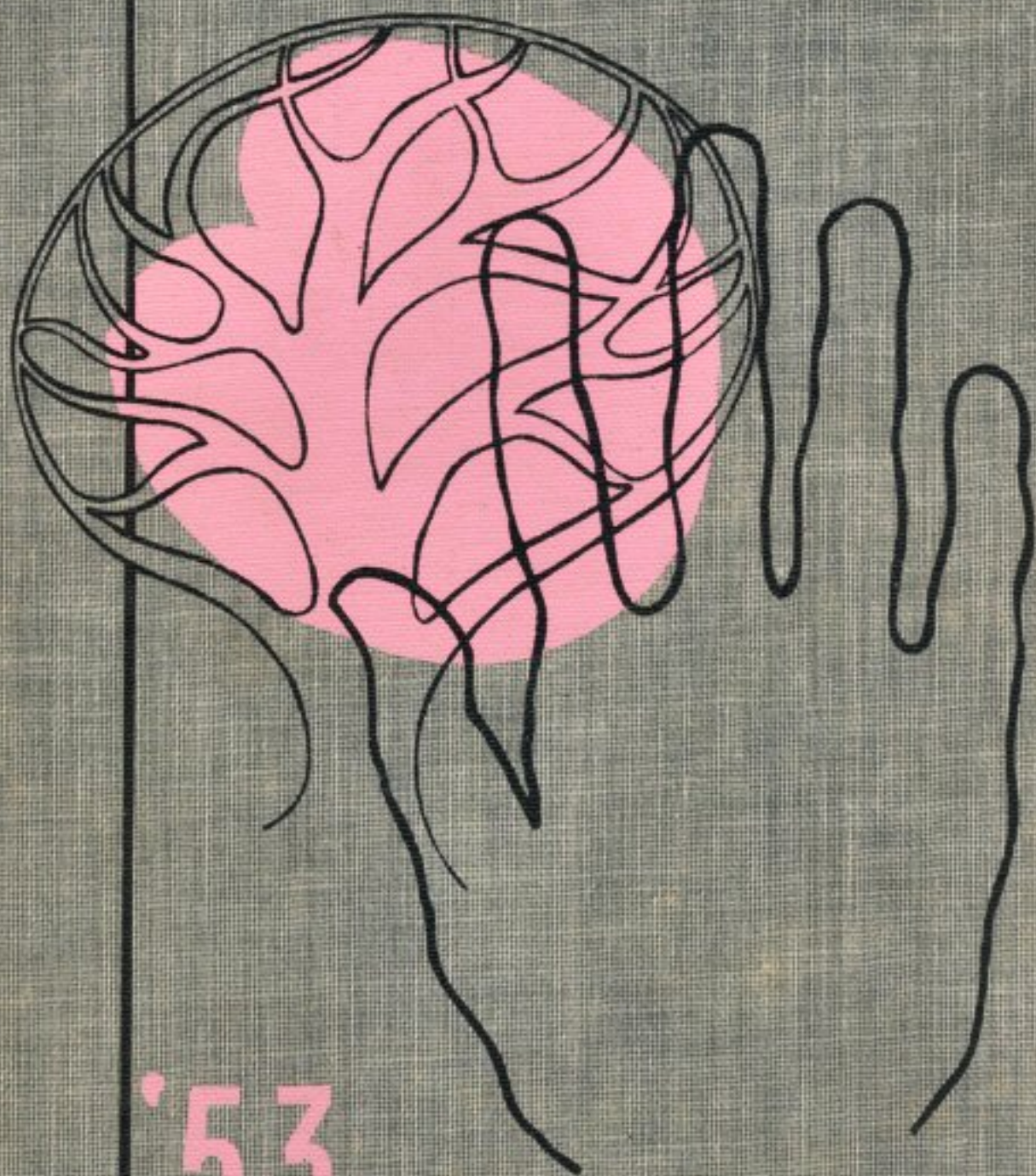


CHERRY PIT



'53

IKE BECK

DeForest

David Schumann

Mary Cook
Juni Schumann
Bernice Weiss

Jayne Veruon

Fred D. Eastcott

Sandy Green

Helene Ogus

Dave & Sandy

Glen Isaacson
Dolly Floyd

Carl Carliger

Shippy Holtz

Patricia Coleman

Peter Sackty

Bruce Adams

Richard Lohel

Bobby Pannon

Jerry Ca

Ruth Marion

Harold Wein

Ellen Spivack
Sandi

Leslie

Janey Roten

Nedda Pavel

Louis Roberts

Henry Smy
Zack Schomberg

Maria Green

John Hamilton
Kris Elion
Lois Scheffer
Herby Strohl
Bernie Jaffe
Bobbie Joseph
Alison Miller
Richard Komer
Janet Levine
Helene Lustgarten
Connie Klotz
Ginger Chabon
Linda Goldberg
Donny Liebowitz
Sammy John
Grace Rodriguez
Shirley Webber
Pat Frost
Robert Heil
Rochelle Sholder
Rosemarie Badagnone

Cherry Lawn School, Darien, Connecticut

1953

THE
CHERRY
PIT





WE DEDICATE this yearbook to you, Dr. Staël, who have always thought the best of us and believed in us when things got difficult. We dedicate it to you because you have tried to teach us something about both history and living today. You have tried to prepare us for the future, for college and adulthood. We dedicate this yearbook to you most of all because you will always be first in our thoughts when we look back on our high school years at Cherry Lawn.



