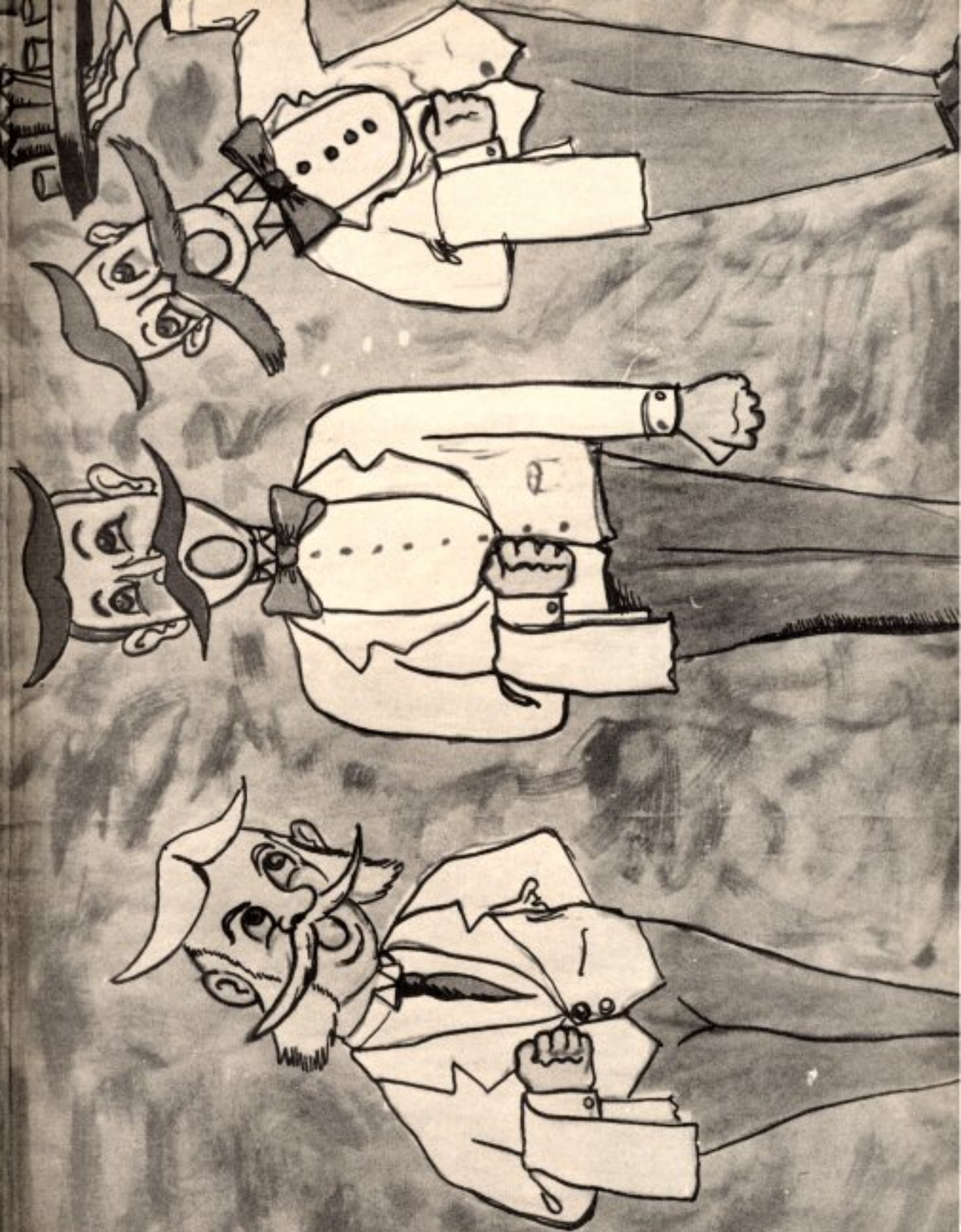


CHERRY PIT

1951







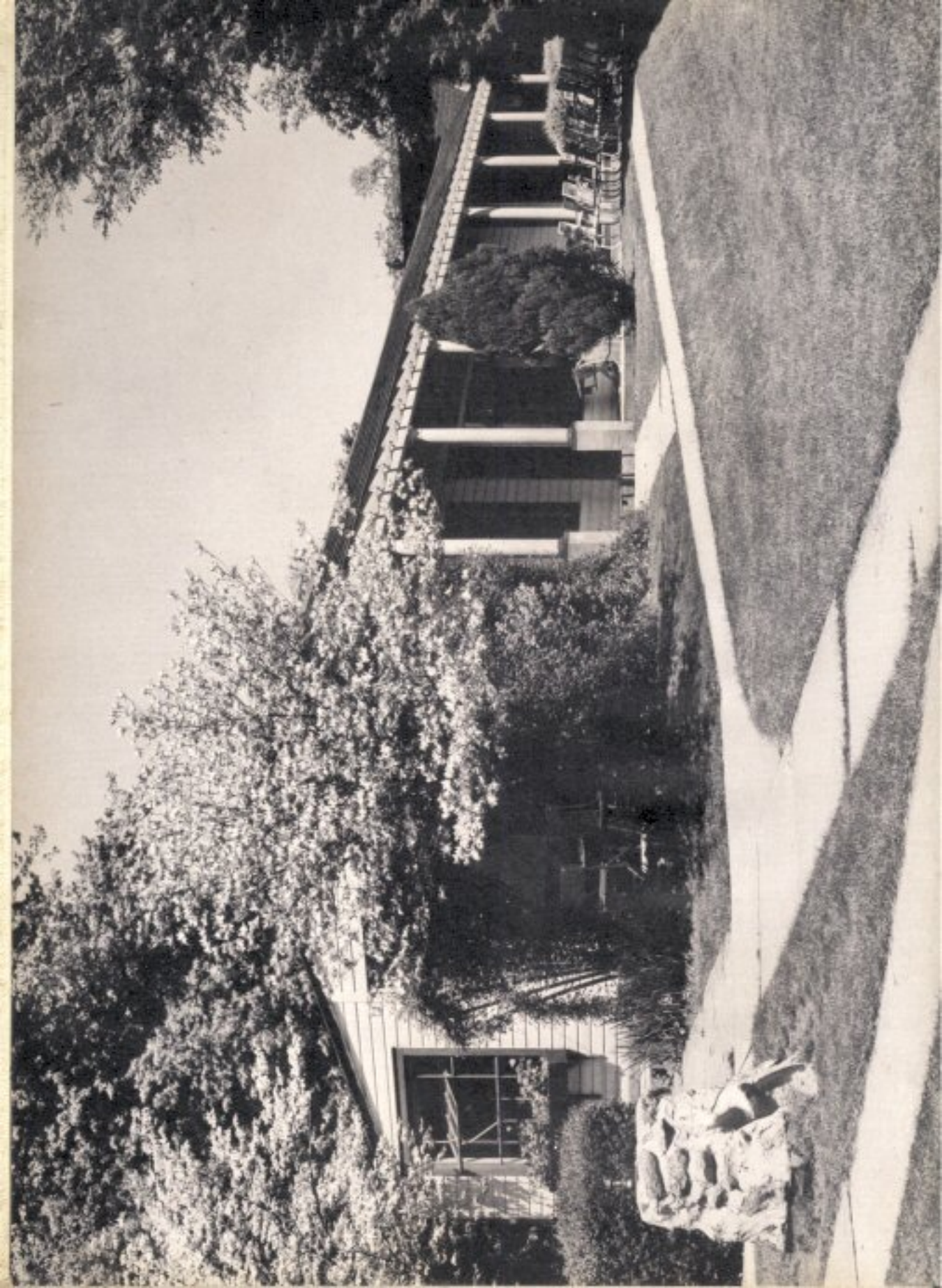
C
H
E
R
R
Y

P
I
T



1
9
5
1

Cherry Lawn School
Darien, Connecticut



STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....PAULA GREENBERG

Assistant Editor.....FELICE KNAPP

Literary Editor.....ALYCE DEGEN Art Editor.....DOROTHY BOBROW

Steph Chodorov

Jeri Seroy

Tony Silver

Lois Merdinger

Phya Feldman

Rita Palmer

Leslie Diamond

Alan Grossman

Susan Kley

Aline Stark

Ginger Chodorov

Joan Infeld

Jess Petchers

Jess Petchers

Phyllis Heith

Sandra Hochman

Photography Editor.....BERNARD BIALY

Production Editor.....WILMA KURZMAN

Publicity Editor.....DIANE WEISS Business Managers.....ALAN PAVEL

Anita Glöcer

LAZER GORN

Judy Sarner

Nancy Roberts

Pauline Skornicki

Marilyn Carneol

Faculty Adviser.....BYRNE MILLER
HILDA MADER

Although we cannot list the names of all members of the faculty and student body who have helped prepare the Cherry Pit, the Editor wants to acknowledge here the work of Mr. Dibble in art, Mr. Lally in editorial help, of David Brooks in photographic work, and of all the students who have contributed to this issue.



Dr. Christina Staël v.H. Bogoslovsky



My dear Seniors,

You belong to the generation which was born during the Depression, raised during the Second World War, and is "becoming grown-up" under the threat of the Atomic Bomb. As many as are your personalities, so many are the ways in which you are going to meet your future. Some of you dare not even think of the future, but live as much as possible in the moment.

As William Faulkner said when he received the Nobel Prize last December, "Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it." He goes on to say, "that the basest of all things is to be afraid." With this latter I do not agree; I know of many baser experiences. Fear may be a result of creative imagination and a sensitive anticipation of what might happen, but I do agree with Faulkner that "fear impairs the spirit." And fear is not really called for.

We know one thing certain: we all shall die. The span of our lives in this Age of Relativity, even less than formerly, cannot be measured in chronological years alone. We know some exquisite moments of enchantment as well as moments of terrifying anxiety which seem more alive than months of everyday living. In one day we can now span this continent which had never been crossed two centuries ago. With the help of modern inventions we can now in one week read, hear, or know the fates and lives of more people than our ancestors could have become acquainted with in a whole year. No one has ever known, and no one knows now how long his life will be. Our lives may vary in content, but in that respect we are alike. The question now, as then, is not how long will I live, but what do I do with each precious day?

Here I will again quote Faulkner who at the Nobel Celebration made one of the great speeches of the year. He says that Man is immortal "because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of the past."

But, I say to you, Seniors, soon to graduate from Cherry Lawn, do not wait until you become poets and writers. It is your human privilege, each in your small way, to lift your heart and rejoice at the courage, honor, hope, pride, compassion, endurance, pity, and sacrifice—and ponder each of these meaningful words—which all have been the glory of the past and which can become the glory of your lives.

The fact that your lives may be shortened should only mean that you are more apprehensive about squandering your time. It should compel you now to think of the homely, old fashioned virtues of duty, discipline. Discipline not meaning "imposed penance" but "quality or state of orderliness gained through self-control." (Lazer take note!)

Do not flee reality to playboy-land, to self indulgence-land. Grow up. Take pride in self-control, in maturity which is ability to work with others, and to give more than is required, in qualities of becoming increasingly patient and dependable.

Do not be so worried about life being cut short that you do not live at all—do not resort to the escapist's frantic clutching at sensuous pleasures which are not real life. May you acquire the fortunate wisdom and great luck to be able "to wonder afresh," "the energizing sense of the wonder of the world" which as Donald Adams put it "is a greater gift than the proverbial silver spoon." If you do not keep alive this ability "to sense the magic moment," to wonder at man and at nature, you will reduce your living to a kind of vegetating without even knowing it.

The danger in our contemporary way of living with its false standards of selfish, momentary indulgence is not the atomic bomb which in the future may cut it short, but that now already we are cutting short the spiritual aspects of our lives so that as Donald Adams says: "the animals whom we refer to as brute creation have made in many important respects a better use than we of the world they share with us." (Reference to Nalle, Alan take notice.)

My parting advice to you is, do not waste your time fearing something which may not happen. Fear your inclinations to do less than is required, to be satisfied with the flighty and the mediocre, to be inconsiderate of others (friends, teachers, and parents are "others" too).

"Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks." May God grant you your prayers and keep you, and bless you always.

Christina Stael v.H. Bogoslovsky

THE CHERRY LAWN CREDO

I believe that we are now living in this world. I do not know how or why the world began; nor have I been interested for many years in finding an answer to that problem. I do not know whether there is a future life after we leave this world, nor does that question trouble me.

The more I study the world, the more I believe that it is slowly becoming a better place to live in. I believe that it is incumbent on each of us to do what in us lies to improve the world. I believe that there is no happiness to be gained in doing anything else.

I believe that it is happiness to do well whatever we do; to create anything that satisfies our creative instinct; to act so as to give pleasure to others; to live in accord with our own conscience; to love so that others will be benefited and none injured by our love; to work for the joy of work, expecting and receiving the financial rewards of our work as our due not our motive; to play, dance, sing, and read for the joy that is each of these activities.

I believe that sorrow and joy come to each of us; that, though these are not evenly distributed, we learn in joy and in sorrow so to live that the world is better for our having lived, and that is our happiness.

DR. FRED GOLDFRANK
December 14, 1930



MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG
Senior Adviser

"I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart which shall not be put out."

—The Apocrypha



MR. L. HAROLD LALLY
Senior Adviser

"Life is just one damn thing after another."

—Frank Edward O'Malley





BERNARD BIALY

"Bernie"

*"That indolent but agreeable condition
of doing nothing."*

—Anonymous

DOROTHY ELLEN BOBROW

"Bunny"

*"Art is long, but artists frequently are
short."*

—"Poor Richard Jr.'s Almanack"



PATRICK BROSDAHAN

"Pat"

*"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and
therefore let's be merry."*

—George Wither

DONALD LEWIS FREEMAN

"Red"

"There was never a saint with red hair."
—Russian Proverb



ANITA GLOCER

"Neetie"

*"She is . . . not onely the fairest floure
in our garland, but also she is all the
faire flowers thereof."*

—John Heywood

HOWARD FREYBERG

"Howie"

*"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis women, women, rule us still."*
—George Moore



LAZER GORN

"Wamba"

*"Action may not always bring happiness;
But there is not happiness without action."*

—Benjamin Disraeli



PAULA M. GREENBERG

"Katzenjammer"

*"Beware when the great God lets loose
a thinker on this planet."*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

ALAN GROSSMAN

"Gropup"

*"A man must not swallow more beliefs
than he can digest."*

—Havelock Ellis





GEORGE S. INY
"The Mad Persian"

"Of ragged colt there cometh a good horse."

—John Heywood

CHARLES DANIEL JASON
"Skip"

*"When men are easy in themselves,
 They let others remain so."*

—Anthony A. Cooper



HARVEY R. KAPLAN
"Harve"

*"There is no force so democratic as the
 force of an ideal."*

—Calvin Coolidge





FELICE KNAPP

"Flea"

"She has an hour-glass figure, and she waits but a minute for what she wants."

—Anonymous

BERNARD KLOTZ

"Bernie"

"I am as sober as a judge."

