

'52



CHERRY PIT

Cherry Town School

the cherry pit

Darien, Connecticut





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



Dear Class of 1952:

Some weeks ago the one hundred-thousandth refugee arrived in this country. Perhaps you will say that this country's whole history could be written as the history of the millions who arrive and the millions who have arrived here. Henry Clay's words from his deathbed to Kossuth exactly one hundred years ago: for the cause of liberty, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore as a light to all nations" still hold true. Why should just this one hundred years ago: "for the cause of liberty, we should all the many who did not? What is it that makes some survive? It usually is not riches—"You can't take it with you." What character traits make for survival? If you can't take it with you, what are the treasures that you can take with you?

Even if we do not expect such upheavals in the future of this continent as have devastated so many and different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa—and many people in the stricken countries did not expect them either—it might give up valuable directives of what should be the important aspects of life and of our education as preparation for life.

Shouldn't we take a hint from these world trends now, more than ever, and stress in our bringing up of the young, the very things that we can take with us? Riches stored in our minds, in our eyes, in our hands, in our bodies. "Doctor Boris" has a manuscript in which he stresses this new viewpoint of education. He calls it "These Magnificent Senses of Ours." He points out that we should have sense-education on different planes: sensuous, sensual, sensate, sensitive. Among the senses "Dr. Boris" stresses "sense of being and well-being." In addition to the usual five senses, he stresses the different aspects of the "higher senses": the sense of hunger, sex, danger, freedom, contentment, justice. He traces the developmental stages of the sense of the beautiful, of the comical, of the fantastic, of the tragic, of the mystical. One of his earlier books, "The Ideal School," already elaborated on the kind of education which would prepare all children for life in the different worlds in which they should be made to feel at home, both successively and simultaneously: the world of everyday worry and making a living, the world of science, the world of art and beauty, the world of human relations, the world of the universe and the world of religion.

If you, Class of 1952, would store your riches in your minds, in your hearts, in your willpower, in your ingenuity, in your compassion, then your lives would be truly fuller and richer whatever might happen. How often I have pleaded with you in our History classes to develop the sense of wonder, approach what is happening with such a fresh mind that you see what really is happening in what seems to happen. Coleridge in his preface to "Lyrical Ballads" says that Wordsworth really has the poet's gift: "to give the charm of novelty to things of everyday"—to be poets in that sense is within the reach of all of you. Emerson said it this way: "A constant rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us." "Is it not true that the less a person has inside him of culture and inspiration, the more he wants outside him the upholstery of trifle." Your old friend from "Modern European History," de Montaigne, says it a little differently: "The want of goods is easily repaired, but the poverty of the soul is irreparable." "The great and glorious masterpiece of man is to know how to live to a purpose—all other things are preps." In pointing out to you, Class of 1952, what really will be the essence of education when you soon "commence" acquiring it more on your own, I cannot but think of a people who lately have lost so much of their worldly goods and only have what they can take with them in their minds and ways, the Chinese, Lin Yu Tang tells us that to them the art of living is still "a gay science . . . the world will not be peaceful until men imbue themselves with the light gaiety of the spirit." The real wastefulness in your lives is the joy you have not felt, the love you have not given, the power and perception you leave unused.

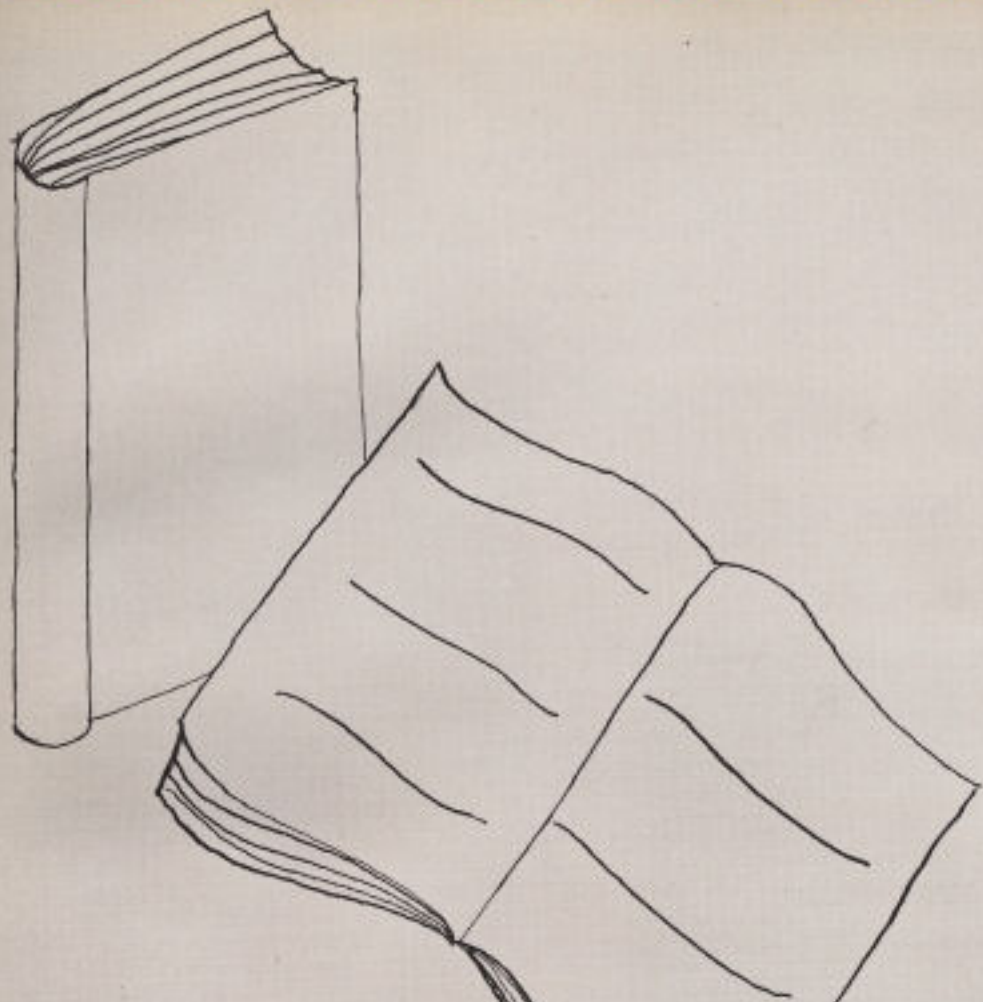
If you will take these thoughts of mine to heart when you now leave Cherry Lawn, they may help you to acquire the things you can take with you, which will make your lives happy and successful in the true meaning of happiness and success.

God bless you, Cherry Lawners of 1952, now and always.

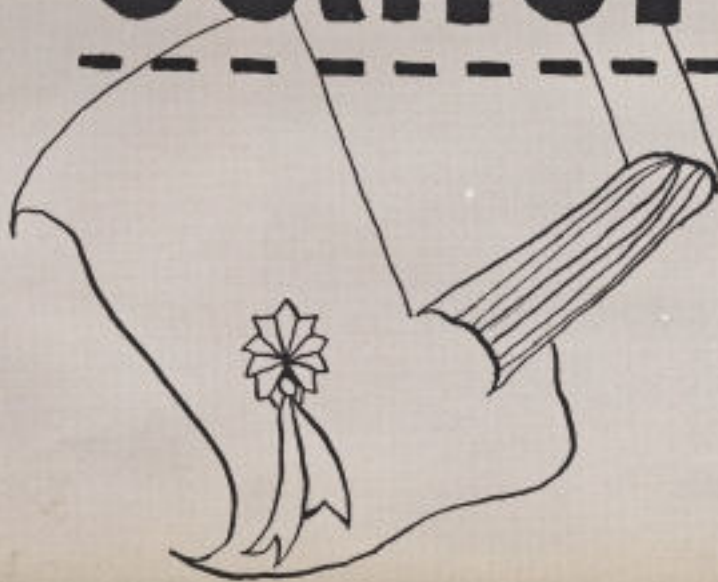
Yours sincerely,

Christina Stoil v.H. Bogoslovsky,

Director



SENIORS





MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG
Senior Adviser



MR. L. HAROLD LALLY
Senior Adviser

Elliott -
slowly you
have been
getting some
where in English.
I wonder
where you'll
be by the end
of college.
Good Luck.
L.H.L.



Ed -
I've enjoyed
the Physics class
year along with every
we've done together.
always. Give



VIVIAN BAGG

"Viv"

"What wisdom can you find that is
greater than kindness."

—J. J. Rousseau

To Ed -
What ever you do
just you'll do it
well. I hope to
see you some
time

RICHARD BONIME
"Richie"

"Give light and the people will find
their own way."



Best of everything
Richie B



CAROLE BEHRENS

"Begone, dull care! I prithee be-
gone from me!
Begone, dull care! Thou and I shall
never agree."

—John Playford,
"Musical Companion"



Dear "Ed,"
It sure has been
great knowing you
this year.
Keep up the good work
Carole



ROSA DEL OLMO

"A rose is sweeter in the bud
than full blowne."

—John Lyly,
"Euphues and His England"



Dear Elliott
Don't forget our gra-
duation practices.
I hope you the best
— I luck always,
Be good and take it easy,
Rosa



El-
It is obvious by
 $L = \frac{T^2}{1.23}$ that the
C.L.S. pendulum has
swung & is at the
apart pt. Hope however,
(again by $L = \frac{T^2}{1.23}$) to
see you on the
next swing,
Till - then
it is obvious to the student
that my best to you is
from me - (?) - Steph.



STEPH CHODOROV

"And still they gazed and still the
wonder grew, that one small head
could carry all he knew."

—Oliver Goldsmith,
"The Deserted Village"



ALYCE DEGEN

"Ally"

"Do Fortune as she list, I stand
Prepared."

—Dante, "Hell"

Dear Elliott,
It is a
pleasure to see
you after all
these years.
I'm impressed with
what a nice
man you have
become.



Alyce



El!
 one of these days I'm going to
 beat you in a sport. You've been
 a wonderful friend - I hope I'll
 see you again - 'Dee'

DIANE FOX
 "Dee"

"Bright star, would I were steadfast
 as thou art!"

—J. Keats, "Last Sonnet"



Deah El!

I am certain that
 with that "bwaain" of
 you'll go far (You
 sense of humor is for the
 birds, however). Take care of yourself
 and also of ~~PHILLS~~
 Sinc... George

GEORGE GLASSGOLD

"No task's too steep for human
 wit."—Horace

SUE GOLDHABER
 "Suzzie"

"I would help others, out of a
 fellow-feeling."

—R. Burton,
 "Democritus to the Reader"





MURIEL FISCH

"Where the willingness is great, the difficulties cannot be great."

—Machiavelli, "The Prince"

Dear Eli:

Sincerely,
Muriel



Dear Elliott!
For the first time in my life I have had
the privilege to
know a true
mathematician.
But besides that, you
have been a good
sportsman and friend. I'll get master the
art of pulling slide rules!

HANS GEßEL

"No one should drive a hard bargain with an artist."

—Ludwig van Beethoven,
"Letters to Peter and Company"

PHYLLIS FELDMAN

"Phya"

"Fair and softly goes far."