S T A F F

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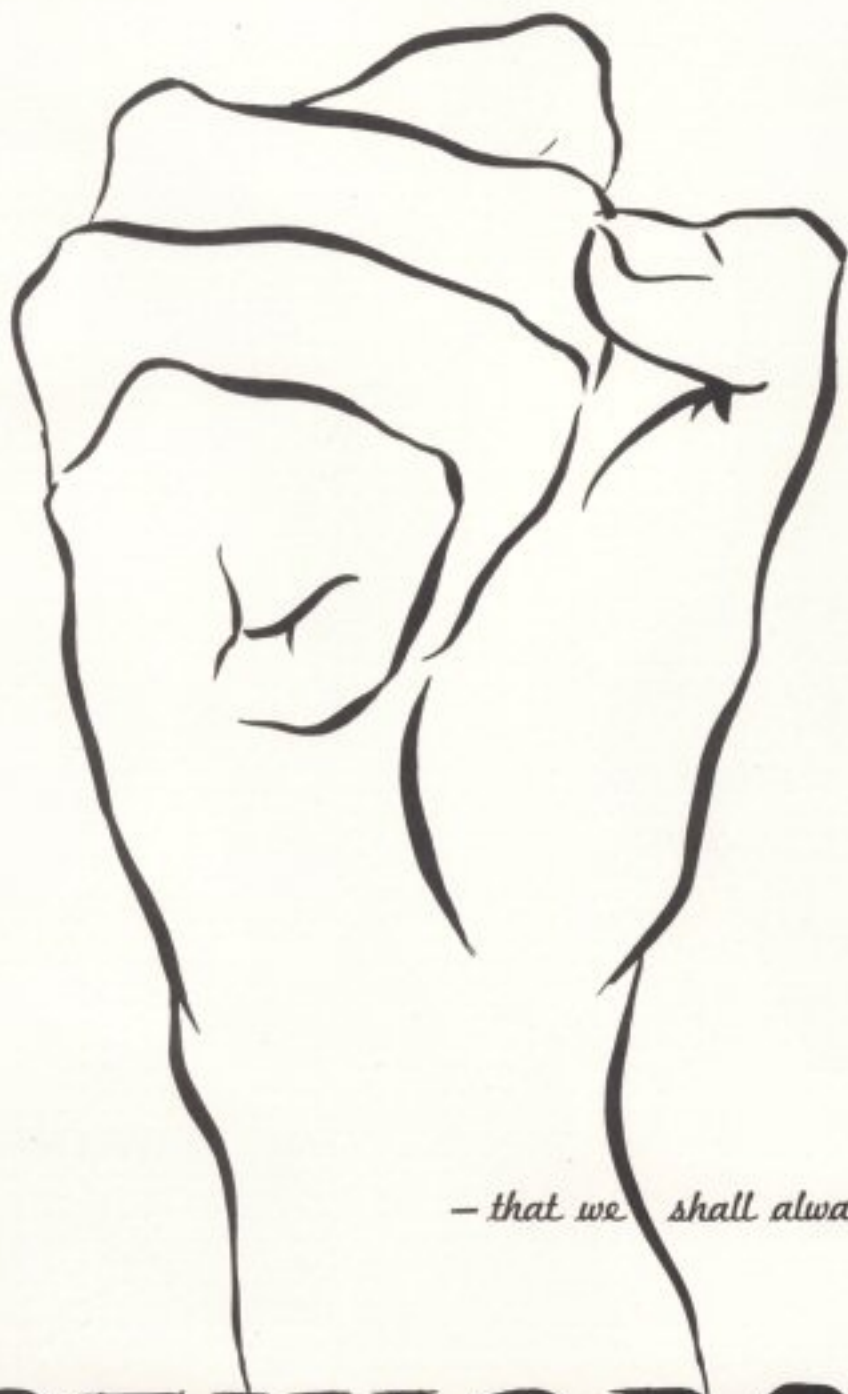
Although we cannot list the names of all parents, members of the faculty and student body who have helped prepare the Cherry Pit, we want to acknowledge the help of Miss Elly Freund in proofreading, Miss Helen Merrill in photography, Mr. Harold Seroy in layout, Miss Jane Topping in typing, Mr. Jacob Zilber in inspiration, and of all the students who have contributed to this issue.



MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG
Senior Advisor




MR. JACOB ZILBER
Senior Advisor



— that we shall always strive

SENIORS



POUR TU

with sugar and cream

Burt leaves the highest score.
Jerry Cantor leaves his memory to Dave Gorn.
Merry leaves via "the lake."
Leslie leaves a poem in her Stein House garret.
Kris leaves her giraffes out of this.
Pat leaves a well-read German book to Bobbie Coleman.
Jerry Givner leaves to make his nest in "Birdland."
Paul Harris leaves the shop's tools to Paul Shapiro.
Phyllis leaves her warm smile to Connie.
Sandi leaves . . . well gosh, it's been nine years!
Glenn leaves for bigger and better "Projects."
Bernie leaves, dancing.
Bobbie leaves the Manor House handy-work to the carpenter.
Janet leaves her quiet nature to Fred Lascoff.
Dolly leaves hopping down the bunny trail.
Bill leaves in a hemidemisemiquaver.
Terri leaves her giggle to Jerry Straus.
Nedda leaves with a one-way ticket to Rome.
Jess leaves his pictures of horses to Alison Miller.
Jane leaves with a song in her heart and a man on her mind.
Lois leaves with a stretch.
Zack leaves Cherry Lawn practically Persianless.
Jeri leaves her Bohemian way to Sonny.
Dave leaves his Stevenson buttons for the next election.
Ellen leaves her broomstick in the Manor House hall.
Dick leaves — on time.
Tami Sue leaves with love and tamity.
Mike leaves to get Dr. Staël.
Bob leaves with a few unsold tickets.
Bernice leaves the store to Helen Ogus.
Merle leaves her 3-speed victrola to Manor House.
Sam leaves to join Mel Allen.
Fritz leaves with a cry of "Viva Zapatka"!



MEREDITH DASH

"Merry"

*"Through all the drama—whether
damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women
guide the plot."*

R. B. Sheridan

BURTON BROWN

"Burt"

*"There is a certain majesty in simplicity
which is far above all the quaintness
of wit."*

Alexander Pope



LESLIE DIAMOND

*"The secret of writing well is to know
thoroughly what one writes about, and
not to be affected."*

Alexander Pope



LOIS ELION

"Kris"

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
and most divinely fair."*

Alfred Tennyson

JEREMIAH CANTOR

"Jerry"

*"Three helping one another will do as
much as six men singly."*

Spanish proverb



PATRICIA FROST

"Pat" "Frosty"

*"Be good, sweet maid, and let who
can be clever."*

Charles Kingsley



GERALD GIVNER

"Jerry"

"The noblest exercise of the mind within doors, and most befitting a person of quality, is study."

William Ramesy



PHYLLIS HEITH

"Phyll"

"A light heart lives long."

Shakespeare



PAUL HARRIS

"Where our work is, there let our joy be."

Tertullian



SANDRA HOCHMAN

"Sandi"

"He who has hit upon a subject suited to his powers will never fail to find eloquent words and lucid arrangement."

Horace

EDWARD ISAACSON

"Glenn"

"A willing mind makes a light foot."
Scottish proverb



BARBARA JOSEPH

"Bobbie"

"For a man to help another is to be a god."

Pliny the Elder



JANET LEVINE

"The god of the lucky is silence."
German proverb



BERNARD JAFFE

"Bernie"

*"On with the dance! Let joy be
unconfined."*

Lord Byron



DOLORES LLOYD

"Dolly"

*"Love is the whole history of a woman's
life; it is only an episode in man's."*

Anna de Staël

TERRI NEUMANN

"In laughter there is always a kind of joyousness that is incompatible with contempt or indignation."

Voltaire



WILLIAM McNAMARA

"Bill"

"Moderation, the noblest gift of heaven."

Euripides

NEDDA PAVEL

*"True wit is nature to advantage
dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so
well expressed."*

Alexander Pope





JANE ROTEN

"Janey"

"There's sure no passion in the human soul but finds its food in music."

George Lillo

JESSE PETCHERS

"Jess"

"Good work makes beautiful things, and good work lasts."

Lord Dunsany



LOIS SCHEFFRES

"Lo" "Schef"

"Life is not life at all without delight."

Corentsy Potmore

ZACHARY SHAMILZADEH

"Zack"

"Happiness is at once the best, the noblest, and the pleasantest of things."

Aristotle



JERI SEROY

"Nature I loved, and next to nature, art."

Walter Savage Landor



DAVID SIFF

"Dave"

"How happy the life unembarrassed by the cares of business."

Publius Syrus



RICHARD SOBEL

"Dick"

"Silence is more eloquent than words."

Thomas Carlyle

ELLEN SPIVACK

"Spiv"

"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is!"

Shakespeare



MICHAEL STONE

"Mike"

*"Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm."*

Ralph Waldo Emerson





TAMI SUE STEIN

"There are but two boons in life: the love of art and the art of love."

Anonymous

ROBERT WEINER

"Bob"

"A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic."

James Russell Lowell



BERNICE WEISS

"Bern"

"No man is happy unless he believes he is."

Publilius Syrus

SAM YOHAI

"Sammy"

"Speech is a mirror of the soul; as a man speaks, so he is."