—Henry Fielding



WILMA KURZMAN

"Willie"

"All men are bores, except when we want them."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

ALAN PAVEL

*"I abhor the dull routine of existence . . .
I crave for mental exaltation . . ."*

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle



RITA HELENE PALMER

"Chickie"

*"In quietness and in confidence shall be
your strength."*

—Old Testament, Isaiah



NICHOLAS PETRIDES

"Nick"

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

—Horace Smith



JUDITH LOUISE SARNER

"Judy"

"Stir it up with a spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter."

—Jonathan Swift



ALINE STARK

"We will take the good will for the deed."

—Anonymous

PAULINE SKORNICKI

"Ease with dignity."

—Latin phrase





NORA LOEWENSTEIN TANN

"Quiet as a mouse."

—Calvin Coolidge

LARRY A. TRON

"The man who is prepared has his battle half fought."

—Miguel De Cervantes



DIANE WEISS

"Deenie"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

—Old Testament



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



Although Becker, Scheville, and Muzzey, have plodded through the annals of written history, it is certain that they could find no record comparable with the history of the Class of '51. These historical though ungodly incidents can be traced back to cave man instincts, moans, grunts, and simian ancestry.

Our freshmen year was highlighted by the pranks peculiar to any lower classmen. English classes, held on the Swedish Pavilion terrace, were usually rather lively, especially when Pavel would pick one of the monstrous mint leaves growing along the side of the terrace and dash around fiercely, screeching, "I'll smash you with a mint leaf." Some of the hardier members of the class remember ducking the little white pellets thrown in science class whenever side comments were made. We also remember waiting for Tom and Ken to drive up in the "Green Monster" which invariably broke down half way to school. We would be lined up on the road or swinging from the trees, wielding war clubs made from the bones of "Oscar," our old broken-down skeleton. Sometimes the bell rang before the planned onslaught could be carried out, and then on we would march to torture "Brooksie," who was our adviser, algebra teacher, and first class project. We worked like dogs to marry her off, but never could quite succeed. However, we were able to torment her by putting the



tracks of baby feet all over the blackboard. Ancient history with Mr. Zuber was always exciting and to fight the Spartan War was our greatest desire. Almost all of us were arrayed on Athen's side; then, along came Red eulogizing the Spartans and fighting a one-man battle. In the middle of winter the faculty told us that we were not working hard enough. Consequently, we decided to have a class project. Salvaging stuff from the wrecked greenhouse, we built an extension to the Science Room. What ever became of it we do not know. Perhaps it is the new part of the Bluebird Room. We worked hard during classes and study halls and rewarded ourselves by having the "Hamburger Boys" bring chocolate milk and hamburgers. Without them we might not have pulled through.

In our Sophomore year we were properly named the "Wise Fools," though most of the time people forgot to use the word "Wise." We studied A TALE OF TWO CITIES, and were constantly reminded of Madame Defarge, by having our names knitted into the faculty "Black-List." Nevertheless, we saved face by producing a "College Night," whose like was never seen before and will never be seen again.

Out of the "bio" classroom, screams of pain coming from Red being beaten by Lola, would float over the campus, and in the "bio" room itself the smell of dead animals (many of them Sophomores) and of fire extinguishers would pervade the air. Came spring, and artificial respiration was taught under the trees. There, in the warm sunshine we





learned how to save the lives of unlucky Cherry Lawners who chanced swimming in the "Lake."

Every year there is a period during the week that a class always finds especially entertaining. During our Junior year, it was every other Saturday during the fourth period. The procedure would be something like this: "Come to order. Come to order! Jud, do you have anything to say?" "Yes, I would like to appoint a committee to appoint a committee to appoint a sub-committee to take care of Albert and his Crocodiles."

The "Winter Reading Period" came, and a Flea decided to go to California by mule train. Unfortunately the train broke down at Rockville Center following the precedent set by the notorious Long Island Railroad.

In the Springtime, someone's fancy turned to thoughts of building, and under Lazer's guidance, "The Project" got under way.

On the morning of May 10, 1950, the Juniors were allowed to have a cup of coffee in the dining room! What brought about this phenomenon? Nothing but the Scholastic Aptitude Tests, which were to be taken later on that morning. After the three grueling hours of testing we all met at Gus' and discussed.

However, those tests were merely an entrée for our Senior year. We started off by writing our autobiographies and then just to add to the spice of life, and to make for a more colorful Christmas, we were given that infamous green vocabulary book assignment. Though we tried to procrastinate, it proved to be of no avail. The "Lal" remained adamant and on January 3, 1951, at 3 A.M. the echo of scratching pens could still be heard in the halls of Manor House, plowing through the last of the assignment.

"Write down your home address, not your school address," boomed the proctor at Stamford High School, so that we can send your marks home." "But I live in Persia," someone pleaded in a weary voice, and climaxed the morning's tests.

During the Winter Reading Period a group of Seniors had a most interesting week studying for College Achievement Tests. Every hour on the hour we were entertained by Harvey playing "Scheherezade" on the victrola; consequently, the Seniors haven't listened to it since. Other things were done, however, such as learning how not to be taken in by plural objects and studying all sorts of things in english, history, and languages. As a bang-up ending for the vacation, the whole group of us traipsed over to Lazer's house, and Alan and Paula dished up a lush supper. Meanwhile, the rest of the group was entertained by our one and only "Bun Bun the Burlesque Queen."

The Easter vacation changed the map(s) of Cherry Lawn from winter paleface to Florida injun. We hope your memories of us, dear Seniors-to-be, will not fade as fast.



ANYTHING FOR THE CHERRY PIT?





Cheer up girls, you can
erase it!



¡Que pasó!



What're our babies up to now?



Look what I'm going back to
Ireland in —



Can a Flea exceed a
giant's might
Because the former can
the latter bite?



"The Machine Song"



Who says "Flair"
is dead.



One-Armed
Venus



You wouldn't
kid me!



Did you get a
check from home
too?



Get in the act kids.



Bet they aren't talking
shop!

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of '51, being slightly sound of mind but sometimes suffering from mental aberrations, have cleared our minds long enough to inscribe our Last Will and Testament. We dedicate the latter to those friends who have stood by to help us through all our trials and tribulations, and have prepared us for later life.

Bernie B. leaves early.

Bun-Bun leaves trailing clouds of paint, brushes, and klieg lights.

Pat leaves Boys' House without Irish soda bread.

Red leaves his knowledge of Swedish history to whoever does not know an answer.

Howie leaves Dr. Staël to answer the question.

Anita leaves Stein House boys without their "one and only."

Lazer leaves all wound-up.

Paula leaves her reticence to Mr. Lally.

Allan G. leaves, learning "Bon jour," "Buenos dias," "Au revoir."

George leaves with his Scholastic Aptitude scores still traveling to Persia.

Skippy leaves to join the rest of the Scotch.

Harvey leaves "Scheherezade."

Bernie K. leaves till "judgment day."

Felice leaves her vivacity to Helene Lorberbaum.

Wilma leaves Cherry Lawn Schmoo-less.

Rita leaves, still "Huehnchen."

Alan P. leaves squeezing juice.

Nick leaves with a big M-O-A-N.

Judy leaves The Store closed.

Pauline leaves the school with a bed-lamp and "Muzzey" tucked under her blanket.

Aline leaves late.

Nora leaves her squeak to Tony Silver.

Larry leaves with a roar of mufflers.

Diane leaves all of the students walking to the games.

The Class of '51 leaves Cherry Lawn without a fleet of limousines.





EIGHTH GRADE

*"Every step is an end, and every step is
a fresh beginning."*

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe



BRUCE ADAMS



ISAAC RODRIGUEZ



JULIE COHN



MR. LUDWIG ZUBER



NYLA MILLER



LEWIS SHOMER



GLADYS COHEN



MALLORY SCHUBART



MAX WARTSKI



SANDRA NEUER



ROBERT PENSON



NANCY JO HARRIS



JOYCE PENZINER



J U N I O R S



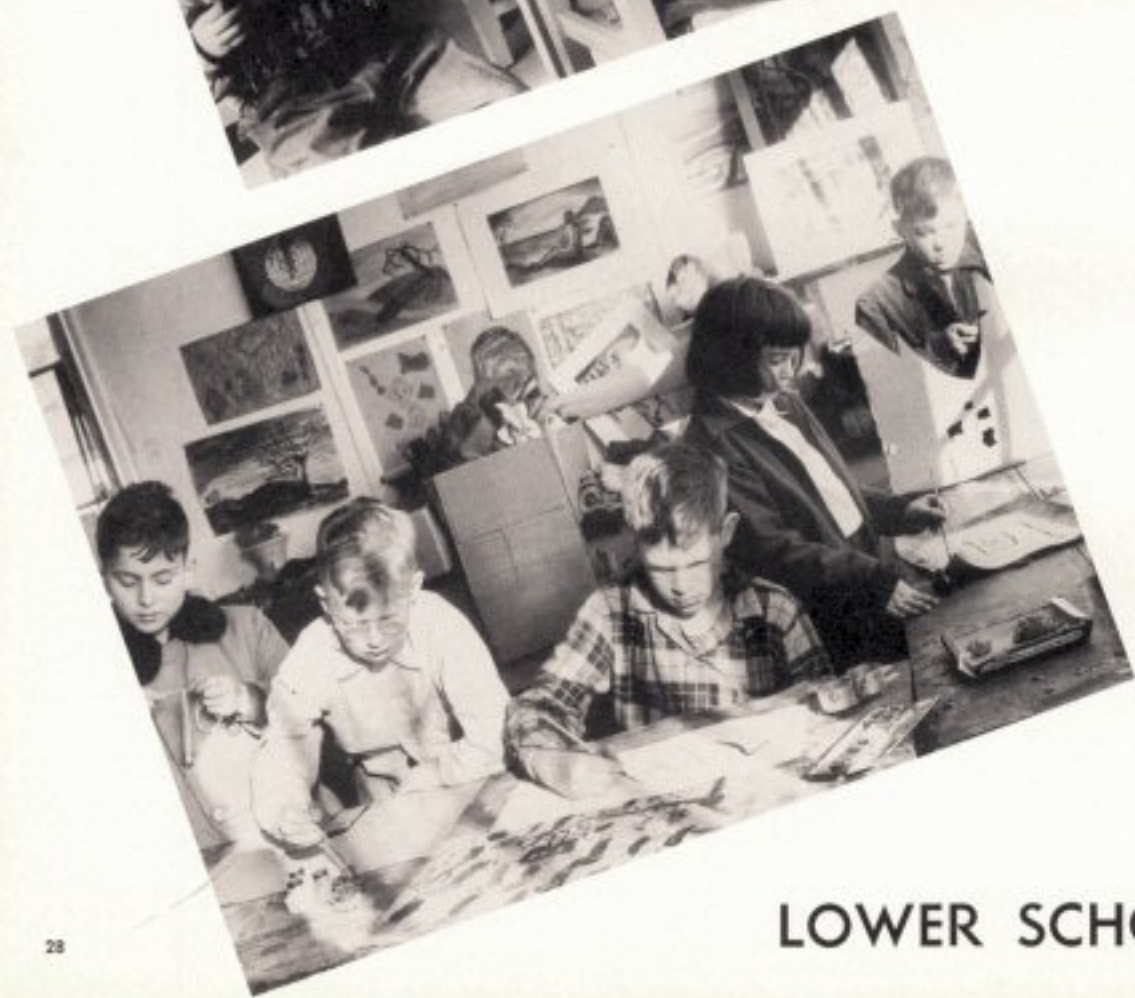
SOPHOMORES



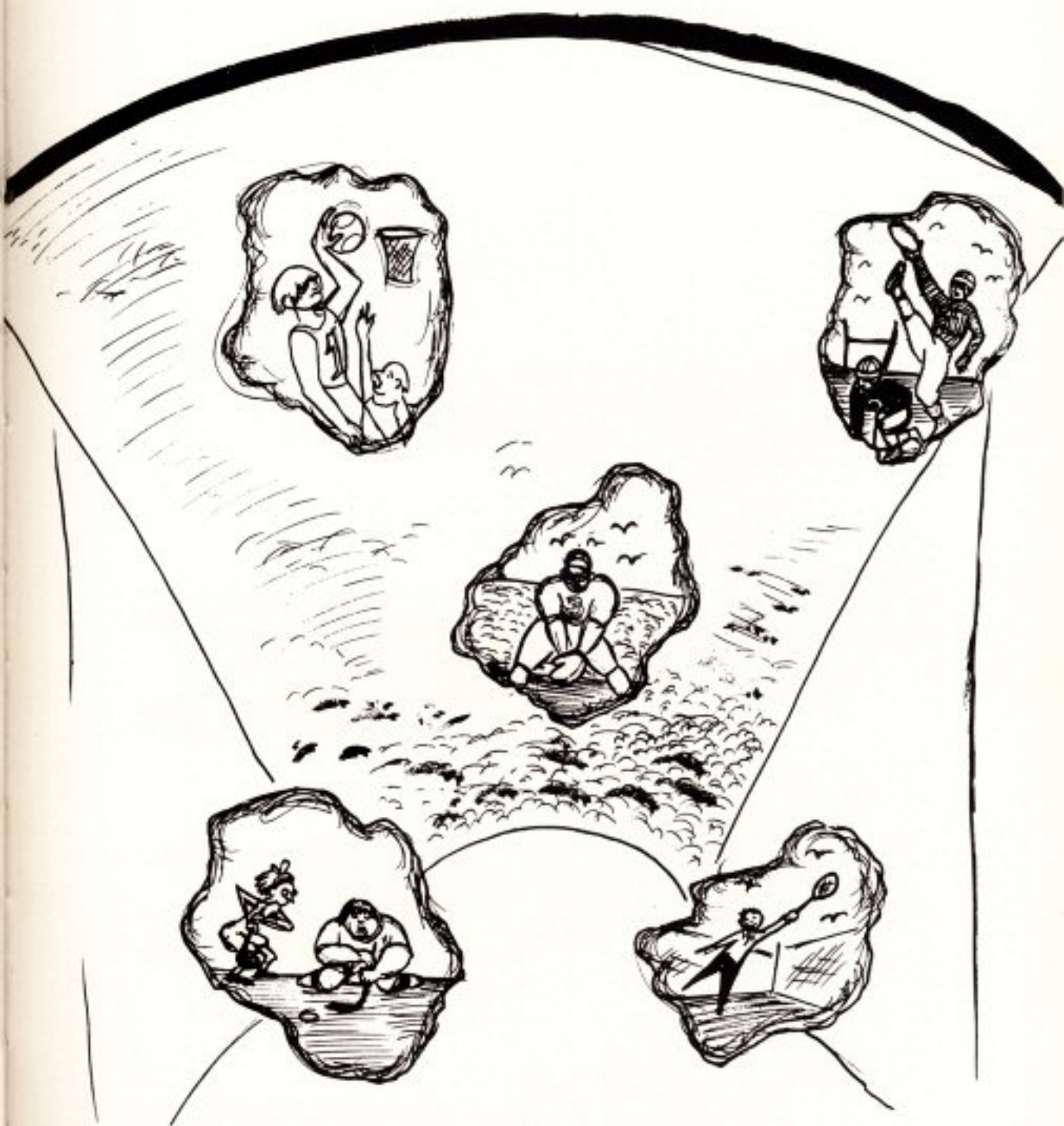
F
R
E
S
H
M
E
N



LOWER SCHOOL



LOWER SCHOOL



ACTIVITIES

July five met
and they go a
the altitude
with, a sopho
g, Ohio, who
game at the
ed 11 points
(no relation

In, is the only
moment, Heb
rest of th
made up
Weber, a 5
Niles, Ohio
against Rutgers
may have wo
all-state pre
ago and wa
with the Ya
Top freshmen
hara, 8-3 from
averaged 13
shots. He, to
thru, with
another soph
forward
from Ruthe
er sophmo
live starts

4 Warren, B
Abigail
relatives,
head and a
ceed" the b
its main
"Church" C
New Cana

Coach Collins spoke about "What Makes a Football Player", emphasizing that size, speed and strength, while they could certainly be valuable assets in the game, were not necessarily the winning points. He listed several All-America players who had made football history, and while lacking size and speed, more than compensated by their courage and ability to the team and quick thinking.

