



To one of
my best Room
mates at Cal. S. I
wish good luck and
success with his trumpet.
Dad Bede

I think Mrs. Craig is
perfectly right - your work in
geometry was perfectly amazing.
Let's hope you as well in all
your subjects next year. If you
don't, I know you'll at least try,
which is the main thing -

John

To "Craig" Mr.
It was certainly fun having
you for the past year and I am looking
forward to seeing you some September. I leave
you my 1 and 25 stickball around to remember
me to.
Best of Luck,
David Schmitt

All has gone well, after all, eh,
The old over great working with
and knowing you. Lots of luck
next year & best wishes for
a successful life.
Sincerely
Albert

To Mr. S.,
It has been fun
playing and knowing
such a great guy as
you. I hope that you
will come around to
my point of view and
become as Dodge for
Jeff Spier

To a really great guy, Mr.
I have been great knowing you
this past year and look forward to
next year when you will be a Sen-
nior. Good luck,
Dillbert Wendheim

To Mr. S.,
A great guy whose
slow curve could fool the
Devil. Best wishes for
the future, your partner
in stickball
Peter Schmitt
37



herry

Cherry Lawn School
Darien, Conn.

1955

17

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HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

This year we are celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Cherry Lawn School.

It was in 1915 that Dr. Fred Goldfrank of New York City went to his sister's house in Stamford to tutor a young girl who was stricken with polio. Dr. Goldfrank's warm-heartedness and teaching ability were known throughout his family. More young relatives came to the house in Stamford to be taught. Soon there were too many children for that home and they moved to the estate in Darien where the school is located today. Cherry Lawn School had begun. It was one of the first, co-educational "New Schools" in the country. Since that time the school has grown larger and larger until now there are over one hundred students in the upper and lower divisions.

In 1933 Dr. Goldfrank passed away. After a short time the school's trustees chose two directors, Dr. Boris Bogoslovsky and Dr. Christina Bogoslovsky, or Dr. Boris and Dr. Staël as they are called at Cherry Lawn. The school has progressed exceedingly well under the guidance of these two educators. Dr. Boris came originally from Russia, and Dr. Staël from Sweden. They brought with them two different cultural backgrounds, but similar ideals. They have stood for a democratic school, both socially and academically. Dr. Boris and Dr. Staël have shared twenty-two years as the Directors of Cherry Lawn. Dr. Boris has set the personalized philosophy which governs the school, and Dr. Staël has carried out the administrative end.

So Cherry Lawn, "Happy Anniversary."



The Senior Library
1926

Dear Class of 1955:

One of you told me that you like to think of yourselves as the fun-loving ones, those who like to laugh together and enjoy a good time. That may be a sign of a happy development of your personalities. How often we find in the Bible advice like: "Be of a gay spirit"—"Gladness of the heart is the life of man"—"Joyfulness of man prolongeth his days." Lin Yutang says that the Chinese as he knows them are convinced that the world can be made a more peaceful, a more reasonable place to live in only when men have imbued themselves with the light gaiety of the spirit. To the wise Chinese his philosophy of life is "a gay science." Robert Louis Stevenson, when he prayed for the best in life, prayed: Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind."

But there is gaiety and—gaiety. Being funny about things can well be a way of escape; another form of daydreaming. To pretend in serious crises of our lives that everything is intensely comic is neither stoic nor heroic; it is simply a cowardly dodging of maturity. Real humor—the saving grace in the ups and downs of our everyday life—is not an escape but an intuitive sense of vital proportions and that is truly a gift of the gods. George Bernard Shaw who loathed the shirkers, the loafers, the talent-squanderers, the time wasters, said he did so because they deny themselves "the true joy of life," of living for a mighty purpose. The gaiety of spirit which I fervently wish for all of you comes when you can do as it says in the Bible: "Rejoice in your own works . . . for that is your portion. When you can accept yourselves and the reality around you, then you are on the road to a full life which will hold real joy for you."

Build up your inner resources. Stop "alibiing." Move forward. Don't hold back. "The true waste of life is the power we have not used, the love we have not given." Face yourselves and know that what to you now looks like discouragements, burdensome obligations, are not liabilities but hidden assets which you can turn into most profitable experience. Remember the danger of living on a pleasurable surface now, and postponing all your self-improvements to the magic time when you are in college, when you are twenty, etc.

You have shown real interest in religious and ethical questions. You want to formulate worthwhile values. Remember then, "the want of goods is easily repaired, but the poverty of soul is irreparable," or, as Plato put it: "Honor thy soul for each man's soul changes according to the nature of his deeds—for better, for worse." The less a person has inside of culture and imagination, a feeling of responsibility and desire to do more than is expected of him, the more he wants outside of him the upholstery of life. You have asked for more discipline—but isn't that an evasion of responsibility. The discipline which counts comes from within in spite of the common want in life to have somebody who will make us do all we can. Real education comes from a lifelong discipline—from within the individual by himself. You may have heard the statement, "great men become great by doing what they don't want to do when they don't want to do it." There is a truth in that for you: Discouragement and low spirits are according to a medieval legend, the Devil's best means in his fight over human souls. If your gaiety is of the right kind you are lining yourselves up with the good forces in the world!

I might have liked to give you more advice, but this takes precious space. The best I can do for you would be perhaps to ask you not to let a day go by without finding some time to say to yourself this prayer:

*My Lord and Master of my life
Keep away from me the spirit of idleness, low spirits, desire
to dominate, and idle talk;
Give me the power of chaste restraint, humble wisdom,
patience and love.
Let me see my own imperfections and not criticize others,
Since all of us do bless Thee, our Lord and Master for ever."*
Christina Staël v. H. Bogoslovsky
Director



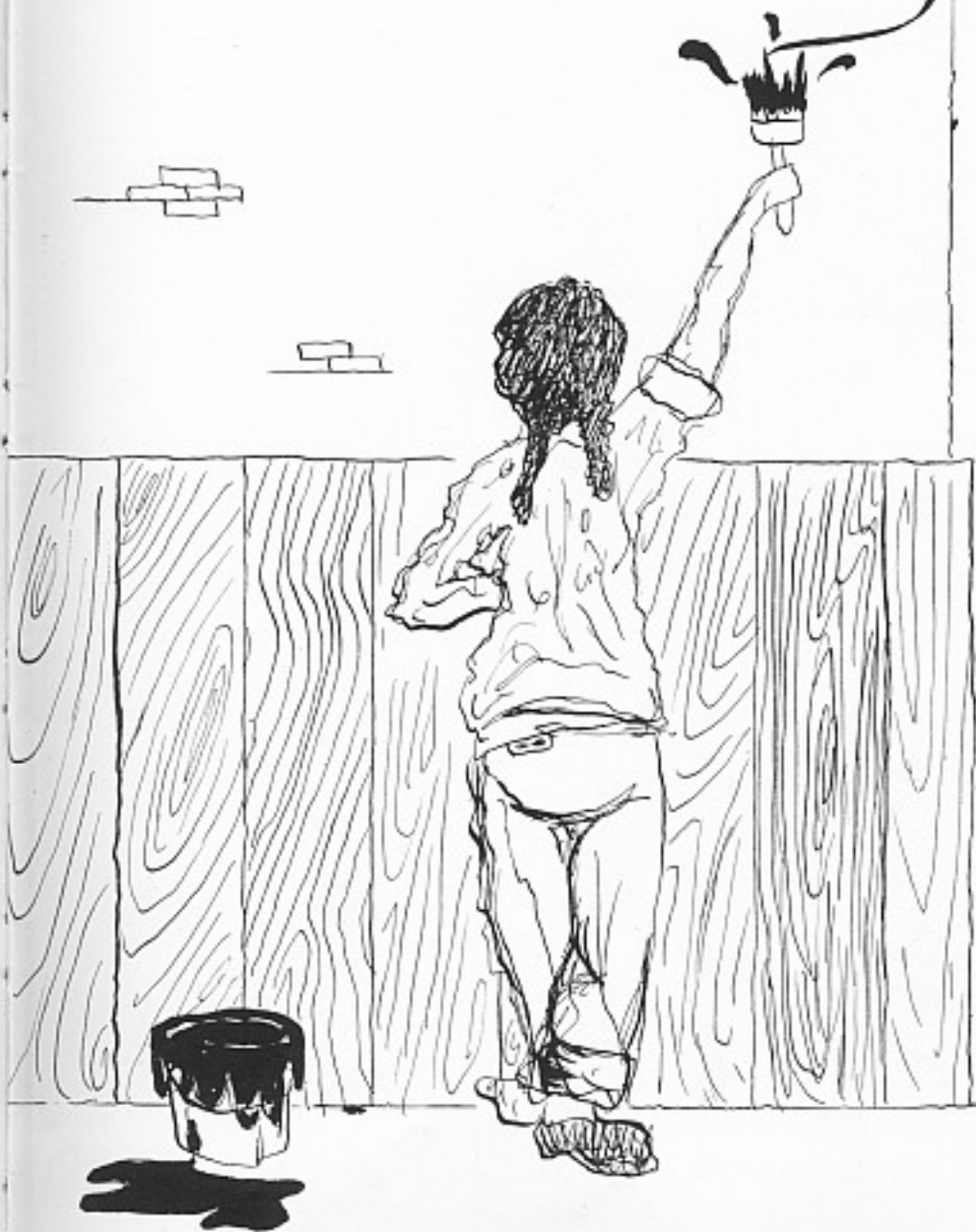


MRS. LETTIE LEE CRAIG
Senior Adviser



MR. ALBERT C. KOSOW
Senior Adviser

Seniors





DORIS FLOWERMAN

"Dee"

*"Steadfast of thought, well-made,
well-wrought."*

Sir Thomas Moore

ROBERT PENSON

"Pense"

"I think no virtue goes with size."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



HELEN GROSSMAN

*"She is one whom honesty, and wit,
and humor crown."*

Steven Duch



GWEN KRAKOWER

"Gwenie"

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

William Shakespeare



JONATHON STONE

"Jon"

"To write and read comes by nature."

William Shakespeare



SANDRA NEUER

"Sandy"

"Some sense of duty, something of a faith, some reverence for the laws ourselves have made."

Alfred Lord Tennyson





SANDRA LUTZ

"Sandi"

*"Among the good thou doest nobly,
truth and love approve."*

Herman Miller



PAUL SILVER

*"Thou speakest wiser than thou art
'ware of."*

William Shakespeare



JUDITH FORRAY

"Judie"

*"A kind and gentle heart she has
to comfort friends and foes."*

Oliver Goldsmith

NORMAN SELIGMAN

"Norm"

*"A smiling face, an honest heart,
and lo, a friend."*

Anonymous



PAUL SHAPIRO

"Shapskie"

*"Just at the age 'twixt boy and
youth,
When thought is speech, and
speech is truth."*

Sir Walter Scott



RUTH WEINER

*"To those who know thee not, no
words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint."*



ALBERT NEWMAN

"Al"

*"The gentle mind by gentle deeds
is known."*

Edmund Spenser



JUDITH GERSOHN

"Judy"

*"I will not refuse to do the some-
thing that I can do."*

Edward Everett Hale



RONNY ALEXANDER

"Roses see I in her cheeks."