Publilius Syrus



MERLE WOLFSON

"Joy is the life of a man's life."

Benjamin Whichcote

FRANCIS ZAPATKA

"Fritz"

"Dress not thy thoughts in too fine a raiment. And be not a man of superfluous words or superfluous deeds."

Marcus Aurelius



WHO'S WHO IN '62

Lettie Lee Craig, looking through
Who's Who,
Saw some names that she thought
she knew;
She read on further, "Why," said
she,
"These are the graduates of '53."

Heading the list we find Burt Brown,
Well known man about the town.
His hot rod racer won first place
In the Indianapolis Auto Race.

Although she has a beautiful voice
Jane is now a nurse, by choice.
She helps people all day long,
In her heart she sings a song.
—This is happiness?

Washington Square.
Jeri's there.

Lettie Lee: "Veni, vidi, vici."
Sammy: "I recognize that—
Caesar stole it from yon knave."
Lettie Lee: "?"
Sammy: "Dave"
Lettie Lee: "Slave!"
Sammy: "I think it's peachy"

Jerry Cantor has won world fame,
For all the degrees he has after his
name;
He's got M.A.'s and L.L.B.'s,
Says Jerry, "I'm killing myself by
degrees."

Dick's been admitted—to the bar?
Oh dear, that's going pretty far!

Ellen's a Ph.D. all right . . .
Good night!

The kids at P. S. No 1
Really have a lot of fun;
'Cause Merle is teaching there you
see,
And she's top member of the
faculty.

The guy you see with the baseball
mitts,
Is the one fans means when they
yell for "Fritz."

"Tami's smart—she and Isadora:
ART."
"Oh, how hammy!"
"Not for Tami."

As the top home decorator, it is
noted,
That one Kris Elion has been voted;
There's a special room within her
home,
In which her pet giraffe may roam.

Jerry Givner is a hard man to see,
He's commonly known as "good
old J.G.";
He works on Wall Street all day
long,
Always singing that "Big Money
Song."

Mike's invented boxes
with boxes in the boxes
with boxes in the boxes
in the boxes.

If Weiner is meaner,
It's 'cause plays are cleaner.

Phyllis is living the Golden Rule,
While working as head of the
Lower School;
She's back in Stein House once
again,
And her reputation is "très bien."

"Things 're slack . . ."
" . . . Where's Zack?"
"Hackensack."
"How sad!"
"Not bad—he'll be back."
"That's a fac'!"

The biggest star on the Great
White Way
Is Merry Dash in a brand new play.
The crowds outside are as thick
as thickets
There's a merry dash to get the
tickets.

B. Weiss
Merchandise.
Manage store
Very nice.

Paul doesn't worry about his next
meal
— He's making his millions as a
tycoon in steel.

We have recently seen
Janet Levine.
She's a Dean.
Why a dean?—rhymes with
"Levine."

Jess's whim:
to draw the horse—the horse
draw him.

Whozzat?
Pat.
Occupation?
Friendly Nation.
Carefull Leads to deportation.

People have some funny habits:
Dolly Lloyd collects stuffed rabbits.
On the other hand, T. Neumann
Gathers up the genus human.

Sandi is dandy.
On stage:
The rage.

Glenn's building dens
in glens.

Bernie's crest is on his vest.
As Emperor Jones he's still the best.

She writes! She plays! She even
sings!
We all agree our Diamond rings.

Bobbie's learned the dese-dose-
and dem-istry of bio-chemistry.

"Lois looks swell."
"Nu?"
"Mademoiselle!"

Wherever politics you find,
There is Dave speaking his mind.

Nedda's gay and Nedda's witty.
Where she is, there springs a city.

McNamara leads no band,
But here's a guy who's simply
grand.

Well satisfied with her little look,
Mrs. Craig put down the book;
"This class," she said, "has stood
the test,
They can take their place with
all the rest."



WHO'S ZOO IN '52 (and '53)



Femalus-areyoukiddingus



Aspiring-to-Minks and litter



Critter-ic



Glass-eyed Quatropus



Yoworm



UNDERCLASSMEN





GAIL CARLINGER



HENRY INY



GILBERT WINDHEIM



MR. LUDWIG ZUBER
Eighth Grade Advisor



JOHN HAMILTON



DAVID SCHANCUPP



CONSTANCE FEKETE

F R O S H



J U N I O R S



S O P H O M O R E S

THIS PAGE IS THE GIFT OF THE FRESHMAN, SOPHOMORE, AND JUNIOR CLASSES

Check
that
answer!



But why . . . ? ? ?

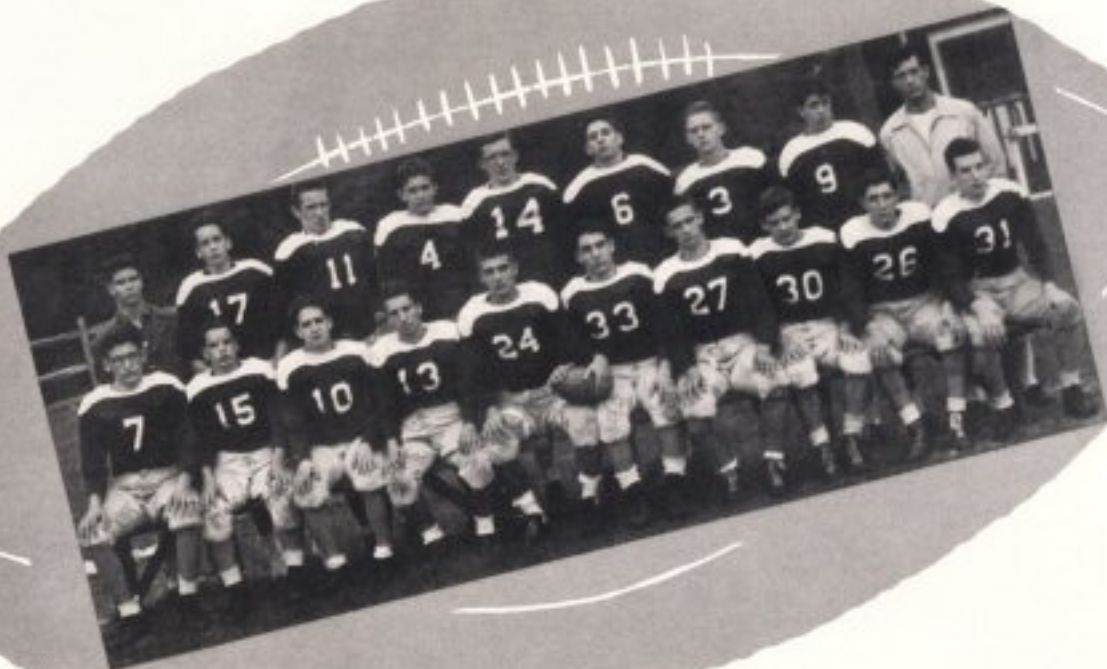


The Studious Seven



ACTIVITIES





Standing, left to right—Sam Yohai, Fred Lascoff, Ed Madsen, Jerry Givner, Burt Brown, Jerry Cantor, Fritz Zapotka, Kenny Williamson, Coach Mike Sette. Sitting, left to right—Zack Shamilzadeh, Chuck Webster, Louis Roberts, Mike Braverman, co-captains Joe Murphy and Glenn Isaacson, Bill McNamara, Fred Nevers, Isaac Rodriguez, Richard Kovner.