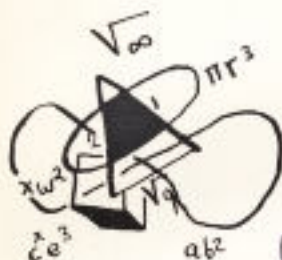
—Miguel de Cervantes,
"Don Quixote"



ELLIOTT HEITH

"I have hardly ever known a mathematician who was able to reason."

—Plato, "The Republic"



6/15/52
a Elliott
i Buenos Aires!
[Signature]



JOAN INFELD

"Joanie"

"A woman's guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty."

—Kipling, "Plain Tales"

Don't shoot —
a second Gostein.
Best of luck and happiness always
Joanie



ALFRED HIMMELRICH

"Al"

"As good-natured a soul as e'er trod on shoe of leather."

—Miguel de Cervantes, "Don Quixote"





el!
 Stuyvesant was
 Never Like this
 (Is this good or bad)
 Oh Well! Best
 B i g



WILLIAM HURWICH
 "Bill"

"For they can conquer who believe
 they can."

JUDITH ANN LERNER
 "Judy"

"Second thoughts are even wiser."

—Euripides "Antigone"



Dear class
 Best of luck
 and happiness
 always
 Judy

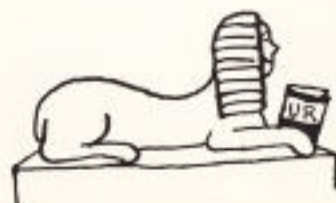


ORLAN ISALY

"My method is to take the utmost
 trouble to find the right thing to
 say, and then, to say it with the
 utmost levity."

—G. B. Shaw,
 "Answers To Nine Questions"

Luce, Liberte, Levite
 Orlean Isaly



Deari Elliot,
I think we've
really had a good
time this year -
Best of Luck to the
Bridges Players -
Love,
Paula



PAULA FAYE LEVINE
"Miss Foo"

"To insure peace of mind ignore
the Rules and Regulations."

—George Ade,
"Forty Modern Fables"



ALLAN KUPERSTEIN
"Al"

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

—Francis Bacon, "Essex' Device"



PATRICIA LEWIS
"Pat"

"Moderation, the noblest gift of
heaven."

—Euripedes, "Medea"





*Elliot,
Good luck and
best wishes
Britta.*



BRITTA LOWENBERG

"Infinite riches in a little room."
—Marlow, "Jew of Malta"



*Hi!
3ab 4ue - ex2 - 3taxa - 0
con x - b
+ friendship
Bob!*

ROBERT NICHOLS
"Bob"

"Prefer geniality to grammar."
—H. W. Fowler,
"The King's English"



*Dear Elliot,
LOIS MERDINGER
Follow your hopes, conviction, and
be strong.
been wonderful this
year. I hope that your
future will be just as
successful. Best wishes,
Lois*





NANCY ROBERTS

"Nan"

"And then their features started
into smiles, sweet as blue heavens
o'er enchanted isles."

—Keats, "Calidore"



Hi Roommate,
It's been great
Knowing you these last
2 years. You will need
good luck —

DANIEL SALKOWITZ "

"Danny"

"Danny"



"Virtue is like a rich stone, best
plain set."

—F. Bacon, "Of Beauty"

OLGA RADONSKI

Querido el,

"Silence more musical than any
song."

—Christina G. Rossetti, "Rest"

Como el año
Se termina, te tengo
que perdonar
las veces que
me pegaste en
las clases de física
Espero q' dentro de
cuatro años seas
un ingeniero. Love
Best
Olga





NORMA REDSTONE

"It is a very hard undertaking to seek to please everyone."

—Maxim, "Syrus"

Dear Ed - No you are a good basket ball player (better than ~~san~~ ~~why~~) - are
Don't nominate - would
never give me a beagle -
I always love you - Norma



RICHARD TARTT

"Dick"

"What a time! What a civilization!"

—Cicero, "Cataline I"



DEBRAH SERATA

"Honey" "Circe"

"To have—to hold and—in time—
let go."

—Laurence Hope,
"The Teak Forest"





DAVID WOLKENBERG

"Davie" "Rabbit"

"The style is the man himself."

—Comte de Buffon,
"Discourse on Style"

BRONISLAW ZAJBERT

"Broni"

"He is the very pineapple of politeness."

—R. Sheridan, "The Rivals"
Caricatures by Hans Gesell



ife goes to a still-christening party

JUNE 15, 1984 (A. P.)

Yesterday yours truly received a hurried phone call from somewhere in Tennessee in which I was extended an invitation to attend the opening of this state's first legal underground still. The voice on the other end of the line said her name was Rosa del Olmo and that she was "crazy for" me to come down for the big celebration. Not wanting to miss this event, I boarded the first plane out and headed South.

When I arrived in the little town (whose name I have agreed not to mention) I was impressed by the unusual orderliness of things. The sheriff, an extremely polite chap dressed in the garb of a Polish university student, told me his name was Broni something-or-other. He gave me directions to the shindig.

As I neared the place, a tall, thin shadow slipped out from behind the building and asked if I wouldn't like to buy a second-hand copy of "Traits and Customs of the Midwest Sphinx." Though thoroughly convinced that the book had a definite, practical worth, I declined the honor as it was written in Sanskrit, one language I have never been quite able to master. The peddler, I found out later, was the well known Professor of Ancient History, Orlan Isaly.

As the entrance to the place came into view, I spotted a huge sign on the road which read—"Allan Kuperstein & Daughters, Civil Engineers. The Faster Our Plaster The Quicker Your Liquor." No sooner had I started towards the door when a character calling himself Eliatt Cosine Heith stepped out of the Fifth Dimension and tried to convince me of the impossibility of Infinity. Since I was in complete accord with his views, the conversation was brief and he disappeared again muttering something about approaching a limit.

By this time I had my hand on the knob when the door flew open and a perfectly charming Southern Lady, one Paula Faye Levine, greeted me and asked if I wouldn't like to hang up my coat. She held out a plate solicitously and inquired if I was hungry. (Quite a delicacy, those little chunks of southern fried possum wrapped in Confederate tinfoil. Sweet and tasty; a bit like fur-covered marshmallow, if you will.) As I ate and disrobed the official hostess came over and asked to see my credentials. I thought this a bit odd but complied as graciously as possible with the request of this lady (who I later found out was Norma Redstone, head of the Long Island Delegation to the State of Tennessee.) After this registration, I felt more at ease and started looking around more boldly.

The center of the building in which all this was going on was an enormous tank, well lighted by indirect fellow spots manned from the balcony by a red-headed fellow named Richard Bonime, and well decorated with numerous tiny essses drawn on the surface by the famous surrealist, Alyce Degen, who was not present because the affair was so far from home. In one corner of the room, I noticed an enclosed booth topped by a sign reading "Olga's South American Sweet Shoppe." Not having eaten for several hours, I went in and discovered two gents trying to carry on an argument through mouthfuls of Caracas salt water taffy. The argument advanced by Bob Nichols against Hans Gesell, well known cartoonist for the ROTTERDAM EVENING CHRONICLE, was that dangerous tension would ensue should the Dutch succeed in conquering Tamale-land. Neither participant won the dispute but Mr. Nichols' last word—"Hing!"—seemed to sum up the situation very well.

After a quick bite, I wandered out into the party again and noticed some new arrivals. They included the fashion designer, Joan Infeld, conservatively dressed in a heliotrope fur cloak with a sprig of snapdragon in her hair, and Vivian Bagg, whose book, "How to Live on Smörgåsbord and Like It," astounded the literary world just a few years ago. Also present were Dr. Phya Feldman, the eminent child psychologist and Miss Judy Lerner, East Coast dancing star who recently made that wonderful musical picture, "Words and More Words."

As I stood there with a Martini in my hand (so dry, incidentally, that it evaporated before I had a chance to drink it) the door burst open and in strutted Daniel Salkowitz,



Boston's delegate to the U.N., and his colleague from Brooklyn, Dave Walkenberg, who, you will recall, played professional basketball before he was called to an important government post. They were cordially greeted and after unbuttoning their jackets, headed towards the liquor table. (Incidentally, these two later proved quite entertaining when they began to set-shot grapefruit into the punch bowl.)

I started toward the refreshment table myself, to try a sleek swallow of another of those elusively dry Martinis, when two men passed by, gesturing emphatically. I caught the words, "but that's the way I learned it, Mr. Lally" from one, and the reply, "Bill, I don't care what they taught you at Stuyvesant," from the other.

Suddenly a white dove wheeled past my head. I looked to see where it had flown from and heard cheers in three languages coming from a corner where three hands were joined across a bridge table. I went over to this ceremony and saw Britta Löwenberg, Diane Fox, and Alfred Himmelrich smiling proudly at each other. Amid the half-filled glasses and half-eaten fur-mallows lay an impressive document entitled, "The Stockholm, Hammond and Baltimore Treaty of Everlasting Benevolence." "Another treaty to end all treaties!" I thought.

At this juncture, I noticed the crowd's attention drawn to one side of the room and I craned my neck to see what was going on. The guests were admiring the newest fall fashions as modeled by that darling of the St. Lawrence campus, Muriel, who was parading gingerly along the top edge of the still. This exhibition ended suddenly, however, when a well-aimed watermelon sent her sprawling into the secondary vat. From that time on, I suspected something was Fisch-e but kept my mouth shut.

Presently I noticed that someone was playing the piano. It was a chap in an overcoat who was pounding out something about a pansy on the garden wall. While I watched him, that elegant world traveler, Nancy Roberts, nudged me and commented, "That's Mr. Glassgold. He's rather good, don't you think?" I replied in the affirmative and asked her where she had been lately. She confided that the places left unexplored were few and far between but her latest visit had been to Tibet where she had taken the trouble to find out the answer to the old question about the price of eggs there.

When Mr. Glassgold had finished, we strolled over to a giant screen, to be entertained by a performance by that musical comedy sensation, Carole Behrens, who was broadcasting from Japan, where the Air Force had sent her. Then we all sang a few choruses of "In de still o' de evenin'" to the accompaniment of a "fifth" string guitar. During this, I noticed sitting next to me, the society leader, Pat Lewis, talking to another woman whom I identified by the brand name on her cigarette as Lois Merdinger, last of the Tareyton supporters. As a result of her unswerving loyalty, she was now president of the company and in the process of doubling sales by designing a more attractive crest for the pack. On my other side was the president of the Women's Voting League, Mrs. Lettie Lee Craig, talking to one Sue Goldhaber (dressed in a gown made entirely of flower leaves sewn together) who kept on alluding to "The 1860 War of Northern Aggression."

When they started mixing a little throat tickler called the "Memphis Mule," denatured alcohol poured over a corn cob, I decided the trend of the party was beginning to change and bade my hostess goodbye. I stepped out into the cool night air. Walking briskly toward the airport, I stopped to wait for a light at a corner when a gray Olds pulled up. A voice came from within a leather jacket: "Where is the place, anyhow—I know I'm supposed to be somewhere!" I informed the man that the party was over and he roared off, strutting. As he did so, I noticed his name, Dick Tartt, skillfully imprinted over the number on his license plate with a series of Bee Bee gun punctures. "Oh, well—" I said to myself, and continued on to the plane.

