CHERRY PIT

1949



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CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

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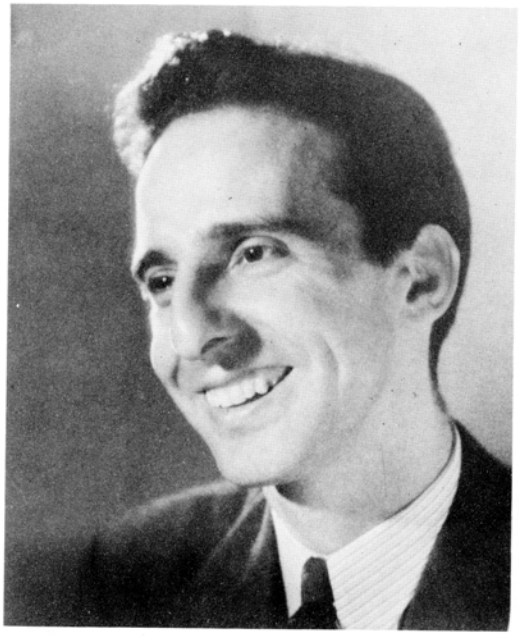


Senior Advisers



MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG

"I am a woman, and nothing human is foreign to me." Terence.



MR. L. HAROLD LALLY

"To be great is to be misunderstood."
Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Self-Reliance."



Dr. Christina Staël v. H. Bogoslovsky

A Message

Dear "Fortyniners,"

Now when you are leaving Cherry Lawn, there are many thoughts I would like you to take with you.

There is the passage from the "Act of Horodlo," 1413 A.D., inspired by Poland's Queen Jadwiga:

> "Nor can that endure which has not its foundation upon love. For love alone diminishes not, but shines with its own light, makes an end of discord, softens the fires of hate, restores peace in the world, brings together the sundered, redresses wrongs."

a praise of love which equals the famous passage in the Scriptures which you all know—

> "Love suffers long and is kind. Love envies not; love vaunts not itself; is not puffed up. It does not behave itself unseemly, seeks not its own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil."

There is the most recent message—of 1949—contained in Charles W. Ferguson's "A Little Democracy Is A Dangerous Thing," a message which first seems to deal with something different, but which turns out to be another approach to the same idea. The author points out that the Atomic Bomb cannot be controlled by a political thermostat, that the only hope is to discover and release the incalculable power which is stored in the average man. Split the Human Atom and release its infinite energy! That the individual has vast unused powers which may be called into use in dire emergencies is a well-known fact—but why wait for the world-shaking crisis. Why not work now on finding a way to bring in the common man's hidden powers? In working on the development of your fuller, richer personalities, remember that ideals which are not realized tend to dim, to disappear. Youth's dreams must be kept before you constantly untampered. This will not be easy, especially in the first year on your own—your first year at college. You will miss the personal interest and understanding which have been yours at Cherry Lawn. When the moments of discouragement come, remember that you have been warned. You will have to go on on your own. Remember that you can do it. You must not give up your dreams and aspirations.

One hundred and eleven years ago Emerson spoke of this matter to the students of Dartmouth. His speech has been called "the finest statement on the subject of Youth." I cannot, therefore, think of anything better with which to close this advice to you than Emerson's own words:

> "Students—You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? What is this Beauty?' men will ask with derision. If nevertheless God has called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions, I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season:' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men.
>
> "The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect. It is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science; and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate *** Be content with a little light, so it be your own. Explore, and explore. Be neither chided nor flattered out of your position of perpetual inquiry. Neither dogmatize, nor accept another's dogmatism. Why should you renounce your right to traverse the star-lit deserts of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn? Truth also has its roof, and bed and board. Make yourself necessary to the world, and mankind will give you bread, and if not a store of it, yet such as will not take away your property in all men's possessions, in all men's affections, in art, in nature, and in hope."

God bless you all!

Christina Staël v.H. Bogoslovsky

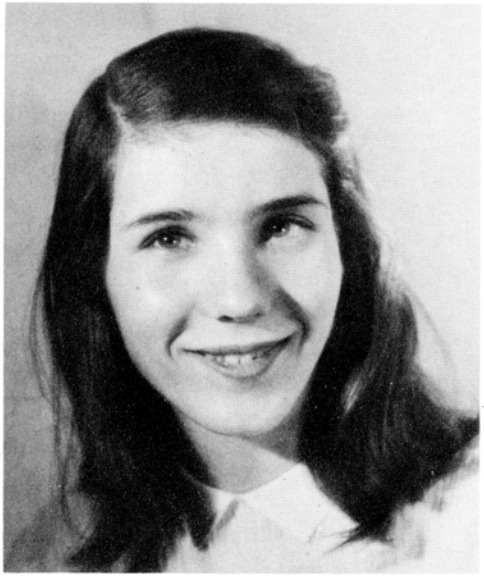
Lycka till! Kappas väl och sov gott!
Christina Maria Elisabeth Staël von Holstein till Vapnö Bogoslovsky

Seniors 1949



BARBARA HURWICH

"No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature."
Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Friendship."



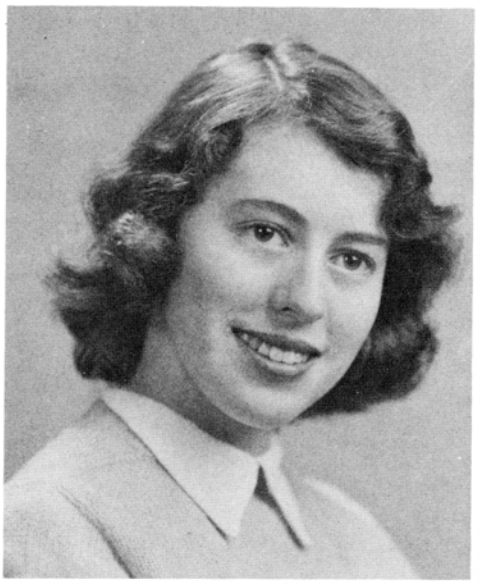
GIOVANNA HOUTERMANS

"Bamsi"

"The woman of true greatness never loses her child's heart."

Mencius, "Discourses," IV, C.

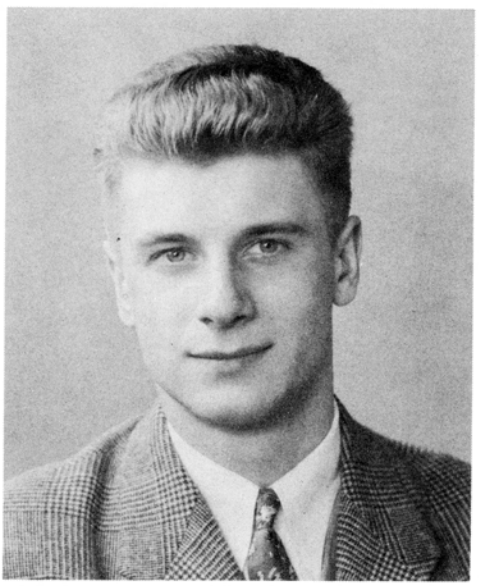
To the best family in school — Tim and family proud of Paul & Lucy winning in the horseshoes & Jennies terrific talent I want. Love, Anne



ANNE WHITE SCHWARTZ

"Wherever the art of medicine is loved, there is love of humanity."

Hippocrates, Aphorisms.



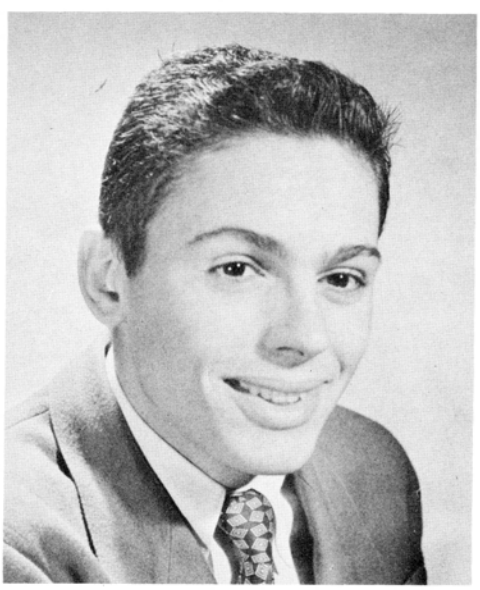
MICHEL GUERNET

"It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem."

Francis Bacon, Essays.

JOSEPH JAMELE, JR.
"Joe"

"A guitar has moonlight in it."
James M. Caine, "Serenade."





HELAINE FENDLER

"Chickie"

"The eternal feminine draws us ever upward and on."
George Bernard Shaw, "Man and Superman."



PETER RAPHAEL COHEN

"Pete"

"You're a devil at everything." Cervantes



YVONNE KARLSSON

"The lilies contending with the roses in her cheeks,
who most shall set them off."

Philip Massinger, "The Great Duke of Florence."



HAROLD NORBERT BORIS

"Hal"

"They only, who build on ideas, build for eternity."
Ralph Waldo Emerson, Essays.



ERIC PAUL KAHN

"Fijji"

"He thinks like a philosopher and acts like a king."

J. J. Rousseau.



FRANCES DEGEN

"Fran"

". . . Her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heav'n shined bright
And made sunshine in the shady place."

Edmund Spenser, "The Faerie Queen."



SUZANNE FIGARSKY

"Sue"

"A sense of humor is the only thing that keeps intelligent people from hanging themselves."

Voltaire.



GEOFFREY D. GREENMAN

"Jeff"

"The Gay Philosopher." Anonymous.



JOAN MALAWISTA

"Joanie"

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."
Henry Carey, The Contrivances, 1.

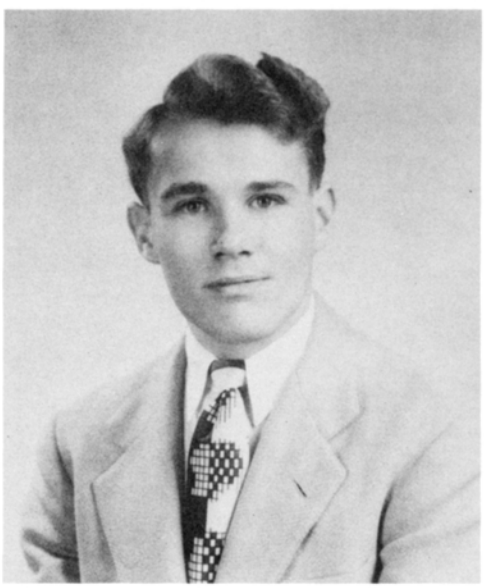


RUTH JANE FLANZER

"Terry"

"Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us."

Sir Thomas Browne.



PETER VAN TASSEL

"Pete"

"Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the Gods."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Friendship."



CHRISTINE FELIX

"Chris"

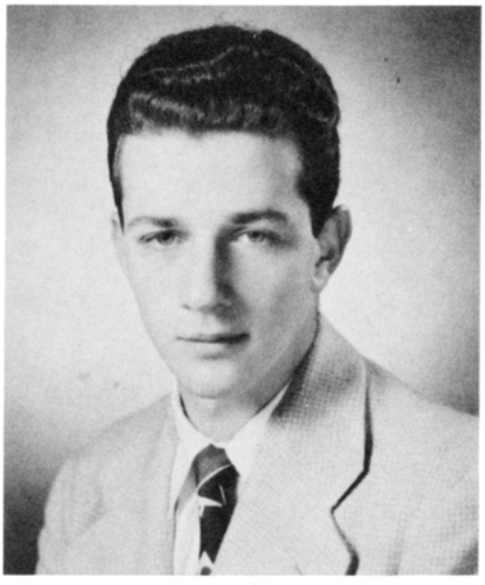
"Her bright smile haunts me still." J. E. Carpenter.



JOY RUTH GREENMAN

"Sidney"

"England produces the finest women in the world."
Ralph Waldo Emerson, "English Traits."



SERGE R. BESSMERTNY

"Frenchy"

"Then he will talk—good Gods, how he will talk!"
Nathaniel Lee, "The Rival Queens."



DONALD B. BACH

"Don"

"Quiet persons are welcome everywhere."
Thomas Fuller, Gnomologia.



EDNA LOUISE FINE

"Eddie"

"In goodness there are all kinds of wisdom."
Euripedes, "Alcestis."



MIKLOS ANDRE STEIN

"On the wings of song."
Heinrich Heine, "Lyrische Intermezzo."



RUTH DIANA GOLDHABER

"Rudy"

"Individuality is founded in feeling and the recesses of feeling."

William James, The Varieties of Religious Experience.



NATHALIE ALEXANDRA LIKWAS

"Natasha"

"Talent is a gift which God has given us secretly and which we reveal without perceiving it."

C. L. Montesquieu.

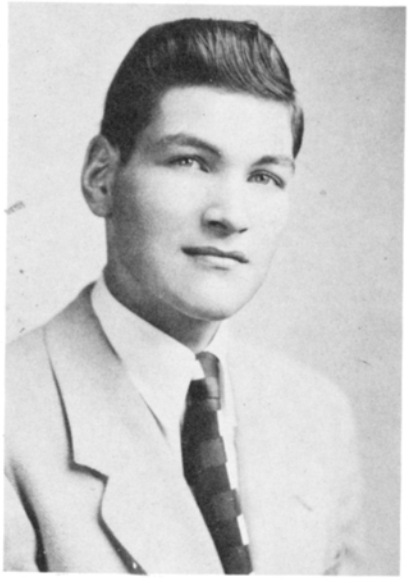


HENRY FLEISHMAN

"Hank"

"Success to the strongest, who are always, at last, the wisest and the best."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Public and Private Education," in Uncollected Lectures.



To keep thy muscle trained is a virtue. Good luck in the sports of your desire.

Henry Fleishman

JACK PERLBERGER

"A blush is beautiful, but sometimes inconvenient."

Carlo Goldoni, "Pamele Nubile."

