

The Cherry Pit  
4947

# THE CHERRY PIT







# STAFF

## *Editor-in-Chief*

NEVILLE LEWIS '47

## *Assistant Editor*

RENEE SHNEOUR '47

## *Managing Editor*

ALAN WILLIS '47

## *Faculty Adviser*

LAWRENCE H. LALLY

## LITERARY BOARD

*Editor:* DONALD FINKEL '47

Enid Podell '48

Ann Raskin '48

Stephen Kahn '47

Rita Mary Schoen '47

Ina Spelke '47

Robert Castle '48

Joan Sugarman '48

Rhoda Victor '48

Eve Glassberg '48

Bobby Lee Wertheim '48

Leonore Landau '50

Joan Malawista '49

## PRODUCTION STAFF

*Editor:* DAVID DIAMOND '48

Robert Wien '47

Estela Kaufman '48

Joan Kaplan '48

Bea Rachwalsky '47

Bobby Trostler '48

Eve Glassberg '48

## BUSINESS STAFF

*Editor:* SUE FINE '47

Joan Miller '47

Joyce Freedman '47

Gertrude Sweet '47

Ina Spelke '47

## ART STAFF

*Editor:* BEN CHURCHILL '47

David Willis '48

Nancy Rose '47

Gay Gaer '47

Jane Franke '47

Ann Ottenheimer '49

## PHOTOGRAPHY

*Editor:* MARIO MERCADO '47

Nancy Goldberg '48





Dr. Christina Stael Bogoslovsky, Director, awarding diplomas to the Graduates of 1946.

## COURAGE AND FAITH

As I look about me in this year of 1947, I see a world confused and troubled. The headlines of every newspaper, of every magazine shriek of the woes of this world of the Atomic Age. What can we do? Will nothing change for the better? Is there no end to confusion and suffering? Shall we feel sorry for you who have to face it all?

Dear Class of 1947. Every age is a period of challenge. Every age calls for qualities of courage and faith. Every age offers chances for richer, happier, and better life. As Goethe said, "Man falls but to scale still greater heights." The Atomic energy offers not only death, but also untold benefits for mankind.

May you meet the challenge of these crucial times with true maturity. Remember it calls for "ability to see a job through—an inherent desire always to give more than is asked for—dependability—independent thought and action—capacity to cooperate and to work with others," compassionate interest in your fellowmen. If you have these, then I look with confidence to your future. I can say with William James, in his *The Will to Believe*, "These then are my last words to you. Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help to create the fact."

DR. CHRISTINA STAEL BOGOSLOVSKY.

**SENIOR  
ADVISORS**



MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG



MRS. MARGARET LANDE

**1947**

## SENIORS

1947

"We who say as we go—  
'Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day.'"

D. G. Rossetti, "The Cloud Confines."

JANE MARIE FRANKE

"Franky"

*"Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!  
Begone, dull care! Thou and I shall never agree."*

John Playford, "Musical Companion."



ROBERT SHERMAN WIEN

"Shermie"

*"The monuments of wit survive the monuments  
of power."*

Francis Bacon, "Essex's Device."



NEVILLE LEWIS

"Tig"

*"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone, 'twas natural to please."*

John Dryden, "Absalom and Achitophel," Part I.



SUSAN LAURA GREIG

"Kitten"

*"Rich with the spoils of Nature."*

Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici."

RICHARD KENNETH SIMONSON

"Dick"

*"There studious let me sit."*

James Thomson, "Winter," line 430.







RITA MARY SCHOEN

"Butch"

*"Work wel thyself that other folk canst rede."*

Geoffrey Chaucer, "Truth."

PAUL WILLIAM SCHROETER

"Scooter"

*"O, brother! The gods were good to you."*

Algernon Charles Swinburne, "The Triumph of Time,"  
Stanza 4.



SUSAN BARBARA FINE

"Eustacia"

*"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."*

John Keats, "Last Sonnet."

INA LOUISE SPELKE

"Spankie"

*"The very pink of courtesy and circumspection."*

Oliver Goldsmith, "She Stoops To Conquer," Act IV.



JAMES EUGENE ZILLI

"Zi"

*"To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize."*

Sir Henry Newbolt, "Clifton Chapel," Stanza 2.

ELSA GAER

"Gay"

*"A subtle spirit has my path attended."*

Elinor Wylie, "Sonnet IX."







ALAN EDWARD WILLIS

"Wi"

*"In public employments industrious and grave,  
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!"*

Matthew Prior, "For My Own Monument."

NANCY ROSE

"Nan"

*"She vanished with a curious smile."*

Thomas Hardy, "In the Night She Came."



GERTRUDE THELMA SWEET

"Trudy"

*"I want, by understanding myself, to understand others.  
I want to be all that I am capable of becoming."*

Katherine Mansfield, "Journal."

JOAN MARIAN MILLER

"Freckles"

*"The sun threw down a radiant spot."*

Thomas Hardy, "The Sun's Last Look on the Country Girl."



PAUL DAVID NASSAU

"Red"

*"The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,  
The smack and tang of elemental things."*

Edwin Markham, "Lincoln, the Man of the People,"  
Stanza 2.

WALTER JOSEPH KAUFMAN

"Wally"

*"He knew the precise psychological moment when  
to say nothing."*

Oscar Wilde, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Chapter 2.







BEATE RACHWALSKY

"Bea"

*"Your eyes are so sharp that you cannot only look through a Milstone, but cleane through the Minde."*

John Lyly, "Euphues and His England."

BERNARD ALFRED CHURCHILL

"Ben"

*"Art is the accomplice of love. Take love away and there is no longer art."*

Remy de Gourmont, "Decadence."



JOYCE SARAH FREEDMAN

"Sarah"

*"I do hate to be unquiet at home."*

Samuel Pepys, "Diary," September 22, 1689.

STEPHEN JOSEPH KAHN

"Steve"

*"For he was Epicurus owne sone."*

Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Canterbury Tales," Prologue.



RENEE REBECCA SHNEOUR

"Schnitz"

*"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long!"*

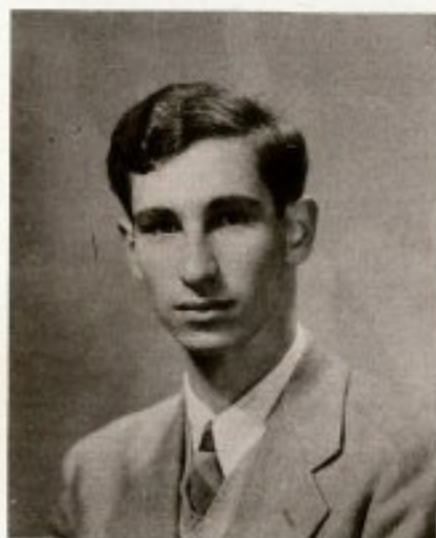
Isaac Watts, "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," Book II,  
Hymn 19.

DONALD FINKEL

"Don"

*"For that fine madness still he did retain  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."*

Michael Drayton, "To Henry Reynolds: Of Poets and  
Poesy."





## CLASS PROPHECY

Although Longchamps almost went on the rocks in 1947 for various well known reasons, Bob Wien, stock market hustler and new president of the Longchamps chain, had set it back on its feet with the aid of his C.L.S. schoolmates. It was 1967, era of push buttons, atomic power, and the long-awaited grand reunion of the class of '47 at the central Longchamps, located in the heart of hustling New York. This particular building had been selected because it was one created by A. Edward Willis of Willis and Lewis Atomic Construction and Design Company. The main dining room, in which the reunion was to be held, was decorated by Renee Shneour, famous French painter. Lavish and costly entertainment was planned and directed, of course, by the one and only—Larry Frisch—Producer, Director, Actor, and Peddler of the stupendous to the populace. The stage set, executed by the famous designer, Neville Lewis, cleverly carried out the central theme of the entertainment—Saturday Night Programs at C.L.S.

The Zero hour arrived, and the doors were thrown wide open by the efficient and cultured doorman, Lalle, Ph.D., L.H.L. Sneaking by Lalle, because of natural habit, came Paul Nassau with a geiger counter in one hand. "Say," yelled the doorman, annoyed by the clicking of the instrument, "What do you think this place is, a Country Club?"

"I am only looking for fissionable material," said the bland Paul as he edged hungrily over toward the serving table and the fine hors d'oeuvres prepared by the eminent gourmet and chef, Louis De Leeuw.

Walking very briskly through the door, next came the renown authoress and lecturer, Elsa Gay Gaer, carrying 4,000 copies of her latest book, Johnson O'Gaer. "Vocabulary building is the basis of love," she exclaimed as she gave each of her anxious classmates unexpectedly a free copy of this five-dollar wonder. Following Miss Gaer came the quiet and efficient psychiatrist, Beate Rachwalsky, who intently observed everyone to see what the reaction was to Gay's gift.

Suddenly the lights went out. Some one screamed. All recognized the voice as that of Joyce Freedman, nurse and author of "How To Control Yourself." When the lights went on again, Paul Schroeter, new head of the United States Dental Society, was seen calmly talking to Jim Zilli, Ace Basketball Coach and Star. "It is funny," he remarked, "that I still seem to be fixing fuses after all this time."

Since most of the class of '47 was detained by extremely justifiable excuses, the entertainment could not wait any longer and got started with an extemporaneous morning meeting reading by Rita Mary Schoen, Broadway actress of some parts. It was soon interrupted by a terrific noise from beneath the bar. A distinguished, curly haired individual, namely Dr. Stephen Joseph Kahn, world known authority in Egyptology, was clearly heard to say with emotional fervor, "Eureka, I have found it."

"What have you found that is so fascinating, Stephen," bubbled Nancy Rose who ran over to see what the commotion was about. "What have you found

that is so interesting," repeated Nancy who, in contrast to her high school days, was now a literal non-stop marathon talker.

"I have discovered," said Stephen, with regained composure, "what I have been looking for all these years since I left C.L.S.—Cato's essay on Sublime Love."

This learned conversation was broken into by the blare of trumpets as a red velvet carpet was rolled down the floor from the entrance way. Two stately gentlemen strolled in, arm in arm—Walter Kaufman, newly appointed Federal Minister of Economics and Diplomacy; and His Honorable Excellency, Señor Hasta Mañana Mercado, New Minister Plenipotentiary from Bolivia. As the commotion died down, His Excellency Hasta Mañana was heard to remark, "I still maintain that the future of the world lies in the America of the South." The American representative merely answered this statement with a quiet, knowing smile. This pleasant interlude was soon interrupted by another commotion at the door. Dr. Richard Simonson rushed to the scene to find a man in a long black coat under the influence of port and pumpernickel. It was none other than the poet laureate of Greenwich Village, Donald Finkel. Trailing close behind him and announcing himself with a few pot shots at a chandelier was two gun Churchill. "What," he exclaimed as he eyed the festive tables. "What, no beer?"

At this point a note of real dignity was brought to the gathering when Dr. Stael, who had been sitting unobtrusively in the background with Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Lande, walked calmly to the door and said, "Mrs. Craig and I both agree that this just isn't done. Do you still want to poison my system? Let us continue with the Saturday Night Entertainment." As the lights began to dim, Mrs. Lande smiled enigmatically at Donald and Ben who seemed to be having difficulty in finding seats—because of the darkness.

Jane Franke, famous model for Shears and Robust, led the program with an exhibition of the latest in strapless evening wear. Second on the program was the successful business woman Eustacia Fine who gave a parody of her old English class at C.L.S. and her search for Wildeve. She was followed by Gertrude Blank and the little Blanks who did a fourteen part harmony of "All God's Chillun Got Shoes." The conclusion of Trudy's song had its domestic note re-emphasized by the entrance of Mrs. Susan Feline, and Mr. Feline, who were celebrating their sixteenth wedding anniversary. Almost simultaneously with the Felines there appeared the waiters with the main course. Soon the typical atmosphere of the C.L.S. Dining Room reigned. To make the 1967 Reunion complete there arrived, late as usual because of transportation difficulties, Ina and Joan, the Connecticut matrons, socialites, and Pillars of Society. They arrived a little too late, however, since the party had only five minutes to go.