William Shakespeare

ROSEMARIE BADAGNANI

*"Eyes like her soul, kind, gentle,
and always clear."*

Anonymous



SETH ABELSON

"Settle"

*"So there is Jackson standing like
a stone wall."*

Bernard Elliot Bee

LAINÉ MANDEL

*"There was a star danced, and
under that I was born."*

William Shakespeare





On vacation.



It's purely platonic!



"Diet-day."



"Ears" to you!



"Isn't it ab-ful?"



Boy, girl, car.



After what?



"Just heard there's a
FREE Saturday night"



"Good morning, Dr. Steel."



"Okay, teach."



The Winnah!



Maurice Burke?



Real Candid shot.



'Leggo, it's mine!'



The "refs."



I say, old sport!



"Me too."

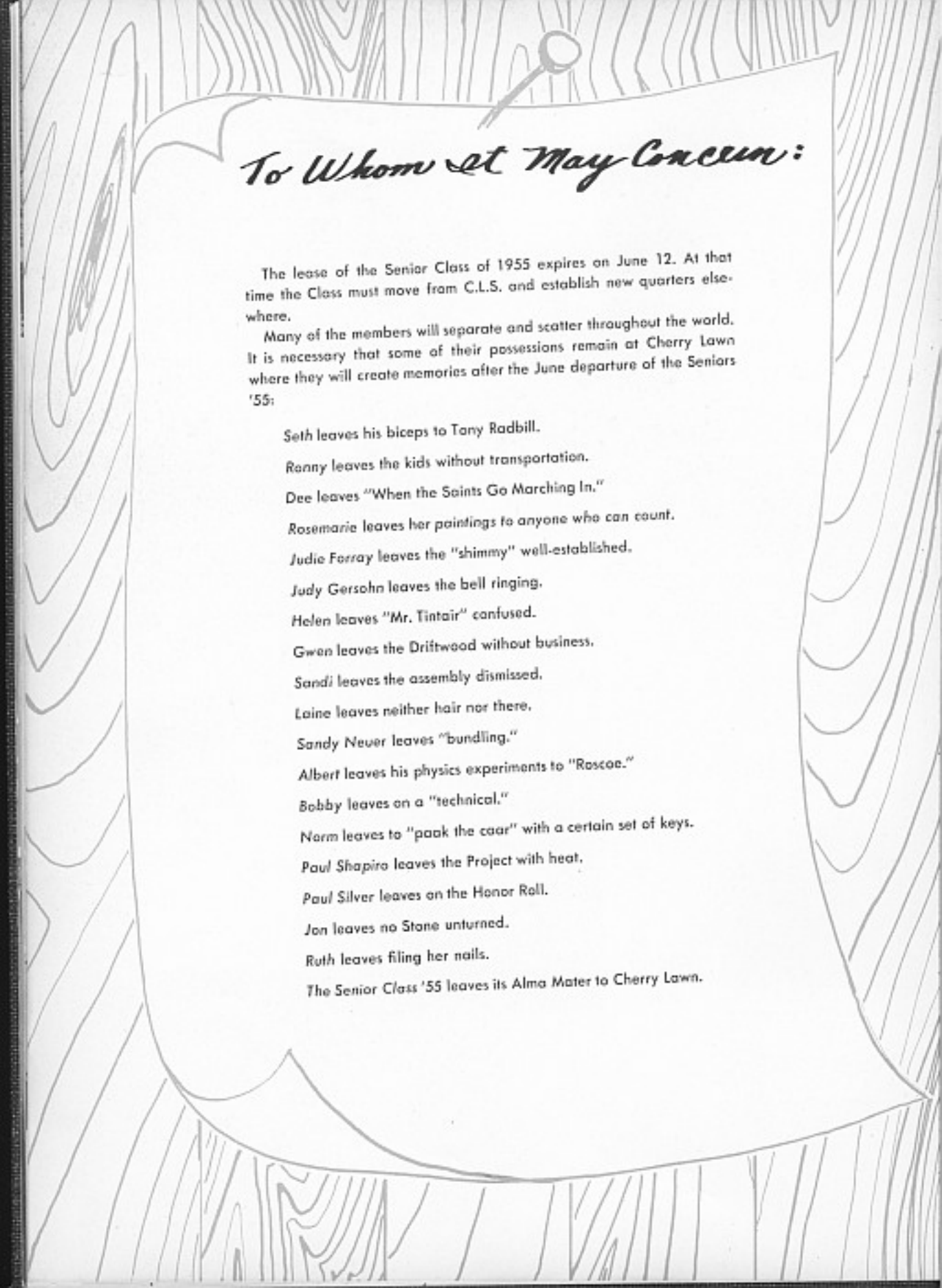


The Big Three.



"Oh, please, Mr. Zuber."





To Whom It May Concern:

The lease of the Senior Class of 1955 expires on June 12. At that time the Class must move from C.L.S. and establish new quarters elsewhere.

Many of the members will separate and scatter throughout the world. It is necessary that some of their possessions remain at Cherry Lawn where they will create memories after the June departure of the Seniors '55:

Seth leaves his biceps to Tony Radbill.

Renny leaves the kids without transportation.

Dee leaves "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Rosemarie leaves her paintings to anyone who can count.

Judie Forray leaves the "shimmy" well-established.

Judy Gersohn leaves the bell ringing.

Helen leaves "Mr. Tintair" confused.

Gwen leaves the Driftwood without business.

Sandi leaves the assembly dismissed.

Laine leaves neither hair nor there.

Sandy Neuer leaves "bundling."

Albert leaves his physics experiments to "Roscoe."

Bobby leaves on a "technical."

Narm leaves to "park the car" with a certain set of keys.

Paul Shapiro leaves the Project with heat.

Paul Silver leaves on the Honor Roll.

Jon leaves no Stone unturned.

Ruth leaves filing her nails.

The Senior Class '55 leaves its Alma Mater to Cherry Lawn.



Standing, left to right: Lea Foustanos, Judith Farray, Sandra Lutz, Mrs. Craig, Ruth Weiner, Jon Stone, Helen Grossman, Gwen Krakower, and Paul Silver. Sitting, left to right: Dee Flowerman, Sandra Neuer, Rosemarie Badagnani, Judy Gersohn, Leine Mandel, Seth Abelman, Bob Person, Paul Shapiro, and Norman Seligman.

CHERRY LAWN ALMA MATER

(Tune of "La Mer")

Cherry Lawn, our hearts to thee
 We pledge eternally.
 Friendships so dear,
 That we formed here,
 Will e'er remain . . .
 Cherry Lawn, though time may fly,
 Our love will never die;
 Throughout the years,
 Through joy and tears,
 Dear Cherry Lawn we'll remember . . .
 Whate'er the future brings
 We will remember things—
 That happened here,
 That were so dear.
 Oh, Cherry Lawn, we'll not forget thee!



JUNIORS

Front row, left to right: Rachelle Sholder, Alison Miller, Judy Hess, Flo Gralsick, Jane Najima, and Claire Robbins. Second Row: Barbara Gross, Mr. Basil Burwell, Stan Kelvin, Karen Kassas, Al Morse, Norm Jacobs, John Palka, and Nancy Finkelstein. Rear Row: Stu Varden, Stuart Duboff, Herby Strahl, Steve Potter, Ike Beck, and Howard Levine.



SOPHOMORES

First Picture

Left to right, from top: Ronnie Lane, Claire Zinn, Peter Pakula, Paula Weldger, Michele Berenberg, and Louis Keller.

Second Picture

Left to right, from top: John Hamilton, Valerie Glyn, David Schan-cupp, Gilbert Windheim, Lucy Daft, Jeffrey Spiner, Michael Gold, Sandy Mazer, and Clover Vail.



FRESHMEN

Back row, left to right: Mr. Dale Rowe, Steven Kellner, Edward Feuchtwanger, David Alexander, Andy Jampoler, Dan Bromberg, Robert Fagin, and Madame DeCarville. Middle row: Marianne Frank, Linda Pauker, Kerry O'Flynn, Fran Neuer, Linda Bell, Joanne Abrams, Elena Ogus, Dana Oettinger. Front row: Bella Shamilezadeh, Nancy Feuer, Lynne Chesler, Lenore Friedman, Ingrid Stone.



EIGHTH GRADERS

Left to right, standing: Mrs. Grace T. Spooner, Alexandra Herz, Jeffrey Selwyn, Diane Richards, Nancy Moore, and Diane Tillett. Sitting: Joan Strasser, Ingela Helgesson, Robert Roth, Robert Teitelbaum, Tony Radbill, Marc Halesi, and Janet Rhodes.



SEVENTH GRADERS

Jack Silver, Elaine Scheiner, Elsa Stone, Rita Gins, Ronny Cailman, Judy Capen, Mike Werner, Mrs. Grace T. Spooner.

LOWER SCHOOL



FOURTH GRADERS

Left to right: Sairlee Jones, Madleen Kerkovius, Seth Werner, Mrs. Curran, Johnny Roberts, and Sally Ahrend.



FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADERS

Left to right: Gail Blocker, Paula O'Flynn, John Franckenstein, Emily Clare Upson, Marilyn Halevi, Barry Mandelstein, John Natanson, Jimmy Roberts, Teddy Berlin, Jeff Kohan, Danny Coifman, Mike Spiner, and Miss Beth Richardson.

THIRD GRADERS

Left to right: Steve Gordon, Mrs. Erica Curran, Isabel Schencupp, Barbara Mathews, Philip Lieberman, Carolyn Marer.



SECOND GRADERS

Left to right: Eileen Gins, Andy Harward, Elmore Rosenthal, Liz Weinstein, and Mrs. Ruth Pratt.









"An addition to the make-up study, . . .
and . . . please!"



"That's what I call exploring areas
of ignorance."



"We're going to put Miss Landau into a
bathtubful of hydrochloric acid and see
whether she will precipitate or form an
emulsion."



"Now, girls, the object of this game
is to put the ball in the garbage
can."



"At ease, gals, at ease!"

STUDENT COUNCIL

1955 COUNCIL MEMBERS

... The Council Meeting I am about to bring you is true. Only the names and dates have been omitted to protect the innocent ... The meeting was called to order at 5:10. The minutes were read and approved. In a discussion of the Saturday Night's activity it was decided to have a free night, if possible. A motion was also made that a campus cleanup be held every Saturday after breakfast. The motion was passed. The meeting was adjourned at 5:45 ...