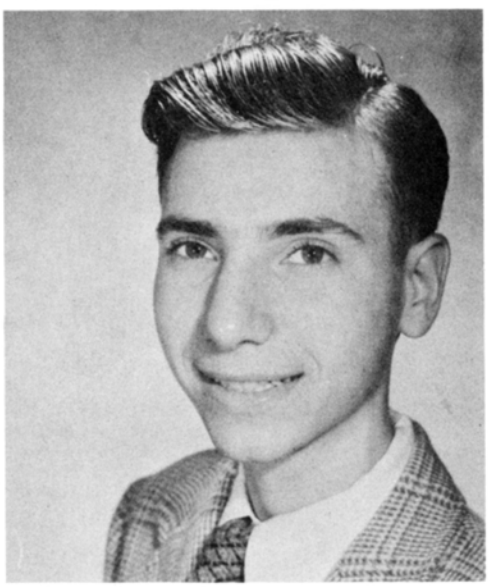


JANICE HELAINE LEVINSOHN

"Jan"

"And as an angel, heavenly she sings."

Geoffrey Chaucer, Canterbury Tales.

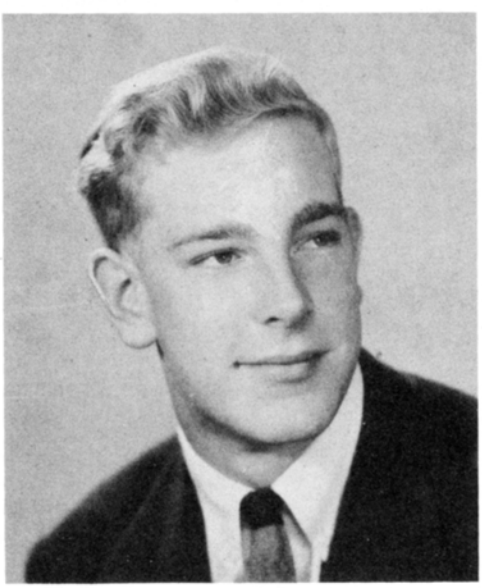


ELLIOTT JOEL STERN

"Mousie"

"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."

"Job," The Old Testament.

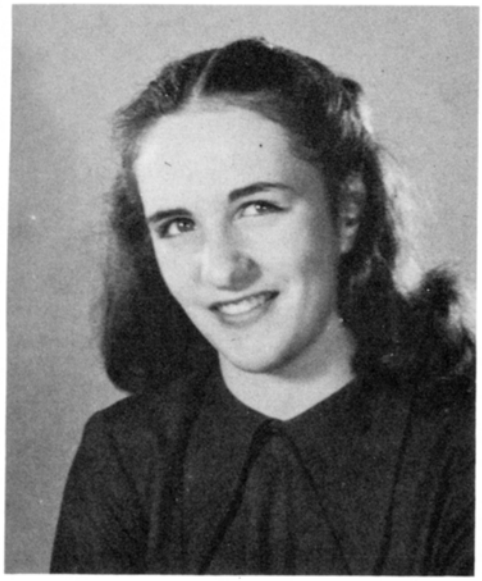


SETH F. WAKEMAN

"Moose"

"It is from the tillers of the soil that spring the best citizens, the staunchest soldiers."

Cato, "De Re Rustica."



LEONORE LANDAU

"Lenny"

"Grace in a woman is the secret charm that draws the soul into a circle and binds a spell around it forever."

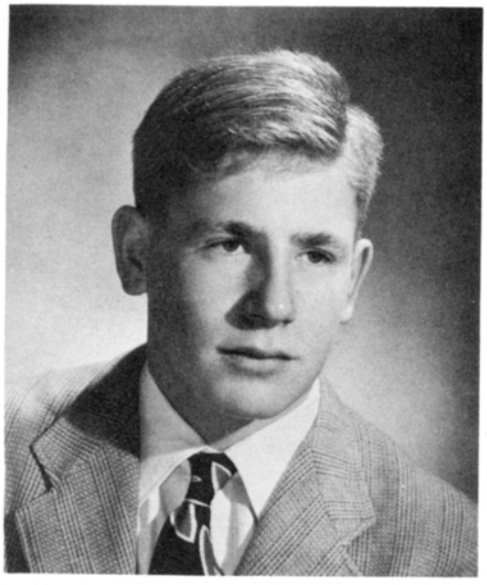
William Hazlitt, "Characteristics"



MALCOLM JAY FELLMAN

"Jimmy"

"The Human Comedy." Balzac.



MICHAEL E. JAGLOM

"Mike"

"Smile, damn you, smile!" American Saying.



FRANCIS NORMAN GOULD

"Frank"

"Nature Boy: The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love."

Eden Ahbez, "Nature Boy."

ANN JEAN OTTENHEIMER

"Ottie"

"Nothing is rarer than good nature."
La Rochefoucauld, Maxims.



Last Will and Testament

We, the members of the Senior Class of 1949, being deficient in brain and body, and having been judged by the faculty as irresponsible and uncooperative, hereby inscribe our Last Will and Testament to those friends who have stood by us patiently through strife and darkness and have helped us to help ourselves.

Frenchy leaves Gwen Davis pills as an antidote for Mental D . . .
Don leaves with pipe in mouth, drumsticks in hand, for a square dance.
Natalie leaves with designs.
Peter C. leaves by car.
Hal leaves Ulysses-like, Joyce-ously for the Wasteland.
Frances leaves her high ideals to Sandra Hochman.
Jimmy leaves The Round Room to join the circus.
Chickie leaves a well-worn hockey-stick to Dolly Lloyd.
Edna Fine finally leaves.
Sue leaves nature without a boy.
Frank leaves a copy of the *Kinsey Report* to Alan Levin.
Jeff leaves his philosophy to Jack Sidi.
Barbara leaves the Boys' House without Freudian dreams.
Bamsi leaves her cosmetic kit to Irene Nisonoff.
Mike leaves to sell red herring to the Politburo.
Yvonne came, saw, and conquered—leaving the stronger sex weak.
Hank leaves his shoes to Sammy Yohai.
Janice leaves melodiously.
Chris leaves to join the Confederate Army.
Joe leaves the basketball team without a hook shot.
Lenny leaves the "Little Folks" of Stein House for the "big world."
Joan leaves her calm disposition to Mr. Lally.
Eric leaves the School without genius.
Ruth leaves, taking the Florida fruits and flowers with her.
Miklos leaves his tenor voice to Ralph Kauders.
Ottie leaves the Art Room bare.
Michel leaves his French accent to Bob Menichetti.
Elliot leaves School with the key to the Music Closet.
Anne Schwartz leaves the Manor House without parents on Sunday morning.
Jack leaves Darien, but not for good.
Terry leaves for college now in order to be on time.
Freeman leaves Boys' House without a king.
Pete Van Tassel leaves minus innumerable borrowed cigarettes.
Joy leaves her better half in all of his glory.



"Going My Way?"



Ann and Anne!



"The Riddle of the Sphinx."



This is a tip-top way to study.



England, Sweden, and Hungary.



What's Mr. America got on us?



A Don and Two Juans!



The Three Notes.



Lucky Boy!



"Hush. The charm's wound up!"



The Three Graces.



Genius at Work.

A Place in the Sun

Far off on the planet, the sun, in the year 1959, Dr. L. H. Lally sits in his place absorbed in "contemplating his navel." Looking through his powerful telescope he sees the earth, and his eyes come to rest upon the brightly illuminated street of Broadway, New York City. He sees the theater marquee flashing in brilliant letters "Cherry Lawn Woman," starring Barbara Hurwicheé, that great public figure of stage and screen.

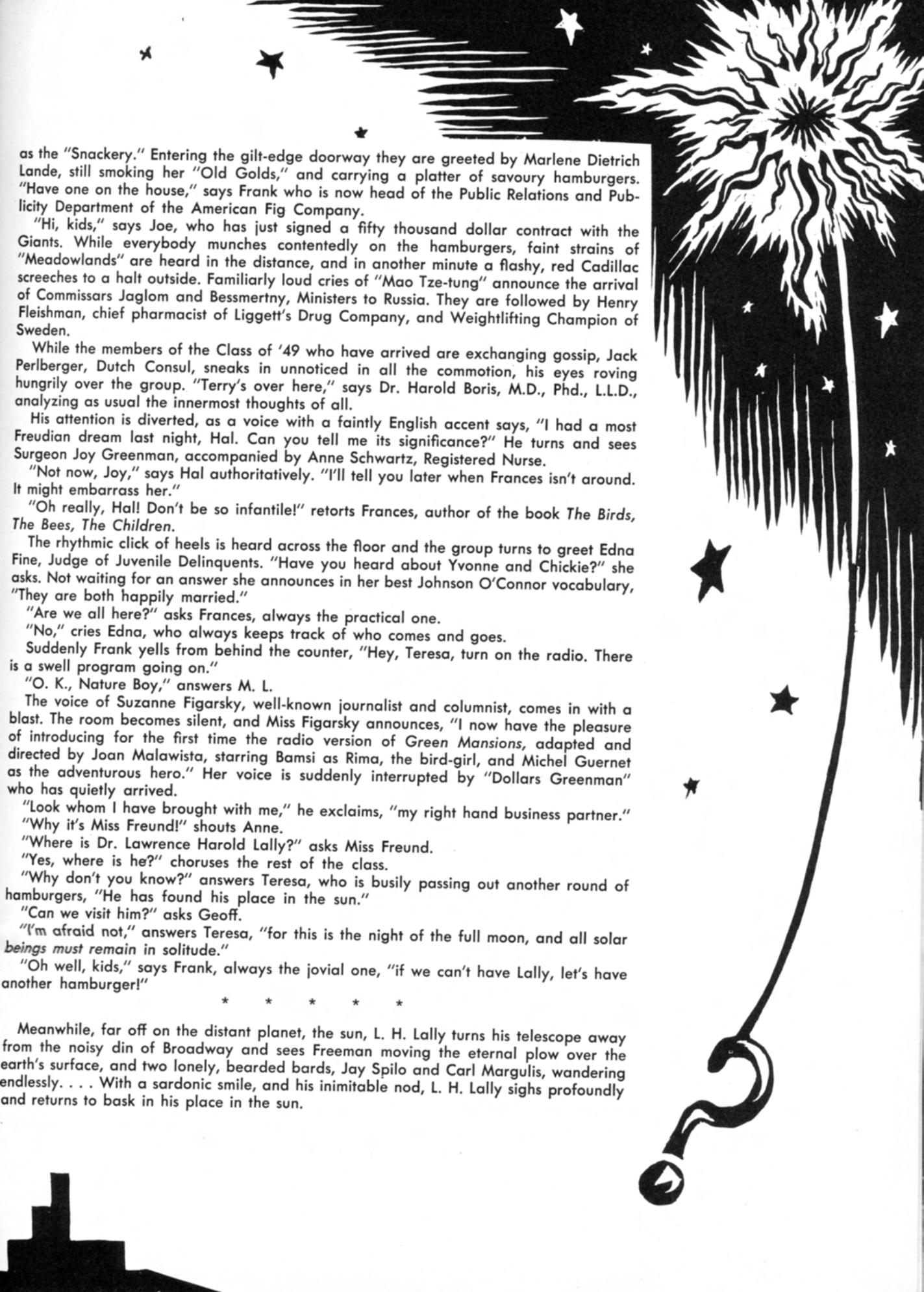
Inside the theater there is much commotion, and Lettie Lee Craig finds it difficult to read her program. Tears come to her eyes as she reads the names of her beloved class of '49. Heading the list is the author of the play, that distinguished and sedate woman about town, Ruth Goldhaber. As she reads on she sees that the star of the play has been ably assisted in the music department by Elliotis Sternowski who magnanimously had resigned his position as Music Commissioner in Washington in order to write the music for the show. Further on down the program Lettie Lee notices the name of the famous Hungarian tenor, Miklos Stein, who shares the honors in the singing department with the Stamford Soprano, Janice Levinsohn. She also notices that the dancing has been under the vitalized direction of Leonore Landau, New York's top choreographer, and that the Art Staff includes Natasha Likwas, costume designer, and Eric Kahn who had come out of his hermitage in Greenwich Village to design the set of the play. At the bottom of the program she reads the name of Geoffry Greenman, millionaire business magnate who had generously financed the production.

At that moment outside the theater the honking of a horn announces the arrival of Peter Van Tassel, car designer and engineer, as he drives up in his new pirouetting self-styled "Model L. L." The car arabesques to a halt; the doors glide open; and amidst shouting and laughter Ann Ottenheimer, famed originator of Ottenheimer Cartoons Incorporated, steps out. Following her closely is that suave New York playboy, Donald Bach, arrayed in his finest silk top-hat, and bowing elegantly to the ladies. As Eric Kahn, acting doorman for the première, flourishes his artist's palette and ushers in the newcomers, Bolton's taxi creaks slowly up, and Christopher, Advertising Editor of the "Basketball Weekly," and Terence, fresh from the sandy shores of California, jump out on the sidewalk with huge sheets of paper clutched underneath their arms. "We've finished," they cry joyously, "we've finished our long comp."

Suddenly, with a blast of cold wind, trumpet calls, and the sound of the Swedish drum roll, a long, sleek, black sedan rolls smoothly up to the theater. The cheering crowds greet the appearance of our well-loved Director, Dr. Christina Staël von Holstein Bogoslovsky, who walks majestically down the red plush carpets with her four footed escort, Nalle. Seating herself next to Lettie Lee in the third row (What! Three deep!) she remarks, "Those terrible Juniors can never remember anything about Gustavus Adolphus. (Editor's Note: In case you, too, can't remember, his dates are 1611-32.) The temperature in my History Twin must have been too much for them. I had to give five Swedish massages this morning." Lettie Lee smiles sympathetically. The curtain rises; the play goes on.

As the curtain falls on the last act, and the resounding echo of enthusiastic applause dies away, Lettie Lee feels a slight rumble under her seat. To her amazement James Malcom Fellman, Chief Dope, Investigator for the F. B. I., crawls out from under her chair with his magnifying glass behind. "Why this just isn't done!" utters the shocked Lettie Lee.