Leonard Davis, recreation director in Tipton and well known official in this area, spoke on the face of this official is football. In promoting the athletic events to members of the town, Davis then pointed out that it was the eleven boys who played the match, the eleven who played in the field would not be a lot to have.

The remarkable improvement in offensive and defensive play, as the coach's program was cited by Coach Gannon, who stated that the best player of the season was against King School. The season's record was:

Dayton 13, Cherry Lawn 58
Darion 2, Cherry Lawn 6
Kings 6, Cherry Lawn 12
Darion 3, Cherry Lawn 27

Players who received their letters were: Pat Brownstein and Donald (Red) Freeman, co-captains, and Richard Bonine, Howie Freyberg, Glenn Isaacson, Charles



head and a
ceed" the b
its main
attitude. C

The King School basketball team will make its initial start of the season on Thursday meeting the powerful Cherry Lawn squad in a 3 o'clock game at Columbus Hall.

Cherry Lawn, coached by John Gannon, was undefeated in Southern Connecticut Private School League play last year, and will be making a determined bid to retain the title. In five games to date, the Lawners have dropped close decisions to Staples High and the University of Bridgeport Javvies, while romping over Kohat, University School and Cherry Lawn.

The Kluzmen have an 11-man squad working out under coach Clifford Hankin. Among returnees from last year are Bob Ford, who was high scorer; Jack Butler, a six-three center; and Bob Tvers. Jim Wechsler, and Carl Thelen. Other candidates include Fred Lione, Bill Meyer, Donald Price, Larry Scofield, Steve Levine, and Wally Frye. The team will be managed by Mike Amalfitano.

Jan. 11-Cherry Lawn, H
18-Detroit, A
24-Kelton, H
26-Edgewood, A
30-Brunswick, A
Feb. 30-Cherry Lawn, A
13-Edgewood, H
13-St. Luke's, H
21-Daycroft, H
Mar. 1-Brunswick, H



brookside Road boys play-
best game of the season
a powerful offensive
long and coordinated
the play. The two factors
to plenty of muscle and
made the team interesting
a score at first half
own yards 50 yards
a Howie Graybe back-
rom two yards out; and
period, fullback Skip
his eighth touch down

Hold Award
At Cherry L

The Tenney Lawn
its first combined fo
hockey banquet in
last night.

Robert Baisley, music department head, was the emcee for the ceremonies, and he introduced Charles "Chuck" Coombs, principal of Canaan High School, as the main speaker. Coombs spoke on "what a football player."

In presenting athletic to members of the football team, Coach John Gannon remarked on the remarkable improvement in the play of the Cherry Lane football team as the season progressed.

Players who received letters were Co-Capt. P. Han, Co-Capt. Donald Richard Bonham, Heberg, Glenn Isaacson, Jason, Bernie Klotz, A Nick Petrides, Dave Siff, Wolkenberg. The sub included George Iny, and Jerry Cantor. Manager Tony Silver letters.

standings: Coach John Oannon, Skip Jason, Dave Siff, Al Himmelrich, Bernie Klotz, Lou Waltherburg, Kipull Co. Pat Brown.

tion, Red Freeman, Nick Petrides, Howie
Freiberg, Tony Silver. Wednesday's 45-
52 victory over Fitch School d.
Groton, the Cherry Lawn team
defeated Edgewood of Groton
with 54-29 last night.

Cherry Lawn managed to ek out a three-point advantage in the half, and then went on to win on a team effort. Pat Bruhanahan with 16, and Howie Freyberg and Nick Petrides with 1 point each paced the Cherry Lawn scoring. Devitt tallied

Cherry Lawn hoopsters continued their extremely successful sport season by turning out one of the best maroon-and-white squads in record. Having only two regulars and hold-overs from last years' winning quintet, they rounded out a starting combination with Nick Petrides as captain and high-scoring center, veterans Red Freeman and Howie Freyberg playing forward and guard positions respectively, Pat Brosnahan and Bernie Matz, two newcomers, taking over the other slots. After a shaky start which saw them lose to Bridgeport freshmen and Staples within their first four games, the preppers started a ten-game win streak by upsetting Staples in a return match. This gain and a hard-fought victory over St. Basil's rate among the best achievements of the season for



Cherry Lawn Ends Season With 54-53 Triumph

The Cherry Lawn basketball team upset previously unbeaten Staples of Westport, 54 to 53, last night at the Darien High School Gym.

Facing the same team which defeated them by five points earlier in the season the Maroon and White overcame a four-point

deficit. Danny Selkowitz, Joe Friedman, Steph Chodorov, Richard Bonine, Elliott Heath, Mark Kaplan, Keefeing, Freddy Laskoff, Sam Lysak, Bobby Pregel, Mike Hornberg, Sam Yohai.

Lawn drew first blood down field some 85 yards for an interception, and when Nick Petrides caught as in the end zone. This 6-0 was short-lived, however, Daycroft recovered a fumble and went 50 yards to score. The second period, Skip Jagot a pichout from Quarterback Pat Brannahan and tallied a long run by Howie Freyberg. The third quarter, Cherry Lawn's basketball team, 15-13, at halftime. The Maroon and White overcame a four-point

The four teams to determine which facilities teams take for the Greenwich has for the handling apiece. Daycroft got evacuated to nearby areas version. The Maroon scored on Jason's kick down as he returned kick 80 yards for the win of the game.

A chilly but crowded was led by cheerleaders Arlene Ogus, Leslie Sloane, Mariel Fisch, Nan Judy Sagner, Alyce Givan Bagg and Sandra.

This inaugural game member of the 22-member club with the potrun, coupled with st by Dave Wolkenberg, Red Freeman, Nick Glenn Isaacson and I.

Because of several games in its previous game with Brunswick was hard put for and most of their entire game.

Cherry Lawn Wins Over Saint's, 54-50

The St. Basil's Prep victory streak was snapped after five games last night, when the Cherry Lawn quintet captured its sixth consecutive triumph, 54 to 50.

The Cherry Lawn leaders, playing on their home court, gained an early lead, 15 to 13, in the first quarter. At halftime, the Maroon and White were leading 15 to 13.

Each household will be asked to fill in a questionnaire which will show the number of persons, number of rooms and beds in the house, extra rooms and beds, supplies of mattresses and bedding, water supply, bathroom facilities, a toilet, a bathtub, and whether or not persons in the household are trained in first aid.

Jack A. T. Brown, public information officer, said that it is mandatory for all persons on civil defense duty to become trained in First Aid, but that it is urged that as many citizens as possible also take the training. Self sufficiency is vital, he said.

He also reported that under the Emergency Welfare division of which Edward C. Ives is the chief, surveys of food and clothing resources in the community are being made.

Vehicle tires use about 70 percent of the rubber consumed in

Cherry Lawn Five Defeats Edgewood For 2nd Loop Win

By SAMMY YOHAI

Cherry Lawn's basketball quintet ran over Edgewood of Greenwich, 54-42 on Friday for the second league win in as many starts. Boosting their over-all record to 7-2 with five wins in season, the defending champions dominated the play throughout the rough affair.

The game was fairly close the first two quarters, with the scores 15-11 and 23-20 in favor of the locals. The third stanza, however, saw Maroon and White open the door through a series of first breaks that Brannahan led the Cherry Lawn offensive with 16, while Howie Freyberg and Brannahan followed with 12 and 11 respectively. Edgewood closed the gap to six by the end of the shooting of Marty Laskoff, John Devitt and Bob Mead, the former leading the Maroon with 20 points.

The threat was quickly quashed, however, as Freyberg rebounded Brannahan, Freyberg and Petrides and Klota's play making played the way for the 54-42 triumph.

The box scores:

Cherry Lawn		
	G.	P.
Klota, If	4	2
Jason, If	0	0
Freyberg, If	5	2
Petrides, c	6	0
Siff, c	1	0
Brannahan, Ig	7	2
Freeman, Ig	0	2

Cherry Lawn Nets 96 Points In Win Over Kohut School

Returning to the win column with a bang, Cherry Lawn's big scoring basketball quintet trounced Kohut School in Harrison Friday night by a score of 96-48. The win was the 16th in 20 starts against the locals.

With Howie Freyberg and Pat Brannahan leading the way, the local prep school aggregate romped to the easy triumph without being pressed by the Whitecharters at any time. Freyberg who garnered 28 for the evening



Standing: Coach John Gannon, Bernie Klotz, Skip Jason, Nick Petrides, Dave Siff, Red Freeman, Al Himmelrich. Kneeling: Richard Bonime,

Howie Freyberg, Dave Walkenberg, Pat Brouman.



Left to right: Vivian Bagg, Dolly Lloyd, Alyce Degen, Sandy Hochman, Liz Sloane, Arlene Davis, Judy Lerner, Muriel Fisch, Helen Ogus.

(Nancy Roberts, one of our cheerleaders, unfortunately was away when this photograph was taken.)



Standing: Alan Pavel, Dave Walkenberg, Dave Siff, Al Himmelrich, Nick Petrides, Bernie Klotz, Howie Freyberg, Skip Jason, Dick Tort, Jess Petchers, Coach John Gannon. Sitting: Jerry Canfor, Mike Hamberg,

Richard Bonime, Glen Isaacson, George Jay, Red Freeman, Pat Brouman, Steph Chodorav, Joe Freedman, Larry Katz, Sam Levan, Elliot Meith. Foreground: Tony Silver.

The Maroon and White of Cherry Lawn turns to a new baseball season with confidence. Unfortunately specific information about the 1951 season is not available at the time of going to press.



"T-E-A-M yay team!" Ten lively Cherry Lawn girls jump and run off the field. That was the first game of the season. That day Cherry Lawners saw for the first time not only their own football team, but also a cheerleading squad to back them up.

At the beginning of the school year some of the girls came together and decided that even though Cherry Lawn got along without a cheerleading squad last year, a group of good cheerleaders would add spirit to the football and basketball games.

The day for the try-outs arrived. Almost three-fourths of the female population of Cherry Lawn had turned out. With a few exceptions none of these girls had ever been

cheerleaders before. They were taught one or two cheers and from their demonstrations, the girls' athletic coach selected the cheerleading squad. It was a truly exciting moment for the ten girls who were chosen.

The wonderful thing about the cheerleaders was that they learned from their mistakes. At first there was disorganization but the girls worked hard and cooperated with one another. The results were evident. They started with a few good cheers and as the year went along they perfected new ones that they had worked out together. Our cheers are not replicas of other schools; the cheerleaders developed a style of their own.



For the first time in its history Cherry Lawn has a football team. Of the unconditioned group of boys which faced Mr. Gannon on that first day of practice, only a few had any extensive knowledge of football or experience in playing it. However, our coach was not daunted by this. He was determined to mold a football team around the more experienced men. His first task was to get the boys into physical condition good enough to withstand the hard knocks of the game. He put the boys through some calisthenics for the first few practices. After a while they progressed to the point where they were ready to learn the various types of blocks and tackles; and finally to throw and receive a pass. Gradually the boys learned

the special skills of the positions for which they were best suited. Certain outstanding members of the squad began to emerge as regulars—Pat Brosnahan as quarterback, Skip Jason as fullback and Nick Petrides and Howie Freyberg as the halves. The first string line consisted of Bernie Klotz and Red Freeman as the ends, Dave Wolkenberg and Glenn Isaacson at the guard positions, Alan Pavel and Richard Bonime as the tackles, and Dave Siff playing center. The substitutes were Sam Levan, Joe Friedman, Steph Chodorov, George Iny, Jess Petchers, Alfred Himmelrich, Dick Tart, Mike Hamberg, Larry Katz, Sam Yohai, and Danny Salkowitz. Tony Silver was the team manager.



Left to right: Mallory Schubart, Helen Ogus, Muriel Fisch, Arlene Davis, Paula Greenberg, Nyla Miller, Diane Weiss, Alyce Degen,

Honey Serata, Anita Glocer, Dolly Lloyd, Bernice Weiss, Lois Merdinger, Judy Sarner, Lois Scheffres, Coach Jean Van Raalte.

One cool September afternoon at the very beginning of the school year, a large group of bright-eyed girls wearing maroon gym suits and carrying hockey sticks in their hands, walked onto the athletic field. At the sound of a whistle, the Varsity and Junior Varsity squad assembled eager to practice. Under the direction of Miss Jean Van Raalte, head of the girls' athletic department, the team held practices for a month before they finally played their first game. All during this month, the many heads bobbing up and down the field held but one thought. Each girl was determined to break the jinx that the hockey team has had for a long time. They were sure that this year they would win a game. The spirit shown by the team as well as the spectators was remarkable. However, in spite of all the spirit and determination each girl possessed, the Cherry Lawn team was unable to claim a victory.

Many members of the team had not played hockey in previous years and the sport was new to them. Miss Van Raalte chose some girls who, although they had potentialities, needed a great deal of training. The team members worked hard, and even though no game was won, a great deal was achieved. The girls learned how to work together as a group and learned fair play. The members of the Varsity were: center forward, Dolly Lloyd; right inner, Judy Sarner; left inner, Nyla Miller; right wing, Anita Glocer; left

wing, Arlene Davis; center half, Paula Greenberg; right half, Honey Serata; left half, Lois Merdinger; right fullback, Alyce Degen; left fullback, Diane Weiss; goalie, Bernice Weiss.

One of the highlights of the season was a field day at Arnold College to which the Cherry Lawn Hockey Team was invited. There the team was scheduled to play four games, after which star players were to be chosen from each team to participate in an all-star game. The team left school right after breakfast, but unfortunately, during their ride to Milford, it began to rain. When they finally reached their destination, it was raining slightly and because of the weather only one other school had shown up. The girls, not wanting Mr. Weather Man to get in their way, decided to play in spite of the wet field. By the time the half came, it was raining so hard that the referee had to stop the game. The Cherry Lawners walked off the field feeling rather proud, for they had actually won the game, although unofficially. At the half the score was 2-0, our favor.

