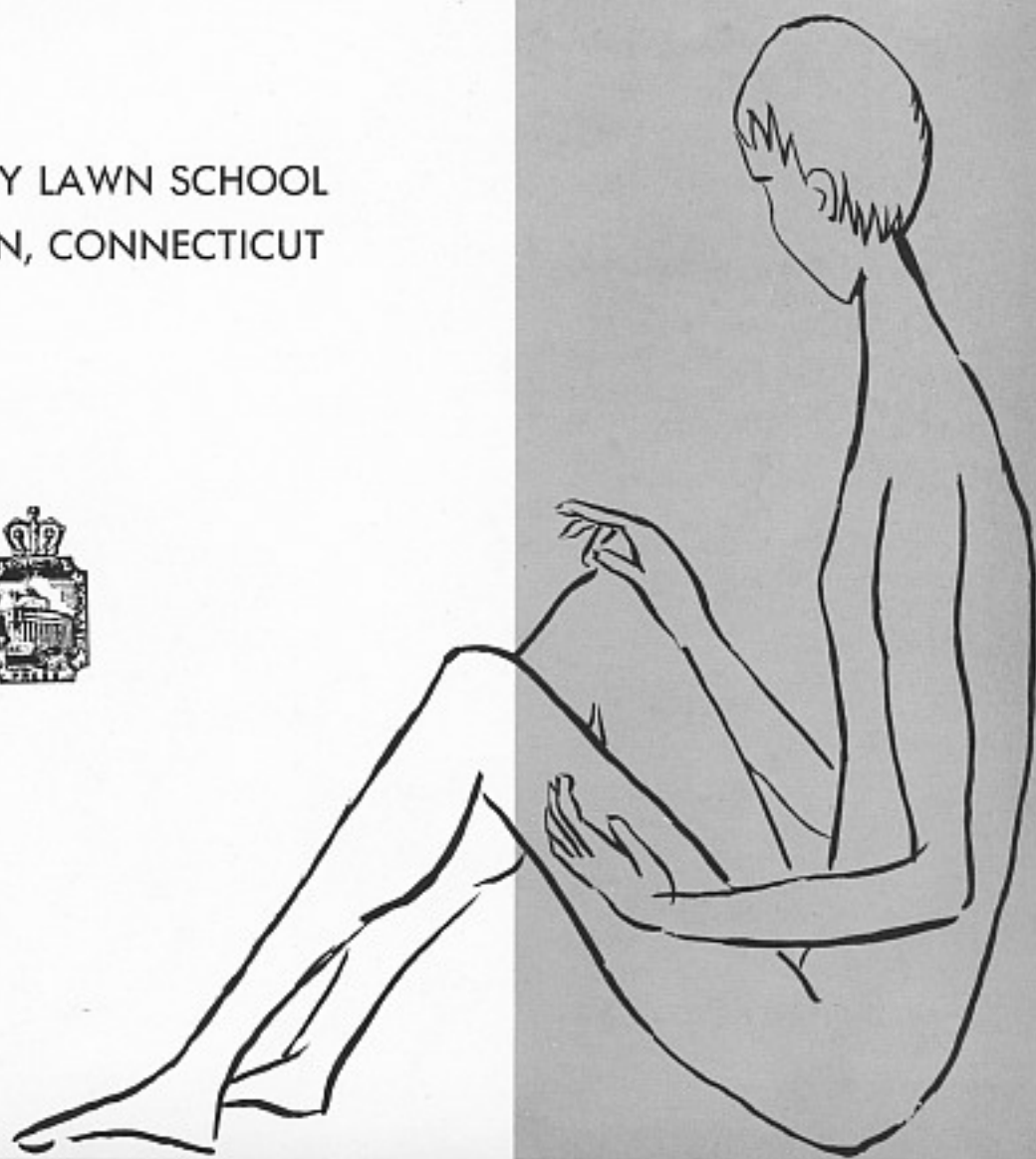


CHERRY PIT

1957

CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT





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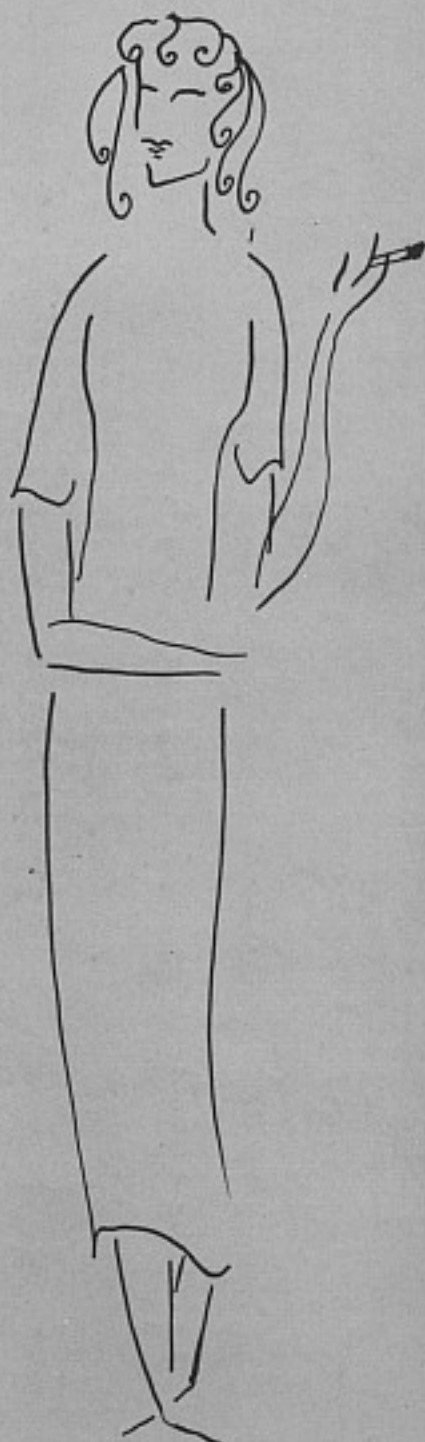
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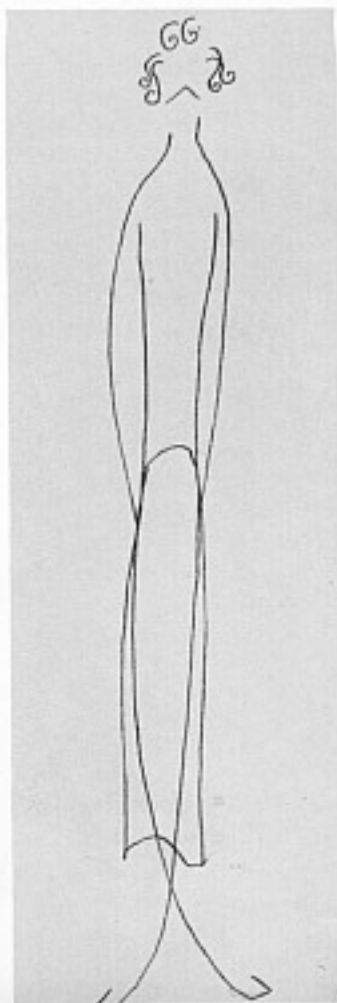




COUNCIL

Four

This page is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Landman and the Student Government.



Our government is unique. Not only does it have an upper council, which carries out the student ideas and attempts to provide a common discussion ground for the teachers and the students, but it also has a training ground for individuals who are inexperienced but interested in government. Our government is different from others in the number of elections. Instead of having one or two new councils each year we have three. Although this is advantageous in that it gives a greater number of persons a chance to enter the council, one great disadvantage is that just as the council gets into the swing of leading the school, they go out of office.