"I'm sorry," mutters Jimmy timidly. "I was just conducting an important investigation concerning the behavior of fleas in Nalle's fur." Good humor is restored, however, as Jimmy yells, "Hey, everybody, Pete Cohen is here in his new rocket ship, waiting to take us all to the latest place Frank and Joe have opened. With much noise (a well-known trait) the Class of '49 emitting hearty cries of approval, piles into the ship and zooms away. In less time than it takes to say "Of Human Bondage" they are standing in front of the swanky, streamlined entrance of "Desire Under the Cherry Trees," formerly known



as the "Snackery." Entering the gilt-edge doorway they are greeted by Marlene Dietrich Lande, still smoking her "Old Golds," and carrying a platter of savoury hamburgers. "Have one on the house," says Frank who is now head of the Public Relations and Publicity Department of the American Fig Company.

"Hi, kids," says Joe, who has just signed a fifty thousand dollar contract with the Giants. While everybody munches contentedly on the hamburgers, faint strains of "Meadowlands" are heard in the distance, and in another minute a flashy, red Cadillac screeches to a halt outside. Familiarly loud cries of "Mao Tze-tung" announce the arrival of Commissars Jaglom and Bessmertny, Ministers to Russia. They are followed by Henry Fleishman, chief pharmacist of Liggett's Drug Company, and Weightlifting Champion of Sweden.

While the members of the Class of '49 who have arrived are exchanging gossip, Jack Perlberger, Dutch Consul, sneaks in unnoticed in all the commotion, his eyes roving hungrily over the group. "Terry's over here," says Dr. Harold Boris, M.D., Phd., L.L.D., analyzing as usual the innermost thoughts of all.

His attention is diverted, as a voice with a faintly English accent says, "I had a most Freudian dream last night, Hal. Can you tell me its significance?" He turns and sees Surgeon Joy Greenman, accompanied by Anne Schwartz, Registered Nurse.

"Not now, Joy," says Hal authoritatively. "I'll tell you later when Frances isn't around. It might embarrass her."

"Oh really, Hal! Don't be so infantile!" retorts Frances, author of the book *The Birds, The Bees, The Children.*

The rhythmic click of heels is heard across the floor and the group turns to greet Edna Fine, Judge of Juvenile Delinquents. "Have you heard about Yvonne and Chickie?" she asks. Not waiting for an answer she announces in her best Johnson O'Connor vocabulary, "They are both happily married."

"Are we all here?" asks Frances, always the practical one.

"No," cries Edna, who always keeps track of who comes and goes.

Suddenly Frank yells from behind the counter, "Hey, Teresa, turn on the radio. There is a swell program going on."

"O. K., Nature Boy," answers M. L.

The voice of Suzanne Figarsky, well-known journalist and columnist, comes in with a blast. The room becomes silent, and Miss Figarsky announces, "I now have the pleasure of introducing for the first time the radio version of *Green Mansions,* adapted and directed by Joan Malawista, starring Bamsi as Rima, the bird-girl, and Michel Guernet as the adventurous hero." Her voice is suddenly interrupted by "Dollars Greenman" who has quietly arrived.

"Look whom I have brought with me," he exclaims, "my right hand business partner."

"Why it's Miss Freund!" shouts Anne.

"Where is Dr. Lawrence Harold Lally?" asks Miss Freund.

"Yes, where is he?" choruses the rest of the class.

"Why don't you know?" answers Teresa, who is busily passing out another round of hamburgers, "He has found his place in the sun."

"Can we visit him?" asks Geoff.

"I'm afraid not," answers Teresa, "for this is the night of the full moon, and all solar *beings must remain in* solitude."

"Oh well, kids," says Frank, always the jovial one, "if we can't have Lally, let's have another hamburger!"

* * * * *

Meanwhile, far off on the distant planet, the sun, L. H. Lally turns his telescope away from the noisy din of Broadway and sees Freeman moving the eternal plow over the earth's surface, and two lonely, bearded bards, Jay Spilo and Carl Margulis, wandering endlessly. . . . With a sardonic smile, and his inimitable nod, L. H. Lally sighs profoundly and returns to bask in his place in the sun.

Shangri-La



"Entrance to laughter."



"The paternal instinct."



"High scorers."



"Jud and Gamie."



"Allo."



"Let a smile be your umbrella . . . ."



"Harmony"



"United Front"



"Blithe Spirit"

Classes



The Seventh Grade



Juniors Once



Juniors Again

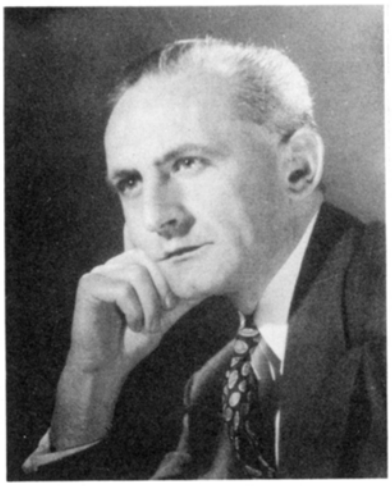


The Sophomores



The Freshmen

Graduates



Mr. Ludwig Zuber



Mary Louise Churchill



Jan Houtermans



Sammy Yohai



Leslie Sloane



Lynn Jacobson



Lois Scheffres



Jerry Cantor



Dolores Lloyd

The Eighth Grade



Brian Harra



Joan Kay



John Biaggi



Bernice Weiss



Eleanore Harris



Sandra Sue Hochman



Bernard Jaffe



Leslie Diamond



The Merrymen Planning A Project



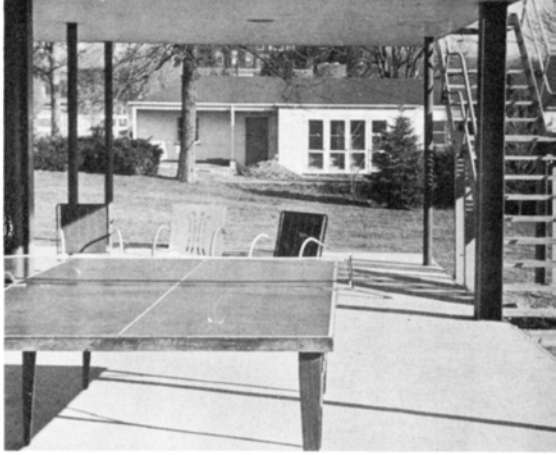
Spelling With The Explorers



Katydid Juniors



Katydid Seniors







Activities



An Evening at the Prom

I had a very nice time with you, at the prom.

I hope you have a very nice time out west.

Drama, Music, and the Dance

BUSZ! That doesn't stand for the sound of a doorbell or the buzz of a bee. BUSZ represents that terrific team which makes up our Drama, Music, and Dance Departments. BUSZ equals Burwell, Underwood, Scott, and Ziloti. But we musn't forget Miss Glickstein who is also an important part of the Drama Department. If you will allow us to do so, we would like to coin a new word BUSZG, the equivalent of stimulating creative work.

Two old-style melodramatic productions, "Bugle Sam" and "Crimson Coconut," offered respectively by the Senior and Junior Classes under the direction of Mr. Burwell, opened this year's dramatic season. The Senior production included in its cast: Harold Boris, Joy Greenman, Sue Figarsky, Frank Gould, Jimmy Fellman, Elliot Stern, and Ruth Flanzer. Representing the Junior Class in its production were: Brian Greenman, Ruth Lederman, John De Carville, Bob Menichetti, Kate Bandler, and Ralph Kauders. The Sophomores also had a well-deserved share of the spotlight in their production of "Ann Rutledge," with Lola Jeffries, Judy Sarner, Alan Pavel, Red Freeman, and Henry Fleishman, a borrowed guest. The Freshmen, with the coordinated help of William Shakespeare and Basil Burwell, put on a smash hit performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Babs Blasberg was the engaging Shrew; Stephen Chodorov, her masterful husband; and Tony Silver, her devoted father. Because of some clever editing, the play made room for Paul Gaer who played the part of a light-witted and charming souse. The supporting cast for the play included the following students: Alyce Degen, Martin Caine, David Wolkenberg, Richard Bonime, Nancy Roberts Richard Bernard, Alta List, Alfred Himmelrich, George Iny, Michael Solby, Irene Nisonoff, and Lois Merdinger. While all of these plays were in production, the Lower School, under the direction of Miss Helaine Glickstein, gave a series of short plays.

As the Cherry Pit goes to press, each of the Upper School classes has another play on the agenda. Tryouts have been held in some cases, and parts have been assigned. The Seniors have chosen as their play Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine." Frank Gould has been cast as Oedipus, Joy Greenman as Jocasta, Natalie Likwas as the Sphinx, Eric Kahn as Tiresias, Leonore Landau as Antigone, and Barbara Hurwich as the narrator. The Junior production of T. B. Morris's "Beyond Illusion" has slated for leading parts—Gwen Davis, Sandy Stern, Ralph Kauders, Barbara Field, Kate Bandler, Gloria Gottfried, Joan Magid, Brian Greenman, David Shainberg, and Walter Rosenhaft. The Sophomores are in the process of preparing another play, "The Trysting Place," but have not as yet gone through the casting of parts. Miss Glickstein is coaching the Eighth Grade in the very delightful play "A Date With Judy." Pee Wee Harris has the leading part as Judy, Jan Houtermans the part of Randolph, and the rest of the class supporting parts.

No dramatic season can ever truly be a success without a competent and conscientious Stage Crew and Costume Committee. Mr. Jud Hall has been faculty adviser for the Stage Crew, and Mrs. Nellie Price Smith for the Costume Committee. Jimmy Fellman, Peter Cohn, Donald Baech, Resor Shafer, Joy Greenman, Richard Bonime, Frenchy Bessmertny, Ann Ottenheimer, and Martin Caine have made up an able and willing Stage Crew.

The annual Christmas Pageant, done in pantomime with solo and choral voices, again proved to be a simple and sincere production, excellently coordinating drama and music. Cast in the pantomime roles were: Ruth Flanzer as Mary; Walter Rosenhaft as

Joseph; Barbara Dansky as Gabriel; Sandra Hochman and Mary Churchill as angels; Natalie Likwas as the Hostess; Paul Gaer as the Host; Henry Fleishman, Louis Reems, and Resor Shafer as the Three Kings; and many Lower School students as shepherds and little children. Leonore Landau, as the narrator, was assisted by a large choral group. The solo parts were rendered by the following students: Joy Greenman as Mary; Peter Van Tassel as Joseph; Brian Greenman as Gabriel; Geoffrey Greenman, Miklos Stein, and Jimmy Fellman as the Three Kings; Frank Gould as the Host; Janice Levinshohn as the Hostess; Trudy Wofsey and Susan Schnabel as the children. Ruth Lederman was the singing narrator. Gwen Davis sang a solo of "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and Frank Gould sang "Silent Night." Barbara Hurwich offered "Westminster Carol" as her solo. A spoken prologue and epilogue, designed to pull the Pageant together, was added to the usual pantomime. The actors in these sections were: Sandy Stern as Herod; Eric Kahn as the Soothsayer; Joe Jamele as the Captain of the Soldiers; and Donald Bach and Alfred Himmelrich as Soldiers.

The Lower School's version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates Of Penzance" was a musical and dramatic production in a much lighter vein. Leading a cast of almost the entire Lower School were Michael Solby, Sandy Garfinkle, Mallory Schubart, Gladys Cohen, Louis Roberts, Richard Marks, John Corigliano, Jane Chodorov, Marlene Epstein, and Arlene Davis.

The classical approach to music has not been forgotten at Cherry Lawn. Miss Kyriena Ziloti and Miss Mildred Scott have continued lessons with all students interested in mastering the piano. Miss Ziloti has also been in charge of the Music Appreciation Club which has met every week to discuss and listen to good music. Miss Ziloti and Miss Scott conducted a Music Recital in March. The students who took part in the Recital were: Sophie Cohen, Mallory Schubart, Jan Houtermans, Stuart Kinzler, Carol Wofsey, Lucy Riesman, Majella Morin, and Louis Roberts.

The Dance Department this year has artistically inspired the development of dance movement rather than technique, the aim of Miss Pauline Underwood being expression. Of course, basic bar work has been included, and the students have been given the opportunity of composing their own dances. At Christmas the Lower School girls provided interpretative dancing to carols at the Christmas Party. A Dance Recital was held in March. The music for this Recital came chiefly from an album of Tchaikovsky for the young. The dancers in the Recital were: Mary Churchill, Eleanor Harris, Sandra Hockman, Leslie Sloan, Natalie Bates, Jenny Riesman, Lucy Riesman, Susan Schnabel, Irene Sokolower, Sophie Cohen, Adrienne Levin, Linda Schubart, Carol Wofsey, Julie Cohen, Gladys Cohen, Mallory Schubart, Jane Chodorov, Arlene Davis, Marlene Epstein, and Barbara Steinfeld. As the Cherry Pit goes to press, Miss Underwood has joint plans with the Music Department for presenting a performance involving eighth and ninth grade boys.



Memories, Memories . . .

Yes, many memories linger on. The cheers and yells of College Nite will long be remembered as a good time for everyone. The whole Upper School was divided into four groups each of which had the task of trying to outdo one another in providing the most collegiate atmosphere. The groups were: Yale and Smith, Army and Vassar, Pennsylvania, and Sarah Lawrence and St. Lawrence. The Sophomores, under the leadership of Barbara Dansky, were in charge of this entertainment. They gave the money they collected for admission to the worthy cause of having clothing cleaned for oversea use.

Laughter and excitement are also brought to mind when the anxious preparation of the Class Competition Night is mentioned. Each class had to give a short play, as well as participate in certain well-known hilarious games. The Freshmen, dark horses, won the prize, a party given by the Activities Department of the Student Government.

