SNOW

The snow falls softly, silently, covering with a smooth blanket everything in sight. There is no prevailing trouble to penetrate one's semi-consciousness, but only a deep stupor which comes occasionally and, like some deadly lethargy, crowds out all real thoughts with its dulling numbness. There is no movement, save the swirling of the snow; no sound, not even the rustling of trees or the clamor of human voices. The day is calm, and yet in the air is a feeling of imminent disaster.

What will come in the future no one can foresee. We know only the present and the past of our existence. We are incapable of the knowledge of our predestination, as each snowflake is incapable of knowing its final resting place. Yet, with all the solemnity of the day there is that feeling of unknown disaster that lies ahead in the future for the shapers of the future to avert—disaster which is composed of the shortcomings of men.

It seems a very incongruous contrast with the breath-taking loveliness of nature that men must spoil their too short existence with trivial quarrels which eventually attain a magnitude threatening to the entire world. Trivial disagreements often have, and probably always will affect the future welfare of mankind to some degree; trivial misunderstandings which spring from selfishness, jealousy, and greed, and which cause men to commit atrocious crimes against one another.

Why is it that while this soft snow blankets the earth, transforming everyday scenes into a paradise, men are seeking to harm one another? Why is it that while nature's perfect harmony astounds her human spectators, one inconsistent being exterminates another?

GAY GAER, '47



SPRING POEMS

1.

Spring is in the garden,
Spring is in the air,
Spring is in the forest—
Spring is everywhere.

2.

Today a robin on the wing
Gave me the sign of coming spring.

3.

Old grass is flattened where people have trod,
But the new grass sprouts stand up proud and hard.

4.

Dandelions are growing far and near
To show that spring is coming. Hear.

5.

We planted the paddle from the old butter churn.
Today it has branches cover'd with buds that will turn
Into pink and white blossoms so pretty and fair—
It gives me great pleasure to see them blooming there.

6.

The little flowers all stood up
To catch the sun in every cup.

7.

A phoebe flew into a tree.
"Two-wit, two-wit, two-wee," sang he
"My mate and I we build this nest.
Mrs. Phoebe says she made it best.
Two-wit, two-wit, two-wee."

8.

I was walking through the woods,
Just passing by,
When a pretty bluebird caught my eye.
Then he saw me and began to sing.
"Don't you know that this is spring?"

LESLIE DIAMOND, 4th

OPENING NIGHT

The renowned Diamond Horseshoe in The Metropolitan Opera House is filled to its capacity. It is opening night. Another flaming season of glorious musical masterpieces is about to be reborn. The glow of hundreds of lights, the bustling of last-minuters desperately trying to find their seats, the profuse glitter of jewelry, the fragrance of perfume encircling the crowds of women clothed in the year's finest fashions, the final adjustment of opera glass lenses—all contribute to the atmosphere which denotes opening night.

The lights flicker and are extinguished, and presently from the air of previous confusion we are thrown into one of solemnity. The conductor gracefully proceeds to the podium, and in a few minutes the soft strings of the violen section, intermingled with flutes and various wind instruments, set the atmosphere for the ensuing operatic performance.

Intermission brings to light the criticisms of the First Act even in the voices of the laymen. The few professional critics sit with sardonic countenances, unimpressed with the frivolous conversation of those around them. Within a short lapse of time the audience resume their seats, take a quick look at the libretto, and are ready for the Second Act.

Sherry's is the usual retreat after the Second Act, and over a Manhattan and a long cigarette, discussion at length is given to the night's performance. But there are many who do not go to Sherry's. Among these are many people, not in formal attire, who remain downstairs where they occupy space which is commonly called standing room. Others, often the most real opera lovers, wait upstairs in their seats in the family circle or in the halls nearby.

The warning bell rings, and the milling crowds drift slowly back to their seats. The conductor takes his stand for the final act. All the players are killed off, or disposed of in some like manner. The audience is left speechless in the throes of applause which resounds through the great hall when the final curtain at The Metropolitan falls and another opening night is over.

LOIS KLEIN, '46

AMBITION

Today youth faces life with certain problems, which, although they are universal and age-old, are still modern. Since the beginning of civilization youth has entered the order of adults with certain problems on its mind. We have ambitions, and it is with a great deal of self-assurance that we announce them to the world. We intend soon to embark on a life of excitement, romance, and conquest; we intend to make a name for ourselves professionally and take our places among the socially prominent. These things we are sure of, as every man has been. But with these ambitions comes a sense of overwhelming awe of the world, causing us to ponder and to doubt.

Knowing that ambition is insufficient for the realization of a perfect or near-perfect life, we confess the need of a pattern, a guide which we can follow, not throughout life, but through the initial part of it. As of necessity we respect the opinions of age. But can the wise sayings of famous men of history always supply us with our guide? Many great teachers of the world, from Solomon to Franklin, represent manners, caution, and respectability. Their teachings are great in theory, but even their own lives often disprove them. The voice of experience is a wise one; it deserves to be heard. Yet to us this is a bewildering problem.