The flight home was uneventful except for the discovery on my part that I had been able to swallow the Martinis after all. In the midst of my misery, I glanced towards my seat partner. She was working on a manuscript for a book to be entitled "Tax Loopholes in the New Jersey State Law and How They Grew." When we passed over Bridgeton, New Jersey, she jumped out and I saw on the parachute which billowed over her the name "Honey Serata." I moaned again and closing my eyes, tried to imagine what the people I had seen that night must have been like as seniors in high school. I shuddered: it was impossible.





... Seniors is the

cwaziest



people ...



To D,
 The other guard, plus one of my very good friends.
 I have no doubt that you will make good
 so I offer you the best of health and luck
 in college. I don't ^{know} what we will do for
 basketball next year but I have a feeling
 we'll get along. It's been a great year
 and great knowing you. I hope it will be
 a lasting friendship.

Loads of Luck
 Love Mike B.

Love
 L L S



REQUIESCAT IN PACE

RESCUED IN ONE PIECE

Lived from —
June 15th, 1952 on —

Alfred leaves early to ring the bell.
Alyce leaves her efficiency to the junior who can untangle it.
Steph leaves the transportation problem to Jeri Seroy.
Phya leaves her waistline to Stephen Scharfman.
Danny leaves the lower school girls without an idol.
Sue leaves the grass paperless.
Bob leaves; crackling brittly.
Muriel leaves her dialect to Rhoda Gordon.
Richie leaves the stage lights to any genius who can figure them out.
Honey leaves the corner of Mrs. Landé's room to Nedda Pavelo!
David leaves with a "hum-babe."
Judy egresses, Websterianlike.
Orlan leaves his foot in the music closet door.
Paula leaves Lee to fight "The War" by herself.
Elliott leaves a worn slide-rule to Mr. Sheehan.
Joan leaves "I don't care" to the class of '53.
Alan leaves his enigmatic smile to haunt C. L. S.
Nancy leaves H. J.'s to fend for itself.
Pat leaves her quiet manner to Dolly Lloyd.
Bill leaves his "pocket book" collection to Bobby Pregel.
Vivian leaves her smile to whoever has the energy to control it.
Britta leaves Nalle without a translator.
Lois leaves curly-headed—finally.
Carole leaves for the Copa.
Rosa leaves her tree house and feather suit to sceptics.
Hans leaves his autobiography to Mr. Lally.
George leaves his briefcase and coat to get to college by themselves.
Diane leaves her stability to Richie Kovner.
Brani holds the door for everyone else—and then leaves.
Olga leaves a light burning in the Senior library.
Norma leaves in a tizzy.
Dick makes a getaway.
The Senior Class leaves C. L. S. relatively mono-lingual.



underclassmen





MR. LUDWIG ZUBER



Susan Bell



Alison Miller



Peter Glassgold



Shirley Webber



Tania Pozwolski



Rachelle Sholder



Sophie Cohen



William Weinstein



Lynn Cashman



Franklin Hilf

eighth grade



To Elliott:
Good luck
in College
and remember
if you work
hard enough
you can do
anything.
By dedication
Bill Scher



Eliot -
If you learn to
sew as well as
Phyllis you'll go
far.
class of
Leslie



Dear Elliott,
Good luck
always - never
forget the
great time you
had at the
'fifty-three
I - I party.
Love,
Katie
I like you a lot!
I'll miss you a lot!
Toni



sophs



class of



Congratulations
and best wishes
in coming
years -
Judy
Korntin
'fifty-five

With best regards ~
Jerry C. Stroose

Ello! It's been grand knowing you
this year. I hope that our
friendship will keep on even
after school.
Lots of luck.
Bernie



lower
school





activities



THIS YEAR WE MOSTLY REHEARSED

If not with the phrase "completely victorious," this year's athletic teams at Cherry Lawn can best be described as spirited. Four sports: hockey, football, basketball, and as this goes to press, baseball, have again proven the versatility of a flexible program.

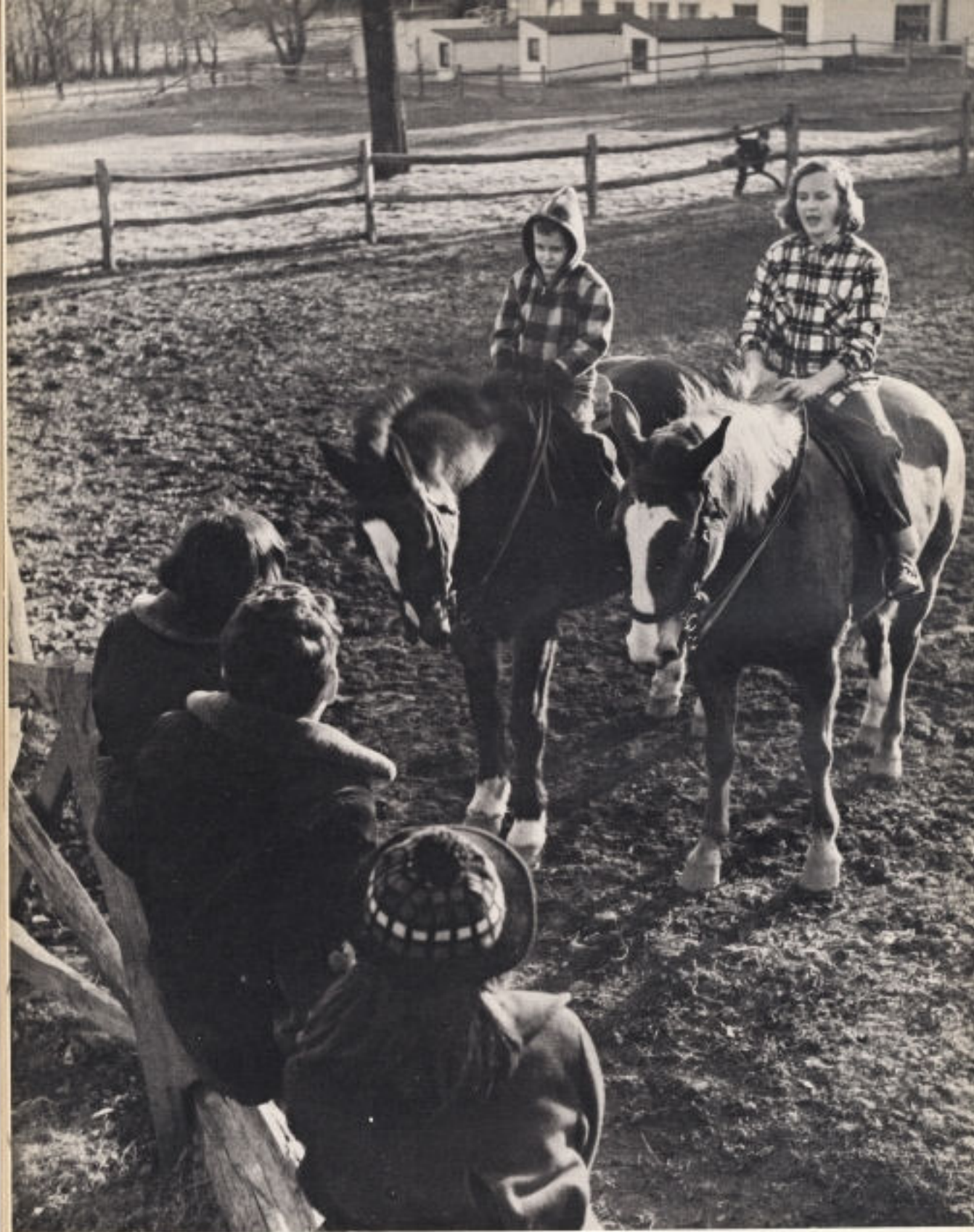
Early in the fall the hockey team, managed by Honey Serata and Diane Fox, showed itself to be a hard-working outfit intent on playing the game. Their season's record reveals a definite trend towards ability on the field, while behind the scores hides the spirit that prevailed throughout and the excellent coaching of Miss Nussis, girls' athletic instructor.

Turning next to football, our school scene takes on new meaning. Under the firm leadership of Mr. Sherin and the capable management of Mike Stone and Bob Weiner, they worked vigorously. An unvictorious season was, nevertheless, a hard fought one. Having lost most of last year's team including the entire backfield, the squad had to build from the bottom up. Oldtimers included Dave Siff, Richie Bonime, Glenn Isaacson, Jerry Cantor, and Al Himmelrich. To these were added the newcomers to football, Zach Shamilzadeh, Max Wartski, Isaac Rodriguez, Paul Shapiro, Fred Lascoff, Elliott Heith, Richie Kovner, Bill Hurwich, Hans Gesell, Al Kuperstein, and Mike Braverman. Running plays were executed by veteran starters Dave Wolkenberg and Dan Salkowitz, the halfbacks. These two boys were responsible for our only touchdown, against Darien in the first of two games with that club, which took the game in the closing minutes and, in the return match, proved too strong for us. After several injuries the squad bowed to King, Brunswick, and St. Lukes but the total effect was one of well-played football—and a good foundation for next year's team. Another outgrowth of the autumn sports season was soccer. A hastily organized group played two games, both with tied scores.

With the colder weather, basketball became Cherry Lawn's number one sport. The team, composed entirely of last year's J. V.'s and Varsity substitutes, practiced diligently and earned a good record. Captained by Elliott Heith, and under Mr. Sherin's coaching and Glenn Isaacson's managing, the Varsity fought its way through tough competition in the Southern Connecticut League. Well set up and constantly improved, the team was urged on at each game by the equally well organized cheerleaders. In their traditional maroon-and-white they flashed through numerous routines and "yea teams" to spirit the game and the spectators. A boys' J. V. squad, too, remained active all season long, maintaining a good record. In addition to boys' basketball, the girls, too, had a team. Their Varsity, with a 1 and 2 record, and their J. V. with a 1 and 0, were both actively interested teams.

With all these team sports and Cherry Lawn's extensive athletic program, we can be assured that next year our spirit will be aided by our experience.





This page is a gift of the Serata family.

We'll never
forget the
Fair!



IN THE SPOTLIGHT

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue . . ." This, though without the archaism of the Shakespearean period, is, perhaps, the epitome of dramatic work at Cherry Lawn. To convey the mood, portray the symbol and, as the quotation from Hamlet continues: " . . . give it smoothness" has always been the goal. In no previous year has this aim shown a greater degree of completion than 1951-52. Under the experienced hand of Basil Burwell, a veteran actor and author, dramatic groups have outdone themselves in quantity and quality. Without presupposing that the zenith has been reached, let us take a mid-term view of the year's theatre activity.

Always the first big production of any school year, 1951's Christmas Pageant took its place alongside its predecessors on the list headed "successful." An exceptionally moving and well-coordinated work, the Pageant starred pantomimists Dolores Lloyd, Jerry Strauss, and Kris Elion; and singers Jane Roten, Bill Hurwich, and Harriet Koskoff in the biblical roles of Mary, Joseph, and Gabriel, respectively. The chorus, directed by Miss Rosalie Gassel, applied itself delicately and yet forcefully to give a total effect that was, at once, blended and striking.