Sweet strains of music call back the evening at The Melody Club. Atmosphere, entertainment, refreshments, and no cover charge were the features of this one night entertainment. A billboard that greeted the guests announced that awaiting them were: Sandy Stern, their Master of Ceremonies; Brian Greenman, that great Satirist and Vocalist; Terrance the Torch Singer; Frank Gould, Vocalist; and a Champagne Hour.

Often, however, the preparation for an activity offered as much fun and challenge as the activity itself. Nothing better illustrates this statement than the Christmas Party. With only the afternoon before, and the day of, the party to decorate, Lenny Landau, Frances Degen, Joseph Jamele, and Bob Menichetti, heads of the party, organized their committees quickly and efficiently. Much good fellowship and cooperative work went into the Party's preparation. It has been the opinion of many that C. L. S. has not seen such extensive and complete decorations in a long time. What made the Party particularly enjoyable was the fact that almost all of last year's Seniors returned for the Upper School Party, many of them coming up early and helping to decorate. New students had the opportunity of getting to know them, and old students were pleased to see them. On the same evening the Lower School also had a very successful Christmas Party. Miss Elly Freund opened the Party with a reading of the traditional "Night Before Christmas." A group of Lower School girls, under the direction of Miss Polly Underwood, presented an interpretative Christmas dance as an introduction to Basil Burwell who proved to be a very engaging and kindly disposed Santa Claus.

The Lower School also has its memories aside from those of the Christmas Party. It often took part in the entertainment of evenings planned for the mutual enjoyment of both Upper and Lower Schools. Renata Adler and Gladys Cohen, Secretaries of Stein House Activities during the earlier part of the year, planned and carried out some interesting activities, as did their successors, Barbara Steinfeld and Arlene Davis. Among these activities were: a College Night, a Valentine's Party, a Game Night, and a Free Night.

As you will remember there was not too much really cold weather this winter. Still Cherry Lawners managed to get in some ice skating. When the lake finally did freeze sufficiently, an evening skating party was organized for both Upper and Lower Schools. A full moon lighted the lake. Hot dogs cooked over an outdoor fire, hot cocoa, and plenty of skating helped to produce a perfect evening's entertainment.

As we have said above, the expectation of and the preparation for an event are often more satisfying than the event itself. But we must all agree that the New York trip of a group of students who attended and participated in a P. T. S. A. meeting was successful in both aspects. A program was prepared by the students for the purpose of informing the parents about our activities. Many phases of school life and student activities were portrayed, including a pseudo-radio sports broadcast of a Cherry Lawn basketball game.

Meeting and seeing other people who are trying to achieve the same ends as oneself is often an interesting and exciting experience. Such was the luck of many of our students when Cherry Lawn was invited, along with six other progressive schools, to attend the Putney School Arts Festival in Putney, Vermont. Most representative of our school's contribution to the Festival's activities was a production of Strindberg's play "Simoon," in which the leading parts were taken by Barbara Hurwich, Frank Gould, and Peter Van Tassel. Reports of students who went to the Festival were very enthusiastic, and many new ideas for campus activities were brought back. It is hoped that next year other student organizations will attend the Putney Festival and take part in the square dancing, drama presentations, and discussion groups.

Yes, many memories linger on, after all is said and done.


SMITH








St LAWRE



The Jinx Is Broken

Yes, November 18, 1948 is a day that will go down in Dr. Stael's history books. The Cherry Lawn Hockey Team won its first game in seven years. Our happiness was so great that even New Canaan, the opposing team, joined in the rejoicing.

This year Sylvia Lisberger, the Athletic Coach, had a difficult problem before her in training the team since comparatively few girls came out, and many of the former team members had graduated. Everyone worked very hard and sincerely for Sylvia. At our many practices we really learned to work together cooperatively, a feature which later proved to be the strength of our team. We played more games this year than in any previous one. The Boys' Cheering Squad proved to be a real morale booster for these games. Sandy Stern, Joe Jamele, Bob Menichetti, Walter Rosenhaft, Brian Greenman, and Johnny De Carville comprised the Squad. They prepared magnificent rallies before each game, and attended every game they could to cheer us on. During the season we were invited, as one of fourteen schools, to a Hockey Play Day at Greenwich. Each team played four short games during the morning, and later, in the afternoon, after the special coaching sessions, two all-star teams were chosen. Although Cherry Lawn did not win any games, our Left Wing, Bamsi Houtermans, won an honorable mention on the private school all-star team.

At the Banquet, which ended the season, the Varsity positions were awarded. All through the season there had been close competition for many of the positions. The final Varsity Team consisted of: Bamsi Houtermans, Left Wing; Barbara Hurwich, Left Inner; Helaine Fendler, Center Forward; Babs Blasberg, Right Inner; Dolores Lloyd, Right Wing; Chris Felix, Left Halfback; Joan Freid, Center Halfback; Joan Malawista, Right Halfback; Edna Fine, Left Fullback; Sue Figarsky, Right Fullback; and Frances Degen, Goalie. This very grateful team presented Sylvia with a silver identification bracelet as a souvenir from the winning Team.

For the girls who were not interested in hockey there was a good program of individual sports. In the early fall individual tennis instruction was given by Sylvia to all those who were interested, and each afternoon the badminton courts were used to their fullest capacity.

The basketball season turned out to be just as successful as the hockey season, if not more so. Two Teams were organized: a First, and a Second. To help train the Teams Sylvia rented a gym in Darien for one night a week so that the girls could practice on a regulation size court. Again, because of the enthusiasm and willingness of the girls to come out and give up their free time, the Teams played many more games than previously. The First Team, consisting of Barbara Hurwich, Lenny Landau, Judy Sarner, Barbara Dansky, Kate Bandler, Bamsi Houtermans, and Alta List, with Anne Bartlett as Manager, broke the Junior Jinx by winning their last game, one against Daycroft, after not having won all season. As active as the First Team this year was the Second Team which was mde up of the following girls: Minna Wolk, Nancy Roberts, Babs Blasberg, Chris Felix, Gwen Davis, Natalie Likwas, and Paula Greenberg. Their career followed a parallel line to the First Team's in that they won their only game against Daycroft when playing a double bill there with the First Team. Both Teams gained many moral victories. They played chiefly against large public high schools, and lost to very superior teams by only two or three points in many cases.

The Inter-class Tournament was another part of the stimulating basketball program. The final game was an exciting one between the Seniors and the Sophomores. The Sophomores won by a very close score, fulfilling last year's prediction. The Cheerleaders, led by Lenny Landau, played an important part in increasing school spirit at all of these games, as well as at the boys' games. A grand climax to an exciting basketball season was a combined girls' and boys' Basketball Banquet. The gym was decorated as a night club, and was called "The Sea Shell." Dinner was served by a group of twelve waiters, and after dinner entertainment, arranged by Frank Gould, was presented.

As the Cherry Pit goes to press at this point, we can only predict that with spring comes tennis, croquet, badminton, and softball, and with softball comes good fun, exciting games, and another successful season.



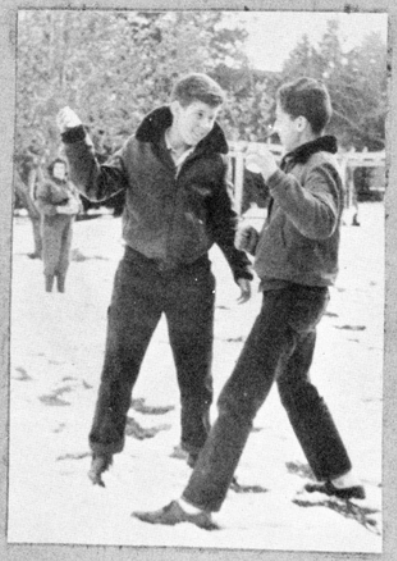
The Hockey Banquet



The Hockey Team





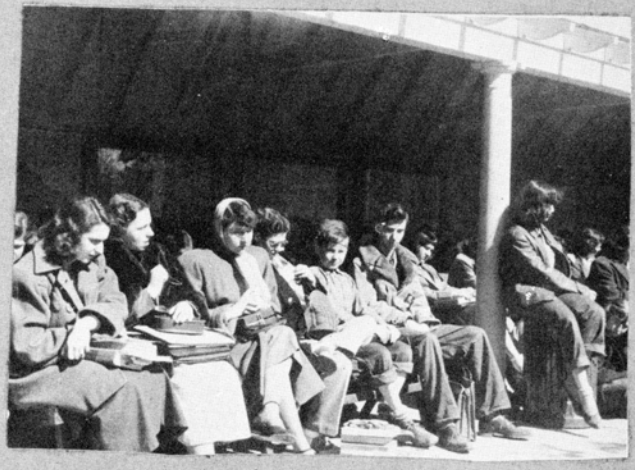




























Boys Basketball Baseball

Although this was Ronald Cochran's first year at Cherry Lawn as Boys' Athletic Coach, he made himself an integral and important part of campus life. He kept the boys in excellent physical condition all the year round, and built up good team work.

During the cool months of September and October the boys spent the afternoons playing touch football. All over the field you could hear signals being called, and could see the footballs flying. When the weather got too cold for outdoor sports, the boys moved into the gym and started to get ready for the basketball season. After all the players were looked over and given time to get into top condition, a team of twelve men was chosen, with Eric Kahn as Captain. The team was composed of: Eric Kahn, Geoffrey Greenman, John De Carville, Joe Jamele, Howard Freyberg, Bob Menichetti, Martin Caine, Red Freeman, Brian Greenman, James Fellman, Herbert Arkin, David Shainberg.

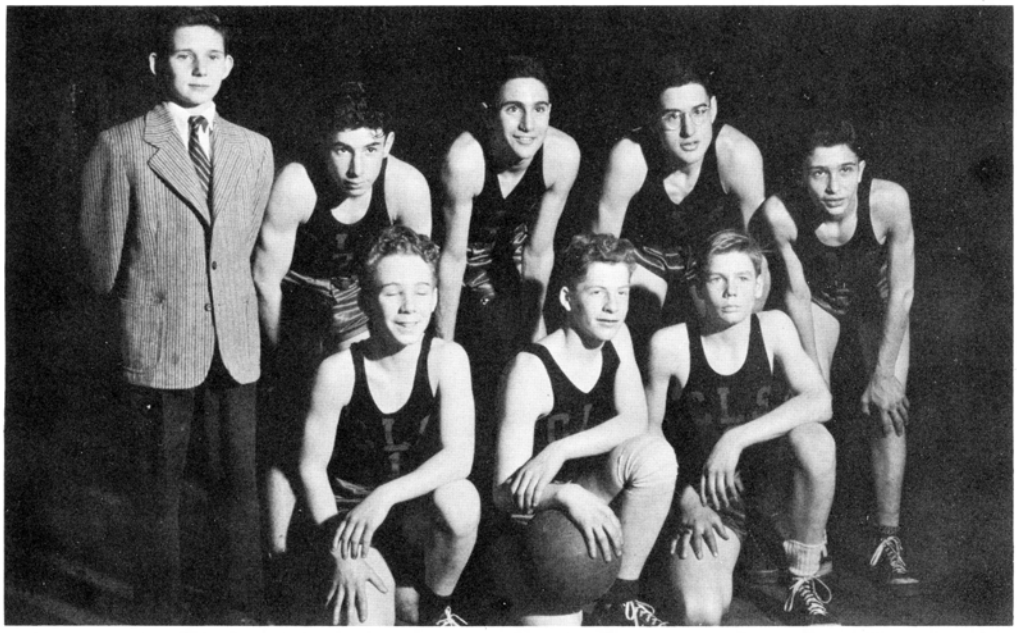
The team got off to a slow start. Its greatest handicap was a lack of height. Slowly the team gained momentum and started to win more games. The enthusiasm of the students was amazing, and everyone seemed to get basketball fever. Toward the end of the season the team pulled into a tie with Kohut and Brunswick for second place in the Southern Connecticut Private School League. After beating Brunswick in our last game, we were invited to participate in the Prep School Tournament in New Haven. To everyone's dismay the team was scheduled to play against the Milford School, a team that had beaten Endgewood, our League Champion by a huge score. During the week before the game, however, the team built up its determination to win, and there was much school spirit and encouragement. The night of the game came and found almost all of Cherry Lawn there, including Dr. Stael, to cheer the boys on. Milford led from the start, but our boys were only a few points behind during the whole game. At the half the score was 29-27. When the final gun went off, with Cherry Lawn behind by six points, everyone realized that the team had played a brilliant game and had won a moral victory by almost beating the best team in the Tournament.

The games and scores for the basketball season are listed below. In each case the star after Cherry Lawn indicates that the game was a League one.

Cherry Lawn	25	St. Johns	24
Cherry Lawn	33	St. Johns	21
Cherry Lawn	38	University	54
Cherry Lawn	30	New Canaan	66
Cherry Lawn	37	Stamford	40
Cherry Lawn	45	St. Basil's	32
Cherry Lawn	37	Darien	72
Cherry Lawn*	37	Kohut	33
Cherry Lawn*	33	Edgewood	46
Cherry Lawn*	52	Kings	36
Cherry Lawn	16	New Canaan	38
Cherry Lawn*	50	Daycroft	34
Cherry Lawn	46	Stamford	47
Cherry Lawn*	40	Edgewood	57
Cherry Lawn*	54	Kings	33
Cherry Lawn*	30	Kohut	32
Cherry Lawn	29	St. Basil's	34
Cherry Lawn*	41	Brunswick	26

While the Varsity basketball season was under way, the non-team members prepared for and took part in intramural competition according to classes. The Junior Class won the competition, winning four games without any losses. Out of this competition was developed the Freshman Team which included Martin Caine, Stephan Chodorov, Tony Silver, Sammy Yohai, Jan Houtermans, Red Freeman, Richard Bonime, David Wolkenberg, and Alfred Himmelrich. The Team played Darien Junior High School and pulled out a thrilling victory by two points. Under Jack Sidi's coaching, the Team worked very hard, showing its enthusiasm for the game and promising some good players for next year.