Jeffrey Spiner, the president of the "carry-over" council did the commendable job of introducing the old and new Cherry Lawners last September. He also set the precedent of having the student-faculty meetings weekly.

The two major achievements of Valerie Landsman's council were the organization and planning of the inter-school council meeting and the reprinting of the Student Handbook for the next year's students. It's a shame that the two acts could not be actualized during Valerie's term, but this will be done by John Coatsworth, who is the new leader of the school. On his shoulders rests the responsibility of student government for the rest of the term.



Donald Emerson, beloved Cherry Lawn Jack-of-all-trades has, this year, started our music appreciation class again. Each Sunday, Mr. Emerson assembles the future "musicologists" and proceeds to instill in them the breath of musical life.

Mr. Emerson's aims are to teach the structure and design of music so that it appeals to the intellectual as well as to the emotional senses. By thoroughly studying the history of music, there will develop a steady growth of valuable knowledge which will give force to the value and the place that music holds in our past and future lives.

A modern dance class has been started this year by Elenor Chapin to give the fundamental techniques and requirements needed by any person who should ever want to continue dancing.

We have thus far learned the basic rule of modern dancing—the concept of the cube within which we must regulate our actions. Part of our class time is spent in each student dancing in any way that he wishes as long as he conveys an emotion or story by his actions. In this way we learn another fundamental of modern dance—expressing oneself through the dance and trying to learn that freedom of motion which is so essential.





Every Tuesday night, words fly as the Cherry Lawn debating club argues pro and con on a particular issue. The club offers an excellent opportunity to those who want to learn to speak effectively in front of a group. In a debate, a speaker must consider his presentation as well as the content of his speech. But the fun of the debate is in its preparation — in the assimilation of ideas and in the cooperation of the team. Up to date, we have had two debates — one on the question of popular presidential elections and the other on the position of Britain and France in relation to the Suez Canal issue. In the future, we hope to have a very exciting debate about Israel's reluctance to withdraw from the Gaza strip and the Gulf of Aquaba.

Attention, "estudiantes," says Mr. Nelson over the shouts of the "senores" and "senoritas." Students acquaint themselves with the Spanish language by singing Spanish songs, playing Spanish games, dancing Spanish dances, and corresponding with pen pals in Mexico and Central and South America.

These goals of understanding and learning are achieved by several methods. One such method is by each student choosing an aspect of Spanish life such as Spanish literature, art, or customs and giving a report to the class. Another method is to take field trips seeing Spanish movies, visiting Spanish museums, and eating in Spanish restaurants.

The present project of the Spanish club is the making of "pinatas." A pinata is hung from the ceiling filled with candies and fruit which a blind-folded person is supposed to break open with a stick. When the contents falls to the floor, the students make a wild dash to get as much as they can from the floor. In this way, the Spanish club adds fun to its main object of learning.



DRAMATICS

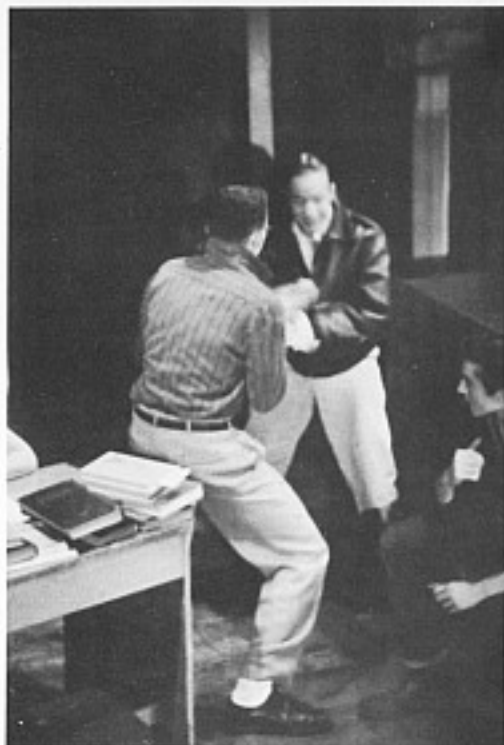
One of the most gratifying and entertaining aspects of Cherry Lawn life is dramatics. It is here that the student not only may learn, but also may enjoy and express himself at the same time.

Mr. Burwell molded the raw material at hand so well that we saw some very impressive performances during the year.

The dramatic productions began with the Juniors' presentation of "Dino" (Peter Kaplan) who swaggered and fought as the tough young hood. His admiring younger brother (Andy Jampoler) and the shy girl (Betsy Minor) who transforms Dino, gave excellent support and provided Peter with interesting foils to act against.

After many delays, the long awaited Senior play, "The Lark," was presented. Charles the Dauphin (Leslie Szolosi) located his missing "cup and ball" minutes before the first act began, fearing that the worn string would snap and send the ball flying across the stage. Clover Vail portrayed a determined Joan and was magnificent as she convinced her father, her mother, the boisterous Beaudricourt (Doug Dutcher), and the riotous Charles that she could save France. Cauchon (Peter Pakula) and the Inquisitor (David Schanupp) were striking as the two antagonists in the trial scene throughout the play.

There are still many more plays in the offing at Cherry Lawn such as: "Adam the Creator" to be presented by the Sophomore class; "Red Roses for Me" to be presented by the Juniors; and "Johnson Over Jordan" by the Seniors.



*It's been great
inspiring you in these
last two years. Do well in
college and stakeball, and keep plugging
away and you will go far.
Have fun this summer.
Peter Kaplan*

To express and create; To feel and believe.

This is the purpose of the acting technique class which meets with Basil Burwell twice a week.

To express: The first month was spent working in the many aspects of pantomime and becoming familiar with the very basic elements of drama.

To create: The students learned how to take a play apart and then reconstruct it so that every incident of the plot takes its proper place and value in the minds of the students. Much time was spent on Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*, in which they learned to feel the intensity and the drama of creating the parts over and over. In this way the students came to know the characters in every aspect.

To feel: The class read short plays and scenes. This enabled them to understand the make-up of different kinds of plays, their dimensions and their construction.

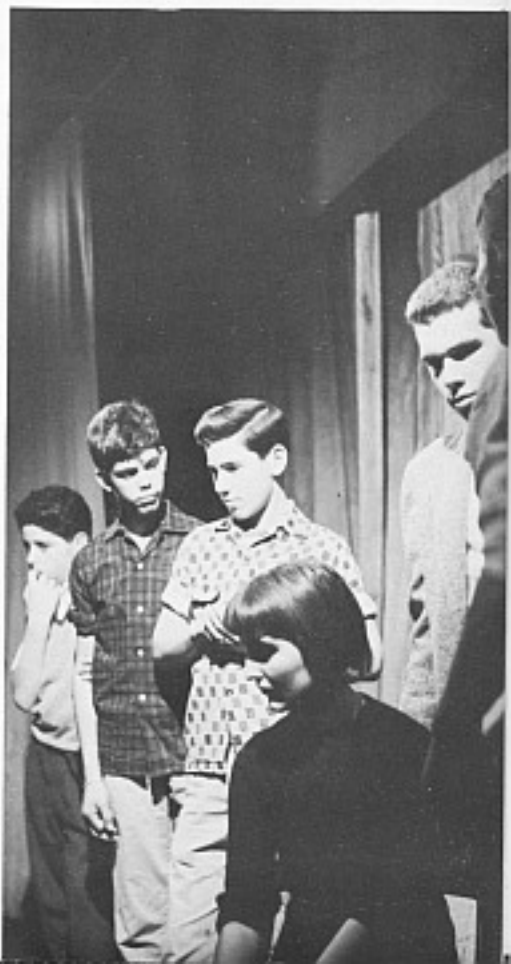
To believe: The most important aspect of acting and of the actor himself is that of belief. Only when one is able to analyze and find meaning in a play, and to believe in this meaning, can one begin to reach the true art of acting. It is here that the student realizes the value of understanding and loving one's part as the key to true acting.