The main duty of the Student Council and of the Lower House is to make Cherry Lawn a better place to live and work in from both the students' and faculty's viewpoint. This program involves not only the presenting of the student body's ideas to the faculty, and vice versa, but also the taking over of many responsibilities which would otherwise fall on the faculty's shoulders. Among the latter items are: making of dining room lists, campus cleanup, Saturday Night entertainment, bulletin boards, and work with the Lower School. Through the mutual exchange of ideas and the acceptance of responsibilities, a greater unity is produced between the students and faculty, which in turn makes for happier living at C. L. S.



Dee Flowerman
Paul Silver
Arlene Fisher
Paul Shapiro
Judie Farrah
Karen Rassas
John Polka
Norman Seligman
Ronni Lane
Ike Beck
Sandi Lutz
Albert Newman
Stanley Kelvin
Florence Gralnick
Norman Jacobs
Elise Landau
Albert Marse
Rochelle Sholder
Lucy Doff
Dale Bederson
Jeffrey Spier
Judy Hess
Lea Foustanos

THE PROJECT

When a parent comes to Cherry Lawn to visit his son or daughter, the first thing he sees on a tour of the grounds is The Project. The Student Project originated in 1950-51. Although the plans were executed by a professional, the work was done by students. Each year since then more and more work has been carried on towards the completion of "Our Project." Last year, for example, some of our more hardy boys were up all night before the Prom making the steps so that the girls wouldn't have to walk in the dirt. This year the heating has been installed, and part of the back room has been built. Although the building of The Project may be more expensive than if it were done professionally, the experience for the students has been worth the price a hundredfold.

The heads of "Our Building" this year have been Paul Silver and Paul Shapiro. The Student Body owes them a vote of thanks for their untiring effort. Next year Louis Keller and Norman Jacobs will take over the job.



DRAMATIC ARTS

This year Cherry Lawn has had quite a few dramatic productions. One of the most important, which involved the whole school from the first grade through seniors, was the Christmas Pageant.

"And Joseph too went up from Judea in Galilee, to the city of Nazareth, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child." With these words Judie Forray, narrator, opened the 1954 Christmas Pageant, unexcelled in beauty and symbolic meaning. As Dee Flowerman (Mary) moved down the aisle, drawn by the irresistible, divine force and radiant with an ethereal glow, the eyes of the audience, and of the chorus too as they sang, were turned full upon her.

Joseph (Paul Silver), so full of warmth and human understanding, appeared in the town with Mary before the wandering human eyes. Then appeared an aristocratic golden-haired Gabriel (Michael Berenberg) as a vision to Mary. The Heavenly Host gathered round, and never were Cherry Lawners more angelic.

"There were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the fields, watching their flocks by night." As one by one the shepherds followed the guiding star, their faces, normally boyish and full of fun, seemed transfigured.

The voices of the chorus rang out soft and clear as an accompaniment to the pantomime. Judy Hess (Mary), Tom Huestis (Joseph) and Bella Shamilzadeh and Flo Gralnick, who shared the role of Gabriel, expressed in song what the pantomime enacted.

The curtain fell on a majestic tableau of the Holy Family in the stable, surrounded by those who came to worship the Christ Child. The background music was "Silent Night." Another, and a most beautiful Christmas Pageant was ended.

This, however, was only the beginning of a succession of dramatic productions.

The Lower School gave a highly successful production of the old fairy tale of the King Who Forgot—Rumpelstiltskin. The music for this production was composed by Don Emerson. Barry Mondschein and Gail Blocker made their debuts as singers, and did extremely well. Johnny Franckenstein did a very capable job as Rumpelstiltskin.

The Eighth Grade after much work came up with a delightful production of "There's Gold in Them Thar Hills," or "The Dead Sister's



Secret." The heroine, Janet Rhodes, was faced with a choice between the city life of Richard Murgatroyd, Tony Redbill, and the simple life of John Dalton, Jeff Selwyn.

The Freshmen produced two one act plays: "Our Miss Brooks and the Christmas Carol," and "The Little Flaw of Ernesto Lippl." The Sophomore Class gave a successful and understanding production of Par Lagerkirst's "Let Man Live." The play featured Peter Pakula, Lucy Doft, Louis Keller, and Jeff Fabrikant. Gogol's "Inspector General," a slightly Cherry Lawnified production was presented by the Juniors. Al Morse and Michael Greenberg had the leading roles. The Senior Play, "The Life of Man," by Andreyev is in production as the Cherry Pit goes to press. Jon Stone and Laine Mandel are cast in the leading roles.

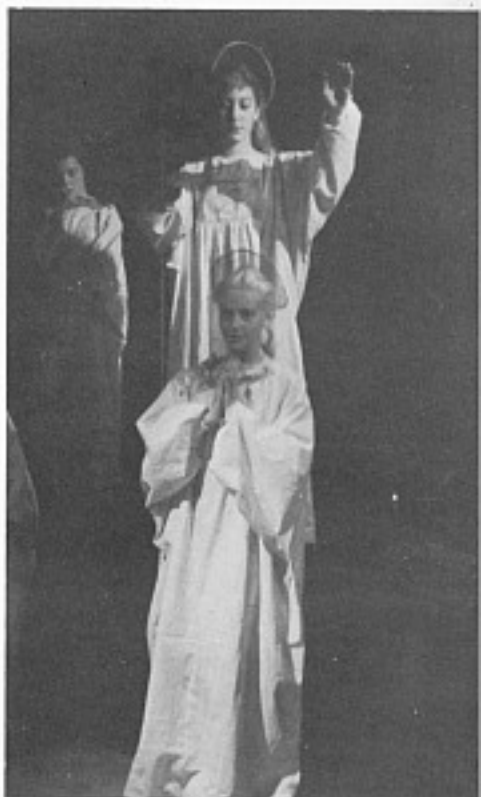
A popular and well-attended course for students especially interested in dramatics is the Acting Technique Class. Here the students learn about the techniques of Stanislavsky and other theater greats, and try to put these theories into practice. It is fun, hard work, and a profitable experience to all whether or not they are eventually destined for stage careers.

Another all-school production, although more dance than drama, was "Off the Boat."

"Throw out that line, there! All clear on starboard! All clear on the larboard! She's coming in on time." These lines gave the signal to get ready . . .

The curtain is going up. Everyone is in place, and the show goes on. After weeks of work, the time has finally come. Our show, the final results of everything we have worked for, has begun. Poor Don looks so tired. Maybe after the opening number, we'll all feel a little easier . . . We are thinking back on our rehearsals, on how we've worked to get this performance in shape for tonight. As we look around, we can see how frightened everyone really is behind the gay smiles and the stage point. We see the boatmen, the darkies, the crowds who have come to see the "Magnolia" as she docks. We can't see the gamblers, or the showgirls, but we know they're back there waiting for their cues, as frightened as we are. We think, too, of the many different kinds of work that have gone into this show: the beautiful spirituals, the chantey songs of boatmen far from home, the folk songs and ballads that will tie our show together.

This is it. Will it go over? The audience applauds as the curtain rises, and while we sing the first lines of the opener, we know that this is a Great Show and it's our show that you see.



Music Society, Upper Division

I can just see myself now—sitting on a soft carpet, with an attractive, blonde young lady to gaze at, listening to a passage from Tschalkowsky. I can't think of a pleasanter prospect. As a matter of fact, when I realize that this has actually happened, I feel very good. When I think that it is going to happen several more times, I feel even better. Indeed, the more I think about it, the more inclined I feel to go to these music sessions. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on how you look at it, this is just one phase of a musical evening with Mr. Emerson. The rest of the time is spent in discussing, from both a technical and a human point of view, whatever piece is to be played next.

Taking all into consideration, I think that for many of us this is one of the most interesting and stimulating activities of the school.



Ballroom Dancing

Ballroom dancing is an important function in modern society. Have any Cherry Lawner answer Mr. Pampianov's favorite question, "What are the benefits of ballroom dancing?" and he will quickly say "Poise, good posture, and greater popularity." That is why all Cherry Lawners, from the lowest grades to the highest, from those who think they know all about dancing to those who don't know anything about it, take Mr. Pampianov's class. Besides learning the more common ballroom dances, students have the opportunity to learn those from other countries and from the different periods of our own country's development. Dances like the Gay Gordons, Calypso, Bambouco, Castle Wal, Charleston, Soft Shoe, and Tango have been learned, and many of these have been performed at the Dance Recital and the Valentine Ball. The purpose of the Dance Recital was to exhibit all the dances that had been learned up to that time. The Valentine Ball was a very successful party in which students, parents, and friends put to practical use the dances they had learned. Both occasions signify the success Mr. Pampianov has made in teaching Cherry Lawners to dance.

Music Society, Lower Division

The lower half of the Music Society, which includes most of Mr. Emerson's group, plus half a dozen others, meets in the living room of Boys' House every free Saturday evening.

Under Mr. Kosow's guidance, and listening to his recordings of Broadway musical hits, we do almost everything: read, if we happen to have phenomenal powers of concentration; play cards, chess, checkers, dominoes, or some other game; or just sit around and talk.

Starting accidentally in the early fall, this group has proven to be one of the most consistent and pleasurable of the Cherry Lawn campus organizations.



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

One of the best remembered occasions of the year is the Christmas Party. The Manor House was decked out in holiday finery. Never were Christmas murals more beautiful. The Junior Study was decorated with pictures of beautiful, tempting devils and other evil things. Seems they always do up the room that way. Under every doorway, amid Christmas greenery, hung a little bunch of mistletoe which, needless to say, got plenty of use. The fake fireplace and chimney in the Round Room were strikingly realistic. Of course the thing that stood out above all else was . . .



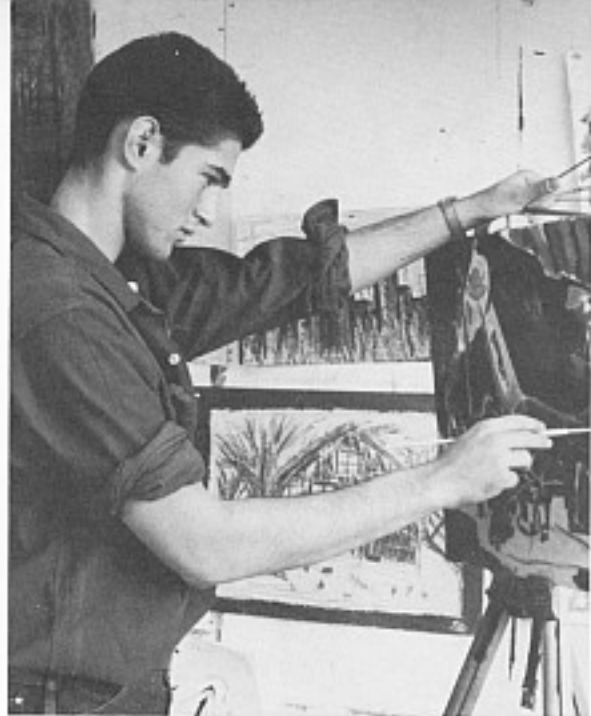
. . . the tree, resplendent in colors and lights, and glittering with tinsel. No less remarkable were the students themselves. To look at them one would hardly believe that they were the same boys and girls who a little while before had been dressed in blue jeans with shirttails hanging out and hair askew. Mr. Kosow was Saint Nick himself as he came down the chimney to distribute presents.