As the class of '47 was leaving, Mr. Ashton drove up to the curb in his 1929 Model A Ford which was still crawling along in one piece. "Remember!" he said with a roguish gleam as he waved his famous night stick. "Remember to go straight home."

MARIO MERCADO

*"You still have patched your excuses."*

With apologies to William Shakespeare, "Anthony and Cleopatra," Act II.



LARRY FRISCH

*"Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario."*

Nicholas Rowe, "The Fair Penitent," Prologue.

L. HAROLD LALLY

Senior English Teacher

*"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."*

"The Canterbury Tales," Prologue







*The Fleet's In*



*"To be or not to be . . ."*



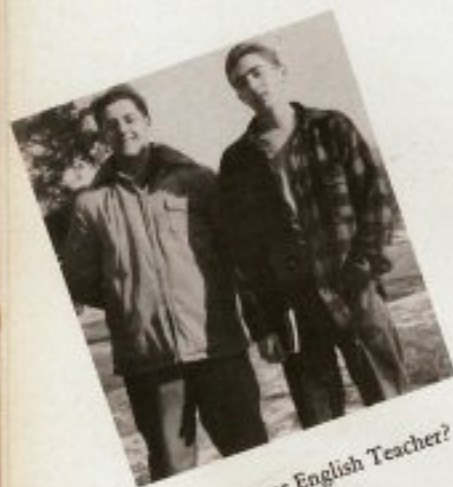
*Jack of all trades*



*"The Pause That Refreshes"*



*Must be Muzzey*



*Who's Your English Teacher?*



*In step*



*This way, please*



No Comment



"For Crying Out Loud"



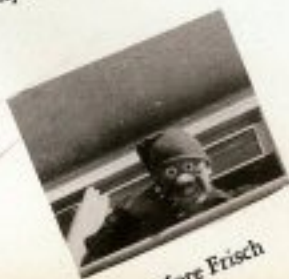
"Flamin' Mamie"



What! No interpolation!



Chiefly Frisch



More Frisch



"Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning."



Totem Pole and Mario





# Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1947

---

We, the Seniors, being of sound mind, contrary to past tradition and expectations, do hereby bequeath our precious and few possessions to you, our admiring friends and successors.

*Ben Churchill* leaves his store of guns and ammunition to Bobby Lee.

*Kitten Greig* leaves two broken down cheerleaders.

*Sue Fine*—Fine leaves Fine.

*Don Finkel* leaves a bottle of Scotch to Dutch Podell.

*Jane Franke* leaves her diary for all those who are interested.

*Gay Gaer* leaves her efficient method of accomplishing things to Rhoda Victor.

*Joyce Freedman* leaves her Boston accent to anyone who will take it.

*Larry Frisch* leaves for good this time.

*Stephen Kahn* leaves the throne of Pontifex Maximus.

*Wally Kaufman* leaves Dr. Steel chauffeurless.

*Neville Lewis* leaves his sketch book to Boys' House.

*Mario Mercado* leaves the dark room for "Photography only."

*Joan Miller* leaves her corn to Mr. Weaver.

*Paul Nassau* leaves Dave Stone to pray for the Dodgers.

*Bea Rachwalsky* leaves as a quiet little English girl even after two years at C.L.S.

*Nancy Rose* leaves on tip toe.

*Rita Mary Schoen* leaves her morning meeting recitations to Ann Raskin.

*Dick Simonson* leaves the board in his bed for an aching back.

*Ina Spelke* leaves her eleven years of experience at C.L.S. to the girls.

*Paul Shroeter* leaves his good nature to everyone.

*Trudy Sweet* leaves the Manor House in an uproar.

*Bob Wien* leaves in a cloud of smoke.

*Al Willis* leaves for bigger and better things.

*Jim Zilli* leaves 6 feet 3 to Don Reed.

*Renee Shneour* leaves the Poster Committee to a just fate.



# CLASSES





SOME JUNIORS



MORE JUNIORS





**THE SOPHOMORE CLASS**



**THE FRESHMAN CLASS**



# THE EIGHTH GRADE



HELENA J. FOWLES

*Class Advisor*

## REMINISCENCE

Remember that day far back in September when we entered the gates of Cherry Lawn . . . Frightened . . . perhaps a little . . . since we realized this was one of the first big steps in our lives, and failure would mean . . . but, of course, we must make the grade . . . It seemed that ever since we entered the gate something inside us swelled and we felt a part of it already . . . That first night in a strange place . . . homesick . . . but bravely we wrote home . . . wishing we were there . . . nevertheless telling them we liked it already . . . adjustments . . . we hated that word the first three weeks . . . nothing we wanted to do was right . . . we were one of a group now and had to act accordingly . . . taking the bitter with the sweet . . . classes . . . we wondered if the diploma we were to receive at the end of our eighth year were worth the hours of study.

Our first amateur night . . . could you ever forget the way our own Steve bravely played an excerpt from the H.M.S. Pinafore . . . and then the Hallowe'en masquerade . . . what gay and witty costumes . . . what fun . . . Our first report cards and the anticipated conference with our adviser, Miss Fowles . . . Vacation time . . . home . . . but we were glad when it was time to return. Remember the Christmas Pageant and party . . . Barbara our angel and good "Old Santa" . . . and then . . . the fun we had helping the "Lower School" with their "Junior Prom" . . . the beautiful little dresses and the thrill of receiving a corsage . . . the grand march accompanied with that wonderful three-piece orchestra . . . and the pictures that were taken.

Enough for reminiscing . . . now we look forward . . . to the next four years . . . new friends . . . new fields of study . . . dances . . . dates . . . many more good times that will bring . . . happy memories.



AN-SHI CHENG  
*President*



ANITA GLOCER  
*Vice-President*



DIANE WEISS  
*Secretary*



PATRICIA DAVIS  
*Treasurer*



Barry Karp



Barbara Damsky



Stephen Danciger



Albert Landau



Carol Salomon



Robert Richard King



Larry Tron



Judith Sarnet



Elliott Heath





**THE SEVENTH GRADE**



**THE SIXTH GRADE**





THE FIFTH GRADE



THE FOURTH GRADE



THE THIRD GRADE



THE BLUEBIRDS

# ACTIVITIES





## BOYS' SPORTS



Cherry Lawn's athletics forged ahead this year with an intensive athletic program under the leadership of Coach Ted Stopyra. Intramural football was in the lime-light during October and November until mother nature put an end to the outdoor sports with a blanket of snow.

Coach Stopyra started basketball practice in early December. After many weeks of practice he was able to organize a starting combination for the season. The team was strengthened in reserves by a Junior Varsity. The team was tentative, with such players as Willis, Simonson, Mercado, Hoffman, Frisch, and de Carville striving for first position.

The team moved along in fast style throughout the entire season ending with a record of fourteen victories and two defeats. The two defeats were inflicted by New Canaan High, a much larger school. Led by Paul Schroeter, Jim Zilli, and the team's high scorer, Bob Castle, the squad rolled up an undefeated season in the Southern Connecticut Private School League with ten straight victories. At the end of the regular season the team was awarded a trophy and was also invited to a post-season tournament. The team lost an exciting game to Romford High School in the closing seconds by a score of 37-36.

During the entire season the student body supported the team with great spirit. The school had a faithful cheering squad led by Kitten Greig, Rhoda Victor, and Nancy Goldberg. Cherry Lawn is proud of the good sportsmanship displayed by the team which earned the respect of all neighboring teams. The team was rated by many coaches as the leading team in Fairfield County. Many thanks are due to Coach Ted Stopyra and the managers Wally Kaufman, Bob Wien, and Neville Lewis for all their patient help, which was instrumental in the success of the team.

The games and scores for the Basketball Season are as follows:

Cherry Lawn.....	30	Darien Service Team .....	29
Cherry Lawn.....	47	New Canaan .....	33
Cherry Lawn.....	50	Daycroft .....	25
Cherry Lawn.....	57	Kings .....	28
Cherry Lawn.....	57	St. Lukes .....	24
Cherry Lawn.....	36	Darien .....	34
Cherry Lawn.....	57	Brunswick .....	36
Cherry Lawn.....	51	Edgewood .....	24
Cherry Lawn.....	39	Jesse Lee Junior College.....	31
Cherry Lawn.....	40	New Canaan .....	60
Cherry Lawn.....	41	Brunswick .....	34
Cherry Lawn.....	60	Kings .....	29
Cherry Lawn.....	57	Edgewood .....	41
Cherry Lawn.....	48	Darien .....	42
Cherry Lawn.....	61	Daycroft .....	30
Cherry Lawn.....	58	St. Lukes .....	29
Cherry Lawn.....	36	Romford .....	37

Because of circumstances of publication the baseball season will not be covered in this Cherry Pit. Coach Stopyra, however, has a wide group of players to choose from. The team has several Varsity members from last year's squad, such people as Paul Schroeter, Neville Lewis, Paul Nassau, Bob Castle, Wally Kaufman, and Dick Simonson. With other new promising ball players such as Jim Zilli, John de Carville, Eric Kahn, Don Kurz, Bob Wien, and Dave Rosenbaum the school is looking forward to a successful season.





## GIRLS' SPORTS

This year under the capable training of Miss Mary Daphne Suba, better known as "Tex," the C.L.S. girls have proved themselves capable of working together as a unit. Miss Suba, who holds a Master of Arts degree in Physical Education, has been tireless in her efforts to help the girls. Her excellent background in badminton, tennis, hockey, and basketball has been a valuable asset to the school.

The girls started the year by learning the fundamentals of hockey. Soon afterwards they put their newly found knowledge to use by playing several neighboring schools. Although the girls did not win their games, the season was an exceptionally good one. The keen competition and fine sportsmanship displayed were to the credit of all. After each game a tea was given, both at home and away. These teas were not only enjoyable, but also extremely helpful in promoting strong, inter-school relationships. A boost was given to the girls' morale by the acquisition of school jackets and of the official hockey tunics which are worn throughout the United States. At the close of the season a hockey banquet was held and awards were given to the Varsity members.

Next on the athletic agenda was basketball practice. Since many girls turned out for this sport, Miss Suba was able to choose two excellent teams, a Varsity and a Junior Varsity. The basketball season started with a double-header: the Varsity winning its first game at Daycroft by a score of 20-12; the J. V.'s losing, although they played a clean, fast game. The next game was also a double header, this time against New Canaan High, where the Varsity again triumphed by the close score of 24-22, although the J. V.'s lost. Then followed two defeats at the hands of Staples and Sacred Heart. The girls recovered quickly—and the Varsity won the return match at Daycroft by a score of 33-32, while the J. V.'s also trimmed their competitors 18-12. Two games followed, in which our girls were defeated. The season ended in the decisive victory over Greenwich Country Day School 32-4.



MISS SUBA

After the February Vacation the girls came back to school to begin their own intramural tournament. After quite a few hard scrimmages, only the Junior and Senior teams remained. A battle ensued from which the Junior girls emerged victorious. The basketball season was ended by a joint banquet with the boys' basketball team. At the banquet Miss Suba presented the Junior girls with a golden trophy which now stands in the Junior Study. Awards were also given to all girls who had made the Varsity.

At the time The Cherry Pit is going to the press Miss Suba and the girls are making extensive plans for an active tennis and softball season.