While preparing for the next full-scale production, several groups offered creditable minor works as assembly or Saturday night presentations. Notable among these were the Senior shorts; Alfred Kreymsburg's "Minikin and Manikin" the idle philosophising of two statuettes; and "Balcony Scene," the morbidly humorous picture of a man watching his own funeral. The Juniors, too, stepped into the limelight with "Merely Players," a haunting example of the struggle between genuineness and superficiality, and the Sophomores with "The Open Window," a chiller by Saki.

After the latter, the Sophomores started work on what proved to be one of the most exciting experiments of the dramatic year, the first Cherry Lawn "theatre-in-the-round" production. Overcoming the various problems connected with lighting, scenery, and the absence of a "backstage," the Tenth Grade took two bows for their efforts. The first, a Tennessee Williams one-acter called "Mooney's Kid Don't Cry" was well handled by Ginger Chodorov and Mike Braverman in the man and wife portrayals. The second, "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson, a story of dogmatism and blindness with a background of spine-tingling symbolism, was powerfully done with Harriet Koskoff, Jerry Strauss, Louis Roberts, Isaac Rodriguez, and Linda Goldberg in the lead roles.

In preparation now for performance within the next few months are several major works. Among them are Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," and "Blood Wedding" by the famous Spanish liberal, Federico Garcia Lorca. It is planned to incorporate dance with drama in "Emperor," with Bernard Jaffe as "Jones," George Glassgold as "Smithers," and Bill Hurwich as the witch doctor. Also on the agenda is "The Trial" by Andre Gide and Jean-Louis Barrault from the book by Franz Kafka. Translated from the French by Miss Valeska Rink and Mrs. Nancy Burwell, the play is a modern fantasy of guilt and ruthlessness in the present age. Another theatrical achievement, although more of a choral production, is the American folk opera "Down In The Valley," which will be presented by the Glee Club.

In summary, credit must be given to the stage crew, whose tireless work it was to produce the props and lighting effects which were so instrumental in the success of productions in the year 1951-52.



... we dance



The dance—the expression of the artist who works not with colors or words to achieve mood—but with motion and the self—has always been a popular phase of creativeness at Cherry Lawn. This year, more than ever, its pursuit by the High School as well as by the Lower School has proven that dancing, in any way, shape, or form, is important and enjoyed. Under our unusually talented Miss Rink, four types of the dance are taught—ballet, tap, folk, and body conditioning. The first three being self-explanatory, the last needs consideration. One of the most enjoyed extra-curricular activities, body conditioning is a combined limbering up, muscle-toning and technique class. It is conducted by Miss Rink who is at home in the classical ballet as well as the folk dance. While teaching this class she has also been invaluable as an instructor and guide in the advanced forms. Besides the actual steps and the development of style she has taken several groups to professional exhibitions where students can learn by watching.

A natural form of expression, dance has shown itself to be a natural at Cherry Lawn.



and make music



ART

To the eye of a casual visitor the room appears desolate; illuminated only by the pale morning light which plays over the paintings that cover the wall. Suddenly the rusty doors swing open and troops of eager geniuses enter. Immediately the atmosphere is one of frenzy and dust as canvases are feverishly covered with paint and finishing touches put on a "chef d'oeuvre." This creative spirit is part of an art period. Varying in interests from portraits to posters, students with ambition and talent turn out their work. With the invaluable aid of Mr. Jansen they learn to improve technique, polish style, and widen their scope. Their produce takes the form of yearbook sketches, rally posters, framed pictures, and often, pen-and-ink or pastel drawings.

With the urgent clang of the bell, however, reality returns and the would-be Da Vincis and Rembrandts leave hurriedly, snatching their textbooks from the tables. Then a new group rushes in to continue the pursuit of charcoals and fingerpaints. As time elapses, the turmoil subsides gradually and, when the last enthusiast has finally left, the room is once again wrapped in quietude and serenity, while darkness slowly covers the new creations.



CREATIVE WRITING CLUB

Among the various outlets for creativity in Cherry Lawn, is the ever-popular Creative Writing Club. It is comprised of those students who wish to improve their own writing and learn how to criticize literary work constructively. The group, under the leadership of Mr. Basil Burwell, an author in his own right, meets every other Wednesday in an informal and friendly atmosphere. Here the students read and criticize their own works as well as those of more recognized authors. During meetings they sometimes try writing to music, an interesting and fruitful experiment; or perhaps just discuss a current literary work, with Mr. Burwell guiding the discussion into the right channels. Through these meetings the members develop a better understanding of creative expression.



OPERATION PROMENADE: 1952

Every year at Cherry Lawn, at that time when March winds are becoming April showers, the social pattern emerges boldly as the Prom snowball begins to roll. Perhaps the first signs of anticipation manifested themselves with restless talk of "the committee," i.e., the planning group upon whose shoulders falls the task of seeing that every inch of Manor House is decorated, every young lady is satisfactorily escorted, and every one of the myriad problems of organization is conquered. This year's committee, Gloria Isaacson, Muriel Fisch, Sam Levon, Sue Goldhaber and Carole Behrens, guided the willing hands of many other students whose special talents included a knowledge of electrical wiring, painting, sandwich making, social ethics or, sometimes, a fervent desire to haul furniture instead of textbooks.

The doors of Manor House closed to the curious and many a male tongue struggled gallantly or blurted out valiantly the invitation. The number of days "to go" dwindled to zero. Then, when Saturday night was no longer unchecked on the calendar, one hundred high-schoolers found themselves admiring and being admired at Swedish Pavilion, where the annual pre-Prom Cocktail Party is offered. Melting, as usual, so effortlessly onto the dance floor, the Prom pushed on with increasing liveliness until 7:30 became 12:30 and P.M. became A.M.

In these brief, but somehow timeless five hours, the rumba, fox trot, Lindy, and all their counterparts and brethren were displayed, indulged in or tried for the first time. Finally, when the Charleston had claimed some and the South American tempi had stilled others, the buses came to transport the Prom-goers to Twin Terrace, a nearby night spot, for a late snack. There, over sandwiches and cokes, most students were willing to use the past tense in reference to the evening. And, as the buses rolled back on campus, a hundred pillows gently divided the beautiful jigsaw puzzle that had been the 1952 Prom.



UNDERCLASSMEN CONVERT dance studio in Stein House into sleeping quarters for out-of-town dates.



ASPIRING ARTIST Hans Geuell works on a portion of the murals from Dixie cups of paint. Crisscross screen behind him masks bookcases.



CULINARY PINESSE marks the preparation of sandwiches and punch. These Sophomore girls enjoy a rare opportunity to play housewife.



THE FEMALE EXODUS to Darien included Nancy Roberts, who gets her hair done at Gene's, local beauty parlor. Boys' eleventh-hour preparation was de-linting blue serge and shoe polishing.



IN A POSITION acquired through constant practice, this weary worker "takes five" in the study hall. As electrician in charge of the intricate lighting system, Richie Bonime himself blinked out for a few moments.



IRONING was another popular last-minute occupation. Here Lee Green does final justice to her gowns.



THE FEMININE TOUCH is administered by Helen Ogus. Though some girls relied upon professional talent for the appearance of their hair, many produced a sleek job by themselves.



WITH LEGENDARY PATIENCE, Bill Hurwich and Broni Zajbert compare notes while waiting. The pleasantly inevitable followed soon. ➔



DRESSED AND READY, Marc Botvinic was one of many whose 7:30 hair neatness became a 12:30 fiasco.



WAITING FOR FLOWERS, the boys line up as the middle man checks off the orders. Many corsages, from sweetpeas to orchids, showed unusually original taste.



IN THE DIRECTOR'S HOME, where the three girls live, their dates come to escort them to the Prom. Internationalists, represented from left to right are: Broni, Venezuela; Steph, California; Viv, Latvia; Diane, Indiana; Britta, Sweden; and Bill, New York.

WRIST CORSAGE of gardenias on a plastic bracelet shares the lime-light with school ring, pearls, evening bag, carefully-folded handkerchief and other Prom regalia.



COKETAIL PARTY is traditional pre-Prom gathering sponsored by freshman girls.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER. The camera catches typical between-dance chat.



THREE EIGHTH-GRADERS wait for music to begin. Faces reveal obviously mixed feelings at the beginning of their first formal dance.



A SHOWBOAT THEME, the decorations stretched throughout the study halls and social rooms. The frieze of painted murals, set off by colorful webs of crepe paper which concealed bookcases and other academic reminders, was planned and executed by the Decoration Committee. Having closed Manor House to ordinary student activities, the artistic clique worked with rolls of heavy paper, colored lights, and many gallons of paint, to combine taste with imagination. Illustrated here, one wall of the Senior Library.



IMPROMPTU CHARLESTON EXHIBITION, by experts Al Himmelrich and Sandi Hochman, clears the floor.



TORCHY AND BLUE, Carole Behrens' singing gave ample proof of her professional experience.

THE END . . .