After the present-giving, students and faculty dispersed for a wonderful, magical evening of gay talk and dancing. As the students crawled tired but happy into bed, they thought dreamily back over what had been an unbelievably beautiful and lovely party.

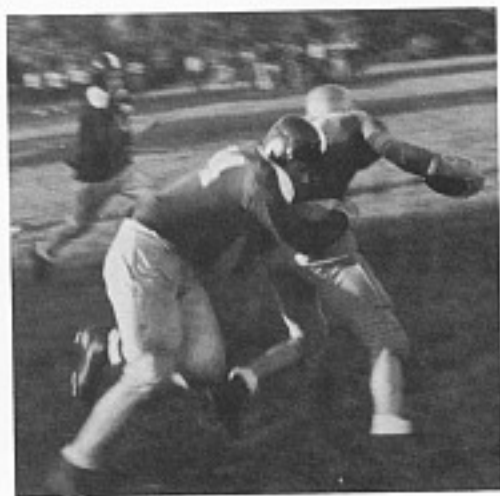


This page is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lese; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Pokula.





SPORTS



Cherry Lawn has seldom been known as a football power. This year more than ever we lacked weight on the line and in the backfield. Bob Penson, one of the fastest, but unfortunately, one of the lightest men in the League, ran the team from the quarterback spot. His passing and Steve Potter's great receiving and running provided the main offensive punch for Cherry Lawn. The remaining team members were: Shapiro, Abelson, Seligman, Huestis, Fagin, Strahl, Jacobs, Levine, Bromberg, and Jampaler.



Cherry Lawn girls always seem to have much excess energy, especially of the vocal type. Cheerleading has provided not only a means for releasing it, but also a tremendously helpful support both for the school and the teams themselves.

In the fall the girls, under the leadership of Judy Hess, organized and practiced so that they were in really good shape for the football season. They cheered well and loud at all the games, and continued throughout the basketball season to provide both color and spirit for Cherry Lawn. Credit should be given to these girls: Judy Hess (Captain), Bella Shamilzadeh, Joanne Abrams, Barbara Grass, Dale Bederson, June Nojima, Elena Ogus, and Lynne Chesler.





Although a glance at the win-loss record may not show it, the Cherry Lawn Basketball Team played very well this year. Throughout the fifteen-game season, a steady improvement under Coach Bill Griffin could be noticed.

The attack centered around Bob Penson, Captain and only returnee from last year's starting team, and Al Morse. The outstanding play of these two was recognized by rival coaches when they were selected for the Southern Connecticut Private School League All-Star Team.

In the eyes of the players, there were probably two high points in the season. The first was a one-point victory over King's School, the team that eventually went on to win the post-season tournament. The game was close all the way. King's was leading with a little more than a minute to go, but some timely driving and foul shooting gave Cherry Lawn the victory.

The second highlight of the season was a narrow loss to St. Luke's, a team previously undefeated except by Brunswick, the League Champions. Again the game was a close contest, this time Cherry Lawn leading at the one-minute mark. Unfortunately, the outcome of the game was reversed. The Cherry Lawners, after playing tremendous basketball for almost a full four periods against a supposedly better team, could not hold their advantage to the end, and lost by two points.

In all its games, Cherry Lawn had to make up for its lack of height by aggressiveness and the will to win. Of course, just a will does not win ball games, but anybody following the team through its season would certainly have been convinced that were it not for this spirit, Cherry Lawn might as well not have entered the League.

It is unfortunate that so many of the games were away, preventing any large spectator turnout. We certainly hope that some day Cherry Lawners will be able to encourage their teams in their own gym.



BASKETBALL TEAM: Penson, Morse, Abelson, Potter, Folka, Levine, Shapiro, Spier, Fogin, Feuchtwanger, and Ströhl.

The baseball season has not yet really started, but the preparations are going on. Our games will probably consist of a home-and-home series with Daycroft, King's, Edgewood, and other surrounding teams.

It is gratifying to note that this year there is much interest in softball as well as in baseball. We have already played Daycroft, defeating them by one run. There will probably be several more games before the year is over.

The girls' athletic program this year has centered less on interscholastic competition than in previous years. Only two games were played, one in field hockey and one in basketball, both against Edgewood.

During the winter Mrs. Nanay, the wife of our art and shop instructor, took over the girls' athletics and since then has developed a schedule whereby each girl participates in an athletic program four times a week. This on-campus activity consists of the seasonal sports and many other games, such as volleyball, dodgeball, etc.

For the first time in many years, Cherry Lawn has competed with other schools in other than the standard football, basketball, and baseball. During the winter we had a fencing match with Daycroft, and came out the winners. We will probably have two more matches, and we have a strong hope for being just as successful.

An offer has been sent by Milford School for a series of matches in tennis, archery, and track. Although nothing is definite as yet, there is a good chance for some of these events materializing.



ARTS

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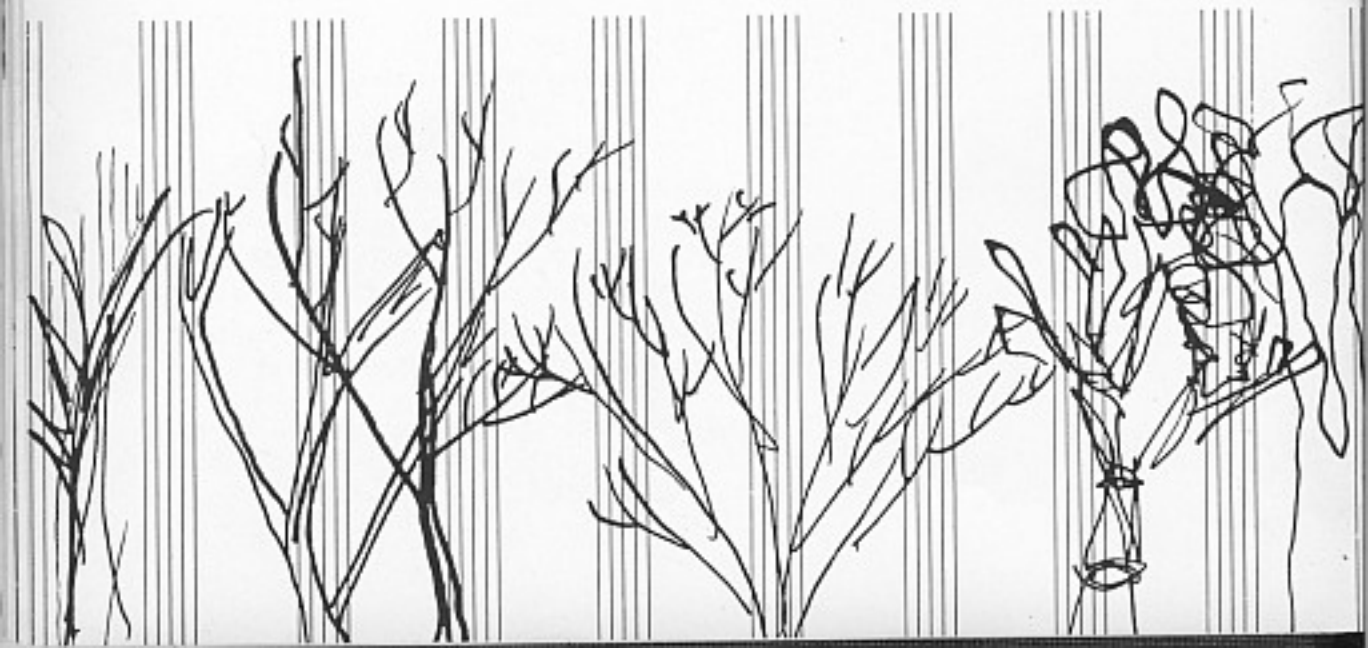


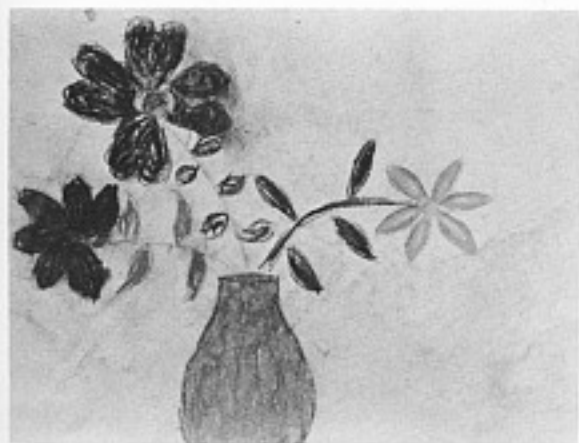
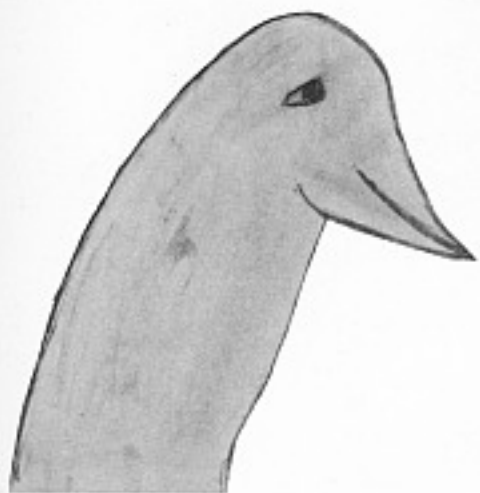
DEPARTURE

I was standing on the porch looking at the rain come down and thinking of the trials of the day. I glanced up at the gray, overcast sky for a moment. Everything seemed rather strange, but yet peaceful. "Oh well," I thought, "I might as well go inside and get out of the rain." I started to open the door; to my great surprise it was closed. My hands seemed to have no effect on the doorknob. There were people inside, my friends. I called to them, but they didn't seem to hear me. I went down stairs and thought for a moment. It was still raining as I trudged along on my way around to see if any doors were open. But they were all locked. No one was around and I felt alone. It was annoying to have something like this happen. I went back to the porch and looked up at it with disgust. Then all at once the door opened and someone came out. It was a beautiful girl whom I had never seen. As she walked forth a new ray of light seemed to cover the earth and it ceased to rain. The grass became a bright colorful green, and all my disgust left. I waved to her, but as before she didn't notice. I shouted frantically; no response. I ran up the stairs onto the porch and tried to shake her. But it was impossible. I was stricken with fear. "Can this be a joke?" I thought. I grasped my forehead with wonderment and looked up at the sky.