*Field Hockey Schedule and Scores for 1946-7 Season*

	We	They
Oct. 15 Greenwich Country Day .....	0	6
Oct. 18 Miss Thoma's .....	1	3
Oct. 22 Staples High .....	0	1
Oct. 24 New Canaan Country Day .....	1	2
Nov. 8 Staples High .....	0	8
Nov. 12 Daycroft .....	0	8
Nov. 14 New Canaan High .....	0	1
Nov. 25 Rippowan .....	1	3
Nov. 27 Fairfield .....	0	1

*Basketball Schedule and Scores*

	We	They
Jan. 16 Daycroft .....	20	12
Jan. 16 Daycroft (J.V.) .....	15	26
Jan. 23 New Canaan High .....	24	22
Jan. 23 New Canaan High (J.V.) .....	7	41
Jan. 29 Staples .....	19	53
Jan. 31 Sacred Heart .....	25	42
Feb. 4 Daycroft .....	33	22
Feb. 4 Daycroft (J.V.) .....	18	12
Feb. 6 Fairfield .....	19	38
Mar. 10 Low Heywood .....	20	24
Mar. 11 Greenwich Country .....	18	8
Mar. 11 Greenwich Country .....	32	4







## THE DANCE

Dance . . . it all started with the wild drumbeats of primitive tribes. Now the drumbeats have been harnessed, and twelve tones of music have been incorporated into the previously monotonous tom-tom of early rhythms. Now, as before, rhythm and music have aroused the desire to create movement—the dance.

At Cherry Lawn this year there have been four ardent but individualistic, advanced followers of the dance in its ballet and modern aspects: Lenny Landau, Barbara Hurwich, Carol List, and Renee Shneour. "Put on something fast with a modern tempo like 'Slaughter on Tenth Avenue,'" Lenny would say. And there she would go with swift pirouettes, perhaps denoting the turbulence of a great city, perhaps the staccato of the twentieth century machine; and then with flirtatious twirls well indicating another theme of the musical title. Barbara Hurwich preferred the lazy, snake-like motion of an Oriental Dance. She used sweeping movements, and added contrasts by applying the slow "detached piece" method of moving one limb at a time. Carol was strictly a follower of the modern dance. Her technique followed a Graham pattern. She danced to "blues music" like the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto. Renee Shneour was a classicist. She danced in a ballet world of white tutu and "Pas de Pourres." Her music was "Swan Lake" and "The Nutcracker Suite." These four girls, aside from their own improvisations in the Round Room and the Dance Studio many afternoons, studied dancing with Miss Monna Montes and Miss Angiola Sortorio. The two dance teachers were a source of great stimulation and encouragement both to the advanced students just mentioned and to the up-and-coming ballerinas like Natalie Likwas and Barbara Harris.

This year Cherry Lawn was lucky enough to acquire a charming and original personality, Mrs. Ruth Wofsey, who introduced for the first time on campus the dance medium that she calls "Modern Tap." The name of this dance form explains itself since it simply means a combination of modern dancing with rhythmic tap dancing. Students who were particularly interested and competent in this field of dancing were Renee Ormont, Rhoda Victor, Ann Raskin, and Trudy Wofsey. On March 16th Mrs. Wofsey gave a dance recital which stressed modern tap and some semi-classics. Students from the second to the eleventh grades participated in this recital. Specialty numbers were given by Renee Ormont, Carol List, and Trudy Wofsey.

In addition to Ballet, Modern Dancing, and Modern Tap, Social Dancing and Country Dancing were also a popular part of the whole program for the year. These traditional types of dancing at C.L.S. were taught by Mrs. Wofsey.

Viewed as a whole the dance program at Cherry Lawn for the year 1946-47 has been a full and complete one.

## ART

An extraordinary amount of work went into and came from the Art Room this year. There was much equipment, much thought, and no little talent added to the remnants of last year's Art Room. Probably the most important reason for this advancement was due to the work and instruction of the art teacher, Mr. William Henry Godden, known in the sacred precincts of the Art Room as "Bill."

Mr. Godden tried to make the students understand the value of abstracts in painting, drawing, and modeling. The students, in their turn, learned that the producing of abstractions made it easier for them to comprehend the value of composition, color, texture, and dimension. Before beginning work in any new medium, the student first experimented with it in abstraction, thereby making it easier for himself to plan a perfect painting and one that would be more appreciated.

Important in the student's art work was life drawing. In the warmer weather C.L.S. artists were spread all over the campus, placing nature on paper in the form of trees, water, and sky. During the winter the students worked at more concrete subjects in nature. There was always one of the more congenial students ready to donate himself as a model to be sketched by the class.

Some of the braver and more talented pupils tried

their hand at oils. It was a venture worth trying, but unfortunately not very successful. One of the reasons for the failure in oils was the high price of equipment. Consequently, Mr. Godden was not able to devote as much time to the teaching of technique in oils as he would have liked to.

Pastels, the medium most used and most enjoyed this year, were a success. From this flexible medium came an abundance of abstractions, landscapes still lifes, and portraits. The Art Exhibit, in which were entered the works of Neville Lewis, Dutch Podell, David Willis, Eric Kahn, and others, consisted mainly of pastels. The students felt that in working with pastels they achieved the most desirable effects.

The Art Room was a place not only where students worked, but also where they relaxed and discussed various subjects. Mr. Godden fell, without his knowledge, into the position of head of discussions. His great knowledge of art, brought to the students' eyes in his weekly lectures, supplied the pigment of the discussions to which the students added color.

The excellent instruction, the relaxing atmosphere, and the informality of the Art Room produced in each art student a great feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that he had learned to enjoy and understand something which would serve him well for the rest of his life.





## MUSIC AND DRAMATICS

Music and the Drama were closely related units this year at Cherry Lawn, chiefly because most of the larger dramatic productions put on in the first part of the year stressed musical accompaniment in one form or another. Miss Mildred Scott was Director of Music. Mr. John Winters was Head of the Dramatics Department until March when Mr. Basil Burwell returned to fill the post that he had held before entering the Army.

At the opening of the school year Miss Scott organized a rhythm band and a music appreciation group. She also met the students for singing, and tried to improve their tone quality. At the same time she developed their ability to read music, and tried to improve their ear training. The Lower School particularly profited from this training, as was seen in its production of H.M.S. Pinafore. The chorus and background singers and actors for this successful production were drawn from the Lower School at large. The central cast was composed of the following people: Olga List, Buttercup; Jock Root, Ralph; Arlene Sax, Josephine; Paul Gaer, Sir Joseph Porter; Blair Smith, Captain Corcoran; Stephen Kessler, Dick Deadeye; and Dolores Lloyd, the Boatswain.

The Christmas Pageant was another outstanding event of the year. This traditional event at Cherry Lawn is an account of the biblical story of Christmas presented in colorful pageant form, supported by a large chorus and solo parts. Active student participation, backed by enthusiastic faculty coaching, made The Pageant a very effective production. The main cast of The Pageant, according to function performed, was as follows:

Faculty Advisers—Miss Mildred Scott, Miss Mary Combes, and Mr. John Winters.

Acting Cast: Mary by Renee Shneour; Joseph by Alan Willis; Gabriel by Ina Spelke; The Angels by Barbara Dansky and Barbara Harris; The Host by Carl Margulis; The Hostess by Estrela Kaufman; The Three Kings by Walter Kaufman, Stephen Kahn, and Mario Mercado; The Shepherds by Stephen Danciger, Stephen Kessler, Jock Root, Barry Karp, Paul Gaer, George Monk, and Blair Smith; The Children by Peter Weiller, Trudy Wolfsey, Julie Blom, David Weller, Stanley Pikarsky, Laurie Green, Michael Solby, Susan Starobin, and Stephen Chodorov.

Musical Cast: Narrator by Joan Malawista; Gabriel by Ann Raskin; The Three Kings by James Zilli, Rob-

ert Castle, and Serge Schwartz; Mary by Eve Hoffman; Joseph by Paul Nassau; Host by Neville Lewis; Hostess by Gertrude Sweet; The Children by Bernice Weiss and Arlene Sax; and The Interludes by Rita Mary Schoen, Janice Levinsohn, and Renee Ormont.

The Choruses supporting The Pageant consisted of forty-four students from the Upper School and thirty children from the Lower School.

The Orchestra: James Fellman, Richard Simonson, Pat Edson, Gay Gaer, Gerald Padwe, Alan Willis, Eve Glassberg, Donald Bach, David Willis, and David Rosenbaum. (Particular credit is due Chickie Glassberg for her valuable aid in the orchestra as pianist and in The Pageant as Chief Student Assistant in music.)

Aside from its correlated work with the Dramatics Department the music program went along well this year on its own steam, and every student was made a little more conscious than before of music, both popular and classical, around him. The Upper School had group singing once a week. Folk and popular songs, that large groups like to sing, were learned. Those students who wanted to have more singing joined the Choral Club. Those who wanted to know more about composition joined the Theory Class. For those students who wanted to improve their own techniques there were piano lessons from Miss Kyriena Zilori as well as singing and instrument lessons from Miss Scott. Cherry Lawn was also lucky enough to have as a guest pianist, Mr. Joseph Raieff. Mr. Raieff played, as a sort of preview, the same program which he gave at Town Hall a few weeks later with much praise from the New York music critics. We were also fortunate in having our Musical Library enlarged through the P.T.A.'s generous grant of records.

Because of the change of staff in the dramatics department, the continuity was somewhat broken. Mr. Winters was very helpful in the Pinafore and Christmas Pageant productions. He also produced with the Lower School many short plays and skits. Mr. Burwell continued Mr. Winters' work by stressing practice in voice and acting techniques. He had each of the Upper School classes give an amateur program which combined dancing, singing, and acting. At the time The Cherry Pit went to press he was in the process of selecting one long play for production by the Upper School in the remaining two months of the academic year.







## P R O M S

On February Eighth, at eight o'clock, the Senior Prom took place. This Prom, which annually occurs in the middle of the year, is one of few enterprises where decisions, plans, and budgets are left completely to students. Perhaps that is the reason why they take such deliberate measures about each decision.

After Dave Willis and Dutch Podell were elected Co-chairmen of the Prom, they met frequently to decide on a budget and theme. Finally it was decided that the theme would be Manhattan: with marquees, silhouettes of buildings, and blinking lights naming each night club and restaurant.

Since actual work began very late, some students worked with furious determination. Others became pessimistic about the outcome, and dropped out. However, because many people had applied for committee posts, there were enough helpers on hand to do the required, rather intensive work. Practically all of the effect of the decorations depended upon the lighting techniques in relationship to the black paper of the silhouettes.

Prom refreshments have, in past years, been a source of constant worry for the entire committee. This Prom demanded better refreshments than ever before and, it might be added, got them. Here, due recognition must go to Estela Kaufman who managed so successfully her own sub-committee. After considering several orchestras, the Prom Committee decided that the best one would be the Paramount Band, a full, compact dance band, suitable for the type of dancing done at C.L.S.

Special credit for the success of the Prom should go to The Committee which worked unceasingly to make the evening one to remember. Dutch Podell and Dave Willis were Co-chairmen of the Senior Prom. The other Committee members were: Dave Stone, Rhoda Victor, Thelma



Esan, Richard Hoffman, Nancy Goldberg, Bobbie Trostler, Ann Raskin, Eve Glassberg, Beejay Foss, David Rosenbaum, Paul Schroeter, Larry Frisch, Rita Mary Schoen, Estela Kaufman, Bob Castle, Jim Zilli, Eve Hoffman, Joan Kaplan, Ann Ottenheimer, Sue Figarsky Neville Lewis, Ben Churchill, Anita Starobin, Edna Fine, and Joan Malawista.