This article goes to press just as the baseball season is getting started. Although many "hopefuls" turned out for practice, the Team has been narrowed down to Bob Menichetti, Pitcher; Johnny De Carville, Catcher; Peter Cohen, First Baseman; Herbert Arkin, Second Baseman; Eric Kahn, Third Baseman; Howard Freyberg, Shortstop; Walter Rosenhaft, Left Fielder; Joe Jamele, Center Fielder; and Frenchy Bessmertny, Right Fielder. Eric Kahn and Joe Jamele have been chosen as Co-Captains of the team, and Bob Brandt, Manager. Michael Solby has been designated as official bat boy. Michael Wagreich and Red Freeman have been selected as substitute players. With all this material the boys are looking forward to a very successful baseball season.



Freshman Basketball Team



Varsity Basketball Team

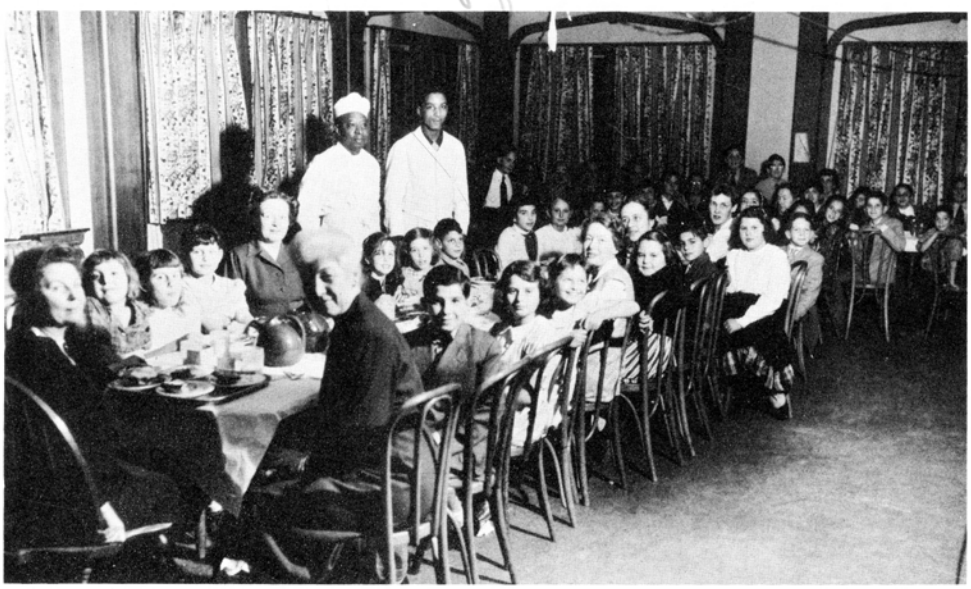




Best Wishes - Elizabeth Spindler

















Art



The Cherry Lawn Art Department has taken a big step forward this year. Mr. Robert Roche, an accomplished artist and teacher, enjoys sharing with children his great knowledge, versatility, and talent in art. Since working time and space are relatively limited in our Art Room, Mr. Roche feels that clay is the most convenient and expressive medium. However, India ink and pastels are also popular media.

Mr. Roche, or Bob as the students prefer to call him, has through much experience in teaching art to people of all ages effectively developed and proved his theory that everyone can express himself through art. With that thought in mind a very large number of students and faculty members has regularly attended scheduled art classes, as well as work groups in free time.

When you step into our Art Room in the Manor House basement, it is like stepping into a professional studio. Absolute silence is strictly observed, and as you look around you will usually see eight students concentrating intensely upon statues or some other project. If it is a free afternoon, you will also see other children, from the first to twelfth grades, in the anteroom asking if their time and turn have come. As you turn, amazement clearly written across your face, Bob will answer your inquiring look by telling you his concept of art. He will say in a quiet and sincere voice "When art is presented to people in a manner and method that they can understand and fit into their way of life, their own way, the results are amazing." He no doubt will also tell you that, since his kids, as he calls them, come from varied backgrounds, he urges them to choose some person or scene that has made a particular impression upon them. He may even tell you how a Colombian boy in following this course made two dancing peasants, while an Upper School girl made an old violinist, and a Senior boy, a life size bust of a sharecropper. Bob will finally end up by saying that it is with the things the children see and feel that they can recreate successfully.

With such sympathetic understanding and expert guidance the art students have literally achieved wonders this year.



Student Government



The Student Government has always been an integral part of life at Cherry Lawn, its most important focal point being The Council. This Council is composed of seven main officers aided by assistants who in turn form The Lower House, a valuable training ground for future Council members.

This fall the Student Government started its work under the direction of a carry-over Council from last year. Edna Fine was President; Leonore Landau, Vice-president; Eric Kahn, Judge; Joan Malawista and Sue Figarsky, Co-Secretaries of Activities; Joy Greenman, Secretary of Labor; Anne Schwartz, Secretary of Properties; Brian Greenman and Barbara Hurwich, Co-Secretaries of Stein House. The main purpose of this Council seemed to be in starting the Student Government functioning again after the summer interim, and in making the new students component parts of our way of life.

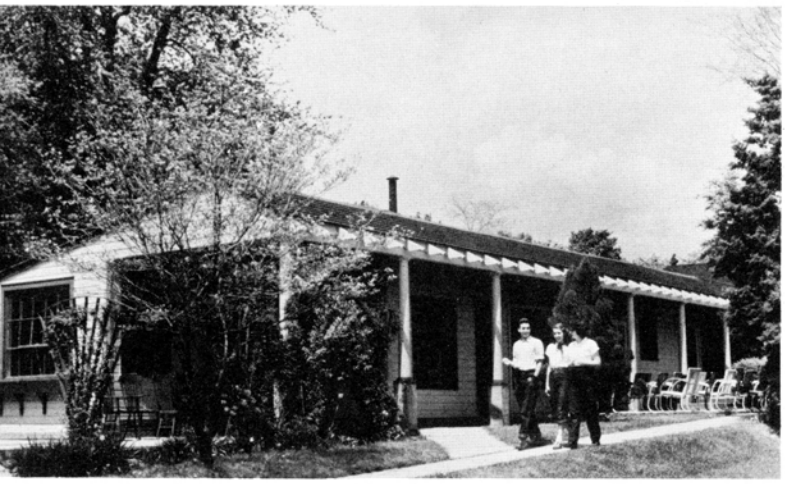
The second Council of the year had Joan Malawista at its head as President. Sue Figarsky was Vice-president; Brian Greenman, Judge; Chris Felix and Peter Cohen, Co-Secretaries of Activities; Joy Greenman, Secretary of Properties; Ruth Goldhaber, Secretary of Labor; Bamsi Houtermans and Ruth Lederman, Co-Secretaries of Stein House. It was with this Council that a vital experiment was introduced into life at Cherry Lawn, an experiment which proved to be a challenge to each individual. The experiment consisted of a new approach to certain functions controlled by the Student Court. The new system was originated and brought to completion by three of our more idealistic students who comprised the Court—Brian Greenman, Judge, and Frances Degen and Eric Kahn, his Assistants. They were helpfully aided by their faculty adviser, Jud Hall, with whom the idea was carefully planned before it was submitted to The Council and the faculty separately. The general opinion of the plan at the time of its presentation was uneven. Many faculty members, as well as students, did not think the student body would accept all of the responsibilities inherent in the plan. However, the new Court program was given a trial period.

The Court program, progressive and idealistic in its basis, was primarily made up in the following manner. Morning Meeting and Assembly were both to be conducted along the lines of an honor system, as far as attendance and conduct were concerned. Consequently, the position of Commissioners for these activities was abolished, as well as Court trials for offenses committed against Morning Meeting and Assembly. The purpose of this approach was to establish a feeling of individual responsibility and an attitude of contribution to our community. The plan was to start at first with these two projects and eventually extend further into other school activities. In the beginning the plan seemed to have a fantastic influence over the student body. Our society blossomed forth into a unit of cooperative understanding in terms of the project. However, this idealistic accomplishment lived but a relatively short time, and many of our students slipped back into a pattern of laxness which could not be "jacked up." Although the second Council spent most of its energy in furthering this experiment, it did delegate time and interest to other student activities on campus.

During the second elections of the year the seniors had to abandon "their place in the sun" and let the very able Juniors assume the responsibility of our Student Government. Brian Greenman was chosen President. His Council consisted of the following people: Michael Wagreich, Vice-president; Walter Rosenhaft, Judge; Gwen Davis and Sandy Stern, Co-Secretaries of Activities; Ruth Lederman, Secretary of Labor; Joan Magid, Secretary of Properties; John De Carville and Paula Greenberg, Co-Secretaries of Stein House. The new Council started off its term with zest and hope. The first problem that it tackled was the one dealing with the administration of Morning Meeting and Assembly. After much discussion and thought it was decided that we would return to somewhat of a revision of the old system. Despite the fact that it seemed as if our experiment had failed, there was a strong feeling that some elements of strength had come out of the experiment. Yet, to return only to the old system seemed inadequate. As a consequence of this feeling there emerged from The Council the idea of a Dean's List. To be on the Dean's List a student had to meet two main provisions: have at least an upper achievement in all of his major subjects and at least a lower in his non-academic subjects; be a well-rounded social individual, as well as a responsible, trustworthy, and contributing member of the community. This plan for a Dean's List was submitted to the faculty by the Student Council. After discussion the faculty accepted the idea of a Dean's List. A method of procedure in choosing students for the Dean's List was mutually agreed upon by the students and the faculty.

It was agreed that the faculty would choose students in terms of academic qualifications, while the Student Council would evaluate them in terms of their status as positive citizens of the community, and refer its recommendation to the faculty for a final decision. The people on the Dean's List would be entitled to such privileges as voluntary and outdoor study halls, special off-grounds permission, and freedom from certain routine supervision on campus. At the time the Cherry Pit goes to press the process of getting the Dean's List under way has been started. Everyone wishes the plan a successful career.

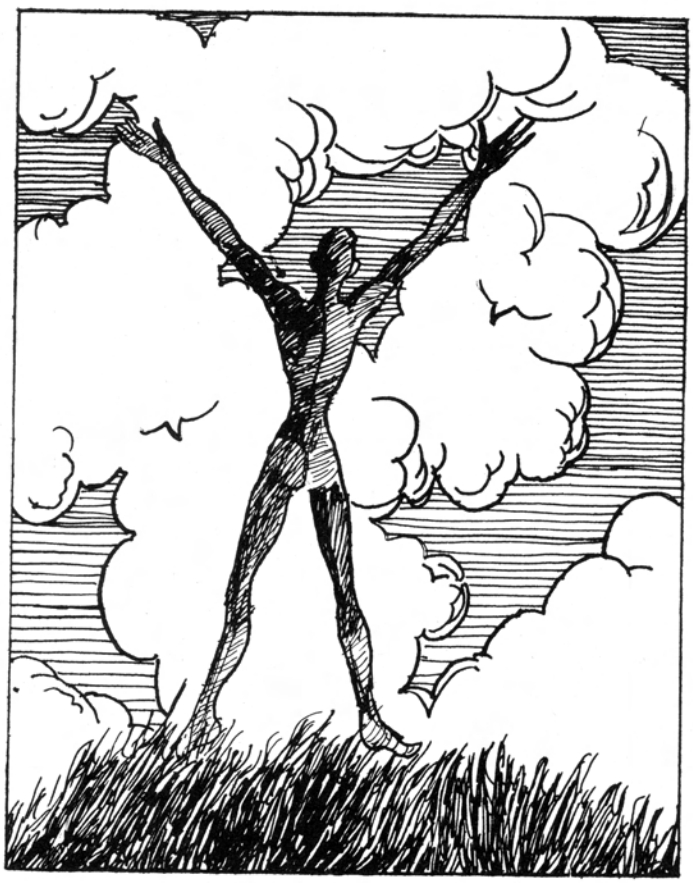








Nuances . . .



"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness . . . ."

John Keats, *"Endymion."*

Rolland

Once long ago in a little fishing village off the coast of Denmark lived a boy, Rolland, son of a fisherman. He was the kind of a boy who always was admired by the women folk, for he was the handsomest and healthiest boy in the village. His fresh rosy cheeks always caught the eye, as did his thick blond hair and straight white teeth that shone like mother of pearl. He was well-tanned, and his bright eyes seemed to reflect the deep blueness of the ocean. Only one thing marred his physical perfection. He had been crippled ever since birth by a disease whose cure was unknown, a disease which grew steadily worse as its victim grew in years. So Rolland, who was basically a happy, cheerful boy that would have loved to play and run about with other boys, had not the use of his legs at all. He had to sit, hour after hour, day by day, in the little bamboo chair his father had made for him. Still he kept his pleasant disposition and was happy when people of the village would come and talk to him. He loved to laugh and entertain them, for he was a charming boy who made everybody happy. But most of the lonely days nobody came to see him. The people of the village were a busy and hardworking people, every man, woman, and child helping to bring in the fish that kept them alive.

In the early mornings, before he left for work with his fishing nets, Rolland's father would take his son in their cart with his little chair to the edge of the sea. He would put the chair in a nook in the rocks, and it was there that Rolland spent his days, alone except for the gulls that flew across the water. They were so used to him now that they often came and perched on his shoulders, and he would feed them bits of fish or other food he had saved from the lunch his mother had brought him. There was one gull especially, extraordinarily beautiful, that came to visit him every day and often brought him fish that she dropped in his lap. He loved to watch her as she flew, her body white against a blue sky. He grew also to love the sound of the sea, the beating motion of the water, and the splashing of waves upon the rocks as they tossed their spray of white into the air. He would sit many hours at a time, just listening, dreaming of beautiful lands beyond the sea. He had a little flute, and often he played a soft melancholy air that sang only to the sea and heaven. Sometimes he heard the happy voices of other children when they came down to the water to play. It was then he longed more than ever to rise from his chair and join them. So much did he wish this that he more than once tried to lift himself from his chair, but it was of no avail. Other times he forgot the world and found great happiness and peace in his solitude. He began to read a lot from books the people of the village had brought him, and forgetting himself and his loneliness as he read, Rolland was happy. And so the years passed . . .