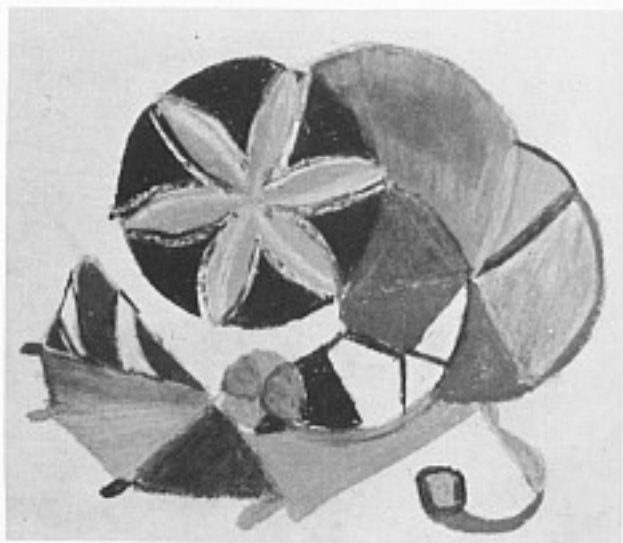
"What now?" I thought, for to my great surprise it was once more raining, and the sky was full of black dismal clouds. My surprise left me and I felt tranquil and dreamy. Things were not stable. I seemed apart from everything. I let my eyes slowly go down along the sky. Soon I would see the horizon. But when would it come? I looked straight ahead, and there was no horizon. Then I saw at my feet the roof tops of houses. A train went by, giving a mournful whistle. I was floating; slowly rising. A smile broke out on my face. It didn't seem strange at all. I realized what was happening. Yes! It was as it should be, and I was glad I had been good on Earth.

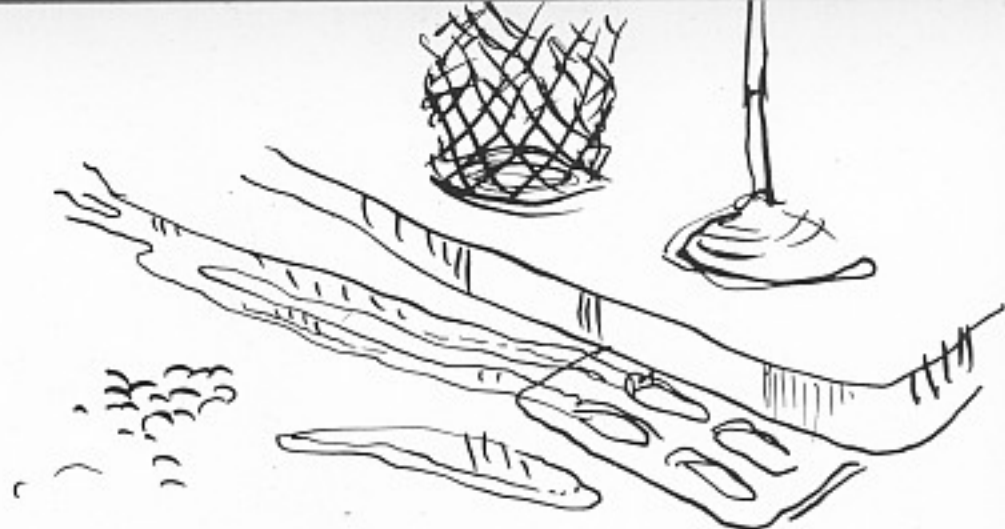
Stu Varden '56





LOWER
SCHOOL
ART





BIRTH OF A WEEKEND

Water was trickling down the street in little rivulets. All over the city people were opening their windows to permit the warm sun to come streaming through. To the east, a rainbow could be seen, silhouetting the ships docked in the river.

Convertibles, filled with groups of highspirited teenagers, were making traffic heavy along the highways heading out of town. Around the meat counters, women, their voices shrill with bargaining, were buying their Sunday roasts. Children were skipping along the side walks, jumping in puddles, gay with the thought of the cartoons they would see at the matinee after lunch.

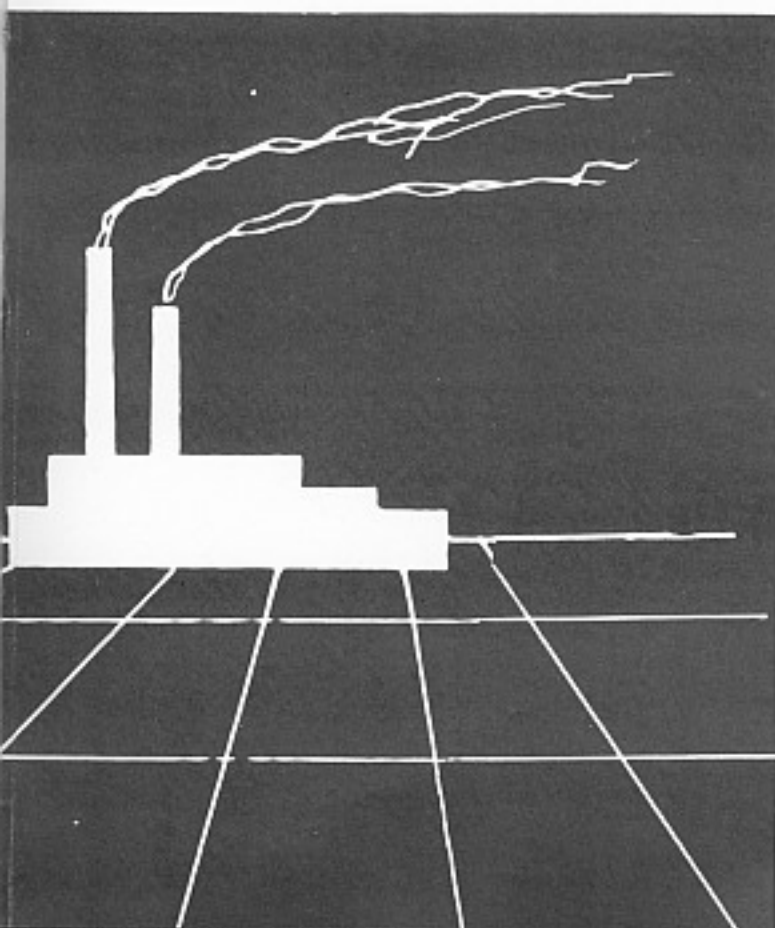
In 88 the young married couple could be heard arguing. About what, even they probably didn't know. Down the hall through the partially open door could be seen a woman in black, the scent of death still hovering over her mind, staring despondently out of the window. Upstairs, a young girl could be heard chatting away on the phone, "Okay, tonight at 8:00. Fine." At the hospital around the corner a man was excitedly yelling—"It's twins!!" The sun, shining after the storm, was especially bright for him.

All through the city a new week-end was born, bringing with it joy and sorrow, life and death.

Valerie Glyn '57

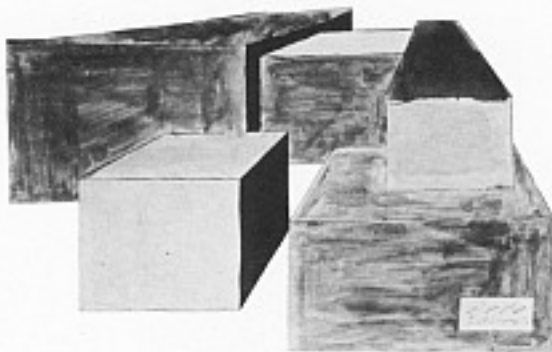
THE PLACE

It is a busy place,
A musty place,
With tall buildings
and small people,
There is polished steel,
Churning steel,
churning people,
Many people clutching
their goods.
A mob thinking one mind,
And one mind thinking
for a mob.
People do not know,
do not know themselves
nor any one else—
Only afraid, very afraid,
clutching their goods.
There are the few
That look at the sky
and wonder.
They search, but they
cannot find
that which will
answer their questions,
Or that which will
console them.
But they must—
they must find it.
The goods fall out
of a person's hands.
He is terrified and
afraid.
There is a noise,
A great noise,
A terrible noise,
One shallow
Empty noise
of many people
in a busy place,
of churning steel.
Claire Zinn '57





Pastel by Flo Gralnick, '56



Design by David Schanupp, '57



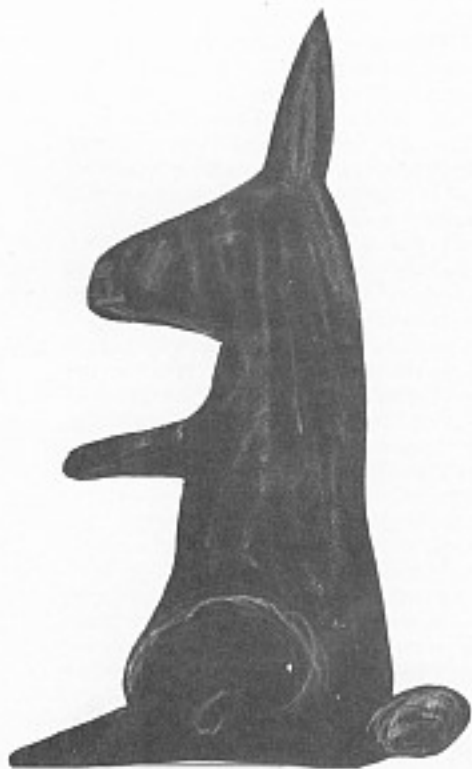
Pastel by Barbara Mathews, Grade 3



Brush drawing by Clover Vail, '57



Ink sketch by Nancy Finkelstein, '55



Cut-out pastel by Paula Weidger, '57

This page is the gift of Layda Jewelers, Inc.; The Junior Class;
Cherry Lawn Student Store.



MIRE AND CATTAILS

The driver of the last car wished Tartus Varuna "good luck" and drove on toward the south. Tartus waited, reading, but finding no one to take him on his way he decided that by going down over the embankment by the roadside he could go the way of the road not being seen by the officials. Down the steep embankment with folded blanket roll, standing for all his possessions, under an arm. The base of the slanted sod wall was covered by weeds and tall grasses; ten or so feet farther lay woods separated from him with a narrow stream. Soon the stream was no more. It either went underground, came from underground and was flowing in the opposite direction, or was a long puddle standing still.