The Junior Prom rivaled the Senior as an interesting and charming event. It was sponsored by the Eighth Grade in keeping with the traditional belief that these students who are about to enter high school should give the Lower School its big party of the year. The Prom began at eight o'clock on February the first. Music was furnished by Henry Bloom's orchestra, a real treat to those Lower Schoolers that had never had

music of their own before. The scene of the Prom, the C.L.S. Gym, was cleverly decorated with record disc motifs, jazz notes, and pictures of musical instruments. Among the highlights of the evening were the specialty dances, the Grand March, and, of course, the delicious refreshments.

The heads of the Junior Prom were Co-chairmen Anita Glocer and Albert Landau. With full cooperation from the Art teacher, Mr. Godden, these heads worked tirelessly with a sincere interest in the organization of their program. They devoted all of their spare time to planning decorations, refreshments, and entertainment. They helped to make a delightful and gay evening that the Stein House students will long remember.







## THE COUNCIL REPORTING

In Cherry Lawn School, unlike most other educational institutions, the Student Government is an integral part of the school and campus life. The purposes of the Council are stated in the Student Constitution. The Government was established "in order to promote a spirit of cooperation between the faculty and students, to aid in the smooth running of the school, and the realizing of our responsibilities in a social world." Since there are three Councils during a school year, many students have the chance to contribute to the Government, to learn its functions, and to gain experience in leadership.

The first Council this year consisted entirely of Seniors: Susan Fine, President; Walter Kaufman, Judge; Paul Nassau, Secretary of Labor; Kitten Greig, Secretary of Activities; Joan Millet, Secretary of Properties; and Gay Gaer, Secretary of Stein House.

During the second term more underclassmen participated in the Council which was composed of the following people: Gay Gaer, President; David Willis, Vice-President; David Diamond, Judge; Nancy Goldberg, Secretary of Labor; Paul Nassau and Bob Castle, Co-secretaries of Activities; Judith Sarner, Secretary of Stein House.

The third Council had no Senior members. It consisted of the following: David Willis, President; Ann

Raskin, Vice-President; Richard Hoffman, Judge; Estela Kaufman, Secretary of Labor; Rhoda Victor, Secretary of Activities; Lenny Landau and Anne Schwartz, Co-secretaries of Stein House.

These three Councils consistently ran all extracurricular activities, entertainments, and assemblies, allocated campus work, punished student offenses, and represented the students on all occasions. In addition to these, and a few other duties, several major projects were carried through. Along the line of public relations an exchange of students was effected with other schools. An effort was made to promote a comprehension of the present economic situation in Europe. To attain this end a French school and an orphan were financially adopted. Worthwhile drives, such as the one for contributions to the Sydenham Hospital, were also enthusiastically supported. Not less outstanding were the programs for our Saturday assemblies. An exciting Council event was a joint meeting with members of the P. T. A. Executive Board, Trustees, Faculty, and Alumni. It was stimulating for the representatives of the Student Government to be able to meet with the other organizations that help to make Cherry Lawn click.

Altogether the Student Government, backed by the student body, worked hard and accomplished a great deal in many directions.

## THE SCHOOL STORE

If you are looking for your roommates, or for your best girl, you are sure to find them after lunch at The School Store—the institution that satisfies the sweet tooth of Cherry Lawn.

The School Store was founded some years ago, and was first operated on a very small scale, supplying only a very few necessities. Through the years The Store has enlarged its scope considerably, and now sells everything from bobby pins to Hershey Bars, not to mention stationery, school supplies, and polo shirts.

The Store Staff is comprised of a General Manager, Business Manager, Purchase Manager, and about fifteen sales clerks who work at least twice a week. Store work trains students in bookkeeping, buying, and salesmanship.

This year The Store has particularly striven to furnish an increased variety of stock, and to sell commodities cheaply enough so that the students can save money and not have to go into town as often. The Store turns all of its profits into constructive gifts to the School. This year The Staff presented the school with an English Silver Tea Service.

The Store officers for 1947 were the following: Paul Shroeter, General Manager; Richard Hoffman, Business Manager; Peter Lande and Neville Lewis, Purchase Managers.

A new subsidiary of The Store this year was the Sloppie Shoppie which was open every Monday and Friday night. It served soda, sandwiches, and cake. The Sloppie Shoppie was a great success as you will all remember.







## Down At The Stable

From every standpoint the Riding Season of 1946-7, under the direction of Miss Emily Wainright, has been an excellent one.

The year started off on a pleasant note with the reconditioning of the stable. The old setup was changed to include five good standing, or straight, stalls, as well as three roomy box stalls. Included in the new stable also were two conveniently placed rooms, used respectively for tack and feed storage. In these sumptuous and clean surroundings our six horses—Blackie, Smokey, Laddie, Buster, Ho-hum, and Strawberry—have lived since the beginning of the year. These horses have been close and well-known friends of all real riding fans as C. L. S.

Cherry Lawn may well be proud of the tremendous amount of progress which has been made this year by the riding group as a whole. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, that any riding group should show such advancement in the art of horsemanship in one season. The riding students have learned more than just the fundamentals of riding and controlling their horses. They have learned qualities which are valuable assets for anyone to have. Among such qualities are patience, endurance, kindness, courtesy, grit, and determination to stick to something—no matter how tough the going is—until a goal is reached.

Cherry Lawn riders are divided chiefly into three groups: beginning, intermediate, and advanced. Each group has accomplished something worthwhile in terms of its individual level. The beginning group, which is composed chiefly of Lower School students, has learned the proper form and techniques of the three basic gaits (walk, trot, and canter) by practice in our own ring. The chief ambition of this group has been to improve enough in its mastery of basic skills so that it might be permitted to go out on the trails. This desire is very understandable because trail riding can be a lot of fun. Not only is the riding itself good, but the scenery also is very attractive.

The intermediate group, which is comprised of the majority of our riding students from the Upper and Lower Schools, has continued with ring practice where necessary and has taken many interesting trail rides through the local countryside. Perhaps the most stimulating and enjoyable riding has been done by the advanced group. The members of this group, chiefly Upper Schoolers, not only have taken extensive trail rides, but also have learned how to jump.

Every year Cherry Lawn has a horse show in June. At the time the Cherry Pit goes to press, the plans for the different events of the show are at most tentative. But judging from the success and wide scope of last year's show all Cherry Lawn Riders will have a chance to compete with one another on the proper levels to show how much real horsemanship they have learned. Aside from our own horse show on campus, some of the advanced students may take part in local horse shows held off campus during the months of May and June.

Every stable has its chores as well as its pleasant aspects. This year, because of a double change in grooms, volunteer student workers helped on occasions to keep the stable running. Phil Flint and Jimmy Fellman were particularly cooperative in easing the burden of caring for the horses and stable.



## Caught On Campus



Miss Andre Galliot and Miss Kyriena Ziloti  
(Parlez vous Francais)



Miss Anne Smith  
(Public Relations Expert #1)



Mr. Bill Caryl  
(Science and ????)



Miss Mary Comnes  
(Who said mathematics is cold and  
inhuman?)



Miss Elly Freund and Renee  
(Reading! Who ever heard of reading?)









# ON CAMPUS



# EXPRESSION

"Fool!" said my muse to me,  
"Look in thy heart and write."

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



## PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

Jere Halmer walked slowly down the street toward his office, reflecting as he walked. Now at middle age, he thought, he had attained everything worthwhile in life. Most men struggled all of their lives only to die without having bettered themselves or their position, but he had already done both. He had taken over his father's business when Solon Halmer retired, and had built it up and improved it until now it was one of the country's largest wholesale buying establishments. Now he was almost fifty. He was married, and had two children. A man couldn't ask for much more.

He looked at his watch, and seeing that it was almost nine o'clock, quickened his pace and walked rapidly to his office. He passed through the crowded offices of Halmer Incorporated hardly hearing the cacophony of the many typewriters. He opened the door to his office and shut the noise of the outer office behind him.

On his desk was the usual pile of mail, sorted by some unknown but diligent secretary into two piles, the business and personal correspondence. His personal mail consisted of only two letters. He opened one and began to read . . .

Dear Son,

I haven't heard from you for a long time. I wish that you would write more often and let me know how you are getting along.

I have led a life which, to most people's standards, is successful, and yet, in some ways, I have failed. I have become very lonely in my old age. Since you were married, I have seen so little of you. I know I have failed as a father by being too concerned with my work, and consequently neglecting my family to a point where now there are no family ties between us. We are like two strangers at opposite ends of the country . . .

Jere didn't read any further. He suddenly realized that he in turn had neglected his father during the last ten years. He remembered his walk to the office and realized that in his life he too had missed the most important thing, that is, normal relations with his family. He also realized that he had to do something about it now. Time was short. His father was an old man. Idly, as he resolved this, he picked up the second letter and read it.

It was only a card—his father's death notice.

BEN CHURCHILL

*Class '47*

## BLACK AND WHITE KEYS

Why, when I sit down at the piano, do I philosophize about life? For me the piano holds a strange magic. It sets me in my mood. It is the inspiration which urges me forward to unprecedented heights. When I am troubled, it helps me to think and gives me the power to figure and reason.

The first thought which comes into my mind when I begin to play is of a smoke filled room in Greenwich Village. Seated in a semicircle are two negroes and three white men. Cigarettes droop limply from their lips. They play, and their music is from the heart. To many people, this music represents only the cheap and vulgar. I am of a different opinion. I believe that some men are born with music in their veins and that, as they grow, this music grows with them. It enables them to express their thoughts without words. I believe that this music stands as a common language among different races, religions, and colors.

There is another association which I find holds true between man and the piano. The piano has black and white keys. Mankind is made up of black and white people. When the keys of a piano are struck, a chord is produced. If played unerringly, this chord is harmonious. However, if the one who plays is mistaken, the sound is discordant and the music worthless.

But now these thoughts must end, as the last sounds of the chord are slowly waning. This strange mood of mixed emotions has left me, and as my playing has ended in a perfect note, so I hope will go the world.

PAUL NASSAU

*Class '47*

## THE STORM

A wind went forth a little at a time,  
Sounding screams above a quiet sea;  
Then water lashed with strident sounds on yonder shore.  
Beside a road I saw the night of storm—  
Hard blows of lightning struck the ground,  
While thunder boomed and woke the world;  
And then it ceased and broke no more.  
Up comes the glimmering, purple glow.

RITA MARY SCHOEN

*Class '47*



## A DISSERTATION ON PINS

Have you ever thought seriously about the common pin? I'll bet you haven't. Too many people have underestimated its true value in society. The pin is a small, cylindrical piece of metal, sharp at one end, and pressed down at the opposite end to give a mushroom effect. Doesn't seem like much, does it? The average man in the streets does not consider it as one of the great contributions to mankind. There have been no great books written on the subject "Pins", nor have there ever been any great expostulations of rhetoric on the subject. This situation shows that people cannot open their eyes to the true value of the common pin.

The other day I happened to wonder what would become of the masses if the pin were to disappear. Suppose an enormous magnetic satellite with an attraction only for pins flashed out of the blue and passed quite close to the earth, carrying all pins away. The world would be in chaos and turmoil! Let me explain:

Babies couldn't keep up their diapers without pins, and the diapers would naturally drop, causing untold chagrin. This embarrassment would remain in the babies' sub-conscious minds all their lives, causing a new generation of shy and overly sensitive people, unfit to live in proper society. The average teen-age boy, who loves to build boats, planes, and trains, would not have any pins to pin down the necessary balsa wood parts to the blueprints. Therefore, the boy might grow up into a hurt and angry person. Teen-age girls would grow up ignorant of all phases of social life! What girl can go to a dance without wearing flowers pinned to her dress? The girls would grow up slighted, while the men, for lack of dancing partners, would become extremely frustrated! No one would have any faith in mankind. John Jones would go into a store to buy a shirt, only to find it crumple up in his arms. How dreadful! Think of all the frustrated sadists who no longer could say, "I don't care a pin for you!" or call to a girl, "You pinhead!" No one would know what the term implied. What would happen to those happy-go-lucky pranksters who love to break balloons? They would be lost for words, and would actually cry on the city streets.