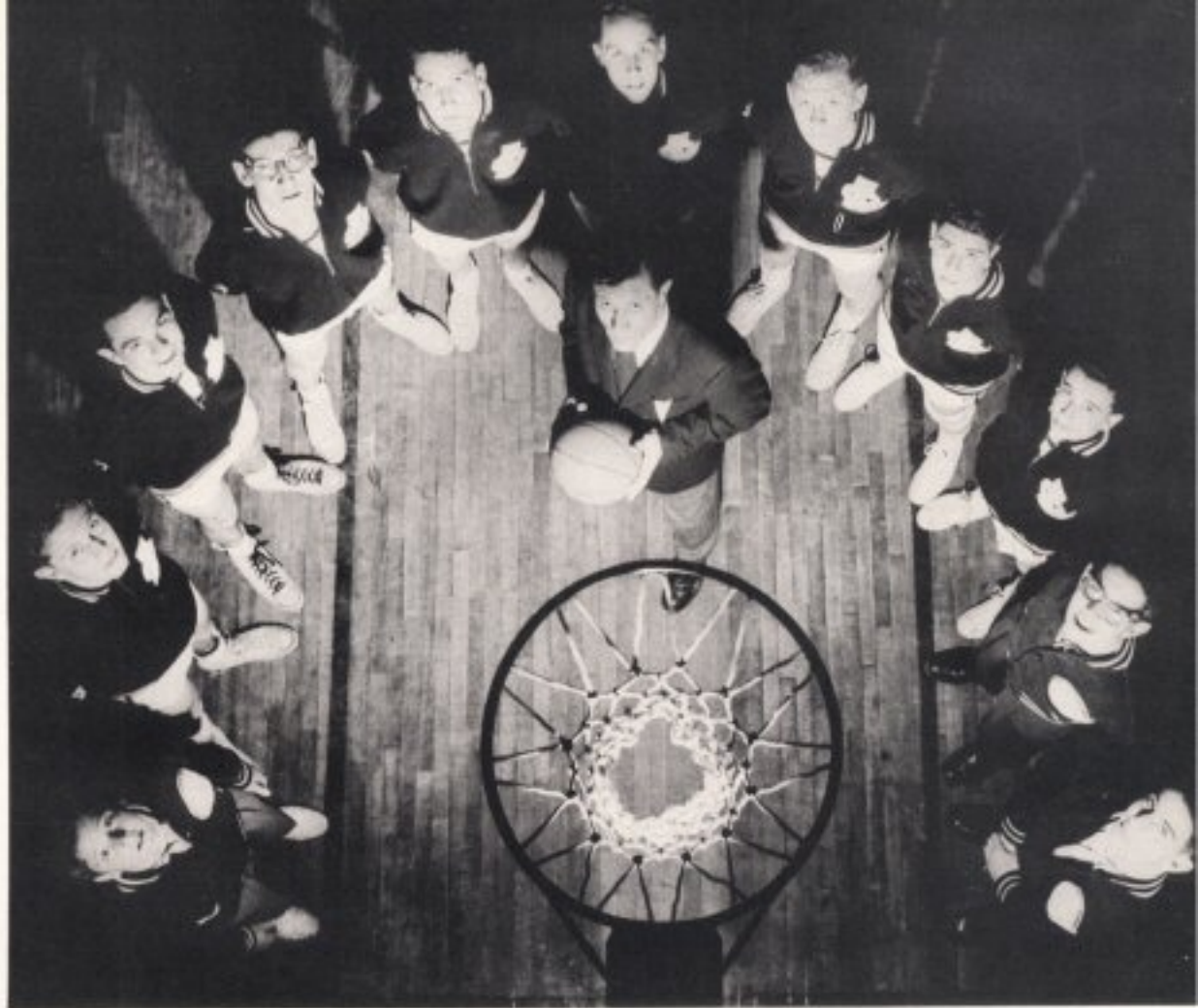
Featuring a complete turnover and winning records in its two main sports, Cherry Lawn's 1952-1953 athletic program has staged an impressive comeback over last year's unsuccessful season. An unbeaten three game gridiron schedule and four victories out of five contests in basketball have been the major change. Our new coach, Mike Sette, molded his new material and last year's reserves around only four returning starters to produce a formidable competitive machine with the strongest forward wall in the school's football history.

October 17th brought King School of Stamford, winners by a 46-0 count last season, to our field, at which time we unveiled the impressive hard running unit that was to carry us within one game of the Southern Connecticut Prep and Private School Championship. Deceptive running and beautiful downfield blocking was the key to the 19-0 decision which ended a six game two year losing streak. Quarterback Joe Murphy, with two interceptions and a spectacular 82 yard dash to paydirt, led the offense. His hand-offs to Eddie Madsen and Fritz Zapotka, which provided touchdown runs of 43 and 27 yards respectively, clinched our first win.

The following week, we avenged a 20-0 defeat by winning out over Brunswick in a hard fought contest: 13-7. Zapotka smashed 63 yards on the third play of the game to set up a lead which we never relin-

quished. By halftime we had boosted the score to 13-0 by virtue of Murphy's 40 yard pass play to Burt Brown. The Bears from Greenwich countered in the third stanza to put them into contention, but our forward wall rose to the occasion by halting a last quarter threat and preserving the victory. This line of Burt Brown, Zack Shamilzadeh, Bill McNamara, Fred Nevers, Glenn Isaacson, Jerry Cantor, and Dave Siff, also staved off a last period rally by St. Basil's in our next game which was played at home and found the visitors on the short end of a 14-7 count. It was Murphy and Zapotka again on 30 yard runs who provided the winning tallies.





Left to right—Manager Paul Shapiro, Jerry Olver, Dave Siff, Zack Shamilzadeh, Richard Kavner, Fred Lasoff, Fritz Zapatka,

Sam Yohai, Bobby Person, Managers Bob Weiner and Glenn Isaacson, Coach Mike Sette.

As this edition of the Cherry Pit goes to press, two factors have been dominant in the 1953 basketball season. The more important is, of course, the fact that we are a winning ball club, taking 4 out of our 5 starts in a 16 game schedule. The second was our decision to withdraw from the Southern Connecticut Prep and Private School League in order to use two players for the entire season who were ineligible for league play.

Lacking in height and depth but not in spirit and hustle, Coach Sette's quintet centered its offensive plays upon right guard Burt Brown. So far this year, Brown has averaged 37 tallies a game, including a sensational 56 point output against Kohut.

By December 12th we were ready for Staples with a line-up of Brown, Fritz Zapatka, Dave Siff, Dick

Sobel and Richard Kavner. In a tightly-played contest, we upset the Westport quintet 51-42, as Brown scored 34 to tie Nick Petrides' school record set in 1950. After a month's layoff we took King School by a 76-52 count for our second win. Two days later we shattered five school records, routed Kohut of Harrison, 105-30. We then beat Roosevelt School of Stamford with a 73-24 score. However, in a close intratown struggle Darien High School defeated us, 62-51. With not more than three points separating both teams throughout most of the game, Darien staged a fourth period drive that provided the margin that broke our four game winning streak. We hope to carry our 71 point team average through the remaining 11 games of our schedule.