Photographs by David Brooks

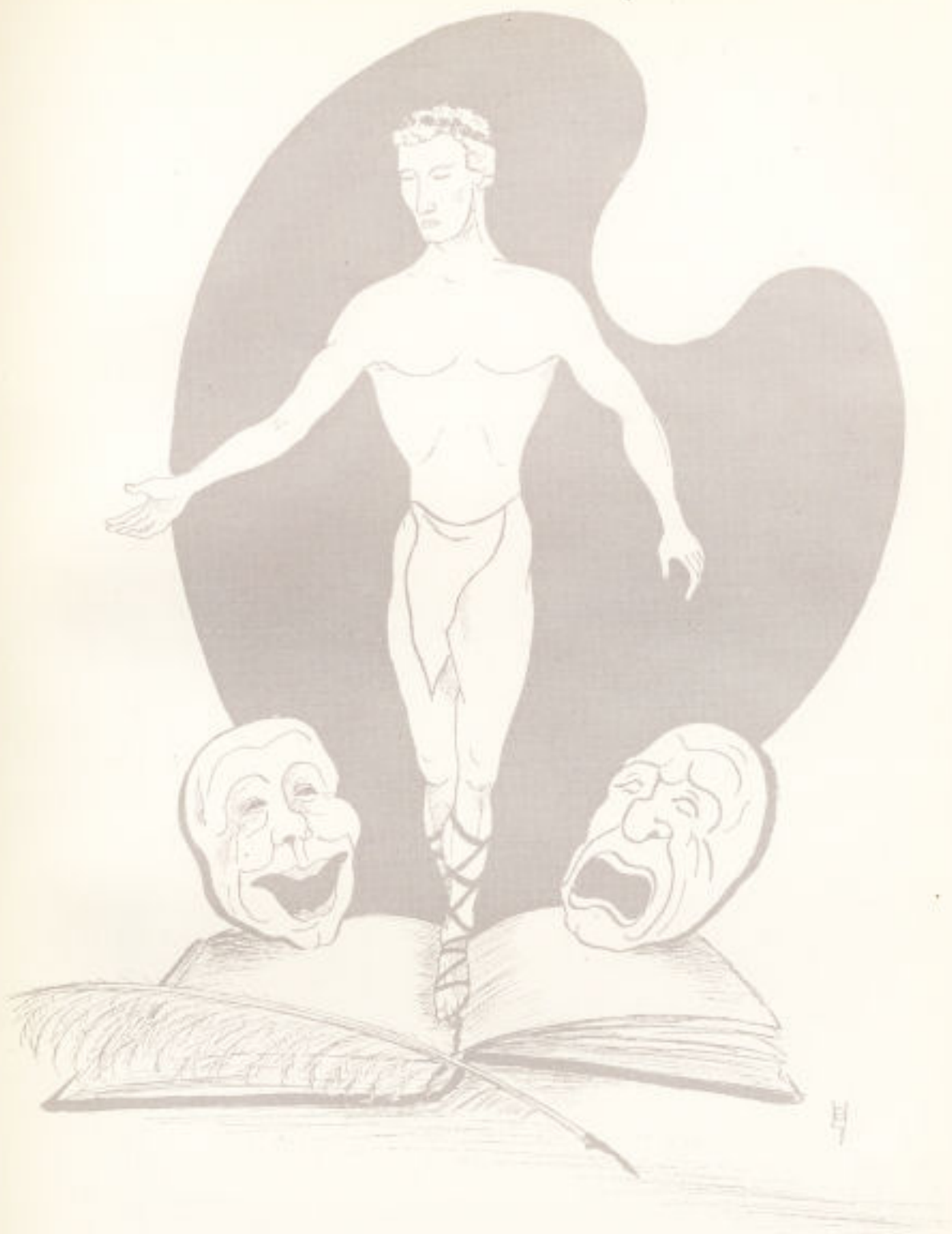


Illustration by Hans Gesell

REFLECTIONS

Leslie Diamond '53

Rain is my mood, now.
Rain—dark and sullen,
Beating the earth in a frenzy,
Or, when spent of its fury
Falling in grey weariness.

Some people make much of the rain,
Coloring it with bright umbrellas
And laughter,
Holding it as a promise
Of golden morning.

Others lean out from brown windows,
Glad to be free of drear apartments
And watch the rain
Falling upon the pavements
Like the winking of a thousand eyes.

A man stands at a big glass door
In a brightly lighted room
And curses the rain.
He'll have to close up early.
Business is bad on rainy days.

FIRE

Jeri Seroy '53

Sitting before the fire, I imagine the places that man has warmed with his presence. As the heaps of hot, red ashes crackle and fall to the stone floor, the scenes vary. The fire burns jagged edges into the logs, so that they are no longer logs, but skyscrapers at night, burning with life. The life within the buildings grows brighter and heavier until the buildings crash to the ground, sending life in sparks which flicker and fall only to portray a new scene. This time it is a small town with many cottages taking the place of the city's skyscrapers. As night sets in, the lights in the houses dim, and slowly the scene quiets. The presumably dead ashes give off a gray heat, causing my eyes to sting. I close them and they begin to tear. After a few moments I open my eyes and my gaze falls on nothing but quiet, grey tombstones.

QUIETUS

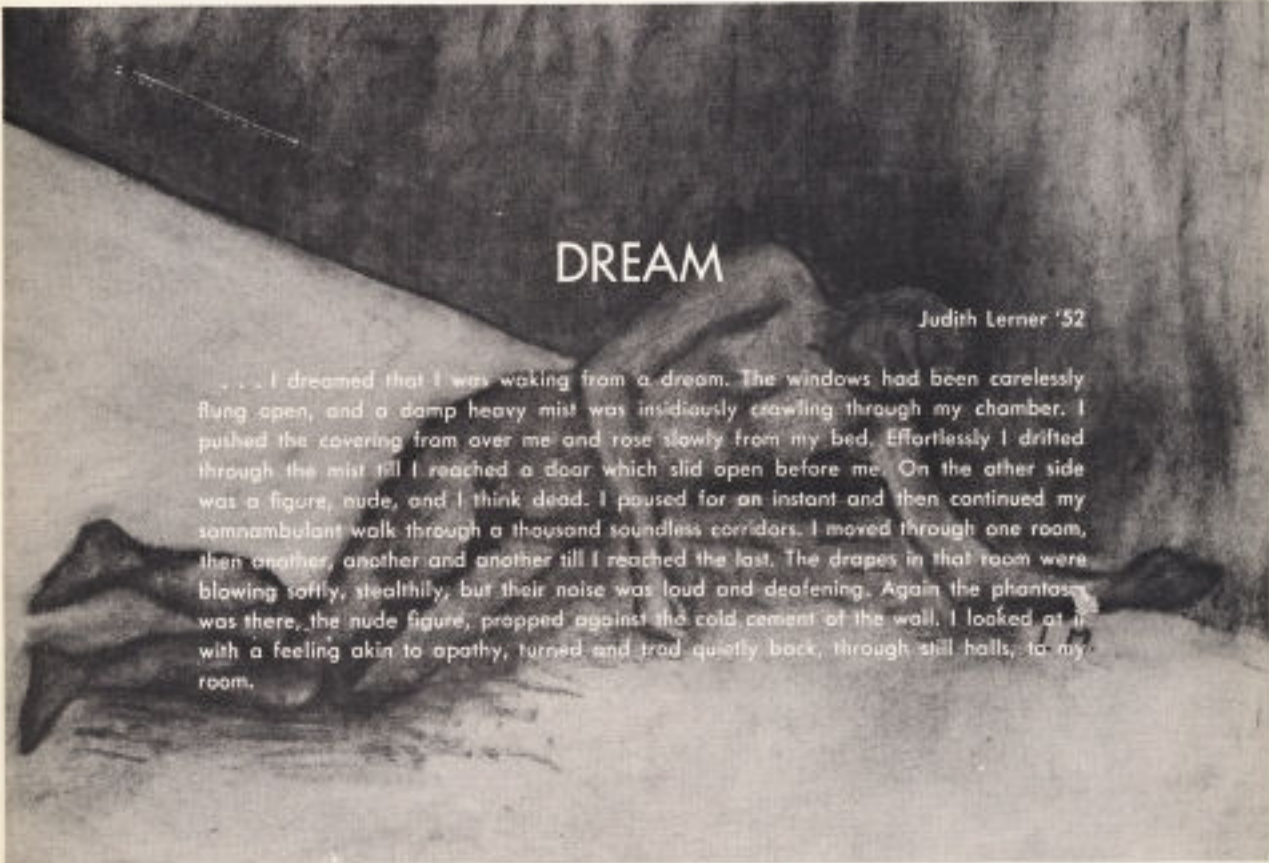
Steph Chodorov '52

The last twisting curl
of bluish smoke
spiraled eerily
into the air
till it bumped
into the blanket
of mist hovering there.
Then it merged—slowly

And the last tiny bubbles
clinging fast
at the bottom of the glass
broke free
and zigzagged their way
to the surface
where they popped open
in a little shimmer
of scarlet, escaping.

And the last note of
the music
vibrated sadly,
its faint voice
exploring every little cranny,
and then faded into
silence.

And a shadow stalked
ghost like,
hauntingly,
its form playing over
the quietude
till it reached the corner
where it
curled up—
to
sleep.



DREAM

Judith Lerner '52

... I dreamed that I was waking from a dream. The windows had been carelessly flung open, and a damp heavy mist was insidiously crawling through my chamber. I pushed the covering from over me and rose slowly from my bed. Effortlessly I drifted through the mist till I reached a door which slid open before me. On the other side was a figure, nude, and I think dead. I paused for an instant and then continued my somnambulant walk through a thousand soundless corridors. I moved through one room, then another, another and another till I reached the last. The drapes in that room were blowing softly, stealthily, but their noise was loud and deafening. Again the phantom was there, the nude figure, propped against the cold cement of the wall. I looked at it with a feeling akin to apathy, turned and trod quietly back, through still halls, to my room.

NIGHT TRAIN FROM NEW YORK

Sandra Hochman '53

The train slowly leaves the empty platform. Then images begin running in the opposite direction . . .

Chinese restaurants, Rheingold advertisements, electric signs blinking on and off . . . skyscrapers, slums, covered by dusk and dust, lines of brown brick houses conveniently placed by the railroad track.

For a moment you look in one of those yellow windows and are a stranger in a home . . . no time to think about things as the train goes faster in the night.

Looking down you can distinguish a town. Here perched on your streamliner through space you are an observer of life.

No. You are not participating, just passing swiftly by . . .

seeing not the objects but the abstract, trees, homes, factories, melting together in a black cauldron.

Out there it's cold, there's wind, and people turning out lights.

"Ticket please?"

You fumble.

Close your eyes but don't sleep.

A grey man in a grey suit sells magazines. You buy one but continue looking out the window.

There is only blackness and your own face staring back at you.

FEELING BLACK

Ellen Spirack '53

Everything was darkest black. Black was in a blacker room. In the corner was a black, and blacker pile of coal; and the coal threw off blacker shafts of pure light.

The door opened into a bottomless chasm with a black nothing waiting behind infinity. Infinity stretched with open arms and I stumbled toward her. Infinity smiled and said, "Here is rest." Then just as I could touch her fingertips, she smirked and twisted into nothingness. I looked down—my feet were blacker far than even the absolute.

CAFE IN THE NIGHT

Sandra Hochman

Walking nowhere

Just stumbling over cold cobbled sidewalks,

Alone in the black that settles over a lost city.

Amidst the fog is the café in the night.

Inside, there is laughter, candles burning, Wine sweet on the lips.

Ageless men breathe into brass,

Because it's soothing, they call it music.

The people sing, they sway and tap their feet

In a smoke-filled haze of fog.

Waiters stand smilingly, faces flushed, but silent.

There are no tears, only noise and laughter

Nobody remembers

Everyone forgets.

But soon the night fades into nothingness, Abruptly the music ends, the men are tired.

Couples stop dancing, the glasses are empty.

People crawl out of a dirty cellar into a bombed city.

Illustration by HANS GESELL

Dear El,
 It's been "interesting"
 knowing you. Didn't know,
 in my small sphere,
 that such a phenomenon
 existed. I don't have to
 wish you good luck
 as I'm sure you'll
 make your own.
 After all, you know
 how quite capable
 of just about everything
 you are. Take care
 of the brains and
 the brawn and
 leave the
 well after

DREAM OF REALITY

Alyce Degen '52

The doctor had first come a few weeks ago, and everything seemed to be all right for a while. But then he came again and again, and each time he came mother became a little weaker, and daddy a little stronger—while their oldest girl remained lying on the bed accepting her parents' attention, and repelling the doctor's instruments. And the littlest girl sat quietly in a corner trying to understand. On the doctor's last visit, though, mother cried and daddy remained motionless, and some men dressed in white coats and white trousers took the sick girl away in a big car; the little one was taken to her aunt's house to sleep. As she slept she dreamed she was sitting on a cold marble bench in a long, narrow, bare hall. As she sat there, she saw far away at the end of the hall the faint image of a procession of white continually moving towards her. When it finally passed before her she recognized her sister being carried on a stretcher by the four men who had taken her away that afternoon. At the end of the procession walked her mother and father staring numbly into space. She got up and went to the end of the line and walked with them until they came to a big white door. They all passed through the door, but, just as she started to enter, the door slammed shut and a deep voice said, "You're too young." She sat down again on the cold bench and all the bare walls whispered, "You're too young." When she awoke her aunt told her that she was going to stay there for a while because her sister had gone away on a long trip, and mommy and daddy had gone to say goodbye to her . . . The littlest girl, lonely and frightened, thought she finally understood.