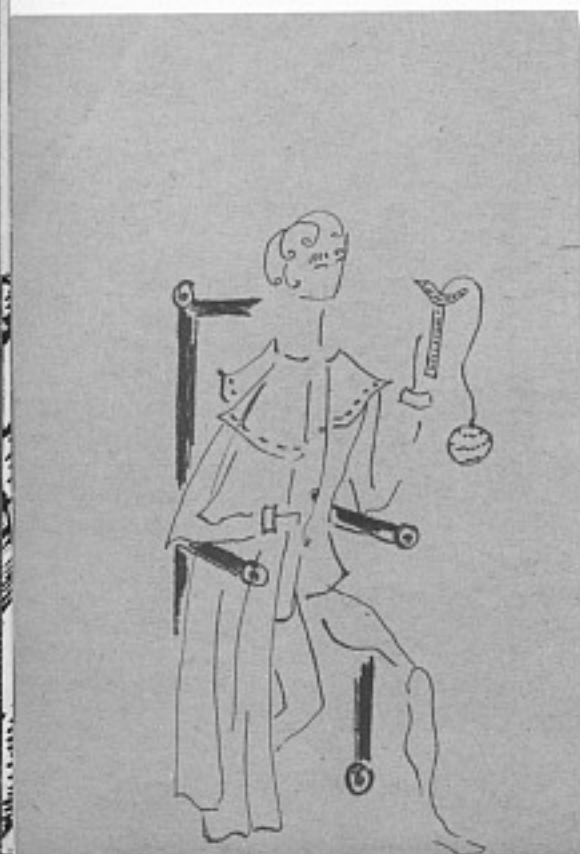
THE PAGEANT

The Christmas Pageant is the one theatrical production at Cherry Lawn in which every student of both lower and upper schools are brought together. Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that the Christmas spirit and meaning is one to be shared by all, and one which is common to all. The spirit we try to achieve and convey to the audience is one of sincerity and devotion and perhaps strength in its calmness, and in its relationship of motion to music. To be able to convey this in any extent to our audience, we ourselves must feel this calmness and sincerity within ourselves, and it is here that our greatest amount of work is centered and it is here that we most want to succeed.





THE "LARK"

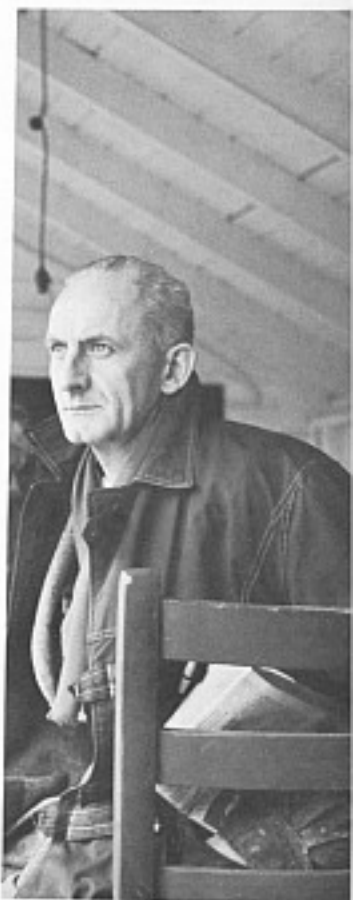


Twelve













SPORTS

Dear Brothers and
I think this
year we've
made quite
good "amigos",
and I hope
our friend-
ship will
continue in
the future.
Come back
to see me
graduate
year,



Pickie. P.S I wish you all the Luck
"as a Frook"

Stu,

Do you know why
you're one of the most
respected and most
listened to persons in
the school? Because
your judgement and
your sense of honor
and ethics is 99%.

You possess what
I desire.

Dan





TO STUART,
IT HAS BEEN GREAT
BEING WITH YOU DURING
THE PAST 2 YEARS.
YOUR CURVE BALL HAS
BEEN WHIFFING ME, LEFT
AND RIGHT. GOOD LUCK
AT U. of Chicago
Always,
HERB Adler

FOOTBALL

It was in the fall of 1956 when our coach, William Griffin, stood up in our mid-day assembly and said, "All boys out for football, be on the ball field at four o'clock." This did more than open the Cherry Lawn football season. The cheerleaders immediately went into action. Questions started to run through everyone's mind: who is going to be quarterback? Wonder how we'll do this year? The whole school seemed to perk up. Station WCLS started making plans to broadcast the home games. The anticipation of the oncoming season mounted as every day passed.

This season it was Doug Dutcher sparking the backfield with his powerful running punch. This, along with Steve Medved's timely pass catching gave C.L.S. its most exciting football in many years.

The see-saw game with Roosevelt in mid-season displayed Cherry Lawn's fighting spirit. Coming up from behind, the Cherry Lawn team, with a forty-two yard run by Dutcher, and two T.D. passes by Jampoler to Bromberg and Medved went on to win by a score of thirty to twenty-six.

The '57 varsity was:
Steve Medved—Second team All star end
Peter Pakula—Back
Dick Gaver—Back
Andrew Jampoler—Quarterback
Dan Bromberg—Center
Peter Kaplan—End
Julian Levine—End
Jim Henagbon—Back
Doug Dutcher—All star league back



BASKETBALL

With the return of just two letter men from last year, C.L.S. was in need of some new talent, which was received in the form of several new ball players.

The scene moved this year from Darien Junior High to the Royle School. This was an advantage to the Cherry Lawn Warriors as it hampered the opposition's fast breaking attack.

Under the expert guidance of Coach Bill Griffen the team took shape in time for our first bout of the season with Hamden Hall. Despite the short bench, C.L.S.'s squad duplicated the skillful ball handling, which has been a trademark of past Cherry Lawn teams.

The players who carried most of the burden were: Jeff Spiner, Carey Mehegan, Steve Medved, Jon Feller, Pet Kaplan, and Mark Halevi. Those who showed a great deal of promise were: Karl Woolfenden, Dick Gaver, Ed Feuchtwanger, Andy Jampoler, and Julian Levine. This squad represented the maroon and white in all league contentions.

One of the most exciting games of the season was the January 18th game against Roosevelt. At half time C.L.S. was ahead one point, but after a flashy second half, the Roosevelt team came out on the long end of the score. Despite Jeff Spiner's outstanding play with 28 points, the Roosevelt squad went on to win. The rest of the season will undoubtedly pay tribute to the C.L.S. team and the coaching department.

With the cheerleaders support, and the school's spirit, this year's Cherry Lawn varsity looks forward to even finer football and basketball games in the seasons to come.

In regard to the girls intra-mural sports, a varsity basketball team has been organized by Coach Dan Murphy. This is the first team of this kind at Cherry Lawn and it has proved to be very successful. Cherry Lawners are looking forward to the games of this newly created squad.

In the extra-mural department, the Amateur Athletic Union's Fitness and Proficiency Tests are being eagerly accepted by the gym classes. In the spring, a non-league baseball team will be formed and supplementing this will be a strictly impromptu stickball league.