CHEERLEADING

"Are you ready? Lets go!" Dolly Lloyd, Sandi Hochman, and Helen Ogus, captains, urged the students to join in a cheer—and the spirit was lifted as a bevy of cheerleaders spurred the team on to victory. The co-captains early this year selected a new group of energetic girls: Gladys Cohen, Ginger Chodorov, Merry Dash, Judy Maltz, Shirley Webber, also substitutes Helen Lustgarten, Terri Neuman, and Tania Pozwolska — eleven girls plus new pep and cheers. The cheerleaders, encouraged by Miss Jane Topping jumped and yelled from September to the end of the basketball season.



HOCKEY

A great majority of the feminine population at Cherry Lawn is interested in sports. Miss Anita Nussis, our very able teacher and coach, once again organized a hockey team much to the delight of the girls. She stressed cooperation and good sportsmanship and insisted upon it among all the girls. Co-captains Dolly Lloyd and Lois Scheffres proved themselves to be excellent players and efficient captains.

The games were played with the hope of fun and friendship as well as victory. They helped to better relations with neighboring schools and to make new acquaintances. We all hope these relations will be continued in the future and will help to advance closer inter-school feeling.

Standing—Coach Anita Nussis, Co-captains Dolly Lloyd, Lois Scheffres, Manager Merle Wolfson. Kneeling, left to right—Shirley Webber, Rhoda Gordon, Gladys Cohen, Bobbie Coleman, Sandy Lutz, Bernice Weiss, Rochelle Sholder, Sandy Neuer, Sophie Cohen, Helen Ogus.



BASKETBALL

The basketball season opened this year with an abundance of enthusiasm and hopes of victory. The girls strove onward with vim and vigor. Result: a very successful season. Bernice Weiss, the team's able captain, added much to their success. To the astonishment of the numerous Cherry Lawn males, the girls proved themselves competent athletes.

Standing—Bernice Weiss, captain. Sitting—Sandy Lutz, Bobbie Coleman, Dolly Lloyd, Lois Scheffres, Gladys Cohen, Helen Ogus, Janet Levine. Foreground—Anita Nussis, coach, Merle Wolfson, manager.



This page is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scheffres



Charcoal drawing by Jess Petchers

HORSEBACK RIDING AT C.L.S.

Twice a week we dash down to the stable, thinking horsey thoughts. We enter a pleasant atmosphere of people cleaning horses and tack, or perhaps saddling the horses we will ride today. There is a small ring in which beginners and riders whose horses are "feelin' good" ride. When the ground is not too wet or slippery, we ride in the paddock, which is bigger. The paddock is also handy for characters who make a practice of falling off their horses as it has a nice, soft grassy area in which to fall.

The beginners are learning to walk and trot their horses. The intermediate riders walk, trot, and canter. The more advanced students are learning to canter in figure eights. Occasionally, they (the advanced riders) play mounted games or take low jumps.

The riding students learn mastery of their horses, and develop confidence and persistence in anything they undertake.

If you go down to the paddock some sunny afternoon you may see our eleven horses and two colts contentedly grazing or chasing each other in play. They show their good care. A good example of this is Laddie, our oldest horse, who is literally in his "second colthood." Our thanks go to our instructors, Mr. and Mrs. Barden, for making the year 1952-1953 a very successful one.

Alison Miller '56

DANCE and DRAMA




Working closely together this year, the dance and drama departments here at C.I.S. turned out some fine productions. Heading the list was "The Browning Version" presented by the Seniors, and the Junior Class "Shakespearean Anthology." Supported by some fine contributions from the 8th, 9th and 10th grades, the 1952-53 drama group made a good showing under the direction of Mr. Basil Burwell.

Mrs. Jan Morris, a student of Lucas Hoving, well-known modern dancer, has headed the dance department this year. Available to all interested students, dancing classes were held three times a week, and coordinated with the drama department in such productions as the Christmas Pageant.




PSYCHOLOGY CLUB

Among the more popular clubs at Cherry Lawn is the Psychology Club. Backed by Dr. Ernst Bulova, the advisor, the club has met with great success. A group of interested students meet Monday evenings in Boys House living room to talk over problems important to them. Through participation in these discussions, members arrive at a more intelligent awareness of the social world they live in.




GERMAN CLUB

This club, energetically headed by Mrs. Landé, is made up of students who are interested in German as more than an academic course. The club attempts to bring its members into closer acquaintance with the culture of the German people. Highlights of a typical meeting are singing German songs and sampling German food. The members will agree that a most profitable hour is spent every Thursday afternoon.



RADIO CLUB

This year Dave Siff and a group of enthusiastic students, under the guidance of Basil Burwell, have formed a radio club to broadcast once a week over station WNLK in Norwalk. These broadcasts consist of one-act plays, round-table discussions, disc-jockey shows and various other types of entertainment. A fine performance of "The Bottle Imp" by Robert Louis Stevenson began a series of many enjoyable performances.



CHESS CLUB

White Queen's Bishop is now threatening Black's Knight and his Bishop's Pawn, disturbing the Black King's position . . . and so the game proceeds.

The Chess Club is made up of artists and escapists, since for some, chess is an art enabling the player to become absorbed in a creative process, while others find chess a convenient escape from reality. Others, still, find chess an admirable schooling for the mind. But to all the members of the club, it is a vital part of their life at Cherry Lawn. Whenever the "mood" strikes is when the club meets, and consequently the meetings are irregular but frequent. However, we must get back to the game. Aha! Black is in check! Now for the return battle . . .



These two pages are the gift of
Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Spivack and
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stein





CHRISTMAS AT CHERRY LAWN

"On stage, everyone!" For three weeks these familiar words resounded throughout the Cherry Lawn gym at various times of the day and evening while strains of "Adeste Fidelis" and "We Three Kings" echoed through Stein House. Ambitious boys under Mike Stone's direction were busily engaged in building sets for the annual Christmas Pageant.

The entire school was "swept up" by the Christmas spirit. At Manor House, streamers and paper angels were being hung from ceilings, and many paint brushes were employed in preparation for the Christmas party. So that the surprise would not be spoiled, entrance to Manor House was via fire escape. The committee, headed by Glenn Isaacson, Pat Frost, Bobbie Joseph, Tami Sue Stein and Bob Weiner, covered all other doors and windows with opaque paper.



Many of the more active students traveled the path between rehearsing and decorating.

Mrs. Jan Morris, our dancing teacher, put in many extra hours teaching Zack Shamilzadeh (*Joseph*), Sandi Hochman (*Mary*), and Kris Elion (*Gabriel*), their movements for the pantomime.

Miss Gassell did an exceptionally fine job directing the chorus. Solo performances were given by Leslie Diamond as (*Mary*), Shirley Webber and Bernice Weiss as (*Gabriel*), and Jerry Straus as (*Joseph*).

This year for the first time, the chorus was accompanied by students. Pianists were Linda Goldberg, Jeri Seroy and Rochelle Sholder.

As in past years, Basil Burwell undertook the task of combining pantomime and chorus to produce an outstanding pageant—pageant and party together provided a "Merry Christmas" for everyone at Cherry Lawn.





The Snow Holiday

It was a Wednesday morning, but this morning was different from any other morning: it was the first day of snow in the new winter. Teachers tried in vain to attract the attention of their students. At mid-morning everyone was called to the assembly porch where they were surprised to hear Mr. Zuber tell of the Swedish reaction to the first day of snow. It appears that the Swedes proclaim the day a "Snow Holiday," so we Cherry Lawners applied that spirit to our situation. As an extra attraction we participated in a snow sculpture contest.