The girls are already looking forward to next fall with thoughts of hockey in their minds and wondering if they will perhaps be able to satisfy their desire to break that jinx. I'd say that the one ambition of all the hockey players is to be able to come back from a game and say to their fellow schoolmates, "We won!"



THAT BALL GOT INTO THE GOAL, DIDN'T IT?





Standing: Nyla Miller, Alyce Degen, Judy Sarner, Lois Scheffres, Dolly Lloyd, Honey Serata, Sue Schneider.
Sitting: Mgr. Marilyn Carneol, Norma Redstone, Diane Weiss, Mallory Schubart, Coach Jean Van Raalte.



WHERE'S THE BALL?



The whistle blew every afternoon during the winter months, to announce the start of basketball practice. After many practice sessions, including Thursday nights at the Royle School gym in Darien, the varsity team, consisting of Judy Sarner, Lois Scheffres, Dolly Lloyd, Sue Schneider, Nyla Miller, Alyce Degen, Lois Merdinger, Honey Serata, Diane Weiss and Mallory Schubart, played their first game at Sacred Heart Academy and lost. They won the next two played against Edgewood and New Canaan Day.

This year, under the direction of Miss Jean Van Raalte, many new skills and techniques were acquired. The forwards worked out a set of plays which they used successfully during the games. Their main achievement was learning to work together, as many of the forwards had not played with each other previously. The guards practiced and learned how to use the shifting zone.

Although the team is the most important part of girls' basketball, there are other aspects of it at school, perhaps not as famous, but just as much fun. Among these are the annual intramural games. Each class forms a team which plays every other class. The team winning the most games is awarded the trophy. The intramural games are especially good for those girls who, although they have not been able to make the varsity, have potentialities. These games give them a chance to show what they can do.

The junior varsity is another important aspect of the basketball season at Cherry Lawn. The junior varsity team is a useful training ground for future varsity members; in fact, many of this year's team members will be playing varsity basketball next year.



WE'RE RAISING THE ROOF

Steel girders and the supporting beams are in place and high up in the air, with the beautiful lake, woodland, and fields of the school's twenty-eight acre campus spread below them, we are putting the sheathing skin on the roof.

Started just about a year ago, the Student Building Project, commonly called "The Project", is a symbol of the initiative, responsibility, and the group action which are fundamental to Cherry Lawn's teaching philosophy. Last year a group of students in the Junior Class, wanting a place of their own, to hold dances, club meetings, jam sessions and just plain loafing, decided to build it themselves.

They got an architect to draw up a set of plans, trotted around to supply houses to get estimates on building materials, received permission from the school's faculty and Board of Trustees to go ahead—and went ahead!

Parents and friends were canvassed for donations of money and building materials, both of which have been pouring in, in a fairly steady stream. Teams of students, from the third grade through the senior class, started to dig the foundation, mix cement, and lay the cement blocks. Parents came out during week-ends, rolled up their sleeves, and pitched in too. Work was stopped during the summer, but resumed as soon as school opened in September. The cold winter months again caused some delay but with spring here once again, the building will soon be completed.

As the "Cherry Pit" goes to press, the students are looking forward to the Open House Party. Hard work and Cherry Lawn perseverance will have made a recreation hall which will be the most popular spot on campus.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student government has always been an integral part of life at Cherry Lawn. It centers in the Student Council, composed of seven officers elected by the student body. These officers are aided by their under-secretaries, who in turn, form the Lower House, a training ground for future Council members. Although the power of the Council is limited, its influence has always been strong.

This fall, a Council, carried over from the previous semester, conducted the affairs of the Student Government. It consisted of Alan Pavel as President; Lazer Gorn, Vice President; Steph Chodorov, Judge; Alyce Degen and Diane Weiss, Co-Secretaries of Activities; Judith Sarner and Felice Knapp, Co-Secretaries of Labor; Alfred Himmelrich, Secretary of Properties; and George Iny and Aline Stark, Co-Secretaries of Stein House.

In the late fall regular elections were held and a new Council inaugurated, with Steph Chodorov as President; Tony Silver, Vice President; Bernard Klotz, Judge; Paula Greenberg and Felice Knapp, Co-Secretaries of Activities; Nancy Roberts and Sue Goldhaber, Co-Secretaries of Labor; Sam Yohai, Secretary of Properties; and Rita Palmer and Alfred Himmelrich, Co-Secretaries of Stein House.

With Mr. Thompson as Faculty Adviser and Muriel Fisch as Secretary, the Council's first action was to change the system of giving out the mail. The change involved transferring responsibility for the handling of mail from the faculty member in charge to a few students. Next, the organization of the shifts of students waiting on tables was improved by relieving the head waiter of most other details leaving him free to better direct operations. However, among the most important functions of the Council, is not changes in procedure, but initiating discussions of controversial issues. This was true of the discussion with the faculty about more free time and how it could be used. Although this issue was not settled, a basis for future action was prepared.



ART

Mr. Thomas Dibble, affectionately called "Dibbie," has drawn individual and unusual talents from hitherto unrecognized Cherry Lawn prodigies. The art room has become a center of attraction, being a production nucleus for plays, proms, Cherry Pit work, and the pure enjoyment of creativity. Dibbie's motto is, "If the thing doesn't look too well, turn it upside down, and . . . Ah!"

Any day one can sight a new and interesting interior in the art room. The younger children are either going through the joys and turmoils of decoration for their own entertainments, or in their classwork are producing block prints, paintings, drawings, and abstract constructions on the side.

Meanwhile the upper schoolers, wielding their amateur tools and palettes, have accomplished a modern renaissance in Cherry Lawn art. Massed around the room one sees oil paintings in all stages of completion and water colors representing various moods. Some of the works have been displayed in our halls and dining rooms and entered into state contests.

With the coming of spring the art room, like many other classes, will move outdoors in search of nature's food for imagination.

Due to the many inspirations offered through the art department, many of our seniors this year have decided to complete their training by majoring in art in college.

MUSIC

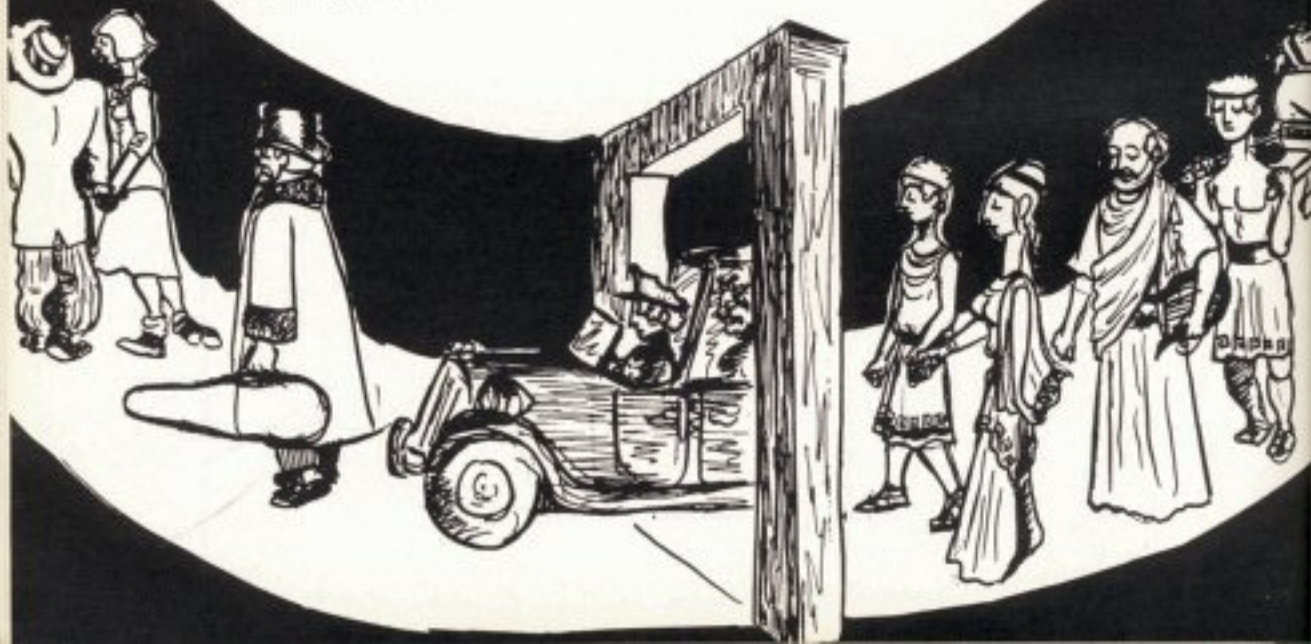
Under the direction of Mr. Robert Baisley and Miss Maria Faini, the music department has been very stimulating. Through guided listening, lectures, concerts, classes, private lessons and specified reading, Miss Faini and Mr. Baisley have helped to develop musical discrimination among the students and to foster a general growth in musical awareness.

Miss Faini and Mr. Baisley conduct once a week, both a piano class in which their students play for one another for constructive criticism, and a music appreciation class in which informal discussions are held.

Mr. Baisley has been able to obtain tickets for the students for various concerts in Norwalk and Stamford. He and Miss Faini have given several distinguished piano concerts themselves, at school throughout the year.

Two classes a week are conducted by Mr. Baisley for the lower school children. In these classes, through music reading, singing, discussions, and playing records, the students are helped to obtain a better understanding of music. The eighth and ninth grades also have classes. They include discussions on the various types of orchestral music and instruments.

With the assistance of two such fine musicians, the students have been given the chance to see beyond the notes and sounds of the instruments and to obtain a deeper understanding of music.



DRAMA

There is much applause as the curtain closes on the final eye-filling scene of the Christmas Pageant. Behind the actual yearly production there is a story, which is as traditional as Christmas itself. If you look up "Cherry Lawn Christmas Pageants" in the dictionary it wouldn't be listed, but the meaning for our word Pageant is . . . a traditional performance given every year which leaves everlasting memories. As far back as any student or teacher can remember, the pageant has been a traditional occurrence, a definite part of the School program.

It was originally started by Mr. Kenneth Wheeler, who was known in Darien for his active participation in the Seven Arts Club. He taught dancing, dramatics, and singing at Cherry Lawn for a number of years. The carols were organized and collected by a Mrs. Strongin. Once or twice the original music was lost or forgotten but there were always a few old timers who hummed the tunes. Thus the original songs have survived the years although some small change is made each year.

The pageant portrays the Nativity, simply told in pantomime on the stage, and the singing of carols by the student choir. The story is told between scenes by a narrator. The first scene is the Immaculate Conception. The second is the journey to Bethlehem and the search for an inn. The final scene, which resembles a painting or a stained glass window, shows the Holy Family in the stable surrounded by beggars, kings, angels, the inn keepers and children, paying homage to Jesus.

The three leading roles, Mary, Joseph and Gabriel, were pantomimed by Anita Glocer, Daniel Salkovitz, and Nancy Roberts, respectively, and sung by Aline Stark, Tony Silver, and Harriet Koskoff. Wilma Kurzman was the narrator.

The pageant paints a Gothic picture, using a minimum of actual props. The scenery, and lighting, although expertly designed and made by the students, are very simple. The costumes are handed down year after year. Mr. Burwell has directed the pantomime for many seasons, and to him, more than anyone it owes its moving sincerity.

This year Mr. Baisley was in charge of the music and choir. He also arranged the fine accompaniment of the Yale String Quartet. The choir dressed in long robes, walks into the gymnasium two by two singing "Joy to the World"—thus the pageant begins.

In addition to the pageant, there are a number of performances given by the students each year. The second big production of 1950-51, was "The Tempest" by William Shakespeare, with Tony Silver, Susan Kley, Steph Chodorov, Helen Ogus, and Red Freeman playing the leading roles. They were supported by sixteen other fanciful characters. Mr. Baisley composed the music which was sung by Harriet Koskoff accompanied on the flute by Joan Martin, a Darien resident.

To match the fine action and music were the equally colorful costumes and scenery made by the students under the supervision of Mr. Dibble.

We are very grateful to Mr. Tron, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Scheffres, three parents who donated much of the costume material.

Many one-act plays have been given throughout the year by the upper school under the supervision of Miss Mader. These plays are prepared not only for the enjoyment of the student audience, but also for the skills and knowledge the actors acquire.





FORUM CLUB

The Philosophy and Psychology Club of previous years has been transformed this year into the Forum Club. As a result the club now covers a much broader field: not only morals, ethics, and religion, but also such topics as coeducational private schools, and world affairs.

The first meetings were devoted to discussions about religion in relation to ethics and morals in the modern world. When a controversy arose over the difference between ethics and morals, Mr. Basil Burwell, the faculty adviser of the Forum Club, introduced "The Ethics of Ambiguity" by Simone de Beauvoir. Reading sections of this book helped to clarify the issue.

The next outstanding feature of the Forum Club was a debate held at a Saturday assembly. The subject was coeducation as opposed to non-coeducation in private schools. To stimulate discussion by the student body, four members of the club were chosen to speak—two in favor of coeducation and two against.

World affairs was another topic to which the club devoted much time. The Cherry Lawn Forum Club was invited by the Forum Club of Darien High School to discuss with them the problem of sending military forces to Europe. Since the experience was an extremely profitable one, the Forum Club of Darien High School has been invited to participate in another joint meeting at Cherry Lawn.



THE CREATIVE WRITING CLUB

Every large community has its Latin Quarter—so does our school community. Cherry Lawn's Bohemians gather every other Wednesday to read and criticize one another's masterpieces or to investigate the latest literary manifesto from the Left Bank or to argue about the comparative merits of William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. Over the years of the club's existence a number of critical principles have been tried out and found useful.