At the age of seventeen Rolland was a lad to be admired by any girl, and the girls of the village marveled amongst themselves at his ruddy cheeks and golden hair. But since they were still practical girls and not interested in a crippled husband, they left him alone. Now more than ever Rolland needed companionship, and he wondered what other people of his age were like. He never found out, and slowly the desire to be as other people left him. The sickness progressed on its tortourous way and had captured his arms so that he could not move them any more. The doctor in the village looked grave and said that he could not tell when the disease might reach his heart and kill him. It soon took his vocal cords so that he could no longer speak. The most amazing thing about him was that, in spite of his disability, he looked to all who saw him the picture of health.

Rolland began to dream a great deal now, and ever occurring in his dreams was the image of a most beautiful young girl—her hair long and dark, her eyes sparkling, and her complexion of the fairest. In his dreams she seemed always to rise from the waves of the sea, laughing amidst a tangle of seaweed. She wore a necklace of coral and had brightly colored sea flowers in her hair. Never did she say a word to him. Yet her soft voice, like the tinkle of a little bell, laughed and sang to him a wordless song. He longed to touch her, but she was always gone as soon as he stretched out his hands. He saw her every night in his dreams, and more and more he yearned for her, but she was always gone swiftly into the waves from which she had arisen. She became an obsession within him, haunting him night and day, but he could not free himself from her, and still he dreamt of her beauty and her laughter.

His parents began to worry, for they noticed that he was growing thin and pale and the sparkle in his eyes was beginning to fade. In their hearts they thought perhaps it was the dreaded disease coming to claim him forever, but they never spoke the fear that was in their hearts. They were silent because they knew they were powerless to help, and they

only did everything they could to make him happy.

Rolland could think of nothing but the lovely sea maiden of his dreams. He no longer found companionship in his friends the gulls. He sat all day staring at the sea as if waiting for the maiden to appear from amidst the waves. He was left alone now more than ever, for the village people were afraid to come near him lest they should catch the disease. He thought of a wonderful thing he had read about called love. It made the heart sing, sometimes with joy, sometimes with sorrow. He knew now it was love he felt for the beautiful sea maiden, and though he realized she was only in his mind her realness always confronted him, and he longed more and more to behold her.

One day, despondency and loneliness were at their height, and he did not notice how beautiful it was out. The sun shone in all its brilliance upon the water, reaching out its golden rays from a cloudless sky of blue. Rolland sat listening to the soft lapping waves on the beach, his head drooping a little . . . Then quietly as from a distance come the sound of a voice singing, a voice soft and sweet, like the faint tinkling of a little bell. His heart beat fast within him as he lifted his head to hear more clearly. "There is only one voice so melodious and tender as that," he thought. "It is the voice of my beloved sea goddess who plagues my dreams by night, and my heart by day." Half unbelieving he looked out upon the sea, and there glistening with little water drops was the beautiful girl of his dreams. The sun shone on her long dark hair, and her lips smiled to him across the expanse of water between them. She came towards him, half walking, half gliding over the water. As he came, a great surge of joy filled his heart such as he had never felt before and tears of happiness came to his eyes . . . She held out her hands to his, and drew him slowly up out of his chair on to his feet, the crippled feet on which he had never walked. As she smiled a wild exultation wound around his heart, and with his hand in hers, he walked. He wished to cry out to her, but he knew he had long ago lost the use of his voice. Then he opened his mouth and heard himself speaking and telling her of his great love, his constant thoughts about her . . . Together they walked into the waters of the sea, and he was strong again, as if he had thrown away all sorrows, and had shaken off the disease that for so long had tortured him. The sadness went from his eyes. Together they sang a wordless song of happiness, their voices ringing out against the music of the waves. In a moment they were gone, laughing and singing, into the cool foaming water of the sea. There was not a ripple in the waves to say that anyone had been there . . .

Rolland's father came, as he had done for so many years, after his day's work to take his son home. But the bamboo chair that had stood for so many years in the nook in the rocks was empty, except for a piece of green glistening seaweed . . . .

Barbara Hurwich '49



Transience

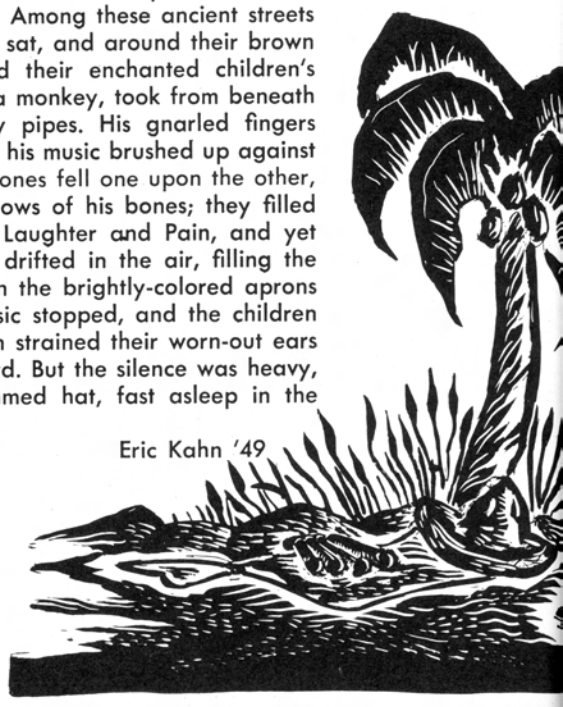
An invisible magnet draws a wildly fluttering moth to a flame,
And it remains there—enchanted so—
Thriving solely for the burning brightness.
Soon the brightness softens and is gone;
The moth is drawn once again to a newer, more vivid light.
The love of people for one another is the same.
A flame draws two together, but soon the brightness dwindles
And becomes darkness . . . .
A new fire surrounds and glows silently,
Leaving behind
The echo of bitter laughter
Or
A tear.

Joan Malawista '49

The Old Men

The old men sat next to the wall, letting the sunlight drip off their wide-rimmed hats and collect in puddles at their sandaled feet. Along the white wall of the building a long shadow rested, tired of running away from the sun. Across the dusty street the air glittered and shimmered in the heat. Above the rooftops the sky held its breath, its wide blue expanse covered, like lashes before an eye, with wisps of clouds. Among these ancient streets within the cooling purple shadows the old men sat, and around their brown and wrinkled feet half-naked children played their enchanted children's games. Then one old man, small and lined as a monkey, took from beneath his faded shirt a strange instrument of many pipes. His gnarled fingers twisted in intricate contortions, and the notes of his music brushed up against the dusty palms and set them swaying. Queer tones fell one upon the other, overflowing from his lips, echoing in dark hollows of his bones; they filled the streets with Shadow and with Light, with Laughter and Pain, and yet with all, and underneath all, with Love. Love drifted in the air, filling the little brown hands of the children, gathering in the brightly-colored aprons of their black-eyed mothers. Suddenly the music stopped, and the children stopped, as did their mothers, and the old men strained their worn-out ears to catch just one note of the joy they had heard. But the silence was heavy, for the music maker lay under his wide-brimmed hat, fast asleep in the shade of the sweating trees.

Eric Kahn '49



A Stranger

I was sitting by the fireside, warm and comfortable, with a feeling of security. Outside it was raining, raining on the snow which turned to slush at the touch of that downpour. I was out of that terrible storm. I did not have to endure the endless tortures that it wreaked upon a traveler, and even looked with scorn upon such a person trudging along through the miserable night. It was not right that I felt this way about my fellow men, but I kept on reading my book of horror and felt like a king that was much superior to all others.

But then a knock disturbed my little kingdom. That former thought of superiority vanished from my mind, and in its place came another in which I wondered what poor wretch, probably lost, homeless, and hungry, could be knocking at my door as a last resort from the wrath of God. My whole being turned to pity for this poor creature as I responded to the knock.

A small old bent man stood at my threshold. He was gasping for breath, and well might he, for the rain was falling furiously about him. He was unable to speak, but still I got a message from his pleading eyes. I invited him inside. I gave him all the treatment I was able to render, and then even offered him my bed, but he calmly remained in my easy chair.

He sat before me, a short, old man, with a white beard. He had a kind of stately appearance about him. I had given him some warm clothes to take the place of his ragged garments. In spite of his weary and forlorn manner I could detect a superior wisdom in his deep blue eyes. His lips were fastened tightly, but I saw that he was eager to talk, although he had not said a word since his arrival.

"Who are you stranger," I said to him. "And have you come far?" He seemed not to have heard me, and did not say anything for a few minutes, but then he spoke.

"You are a good man," he said. "But sometimes you will forget what other good people there are on the earth. You have a good house. It has sturdy walls and strong beams. The fireplace gives you warmth when such a storm as this is raging. You have good books, and a soft bed is always waiting for you. But some may not be as fortunate. Let them, the poor but noble people, rather than the rich and selfish, take first place in your mind and in your actions."

After he had spoken he fell back with a gasp, or a sigh of relief, sounding like he had just let drop a great burden from his tired shoulders. This man seemed so wise and so like a great man that I felt very deeply what he had been saying. It was as if he could read my mind, and yet he had gathered from me and my surrounding what I had just previously been thinking.

Not being able to move him, I covered the man with some blankets and went upstairs to retire. The next morning my first thought was of my stranger friend downstairs. I saw to my great surprise, after descending the stairs and entering the living room, that he was gone. The blankets had been folded neatly, and the room was in perfect condition. Then my eyes fell upon an object on the table. The old man had taken a small piece of paper and placed it beside my Bible. On it he had written the following message:

"Love your fellow men and treat them as well as you did me. Think of them as your equals no matter what their rank. Remember this, and you will always be happy. Good luck." Your Grandfather

* * * *

A long stillness came over me, and then I trembled. Later his body was found near my home. He had been frozen to death.

Jan Houtermans
Grade 8

The Quarrel

Raindrops sparkling in sunlight—
Nothing stirs; nothing moves;
All is quiet; all is silent.
A step behind me,
Fading away—
Regret—
All senses compel me to turn,
But I stay, unmoving.
A step forever leaves,
Never to return,
And I am motionless.

Frances Degen '49

The Machine and Machine Worship

The machine, and the worship of the machine are two very important characteristics of the world today. In this country, especially, which is so highly industrialized, the machine plays a bigger part than most people realize. Our whole economy is based upon machines, and upon the men who make them and man them. The machine, however, is more than a piece of metal. It is an idea. The idea of the machine is the subject of this discussion.

The actual machine is of course a material object. It is made of material things; it produces material things; material things are fed into it; and it is kept running by the use of material things. But there is more to a machine than these things. The machine is a symbol of man's progress. It is a symbol of man's interdependence, and man's longing for more free time. But the machine stands for a greater symbol: that man is free to create, but is too often chained to the thing he creates. Man made the atom bomb with its terrific power; man is now faced with the responsibility of making sure that the atom is used for good, rather than for bad, purposes. So it is with all machines. Man made them, but if he is to derive any benefit at all from them, he must tend them, and stand over them. Man worships the machine in that he looks only at its good points, not realizing that he may be chained to the very thing he worships. Man is chained, not only physically in that his presence is required at all times, but spiritually. Man has put himself in such a position that, should he suddenly find himself without his multitudes of machines, he would be lost. Man would lose the threads of existence without machines. He has exchanged freedom for security. This situation is shown many times over. Man will do things for the machine which he would think about twice and three times before doing for a fellow man. Man does not understand the machine, and so he worships it, as man all through the ages has worshipped what he does not understand. Man must realize that the machine, although it has its idealistic aspects, is primarily materialistic.

In order to comprehend this truth, man must see one basic fact: Machines rule man. A machine makes everything alike, one thing after the other, all exactly alike. When things were hand made, no two articles could be exactly alike, and each man was content with what he had, realizing that no one else could duplicate it. But as soon as mass production of identical articles began, the problem of "Keeping up with the Joneses" arose. Man wanted to surpass other men by having what other men had, and them even more. The complete standardization of material things changed the spirit of man, too. People began to reject what was not exactly like them, and strove for what was like them, but just a faint degree higher. Man became uniform not only in material things, but in spiritual things too. The familiar phrase, "Main Street, U. S. A." sprang up because one main thoroughfare was just like any other. Men became alike, just as the machines became alike. Machines set the pace, and men followed.

Someone must tend machines, utilize them, fire them, watch them; and so arose a new class—the class of men devoted to tending the machines. If suddenly all the machines in the country should just be nonexistent, this whole class would be at a standstill, not knowing what to do, or how to do it. Man may say he works for man, but in truth he works for the machine.

Man sees the machine as his creation, as something which does for him what he would have to do for himself. This may be true, but what man refuses to see is that he is also modeling himself after the machine. He surrenders his will power and freedom into the hands of dictators who operate him for their purposes and turn him into something with no feeling. This lack of human feeling, this lack of brother-love can destroy the world. Man, being human, will commit crimes, will have his faults. But he will go so far, and no further. A machine, however, once set on a pattern, will continue on until the pattern is changed by some exterior force. Man is now following this pattern and becoming more and more dependent upon some exterior force to tell him what to do. Eventually, if man continues aping the machine, he himself will become little better than a living machine. Man has set himself upon this path, and, machinelike, has no will to change.

It is not necessary that man stay in this condition of bondage forever. Man, by realizing that he can be master, can free himself. Man must realize that it is he who created the machine, not the machine that created him. Man must turn to the handiwork of man, the arts, and, once realizing how much greater they are than any other device fashioned by man, thereby free himself. Man can, by realizing the greatness of himself, see the relative littleness of his handiwork and his devices. For it is only in horror stories and the most improbable sorts of fiction that man's handiwork overshadows man himself. By realizing this, man can conquer the machine. Unfortunately, man refuses to do this; and in consequence he is the slave of his master, the machine. It is time for the slave to revolt against the master in the interests of creative freedom and brotherhood. Once this revolt is accomplished, man will be the master, and the problem of machine-worship will be ended.