The youth started through the woods, to reach, by way of a short cut, a road outside of the great pike. Thus, he would more quickly reach a destination, keeping from the dreaded toll gate, but in long range he had no destination. Through the woods then; pushing branches from before his face; walking over fallen trees and deep in grassy weeds; stepping on a dungy glob, or in a watery puddle. The boy's booted foot fell into a dirty pool, splashing water in his shoes and on his jeans. Near him, Tartus saw the looks of drying creeks and wooded ponds, beautiful and showing to him love because he still resisted it. He stepped on grass and his feet sank several inches. It seemed as if grass had been out and placed there from somewhere else; as if the people from the state highway had put this field up as an obstacle course for trespassers, those like himself.

To keep from mud and water, Tartus started walking from one mound of high, dry earth to a stone, to a fallen tree. Still with the blanket roll, he reached for a leafless tree and jumped. Not as previously, when he always was successful, his back foot slipped; it hit the moss covered water and went down until the water was half way up his calf. He pulled on the tree with all the strength he had in his free arm, bringing his entire body onto the firm area at the tree's base. Tartus's feet were wet and cold—freezing feet on the October morning that had been so challenging, sparkling, only a few hours before. He had gotten his shoes and socks wet many times as a little boy. But now they were surrounded by water which he thoughtlessly plunged into, and had to get out of.

On a family trip mother once had told him to wear rubber overshoes and not to walk in the grass soaked with morning dew. Little Tartus had not taken heed. The grass had looked short and not a bit wet. When he had returned, mommy and daddy had scolded him. The annoying incident caused him to write, as a personal note: "After a certain event, I decided that for greatest happiness it is best not to get one's shoes wet . . ."

Tartus was now on a trip and his shoes were wet. They were wetter than they ever got from rain. He had to get away from where he was . . . had to go on.

Onward, he started. He stepped over to a mossy spot; then he reached for a hold of a tree and landed on the earth beneath; next, to a huge fallen tree, always keeping balance by raising the free arm to the side. Young Varuna extended a foot to a thick, weedy spot, and with a hand grasped a nearby tree, rising straight from the water. As he pulled on the thin dead tree, it bent, and broke, plunging him into deep water. The boy moved in water; above the quagmire; from here to there. More and more the water coming over his knees stank. "Polluted water," he thought, "Is this a sewage disposal field? Maybe it isn't. But it stinks." Tartus saw oily film on the water. He had noticed this odor and dung like muddy green on his shoes when he entered the marsh.

With water high on his legs he kept from slipping by bracing himself against a great, turned up stump. Tartus Varuna was all alone. Sweat poured down about his back and chest, under three layers of clothing, and it dripped from the face and was wiped away with a sleeve or a clammy hand. Often in these long thirty minutes the boy was daunted at getting so deep in filthy water, or drowning, or getting lost. He groaned aloud. He could call out to the officers at the toll gate four or five hundred feet beyond. The men would be able to hear him from where he was. Then out of the muck. They would see why he was there and, of course, send him back from where he had come. Then Tartus wouldn't have to pay the penalty for hitching, but he wouldn't mind having to. He would have to return to the same life as before.

Moving to find a spot where he could stand, Tartus pushed a leg, made heavy from water, and helplessly watched mud creep high up on the thigh; the other leg followed. Down pushed the leg and up rose loud bubbles; the water was unsettled. Not willing to set his blanket anywhere, he held it to him and tried to bring himself on the tree stump. Using one arm and his body, the boy lay on the stump turning to remove his legs from the deep wading water. One leg lifted with it wet orange and red sand. As the foot came out it carried green and black slime. The colors moved.

With a covering of perspiration and with a heavy beating heart, trembling uncomfortably as if in the presence of an unseen Lorelei, Tartus was calm, at peace with all of nothing. "Who asked for all this," he thought in reply to the humid swamp air filled with all sorts of dust and marsh mosquitoes. The sun was high. Its light seemed to get into almost every crack and bend, obscuring shadows, making everything a parched bone color; richness was lacking. Sunlight came through leafless branches, seeming to burn, with all its heat, the yes of Tartus. Then, in a few moments it seemed as if the great light were put to its dimmest without being turned completely off. The water all about was tar black and showed no bottom. Drearier of the dreary. Tartus in Tartarus, Tartus in Hell.

Famine was no bather to the lad who had not yet gone long enough without food; he was plagued now only with deluge and pestilence.

He was in this mess for not quite an hour by his watch; nevertheless, he felt that he had been trekking through endless swamps. Moving now, he tried to step from stone to stone. He was above water now, except for an occasional slipping of a few inches into oozy mud. His legs were covered from ankles to top of thighs with goose-skin shivering. Suddenly he was again in mud to the height of his pockets. "In three steps I may slip to shoulder depth or step to where the bottom is much deeper," he thought. Trees above, tall and low, were close and many, creating a fine lacy web showing only pinholes of gray sky. Struggling, he felt desire for firm ground, because forces made firm earth resist him by keeping him from it.

And there was light. Everything changed. Trees turned rich brown like those in a brilliant painting; autumn leaves atop golden mud and thin water glowed with colors; the huge floor of nature was covered with crossed shadows, opposed with clouds that quickly turned whitish silver against a turquoise sky. Thick mud at a gradual slope laid before Tartus Varuna. No more water! Above the orange wheat like grass stood stalks of amber velvet cattails, each showing a gleaming white outline. Tartus was walking in tall yellow grass—on firm earth! Not a sigh came from the boy after his ordeal. With a small knife Tartus cut the first cattail he had ever touched in nature; then another. He rolled them both in the blanket. As he was to take them back, he was to go back—back, but still forward—though at the moment he vaguely thought of going on away. The driver of his last ride had prophesied: "In two or three days you'll have gone home on your own free will." After lying on the ground to rest from the strains of anxiety and pushing through the marsh, he walked farther along the road, with shoes full of water and trousers beginning to dry.

Stuart Duboff '56

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en, Hallowe'en
The day of "trick or treat,"
Witches come out and scare you
And then an owl says "Wheo."
And then I eat my candy.

John Natanson
Grade 6



THE SNOW AND THE SNOWMAN

Snow falls by day;
Snow falls by night.
It is so gay;
It is so bright.
Snow is so nice;
It is so white.
The children love this
happy sight.
Everyone builds a snowman,
A snowman nice and fat,
And on his big white head
They play a nice round hat.
Soon the sun comes out
and shines—
Their snowman start
to melt
Until there's but a single drop
Inside his big black belt.
Elaine Scheiner,
Grade 7

BIKE RIDING SONG

I love to hop on my bike and ride far away.
It's a very nice sport in the month of May.
I ride down hills and over bridges,
Through a field and over ridges.
Then I come to a big highway.
Oh! This is a beautiful bike riding day.
A dog goes running across the road,
Chasing after a little toad.
When I go home to school,
I go around a swimming pool.
Oh! this is a very gay
Beautiful, beautiful bike riding day.

John Roberts
Grade 4

"Journey of the Magi"

According to some reasoning the coming of Christ was a great catastrophe. Carl Jung in his *Psychological Types* writes:

"The birth of a deliverer is equivalent to a great catastrophe, since a new and powerful life issues forth just when no life or force or new development was anticipated. This reversal of values is tantamount to a destruction of previously accepted values; hence it resembles a devastation."

T. S. Eliot in his *Journey of the Magi* applies this "catastrophe" to his main character, the marquis. He writes of the latter's troubles with men and with nature.

The marquis complained of the tired animals and the frozen ground and wished for his summer palaces and silken girls. But there took place a great change in this man, so great a change that it was equal to a devastation, the devastation of his soul by this new idea. Away went all the beliefs he had been brought up on and all the traditions by which he lived. Of a sudden his mind was stripped of all it had based its being on. This was a complete devastation, a death—a death which he could not escape—a death through which he lost his grip on life. There now existed only the power and the force of this new birth, the spiritual idea, and this he could not perceive.

This poem of T. S. Eliot shows how terribly difficult it was for the marquis to dispense completely with his old sense of values and his old beliefs. I do not mean that he strove and suffered in order to gain this new idea, for that came in spite of him, but how difficult it was to wipe out all, all his moral concepts. And never feeling or knowing of such a spiritual force he did not know how to use his mind.

It was hard for the marquis to think nobly; it was almost impossible for him to think in any other terms than those of his people; but it was his death to lose knowledge and power of his being to this spiritual idea. With this Birth to the world and her men came his death. With this spiritual idea, under which so many people strove and worked and lived in nobility, he suffered and died in agony.

T. S. Eliot portrays in his poem the feeling of loneliness and desolation when the marquis returned to his land. He returned to a country where his own people were alien to him. They did not share his thoughts and agonies nor the knowledge of the power which overwhelmed him. He was no longer part of them, those people who were once his whole life. He did not follow them in their clinging to the tiresome traditions out of fear.

The marquis no longer lived except within this idea. Though he was completely overwhelmed, he could not perceive, and his people were not able to understand him. His journey caused him one death; he was now awaiting another.



Clover Vail '57

THE GLORIOUS WHITEWASHER

Scene: By the fence around Aunt Polly's front yard.

Cast: Tom Sawyer, a boy who thinks he is verily sly.

Jim, a tall lanky negro boy who can't read.

Ben Rogers, a barefooted boy who is always asking questions.

Bob Tanner, a fat boy who is always eating.

Huck Finn, a boy who never goes to school.

Tom (Talking to himself). Saturday! Some day to be whitewashing a fence.

Jim (Entering). Well, call me a monkey from the zoo, if it isn't Tom Sawyer whitewashing a fence on Saturday. I guess you won't skip school again to go swimming.

Tom: Don't you go teasing me, now.

Jim: I won't. Is it a lot of hard work to whitewash a fence in this heat?