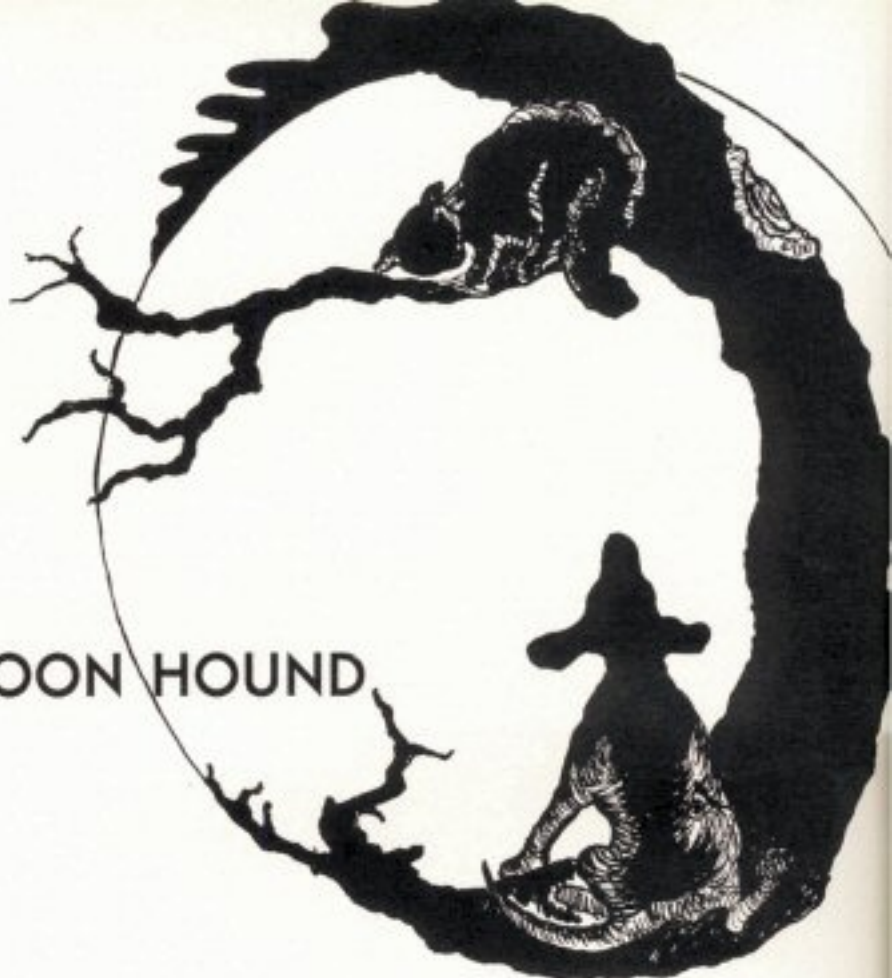
The Creative Writing Club has two purposes: to inspire people to write and to teach them various aspects of the craft of writing. Under the leadership of Mr. Basil Burwell, faculty adviser of the club, these purposes are accomplished through assignments and outside reading. The club tries also, in its own quiet way, to stimulate those who are not interested, to find new enjoyment in this field.

The club not only helps students with their own work, but also helps them to obtain a better understanding of literature through a study of critical principles. Many times Mr. Burwell, who is an author in his own right, reads his work for the students to analyze. In this way the club members are not only learning to write better themselves, but are also learning to criticize work of others intelligently.



*Bountiful and beautiful are the arts
May all enjoy them.*

Aline Stark—1951



COON HOUND

Ben Johnson stepped out of th' truck, rifle in one hand an' th' leashes in th' other. Ben was gettin' on in years, maybe sixty-five, seventy, but there wusn't very many better coon hunters than him in these here parts. Long ago th' wind an' rain had changed his face into a well-worn piece of leather an' his whiskers looked like steel wool in th' moonlight.

Me an' a colored feller by the name of Jimmy Atkins piled off th' dog crates in back of th' truck an' started to unlock 'em. Them dogs sure set up some clammer to be let out. My coon hound pup was in th' back of th' crates with th' rest of 'em howlin' so a man 'ed think some one wus pullin' at his tail. Tonight wus his first hunt an' Ben wus lettin' him run with th' pack.

"Now hold on, young fellers," said Ben. "Th' noise them hounds are settin' up is libble to scare all th' coons outa this part of th' country." "Quiet now" he hollered, "quiet, you flap-eared cold-nosed sons of th' devil." All of a sudden th' racket stopped, stopped, that is, all except my mutt who wus lettin' out with a howl that 'ed freeze yer blood cold. I tossed a stone at him that hit him square in th' nose an' that pup shut up like someone stuffed a wet dish-rag in his mouth.

Ben pulled out some coffee an' a side of bacon from under th' seat while me an' Jimmy built a fire. Then we let th' hounds loose an' they poured out of them crates like th' judgement day come, an' they lit out across th' clearin'. All of a sudden one of th' hounds hit a trail near a clump of saplings an' she headed straightaway into th' woods. A couple of seconds later th' whole pack took off after her with my pup in th' lead. I wus real proud of Boy, that's what I call him, an' looked over to see if Jimmy an' Ben wus watchin' but they wus busy with th' fire an' wusn't payin' much attention.

We all set around th' fire drinkin' coffee an' eatin' bacon an' listenin' to th' chase. Far off in th' distance I heerd a mutt's call that sounded fur all th' world like a bugle an' I heerd Drum's deep bayin' what sounded like th' call of doom fur any ol' ringtail that might be prowlin'. I wus listenin' fur my mutt but I couldn't hear nothin', I figured he must be too busy trailin'.

About half an hour later we heerd somethin' in th' bushes, an' who should come

walkin' in toward th' fire as purty as you please but that mutt of mine. Well, I was madded 'en two wet hens and I musta blew my top. "What're you doin' back here?" I hollered. "You ain't a real huntin' hound, you ain't nothin' but a paw-warmin' molly-coddle mutt." Well, when I started yellin' I musta scared that little hound outa six months' growth on accounta he took off into the forest like he was after bein' shot out of a cannon. After I finish shootin' off at th' mouth he comes slinkin' back with his tail between his legs an' his head draggin' th' ground an' a look in his eyes like his heart would bust. He stopped about ten feet away from me an' he looked at me like he lost his best friend, an' I sorta felt bad about th' way I holiered at him. So I calls him over an' he comes up to me sorta careful like he expected me to give him some more scoldin'. Well, I give him a piece of bacon instead an' scratch him behind th' ear an' soon he's one of th' family again. I looked over to Ben and Jimmy but they didn't say nothin' which made me feel all th' worse.

"Well," says Ben, "if we're gonna bring any coonskins home we'd best get started."

We pulled up camp an' stowed th' stuff in th' truck an' I took my .22 out of th' back. We listened for th' pack an' we decided they was goin' north. So we started out an' Boy was trottin' out in front like he owned th' place when all of a sudden we heerd a crazy man owl in a tree right above us. Now when a crazy man owl laughs he gives out with a sound creepy enough to scare th' bravest man (or dog), an' my mutt was no exception. He scooted in between my legs an' started shiverin' like he had th' fever. I looked over at Jimmy an' Ben, they mustn't of thought much of my mutt. Soon we heerd th' hounds bark freed just beyond a stretch of timber to th' left, an' we started off at a run. When we got to th' tree all th' dogs were jumpin' up an' down makin' a racket worse'n hell. We all spread out around th' tree to see if we could spot ol' coon. Purty soon Jimmy spots him way up on top of th' tree an' all we could see of him was his two shinin' eyes. So I takes aim right between th' eyes, (so as not to ruin th' pelt) an' I pull th' trigger an' all I hear is a loud click. An' I pull it again an' again an' all I hear is some more clicks, an' then I remember I didn't load th' gun an' I sure feel embarrassed an' Ben an' Jimmy look like they might wanta feed me to th' hounds; so I tell them that I'll climb up th' tree an' try to knock ol' coon off so th' dogs kin git him. So up I goes an' I can't see much on accounta branches an' leafs keep hittin' me in th' eye. Then when I get halfway up Jimmy gits a bright idea, he hoists my mutt up to th' first branch of th' tree an' that little dog starts climbin' up th' branches after me an' soon he gits along side of me, but he don't stop, an' then th' hounds at th' bottom start howlin' worse than ever an' my mutt starts growlin' an' Jimmy an' Ben start hollerin' somethin' at me what I couldn't hear an' all in all I was purty confused. All of a sudden I hear a fight goin' on above me an' before I know it I see my mutt fallin' out of th' tree with the coon in his mouth an' before I knew it they was both on top of me an' somethin' scratched my face an' all three of us went tumblin' breakin' branches as we go. When we hit th' ground I thought that was th' end of me on account of all th' hounds jumped on top of us bitin' an' clawin' to beat the band. Jimmy an' Ben was yellin' an' then Jimmy up an' misses one of them an' hits me square in th' head an' that's all I remember 'till I felt cold water splashin' on my face an' runnin' down my neck. An' there stood Jimmy an' Ben an' my mutt lookin' down at me an' they was all smiled an' purty soon I was smilin' too. An' it turns out that my mutt got ahold of up in th' tree th' only wildcat ever seen in these here parts an' Ben was real proud of th' fight he put up. O' course there wusn't much left of th' cat when th' dogs got through with 'im but th' next day when I was showin' the skin around town to th' boys my mutt was trottin' along in front of me takin' all the bows.

Jess N. Petchers—1953



"... and let them have dominion ..."

After the evening wears away I sit
As oft I do, leafing thru the scriptures
Page by page till one may strike my fancy.
But wait, here, writ on Genesis in rhyme;
"The sixth will once more come,
That day will be redone."

I lay aside the book and try to think . . .
Nights of tortured sleep that take on shapes,
Where Eocene monsters look about
And things with gaudy wings rent screams of joy . . .
From every giant tree in every parched waste,
Out of the shivering tundra they come,
Out of the ground, the sky, the sea,
A mass of turbid life.
And with them; every noise and smell and shade.
Anon, the snarls and sounds of feet die down,
Every ear uprights, every eye dilates . . .
The soundless voice begins to speak
And every creature understands, and nods,
And thinks, and nods again, each to each.
Then the stony countenances change
To blend into a swirling mob of noise
That reels about in happiness.
. . . yet, some are quiet still,
For they, like men too long imprisoned,
Are stunned at being free.
. . . BUT, others stare in gloomy passiveness,
For they, like children born in slavery,
Know not what freedom is.

Steph Chodorov—1952

"ODE TO NO ONE"

Joe Carson's dead.
But the theatres do not know it,
Lord and Taylor doesn't show it,
The automats, apartment flats, designers hats,
Don't change their moods.



Winter time makes Harlem white,
A snow that fell from a negro night.
And all alone in the morning light,
Is Joe Carson—dead?

Harriet Koskoff—1954



CHAIRS

Did you ever stop to think that you are now sitting on a chair? Each step in every human being's life is usually followed by some different or special kind of chair.

The baby, when it learns to sit, is placed in a high chair. A child, going to his first party, plays musical chairs. At the age of six, he is placed in a classroom chair.

As he grows up different types of chairs are important . . . Bridge chairs . . . movie chairs . . . night club chairs . . . beach chairs . . . and then office chairs. As the years pass, we find him in an . . . easy chair, his wife in a . . . rocking chair, and finally a chair for invalids, a . . . wheel chair.

Chairs are put out in such mass production, that now, everyone owns . . . a chair. Most people misuse the chair, and don't realize its value. Kicked by young people, broken at teen-age parties, stepped on by housewives and repaired by unskilled hands of an amateur carpenter . . . the chair is always having trouble.

Chairs are universal. Diplomats smoke long 50 cent cigars in them. Students study in them . . . criminals burn in them . . . What would you do without a chair?

After the chair has been used and has lived its life in one home for fifteen years, no thanks is shown. It is shoved into the attic, and after another five years is sold to the junk man. Finally, firewood is made from this poor, four-legged object that is so trivial . . . but yet so important.

Judy Sarner—1951

DARKNESS

The room on the first floor is completely dark. As an automobile turns around the corner its headlights sweep the side of the house, revealing the child standing with her nose pressed to the window. She is momentarily blinded by the dazzling light in the midst of darkness. The automobile passes by, and once more all is dark and still. The river is a street of darkness with a few reflections from single lighted windows in the huge massive buildings which so threateningly close in on the little house. Another automobile—this time illuminating the little bed in the far corner of the room, and another glimpse of the child. She holds something tightly pressed against her little body. What? The light turns once more to darkness. What is it? No one knows but the darkness in the little room.

Vivian Bagg—1952



End of the World — or Beginning

As Dave Glender saw the gigantic spiral waterspout approaching, he tried desperately to steer his little sloop, the "Gigi II," out of its path. Dave wondered whether his attempted escape from a world on the brink of war had been in vain. During that moment just before the whirlpool encircled him, Dave's thoughts flashed back quickly to Triston, the little seashore town in which he had spent his life. He had grown up in the midst of torrid family conflicts, and as he matured he had tried everything in his power to avoid them. In doing this, he had become a solemn anti-social individual. He felt sorry for those poor normal human beings who were not clever enough to see the end of the world approaching. Well, they would pay dearly for their ignorance.

Dave's thoughts were quickly jerked back to earth by the realization that the sloop and himself were slowly sinking beneath the surface of the ocean in a strong current. The current had an eerie tint to it, and a monotonous hum. The cold water had revived him so that clear thinking was possible. Dave was fascinated by the beautiful species of fish he saw as he submerged to the lower extremities of the ocean. He was so absorbed that he failed to notice that his breathing was easy and regular.

Suddenly, as he reached the bottom of the water spout, Dave was pulled through a metal tube, together with the fish, and entered a big pool where the eerie light was intense. He was aware of a strong numbness oozing into the very pores of his body. He could not shake it off, and soon everything went black.

Sometime later faraway voices reached his ears. They seemed to be coming nearer, nearer—then they ceased and Dave emerged abruptly from his coma, with a dull ache in his head. He was no longer in the pool but in a big rectangular room, lying on a low couch that seemed to be made for his body's contour. Lights focused their beams on him but he could not locate their source. The room was bare except for the couch on which he lay and an intricate-looking control panel on the wall. Dave was scared, insanely scared. He tried to bring his uncoordinated muscles together for a leap off the low couch but he was held in its grasp. The cold sweat rolled off his forehead as he fought desperately for the power to move. In one superlative effort he released his muscles from their paralysis. As he got up from the couch he was confronted with a giant of a man, fully seven and a half feet tall.

The Apollo-like man did not bat an eyelash and apparently wanted Dave to make the first move. Dave mentally juggled conflicting feelings of hostility and friendliness toward the giant. Finally, his mouth, disobeying his brains, stammered out a "hello." This seemed to be the secret password, for as soon as Dave got the word out a friendly smile broke across the tall stranger's face, and he thrust forth his hand which Dave took warmly.

Now that the tension was broken, the supernatural being did the talking. He introduced himself as "Vor" and the subterranean city which held them as "Vagover." Vor explained to Dave that years ago he had been a citizen of the United States. Vor and some other scientists had erected Vagover to escape world wars. The life span of a Vagovan was three or four times that of an earth man due to ingenious scientific means.

In spite of the man's friendliness, Dave was tired and hungry and in no mood to hear explanations. Vor sensed this. He took a piece of paper, wrote something on it, put it into the wall, and out came the most tantalizing sirloin steak Dave had ever seen. Vor watched and seemed to take delight as Dave quickly devoured his dinner. Before Vor left the room, he showed Dave how to work the control panel, and also gave him a ring with a stone that had the same eerie glow to it as the current which had carried Dave to Vagover.

Dave retired to his couch and was soon sleeping. When he awoke Vor was waiting to take him on an inspection tour. They walked along the streets of Vagover and far

above them, Vor explained, was a gleaming transparent roof constructed of a special durable element.

The buildings of Vagover resembled New York's skyscrapers but they were more beautiful in design. The artificial sun gave off warmth so pleasing that its rays seemed to have twice the power of earth's sun. The city was perfectly laid out and the gardens were paradise come true. Dave asked Vor how the system of laws was organized in Vagover. Vor said there wasn't any. When Vagover was first organized the people realized that to have conflicts and clashes they would soon wipe themselves from existence. Vagover was perfectly peaceful with no conflicts to destroy it. Vor told Dave that any person who did not have a true desire for eternal peace, with no conflicts at all, would automatically be returned to earth. As Dave left Vor, he did not want to admit to himself that Vor's ideas were making him uncomfortable.