Consider the economic aspects arising from the disappearance of pins and of pin making. Think of all the millions who would be thrown out of work because of the pin scarcity. Of course, I am referring to those great masters who inscribe the *Declaration of Independence* on pin-heads. Calamity! The wrestler would not be able to pin down his opponent. Thousands of mad spectators would demand their money back at the sports arenas! Simply dreadful! The great City of New York, famous for clothing manufacturing, would shut off its lights and be dark and dismal! Millions of garment workers, unable to pin dresses, patterns, and the like together, would be forced to close factories and shops and turn to the agrarian life. All the white collar workers, diplomats, secretaries, lawyers, etc., wouldn't be able to pin precious documents together and would go out of work, turning toward farming as a vocation. Everybody would turn toward the prosaic life of a farmer, and the agricultural output would become too great for public consumption! Depression would sweep the land, leaving it barren and desolate! The country would fall back into the state of the dark ages. Civilization would be set back hundreds of years!

Yes! All this would happen because of the absence of the common pin! Mr. and Mrs. America: what do you now think of the small and insignificant pin I hold in my hand? Ouch!! It bit me!

RICHARD SIMONSON

Class '47

## CONFUSION

I search  
For the star and the symbol  
The battering ram of speech  
The power of words  
Abused  
I flee  
Through the winding grey streets  
Climbing through basement  
Windows  
Alone, confused

Hiding in coal-cellars  
And crouching in  
Deathful attics  
I wait  
I run  
I stumble and groan  
Lie and moan  
In the dust  
I wait again

Crawling through scorched fields  
Dragging my body behind me  
Through forgotten churchyards  
Slashing my leg  
Across a shattered  
Headstone  
I search  
I search no more  
Close my eyes and turn  
Away  
The dawn returns slowly  
The light eats away  
At my brain  
And I take the blood in my mouth  
I search again

There is only disorder  
Confusion  
Life is death and death an  
Illusion  
I flee down the gravel path  
Toward the big iron gate  
My body arched forward  
Forward  
Toward the  
Down the  
Down  
Dow  
Waaaaaah  
Blood runs in the dust

Neither the star nor the symbol  
But always the search

DONALD FINKEL

Class '47



## PASSAGE

There is a passage now—  
of endless time,  
A passage between Death  
and Rebirth,  
Until winter's gradual end  
and sudden joyous spring.  
The tired, dead grasses lie forlorn  
on empty fields.

There is a passage now—  
and I am the stunted tree  
That stands black against grey skies,  
quivering from a sudden torturous wind  
That tossed a newborn bud to the ground.

There is a passage now—  
while my waters beat  
Against cold, naked rocks;  
I am winter's heart that is melting now.  
Each day more and more  
Swift and strong, I sink into parched earth,  
Feeding hungry mouths that wait patiently  
for spring's caress.

There is a passage now—  
Oh, Sun, do not disappear  
Behind grey cloaks of winter storm—  
Shine full upon me.  
Fill my soul with warmth,  
for I too have suffered  
From winter's bitter reign,  
and my heart is hard and cold.  
Spring, with your gentle hand  
soothe a weary brow.  
I have waited too long.

There is a passage now—  
of endless time  
A passage between Death  
and Rebirth  
Until winter's gradual end  
and sudden joyous spring.  
The tired, dead grasses lie forlorn  
on empty fields,  
And I silently wait for spring...

BARBARA HURWICH

Class '49



## THE PENCIL

By EDGAR ALLEN PODELL

A few weeks ago, while working on some unfinished business, I found a pencil. In appearance it was an ordinary drawing pencil of common shape and brand. On using it I discovered an extraordinary texture. The narrow line made by the pencil stood out from the paper in a soft subdued light. I had never before seen such texture result from any common pencil. How then was this pencil different from all others? Maybe another element had been mixed with it in the factory. Maybe there was some odd reaction on the graphite through a process of aging. Who can know? We will have to accept, without reason and question, that this was a very unusual pencil. I placed it in my pocket, intending to use it in the near future.

That same day an old friend of good standing called and asked me to assist him in clearing out his apartment since it was being painted. On reaching his apartment I noticed many of my friends already engaged in moving furniture and other articles in the house to a storage closet in the attic. I greeted them and started working.

That night I fell into bed exhausted with the work of the day. Thoughts of this day and others ran through my head. Suddenly a picture of the wonderful pencil flashed through my mind. I jumped out of bed to look at my pencil again. Frantically, I searched my clothing only to find that there was nothing. This pencil, which was more than a new medium to me, which was a symbol of a new beginning, a new life, was gone.

\* \* \*

A week of feverish work and unbearable thoughts had passed. I had forgotten about the pencil. Even though it was significant in its meaning to me, a thing like a pencil was hardly a thing to worry about. I was sick because of some unknown, intangible reason.

In the middle of a morbid and horrible mood, the phone rang. Again it was my friend, asking me to do him another favor and help him in moving the furniture back again. Anxious to get away from my present surroundings, I replied in the affirmative.

The apartment was overcrowded, making it almost impossible to work. People, familiar and unfamiliar, pushed against me in drunken unbalance. I worked, pushing and pulling heavy tables and chairs, fighting against the crowd and my frame of mind. I picked up an armful of books and carried them slowly into the living room. My arms opened and the books tumbled out on the floor. Amidst the books there gleamed the object of my foolish fancy. The Pencil!

I slipped out of the apartment grasping the pencil tightly. On reaching home, I dropped it into an envelope which I readily and too willingly sealed. The envelope, next morning, was on its way to curse another...

DUTCH PODELL

Class '48



## XV

Foaming waves wash away hateful thoughts.  
The clean, yellow sand lies in wait,  
For there are none that may wash it away forever.  
The pure white pebbles are deeper in earth,  
Than all sky in heaven.

Many thoughts in distant waves,  
Are guided to slow moving waters  
Where rest is abundant.  
Stones splash many rings  
Which reflect darkened sky  
And scented pines.

Only soggy moss 'neath glassy waters,  
Moves lazily to the bottom  
While mermaid babes live a life in death,  
Death in loneliness,  
And happiness in freedom—  
In vast unveiling of passions,  
In deep-seated books,  
And blackened seas.

PAT EDSON

Class '49

## OBLIVION

I wait and hope  
In vain  
For nothing comes—  
Only the rain  
And its throbbing hum.  
I harken—  
There is nothing,  
But the listless beat of a heart  
Pondering  
A thousand drifts of care worn love  
Scattered like the cloud,  
Falling like the rain  
Into the eternal abyss . . .  
  
No voice is heard,  
No thought . . .  
Only a gust of wind

RENEE SHINEOUR

Class '47



## SHADOWS OF DARWIN

The swallows passed among the dusty grey clouds in swift unhampered flight, striving toward some goal which remains an enigma to man. A leaf drifted aimlessly across the road. My eyes followed its flaming path. I became aware of the solid brown of a tree trunk, the slash of a vine struggling up to some unknown ambition. A car roared past, distracting my attention, but in a moment it, too, was lost from sight. Presently a great gust of wind billowed past, wresting from me a warm, protecting shell of air. My senses were too absorbed in all the minute details of the scene to bring forth to my consciousness any clear connection of all these events. Time passed, and I delved into the monotony of daily routine.

At night, the road gleamed black and m... beneath a light, driving rain. I could no longer stand the steaming radiators, artificial expressions, and raucous laughter. The primitive desire to live freely and fully arose. I made no effort to control this emotion which we so often lose in the monotony of daily routine. I had to move. All nature's forces conspired to entice me out into her vigorous domain. The inhibiting ties of a civilized world dissolved. Trees stood bare and unpretentious, beckoning me to participate in and enjoy their frolic. I, too, soon caught the rhythm, basic and savage. I wanted to live, jealous of Caesar and his conquering lust; to live with Whitman's exultant freedom. Greedily I wanted every experience. I flung my arms to the wind, letting its moisture graze my face, wanting my whole body to enjoy this sensation. I was infatuated with all creation. I struggled to feel with every nerve and sinew what this pulse of life meant to the swallows. I, too, was moving toward some goal, yet unknown; striving exultantly; with the optimism of youth enticed by every falling drop, floating leaf, and vigorous movement of self. Too brief, this fleeting sensation but rather that, than all the riches of Rome.

BEA RACHWALSKY

Class '47



## XV

Foaming waves wash away hateful thoughts.  
The clean, yellow sand lies in wait,  
For there are none that may wash it away forever.  
The pure white pebbles are deeper in earth,  
Than all sky in heaven.

Many thoughts in distant waves,  
Are guided to slow moving waters  
Where rest is abundant.  
Stones splash many rings  
Which reflect darkened sky  
And scented pines.

Only soggy moss 'neath glassy waters,  
Moves lazily to the bottom  
While mermaid babes live a life in death,  
Death in loneliness,  
And happiness in freedom—  
In vast unveiling of passions,  
In deep-seated books,  
And blackened seas.

PAT EDSON

Class '49

## OBLIVION

I wait and hope  
In vain  
For nothing comes—  
Only the rain  
And its throbbing hum.  
I harken—  
There is nothing,  
But the listless beat of a heart  
Pondering  
A thousand drifts of care worn love  
Scattered like the cloud,  
Falling like the rain  
Into the eternal abyss . . .  
  
No voice is heard,  
No thought . . .  
Only a gust of wind

RENEE SHNEOUR

Class '47



## SHADOWS OF DARWIN

The swallows passed among the dusty grey clouds in swift unhampered flight, striving toward some goal which remains an enigma to man. A leaf drifted aimlessly across the road. My eyes followed its flaming path. I became aware of the solid brown of a tree trunk, the slash of a vine struggling up to some unknown ambition. A car roared past, distracting my attention, but in a moment it, too, was lost from sight. Presently a great gust of wind billowed past, wresting from me a warm, protecting shell of air. My senses were too absorbed in all the minute details of the scene to bring forth to my consciousness any clear connection of all these events. Time passed, and I delved into the monotony of daily routine.

At night, the road gleamed black and m... beneath a light, driving rain. I could no longer stand the steaming radiators, artificial expressions, and raucous laughter. The primitive desire to live freely and fully arose. I made no effort to control this emotion which we so often lose in the monotony of daily routine. I had to move. All nature's forces conspired to entice me out into her vigorous domain. The inhibiting ties of a civilized world dissolved. Trees stood bare and unpretentious, beckoning me to participate in and enjoy their frolic. I, too, soon caught the rhythm, basic and savage. I wanted to live, jealous of Caesar and his conquering lust; to live with Whitman's exultant freedom. Greedily I wanted every experience. I flung my arms to the wind, letting its moisture graze my face, wanting my whole body to enjoy this sensation. I was infatuated with all creation. I struggled to feel with every nerve and sinew what this pulse of life meant to the swallows. I, too, was moving toward some goal, yet unknown; striving exultantly, with the optimism of youth enticed by every falling drop, floating leaf, and vigorous movement of self. Too brief, this fleeting sensation but rather that, than all the riches of Rome.

BEA RACHWALSKY

Class '47





## THE SONG OF THE CITY

I cuddled a bit closer to the soft pillows of the couch; I shuddered a moment. I was tired after my long walk . . .

Living in a world with other people—at times aware only of myself—I did not think of the lives of others. I had walked down a street many times, and yet I had not seen or heard the people who walked with me. I had not heard the song of the streets. I had walked on. I had not heard the songs of love and hate, joy and sorrow, that are hummed in the streets. But on this day it was different. Yes, I listened then—I watched. I heard the song, and lived a dozen lives instead of just one.