In the snow between Stein House and Manor House people could be seen earnestly constructing masterpieces. The Freshmen built two snow bears in a forest of branches, the Sophomores erected a mortuary piece and the Juniors bowed to their superiors and helped the Seniors build a snow fort . . . as a protective measure against all faculty members. The judges, Dr. Staël, Mrs. Landé and Mr. Zuber, named the Freshmen as winners, but everyone won a happy mind and a tired body.

THE ARTS



Charcoal drawing
by
Jeri Seroy

C Y C L E

I

The twinge of the umbilical cord,
 A finger tap-a-tapping on the glass,
 The rubbery taste of the artificial nipple,
 Wet diapers and tiny words,
 The smell of spinach,
 The smell of dada,
 The smell of momma,
 The smell of black,
 The smell of clouds,
 The smell of death,
 Deep black,
 Deep black,
 Deep brown little coffin.

II

Salt covered cheeks,
 Desolate weeks,
 People saying,
 "I don't know what to say,"
 People knowing,
 Politely never showing,
 Their macabre joy,
 Mistaking it for godlike
 compassion.

III

Chinese tea,
 And roast pork ribs,
 Unstained bibs,
 In a little drawer,
 Neighbors' cribs,
 The dog's white paw,
 His bone,
 Little white stone,
 The long auto ride,
 Every two weeks,
 Salt covered cheeks,
 Little white stone,
 Little brown coffin,
 Adorable stone and coffin,
 Brown porous earth,
 The piercing rain,
 White lilies.

IV

A light,
 A faraway flicker,
 Lonely crowds,
 Bright lights darkening streets,
 "Hollow men, Hollow men,"
 shireks Mr. Eliot,
 "Laugh," says the comedian,
 "Run," says the city,
 "Cry," says the newspaper,
 "Live," says life.

V

The taste of food,
 The joy of green,
 Plants and trees and
 groundhogs,
 Rain,
 Flowers,
 Beaches,
 Hot Dogs,
 "Hi Charlie,"
 "Hi Beatrice,"
 "Hi Jim,"
 "The Dodgers smell,"
 "The Giants 're great,"
 Hot Sun,
 Rain,
 Hope,
 Ambition,
 Wonderfully horrible
 Life begins again.

Jerry Straus '54

THE SHELL

The sky stared hungrily down at the endless beach. The ocean slid up the shore depositing bits of roughage as it retreated. Clear, cool water . . . white sand. A turtle was making a slow tortuous journey across the beach. Wrapped in its ever-present shell, only the head and feet were visible. The rest of the body was encased in the hard, steel-like armor. The shell was always there, a dragging weight on the back of the turtle . . . always there . . . always dragging.

"Jimmy, it's time for your pill," the cool voice of the nurse broke into the vision.

Jimmy opened his eyes. The remembrance of the dream faded, but not completely; his shell was still there . . . only they called it an iron lung.

Merry Dash '53



Charcoal drawing by Tania Pozwolka '56

DAFFODILS

A vase of daffodils stood at the bedside. Turning quietly and quickly he fell into sleep and the night.

It was half-dark and he awoke with the sensation of something pressing on his chest. The bedclothes choked him. The room was hot and stuffy. He knew it was I; that I was in the room. I think he wanted to speak but was afraid of frightening me away. I know he wanted to help, but it was no good. He held himself in stillness, hardly daring to breathe. I could see him struggle with the desire to fling off the bedclothes and come toward me. Suddenly he could bear it no longer, and overturned the vase with a sweep of his hand. The daffodils lay on the carpet, which slowly stained dark. I tensed and became stiller. A cool breeze wafted in through the window and he returned to sleep.

Ellen Spivack '53

I am compelled
not to break the silence
of the encircling comfort
in the Black lit room
and the music; Moussorgsky . . .
a sphericity of sound
and limitless tones of Orange.
The arm moves toward the Blue label
the eyes perhaps Brown
blink slowly slower
finally close indifferent to
the disc spinning-ing-ing.

Jeri Seroy '53





REFLECTIONS REFLECTIONS

(Child)

Throw a pebble in the water.
See the ripples?
Imitate the pebble;
enjoy the cold kiss of a splash.

(Boat)

At first there are goodbyes, rush, details of a boat.
3 o'clock: no waving handkerchiefs, faces, skylines,
just a huge, grey saucer half-filled with water. The
world is water.

(Me)

The sunset was so beautiful, I didn't want to talk. I
slipped away to the back of the bottom deck where
there was only a quiet humming. Looking back was
more satisfying than looking forward; from the direc-
tion of home was a track of pink waves in the sky.
Below, there were the loveliest jewels my eyes had
ever seen . . . tips of waves caught the light of the
sunrays and reflected opaque golden droplets. Just
then a sailor, cursing in Italian, dumped a pail of
garbage in the ocean and floating with my "jewels"
was waste, and the remnants of oranges.

(Sea)

Swerves and curves that dance near shore till whole-
wheat beaches sog the water till it is no more.

(Village)

The village is a bug creeping from the sea, sucking
water for life and stretching toward the mountains.
Water reflects: school boys, fishermen, net menders
and gaily painted sails. There is a mist of restlessness
and romance that veils boats, boys, nets, sails, docks.
It drapes around the houses. Winking sea-gulls and
church bells hum softly, and the peddler whines, but
the sea whispers, and there is always the cold kiss
of a splash.

Sandi Hochman '53

REVOLUTION IN XOCHIHUAHUA

or

All Is Not Well on the Southern Front

It was the day before the revolution broke out in the little town of Xochihuahua and I was sitting on my patio pensively chewing on my *dueña* when Quixjalhapotatl, my Khchichan guide, drew up. There was a sinister look in his smouldering Indian eyes.

"What?" I asked. Evidently something of that sort was wanted.

A smile hung on his heavy Ayacayotacan features. He raised his hand toward the sun and smote his forehead three times. I often wished he would get over these mannerisms; it was embarrassing before guests. He ejaculated something between a roar of triumph and a grunt of displeasure.

"Hing"

I dropped a stitch.

"Take a letter," was all I said. It was what anyone would have done. He took it and walked away.

"Never mind, he'll get over it," said Miss Waithe, my secretary.

"Shh," I said. "Listen intently."

In the distance sounded the patter of tiny feet. The Khchichas! I turned to my companion. An arrow, quivering, pierced her notebook. I observed that she was dead.

"Help, help!" I cried, trying not to sound redundant. Silence. Only the steady "queep flup" of the volcanoes.

"Now Conchita," I said to myself (my name is Maud, but I call myself Conchita), "there's only one thing you can do. You must ambivilate."

I tried it, but it seemed too nasty.

I then filled my pockets with all the buttermilk they could hold and hastily went inside.

Suddenly an urgent knocking interrupted my twitching. With all caution I looked out. There crouched the son of one of my native attendants.

"Ninot!" I cried, forgetting the tilda in my joy.

"Señora, they have come, taken two of everything! They are pillaging the village!"

I tried to think of a good come-back. But they, too, had fled, taking the horses and crabmeat with them.

"Won't you stay for a glass of sheep-dip?" I asked. He declined, and rode off.

Night began to fall, with a "pfft."

The following morning I was amazed to find a piece of white paper fluttering under the door. I picked it up and read:

We have thrown off our chains.

Prepare to die.

aboy!

It ended with the Khchichas seal.

I shrugged. It was always one thing or another with those Indians. I put my hand in my pocket. Thank God the buttermilk was still there!