CHEERLEADING

From the Pep Rally in the Fall of 1956 to the last basketball game of the season, the cheerleaders consistently displayed spirit and pep. They never missed a game and, regardless of the outcome, yelled loud and long. The following girls are on the Varsity Squad: Joanne Abrams (Captain), Elena Ogus, Jane Bruckenfeld, Karen Harmon, Polli Hill, Betsy Minor, Marianne Prince, Lois Walker, Judy Wasserman, and Temma Mazor, "the Indian mascot."



Dear Stu,
you've been such
a good influence on
the French class - I know
Mrs. O'Brien has appreciated
it. Honestly though, you've
been so sweet and considerate
that you've made a great
impression on all who've
gotter to know you. Loads
of luck in whatever you
do.
Love
Judy



Dear Class of 1957,

Do you remember that this winter I took the first Sunday Assembly of the New Year? I had found some simple rules for living in Hornell Hart's recent book—which the author describes as "The New Way to a Successful Life"—which I felt could help us all even in a routine day at school, at home, at college.

Do you remember the "Four Don'ts"?

"Don't acquiesce ignobly"—don't give in in a sully way. Don't let mishaps turn you blue, so it rubs off on all around you.

"Don't evade cravenly." Don't take the first opportunity to drop what you are attempting. Don't quit, sulk, jump to conclusions or crawl into a shell.

"Don't attack vindictively." How often you know that a reprimand is right, but before you accept it, you hit out instinctively.

"Don't rush rashly." An attack on your cherished ideas so stirs your emotions that you do something heedlessly.

Do you remember the "Three Do's"?

"Do grapple courageously." Make the best of any threatening situation by finding out what the menace is. Take an inventory of your own strong and weak points. Evaluate your past patterns of action. Determine the possible path you can take now. Make your road map or a diagram of action. Pursue your chosen path energetically.

"Do cooperate creatively." Others have some problems. Think of the fears, hopes, needs of others. To give is to receive. The helpful gets help. Self-centered people step on other people's toes. Don't let yourself become a menace!

"Do adventure spiritually." Do use your energies creatively, cooperatively for a common good. Don't waste them in fear, anger, self-pity. You can transmute them into courage, enthusiasm, joy. There is a Higher Wisdom and Power. Seek its guidance and inspiration. Be conscious of the Creative Love which pervades our universe.

If you will apply seriously these Do's and Don'ts, I know you will mature noticeably and happily.

Usually we live only partly—on a few of our powerful engines. Remember Socrates' warning: "Our soul sickens without exercise just like the body. We can only know the gods by training as hard in goodness as for the game." Try to carry out these seven rules for living while you bear in mind also that "he who loves—even if his love is not returned, can never be called really unhappy" and that "the art of pleasing consists in being pleased." And a last and homey advice in the words of our down-to-earth Calvin Coolidge: "One of the greatest mysteries in the world is the success that lies in conscientious work." Some of you, Class of 1957, have already experienced this. More so—I have heard that in your Senior year you have done better than last year as Juniors. I am convinced that in every age the young who go out on their own find the future challenging, threatening or uncertain. Remember as your task will be, so will your strength be. Grapple courageously. Good luck, dear Seniors, God bless you.

—Dr. Staël

SENIORS

Twenty-three





Maxine Goodman

La Sinora Maxine Ortega le Goodman
Brings out her music and starts to
advance
Forward to Mexico where the red
capas flutter
And there we must all marry matta-
dors!



Susan Rossman

Arriving late, (Maxe's car broke
down)
She immediately attacks her alge-
bra . . .
"I didn't really do it last night, you
know
Where's Barbara . . . Barbara-a-a."



To Stu -
 To know you this past
 three years has been a
 wonderful experience for me.
 In you I have found a warm
 and understanding friend. I know
 that with your wonderful personality
 and determination you will go a
 long way in college and in your
 later life. I sincerely wish you the
 best & look in all you may
 endeavor. Sincerely,
 Phil



David Schanupp

To Harvard, to Yale, to Princeton,
 which one?
 will I take my head of genius
 and-a one, two, three, the answer
 is . . .
 ah, AH . . . I beat you there.



Barbara Kleiman

Studios Barbara
 With a knack at the piano
 Full of sincerity
 Brings life to order
 with a "Come on, girls."

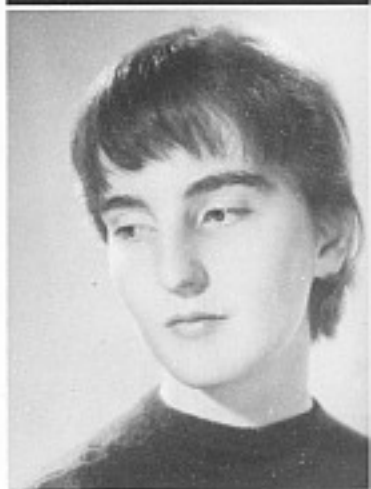


Peter Pakula

The strength of an individual lies in
 expressing himself, and . . .
 standing up against others, and . . .
 his authentic opinions, and . . .
 "as everyone knows, I'm right."

To the Lord,
 You have the
 uncanny knack for seeing
 what a person really is.
 It was your talk that
 made me aware of a
 great many things and
 your love of life and
 with you, you graduate
 of them, you graduate
 no problems at all
 or after you graduate
 Best of your future
 Jeff

Chover Vail
 Our "Lord" stands upon the stage
 quoting Dylan Thomas, while creat-
 ing with right hand and brush
 spiritualistic impressions
 of unearthly life.



Jeffrey Spiser

An open collared rhombus floating
 over Madison Square Garden
 Settles on Bob Cousy
 And then floats off, to college.





Valerie Landsman

happiness, gaiety, laughing and smiles
people to talk to (and people to hate)
a strange love of Canada
and "upholding" America. This and
more . . .
and, moods, to break the tempo.



Michael Gold

the Alpine traveller . . . come home
from the fertile valleys of Bird-land
where the martinis are rich
and the whiskey's "Delish"
"Spetch dy Deutsch? . . . Natur-r-licht!



Dear Vard,

To my dearest little sister, Sophie, who is
 a hope you will join in my
 constant "crowing" as you go to
 college. You have been a good friend
 and advisor to me. I hope you will
 through the U. of Chicago. I hope you will
 love to visit me at Chicago. I hope you will
 be brilliant at C.H.S.
 Good luck!
 Love,
 Willert



Dear Steve,

I have held high our friend chips because
 it is one that is based on truth and sincerity.
 Your future is bright and I know you
 will make a noble lot of your life.
 Your friend who wishes you all the luck and
 happiness,
 Willert



Stuart Varden

"Look at the Hawk . . ."
 cuts Pres all around
 "Look rock n' roll, I is a
 blooming out to Cooks,
 you coming?"



Jane Lashins

"Your sweet-t-t, my deah!"
 as she flies past on her way to
 the Yale game and then on to New
 York
 in search of jells.



Gilbert Windheim

Windy the Wind-bag
 blows over the land
 Spreading justice and peace
 with a "court trial you!"



Douglas Dutcher

I think you know what I mean
but I'll explain it anyway:
the fact is . . .
the situation stands . . .
the problem facing us . . .
O.K.?



Sandra Mazer

A foot in Canada, another in Maine
That sense of humor
despite . . . incoming bills
"Come on, to work . . .
do this, do that, do everything."

Leslie Szolosi

the point of the story is . . .
is that Charles was really a very nice
character
but he didn't know how to live!
Why couldn't he have asked me?