SOUL OF THE CITY

Leslie Diamond '53

Sometimes . . .

Following the incoherent streets of the city,
 Crowded with bewildered buildings,
 Deeper yet into its ways and clevernesses
 —the dime slot, the number on the door,
 And what one must say when one meets people—

We forget the river.

The streets seem to be trying to tell us something
 But, like an enraged child,
 Can only stammer broken phrases.

The river loses no words.
 The mouth of its silence
 Can speak to you.

And then there is something of a fury
 About the city,
 Something that makes one able
 To push and knock down—
 And not feel any hurt,
 Causing people to become as blown leaves
 In a demented dance.

The river is moved by a greater force,
 That which once created Humanity
 And then withdrew from it,
 Leaving it to meander
 Among its brittle dreams
 Perplexed . . .

Still we go on,
 Knowing ourselves to be accepted
 Through our dime in the slot,
 Surrounding ourselves with symbols,
 Insuring ourselves against life
 As we protect the city streets
 From the green stuff
 That breaks its way through.

else is there,
 to take care
 of itself
 Love.

Ellen



SUNRISE

Glenn Isaacson '53

A sunrise is one of the most joyful and heartwarming things in the world. One sunrise in particular experienced while on a camping trip at Lake George will never fade from my memory.

I awoke early one morning to find little golden darts of sunlight streaming down between the branches of the trees. It looked as if a master painter had

WALK

Sandra Hochman '53

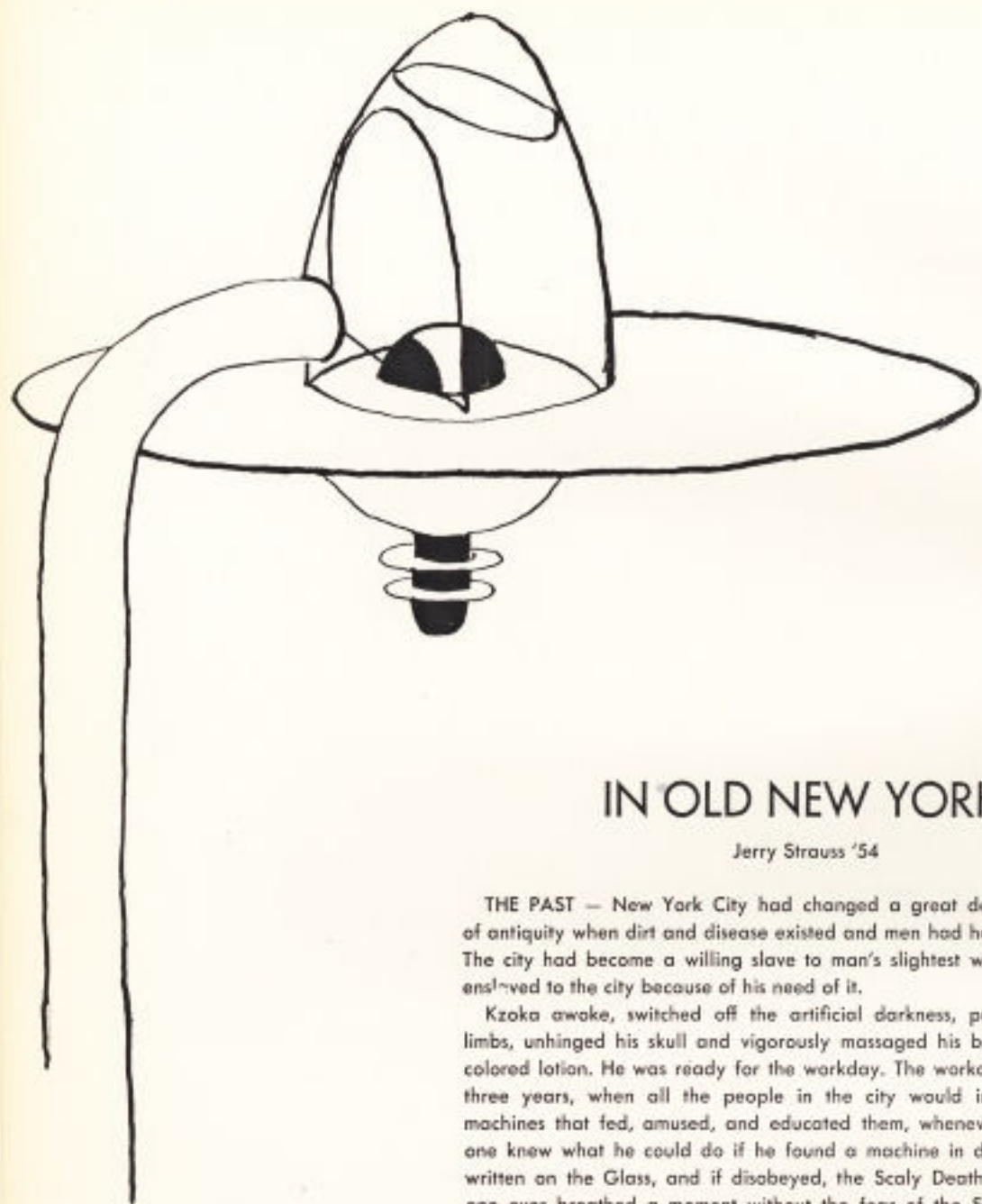
She walked up the road, the same old road that had borne her footsteps for so many years, passing monotonous country houses which her eye had grown accustomed to. Only the wind was exciting, piercing her body, blowing her hair and the unmowed grass. She kept walking mechanically with so many things to think out, trying to communicate with some inner being that would comfort her. But she couldn't get out of her mind a song she heard on the radio. Stupid little tune! She walked faster.

Behind the decayed farmhouse was a path even lonelier than the house itself. A girl walked down that path on a friendless February afternoon, past the lifeless fields with brown weeds. Everything looked different since she had been there last spring. How well she remembered the bubbling stream consoling her, the comfort of sitting on the old rock bridge with no one to disturb her dreams, shocking her into reality. Now sitting there her fingers were cold and she felt the dampness of the concrete on the old bridge. The water was unfriendly, it was rushing away somewhere; even here things have changed—she thought—and it disturbed her. Dejectedly she slipped off her sitting place.

As she was leaving she saw the tree, lying across the stream. This had been a young tree not fully grown, probably too weak to survive the hurricane. The roots pulled out of the earth were covered with black stringy chunks of soil, when the wind blew it moved the dead branches only slightly. All at once she was filled with compassion for this weak tree, dead before it reached full growth. There were remnants of autumn leaves on the ground but in the spring the trees standing lifeless and empty would bloom again. The young tree torn out of the ground would lie across the stream, perhaps forever, never to grow with branches lifted toward the sky. She kept thinking of the young tree with torn roots.

It was getting dark now, walking slowly she felt consoled. Before she knew it, she had come to the most familiar part of the road—home.

mixed a bucket of the richest yellow paint and then splashed it over everything. The rising sun shining out across the water made it look like a mirror, silvery and bright. There was a strange compulsion in its beauty and I just sat and watched the almighty sun come up and take its place in the sky, giving warm light to this side of the earth.



IN OLD NEW YORK

Jerry Strauss '54

THE PAST — New York City had changed a great deal since the days of antiquity when dirt and disease existed and men had hair on their bodies. The city had become a willing slave to man's slightest whims but man was enslaved to the city because of his need of it.

Kzoka awake, switched off the artificial darkness, put on his artificial limbs, unhinged his skull and vigorously massaged his brain with a green-colored lotion. He was ready for the workday. The workday occurred every three years, when all the people in the city would inspect the various machines that fed, amused, and educated them, whenever they chose. No one knew what he could do if he found a machine in disorder, but it was written on the Glass, and if disobeyed, the Scaly Death would follow. No one ever breathed a moment without the fear of the Scaly Death.

Kzoka hated the workday; he hated the interruption of the three years' sleep, but as long as he was going to have to awake anyway, he had awakened a few days earlier, to spend some time exploring the universe with the Lactoscopes that jutted through the city's Lionite Wall, much like the cannons on the Spanish galleon. Kzoka liquefied himself and flowed through a pipe, whose opening was at the foot of his aircat, down to the outskirts of the city. When he arrived he was glad he had come, for it was the first time in many centuries that he had seen the Wall. It was magnificent to behold! A thousand miles of poreless, porous, opaque, transparent, green, red, and blue X stretched upwards meeting to form a triangular light, its brilliance protected from the eyes of the citizens by a red

disk that appeared black to those below. Kzoka felt a vague tiredness come over his green body and realized he needed a change of blood. He removed a net from under his skin, and snared a small Blood Grub. Despite the creature's squeals and wriggles, he tore out its gullet and in the customary manner took in his blood supply through that organ that was once used by man to intake nourishment, the mouth. He felt renewed, refreshed, invigorated. He gave thanks to the perpetual force in the triangular light; it ran the machines that nourished the Blood Grubs, supplying him with blood. He gazed lovingly again at the Lionite Wall, which protected the city from the forces of man and nature alike. He mused upon the inscription unwritten, yet there upon the Wall: "Not the brightest star in the universe, with all its power, shall enter through me, nor the microbe exit through me."

Kzoka heard a tremendous noise and looked timidly upward. The great protecting disk had gone into the last dimension, and the naked triangular light shone so brightly, that it was dull upon his eyes. The triangular light contracted into a ball and went back to a triangle; a ball, then a triangle; rhythmically, rhythmically, rhythmically, thumping and thumping with a soul-shattering noise. Kzoka knew what he must do. Every New Yorker from birth knew, that if something seemed to happen to the triangular light, it was not so at all, but it was the sign that he was no longer fit for life. If one permitted oneself to live longer, the Scaly Death would follow. Kzoka liquefied himself and committed self-evaporation.