In the evening I was awakened by a wild cry outside. And then another. I was a woman confronted with two wild cries, of a nondescript sort. My door was flung open, and I looked into the face of my guide. I winced. He was smouldering now as he had never smouldered before. Beside him I noticed another Indian of sorts, holding a blowgun, his hand trembling visibly. He evidently was new at this sort of thing.

"Infirm of purpose," hissed Quixjalhapotatl. "Give me the blowgun."

"Now Quixjalhapotatl," I said quickly. "Don't be impulsive."

Just then the British Army drew up. There was so much applause that they drew up again.

"O well," I said. "Anyone for mah-jongg?"

NOCTURNE

I let the bath water run, and every time I test it I always find it too hot, so I turn the cold water on. When I next test the bath water with my toe (in which an incurable infection has set in due to all the testing I've been putting it to), I realize the cold water had been left on too long. Naturally there is no hot water by this time. On the whole, the bath is pretty unsuccessful.

Try reading, but can't concentrate. Perhaps there is something

NOCTURNE (continued)

... television? I finally get the picture clear enough to find the only thing on is an English film I've seen at least five times before. Oh well, maybe there is some chocolate cake left. I start for the cake box knowing there will be none left. I am surprised and hurt to find that there is some, thereby contradicting my reason for self-pity. The icing falls off the cake onto the floor. Relieved, I throw away the only part of the cake I really wanted, and go back to the torment of the television.

I decide to call Judy in Boston and tell her of life's utter rejection of me. The operator is arrogant. I always get an operator who acts as if I were disturbing her from reading or something. Finally I hear the ring on the other end of the wire. I hear a voice; it is not Judy's. It is the maid whom I remember as being slightly deaf. I try to give her a message but she keeps getting it wrong, and every time she repeats it, it is wronger. She also insists on calling me Seri. Just then a car drives up. I slam the phone on the receiver, and start to turn out all the lights hoping that whoever it is will think that no one is home, and go away. But no. It turns out to be my relatives who don't happen to be in the habit of ringing doorbells and going away when there is no answer... they simply walk in, but not so simply at that. I think I counted eight of them... they just keep coming like anything. I kiss one automatically and no sooner am I finished wiping my cheek, than another is attacking me. By this time I am contemplating running away from home, but my parents arrive just in time to pay the rent, so to speak.

Jeri Seray '53

"ONE MAN'S MEAT"

The colonel sat down to his supper in a very bad temper. "Not one blasted tiger in six months," he thought, and continued to stare at his chop. He went on staring at his chop until the servant cleared the table for dessert. He gave the servant a mildly reproachful look for removing the object of his attention but then found staring at a spot on the table cloth was just as satisfactory. The servant almost was able to hide the uneaten meat in his shirt but cook spied him and gave him a cuff on the ears. He heard her shrill voice screeching. "You know the Sahib doesn't permit us to eat left-overs." He could almost taste it in his mind when cook decisively deposited it in the trash can and took it outside into the street.

Something crept along the ground toward the light of the Sahib's house, towards the wasted warmth of the Sahib's house, towards the wasted chop in the trash can outside of the Sahib's house. It wasn't a beast because it had the body of a man; it wasn't a man because it thought and acted like a beast. It was possessed with hunger.

Feverish hands explored the mysteries of the trash can; many eyes watched for the police, weary limbs supported eighty pounds of wasted flesh. The fingers felt the glorious touch of food; then the Animal nostrils detected the presence of another. They faced each other, these two beasts of men and the feeble but stronger hand grabbed away the food. The other sat motionless, too weak to fight, too strong to weep. The one devoured the chop.

The colonel began to feel a slight gnawing in his stomach. He rang for the servant. "Tell cook to put up a chop for me." He also ate some of the spice cake that Doctor Brooks had strictly forbidden him.

Jerry Straus '54



Water color by Elaine Goldstein '54

Water color by Shirley Webber '56



"STORY BY MARY"

Once upon a time there was a prince who had a kitten. This kitten could talk and she had a wonderful voice. She could speak any language, but, strange to say, she was very unhappy, because she had no one to play with. So she said to herself, "I will go out and get someone to play with." So she hopped out of the palace and went off into the country. "Now," she thought "I will find a little animal to play with at last." Soon she found a little baby rabbit. "Oh Mister Rabbit, I would like a playmate, so would you come to the palace to be my friend?"

So they both went to the palace and then they had a feast. The rabbit, strange to say, did not eat carrots and lettuce like other rabbits. Instead, he drank whiskey and wine and all other things that grown-up men and women drink. Then the rabbit changed himself into a prince. The prince said, "For years I have been cooped up in that rabbit skin so I must reward you, pussy cat. I know you have been very lonely, so here are five baby pussy cats to grow up with you and they are all girl kittens." So the little kitten lived happily ever after. And the prince married Elizabeth, the princess.

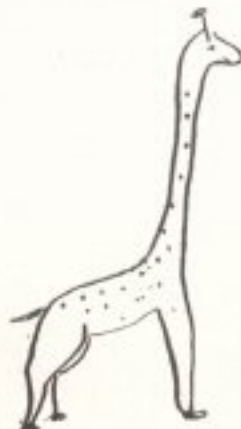
Mary Glasser,
2nd Grade



CENTRAL PARK

Central Park in the night-time is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. There are ponds all around which glitter in the moonlight. The skyscrapers reach up and almost touch the clouds. The trees reach out their big long branches and drop snow on the ponds. The lights from the buildings shine in the dark and it sounds like they're all having a gay time. The birds in the tree-tops cuddle up in their nests and their babies get snug under the mother's wing. The roads are covered with beautiful white snow that shines in the moonlight. If it is Christmas, you see beautiful bright colored Christmas trees all around the park. This is Central Park to me.

Jeffrey Markle, 7th Grade



WHY GIRAFFES HAVE LONG NECKS

One rainy day, Jeffrey the Giraffe wanted to go outside. He asked his mother if he could, but his mother said no. Jeffrey stayed inside for a while but he got bored, so he snuck outside without his mother's permission. Jeffrey felt very frisky from staying inside all day, so he started to run. After running for about five minutes he suddenly fell into a mud puddle. He went back to his house all muddy and dirty. When his mother saw him, she put him right into the washing machine. After about ten minutes, Jeffrey's mother took him out of the washing machine and hung him out on the clothes line to dry. Jeffrey felt terrible — but he was clean. Jeffrey's mother forgot to bring him in so he had to stay there all night. In the morning, Jeffrey's mother went out to her clothes line to see if Jeffrey was dry. He was, but he had a long neck from hanging there all night. From then on, giraffes always had long necks.

Marc Halevi, 7th Grade

SHIP AHOY!

In the wild seas of the Mediterranean there was a little lighthouse and on foggy days it kept a light shining. But one very foggy day the light didn't shine and the boats blew their horns, but no light came on. The sea grew wild and the waves were almost as high as the lighthouse walls. Out in all this was a ship called the *Spray*, a stately ship. And she tossed and rocked till she almost capsized. The crew was very brave, but out in this storm they were a little bit scared. They thought that every minute was their last. But the *Spray* chugged steadily forward. The storm raged worse, and the *Spray* rocked more and more. Finally, she hit some rocks and splintered. The crew jumped into the water and almost all of them got away unhurt.