Elinor Prince

Tell me if you can,
Why does the girl go to the monkey
house
before she visits the zoo?
Is it because she like the animals,
or is there another reason?





First picture, left to right: back row: John Coatsworth, Jon Amsel, Jonathan Cohen, and Steve Medved.

Third row: Dan Bromberg, Andy Jampoler, and Jon Feller.

Middle row: Harris Stravitz, Carol Lewis, and Marianne Frank.

Front row: Carol Yavelow, Bette Alderman, and Frances Newer.

Second picture, left to right: back row: Jonathan Cohen, Steve Medved.

Middle row: Dan Bromberg, Andy Jampoler, and Jon Feller.

Front row: Polly Hill, Karen Harmon, Joanne Abrams, Elena Ogus, Betsy Minor, and Temma Mazur.

Absent: Roberta Baum, Jane Brukenfeld, Richard Gaver, Tom Hartley, Peter Kaplan, Steven Kellner, Judith Wasserman, Stephanie Weiss, and Edward Feuchtwanger.



Left to right: back row: Richard Barstein, Joan Strasser, Karl Woolfenden, Sally Steele, Robert Goldman, Karen Wizotsky, William Bratter, Jill Josellod, Janet Rhodes, and Jill Fitch.

Front row: Tony Radbill, Marc Halevi, Paulette Richman, Helen Auerbach, Kathy Sontheimer, and Alex Herz.

Absent: Carl Hochen and Peter Cole.



IX

From left to right: back row: Herb Adler, Marianne Prince, Carey Mehegan, Gretchen Mehegan, Andrea Rockmore, and Michael Werner.

Front row: Lloyd Fertig, Chris Amsel, Suzanne Kleinman, Bonnie Cousins, Linda Fertig, Judith Blinn, and Joan Gordon.

Absent: Julian Levine, James Rosenbluth, James Paul, and Edwin Steinfeld.

VIII



From left to right: top row: John Nathanson, John Franckenstein, Teddy Berlin, Jimmy Henaghan, Chris Medved, John Goell, and Andrew Natt.

Middle row: Fred Blank, Gail Pierce, Susan Friedman, Lorelei Gerr, Roger Richman, Barbara Sontheimer, Marilyn Halevi.

Front row: Gretchen Mehegan, Emily Claire Upton.

Absent: Alan Wofsy, Joseph Coatsworth, Franklin Deutsch, Barry Mondschein, Michael Spier, Bonnie Chayes, Joy Kahn, Carol Reiner, and Ellen Trichter.

Thirty-three



From front to back: left row: David Arietti, Peter Sontheimer, Phillip Gale, and Jo Ann Rockmore.
Right row: Jeffrey Grantz and Craig Varden.

What's the Lower School been doing lately?

Oh, I dunno—nothing much. We got a baseball team though, and we're maybe gonna play other schools.

Is that all you do?

I guess so. I work in the nature room too. We got guinea pigs and mice and stuff. One of the guinea pigs is gonna have a baby. That's all. The Lower School never does anything. We've got a forum and they try to get us things we want. But they never get anywhere.

What have they asked for?

Last week the forum asked for more store for us.

Did you get it?

Yep.

Do you have music or anything?

We have a rhythm band and singing. We have modern dance, too. When we get good, we'll have social dancing.

VI



From left to right: Seth Werner, Nadia Godowsky, Toni Raphael, Karl Rosenthal, John Rhodes, Glenn Duffee, Sylvia Jacobs, Mr. Art Candell.

Absent: Georgia Godowsky and John Roberts.

What do you do in the afternoon?

Oh, sometimes we take nature hikes. Sometimes bike hikes, too. On one hike five bikes broke down. Art's teaching us Morse Code. We know the letters, and now we're learning words. Saturdays, we sometimes see movies in town.

Do you have a newspaper or anything?

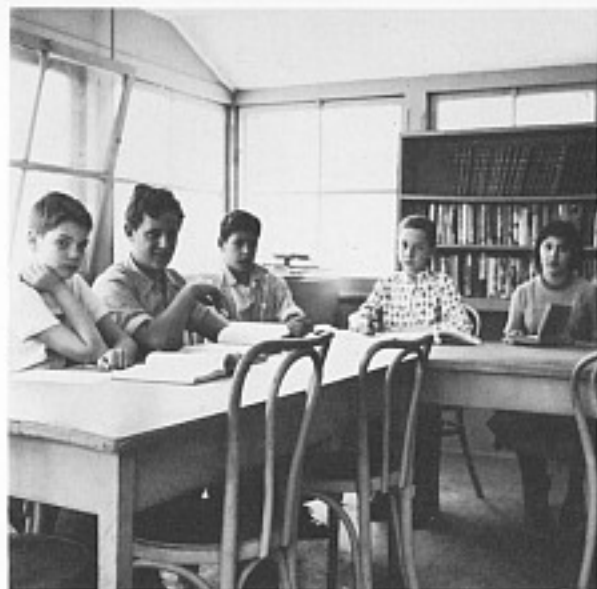
Yeah, the "Cherry Chatter." We all write poems and stories for it, and then the sixth grade decides what stories should go in it.

Now think, what things did you do in the beginning of the year?

Um . . . We were in the Christmas pageant with the Upper School and we made a Christmas tree for the birds . . . with bird seeds on it. And we did a radio play on a tape recorder.

It sounds to me like you've done a lot this year.

Yeah, we have!



From left to right: Peter Rosendahl, Jimmy Harwood, Jeffrey Kahan, Enid Pullman, and Jane Lubell.
Absent: Jimmy Roberts.

VII



From left to right: front row: Louise Phillips, Steven Lefkowitz, Stephen Gordon, Nicki Sholder, and Mark Mandell.

Back row: John Novales, Bill Schneider, Mark Perlman, Andy Harwood, Eileen Gins, Mike Senft, Gail Greenberg, Isabel Schanupp, and George Duffee.

Absent: Gary Powers.

IV & V





FINE
ARTS

METEOR

Yes, I remember that fateful day. It was on the Sixth of June when science first confirmed the end.

I was in my home, on the Mississippi, listening to the radio and to the Negro workers singing outside. The radio was telling of the meteor that was going to destroy us within six months. The workers were singing "Old Man River"

"You and me, we swear and strain"
"But old man ribber, he jes' keep
rollin' a - long"

At first they tried to deflect it from its course. It did no good. All the atom bombs they could hurl up there would do no good. And the earth went mad!

Crime was up 50%, every crime except murder. There were no wars, no chance for war. Man banded together for the common good — mankind became just that, one whole mankind.

"Tote that barge, lif' that bale"

Going mad in the streets, refusing to believe it would happen and crawling back into their own private worlds.

"Ya get a little drunk and ya
land in jail"

But it kept coming, so man tried to escape. I remember the big space ships they built. Not knowing whether to use them and possibly die in space or take a chance on the meteor missing.

"Tired of livin', but I'm scared
o' dying"

But still it kept coming. Men tried the ships, some lived — some died, most were never heard from again.

By the time we had two weeks left man had given up, religion took over. They preached the new Noah, and wondered where he was. There wasn't any, so man appealed to God for salvation. That did no good. Three days left, two, one; on the last night I remember the lunatics trying to be happy; the dead of the orgies lying in the streets. I went to bed willingly, so I wouldn't have to watch millions of years of civilization disappear.

I woke the next morning, it was hot. If I were dead . . . then this must be . . . Sweating, I looked at my watch, 10:30. Did they keep time here? I looked out of the window, there were two suns. No wonder it was so hot down here. Wait! I was wrong! That wasn't a second sun — that was the meteor, the weapon of nature come to destroy us!