That night as Dave slept, his subconscious was uttering incoherent babblings about not wanting to stay. In the morning when Dave awoke he was startled to see that in place of the hidden lights in his room a brisk wind was humming melodiously to the beaming sky above the ocean. As details of his stay on Vagover raced through his brain Dave did not believe them. He knew very well the only evidence of his stay was the ring. He would not look down for fear it might be there. His head began to whirl, the cold sweat stung his forehead. Finally in violent anguish he turned tear-stained eyes toward his fingers. His heart gave a joyous leap. He heaved a sigh of relief for the ring was not there. Perhaps it could have fallen off his slippery finger on his return to earth. Perhaps it did, but what did it matter now? Dave thought to himself "I should have realized that running away from the conflicts on earth could bring its ultimate end nearer. Conflict is good in a contained quantity. The dreary monotonous routine on Vagover would not let him accept a fruitless life there. The Vagovans were cowards who did not have the strength to stay on earth and fight for their ideals as every brave man does. As Dave headed the prow of the "Gigi" toward Triston, his head was whirling with the new ideas for the expansion of a peaceful world in the future.

Richard Kovner—1954





UPON APPROACHING WINTER

When I woke this morning, I was alone,
It was early, all were fast asleep.
I looked out the window . . . naked trees,
leaves dead and still.
Unseen frost hung on land and sky.
I thought that only people talk, but I could
hear the wind.
It sang a song of cold days and snow.
I remembered winter.
The comical picture of ruddy cheeked
Kids wearing long drawers, earmuffs, odd
mittens.
I tried to think of flowers, blue skies, but
all I saw was gray slush,
Dreary sky . . . Dreary thoughts.

Sandra Hochman—1953

WHY AM I ALIVE?

If my life were to be diagnosed
To find out why I am here;
It would not add up to much,
It would not come out clear.

If you were alone in your entire life
And all you did was to play all day;
When life was ended, it would seem,
That life was just faded away.

For no one knows the meaning of life,
No one on this earth;
Yet we fear to die . . . and wonder why . . .
we have death and birth.

Louis Roberts—1954



ADVENTURES OF A SNOWFLAKE

"Please, please let me go down to earth!" pleaded Billy Snowflake. "I do so want to see what it looks like."

"You must wait until you are grown up," said old Grandfather Snowflake. "Then you will know how to act as a snowflake should down on earth." "Oh gee, I do so want to see what it looks like. All my friends that go there never come back up, so they can't tell me what it looks like."

"If you don't stop pleading with me, I won't ever let you go down."

"All right, Grandfather," said Billy. But that night, Billy didn't go to sleep. He stole down to where Grandfather was shipping the snowflakes down to earth. He got into the bag while Grandfather was turning his head to see if everything was all right. And when Grandfather tipped the bag—down went Billy!

"Ouch!" said Billy as he landed a hard landing on somebody's snowsuit. He looked up and saw millions of his brothers and sisters falling down. The boy in the snowsuit started running and called to one of his playmates. "Hey, it's snowing! Yeah, let's have a snow fight. Come on."

As he was bending down, Billy fell off onto the ground. He felt himself being gathered up and rolled into a big ball, with millions of his ancestors. Then, Pow! he was hit against a big tree. "Gee, I missed that time," said one of the boys. "I'll get you again!" Billy was thankful they didn't throw him again—he had hurt his head.

"Oh, if I ever get back to Grandfather, I'll never go back to earth again," cried Billy. Billy didn't know it, but he had landed right on a main street. Along came a snow shovel and shovelled him up with all the other snowflakes—as many as he could count, or even more. He felt himself being pushed along. He was on the bottom of the road and all the other snowflakes were on top of him. He was being scraped and scratched and oh! how his poor little head hurt!

Finally, he felt himself being pushed down, down. He didn't know where he was going, but he was going down again. Brr, it was cold! He had landed right in the Hudson River. He was turning into an icicle. How cold it was! Just then he saw his friend the North Wind blowing and puffing. "Help me, help me," he cried. "Blow me up to dear old Grandfather. I'll never run away again. Never, never!"

"Well, you're a bad little snowflake," said the North Wind, "but I guess you've learned your lesson, all right. I'll blow you back to Grandfather. When he finds you, he'll thaw you out and you'll be a little snowflake again."

"I wonder what all my sisters and brothers are doing now. Oh well, here goes!" He felt a cold gust of wind and he was being lifted up into the air, higher and higher. Then he saw the shape of the cloud that Grandfather Snowflake lived on. "Oh how happy I am to be back here again, Grandfather," sobbed little Billy, "and I promise I'll never want to go down to Earth again."

Natalie Bates—5th Grade

THE VISIT

You stand before the entrance of the great grey building, and are on a sudden seized with a racking fear. Your entire being seems to draw back, as if in revulsion, but your legs continue forward. You stop at the desk . . . a few directions are given . . . then the long, sickening ride in the elevator . . . then you step out into the hall.

Rooms . . . rooms of people who have become accustomed to a long wintertime of life . . . and those who, like him, had been stricken suddenly, and rebelled. People to whom horror and blood and nausea are common happenings, and those who live in perpetual fear, thrown together like animals, sucking out the last of life.

You walk down the hall, trying to shut out the sickness noises. Finally, there is one door you stop at. He's in there. You'll see him. What can you say to him?

The beckoning . . . "You may go in now" . . . the look imprinted on the doctor's face, a look that only those who love can read . . . You go in . . . you see the big white bed, but you don't see him yet . . . suddenly you are looking into the remembered face, and all the rush of years comes back to you . . . encompassed in that face . . . you want to cry, to laugh, to have him gather you once more in his arms . . . to talk to you . . . but it's you who must bring comfort now. You say "Hello, Daddy."

Perhaps this is a dream and you are lying half asleep and thinking about it. When you had bad dreams, you grew frightened and called for him, but it was the kind of fright you have when you know it is a dream. But this is not a dream, he will not come.

Wake up! He's saying something to you. Answer properly . . . keep your head well up . . . smile at him. That's pretty good. You got an "A" on your test. A silly thing, that "A". Still it means something to him, it means you have done well. You know you have done well. Now he must know. Talk to him properly . . . swallow those tears behind your voice. You want so much to tell him how you love him, how you are afraid . . . but now he is afraid also, and you, the one who knows, must tell him not to be afraid . . . So behind your mechanical talking you bite off these bits of thoughts left unsaid . . .

It is the first time you have not been able to unveil your thoughts to him, the first time you saw tears on that strong face. Does he know what is to come? Is he trying to shield you from fear? There is a barrier, a barrier of cold, automatic words and artfully produced masks. You are two actors in a play. Again your mixed emotions surge within you, and you must compel them to wait. Wait. You have been waiting a long time.

You look at his face, and you are already wondering how it will be to miss someone you love best in the world—for life. You know what will eventually happen, but, prompted by love, you still hang on to hope, preferring to believe it is a dream, which afterward will be erased.

He is moving restlessly on the bed, and you see a chance of escape. Someone says in a low voice, "Daddy's tired, we'll go now." You walk towards him to say good-bye. Once more you look long in his face, on which you used to watch every changing emotion . . . his blue eyes crinkle as they always did . . . you feel reassured . . . his face is so young . . . the illness has made it look as if he were portraying the part of an old man. You type it in your mind, the mass of dark hair, heavy eyebrows, still laughing blue eyes . . . oh, so young, so young! You say good-bye and kiss him . . . he presses your hand for an instant . . . in answer to your unasked questions . . .

Again the beckoning hand . . . then quickly, "Good-bye Daddy, I'll see you soon again" . . . you listen for his answering "Good-bye" almost with the panic of a child . . .

The door closes between you both, a sound of finality.

Leslie Diamond—1953

SNOW

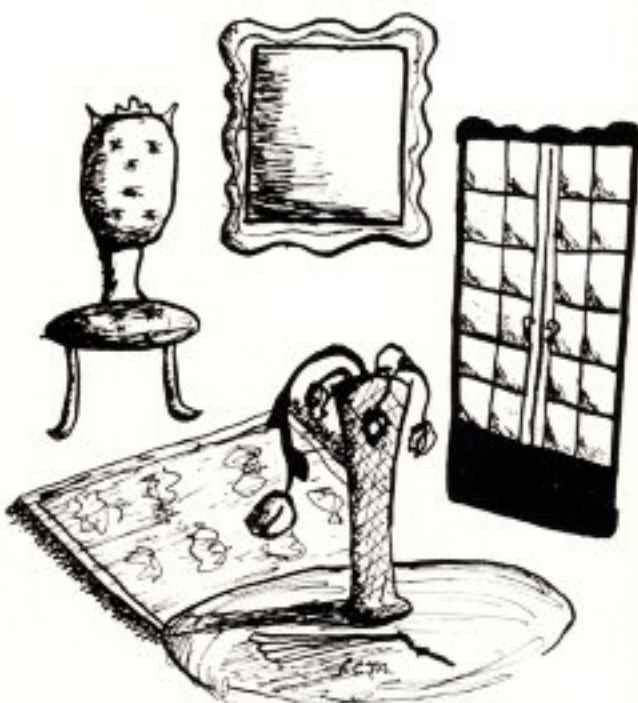
A winter day in the north of Sweden is one of the most beautiful sights existing. Everything is covered with snow, glistening and shifting colors, under the multi-colored rays of the sun. Here and there a few pine trees rise as white triangles in the midst of an infinite snow-covered terrain. In the distance can be sighted a chain of irregularly shaped mountains. The peaks disappear into the white smoke of low hanging clouds that look like cotton.

At the foot of the mountains are the red and gray houses of a little community, appearing to the eye as tiny dark dots. Looking down from a slope one can easily distinguish the little church with its bell-steeple, at the shore of a minute lake. The latter, being covered with ice, fits perfectly into the sparkling and glittering landscape.

There can be heard a faint tinkling of sleigh bells, and such equipages can be dimly seen gliding through the white softness. Each sleigh is pulled by two horses and driven by a red-cheeked and equally red-nosed old villager, who is scarcely visible in his huge sheepskin coat. His passengers are similarly hard to see among the heaps of blankets and furs piled on top of them to keep out the biting cold.

A few shouting voices break the magic stillness as a skiing party of young children comes speeding down the mountainside. As they disappear around a bend into the valley below, everything is once more a picture of peace and quiet. Everywhere there is snow—snow tinted every color of the rainbow. A branch of a snow-covered tree rustles softly as a mellow wind begins to blow, and large snowflakes start glissading slowly towards the earth. It is a delicate dreamland of snow, like a picture in a story book, which appears too beautiful to exist. The observer glides slowly away from the shielding tree, and following the tracks down the slope, disappears around the bend. There is only snow . . .

Vivian Bagg—1952



ANTIQUE VASES

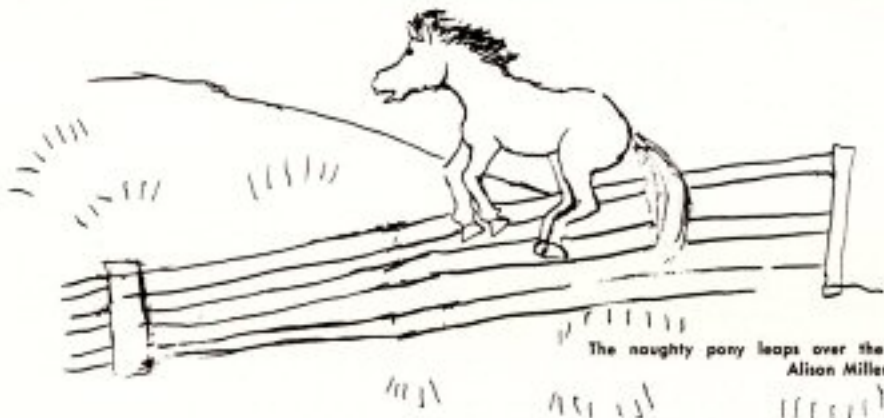
Antique vases in a dim lit hall;
Fogged glass coffins for dying stems,
Shriveled petals sleeping on
A lacy thing dying draped over
The dark mahogany's sulking 'neath
A mist of dust long filtered thru
The heavy air.
Dust that chatted with the pictures,
Choked against the wall.
Hardened ridges of fading oils
On expensive canvas,
Grandmother, and there Aunt Ann
Staring stupidly across the corridor
At nothing whatsoever.
The balding oriental rug once
Richly made in darkest hues
Of red and blue sleeps soundly
On the floor, smothering it.
My shadow hesitates, then sluggishly
Goes thru, disturbing the yellow'd wallpaper.
And while this gloomy death ferments the air
Far above the roof for all to see,
Three bright metal rods channel the frequency.

Steph Chodorov—1952

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE PONY

Once upon a time in a green meadow with a white picket fence around it and a little red barn, there lived a little brown pony. He had a white blaze down his face and three white socks and he was a very naughty little pony. And more than once the farmer had threatened to sell him, but he never did.

One day this naughty little pony was frisking around his meadow, kicking up his heels as little ponies like to do. Suddenly he had an idea: he decided to jump the fence and run away. He had done that once before and when he came back, his mother and the farmer and everybody had made a



The naughty pony leaps over the fence.
Alison Miller—3/51

big fuss about him. So he wanted to do that again, because like most naughty ponies, he craved attention.

So he ran forward again, this time straight toward the little white picket fence, and leaping high, he got over it. Only, as he leapt the fence, it scratched his little stomach, and he didn't think that was quite so funny.

After he had leaped the fence, he walked away in the direction of the forest because he was sure no one could find him there. He continued walking and walking for a long time, and before long it became dark. Then the pony became worried because he couldn't find his way back to the little red barn. You see, being a youngster, he had no desire to sleep out all night.

He kept on walking but at every turn he became more lost. So finally he sat down and began to cry. All of a sudden he heard a rustling in the leaves of a big tree above him and heard a sympathetic little voice saying, "What's the matter?"

It was the Red Squirrel, who lived in a knothole just above the place where the pony was now sitting.

The pony looked up and sobbed, "l-l-l-I'm l-l-l-lost!
I c-c-c-can't find my way h-h-h-home!"

The sympathetic little Red Squirrel had an idea. "I'll just look up Snowy Owl and ask him to send a

message to the farmer to come and get you at my house."

But Snowy Owl, as it turned out, was out hunting for a little mouse, or something or other for his dinner. And Red Squirrel returned, discouraged.

He was quiet for some time and seemed to be thinking. Suddenly he clapped his paws and jumped up "That's the ideal!" he said, half to himself and half to anyone who was listening. "I'll go and get Lion—he's sure to be home, his wife just had three cubs—he can carry you home."