Jane Miller, 6th Grade

MY STORY IS ABOUT THE

SNOW TRAIN BY AN

ONE DAY A SNOW TRAIN
CAME ALONG WHILE I
WAS GOING HUNTING.
THERE WERE ELEVEN CARS
ON THE WHOLE TRAIN.
IT HAD SOAP, OIL AND -
BULLETS AND MACHINE-
GUNS FOR CARGO.
PULLING THE TRAIN
WAS A CAT!

THE END

STORY BY Alan Naumburg?





ALLEGORY . . .

Gentle Zephyrus often visited the little valley. Each time he came, he left a seed from a distant land. The valley was green and lush and painted many colors. Rain kissed the greenery and fled, for the sun was master in this valley. The place was beauty, unbeheld by human eyes.

Once two rosy faces appeared over the crest of the hilltop, and a radiance shone from their faces, brighter than the sunlight. The flowers opened their petals and beckoned to the lovers, for the valley had been made for such as these two. They laid them down underneath the oak and this magic place became theirs alone. They were fed by the apple and the breadfruit tree and drank the milk of the cocoanut palm. At dusk, a warm wind came to dull the chill of nightfall and to caress them as they slept. In the morning, the lovers departed, and with them, some of the valley's beauty. The trees were not quite so green, the sky not quite so blue, the sun not quite so brilliant.

The men came with the machines that clicked and whirred and made weird noises. They wanted the valley, not its beauty. They came in numbers and the flowers were trampled under foot. The great trees were turned into houses. The green was replaced by deep brown earth.

Once two aged faces peered over the hilltop and they shone with a radiance brighter than the sunlight. In place of their oak was a steel tower. In place of their valley was stone.

Gentle Zephyrus often visited the little valley and each time he came, he left a seed from a distant land. The valley was green, and lush and painted many colors. Rain kissed the greenery and fled, for the sun was master in this valley. Underneath a pebble was a little piece of steel.

Jerry Straus '54

A VERY BRAVE ONE

"And what is that one called?" Robert Preston asked.

"That one is a picador," Manolo said as the broad figure mounted on horseback trotted hesitantly around the outside of the ring, jerking his head at intervals to watch the bull.

"Then the picador uses the spear to weaken the bull so the matador can kill it with more ease."

"No, that is what many think but not the true aficionados like myself. The spear does not hurt more than a pin prick, but it maddens the bull to murderous anger. See what I say. Watch," Manolo said.

The picador, clad in the bright orange uniform and ebony-colored beret, guided his horse to the far corner of the ring near the burladero. He turned the horse toward the bull in the center of the ring and sat looking with pursed lips, his long red-and-white colored spear dangling loosely to the turf. The bull had been looking at them, blindfolded horse and man, standing in the center of the ring with nostrils spread wide apart, hoofs nervously pawing, chinking up the loose arena dirt. There was only slight attention from the crowd, most of whom were discussing the various prospects of the next matador. The picador, after several failures which drew heats from those paying attention, finally succeeded in lodging the spear in the bull's shoulder muscle, pushing it in with all his strength, and then retreating to escape the explosive charge of the maddened bull. There were mild acknowledgments from the crowd.

"Which matador comes on next?" Robert Preston asked.

"Joselito. He is very good," Manolo said. Manolo looked at Robert Preston and smiled, the smile showing the black spaces of missing teeth. "You look a little pale," he chided. "Do you mind blood very much? Once during the last bull when I saw your throat moving, I thought you would have to leave. Use your hat if you have to."

"This is my first fight, and anyway my hat is new." He held it up and the blue, the soft blue material did look new.

"The best part of it," Manolo said, "is when the blood begins to spurt. It comes in long gulpy streams and spurts red onto the dirt."

Robert Preston looked away at the blue sky and watched an airplane move lazily between a white bank of puffy clouds. He had to be conscious of it to keep his throat from working, and his stomach was in his throat. He had to keep pushing it down where it belonged.

"How many more bulls are there?"

"One more," Manolo said. "Aren't you enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes," Robert Preston said and looked away again.

"There is nothing like the bulls to give a man a little excitement on Sunday."

"Oh, yes," and he looked away again.

"I must get you tickets every week," Manolo said.

"We will see. For God's sake, when is the last one coming?"

"Have patience," Manolo said with a laugh, then caught himself before it broke out into a throaty gasp. Robert Preston did not hear him.

"So you are thinking of living in Mexico," Manolo said. "I will speak to Realto about getting you tickets every week."

"Yes, all right, yes. When the hell is that last bull coming? Where is he? You'd think the damn bull takes a shave and a haircut before he comes. Where the hell is he?" Manolo laughed, but not at the joke.

"He's coming now," Manolo said.

Now the lethargic crowd was paying attention again. All heads looked forward searchingly from the stands, down past the protecting fence to the nearest burladero.

"Joselito!" the stands chanted. "Joselito!"

Coming out from the burladero was a man dressed gorgeously in a uniform splashed with sparkling silver studs, silver sparkling on a smooth base of dark black, shiny silk. He was talking to a dark-complexioned youth of the Cuadrillas.

"What is he doing?" Robert Preston asked, almost choking on his stomach that was in his throat.

"Giving last minute instructions to his banderillero," Manolo said. Now the dark-faced youth was in the center of the ring, doing the preliminary passes and getting ready to place the banderillas.

The bull had been let in from the corral at the far end of the ring, and he was standing motionless, the muscles twitching on the dark stoic flanks. Then his head was up, ears flexed forward, tail briskly switching. Then, as if he intended to make them wait, he began tossing his massive head, lifting high as if trying to shake something loose that was bothering him. Then he was ready. He charged. The banderillero succeeded in placing the protective fence.

Robert Preston thought he could not hold his stomach much longer.

"Now watch a real artist," Manolo said.

Joselito walked towards the mayor's box to dedicate the bull. There was thunderous applause.

"Watch for the blood," Manolo told Robert Preston.

The way Manolo glanced at him, Robert Preston thought he must know that his stomach was in his throat. Joselito unfurled his gold and yellow fighting cape down in the ring and passed it lightly several times through the air.

"Is it true that they can smell death sometimes?"

"Si, sometimes," Manolo smiled.

When Joselito was facing the bull, he began to back away towards the burladero. Then he came towards the bull again. The stands were absolutely quiet. Another airplane flew lazily by. Joselito walked to within ten feet of the bull and planted himself. The bull had not been paying attention to anyone. Joselito spread the cape so that its bright orange spangled in the sunlight. Joselito stood firm and called, "Huh, huh, huh." The bull, horns forward, nostrils tense, looked at him as if he didn't know him. Then the tail stopped moving. The bull charged. A roar went up from the stands. The bull was coming explosively and then he was on the cape hiding Joselito's body from one side. Then he was past Joselito. A yell of "Ole! Ole!" went up from the stands. Joselito succeeded wonderfully in producing a series of intricate and exciting veronica passes, the crowd yelling, "Ole! Ole!" Manolo was watching Joselito. Joselito had completed the passes and was walking toward the fence where his sword handler was. The crowd was standing now, cheering wildly, anticipating the kill. Manolo's eyes followed him and admired him.

"Watch for the blood when he makes the kill," Manolo said. "What's the matter? You look pale."

Robert Preston's stomach and throat which were one, were telling him to go. He got up quickly from the wooden bench and began to walk away.

"Where are you going?" Manolo asked.

"I don't want to use my new hat," Robert Preston said, and kept on walking.

Richard Kover '56

"Best auld acquaintance be forgot"

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