"Why, oh why, us. Are we so terrible that we must die?"

It got hotter, 110, 115, 120, I was being roasted alive and there was nothing anyone could do; we had thrown everything we had into this fight for survival, but it did no good. Death was ahead.

Then I could see it pass, almost heard it. I looked up, on that fiery face I could almost make out a smile, a smile of contempt.

And then it was gone. I knew we had been spared. All I could think of at that moment was the song the workers were singing on that fateful morning.

"And old man ribber, he jes' keep
rollin' a - long."

—Jonathan Cohen



THE VISITOR

It was alone, in a strange void
Where the stars seemed near,
yet were ages away,
Finally it felt a yellow star
and the star's family.
The star pulled it, then pushed it
Towards a green ball then fell down.
First red, against the sky,
Then cool, against the grass,
A child saw it and trembled,
But it was gentle and the child laughed.
The Visitor laughed
and the man was lonely no longer.

—Claire Zinn



block print by Lorelei Gers

The day was dreary. It was sad and quiet, as if doom was about to strike the earth. Outside, people were slowly wandering about, each with a destination in mind; each engrossed in his own thoughts.

The heavens were as black as coal. The billowy clouds, like balls of cotton contrasted with the blackness. The flowers were slowly withering, making it clear to the world that sadness, hatred, and bigotry were blanketing the earth.

A woman's voice could be heard clearly in the distance, singing softly, a touch of sadness echoing with each word. A man cried out the words he could no longer hold in himself. A beggar mumbled softly what seemed to be nonsense, but what really stood for all men's thoughts.

Suddenly the sun could be seen pushing its way through the clouds, in a struggle to shine its light on the earth. A flower began to spread its petals in everlasting beauty. It was as if a new world had been born. The heavens sang with the joyous knowledge that a child had shown its tender beauty upon the earth.

The woman's voice, once sad and empty, now cried in joy as if a great wish had been fulfilled. Each individual rejoiced with their new found knowledge. The air became fresh and clean. The entire world sang the realization that life is a blessing and a very beautiful one.

—Joan Gordon

It was a heavy gloomy day in Barcelona. Although it was not raining, there was that cold wind that so often accompanies rain. Not many people were out in the streets but only the usual beggars and vendors who clutched their cotton shawls and serapes around them with white knuckles and moved from foot to foot.

In La Parque de Barcelona, sat an old tired man. His hair was thin and white; his face, weather-beaten and brown like old creased leather. In one hand he clutched a little brown bag, and the other held his serape close to his weak tired body. He did this every day: he came to the park and sat and thought—just thought.

At that moment a guided tour was being led through the park. The group of gawdy tourists was led by a Spaniard wearing a neat green captain's hat. He was speaking of the marvels of Spain's countryside, and every now and then he referred to its glorious government which made Spain such a "wonderful paradise."

As the group wended its way through the park, it came upon the old man, staring sadly at a few pigeons pecking at the ground. A tweedy English tourist eyed the old man and asked the guide about him.

The guide replied, "Oh señor, he is always here at this time of day. He is an old man, and do you know, they say he was once a writer?"

"Oh?" granted the tourist.

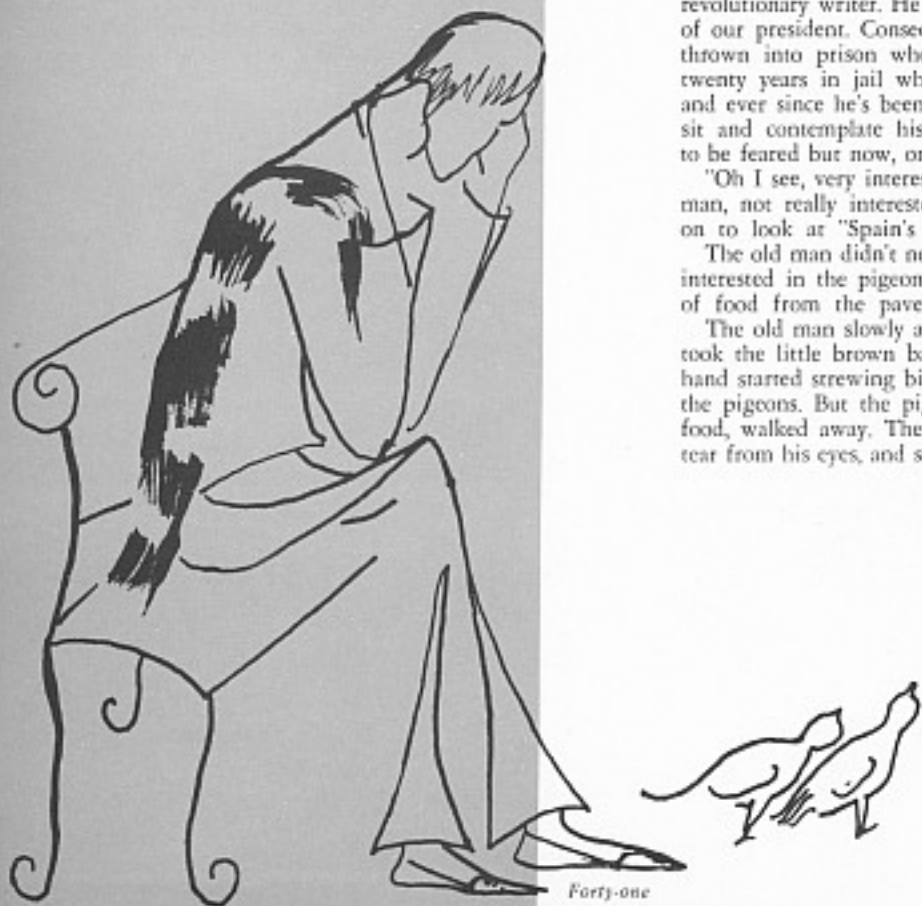
"Yes, but what is so unusual is that he was a revolutionary writer. He wrote many sharp criticisms of our president. Consequently, he was arrested and thrown into prison when he was thirty. He spent twenty years in jail which left him a broken man and ever since he's been out, he can do nothing but sit and contemplate his past. He was once a man to be feared but now, only to be pitied."

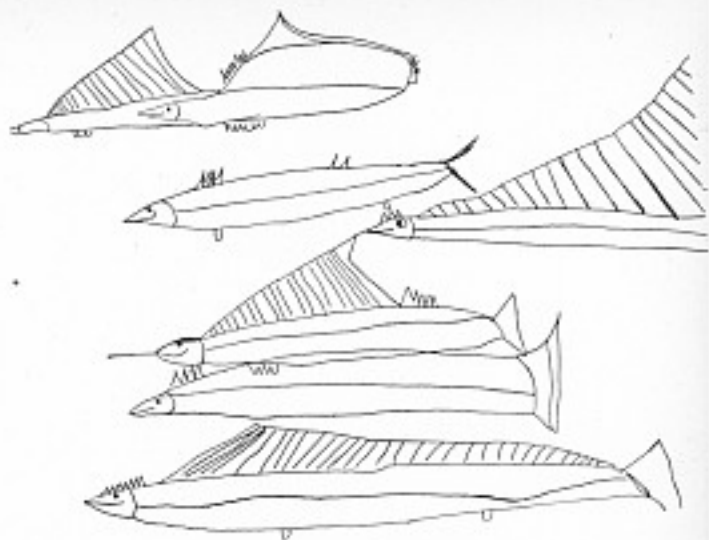
"Oh I see, very interesting," answered the Englishman, not really interested at all. The group passed on to look at "Spain's Wonders."