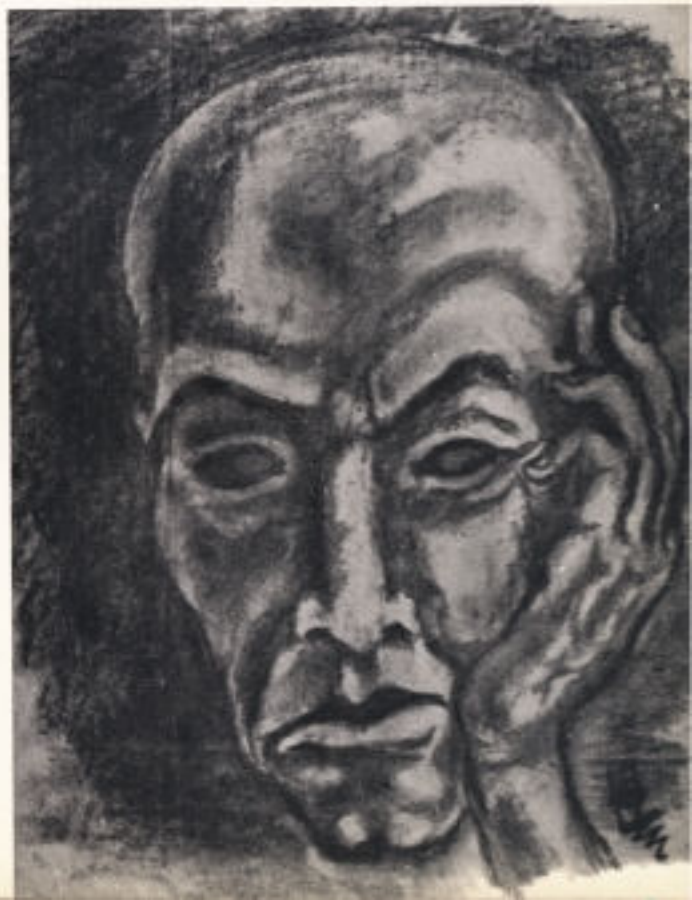
Strange to say, the same experience came to all the citizens upon their awakening. All saw or thought they saw the triangular light become uncovered and fluctuate from ball to triangle. All killed themselves in their own peculiar way.

Could all have been mistaken? Could the Glass have been playing a monstrous, fiendish joke, or was it a case of the survival of the fittest?

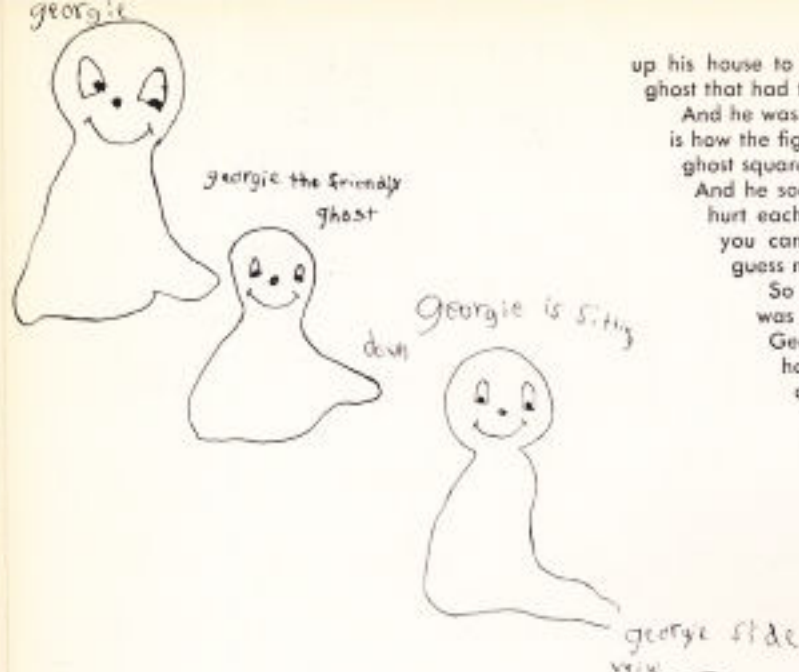
THE PRESENT — The triangular light still fluctuating like the heart of some giant beyond conception; the perpetual force ever turning needlessly the million machines of the city; has not the city become alive? The perfect city and machines, devoid of yet imperfect man, continues till eternity a life course of its own; still, there is an echo in the bed rock of the city of children playing in Central Park and Brooklyn Bridge falling down, on a sunny summer Sunday afternoon, in the last age when man counted time by centuries.







Charcoal Drawings by Hans Gesell



GEORGIE

Jane Miller, 5th Grade

One day Georgie went out of his creaky old house and down the street. He walked and walked for a long time and then came to a Dead End Street, with creaky old houses, just like his own.

You see, he felt pretty lonely, away from his own home, so he went into one of the creakiest houses along the street, and went in the door, and he looked around for a little while, and went upstairs, into the oldest and creakiest of the bedrooms. And what do you think he saw in that bedroom? In the old, broken down remains of a bed, there was a baby ghost. And then right away he knew that he'd better get out of that house, so he went down the stairs and through one of the old, broken windows, and went to find himself another house along that old, creaky street.

He found one of the nice, creaky houses and he settled down for a few days, but he got lonely for the house that I told you about in the beginning of the story; so he thought about it and he thought about it and finally one day, he decided to look for his old house. And sure enough, the next day, he started out to look for his old house.

He didn't quite remember the way to get there. So he walked and walked and he took all the different little turnings that he could see. And after he had been wandering for a long time, he turned down a little, old side street and there, sure enough, his old place, in its same, old ramshackle form—what do you think was there?

His old house.

Well, he was so surprised and happy that he just stood there, and didn't know what to say. And if you had been Georgie, I think you would of been the same way he was. He was left plumb speechless.

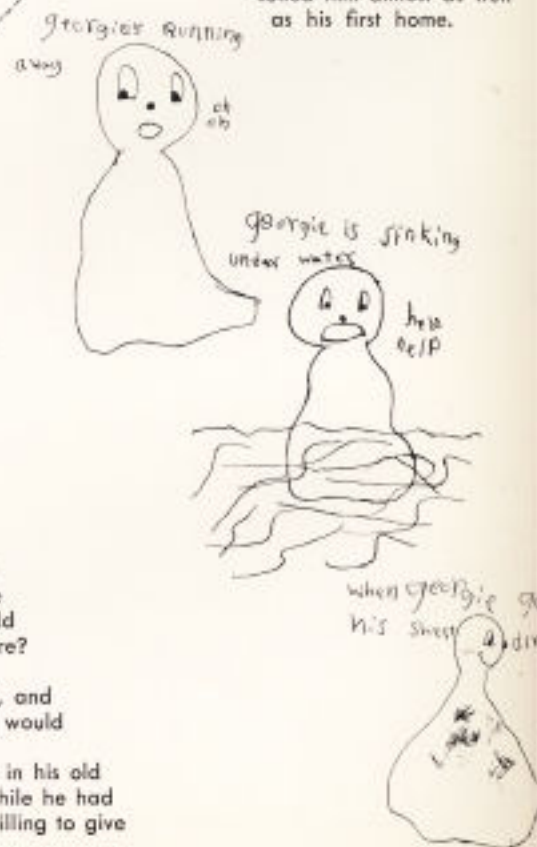
And he went right in, but he forgot one thing: he hadn't lived in his old house for many a year . . . and another ghost had taken over, while he had been away, and was settled down quite peacefully. And wasn't willing to give

up his house to another ghost. (That is, I'm talking about the ghost that had taken over while Georgie was away, you know.)

And he was willing to put up a good fight. And he did! This is how the fight began: Georgie went Sock! and hit the other ghost square in the nose. And the other little ghost got mad. And he socked Georgie right back. Of course, they didn't hurt each other, because it was just like hitting air. And you can't hurt air when you hit it, can you? Well, I guess not.

So that's the way it went. Georgie hit Johnnie (that was the other little ghost's name) and Johnnie hit Georgie. And finally the fight was over and Johnnie had won. Even though Georgie hadn't been hurt at all. 'Cause little ghosts fight in an entirely different way than we do. And now I'm going to tell you how they fought.

They got big pails of water. And Johnnie would throw a pail of water at Georgie, and Georgia would throw his pail of water at Johnnie. So whoever drenched the other fellow most, had won. And Johnnie really had drenched Georgie the most. Because Georgie was a bit clumsy at throwing water and hitting his opponent. And Johnnie was just the opposite. So, Johnnie took over Georgie's old home and lived there for quite a long time. I should say, about 2,000 years. And poor Georgie! had to go out and find another home. Poor fellow! So he looked and he looked, and he found a house that suited him almost as well as his first home.



SNOW

Gail Carlinger, 7th Grade

I love to sit and watch the snow
As it comes tumbling down,
And later on I look and see
The whiteness of a fairy town.

It's like a winter wonderland.
Sometimes I think I'll see
A fairy on the flower bed,
A fairy on a tree.

I used to think, I used to think
That I should like to go
And speak to all the world about
The wonders of the snow.



AN AUTUMN DAY

Alison Miller '56

The trees are turning red and gold.
Now and then a leaf falls to the lake,
that lies smooth as glass under the hot
September sun. Here and there a cat-
bird calls.

In the nearby field the horses graze,
peaceful and contented. The fishes sport
merrily in the lake's bottom.

All is serene and contented.

THE LONELY COW

David Schancupp, 7th Grade

There was once a cow. Oh! it was a very good cow. It had no faults except that it was lonely. Well, one day the cow (his name was Butch) was grazing in the field when along came a little black field mouse. When the mouse saw the cow he stopped. Butch said "hello."

The mouse, his name was Bill) said "uh, Hello."

Well, they started a pleasant chat which lasted for a while. Then Bill said goodbye to Butch and Butch said goodbye to Bill and Bill ran across the field out of sight.

This kept on for a long time. Every day this would happen, until one day Bill got caught in a mouse trap. When Butch heard this he just cried, and cried, and cried. Because Butch realized that that was the end of their conversations. But if you think Bill was not sad. Well, you are mistaken. You never saw a sadder mouse in a mouse trap. Oh Bill just tugged at that mouse trap harder than any mouse you ever saw. Then all of a sudden a miracle happened. The trap broke. Bill was so glad that he ran, and he ran, and he ran until he got to Butch's field and he ran until he got to Butch. Oh they were so glad to see each other again.

So the little chats continued daily and they lived happily ever after and Bill never got caught in a mouse trap again.





By Gail Carlinger



By Connie Fekete



By Bella Shamilzadah



By Elena Ogus

TEACHER IS
A DOPE
 $2+2=4$

METAMORPHOSIS

Hans Gesell '52

The bell rang, and Joel got up from his seat, hurriedly packed his books together, and listening absent-mindedly to the teacher's last-minute instructions, went to his locker. There he took out his jacket and a small bag containing his sneakers, and walked out of the empty classroom. Already in the hallway, students were crowding together and he was pushed along with the mass, down the stairway towards the big front entrance.

Outside he paused for a moment, and looked about him, it was a summer day, and the earthly beauty of the green trees and the clear blue sky made his heart light; he filled his lungs with the fresh air, and turning around, he walked energetically in the direction of the athletic field. In the crowded locker room he changed quickly into his track-suit, his fingers slipping over the buttons in his eagerness to get outside, while boys around him laughed and cursed, shouting remarks at each other and excitedly discussing each other's chances in the day's big try-out. Joel disengaged himself from the noisy group and walked out into the field.

The sight of the wide, grass-covered stadium always filled him with a sensation of might; here, on the trampled grass and the chalked lines, football teams had fought for their schools and athletes had competed for the top honors. Some of the boys were out on the track already, busily warming up for the race, and Joel jumped on the narrow gravel path too, and his muscles somewhat tense with a vague feeling of excitement growing in him, began his first laps.