I listened. The music of footsteps—There were many people on the street, all hurrying somewhere. There was a destination to be reached. There was something to be done. The people moved recklessly across the street. There was a minute to be saved . . . sixty seconds. I wondered how much could be done in that minute? How much . . . an extra curl combed, an extra bite eaten, an extra sign read? But the footsteps hurried on in their ceaseless song.

There were other themes in this song of the people. There were other rhythms and other sounds. The elevated trains shrieking by, the constant honking of horns, the squeaking of the flower cart, and the whizzing sound of wheels against cobblestones—all sang the song of the people. But this was a good song, the tune of working people—yet there were other songs—discords of despair—that I heard.

I listened. From a platform on wheels, with half a man on it, came a song. It was a song for pennies. The cup was held out. It was a song for pennies, but it was not a good song. The tune was familiar, but there were no words . . . just a moaning, quavering voice, rising to a howl. And the people as they passed, turned their faces away in order not to see and not to hear.

I heard more music today, more music of despair: the unsteady rhythm of a blind man's cane tapping or the cement, beating out a path; the snoring of a drunk in the doorway, with nothing to do but sleep and forget; and even worse, the absolute silence of the bum sitting on the curb.

Yes, I heard terrible songs, but there were also beautiful ones. The laughter of the school children—quick giggles, lilting laughter, brightened the sombre streets. The organ grinder's song was clear and gay. The newsboy's chant, the whistle of the ferry boat, the grating sound of roller-skates . . . were all fine songs . . . beautiful and strong.

Yes, I listened then—I watched. I heard the song, and lived a dozen lives instead of just one.

NANCY ROSE

Class '47

## AFTERTHOUGHTS

August 19, 1945

Dear Bob,

As I write this letter, I am traveling on a train from San Francisco to Chicago which to me spells "home". Many thoughts cross my mind as I sit here thinking. The horrible conflict, World War II, is now over. Peace reigns, and this war-torn earth is once more absolved from turmoil and misery. We are free to go about as we please without the constant fear of being maimed or killed by falling bombs. The destruction of property has virtually ceased save for the demolition of partly ruined structures to prepare space for new buildings. Although it will take a long time, this country is slowly returning to normalcy. Despite these happy peace-time thoughts, there are things concerning the war, or resulting from the war, which will remain long in our memories. Just last night as we were speeding through the darkness, an incident occurred which I will not find easy to forget.

It was about eleven o'clock when I decided to stretch my legs and walk to the smoking car. I entered the crowded "smoker" and found an empty seat across the aisle from a man and a woman. The woman, a nurse, was sleeping with her head resting on the man's shoulder. The man, a Major, was wide awake and was staring blankly ahead. Paying no more attention to this seemingly normal couple, I lighted my cigarette and proceeded to think of our reunion next week in New York.

As time wore on, I looked in their direction again and saw a rather revolting sight. Saliva was dribbling from the nurse's mouth and was running down the front of the Major's coat. It appeared as if the nurse was definitely under the influence of liquor. Soon others in the car observed the sight too, and giggles started to break out here and there. Before long, the entire car was in an uproar. Caustic comments concerning the nurse's condition circulated quickly. When the disparaging remarks reached a climax, the Major stood up. Supporting the nurse with one hand so as not to awaken her, the Major addressed all of us in firm tones. He said, "I have a pretty good idea why all of you are laughing. My sister, here, is not drunk, as you all have so aptly stated. She was captured by the Japanese during the battle for the Philippines. They cut out her tongue. Need I say more."

As he sat down all eyes were riveted upon him. The car was as still as death itself. There was not a sound except the creaking of the springs and the perpetual clacking of the wheels. Finally, I could stand the tension no longer and left the car. I wended my way slowly back to my berth. When I got into bed I found I could not sleep. I kept going over and over the evening's episode. I hope that it awakened in some of those people the realization of just what war was—how so many people suffered and sacrificed their lives in this Second War to end wars in order to preserve peace and to save the next generation from horror and possible extermination. God, let us hope that it does not happen again!

I am looking forward to seeing you next week.

Sincerely,

John

PAUL SCHROETER

Class '47



## DIALOGUE FOR ONE

- A The door slams mercilessly  
Upon frightened tomorrows  
And  
Forgotten yesterdays
- B It is virtually impossible to  
Escape
- A The knife thumps stolidly  
Into indifferent today—  
Vibrates  
And  
Suddenly stops with  
A dull finality
- B For there is nothing—  
Only vague chemistries of  
Unreason
- A I heartlessly crush  
The definite window-sash  
Upon the laughing throats  
Of the dancing children  
In the street
- B And even strangulation  
Becomes a relative thing  
But still in sight the  
Indifferent precipice of  
Death
- A Yes, I have aged—  
Have graduated successfully  
To bromo-seltzers  
And  
Nerveless dissipations
- B Yet the knife shall stop its  
Tortuous vibrations  
With a dull finality
- A Why does it always seem . . .  
In winding through the  
Insidious alley-ways of  
Vulgar thought—  
We still arrive  
At that ultimate  
Question:
- B O can you leave  
And can you leave this  
Unswerving path  
Of  
Godless fate  
And shall you break with  
Unreason  
In a suicidal coup
- A Or shall you drift tediously  
Among the weed and slime  
Of an unseen surf  
With a blind  
Assurance
- B And yet . . .
- A In the end it is always  
And all ways  
The same . . .

DONALD FINKEL  
Class '47

## CHANSONS DE CAFE

- I  
There is the rumble  
Of an unseen train  
The vapors  
Of untasted coffee  
And a spoon  
That lies  
Uninterested  
Across the cup  
The dream is ended  
But  
The death comes after
- II  
The noise is enough  
To drive you  
Crazy  
The dampness of spilled  
Life  
Chills the very flesh  
And there is vinegar  
And spice  
But it is much too  
Late
- III  
The coffee lies  
Spilt  
Running tired lines  
Across the table  
The hand that  
Held  
It once—too weak  
To keep it  
The light reflected  
In its violated mirror  
Blinds  
Finds me helpless  
The hand that  
Held  
It once—too weak  
To keep it  
Across the table  
Running tired lines  
Spilt  
The coffee lies  
And streams  
In broken dreams
- IV  
The book  
Lies unread  
The poem unwritten  
The vinegar  
And bread  
The poem unwritten  
The coffee  
Cold  
Untasted  
And life half-wasted

DONALD FINKEL  
Class '47

## CONVENTION, REACTION, REGRESSION

The man's voice was quiet, almost hypnotic. The radio crackled. There was a click, and a silence. All over the country radios clicked; there was a silence and a tension. The little man with a quiet voice had ceased to speak, and listening crowds were perplexed. This was an election unlike any the country had ever known. Where was the ballyhoo, the campaigning, the boisterous party rallying? An inconspicuous little man with a Polish name and socialistic ideas had usurped the entire stage. The vain electioneering of pompous would-be's seemed ridiculous. The public was wild about a poor little man with only one suit and a sound logic to expound. Politicians and party machines tore their hair. They could find no adequate weapon against the emotional crowds amassed in the following of a logician such as this man. The presidency of a wealthy democracy would fall to a socialist! It looked as though the old obfuscation and mud-slinging would fail to work. The people really believed in this socialism. If they could only convince the masses of the inevitability of communism. The public must be made to feel that they would lose rather than gain, their individuality.

In the few weeks before the polls communism was the catchword of the politicians. Radios blared propaganda. At first the people looked askance. Then they became suspicious. The quiet little man was a communist after all, and communism was a thing to be feared.

The polls continued as usual. And a president was chosen from among the politicians. No one spoke of the quiet little man who had nearly become president.

GAY GAER

Class '47

## YOUTH

For youth is an eternal prophecy,  
A dream that whispers beauty in the ear  
And lives alone with immortality  
And loveth all that only hate could fear;  
The youngest youth is growing older soon,  
The children at the brook will soon be gone  
Where rumbling murmurs laughed a lover's tune;  
A man—a savage man will come upon—  
The touch of youth is golden in its tone,  
The stars and clouds are friends—but friends must go;  
Youth knows that man is calling, soon to groan  
As nature passes onward—Youth is slow.  
In time, there is so little known of age,  
That precious love, alone, dwells on Youth's page.

CARL JAY MARGULIS

Class '49

## POWERFUL BEAUTY

The waters rushed down the steep cliff with such violence that they hypnotized me. It was incredible that such masses of water could incessantly fall, and that their source would never give out. My eyes would not move from the soft, almost transparent clouds of mist which simultaneously were molded and vanished. Almost the entire pit was covered with a sheet of these clouds which hid from my view the waves and whirlpools below. The calm sky above didn't belong in this raging atmosphere. I lowered my eyes to the ground and felt as if I were on an island. The water of the river beside me was like a mirror, reflecting a sky so clear and blue that I wanted to touch it. But this mirror was being pushed with such might that on reaching the edge of the cliff it was shattered into a million, minute white particles whose roar made the ocean's waves seem as whispers. Tons of water tumbled, one after the other, near where I was standing. I felt as if these huge waves were rushing from under me, wanting to carry me with them. They tried to induce me to join them by sprinkling a soft, refreshing spray on my face. Never before had I beheld such a strength and beauty which filled me with a feeling to be understood only by others who have seen Niagara Falls.

CHICKIE GLASSBERG

Class '48

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING . . ."

"Years Ago."	Boys and girls living in the Manor House
"End of Summer."	Back to School
"Boy Meets Girl."	At the Math Twin
"Strange Interlude."	Social Hour
"Tobacco Road."	The Round Room
"Our Town."	Darien
"Journey's End."	The Shark (Veits)
"Escape."	Vacation
"The Iceman Cometh."	Dr. Stael's History Class
"Idiot's Delight."	Mr. Lally's English Class
"Present Laughter."	Spanish Class
"Desire Under the Elms."	Outdoor Classes
"All's Well That Ends Well."	Examinations
"Comedy of Errors."	Senior English Compositions
"Of Mice and Men."	The Labs
"The Doll's House."	Swedish Pavilion
"Life With Father."	Boys' House and Mr. Lally
"Yes, My Darling Daughter."	Lettie Lee to the Senior Girls
"Animal Kingdom."	The Boys' House
"The Women."	Senior Girls
"You Can't Take It With You."	Food from the Kitchen
"The Fatal Weakness."	Skippping Dishes
"Call Me Mister."	The "respect" some teachers would like
"The Green Pastures."	Spring at Cherry Lawn
"Born Yesterday."	The Spotlight
"They Knew What They Wanted."	Election Candidates
"The Children's Hour."	Sunday Make-Up
"Having A Wonderful Time."	Contents of a Cherry Lawner's Letter Home
"Glamour."	The Prom
"Pillars of Society."	The Student Government
"Chicken Every Sunday."	Sunday Dinner
"Nuremberg Egg."	Dr. Boris
"Of Thee We Sing."	Mr. Lally
"Dead End."	College Rejections
"A Place in the World."	College Acceptance
"What Price Glory."	Graduation

SUE FINE

Class '47

JOAN MILLER

Class '47



## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

I am not, by any means, a chauvinist. Rather, I would consider myself more a dissenter from American nationalism. There are too many things to hate here—and I was not born to love blindly. Yet, whenever I cast my train of thought in the direction of that document, born of internal strife and external oppression, The Declaration of Independence, I experience the sensation of a singular thrill.