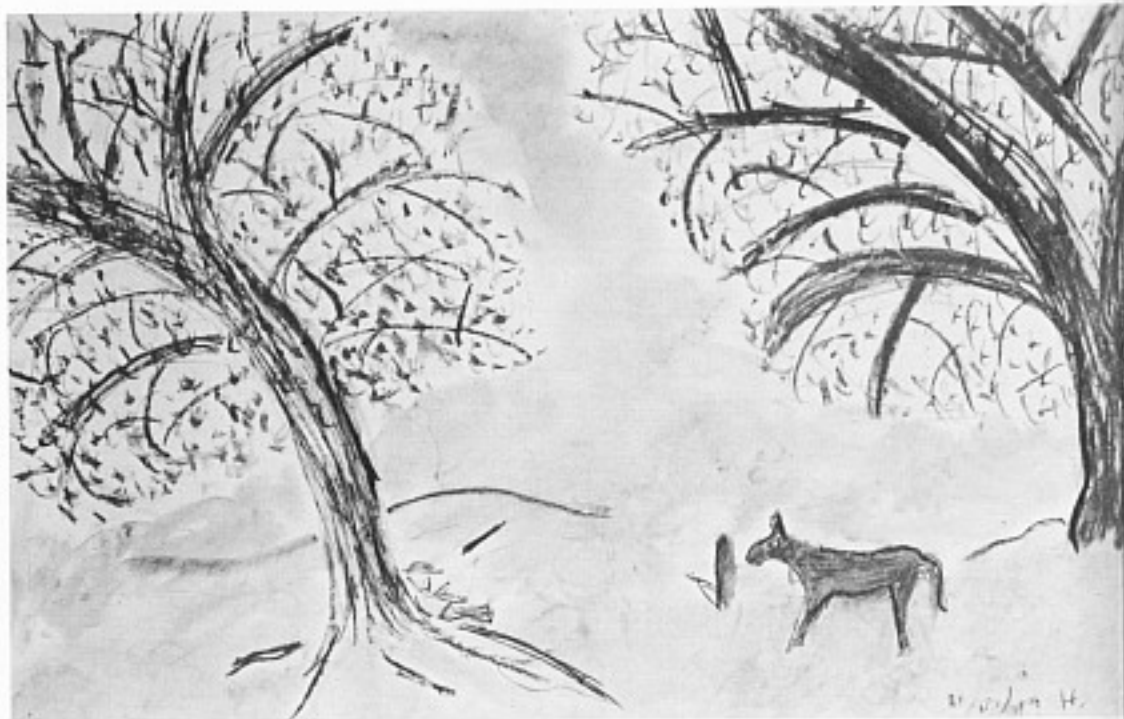


Illustration by Marilyn Halevi, Grade 6

Tom: No, not really. In fact, I will bet you a dead rat to a skinned fish that you would like it if you could try it.

Jim: Could I try it?

Tom: Not I couldn't let you because Aunt Polly would get mad. But I have a very good thing that you could do and I will give you a dead rat if you will do it.

Jim: And what is that?

Tom: Well, since I can't go out and play with the boys today, you can carry around a note and show it to everybody that you come to.

Jim: All right, I will do it.

Tom: Thanks! Goodbye! (Jim leaves)

Ben (Entering): Howdy, Tom. How are you? What are you doing?

Tom: What does it look like I am doing?

Ben: Whitewashing a fence. Oh boy, that seems like hard work.

Tom: Well, it isn't, but you prob'ly can't do it.

Ben: Why not?
 Tom: Well, I don't think you know how to whitewash yet.
 Ben: I bet I could if you would let me try.
 Tom: I don't know. What will you give me?
 Ben: My fishing pole.
 Tom: Okay! You do this part.
 Bob (Entering): Hi there, Tom. What is Ben and you doing whitewashing a fence?
 Tom: Well, I can't think of a more pleasant way of spending a Saturday. What about you, Ben?
 Ben: Me neither.
 Bob: I thought I would go carrot picking, but if you don't mind I think I will try to whitewash the fence.
 Tom: Well, I don't know. This is only for people who think they can do it.
 Bob: I know I can do it and I will give you two grapes if you will let me try.
 Tom: Give me three and I will let you.
 Bob: Okay! Thanks.
 Tom: You do that half over there.
 Ben: I am almost finished. What can I do then?
 Tom: For being so nice, I will let you do what I was going to do.
 Huck (Entering): Hi, Tom, I see you got a new fishing pole. Wanna go fishing?
 Tom: Yes, I do, but I can't leave the boys while they are doing the fence.
 Huck: Oh. It's okay. They won't even know that you're gone until they are finished and then they'll go home and your fence will be finished.
 Tom (Whispering): Okay. Let's go. (So they leave and the curtain closes.)

Michael Werner
 Grade 7

POEM

I don't have a story for you,
 'Cause I don't know what to do.
 Could I write a story—
 About an English Tory;
 Should I write a tale
 About a horse sale?
 Next time,
 I'll not write a rhyme;
 I'll not write a story
 Of an English Tory;
 I won't write a tale
 About a horse sale;
 And I won't have a story for you
 'Cause I don't know what to do.

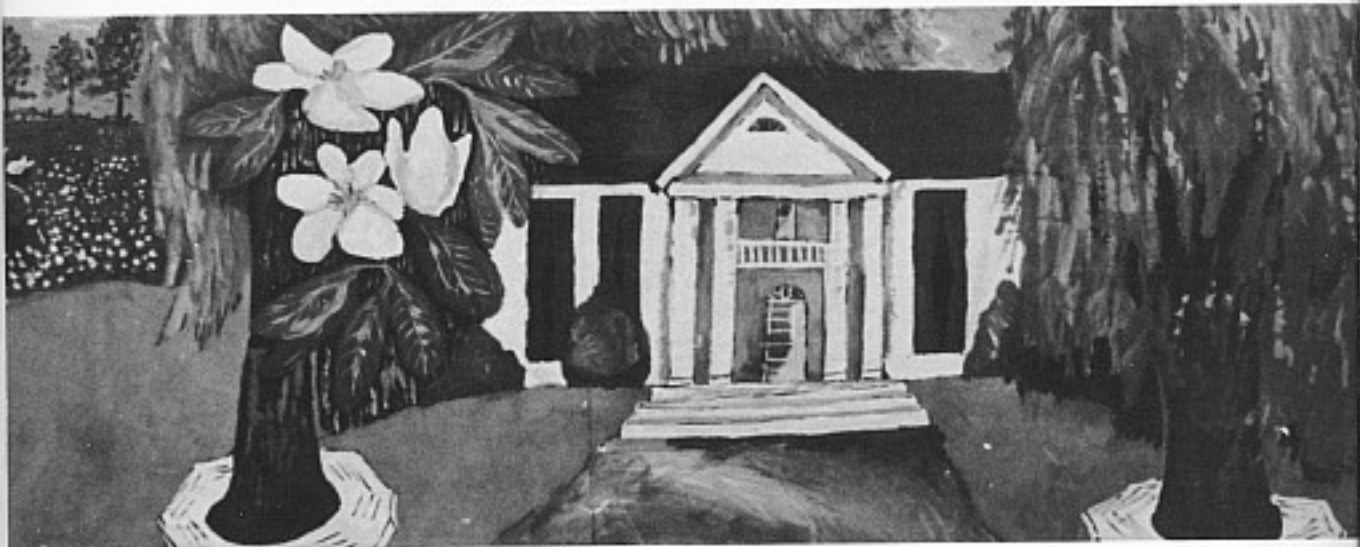
Ranny Coifman
 Grade 7



Charcoal drawing by Michael Gold, '57



Design by Paul Shapiro, '55



Tempera painting by Nancy Finkelstein, '56



Ink sketch by Clover Vail, '57



Painting by Clover Vail, '57



Watercolor by Stuart Duboff, '56

A Little Girl and Her Future

It was a dirty, dark street. A little girl was standing in the middle of it, watching a big rubber ball roll away. I stood there wondering why she didn't go after it. She looked as if she wanted to, but something was holding her back. Then I looked down at her legs. They were very thin, and they had big braces on them. Yes, she was one of the many children who had been stricken with that awful polio. I went over to her. "Hello, little girl. What's your name?"

She looked at me with her big blue eyes; her yellow hair showed up very clear in the dark street. Then she said, "My name is Linda Sue." She stared at me, waiting for me to speak again. Then I asked her where she lived. She pointed up the street to a dirty looking tenement house and she said "My rubber ball—it rolled away." Then tears came to her eyes. Again and again she said, "My rubber ball! My rubber ball!"

Finally I took her hand and promised I would get her another ball very soon. Her eyes lit up when I said that, as if I had promised her a million dollars. I picked her up and carried her over to the stoops. We sat down and I told her my name and that I was a friend. Then I asked her where her parents were. She just stared at me with her big blue eyes. Again I asked her. No answer. Finally she pointed up towards the sky. I knew what she was trying to say.

Then she spoke. "God wanted them to go and visit him, but he is going to give them back to me someday. My mommie gave me my rubber ball for Christmas last year and now I have lost it. But someday my mommie will give me another one."

Just about then I began to get a funny feeling inside, hearing this little girl talk. She was no more than seven and a half; yet she was taught to believe God was wonderful even though he had taken her parents away. She was but a little girl who had been left to live in a slum for the rest of her life, who had nothing to look forward to but to join her parents someday in a place which she thought was wonderful and beautiful, a place where she could play and enjoy life without heavy braces on her legs. Yes, she thought one of these days her idea of a so-called palace would come true.

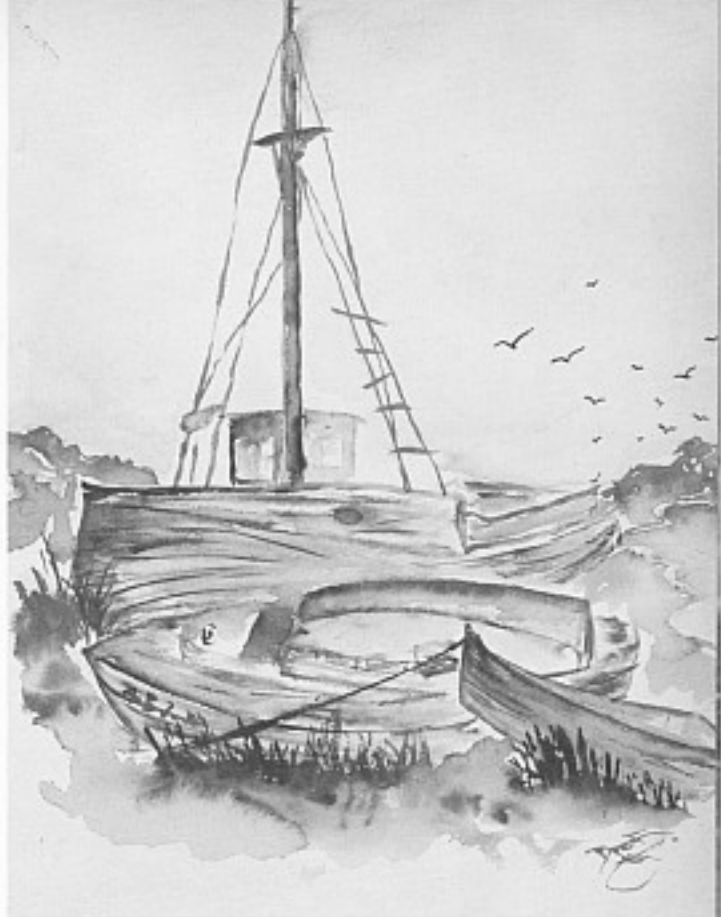
Then I felt her tugging at my coat. I must have been thinking very hard not to have heard her calling. I smiled at her. "Come along, Linda Sue. I'll take you home." I picked her up. As we walked up the long, black dirty street, I thought to myself . . . if a little girl with all the troubles in her life can look forward to such wonderful things, a world as big as America can certainly look forward to a future that can make such dreams as Linda Sue's come true. With a little hope and confidence in ourselves we can make the dreams and hopes of millions of Americans come true.