Sandy Drier '50

Bogliasco

Bogliasco, near Genoa, the place where I lived
And which I will always remember,
Just near the blue sea and the green mountains,
With the sun so cold in December
And the sea, making quiet noises like fountains.

Nature there seems happy and peaceful,
Alone and away from the debates of the world.
Birds sing and their songs are useful;
And people's hearts seemed whirled
Because nature is so joyful.

Alas! For years my home was gay,
Until people spoiled our pleasure;
And so we left—but there will come a day
Of return—a day, my dearest treasure.

Bogliasco, my land, with trees and flowers
All grown and made by nature's powers;
Bogliasco, my home, I will always remember
With the sun in May, and the cold in December.

John Biaggi
Grade 8

Snow

The snow fell lightly and slowly on the eventide,
As the rain of souls of past lives upon the humble earth,
Perfect crystals—every one—as the goal of our lives should be.
Perhaps they are some fulfillment of the lost ones' souls described.
To be complete, and after death descend; then muffle the earth's glad welcoming cries . . .
They cling with slight tenacity to the needles of the fir, and linger on for awhile.
But then they grow sad because we people do not realize that they too once had lived as we . . .
They cry upon the sooty rooftops, and then melt away to the grey half-light of eternity.

Anne Bartlett '50

Enigma

Barren and twisted he stands there, not isolated, but somehow mysteriously alone, crumpled, contracted. While everything around intoxicates itself with the glowing sunshine and softly teasing wind, he is alert, watching with an unseen eye, smirking with an unheard laughter. His limbs are strong, harsh, and powerful—beckoning, ready with a hunger to crush, to wring. Get closer and you will hear the hoarse whisper: "Come . . . Come . . ." The claws will draw themselves in silently. Suddenly you will feel silky, soft hair playing, weaving against you, drawing you closer and closer until you hear it; a steady beat following the rhythm of the squirming veins—a heart vibrating, rumbling, foaming with desire. A moment later the sun will go down; the wind will cease; a heart will stop beating. Only shadows will spread their wings, among them that of an old withered tree, its serpent-like body still . . . waiting . . .

Natalie Lickwas '49

The Sky

I have often wondered about the sky. What is it composed of? Some people know the scientific facts. I prefer to wonder, and to draw my own conclusions.

I think the sky is like a human face, with changing expressions. Sometimes, when the sun is shining, I feel as if the sun were smiling upon the world. The atmosphere is bright and cheerful, and I feel a warm glow, as when a friend gives me a smile.

Sometimes the sky seems to me a reflection of someone's anger, when the ominous, black clouds are rent by jagged lightning. When he speaks, his words as thunder roll over the valley and echo through the mountains.

Once in a while there may be storms, but always followed by the ever fulfilled promise of a rainbow, for that is when we see the clearest.

At sunset the sky is like a picture painted by some master hand in aerial colors. After the beautiful colors fade, the black sky, covered with bright, twinkling stars, gives the effect of a velvet curtain drawn over a brilliantly lighted stage. In the curtain are dotted many small holes where the light shines through.

Leslie Diamond
Grade 8



The Land that Gave the Wonderful Gift

Long ago there was a very beautiful land where the sun shone all the day. And in this land the ground was covered with a carpet of soft green grass that was really green. There were no pavements, only little narrow brown dirt roads that cut through the grass. All along the sides of the roads there grew many gaily colored flowers. It was always warm, even when it rained, for, of course, it had to rain because the sun was tired and needed a day of rest, and the flowers needed to be watered.

And if you stood on the highest point in this land, which was not very high, because the country was flat and rolling, you would see little and big houses all around; and once in a while you would see a group of square looking boxes that were really houses. If you got near to these square things you would recognize them to be stores such as we have today. Or maybe you would see a group of factories, but they would not be real factories such as we know today, but only places where all the things were made from the products that were brought there, such as flour for bread, leather for shoes, and material for clothing.

The people of this strange and peaceful land were not very different from us. There were lots of mothers and fathers and children, and also some middle people who were not mothers or fathers of little children. Sometimes they were brothers or sisters of little boys and girls, and their mothers and fathers liked to refer to them as the "young people." And of course there were many dogs who loved and were loved. There were also cats and birds. There were the most beautiful birds who could sing so delightfully that there was no need to hear the human voice, and these people did not at all miss the radio which

today brings so much of the singing of the world to us. And these people did much the same things as we do today. The fathers went to work every day, that is except for Saturday and Sunday which were days of rest. The mothers stayed at home and cooked and cleaned and did all the things that were necessary to keep a happy home. The children went to school, and the boy young people went to learn a trade or a profession, and the girls stayed at home and learned to cook and sew. Now life was very peaceful. There was never any war, and the people hardly ever quarrelled. The sun kept shining and the grass grew and the flowers bloomed.

One night there was a great rumble that nearly knocked all the sleeping people from their beds. Many rushed out to see what was happening for never before had they heard so strange a noise. When the people got outside they saw a very tall lady standing in the center of the land. She seemed very tall, and for miles around people could see her for she gave off a strange glow that lighted the land as if it were daybreak or the falling of dusk. And so it seemed as if the whole land had gathered out of doors. The people stood about whispering and staring with wonder. And seeing the excitement she had caused, this majestic lady looked around, raised her hand to indicate silence, and spoke. "Dear people of this land of spring and happiness, I have come from a long way off to ask of you a very great favor. A very lonely old man has asked me to come here for him. He has asked me to tell you that he is very lonely and that he is about to create a thing that he may have to watch over. But he is missing one ingredient. You, my dear people have it. He needs your very blue sky, your cotton-like clouds, your green grass, your blooming flowers, your shining sun, and your fresh morning dew. He needs all these things for only six months and will give them back for the other six months of the year. In payment for this loan each year he is willing that I, who am to be the bearer of it, should make your name known to this creation, and that you shall receive all the joy and happiness that your loan will bring. You see, your payment will still make it warm here and you will still have all the radiance that will come from these things when your loan is in use. I humbly ask your permission that I may borrow these possessions."

Her resounding voice faded away as the last notes of a musical composition. She stood still, her head bowed. And all the people were quiet. It was very lucky that she happened to choose the center of the land to speak at, for, of course, the mayor of the land lived there. After a few hasty conferences the mayor stepped forth and spoke. And indeed, it seemed as if the look of the Goddess echoed his voice to all, for everyone could hear what he said, even those many miles distant from him. "Noble Lady," he said, "it is our humble privilege to lend you our gifts." No sooner had he spoken than this strange creature raised her fair hand with her fingers outstretched, grasping at the sky. Then she lowered her arm until her hand hung at her side as before. To the utter amazement of all who were watching, her dress turned suddenly to the blue of the sky, her hair became crowned with the gold of the sun, her wrists and ankles became surrounded by bracelets of flowers, all the green grass seemed to gather at her feet, and the clouds made a soft cushion for her back. The morning dew took its place on her lips. Then, bowing her head, she murmured "Thank you," and all the people saw her rise and disappear.

This lady has kept her promise. Each year she visits the earth for six months and carries the name of Spring and Summer, symbolizing beauty, happiness, and peace. Do not fear my reader that the land from whence these treasures came is sad, for it receives each year in payment for its loan the warmth and happiness that Summer and Spring bring.

Frances Degen '49



Delirium

Thin hot wind swirls aimlessly over the bitter, yellowed, bristled tree.
Long sickened shadows lie sprawling on the somber grass.
Old Emily sits on the old porch in a rocking chair and mutters—
The listless wind gathers sour, red music anl spits it frantically out.
Fat wrinkled faces carried by dumb legs crunch down the reddened road,
And jazz bangs on relentlessly . . . It strikes . . .
The dumb legs wobble pitifully and the wrinkled heads are wrenched off
and roll gaping on the ground.
White eyes brighten in the mocking light.
White hair blows into the winds and falls upon the somber, barren
fields and melts there in the sifting, golden rain of sunset's
afterglow.
In the distance on the blackened, sun-scorched hills stand sentinels
of death—sunken trees—ancient knotted fingers grasping toward
the deep purple height—the hot wind tins the music on.
A child's cry sounds from somewhere, and Old Emily unfolds her withered
hands.

Anne Bartlett '50

The Street

The street was dark, swallowing up the stars in its large bosom. The moon rose and cast weird, dancing shadows on the littered pavements. The tenement houses were quiet now, tired of their monotonous song of poverty. Heels scuffled and echoed on the pavement as a late straggler stumbled home. His whistle, low and eerie, cut through the stillness of the night. The aromas of spaghetti, of hard earned sweat, of filth, of closeness settled down in a haze, encircling the street. A lonely couple was silhouetted against a narrow doorway. They were enclosed, pressed back by the overwhelming stillness of the street, as in life, hiding, ashamed, afraid to appear in the open. The houses looked mournful, watching with sad eyes the frightening quietness of their street. Cats crawled softly by on their padded feet, sneaking around the empty cans, hunting for scraps. A hunched figure appeared in the moonlight. His contours gave a sad yet humorous appearance. He stopped, gazed around him. Was this where human beings lived, choked? Was it here that people died before having the chance to live? He hurried on, as if to get away. He quickened his pace, realizing all along that it was his song, his environment, his life, and his death.

Chris Felix '49

Rain

The rain dribbled down the mouth of the drainpipe, and spat at the window where the little boy sat thinking . . .

The sun must be a little boy, too. It was always playing hide and seek, and just when you tried your hardest to catch it, it would disappear . . . If only it would try "home free all," just sneak around and pop out suddenly, and free all from the bonds of rain, and darkness, and—thought . . . Darkness was so fearful, and rain was barren, and cold, and alone. Millions and millions of drops of water coming from that place called heaven, where "good people" go when they die . . . What was death like? What was heaven like? . . . Was it lonely there, too? . . .

The droplets hit the pavement where they began to do a dance, all together in a spasmodic little jig of celebration, rejoicing in the conquest of the earth.

People ran for shelter, hiding from the rain. One or two brave people pulled down their hat brims, and plodded out, but the brims softened, and the people shivered. Once again the rain victoriously danced the deserted, barren, lonely streets.

. . . You, too, had danced once. Remember how Daddy had played the piano, and you had turned round and round, while Mommy kept so close to you, fearing your unsteady baby feet would fall . . . People smiled, and told you how precious you were. Wasn't it fun being precious? So you kept on dancing—and falling. Didn't it feel like a spanking?—But that was so long ago. Memories seem dim . . . like the room . . . like the rain.

Then there were others that danced with you; sisters and brothers that were precious, too . . . Why didn't it stop raining? . . . Dancing to the piano that your Daddy played, while Mommy laughed and held out her arms—just for safety.

You could hear the piano playing now. It drummed melancholically, like the raindrops. The sound was monotonous, like the echo in the rain barrel, and the echo was empty, and alone.

Why didn't the rain go back to heaven? Why did it fall and make your eyes reflect the water? Why was the rain dancing? . . . Millions of tears, wept from the clouds—tossed and blown apart . . .

And suddenly you realize just how alone you are. Darkness is impenetrable. Turn on the light. Find someone!

Lights snapped on . . . A startling sensation of sunlight, but the sun has not returned . . .

"You'd better go to bed now. Your sisters and brothers are in bed."

"I'd like to say goodnight to Mom first, Dad."

Granted permission—pats on the head—and reassurance from departing people.

"Good night, Mommy."

. . . No reply . . . Close the lid . . .

The little boy went upstairs and watched from his window as the men carried the coffin to the car, covering it carefully so the rain could not get in.

Gwen Davis '50

A Song Suspended

(Written after reading of a lynching in the Deep South)

They all asked me
with their black bodies rocking gently,
Why . . . it rained
pearly teeth
silken laughter
and a whip named silence
and why . . .
the bulging eyes
remained leering
always.

I could not answer
I saw only how beautiful
were those wine colored bodies
swinging there . . .
with the dusky land
behind
and in my ears a song
of mingled tears and choked whispers.

Long ago
a wisp of black hair in my face
and voices deep and husky
chanting
now . . . . . a thin
snake-like stream
of warm blood
creeping along a sterile land
and a black night
coming tenderly
to soothe those tired bodies
and on those full lips
a song
suspended . . . . .

Barbara Hurwich '49



Blind Joe

It is a cold dull day, and the dirty stores seem as poor as the people walking by them. Next to a fish shop, reeking from the smell of stale dried herring and cod, Joe Raines sits on the cold cement holding out his cup for people to drop their pennies in. He is a tiny man with little dead, mouselike eyes that peek out over a small pointed nose. His hair is the color of dirty grey, and so long that his ears can hardly be detected under it. He is old and wrinkled. All his features put together make him seem like a scared rabbit looking for a place to hide from a ferocious dog that is chasing him. His little body is all folded up under the mouselike features, and he sits quietly, lost and alone, as if every friend in the world had left him.

The evening comes, and he returns to his weather-beaten shack which is in an even poorer section of the town. There he finds his wife washing their clothing. After a meager supper he goes to bed and wakens again to go through the same thing, sitting patiently outside the fish store and selling his little yellow pencils.

Beverly Blasberg '52

Morning

The sun had just barely awakened and begun to stretch his thin fingers over the treetops, lighting the sky dimly with a rosy shimmer. The yellow and scarlet beams reached higher, pulling the sun's golden head up over the rim of the horizon just high enough to give the sleeping earth one warm wink. The grass still sparkled with dew. The chill morning breeze ran lightly through the bushes as though to awaken them. The lake, deep as the trees, wrinkled its clear brow as the soft wind brushed over its face. The high grasses swayed slightly, and a small elflike child stepped into the sunlight. He was dressed in a blue smock which reached to his knees, and a little round raincap which kept his straw-blond hair from getting wet. He also wore brown rubber boots, and held a silver pail on his arm. With a cautious look around him he stepped forward as though in search of something. There . . . He must have seen it, for he skipped away towards the yellow daffodils that grew near the brook.