I suppose that this feeling is one manifestation of my only respect—that of assertion of individuality and resolution of freedom. And it is only here, in this document, as in almost no other in the history of this country—that I have found so much room for respect.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident,—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . . But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

On June 10, 1776, five men were chosen by the Second Continental Congress to prepare a declaration—to compose a petition against English oppressions. Thomas Jefferson, later to become the Third President of a nation not yet formed; Benjamin Franklin, statesman, scientist, philosopher; John Adams, who was to precede Jefferson as chief executive; Roger Sherman, the statesman-jurist who was to enter the legislative body of the new republic-to-be; and Robert R. Livingston who would soon administer the oath of office to the first President of the United States of America, George Washington;—These were the men who rose to their feet as one, who shouted to the world in a single voice:

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all others acts and things which independent states may of right do."

These men reported on June 28th, and though action was delayed for a few days, it was completed and passed unanimously by the delegates of twelve colonies (the New York members not yet authorized to support the independence movement) on July Fourth. The document was signed on that same day, with that now familiar flourish of defiance, by John Hancock, as President of the Congress. Soon after, on July 9th, a New York convention pledged formally to support the

Declaration; and on August 2nd it was signed by the fifty-three members present. Then three more men—the last three—signed, and their defiance was on its way to George III.

Subsequently there was war, for it was no longer an unimportant rebellion—and then a harder fight for peace, and a government to keep it. And the history of the Colonies was, from that time forward, the history of the United States, and down the corridors of time, there rang these words: "And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of the Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor . . ."

DONALD FINKEL

Class '47

### BUDDAH

Oh, illustrious pattern—  
Marble stained face,  
And feet of bronze,  
Upon what granite do you rest?  
My God—preserved forever—  
Varnished with an indelible pattern,  
Eyes of deep-set steel,  
And a tarnished rust  
Has worn its way around the mouth.  
  
Tenderness has often plagued him,  
And what once was—  
Is now had—  
The tragic episode now shines on my God.  
Oh, statue of scars,  
Imagery of idols  
And heart of worship—  
Imbedded in his still figure is my soul. . . .

CARL JAY MARGULIS

Class '49





## THE TRAVELER

It was early morning in the small secluded village which lay in the Swiss Alps. The day was misty, and the fog fell in wisps, like a shredded curtain, upon the valley. Every once in awhile, however, the valley was visible through the strands of mist. The air was heavy with gloom.

From where the old man sat, on top of a small hill overlooking the valley, he could hear and see the village come to life. Soon he could distinguish the sound of the small milk carts wobbling over the dirt paths, and the children running to and fro between the quaint, little houses. The mist began to settle deeper until the village was obscured from view completely.

The old man must have dozed. When he glanced again at the village he saw a procession of people winding through the hills, bearing a coffin. The procession turned and was lost from view. He leaned upon his staff and got up wearily. He was stooped with age. His hair and beard had yellowed with the lengthening years. His face was a noble one with fine but wrinkled features. His eyes were dull gray as if tarnished by the memories and follies of a lost youth. His clothes hung loosely about his thin frame. He plodded slowly over to a spring that trickled down from the rocks. He knelt down, cupped his hands, and took a drink. Then he sat back against a rock and looked at his surroundings.

This hillside seemed as if it were a part of paradise. The grass was of a vivid green hue, soft and velvet-like to the touch; the flowers, swaying in the breeze, were of startlingly brazen colors. The whisper of the winds through the fragrant pines lent a kind of quiet beauty to the scene. Since the traveler was content he closed his eyes and rested.

As the day proceeded, the sun began to fight its way out of the tufts of clouds. Finally it emerged, casting light on every shadow. As the old man lay resting, a young man approached. He was tall and gaunt, and possessed a dejected air.

The old man spoke, "Good morning, son. It shall be a beautiful day after all."

The boy was silent. He sat down with an expression of despair on his face.

The old man again tried to strike up a conversation. "Was there a funeral today, boy?"

"If you must know, there was," came the curt reply.

For a long time neither the man nor the boy spoke. But the boy needing someone to talk to finally said . . . "She was very beautiful . . . hair as . . . as dark as ebony . . . skin, oh so white. . . . She was kind and good. One moment she was breathing like you or me . . . and then she was dead. . . . She was to have become my wife."

Wearily the old man said, "It is a strange thing this life of ours. We are born; we suffer; and we die. There is no answer."

"When she died, I died too," the boy moaned. "She was my life, and now it is gone. You are old. Why weren't you taken instead of her?"

"Son, it is not for us to question. No one knows the secret of life and death."

"Why live and be a slave to something we do not know? Why believe in a God or a Supreme Being? What is the meaning? O God! God! . . ."

"My son, you ask why I was not taken. I do not know. You ask why we live and believe. I do not know. What would life be if there were nothing unattainable? You are defeating yourself. But do not listen to an old man. Find out for yourself. Go beyond the mountains. Perhaps you will find the answers to your questions, and perhaps you won't. . . . You see, my boy, I am still looking."

"Will you take me with you?"

"If you want to go, you must go alone, for I cannot help you."

"I will go. Thank you, old man!"

The sun was slowly setting, and as the last gold ribbon raced across the sky the boy descended into the valley. On looking back he saw nothing except the bare hilltop.

INA SPELKE

Class '47



## MY LIFE IN PALESTINE

In 1933, when Hitler was elected Chancellor by the German people, my family had to flee because my father was the leader of the underground in our section and was in danger of being killed by the Gestapo at any time. We went straight to Czechoslovakia. Since that country didn't provide us for long with safety we needed, we left for Palestine.

Our next four years were spent there. My parents both worked as doctors. This work was extremely difficult for my mother and father since they were not accustomed to the excessive heat. It was also very difficult for my parents to earn money since the people did not have enough of it to spend on physicians.

Palestinian sights, which at first seemed very strange to me, soon became as familiar as the subways of America now are. Among the more striking of these sights were the Arabs riding their camels in the streets, or the Arabs building homes out of old petroleum cans by placing them on top of each other and fastening them with wires. While I was in Palestine I experienced the terrible sand storm called "Chamseem" which comes once in about every two years. The wind at that time is so strong and the sand so fine that the latter penetrates everything. The only thing to do at such a time is to stay in water where the sand can't sting as much as on land. In normal times, too, the water of the Mediterranean Sea was a refuge, both summer and winter, against the extreme heat.

The most outstanding feature of Palestine in my estimation were the Arabs. A few blocks away from where we lived was an Arabian Market. There I used to see the Arabs sitting on the floor with baskets full of fruits, strange sweets, and many other exotic as well as commonplace items. Among the Arabs the women weren't held in very high esteem. They were bought and sold. They had to wear veils. For jewelry they used money, stringing it along their dresses and veils, or wearing it with small wires fastened to their noses and ears. The Arabs, because of their own dark skins, had the fantastic idea that blonde people were related to the Gods and would bring them good luck as wives. Since I was a blonde I had to be watched very carefully. I still remember how the Arabs gave me presents, threw their money to me, and kissed me when they had the chance. Since my mother was always afraid that something would happen to me, I was never permitted to go out alone except in the district of the whites.

The most enjoyable festival of Palestine that I remember was Purim. Everyone dressed in gay, colored costumes and assembled on the main street of Tel Aviv. The celebration went on during the day and the night. Late at night we danced around the burning straw effigy of Hitler.

Well, time moved very quickly and before we knew it we were on the road again. I was then too young to understand the hardships of my parents. Since my mother could not stand the heat and since my parents could not earn a real livelihood, we had to leave. I still can hear myself saying to my mother as we left Palestine, "I wish we would stop wandering and settle down."

EVE HOFFMAN

Class '48

## WHY DONKEYS HAVE LONG EARS

There were just a few embers left burning in old Pedro's hut, and there was only a half hour left!

"Oh, Pedro, do hurry and think of a story to tell us," said Jerry. "We only have a half hour and the room is in just the right mood for one of your tales."

"Yes," said Pat, "please hurry."

"All right! All right!" papa Pedro replied. "I will tell you the tale of why the little burros, which you call donkeys, have long ears." Immediately silence reigned and the old Mexican began his tale.

"Long ago, before the Sun God had created such things as humans, animals lived alone on the earth. There were very few fights, and everything was settled by the Sun God, who was their ruler. But one time something horrible happened. There was a great fight and the animals did many terrible things, and all broke the laws—all except for the little burro (who did not have long ears then), for he was very docile. Of course the animals had to be punished, and because they loved to talk and jabber, the Great Sun God took away their speech!

"At first the donkey felt sorry for them, but then he became boastful and arrogant. 'Hee-haw, hee-haw, you stupid animals, you dumb beasts! Why don't you talk?' he would say. And then he would tickle them, and though they wanted to laugh, they couldn't, and it hurt them a lot.

"Finally a petition was sent to the ruler and he decided to forgive the beasts, but punish the donkey. First a representative was chosen from each group of animals, and they all stood in line. Then, one by one, they took hold of the burro's ears, and each pulled as hard as he could. When all were finished, the poor little beast's ears were about twenty inches long!

"The reason for this punishment was that all fools have long ears, and the donkey acted like one.

"And that," said Pedro, "is why donkeys have long ears."

PAULA GREENBERG

Grade 7





## PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

### (A Play)

#### SCENE 1

*Two sailors are talking to each other down by the docks.*

TARUS: Prince Henry has asked us to board his ship for the journey. What say you Carlos?

CARLOS: It is a dangerous journey! The Evil One waits on the waters to seize the unlucky ships as they pass by. It is bad business. The waters are unfriendly.

TARUS: I will have to speak to Maria about the trip. She will not like it. I may not come back.

CARLOS: And what would become of my family? *(He sighs heavily.)* I would rather not go.

TARUS: It is not much to your choice. Look who comes here. *(Don, another young sailor, enters and speaks.)*

DON: We will not stand a chance against the angry sun. I do not wish to take such a risk.

#### SCENE 2

*Prince Henry is talking with one of his subjects.*

PRINCE HENRY: I firmly believe that there is an end to Africa. Why there is, the sailors do not know. They only have heard stories from men who wouldn't dare to go as far as they talked. If we could only get a ship and strong crew to go out and prove that there is a route around Africa to India.

SUBJECT: But they are afraid!

PRINCE HENRY: The sailors! They are cowards!

SUBJECT: If there only were one man that was not afraid.

#### SCENE 3

*A ship is setting out. The three sailors in Scene 1 are forced to go. Many women with frightened children stand around crying.*

TARUS: What will become of us?

DON: We'll surely die.

CARLOS: Prince Henry doesn't know anything about Africa. How can you tell from a piece of paper with pictures on it? You'd have to see for yourself.

TARUS: You say that we would have to see for ourselves. *(He seems to get an idea.)* Well! We haven't seen. We've heard.

CARLOS: Are you crazy also?

#### SCENE 4

*On the ocean. There is a fog. The sailors are frightened. Tarus is singing to himself.*

DON: Nothing but water for weeks. Our food 'is almost used up.

CARLOS: With two big storms on the way. We lost many things in that long last one. *(Their voices go down to a whisper.)*

DON: Some of the sailors are planning a mutiny. We have a hard Captain. *(Suddenly a shout pierces the fog.)*

LAND! AHEAD!

*The sailors rush to get the gang plank ready.*

DON: Prince Henry was right.

CARLOS: Tarus knew what he was talking about.

LESLIE DIAMOND

Grade 5

## THE ADVENTURE OF A STAMP

One day during the War, I felt myself being licked by a dainty little tongue. I can tell you, it tickled! Of course, this is a very bad habit as doctors and mothers say it is very unsanitary. I like it though, because I feel warm and cuddly when I am licked and very cold and clammy when I am glued with water.

All of a sudden, I felt myself sliding around the corner of a smooth, white envelope. Under the place where I was stuck, Pussy (that is the name of the little girl who was writing a letter) wrote a message for her friend, Cookie. This was a special secret for just them.