Frances Neuer '58

Sea Moods

A Game

The sea laughed as it
Spat upon the color-streaked cliffs
That could not follow it
In delight of movement.
The sun healed the water-loosened clay,
Drenched without mercy by the taunting surf,
But could not bake smooth
The tide's deep fingermarks.



Illustrated by the Author.

Dirge

Beneath the afternoon grey
The sea clawed and yawned about the rocks,
Bloody with torn red algae.
The dying wreck was moored,
Shapeless at the feet of the dune grass,
Grey as the gulls that mocked its twisted riggings.
A bluish mass stained
The sand with red;
The tracks of now-sated scavengers
Surrounded the shark's head,
Prey for these vultures of the sea,
With its torn gill covers and single, clouded eye.

Evening Tide

The sea was soft in her evening tide;
She bathed my feet gently with her foam;
Her sand bed cushioned them;
Like a comforting mother, she raised
Her soft white fingers to my face,
And smoothed my knotted feelings away.

Doris Flowerman '55

A New Man

It had been a long day for Peter. He had worked hard and now it was time for rest. His roommates were getting ready for bed; he himself was already under the covers. Somebody turned the lights off. His friends were talking. He turned and pulled the covers over his head. He was tired. He closed his eyes. He quickly said his prayers. Then he slept . . .

He was a traveller. He seemed to be walking along a road lined with trees, but it was in the middle of a desert. He was alone; yet he heard voices—indistinct, but human. There were many—girls', boys', and older people's. They all seemed so familiar, so natural, and yet there was no one. "How lovely it is," he heard one say. "Do you think they'll chop down our tree?" asked another. "How dull this day has been." "That was a perfectly charming evening." "I can't stand this heat!"

It was night.

Now the voices had stopped. Now they started again. Now—yes! Now he could see faces! Old, familiar faces. They were all there! His friends, his schoolmates, even people he had long since forgotten. "We are here!" they said. "We are here, and you can't forget us. We are here, and you are here, and we are you!"

"Why did you shy away from people who could have made you happier? Why did you always think—never act on impulse? Why should you have tortured yourself thinking? Did God create man, or did man create God?"

"You were always 'Peter', weren't you? You made sure of that. You once put on a mask, and you never took it off. You became that mask. You ceased to be a human being! You became a mask! A mask!"

"Now you are alone. Your friends have left you. You are a wanderer, still thinking, thinking about great and beautiful things. To yourself you have become yourself. To others you remain a mask. We are here to make you a man. By this firelight we will strip off your mask. We will pound on your armor till it gives way. We will wash you through and through with the water of man. Yes! You will be a new man. A man! A man! Yes!!"

The chains fell off. The mind was at rest, the soul at peace. The figures, still indistinct by the fire, moved with a shadowy ease. They sang, softly. They sat down around the fire, singing. Their bodies swayed with a billowy motion, and the trees echoed their song.

Then they slowly disappeared. Slowly, one by one. Now only she was left. She sang, quietly and sweetly. She smiled. Then she walked away. The fire died down. There were only coals left. Glittering coals. Then, the darkness . . .

John Palka '56



Painting by Stuart Duboff, '56

The Ugly One

She stood by herself in a corner of the gym . . . Her short, straight, brown hair hung limply about asquare, heavy face. A large, flat nose dominated her face, and fat, red lips, spread slightly, revealed protruding, silver encased teeth. The only things about her that made her look real were her wonderful eyes . . . large and black, sensitive, soulful eyes . . . kind eyes, but hurt eyes.

Her wiry, ungainly body was bent and twisted from an early childhood disease. She watched the children play volleyball, her eyes loving them. She wished she could play too. A boy at the far side of the room was pointing at her and making faces . . . Oh how she liked that boy . . . tall, handsome, and always laughing. Wouldn't he, couldn't he, just once say hello without saying "Hi Ugly." Mather always told her that she was beautiful, but why if she were beautiful did everyone look at her and then quickly turn away? She fidgeted as she watched the children and wiped a large tear from her eye. She was happy when she was with her mommy. Mommy loved her and said that she was beautiful. Mommy played word games with her and brought her warm milk and cookies before bed.

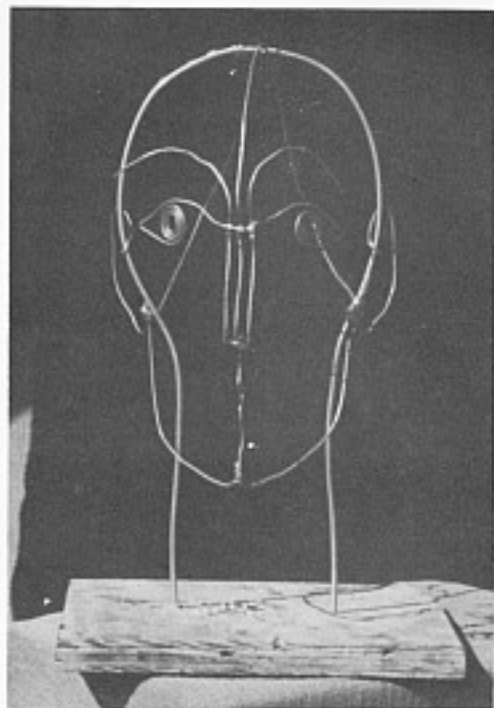
She was lonely at school. The teachers at first tried to be nice to her, but they, too, after looking at her with pity in their eyes, soon gave up.

Why did they hate her when she had so much love in her heart to give them? She only needed something to love. She wouldn't mind if they didn't love her, if only they would let her love them.

With much difficulty she limped quietly toward the door. Just then a little boy said "Bye Ugly," and threw the ball at her. She tried to smile, to catch it, but as usual, she missed. They all laughed as she tried desperately to bend down and lift the ball. She gave a quick little smile and then hurried out of the gym so they wouldn't see the tears come.

Judy Forray '55

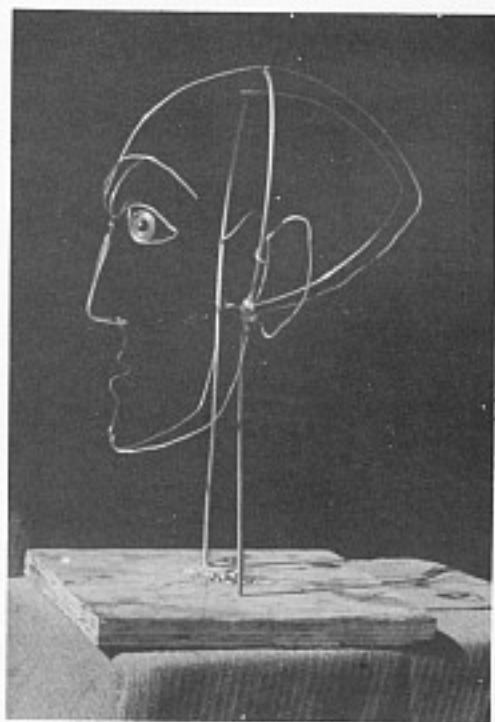




Wire sculpture by
Gilbert Windheim, '57



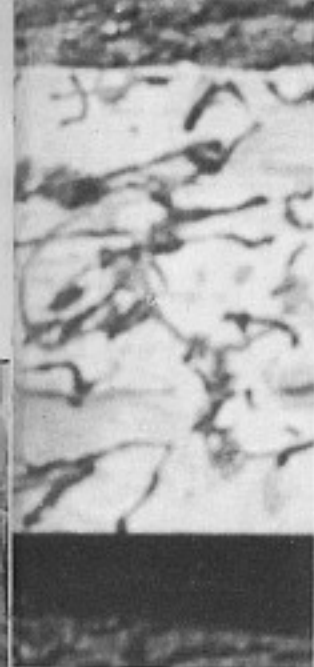
Abstraction by
Paul Shapiro, '55



Gilbert Windheim



Drawing by Clover Vail, '57



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Madleen Kedkovius
Grade 4

A NEW TEACHER

This year we have a new gym teacher. He makes us run all over the field. He makes us play hockey sometimes. We also play soccer.

Philip Lieberman
Grade 3



Ceramics by Judip Farray, '55



Painting by Louis Keller, '57

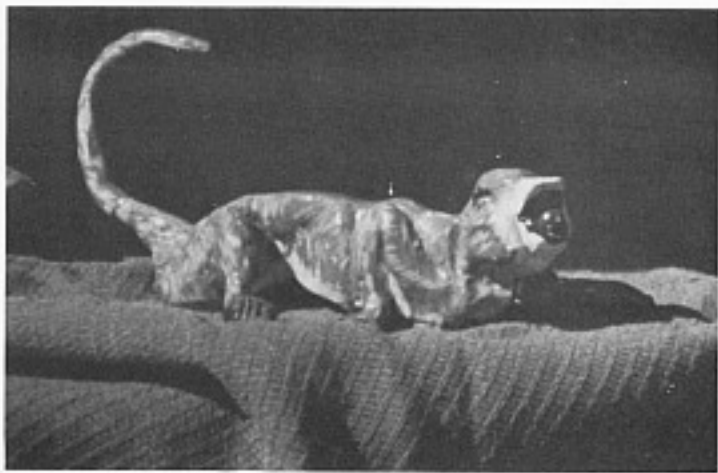


Pastel by Lenore Friedman, '58





Pastel by Dee Flowerman, '55



Ceramic by Nancy Finkelstein, '56



Design by Paul Silver, '55

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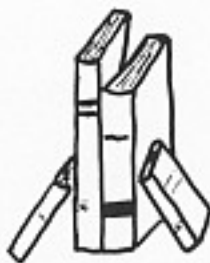
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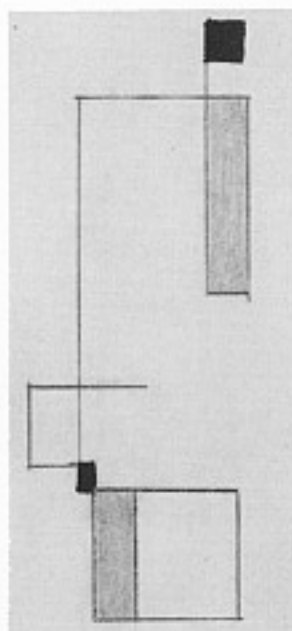
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