After a while he stopped and walked over to the stands, from where he had a clear view of the procedures. On the other side of the field boys were assembling for the quarter-mile race; they were too far away to be recognizable, but he could see their white gym suits glaring in the sun. The tiny white figures lined up, and after some turmoil all got down in the "starts," prepared for the start. Then all arched their backs, feet dug in the ground, muscles tense, alert, ready to get away. The coach checked his stop-watch and then slowly raised his hand with the gun. There was silence on the field, and Joel, his head stuck forward in his eagerness, swallowed. Then, all at once, a little blue cloud left the muzzle; a shot echoed over the field and at the same time the runners were away, in one big flock, each one fighting to get ahead. They rounded the curve, when suddenly, as if touched by some invisible spring, one of the figures detached itself from the others; went ahead, head thrown forward, muscles bulging under the skin, legs moving through the air, faster, faster, like a galloping horse. The boy assembled all of his remaining strength for the final stretch and then his laboring chest broke the white string and he went over the finish line, his eyes staring wildly out of his face, contorted in a weird mask, his quivering limbs covered with glistening sweat.

Joel got up from the wooden bench slowly, as in a trance, and hesitantly walked on to the field, mixing with the group. Results of the race were shouted and discussed around him, but he did not listen. Loud instructions for half-milers brought him back to reality with a sudden shock, and he ran quickly over to the starting place, looking for the others. Most of them were already lined up when he arrived, and he began nervously to remove his track-suit. One of his feet stuck in his pantslegs and in his hurry to free himself he ripped the leg. Finally, however, he was ready to line up with the others, way out on the side, and he looked around for the coach. Although the sun still shone clearly, he shivered in his gym-shorts and his heart pounded against his chest. The instructions for the start were given, and he got down automatically, planted his hands firmly in the dust-covered gravel and checked the position of his feet, over and over, while commands reached his ear. "Take your places, get set . . ." The shot came, a surprising, short, dry sound, and he threw himself forward, legs high up in the air. When he looked up, he saw others beside him, their legs taking steps that seemed longer and faster than his, and he ran faster, almost desperate with fear, fear of being passed and left behind.

After the first lap, however, his motions slowed down and although he tried frantically to keep up with the others, he fell back rapidly until he was last in the row. The gravel path seemed infinite to his tired eyes and the sun burned unbearably on his head; the once familiar field seemed strange and hostile to him, not covered with grass any more, but with yellow sand, stretching out to the horizon where it touched the hard blue sky, while the rays of the merciless sun were brilliantly reflected by it, blinding his eyes. He felt sick and dizzy, his blood pounded feverishly in the veins around his forehead, a pressing weight forced the air out of his lungs, and his legs, paralyzed, unwilling slabs of lead, collapsed under the weight of his body. Still he had to go on, driven, farther and farther, to where the white finish line tempted him out of the sky. Finally the line became real, and the athletic field returned again as he stumbled over the finish. Everything was hazy and danced in front of him, and his heart beat so wildly that it almost seemed to jump out of his chest. Slowly he walked over to the starting place, while he tried to swallow the throbbing ache in the back of his throat; there he fell down on his back in the cool, soft grass, utterly exhausted.

When he had rested motionless for a few minutes, he got up slowly and with difficulty, and began to search for his sun in the disorderly pile of clothes on the ground. Presently he found it, and holding the rough, gray material at arm's length he looked at it for a while; then he put it on slowly, hesitantly. After he had finished he straightened and looked up. The sun stood low, almost behind the cloud-covered horizon. Dusk was beginning to settle over the now deserted field. Here and there the lights were turned on in the houses; a train whistled in the distance. Joel turned around abruptly and slowly walked down the track towards the shower-rooms.

Dear St.
of all the people
in the senior
class you are the
one who has
made the biggest
change - for
the good.
Love,
Rhoda
Rhoda Gordon '54

STORM

Rhoda Gordon '54

... by any other name ...

Steph Chodorov '52

Now the power of the rumbling sound,
Like some huge eagle circling to the ground,
Has died and left the air vibrationless—
The echos of pure quietude resound.
The slain dragons—twisted steel—lie
Full length, their gleaming bodies to the sky,
While smaller, still warm, heaps of ash and iron
Bear witness to futility of cry.
Nothing to give and taking even less,
Sheer frost the moon, no longer to caress,
A quiet morgue cannot a ballroom be—
Without the grass, the sun is meaningless.
At home in sky—the space-born can't deride
Themselves, or know the rottenness outside—
The rose's the same by any other name ...
Unless there's no survivor to decide ...

She awoke from her sleep to find the dawn as restless as her night had been. She glanced at the clock and was surprised at the lateness of the hour, compared to the darkness of the world outside. The panes of glass on the windows were shaking as though terrified.

Quickly throwing back the bed covers, she ran to the open window and closed it, hoping to shut out the noise of the wind, but it persisted. Above the sound of the wind came the crackling of breaking glass, then a loud crash. Staring in amazement, she watched the roof of an ice truck being lifted forcefully by the wind, huge pieces of white insulation, like snow-flakes, flying from the truck and into the air. The wind carried the big flakes round and round and finally out of sight. Through the confusion outside the building, the tinkle of glass was heard again, as a window in another apartment gave way to the great impact of the wind.

Then, in relief, came a slow, steady rain that soon faded out. Light approached. The curtain of darkness lifted. Fear left the child. Mother called, "Time for breakfast, are you day-dreaming again?" She dressed and hurried downstairs for another day in the world.









By Lois Merdinger



By Lois Merdinger



By Hans Gesell



HORSES

Jane Miller, 5th Grade

From my window I can see
Horses walking in the ring
When they canter,
I seem to think
Of ships rocking
On a stormy sea.



ANIMALS

Linda Schwartz, 4th Grade

I like animals best
Better than I like the rest
I like animals best
Better than I like the rest
I like animal toys,
Better than I like the boys.



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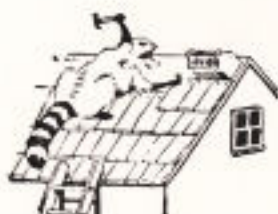
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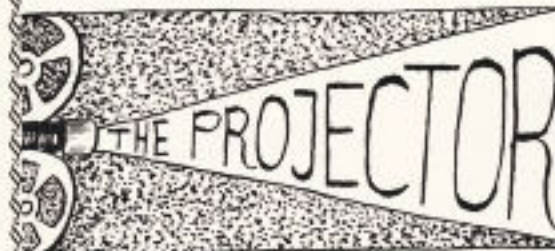
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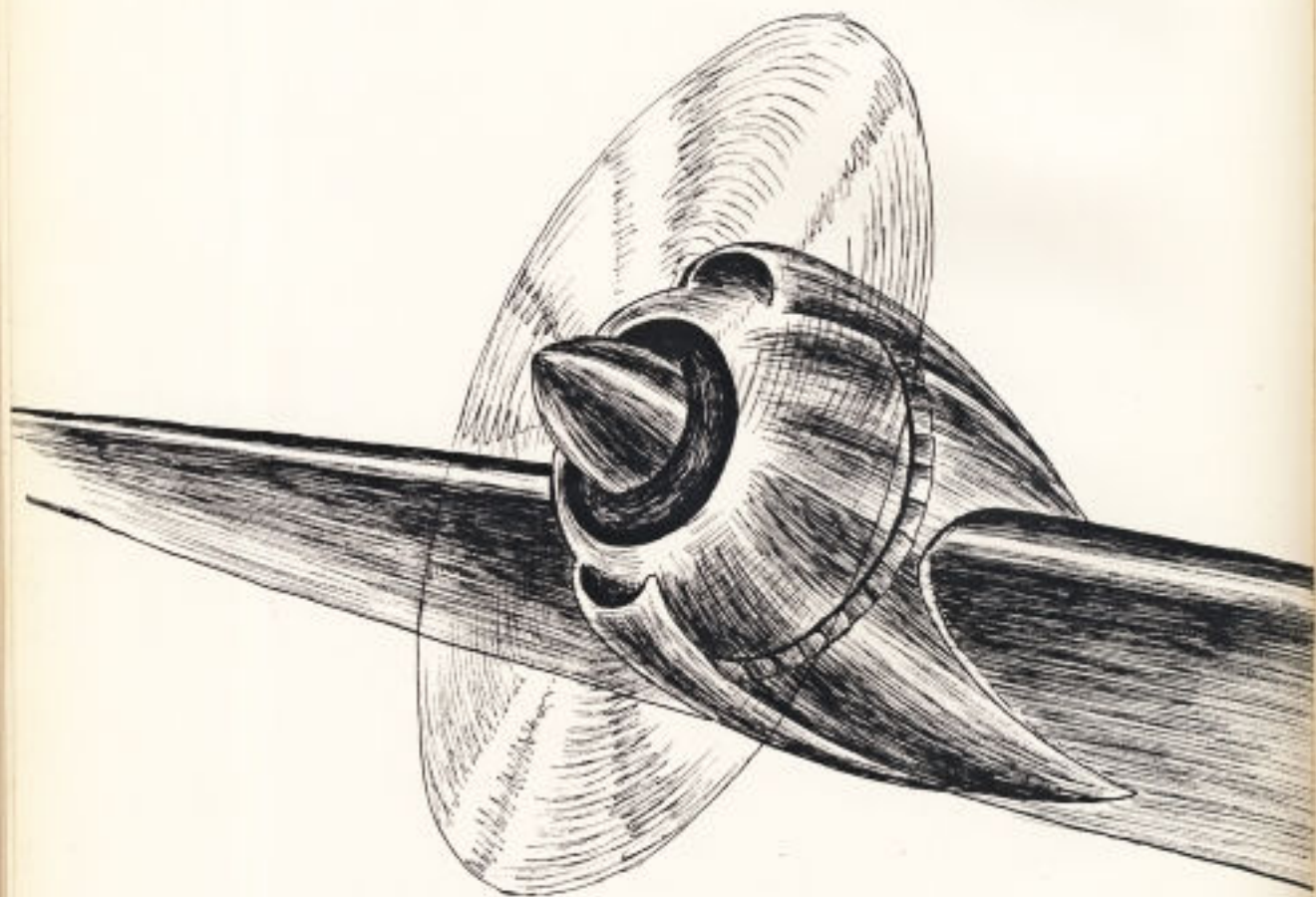
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Dear E.H.
It's a long stretch
from the day when you
rode on stage aboard
Larry Tron and played the ardent,
and in that time you've come a
long, long way. We'll miss you,
and hope you will.
Basel

Dear Elliot,
It's been lots of fun
knowing you and especially
playing bridge with you. We'll
miss you very much. Lots of
luck in college and do come
back and see us.
Love,
June Topping

To E.H.
To one of the finest birds
I ever knew
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To one of the greatest guys in the senior class,

Honestly you have more effect on me than marijuana could have - you have given me such lifts at times - when I think of all the time I have been down in the dumps until you come along with your cute remarks & cheered me up.

I wish you the best of luck in everything you do. Write and let me know how you make out -

I am always,

Merry

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