The little pony gasped in fright at the idea of being carried home by a lion who would most likely

eat him. He started to protest but it was too late—Red Squirrel was gone like a flash. Red Squirrel was gone quite a time but when he came back he brought with him an old tawny-colored lion. The lion licked his chops at the sight of the pony. He politely concealed this, however, by wiping his mouth with his paw on the grounds that he had something sticking to it.

So with Red Squirrel's gentle urging and the Lion's persuasion, they finally got the pony up on the lion's back.

Due to his heavy burden, the lion made very slow progress. But at last the pony's eyes sighted in the distance the green field with the little white picket fence and the red barn.

The lion did not like the idea of being seen by the man, but he politely squeezed through an opening in the fence to let the pony off, so the pony wouldn't have to leap the fence to get into his own meadow. The pony got down off the lion's back, thanked him, and ran home to his mother.

And to this day, though it was fun to be carried home on a lion's back and to have a great fuss made over him when he returned, it wasn't worth it compared to the fright of being lost.

So the pony has never run away from home again.

THE END

Alison Miller—Grade 7



WE CAN'T STAY STILL

I

Jane, Joannie and Jonnie all three
Joined up with Chilly for an Educational spree
Then Andy, Hilton and Ellen came
To join head over heels in the knowledge game
Linda and Gabriel walked into our group
And for a day or so became rolling hoops.

II

We found ourselves in planning a way
Learning our numbers the modern way
*“Henny” our friend knows his lessons too
And he can subtract two from two
He’ll get the right answer. I know it—don’t you?
If you ask Henny that question, he will say yes,
For he knows the answer I think, I guess.

III

A store we are planning that ought to be fun
With a hop and a skip and a jump and a run
That’s the way it should be done
After 3:15 when the bell has rung.
With all the children at us to buy
Our arith. problems get tossed to the sky.

IV

In March John Moses entered our game
He fitted so well, our class stayed the same
History’s date line and Geography’s space.
We read and read at a terrific pace.
Now Spelling is handled in games that are fun
And we hope with other children
This same thing is done
There isn’t anything else to say
So we stop our poem and continue our way.

By the 3rd and 4th grades

*“Henny” the Boxer pup is class mascot.



Susan Kley — Water Color



Joan Infeld — Charcoal



Alfred Himmelrich — Water Color



Wilma Kurzman — Water Color



Alan Grossman — Pen and Ink



Harriet Kaskoff — Water Color



THE LAST FLOWER

The last flower on the earth was a daisy. He stood alone with a bright happy smile on his face, his black eyes facing the sun. All around lay the withered frames of what had once been violets, roses, and daffodils.

"When the daisy dies," someone had once said, "all hope will leave the world." The daisy wished to live, but he looked over the desolate field in which he stood and he saw he was alone and he was frightened and tired. "All the world is dead," thought the daisy, "but why does the sun still shine? If he would stop shining, I could rest." And the daisy tried to turn away from the sun, but he was so firmly rooted in the ground he could not move.

The sun looked down on the earth and saw that it was dead. He looked down on the last surviving planet and saw that it was dead. But the sun could not see the daisy.

"All hope is dead," observed the sun. And as he said this his light slowly began to fade and the earth began to darken. For life cannot survive without hope, and even the sun will cease to shine. And when the sun ceases to shine the earth must die.

Finally the earth was dark. The last flower closed his black eyes and died, the smile still lingering on his face. Alas! the earth crumbled into dust.

Story and illustration by Susan Kley—1954



PERELANDRA: a book review

Perelandra by C. S. Lewis is a book that one can appreciate or resist in many ways. The plot, style, and purpose are interwoven in a way that proves a very interesting experience for the reader.

Set on the planet Venus, known as *Perelandra* to its "unbent" neighbors, the novel relates the adventures of one Dr. Elwin Ransom, a philologist of Cambridge University, England. *Perelandra* is a world of tropical lushness where brilliantly colored dragon-like animals, screeching birds, and friendly fish live. The sun shines on all this splendor through a thick golden fog that surrounds the planet. The book, however, is not just a collection of imagery but also a powerful and cleverly designed philosophical novel well worth reading, enjoying, and thinking about.

In a previous novel, *Out of the Silent Planet*, Dr. Ransom fought bitterly with a brilliant but "bent" (evil or mentally warped) scientist with designs on Mars of future colonization by Earth. This man, known only by his surname, Weston, shows up on *Perelandra* where Ransom has been sent by Maleldil, God of the Universe. As the personification of evil Weston is, in fact, the serpent, for *Perelandra* is undergoing a parallel of Earth's Temptation. On the misty world the temptation is not forbidden fruit, but forbidden land, for *Perelandra* has only one mainland and is composed, for the remaining part, of small floating masses. The two inhabitants of the planet, (corresponding only too obviously to our own Adam and Eve) the Lady and the King, know instinctively that they must not venture on the mountainous mainland or "fixed island" as they call it. Weston, however, tries to convince them that this rule was made for the purpose of being broken as the first sign of independence from their maker. In constant awareness of his now only half-human enemy (the evil forces have finally taken over Weston's body as well as his mind) Ransom retaliates with the argument that the rule was made as a test to see whether the Lady and the King would refute the tempter and act wisely as rational beings, therefore becoming independent and "older" (i.e. older mentally, or wiser).

Having vied for the Lady and King exhaustively, Weston and Ransom finally come to grips in a heated chase on the planet, a chase which leads to Weston's death at the hands of Ransom in what is suggested to be the *Perelandrian* hell. Shortly afterwards the King and the Lady are informed as to their role in the development of their world by two intangible emissaries of Maleldil. The book then ends with Dr. Ransom being sent back to Earth, his mission fulfilled, to await the final battle he must fight as the tool of God, the battle on our own planet.

Mr. Lewis has, I believe, written a book which is a good deal easier to read than to agree with. Having been convinced that a basic greed and lack of inherent "will power" have led to mankind's spiritual sterility I cannot, however, find any constructive advice offered as a path toward salvation. Hence, one cannot proceed positively with this book but can, instead, either accept or reject its negative approach. Perhaps, However, Mr. Lewis is merely posing a problem that affects us but is placing it at viewing distance where he supposes we can all examine it objectively. If this is the case we must be expected to be willing to start over again, for in *Perelandra* Ransom succeeds in stopping the tempter, while on our own world mythological Adam and Eve failed to resist temptation. Man's basic problem is not solved in this novel, only attacked from a fresh and interesting angle.

Steph Chodorov—1952

THE TRAGEDY OF MARY SHMALT

Mary Shmalt was very sad,
She had no friends at all.
She had one fault that was quite bad,
She looked for faults that others had.
She always got "bull-fighting" mad,
If others mentioned faults she had.

She said the wrongest things,
At even wronger times;
She said that Betty was too fat,
And Lois looked like limes,
She said she hated Mrs. Jones,
She told the reason why;
That she had listened in—
On all the neighbors' telephones—
Mary swore this by her bones,
In solemnest and purest tones.

Don't be like Mary, please don't be,
She has no friends at all.
Think as you speak,
"Is this all right?"
Will others say "My, my, she's bright!"
Or will they say, "Oh God — good night, —
Here comes Mary Shmalt!"

Harriet Koskoff—1954



DOG'S PRAYER

Us little doggies bow our heads
To thank the Lord for our warm beds.
For meat to eat, for biscuit treat,
For comfort when we're ill.
For happiness and joyous life,
We thank the Lord's good will.

Alison Miller—Grade 7



WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR KNOWLEDGE

What happens to the things we've learned all year?
In the future time ahead, will we hold them dear?
Will we forget them like a book we've read, remembering only the bounding plot?
Or will we remember the wise things said, the biggest word to the smallest dot?
Will it lay the foundation for years ahead, or slip away not firmly placed?
Will it feed our minds as our bodies are fed, to nourish us slowly, not in haste?
Yes, knowledge can stray through many doors.
Have you ever thought what will happen to yours?

Stephanie Klein—8th Grade

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

It started to react. The deadly cup so unflinchingly taken was beginning to carry out its purpose. Quietly now he rested on the carved stone, talking amiably while his life drained away. There, in the splendour and the greatness, perhaps the most splendid and the greatest was waiting for the end. Long and hard had been his road, short and sure his death. Up, past his legs and body it crept, a forest fire of poison. Then, strained hands clutched toward a weakening heart. A few precious words, later a final breath escaped parched lips. The wisdom and wit of many generations lay lifeless on the cold stone.

Steph Chodorov—1952



ESSAY ON THE GRAND INQUISITOR

According to many authorities, ethics is the science of moral duty, the science of the ideal of human character. However, the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoevsky's legend thought that ethics was the art of producing for men the greatest possible quantity of happiness. To me, ethics has always meant an unchanging moral code.

The legend of the Grand Inquisitor tells of the reappearance of Christ in the town of Seville. It reveals two conflicting points of view about life: that of giving men the freedom to choose between good and evil, and that in which an authority dictates what is right and wrong. The "freedom vs. authority" battle originated long before Christ and at the present time authority and freedom are still conflicting.

In democracy the people make the majority of decisions, thus they have responsibility. A totalitarian regime is one that regulates every sphere of the life of its citizens. In a dictatorship, the leader assumes full responsibility and demands unquestioning obedience. But if the object of man is to achieve his goals in life, I do not feel that one can achieve these without freedom. Freedom is not tangible . . . it is a goal . . . it is a key to a locked door. It is reachable only when each man is his own master.

We are offered a choice: that of freedom, or security and the arbitrary organization of living. But we must be prepared to suffer for everything worth while in life. We must suffer for freedom or accept security without freedom. Nicholas Berdyaev, Russian religious philosopher, said, "Every man is offered the alternatives of the Grand Inquisitor or of Jesus and he must accept either one or the other, for there is no third choice."

Sandra Hochman—1953

CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

Student List

1950-1951

- BRUCE ADAMS, 9 Sunset Rd., Darien, Conn. 5-2174
 VIVIAN BAGG, Mastenhamsgat 67, Stockholm, Sweden
 BERNIE BIALY, 90 Stamford Ave., Stamford, Conn. 3-0555
 BUNNY BOBROW, 5444 Arlington Ave., Riverdale, New York.
 Kingsbridge 9-7067
 RICHARD BONIME, 450 E. 63rd St., Sutton Terrace North, New York,
 N. Y. Templeton 8-7443
 PAT BROSNAHAN, 88-31 181st St., Jamaica, N. Y. Republic 9-8279
 WILLIAM CALDWELL, 47 Locust Hill Rd., Darien, Conn. 5-2828
 JERRY CANTOR, 65 Maple Drive, Great Neck, Long Island. 2-1991
 MARILYN CARNEOL, 225 Commonwealth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 8-4128
 GINGER and STEPH CHODOROV, 34 Lanark Rd., Shippan Point,
 Stamford, Conn. 4-0748
 MARY CHURCHILL, Cherry Lawn School, Darien, Conn.
 GLADYS COHEN, Calle 74- No. 74-01, Baranquilla, Columbia,
 South America
 JULIE COHN, 1541 North Falkland Lane, Silver Springs, Maryland.
 Sligo 3206
 ARLENE DAVIS, 250 West 24th St., New York, N. Y. Watkins 9-6214
 ALYCE DEGEN, 365 West Hudson St., Long Beach, N. Y. 6-4899
 LESLIE DIAMOND, 207 W. 106th St., New York, N. Y. Academy 2-7867
 PHYA FELDMAN, 210 Fifth St., Providence, R. I. Plantations 1-1493
 MURIEL FISCH, 10 Ave. P, Brooklyn, N. Y. BE 6-6777
 RED FREEMAN, 346 W. 84th St., New York, N. Y. Schuyler 4-1033
 JOE FREEDMAN, 31 Bradshaw St., Dorchester, Mass.
 HOWIE FREYBERG, 39 Palmer Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y. 8-0215
 ANITA GLOER, 65 Park Terrace E., New York, N. Y. Lorraine 7-2970
 LINDA GOLDBERG, R. D. No. 4, Box 179, Orlando, Fla. 7-686
 SUE GOLDBERGER, Girdletree, Maryland. Snow Hill 387 W-4
 LAZER GORN, 60 Brooklawn Ave., Stamford, Conn. 3-4178
 PAULA GREENBERG, 1275 Marcellus Drive, Miami Beach, Fla. 86-5589
 BARBARA GROSS, Box 510, Route 1, Reno, Nevada
 ALAN GROSSMAN, 100 W. 76th St., New York, N. Y. Schuyler 4-9450
 MIKE HAMBERG, 16300 S. Moreland Blvd., Shaker Hts., Ohio.
 Wash. 1-1205
 NANCY JO HARRIS, 3645 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Plaza 2442
 ELLIOT and PHYLLIS HEITH, 470 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.
 Watkins 4-6938
 AL HIMMELRICH, 7706 Crosslawn Road, Baltimore, Maryland.
 Forest 4544
 SANDRA HOCHMAN, Hotel Dryden, 150 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
 Orlando 9-3900
 GEORGE INY, 140 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. Trafalgar 7-5453
 GLEN ISAACSON, 514 West End Ave., New York, N. Y. Trafalgar
 3-0773
 CARLENE JACOBSON, 3 Bellevue Road, Darien, Conn. Stamford 3-0828
 BERNARD JAFFE, 67 Hansen Place, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.
 SKIP JASON, 104-21 191st St., Hollis, New York. 8-0216
 JOAN INFELD, 94-01 64th Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y. Illinois 9-7281
 HARVEY KAPLAN, 150 Bennett Ave., New York, N. Y. Topping 7-1929
 BERNIE KLOTZ, 53-03 190th St., Flushing, Long Island, N. Y. 7-8966
 SUSAN KLEY, 53 E. 54th St., New York, N. Y. Eldorado 5-6268
 FELICE KNAPP, 106 Berkshire Road, Rockville Centre, Long Island
 6-1277
 HARRIET KOSKOFF, 33 William St., Plainville, Conn. Plainville 111-J1
 Richard Kover, 98-11 65th Ave., Forest Hills, Long Island. Illinois
 9-6933
 WILMA KURZMAN, 47 East 88th St., New York, N. Y. Sacramento
 2-5557
 FRED LASCOFF, 125 E. 72nd St., New York, N. Y. Regent 7-2859
 JUDY LERNER, Oakmount Circle, Lexington, Mass. 9-0251
 SAM LEVAN, 1559 E. 29th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Esplanade 7-1858
 PAULA FAYE LEVINE, 954 Forrest Ave., Memphis, Tenn. 8-6136
 PAT LEWIS, Pleasant Ridge Road, Harrison, N. Y. Rye 7-3353
 DOLLY LLOYD, 112-50 78th Ave., Forest Hills, Long Island. Boulevard
 8-4444
 HELENE LORBERBAUM, 129 Woodmere Blvd. So., Woodmere, Long
 Island. Franklin 4-0263
 NORA LOEWENSTEIN-TANN, 7 Moreland St., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.
 LOIS MERDINGER, 137 Lorraine Ave., Mount Vernon, New York. 8-2658
 NYLA MILLER, 18 Prospect Drive, Huntington Station, Huntington, Long
 Island. 4-907
 MAJELLA MORIN, 1265 Boulevard, West Hartford, Conn. 32-7716
 HELEN OGUS, 636 West End Ave., New York, N. Y. Endicott 2-6356
 RITA PALMER, 2249 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Esplanade 5-0824
 ALAN and NEDDA PAVEL, Lakeside Drive, North Stamford, Conn.
 2-2490
 BOBBY PENSON, 165-11 29th Ave., Flushing, N. Y. 3-1787
 JOYCE PENZINER, 76 Irving Place, New York, N. Y. Gramercy 3-5068
 JESS PETCHERS, 300 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. Trafalgar
 3-0132
 NICK PETRIDES, 27-09 167th St., Flushing, Long Island. 9-0253
 BOBBY PREGEL, 19 E. 80th St., New York, N. Y. Butterfield 8-6639
 NORMA REDSTONE, 369 Eastwood Road, Woodmere, Long Island.
 Franklin 4-1619
 LOUIS and NANCY ROBERTS, 98 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.
 Trafalgar 4-2901
 ISAAC RODRIGUEZ, Corona No. 605 Box 34, Santiago de Cuba, Cuba
 JANE ROTEN, 784 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Rhineland 4-1036
 DANNY SALKOVITZ, c/o Krieger, 38 Lane St., Dorchester 24, Mass.
 Talbot 5-4069
 JUDY SARNER, 142 Primrose Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 7-3444
 LOIS SCHEFFRES, 300 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. Schuyler
 4-7563
 SUE SCHNEIDER, 108-50 63rd St., Forest Hills, N. Y. Twining 7-6925
 MALLORY SCHUBART, 254 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y. Watkins 4-0624
 HONEY SERATA, 120 University Ave., Bridgeport, N. J. 1388
 JERI SEROY, 132 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, Conn. 48-1563
 ZACH SHAMILZADEH, 99-31 64th Ave., Forest Hills, Long Island
 Twining 7-2521
 LEWIS and BARBARA SHOWER, 737 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Butterfield 8-8542
 DAVE SIFF, 62 Park Terrace West, New York, N. Y. Lorraine 7-8766
 TONY SILVER, 20 W. 84th St., New York, N. Y. Schuyler 4-1769
 PAULINE SKORNIKI, Pinar, Avenida "E" Edif. Marfalcone, Caracas,
 Venezuela
 LESLIE SLOANE, R.F.D. No. 1, Sandy Hook, Conn. Bridgeport 8-0612
 ALINE STARK, 1411 Grand Concourse, New York, N. Y. Ludlow 8-6629
 DICK TARTT, Maywood Road, Darien, Conn. 6-3900
 LARRY TRON, Weed Hill Ave., Springdale, Conn. Stamford 2-0297
 MAX WARTSKI, 3 Savin St., Roxbury, Mass.
 BERNICE and DIANE WEISS, 211 Central Ave., Albany, N. Y. 4-2819
 DAVE WOLKENBERG, 1064 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Esplanade
 7-8582
 SAM YOMAI, 5 East 82nd St., New York, N. Y. Plaza 9-6193