The old man didn't notice the group; he was more interested in the pigeons who were picking up bits of food from the pavement.

The old man slowly and painfully rose to his feet, took the little brown bag, and with his old creased hand started strewing bits of corn on the ground for the pigeons. But the pigeons, instead of taking the food, walked away. The old man saw this, wiped a tear from his eyes, and sat down again, to think.

—Daniel Bromberg





ink drawing by Joseph Cosgrove

GETTYSBURG SLAVE

General Lee on his gallant mount,
 Saw the foe which he couldn't count.
 Galloped down-hill with infantry behind
 Slashing his sword on the Gettysburg line.
 Retreated he did, many the dead,
 He fought all the time, using his head.
 Lee retreated, then charged with force,
 Beckoned his men on his grey, gallant horse.
 He pushed his men up to the line
 Watched his men fight, wounded and dying.
 "Gettysburg, Gettysburg," here the dead cried,
 "Here's where we fought, fought and died."

—John Franckenstein



block print by John Franckenstein

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Com'on — you've got a right to walk over there. You're human, ain't ya? Remember what that man said about every'un havin' equal rights. THEY'LL LAUGH — What the hell do I care, I'm me and I don't want to be nobody else. THOSE BRATS . . . IT'S NOT MY FAULT — IT'S GOD'S . . . GOD, — I DIDN'T DO NOTHING. WHY DO YOU LET THEM TORTURE ME? I'M AFRAID . . . OF . . . THEIR . . . GRINNING . . . THEIR GRINNING HATE! WELL I HATE THEM JUST AS MUCH. I HATE THOSE STUFFY DAMES . . . THOSE GOOD MEN. But I shouldn't hate. Jesus said to love your enemies. BUT HOW CAN I LOVE THEM? THEY DON'T LOVE ME! You look stupid standin' there frozen. Go over to that bench and sit down. Com'on now, Relax. That's it. What's wrong with walkin' on that side of the sidewalk? It's a free country. That's it — nice and easy. Get up and walk across the street. WHY THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT. NOTHING! I'M FREE. Walk now, faster — YOU'RE FREE NOW, RUN. OH-H-H-H . . . "Pushing my wife around . . ." OH, MY GOD . . . I KNOCKED SOME'UN DOWN. "Please mister — please don't. I didn't mean it. It was an accident. Honest." Say somethin'. I CANT. Don't stand there like an idiot . . . Do somethin', run, RUN. GET OFF THE SIDEWALK. RUN DOWN THE STREET . . . OH . . . oh . . . LOOK! THE BLOOD. CAN HARDLY SEE IT ON MY BLACK SKIN . . . oh, God . . .

—Claire Zinn



block print by Isabel Schanupp

THE BEAR, THE FOX, AND THE COOKY JAR

Once a fox, who was walking along, met a bear, who had an old house that was tumbling down. The fox offered to fix up the old house for his keep. The bear accepted his offer.

The fox fixed up the house and for his reward he was given his keep and a large cookie. The fox thought to himself, "If I stole all the cookies in the jar, I would be full. Then I would leave before the bear found out."

That night the fox tiptoed into the pantry, reached into the cookie jar, pulled out the rest of the cookies, and ran out of the door. The bear, who was watching all this, ran after the fox.

The fox, who had been running a good distance, came to where a shepherd was herding his sheep. The fox asked the shepherd to hide him from the wicked, cruel bear. The shepherd agreed, so the fox hid under the shepherd's cloak where his money was kept. The bear ran into the woods, looking for the fox, and got lost.

While the bear was gone, the fox went on down the road. Soon he came to a house and sat down on a hill that sheltered one side of the house. THEN, whom did the fox see coming out of the woods? The bear!

The fox yelled down the chimney, "Help, Help! A horrible big bear is after me," and who came out of the house? The shepherd from whom the fox had stolen money.

The shepherd knocked the fox into the middle of next week. The bear had to wait a week before he got his turn to whack the fox. From then on the fox lived unhappily ever after.

—John Roberts (grade 6)

SHE DIDN'T THINK

Once a little turkey
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stray.
She said, "I'm not a baby
Here I am half-grown
Surely I am old enough
To strut about alone."

So she walked off boldly
No one was in sight,
Suddenly, just like the snow,
Her feathers hid the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

—James Harwood (grade 7)



Block print by Peter Rosendahl

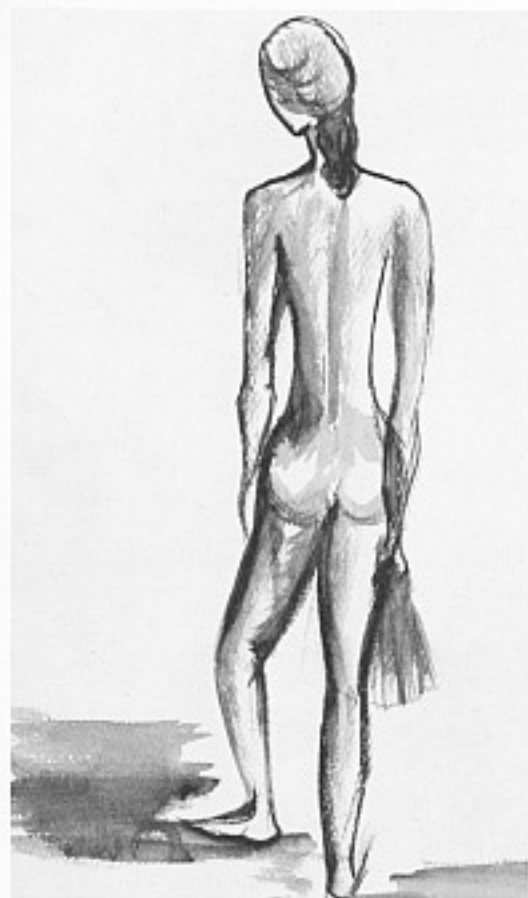


Block print

WINTER

Winter's here we all know
Sleds and children in the snow
Children laughing, having fun,
Wintertime has just begun.

—Michael Senft (grade 5)



made by Paulette Richman

The low saddened subway people moving to and fro,
back and forth with the clatter down a hallow tube.
Confused, angry youth — a sneaked cigarette,
runaway from home, rebellious anger.
Sullen eyes, then wrath born as of storm,
The slow running tears down darkened faces.
Restlessness, shifting, moving — where?
The yearn to dance free of all misfortune —
but the chains move noisily with every step.
Ah! yes — but butterfly wings
a colored leaf
a flower petal
pigeon tracks in the snow
Oh sweet love. You are enough.

—Paulette Richman

Fyodor Dostoevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov* has presented not the conflicts of three brothers, not the emotions of several people, but a picture, in different parts, of one personality. The brothers, Fyodor and Smerdyakov, represent different facets or moods in which each person may, at various times, find himself.

Alyosha, the pure, unselfish and martyred, may be found in everyone. Hidden in some, dominant in a child, it is only in Alyosha that man will ever find peace. It is significant that Alyosha is the youngest, for the reader is reminded of Christ saying, "For such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The saintly Father Zossima is said to be "most fond of the sinful," and it may seem incongruous that his last and favorite disciple should be Alyosha, whose goodness is so definitely established. In close observation, however, the reason for this becomes clear. He realizes, no matter how pure a man may seem to be, he can never hope to emulate successfully the unfaltering virtue of Christ. Man cannot allow himself to be nailed to a cross. Instead he will retire from the world to maintain his goodness, or he will capitulate unconditionally and throw himself completely into the world. In retreat his goodness becomes commonplace, of little value or merit. In worldliness he will fall pitifully to the other extreme. And this because men capable of the most good, are likewise capable of the greatest evil.