Picking up a twig, he poked one daffodil after another, always holding the little pail up to catch something which fell from the blossoms. Then suddenly from behind the rushes sprang two more blue-clad elves, and then more and more until at last they were everywhere, laughing merrily and clanging their silver pails against the pebbles. Each one worked hard collecting the bright round pearls from each flower and grass blade. By the time the sun was comfortably seated on the highest tree they had finished their work. All the dew was collected. Then, as the warm sun beamed down upon them, they scampered off happily and disappeared into the deep grass.

Bamsi Houtermans '49

A Myth of My Own

San Isidro, the God of the center of the earth, makes it possible for us to have water. He has big tanks of water with very big tubes reaching the highest parts of the mountains. When he thinks the earth needs water, he opens the tanks of water above the clouds and lets the water fall down in the form of rain. As soon as we are very wet, the person representing him on the earth says:

"San Isidro, Labrador,
Quita el agua y pon el sol."

Then San Isidro closes the tanks and goes back into the center of the earth.

Klaus Wolff
Grade 6

Why the Elephant Has Its Trunk

Long ago at the time of Noah's Ark, an elephant named Mr. Shay was told that he and his family had to get into the Ark. They wondered how they were to take their belongings along with them. They asked everybody. Soon they came to the wise man. His suggestion was that they make a trunk. But how? It was finally decided that they would carry their belongings in their noses. But they discovered that they would not fit, and so they put their food and water there instead.

One day on the Ark some dust found its way into Mr. Shay's nose, and he sneezed. The hyena, his worst enemy, was standing near him, and when he sneezed the water went all over him.

An elephant still has its trunk, although it doesn't carry any clothes in it.

Mallory Schubart
Grade 6

Companion Pictures

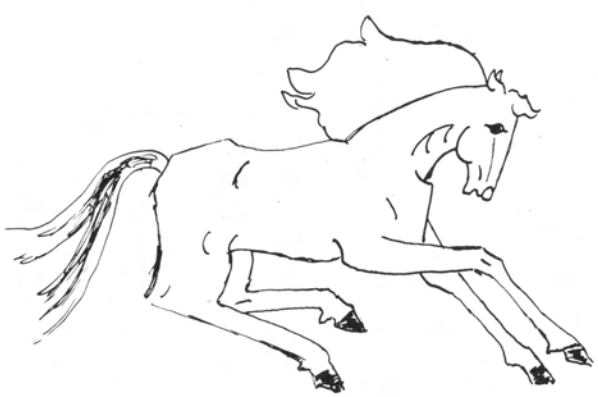
Things I Like to See

A galloping horse on a rainy day;
A bubbling brook in spring;
The sun setting in fall;
Trees waving in the breeze;
A soap box politician in a pouring rain;
A soldier walking on the street in peace time.

Sounds I Like to Hear

Balmy breezes in the shade;
Running feet in the dark on a mystery program;
The shot of a gun in the night;
The crack of a pistol in the movies;
The swing music at a square dance.

Renata Adler
Paul Riesman
Grade 6



Drawing
Majella Morin
Grade 7



The Maple Tree

The maple sheds its golden leaves.
Some blow to the sand, some to the seas.
And the maple stands, stripped of all its splendor,
Blackened by the soot of the old train's tender.
When the autumn comes back again,
The maple stands in glory in the glen.
The gold and the yellow and the red so bright
Makes the maple in autumn a wonderful sight.

Story and drawing
John Corigliano
Grade 6

The Promenade

Hustle and bustle were all over girls' quarters because today was the Prom. We had rest hour for two hours. Then we took baths. After that we went to supper. We rushed through supper and ran upstairs. First we took out our curlers. Then we got dressed. We told each other how pretty we looked. The boys came and gave us our flowers. I got pink carnations, two of them. They were beautiful. First we did the Grand March. Then we danced and danced. Our refreshments were ice cream and cup cakes and punch. I had the best time of my life. I put my flowers in a book so I can remember my first Prom.

Sandra Friend
Grade 5

Katydids

In the fall we kept hearing "Katydid. Katy-didn't" every night when we tried to go to sleep. "Chilly" showed us pictures of Katydids and told us how they make their music. Then one day we went on a hike in the field and found a real Katydid. Mr. Zuber found another one and sent it to us so we had a pair. We then named ourselves "Katydids" and decided we wanted our Classroom green to go with our name. We had a hard time finding the right green. The next problem was to find a color to go with our green so we asked "Chilly," Andy, and Mrs. Smith to help us. In the end we took Mrs. Smith's idea and used a soft pink. We like our classroom very much.

Katydid Juniors

Bates, Natalie
(New York City)
Braunstein, Gary
(New York City)
Karlsson, Karl Henrik
(Sweden)
Kinzler, Stuart
(Norwalk, Conn.)
Reisman, Lucy
(Chicago, Illinois)
Weiss, Jeffrey
(New York City)

Katydid Seniors

Fuchs, Edward
(New York City)
Iny, Henry
(Iraq)
Levin, Adrienne
(New York City)
Reisman, Jenny
(Chicago, Illinois)
Sokolower, Irene
(New York City)
Schnabel, Susan
(Rowayton, Conn.)
Schubart, Linda
(New York City)
Trilling, Richard
(New York City)
Wolff, Carlos
(Bogota, Colombia)

We have taken trips to Pear Tree Point, Stamford Museum, Home Trust Bank, Rossner's Book Store, Austin's Dry Goods Store, New Canaan Five and Ten Cent Store, Hat Corporation of America in South Norwalk. We have many more trips planned.

We like best of all our morning meeting when "Chilly" lets us plan our work for the day. We have a "Head," a "Secretary," a "Head of Labor," and a "Judge," and we all work together like a small community.

The Katydids

The Cane and the Stocking

Once there was a cane and a stocking. They lived in a house. They were great friends.

One day they had a very terrible fight! They threw the dishes around the room. Two boys came into the room and one said, "Wow! This has gone far enough." The boys caught the cane and the stocking and ate them up.

You see they were only a cookie cane and stocking.

Gary Braunstein
Katydid Junior

Snow

The meadow was glistening with soft white snow,
The cold March winds were free to blow.
The children were bundled in warm snow suits,
And made a snowman with a hat and boots.

Story and drawing
Trudy Wofsey
Grade 5

A Turkey Sandwich

One day Tom Brooks went to a "Ham and Eggery" and asked for a turkey sandwich.

"Guess you will have to go out and shoot a turkey, son, if you want that kind of a sandwich here."

"I will," said Tom. So after eating a ham sandwich and having a glass of milk he went out. He went home to find "Shep" his dog. He looked for him in the woods, in the backyard, and everywhere. At last he found him in the basement. Tom said goodbye to his mother and took "Shep" off to hunt turkeys. Toward night they found and shot a large turkey.

For days and days Tom had turkey sandwiches, fried turkey, and turkey soup. He got all the turkey he wanted for once.

Jeffrey Weiss
Katydid Junior

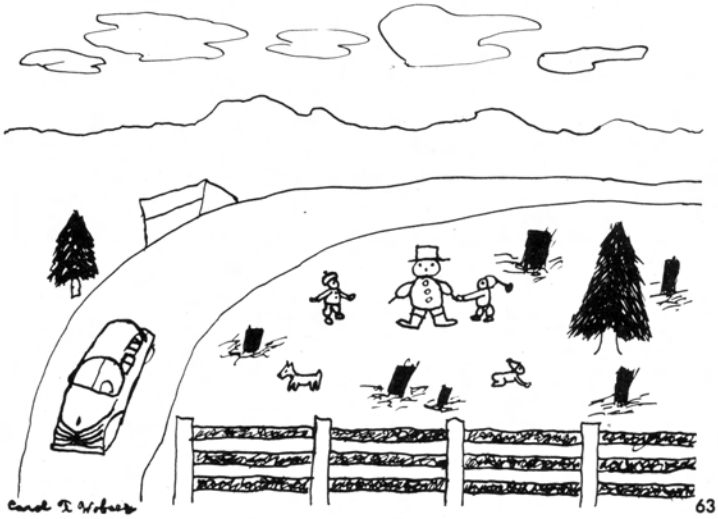
The Magic Oven

Once there was a man. He was a baker. There was a queen, and she said she would give the baker one hundred dollars if he would bake her some cakes and cookies. The poor baker only had a little flour left to cook with. He made a small cake and put it into the oven. Thirty-five minutes later he looked into the oven. It was full of cakes and cookies! The queen came in. "Have you got the cakes and cookies ready?" she asked.

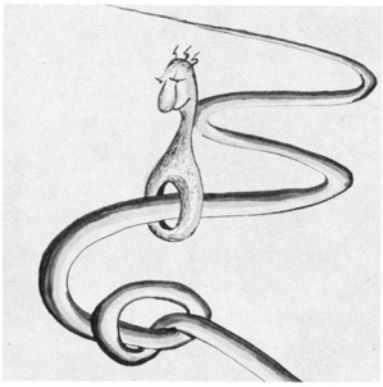
"Yes," he answered.

The queen gave the baker the money for the cakes. He then baked more cakes until he became very rich. Then he went to New York and bought a fine house and lived happily ever after. The End.

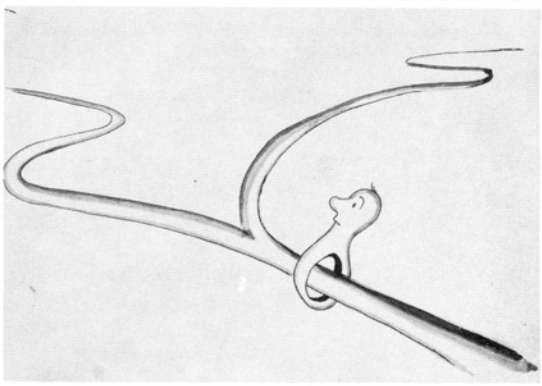
Lucy Riesman
Katydid Junior



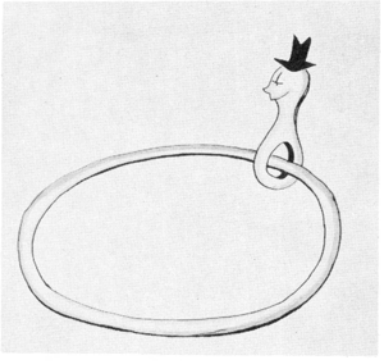
Why Is Why?



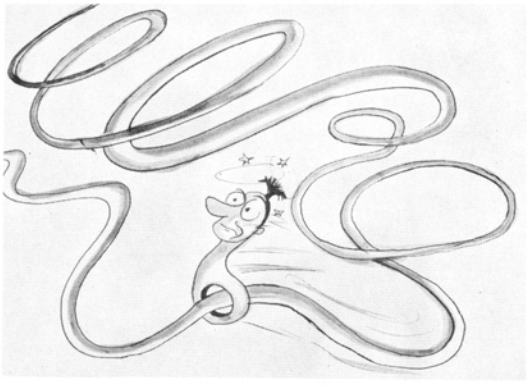
That's Life



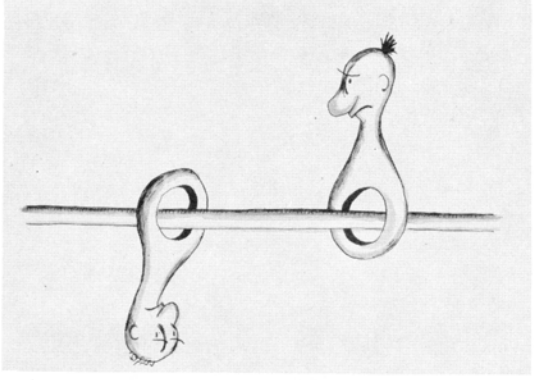
Decision



Mechanical Man



Confusion



Unwanted Meeting



Speedster

"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
They called me hyacinth girl . . . ."

T. S. Eliot, *"The Waste Land."*



Chris Felix



"Then I saw the Congo, creeping through
the black,

Cutting through the jungle with a golden
track."

Vachel Lindsay, *"The Congo."*

Eric Kahn



Eric Kahn

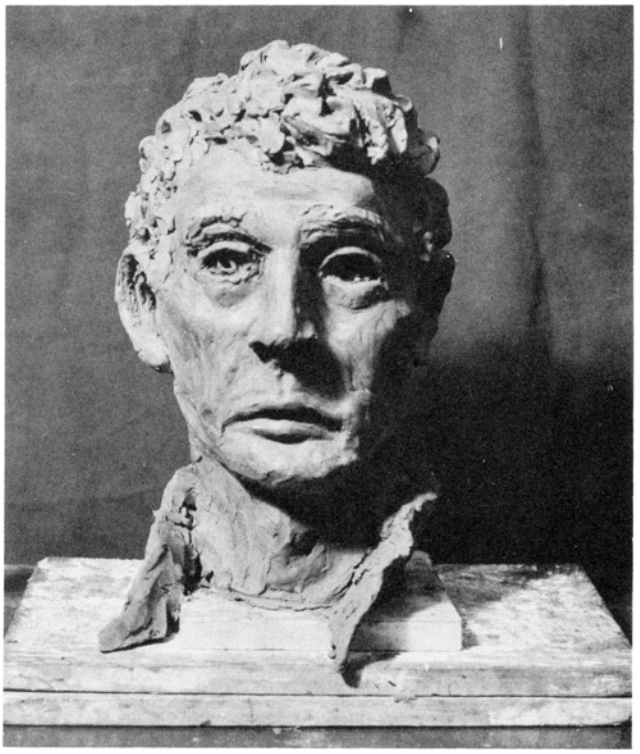
"The only singers now are crows crying . . . ."
Carl Sandburg



Jan Houtermans



Anne Bartlett



Harold Boris

Autographs

To Paul — for very good work in being a good friend to his horse and to me, and helping others enjoy their riding too. With love,
Verl Sturgis Crew

To Paul - whose good sportsmanship + all-round excellence has make him a nice guy to have in class. Good luck! from M. Keyshore

Oh Paul - it has been wonderful to have you near all year even tho I didn't have you as a pupil - Remember - give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you!
Elizabeth Church

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