ESTABLISHED 1929

AIRCRAFT CONTROL CO.

Division of

Gorn Electric Co., Inc.

manufacturers of Electrical Equipment & Aircraft Controls

837-845 MAIN STREET • STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT • TEL. 3-3164

Tel. 6-1464

T. F. FOLEY & CO., Inc.

General Contractor

81 Day Street South Norwalk, Conn.

Stamford 3-4521

Est. 1924

**Stright Sewage Disposal Co.
INCORPORATED**

Sanitary Engineers and Contractors

SPRINGDALE, CONN.

Darien 5-1989
After 10 P.M. — EM 5-0879

Ward & Austin Service Station

General Auto Repairing

Road Service - Snow Plowing
Used Cars - Tires - Batteries

312-316 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

J. J. WARD

Tel. 2-6026, 2-5565

NATURAL GAS CO., Inc.

Distributor of Pyrofax Gas

Sales - Service
Gas Burning Appliances

POST ROAD
WESTPORT, CONN.

Connecticut Potato Chip Co.

POST ROAD
SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

PICKWICK ICE CREAM CO.

"Decidedly Different"

STAMFORD, CONN.

To Cherry Lawners

*"That government is the strongest
of which every man feels himself a part."*

—Jefferson

The Student Council

1950-1951

SANITARY CLEANERS, Inc.

Tailors and Furriers

63 RAILROAD AVENUE
SO. NORWALK, CONN.

125 MAIN STREET
NEW CANAAN, CONN.

M. F. FOLEY COMPANY

Boston's Real Fish House

3 Friend Street Boston, Mass.

Cut Flowers Flowering & Foliage Plants

DARIEN FLORIST

Arrangements · Decorations
Flowers for All Occasions

167 Post Road Opp. Playhouse
Darien 5-2617

TEXTILE STORE OF DARIEN

10 Center Street Darien, Conn.
Darien 5-0125

Compliments . . .

GOTTFRIED, Inc.
STAMFORD, CONN.

Flossie Dress Co.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

LIBERTY LAUNDRY
91 NORTH MAIN STREET
SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Tel. 6-0437

Darien 5-2238

DURLAND & CO.

Everything Electrical

140 GLENBROOK ROAD
NOROTON HEIGHTS, CONN.

John S. Durland, Jr.

LUCAS PRESS

Printers

185 SOUND BEACH AVENUE
OLD GREENWICH, CONN.

ROSENBLUM

Wholesale Fruits

PACIFIC STREET
STAMFORD, CONN.

STUDENT STORE

Judy
Manager

Diane
Business Manager

Dave and Sam
Purchase Managers

Compliments
of

I. FELDMAN COMPANY

Port Chester 5-0179

Est. 1890

COLUMBIA TEA CO., Inc.

Coffee - Tea - Chocolate

Hotels, Restaurants, Industrial Cafeterias

18 No. Main St.

407 No. Main St.

Port Chester, N. Y.



RINGY SAYS . . .

The best our country's trees produce,
Prepared for every building use.
For Flooring, Shingles, Boards or Planks,
We'll take your orders with our thanks.



Every kind of roof that's good,
Asbestos, Asphalt, also Wood.
All of these and others too,
Ring's End has in stock for you.



Bricks and Mortar — Nails and
Blocks,
Doors and Windows — Screens
and Locks,
Save yourself a lot of fuss,
Get your building needs from us.



With Paints and Varnishes and
such,
We'd like to serve you very much.
Good quality and sound advice
Are all included in the price.

We also have to offer you,
Coal and Oil and Burners too.
So call us up for what you need
Your wants we'll fill with utmost
speed.



RING'S END
FUEL CO., INC.

WEST AVENUE, DARIEN
DARIEN . . . 5-2525
STAMFORD . . . 3-8313

LUMBER — MILLWORK — COAL — FUEL OIL — FERTILIZERS
MASON MATERIALS — PAINTS AND HARDWARE — NATURAL FLAGSTONE

STEVE'S SPORT SHOP

**202 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT**

Tel. 5-2575

SARNER'S

**67 FOURTH AVENUE
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.**

Mt. Vernon 8-9652

IDEAL PURVEYORS
Incorporated

665 BROCK AVENUE
BRONX, N. Y.



STARDUST Incorporated



Manufacturers of
Women's Undergarments



FLushing 9-8090 - 1 - 2



Stansteel Corporation

117-20 14th Road
College Point, L. I., N. Y.

Manufacturers of
STEEL CABINETS, LOCKERS AND SHELVING

SMITH AND MILLER

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

INLAND OIL

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

S. N. PETCHERS

100 WEST 72nd STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

KISMET BELT COMPANY

320 WEST 37th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

J. LEON LASCOFF & SON

APOTHECARIES

NEW YORK

Get the Best . . . Get

SHEFFIELD - MAPLEHURST

SEALTEST

Dairy Products

CUSHING STREET
SPRINGDALE, CONNECTICUT

BOLTON'S TAXI

DARIEN, CONN.

THE STEIGS

DURLAND AND COMPANY

NEW CANAAN

Stamford 4-7521



MOHAWK SERVICE, INC.

Tire Recapping

Hot Point Appliances

MYRTLE AVENUE
AT EAST MAIN STREET
STAMFORD, CONN.

DAVID KAPLAN

NORWALK AUTO

NORWALK, CONN.

**JACK'S
ARMY & NAVY STORE**

Complete Line of Sporting Goods

408 ATLANTIC STREET
STAMFORD, CONN.

P. T. S. A.

Parent-Teacher-Student Association

TO THE CLASS OF 1951

With your graduation from Cherry Lawn goes our every good wish, to each of you. With it also go our hopes and our expectations that the leadership you will in time assume will be based on what Democracy implies — the development of constructive and critical judgment in order that constant and full improvement in our American system and democratic methods may be brought about.

BEST OF LUCK
TO THE SENIORS

THE JUNIORS

TO THE SENIORS —

May this be
the first step
in their ladder
of success

THE FRESHMEN

TO THE GRADUATES:

Here's wishing you success in college.

THE SOPHOMORES

FROM ONE GRADUATING
CLASS TO ANOTHER

THE EIGHTH GRADE

Serving Darien Since 1930

Darien 5-1712 - 5-2551

EMIL R. KARL CHEVROLET CO., Inc.

SALES

SERVICE

43 POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SENIORS...

SANDY HOCHMAN

HOWARD JOHNSON'S

DARIEN, CONN.

EDWARD BOKER

Fruits and Vegetables

229 WEST STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE MARGOLIS FAMILY

**THE MICHAEL HOFFMAN
FUEL CO.**

100 SOUTHFIELD AVENUE
STAMFORD, CONN.
Stamford 4-4181

**MR. & MRS. LOUIS H. LEVAN
AND SAM**

Darien 5-0516

M. LEHMANN, INC.

Wine and Spirits Merchants

PROMPT DELIVERIES

169 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

**TELESCO FUEL & MASONS'
MATERIAL CO.**

**Ready Mix
Charcoal**

MR. AND MRS. BEN LEVINE

MEMPHIS, TENN.

RUSSELL FORK COAL CO., Inc.

MIKEGRADY, KENTUCKY

Miners and Shippers of

RUSSELL FORK ELKHORN COALS

E. L. GRADY COALS, Inc.

307 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sellers of

RUSSELL FORK ELKHORN COALS

GENE'S

HAIRDRESSER

Complete Beauty Service

Don't delay — see Gene today

174 POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

Darien 5-0066

Darien 5-0000 and 5-1000

GRIEB'S DARIEN PHARMACY

134 POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

DORIS BEAUTY SHOP

POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

Darien 5-2406

MICHEL'S SHOE SALON

(opposite Darien Playhouse)

167 POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

Electrical Appliances — Floor Coverings

Darien Electrical & Home Furnishing Shop, Inc.

165 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-1441

Darien 5-0250

NOVIS PAINT COMPANY, INC.

Paints

Art Materials

Picture Framing

132 POST ROAD

DARIEN, CONN.

PAUL'S SERVICE

Your Friendly Mobilgas Dealer

204 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

DARIEN BARBER SHOP

"Good Will"

Boys' and Girls' Haircutting

487 Post Road Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-1947

CENTRAL DINER

"Fine Foods"

197 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

JOHN KRESKO, *Prop.*

Darien 5-2759

LAYDA JEWELERS, INC.

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRS
ON PREMISES

*"Timely Repairs Save
Unnecessary Loss"*

189 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

S. A. TORANTINE

187 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

ROSENBLUM FRUIT CO.

STAMFORD, CONN.

CAPE COD MUSIC CENTER



MUSIC, BALLET, THEATRE, AND ART DIVISIONS

Outstanding instruction . . .
beginning and advanced . . .
in each division. Public recitals
and productions. Seashore va-
cation activities. Boys and Girls.
Seniors 14-18; Juniors 10-14.
Booklet.

MRS. C. C. CROCKER
Director

BOX 11
EAST BREWSTER, MASS.

Darien 5-0325

THE TOOL BOX

*Hardware — B P S Paint — Power Tools
Keys Made*

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHT

21 Tokeneke Road Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-1475

THE REVIEW CORPORATION

Publishers of THE DARIEN REVIEW

JOB PRINTING

218 Post Road Darien, Conn.

LAWTEX CORPORATION

New York

design exclusives

rfd 1, sandy hook, conn.

*for distinctive modern furniture accessories
in original designs created by top-flight
furniture designers*

sold by mail at exceptionally low prices

louise sloane

ethel brostrom

F. HEPP & SON

201 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

FLORIDA STEEL CO.

HIALEAH, FLA.

Darien 5-0892

Bohr's Hairdressing

Permanent Wave Specialists

169 Post Road Darien, Conn.

— WANTED —

Bric-A-Brac — Glass — China — Clothing

Darien Consignment Shop

Darien 5-4003

35 Tokeneke Road Darien, Conn.

JULES AUTO SUPPLY STORE

Radios — Bicycles

Marine Supplies — Sporting Goods

227 Post Road Darien, Conn.

TOKENEKE LAUNDROMAT

Congratulations!

Darien 5-0607

JOE'S SHOE SERVICE

17 Tokeneke Road
Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-2038

DARIEN WATCH REPAIRING

WATCHES

Expert watch and clock repairing

250 Post Road Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-0702

CAROL MASTERSON

LINGERIE — FURS

Log Cabin, Near Post Office
Darien, Conn.

BEST WISHES TO
CLASS OF 1951

BELL PHARMACY

Darien 5-4117

TEL-RAD SERVICE CO.

TELEVISION - RADIO AND ELECTRONIC SERVICE

20 WEST AVENUE

DARIEN, CONN.

VILLAGE SHOP

*Furniture, Refurnishing,
Repairing, Antiques,
Gifts, Prints*

233 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

Darien 5-2173

JOSEPH LORENTI & SON

TAILOR AND FURRIER

Cleaning - Dyeing - Repairing - Alterations

FUR STORAGE

232 Post Road

Darien, Conn.

NEUGER'S CLEANERS

DARIEN, CONN.

FOUR-IN-ONE SHOP, Inc.

**63 BROAD STREET
STAMFORD, CONN.**

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT CO.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Best Wishes

from

THE TRON FAMILY

"DRESSES FROM DAWN THRU
DUSK"

at

GLORIA SUTTON, Inc.

174 POST ROAD
DARIEN, CONN.

IMPERIAL CONTAINER CO., Inc.

108 JEWEL STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A Friend of
STANSTEEL CORPORATION

The Goodsteins

JACK

FLORENCE

MARTIN

STEVEN

WILLIAM ABRAMS

MAX F. GERSTMAN

PETER CAPPIO

JOSEPH P. CAPPIO

MR. & MRS. I. DEGEN

Fran and Alyce

PEGGY MARTIN, Inc.

Blouses

MR. & MRS. LOU WEISS

MR. & MRS. ALBERT LLOYD

FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK



PENSON & CO.

11 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

LINDA BROOKS

DONNA HENRY INC.
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE PALMERS

Edwards Employment Agency

73 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK CITY