The so-called "experienced" old gentleman waggles his greying head disdainfully, and repeats the time-worn phrase "That's the younger generation for you." He is only too willing to offer his splendid advice to this "younger generation," knowing that as usual, the opinions of old men concerning life are expected to be followed as final. And so he waggles his head and says, "I thought just that same thing when I was your age."

We are not ashamed of our enthusiasm. Was not St. Paul a better Christian for having been a zealous Pharisee? Enthusiasm must be, if the world is to continue. To the "old gentleman" the world has ended, and so must everyone. And so, into our ears is shoved an ancient proverb whose only benefit is to restrain ambitions and credit its author.

Men's lives move in cycles, beginning with the en-

thusiasm of youth and ending with the conservatism of age. The most ardent young reformers forget their fervor and take up the repose of old men. But does it follow that everyman's life gives an equally valuable contribution to the world and to his fellow men? Life is a moving journey, comparable to a trip by air. We notice conditions, we observe events, but we are not able to stop to analyze them or adjust to them. We move constantly and quickly from one scene to another. We are no sooner youths than we are adults. The experiences of our youth become only memories. To the aged, the experiences of life are represented in their memories by only chalk marks, warning them and restraining them.

Throughout our life's airplane trip we go sailing along, now and then catching glimpses of knowledge. The course of our years is controlled by a swift air current; now, we are terror-stricken by the uncomfortable jolt of an air pocket; now, we grapple a moment with death in trying to maintain our balance and avoid a fatal crash with earth; finally, we are forced down, only to sink beneath bottomless oceans. We have no more than glimpses and contacts; we are torn away from our theories and ideals; we are shaken and terrified until only fools can hold to their opinions. We glimpse a condition of life, and say we have studied it. Actually, our most complete view is only an impression. We continue from youth to adulthood, and decline to the level of our graves.

Never in the history of civilization has consistent pattern of life been realized. It is vain to seek consistency. It is impossible to find help from a map, when we do not know in which direction we are moving, or when our movements will cease. It would be an educational experiment to make an old man young again and watch him make use of past experience—in case that he should do so. To us there appears no answer to our question; and yet, at the same time there appear to be answers everywhere. We must resign ourselves to joining the cycle of life. Complying with custom, we consider the opinions of age because it comes last. But just as much to the point, we consider youth because it comes first.

RAY DEPUY, '46

Persons



To Chic,
lots of love
to the Cutest kid
in the Sophomore class of '47.
Don't work too hard.
Love
Kitten

MR. LALLY - SENIOR English



To Chic:
the best of
luck in your
future high
school years
and all you
do after you
leave C. C. S.
Love
Lynn



Places



Boys house 1946



Swedish Pavilion
1946



Autographs

Dear "Dis"
 I couldn't say what
 I want to have.
 But love you (Austly)

To Chick,
 A swell girl who it was
 nice knowing. Too bad we
 never got around to that
 kiss. Love,
 Carl

(J.B.)

To Chickie,
 Hope your ambition
 Bryan

never fumbles

to shorts &
 with lots of
 love
 Lee Hall

To Chick (HMM),
 Keep up the good work (with the
 boys, [Boys that is]).

Genius, G.P. way, Brain,
 Genies, G.P.

To Chick
 Come back next
 year Roger Padue

Best regards to a swell kid
 Margie Martin

Chick you're real
 say the way you are
 and with your
 love

To my favorite Freshman girl
 with loads of love and much.
 "Blackie"

Dear Chick,
 I will always
 hold you as
 a friend as deep
 as it will
 go and
 never

To CHICK
Keep on Being
Stanford's sweetest
Girl. Good Luck
Hal Bonis MS

To a hap cat
in memory of
manday lunch diet
love Bear
(wup)

Advertisements

To Chick
Take care of
yourself, and be
a good little work-
more. Your friend
and student
Phawista.

Lehelaine
Boy, are you some
hot number! and
getting hotter all
the time -
Love Jane
"47"

The Staff extends its sincere thanks to those parents
and friends who have helped to make this issue of
The Cherry Pit a successful one.

Dear Chick,
Good Luck not
only now but always.
Love,
Audrey

Chic The girl with
the many —
alright if you want
To Know Beaus.
"Candy" (Janice)

To Chic,
I know that
your beauty, poise,
charm, and ambition
will bring you
everything you
want in life.
You deserve
it.
Good Luck,
Shirley

To a sharp chick
hubba hubba
Eve (Sluggo)
you

To a swell
looking
Chick from little me.
Pat

any
want
love
you.
love, Eddie

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*That's us
- 49 -*

To Ohio,
Next time please Buy glasses with red
edgings, Lots of love luck in what ever
you do, Carol List

In deep appreciation of Mr. A. Wertheim's generous
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To The Cherry Pit Staff:

A school magazine should be a proving ground for the literary and business talents of students, and a showcase in which to display the school to prospective students and their parents.

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Philip and Leah Salisbury

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