When Pussy's mother saw her licking the stamp and getting her fingermarks all over the envelope she scolded her and said, "Why don't you wait until you write the address before you paste your stamp on?" But Pussy liked licking stamps and couldn't wait.

"Mother, may I use your fountain pen?"

"Of course not," said her mother. "You remember the last time you used my fountain pen you pressed so hard on the point that it separated and the ink would not come out on the paper and I had to get a new point. I think you had better use a pencil or a pen and ink."

"Oh, pleaseeeeee Mother, I know how to use a fountain pen."

But mother wouldn't let her have her fountain pen, so Pussy got a bottle of ink and a pen and began to write on the envelope—"Harry P. Kane".

Plop! A big ink spot fell on the "K" and Pussy tried to stop it from running down the paper but it made a nice track, thick and juicy, clear down.

"Mooooother Mooooother, come quick!" shouted Pussy. Her mother came running and showed her, for the hundredth time, how to ink her pen without dropping blots. Pussy went on with the address:

"846 Regent Street"

but before she could finish, plop! Another blot right over the eight. This time she didn't call her mother but went right on writing and finished with—"Washington, D. C." which she copied from an old letter.

When it was written, I will tell you truthfully, I was ashamed to be stuck up there in the corner of the envelope, for there were so many blots on it.

Pussy mailed the letter on Tuesday, which she said was a luck day for letters. She was scolded for licking clear across the flap instead of wetting it with a sponge.

In about ten days, back came the letter—looking like a Chinese puzzle. There was writing all over it. The post office had sent it to 46 Regent Street—no Harry Kane! 646—no Harry Kane! 946—no Harry Kane! 246—no Harry Kane!

By that time there was no more room on the envelope to try more addresses; so it was sent back to Pussy with printing in red—"Do not remain in this envelope" and "Cannot be found at this address" and "Unknown." Poor Pussy was terribly disappointed but she had learned her lesson! She took a clean envelope and wrote the address again, very clearly, very plainly and with not a blot, but this time she could not use me for I was just a canceled stamp.

MICHAEL SOLBY

Grade 4



## THE QUIET FIELD

It was a quiet day. The sun was shining peacefully—the leaves keeping time with the wind, and little lonesome breezes blowing around.

The day was beautiful. No thought of rain came into our minds as we watched the contented animals.

The lake was lying peacefully in the sun. It rippled now and then in the breeze. Once in a while a lonesome breeze would come up and try to catch up with the wind.

PHYLLIS HEITH

*Grade 6*

## THE SUNSET

The sunset over the lake was fantastic as well as beautiful. More colors than the rainbow has, all blended in with the dark blue of the sky. In the still water of the lake it was reflected over and over again. The far away shore was also part of that wonderful picture. Then a ripple disturbed that glass-like water, and the waving reflection made the sunset even more beautiful. Soon some clouds drifted in front of the sun, and they were colored like the rest of the sky. It finally darkened and disappeared completely. That was the most beautiful sunset that I had ever seen.

JAN HOUTERMANS

*Grade 6*

## NEWS

Speed borne in her hooves, she galloped madly over plains, through woods.

Papers were screaming, radio-men were announcing. . . .

The news flew from East to West, from North to South, to rich men, poor men, black men, white men; a thump in their blood—War. . . .

PAUL GAER

*Grade 7*

## THE SKY

The sky is so beautiful  
It reminds me of  
powderpuffs when there  
are pink clouds,  
and the birds come  
in little crowds.  
The sky is so beautiful.

ARLENE SAX

*Grade 6*

## LOWER SCHOOL POEMS

### THE FASHION SHOW

The fashionettes in dresses gay  
Are smiling, full of bliss  
Except for one whose dress is much  
Too tight to fit the miss.

LESLIE DIAMOND

*Grade 5*

### SPRING

Of all the seasons  
In the year,  
My favorite one is spring,  
When I can smell  
The fragrant air, and hear  
The birdies sing.

Though spring has thrills  
And also chills,  
It makes we want to wander;  
The call of forests, plains, and hills  
Lures me to go out yonder.

RENATA ADLER

*Grade 4*

### POEM OF INK

Oh, a bottle of ink,  
A bottle of ink;  
With a bottle of ink  
I could do what I think—  
Write lovely stories, draw pictures fine,  
Keep myself busy and have a nice time.

GLADYS COHEN

*Grade 4*



# Autographs



*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.*

## PATRONS and PATRONESES

MR. AND MRS. BAILON MERCADO  
DR. AND MRS. ALFRED WERTHEIM  
MR. AND MRS. HARRY FREEDMAN  
MR. AND MRS. HARRY MARGULIS  
MR. AND MRS. MELVILLE WIEN  
MR. AND MRS. MAX RACHWALSKY  
DR. AND MRS. WAGREICH  
MR. AND MRS. PHILIP GLASSBERG  
MR. AND MRS. ISRAEL DIAMOND  
MR. AND MRS. NATHAN WILLIS  
MR. MONROE OTTENHEIMER  
MR. AND MRS. LOUIS SWEE  
MR. AND MRS. CHESTER FRANKENSTEIN  
MR. AND MRS. MONROE BACH  
MR. AND MRS. MAX SPELKE  
MR. AND MRS. LOUIS HASS  
MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL MILLER  
DR. AND MRS. MYRON DANSKY  
MR. AND MRS. ALBERT LIST  
MR. DAVID FINE  
MR. AND MRS. HERMAN GOLDBERG

We, the parents of the Cherry Lawn students, have seen very little of our children for the major part of a year. Therefore, as parents, we have wanted to make their school life easier, and also make less difficult the jobs of their teachers. Through material contributions, as well as through objective criticism and suggestion, we hope that we have aided in making school a more pleasant and stimulating place in which to live and study.

—The P. T. A.



•

TO THE CHERRY PIT STAFF

*Congratulations*

*For A Fine Year Book*

**THE STUDENT GOVERNMENT**

•

---

•

*Compliments*

*of*

**CHERRY LAWN  
STUDENT STORE**

•

*Compliments  
of*

**L. SPELKE & SON**

■  
STAMFORD, CONN.

---

*Compliments  
of*

**John Adams Henry, Incorporated**

*FANCY FRUITS and PRODUCE  
Birds Eye and General Foods Distributors*

Phone WAlker 5-7724

58 Harrison Street      New York 13, N.Y.

---

**BALMER and FERRIS**

*SPORT CLOTHING*

*ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT—CAMP SUPPLIES*

21 Bank Street

Stamford, Conn.

●  
**WALLACE, BURTON &**

**DAVIS CO., Inc.**

*FINE FOODS SINCE 1877*

●  
*Compliments  
of*

**COMET CLEANERS**





### EVERSHARP \$6.95 CA\* PEN

America's biggest pen value! A new Eversharp C A\* Pen for only \$6.95! It's the most sensational Eversharp value we have ever offered.

Has all the exclusive Eversharp features. Unmatched by any other pen at any price. Handsomely streamlined with barrels of solid color plastic, with harmonizing striped caps.

Golden deep pocket over-the-top clip guards the pen from loss.

*"A RELIABLE SOURCE OF SUPPLY"*

# **Ring's End Fuel Company, Inc.**

**Darien, Connecticut**

Darien 5-1453

Stamford 3-8313

**COAL—LUMBER—MASON MATERIALS**

**FLAGSTONE—FERTILIZERS—FUEL OIL**





**M. S. WIEN & CO.**

*INVESTMENT SECURITIES*



40 EXCHANGE PLACE

NEW YORK CITY

---

**SMITH-MILLER CO.**



*KITCHEN EQUIPMENT*

*JANITOR EQUIPMENT*



4-6 North Pearl Street    Port Chester, N. Y.

**GATEWAY  
INDIVIDUAL LAUNDRY**

STAMFORD, CONN.



Phones:

Enterprise 5000    Stamford 3-3121

*Congratulations to*  
**THE CHERRY PIT**  
*STAFF OF 1947*

**ELEVATORS\***

*HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES*  
*YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL*

\*Trade mark of Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

•  
*Compliments*  
*of*

**Plaza**  
**Machinery Corporation**  
•

1819 Broadway

New York City

*Compliments*  
*of*  
•

**IDEAL PURVEYORS, Incorporated**

■ ■ ■

665 BROOK AVENUE

BRONX, N. Y.



•

*Best of Luck*  
*TO THE GRADUATES*

**THE JUNIORS**

•

---

•

*Compliments*  
*of*

**THE FRESHMAN CLASS**

•

•

*WE WISH THE SENIORS*  
*Much Success in Future Years*

**THE SOPHOMORE CLASS**

•

---

•

*Good Luck*  
*TO THE SENIORS*

**THE EIGHTH GRADE**

•

*Compliments*

*of*

**MANGEL'S**

**1107 BROADWAY**

**NEW YORK CITY**



•  
*Compliments of*

A FRIEND  
•

---

*Best of Luck*  
TO THE GRADUATES

"THE SHACK"



---

LOMBARDI'S

Darien 5-1940



246 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

---

Darien Community Association  
Thrift Shop

*We sell at low prices the donations you send us.*

*We give all our profits to Welfare Work.*

228 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

•  
*READ THE*

DARIEN REVIEW  
•

---

AGNES TERESA SHOP

BOOKS — RENTAL LIBRARY — GIFTS

Telephone 5-0622

201 Boston Post Road

Darien, Conn.

---

THE LOG CABIN

CAROL MASTERSON

SLIPS and SABLES

Telephone 5-0702

Near the Post Office

Darien, Conn.

---

*Compliments of*

FURERS, Incorporated



48 Park Row

Stamford, Conn.

**MAR-BEL BAKE SHOP**

*"HOME OF BETTER BAKED GOODS"*



DARIEN, CONN.

---

**DARIEN SPORTS SHOP**

*SPORTSWEAR and SPORTING GOODS*



202 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

---

**CARDELL'S CONFECTIONERY**

253 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

---

**CASHMAN LAUNDRY**



Stamford 3-1151

STAMFORD, CONN.

---

*Compliments of*

**DORIS BEAUTY SALON**



DARIEN, CONN.

---

**ED. A. BOLTON'S**  
**Taxi and Trucking Service**

Telephone 5-1010

264 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

---

*Congratulations and Good Luck*  
*TO THE CLASS OF 1947*

**BELL PHARMACY**

DARIEN, CONN.

---

**DOROTHY STEIN'S**  
*STAMFORD'S LEADING SPECIALTY SHOP*



399 Main Street

Stamford, Conn.

---



*The Teacher or Student at Cherry Lawn*

*Will Find "Smart" Clothes at*

**FRANKEL'S**

STAMFORD, CONN.

---

*Compliments of*

**PICKWICK ICE CREAM CO.**

■ ■ ■

STAMFORD, CONN.

---

*Compliments to the*

*GRADUATES*

*from*

**RHODA VICTOR**

**NANCY GOLDBERG**

**BARBARA TROSTLER**

**ENID PODELL**

---

**A. FREEDMAN & SONS, Inc.**

*MANUFACTURERS of MEN'S SHOES*



94 SAWYER STREET

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

# THE ROODNER FEED CO., Inc.

LARRO FEEDS



ANN STREET

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

---

## JULES' AUTO SUPPLY STORE

*RADIOS — BICYCLES*

*MARINE SUPPLIES — SPORTING GOODS*

227 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

## SANFORD ELECTRIC CO.

*GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS*

Telephone 5-0165

DARIEN, CONN.

---

## BATCHELDER & SNYDER, Inc.

*Producers and Distributors of Fine Foods*

BOSTON, MASS.

---

## Connecticut Potato Chip Co.

*Largest Distributors of High Grade  
Saratoga Potato Chips in the East*

Norwalk 6-3329

Post Road

South Norwalk, Conn.