The second brother is Ivan. It is in Ivan that man will be most disillusioned. Ivan lost his mind, Faust his soul, but in the end they are inseparable. Ivan doubted everything and, without faith in oneself, in man or God; in short, without the stuff that binds men to men, there is nothing but blinding despair.

A reader might feel the most sympathy for Dmitri. It is this compassion, however, that will eventually form the sympathetic, the compassionate, into likenesses of the one they pity. It is here that man must tread carefully. Dmitri needs no pity. He is self-sufficient. He is happiest in conflict, he revels in the pursuit of the unattainable, and his failure is his food.

Pity rather Alyosha, who must be crucified for his goodness and whose fall from virtue will be harder and more complete. Or pity Ivan whose soul is in prison in ignorance and whose mind cannot admit God but searches for light and finds only the artificial fires of hell to sustain it.

When Father Zossima bowed to the ground before Dmitri, there was a reason in doing so. He did so because he realized that Dmitri's soul was a battle ground between the opposing forces of good and evil. He too had gone through a similar struggle. His bow is significant for through it he expresses reverence, not to Dmitri, but to the potential goodness which is contained in him. In this motion there is a great lesson. It is that, of all the Karamazovs, Dmitri alone is capable of true virtue. In short, true virtue is the result of free choice, not of the maintenance of inborn purity. Only when man has known sin is he capable of attaining true virtue. It is far easier to refrain from evil than to defeat it on its own battlefield where temptation, greed, and lust are in constant readiness to carry out tireless attacks.

Father Zossima, however, made a very human mistake in bowing before Dmitri. He tried to judge another by himself. He didn't realize that after a battleground becomes so scarred by continual struggle, it often cannot ever be used again for productive

means. And still more often, a soul conditioned to indecision becomes a mind which subconsciously exists for frustration.

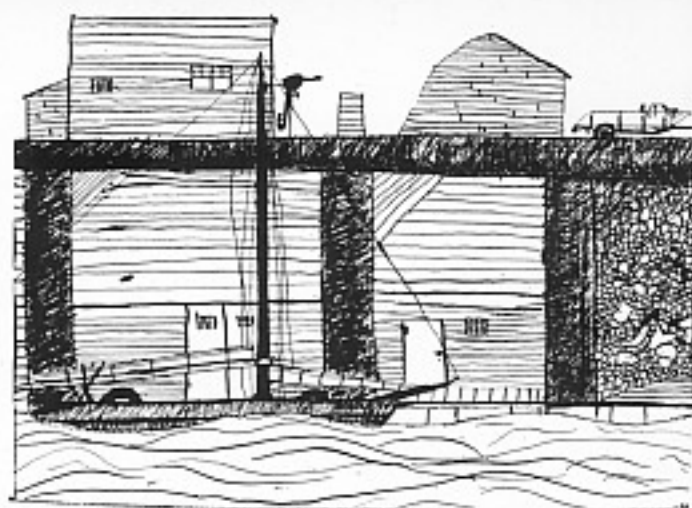
Smerdyakov is symbolic of futility and horror. Without him, the personality Dostoyevsky sought to portray is hardly complete. Smerdyakov blindly seeks to justify his existence and in so doing, denies God's divinity and the existence of what may be referred to as God's Plan.

Birth is justification of life and life gives purpose to birth. It is because Smerdyakov could not understand this that he committed murder. He sought to give reason to his life and in so doing gave justification to his death. Perhaps only later he was able to understand and, realizing that his life could never now be justified, he killed himself. Better punishment with reason than a life without purpose.

The Brothers Karamazov is considered by many to be Fyodor Dostoyevsky's greatest book. It is, for Dostoyevsky did not write merely a stirring novel — he wrote an autobiography of his soul.

—John Coatsworth





In my mind the desert can only mean two things: beauty and loneliness. The characteristics of the desert can best be appreciated by people who have an interest in unusual colors, structure, and beauty.

This vast, expansive plateau of land is a place in which God really expressed his feelings — the soft, mellow hues at night, when the western sun goes down; the richness and flatness, like that on a golden board stretching north, south, east, and west into infinity, in which you see only the cactus, and the sagebrush, and the tumbleweed as it is wafted from one place to another by the soft, billowing breeze — the large, white, accumulating thunderheads as they rise overpoweringly from the north like a stampede of surging buffalo. This is only a small part of the unbelievable beauty of the desert.

In the immensity of the desert I include loneliness. This feeling of loneliness leaves a vivid and indestructible picture. There is long depth and range as you stand out on a desert road, and view the panorama in full and meaningless scope. The soft, minute stars of the night fill the heavens with a great and unequalled vastness.

At dawn when the streets of a small town are deserted, and one-half of the sky is a misty black, while in the east the sun is bursting forth with new vitality.

Because of the qualities and the feelings it arouses in many people, the desert can really be considered one of the most beautiful sights of nature.

—Karl Woolfenden

There once was a man who was exceedingly rich. He had many possessions and was envied by many of the folk of the land. However, it was not a hateful envy, but rather one of respect for him and his generosity. Although this man was not only wealthy but also good, he was very lonely. For the people did not merely respect and envy him, but looked up to him with fear as if he were a god. Thinking that he was a snob and did not wish to be their friend, they did not attempt friendship. He had neither wife nor child nor happiness. Loneliness reigned over his great mansion as a silent king, garbed in a black robe.

There once was a man who was exceedingly poor. He was the poorest man in the whole land. Although he was kind, he was deserted by the people for they were greedy, and social position and wealth meant much to them. And although this man was truly fine and good, none would allow himself to discover this. This man also was lonely. As he entered his poor shack, he could not bring light to it for it takes two to light the candle of friendship and understanding. One man's loneliness is a weed in a garden threatening to blot out all the flowers.

So it was that the two met in a park on a cold, dusky night. Each man was weary and each sat down on a separate bench not knowing of the other's presence. The rich man was weary of his wealth and loneliness and the poor man was weary of his poverty and loneliness. They each began to weep and both heard his echo in the other's voice. The poor looked into the eyes of the rich man and the rich in turn looked into the eyes of the poor man. In each dwelt tears that mirrored the other's. Each tear told of solitude, friendlessness, and the anguish of their lives. In their communion of understanding, they loved one another. The garden is again fertile with friendship. The candle of understanding has brought light to the darkened walls of their homes and their souls.

—Paulette Richman



PASTIC ANYONE

The patterns of my life had become completely disorganized and the words which I had always found easy were hard to produce.

The variations without variations produced within me a feeling of measureless discontent, which I found not easy to remedy. I was disconcerted with normal patterns and wanted to depart from the shallowness of the time barrier to which I was shackled.

I had seen a man once, so clumsy that his off-beat pattern did not fit the life around him. So absorbed with the time theory of their lives, the people did not see him in his opposite slowness, his step between time and death, as if on a razor's edge in the closet called void.

I had observed this man with envy and noticed that he gradually became formless. Following him one night, I found that he, yet still on the earth, lived not in the minds of others, but only as a memory shaded toward the good.

Being stricken, I tried to follow his path but it was too slow. But when I awoke, I found myself falling further into time than out of it. Deeper within me, I found that I was followed by the hell-hound of time who edged at my heels, begging me to stay with its domain.

This only incensed me, and I crossed the bridge of time into simplicity and I found an alleyway of slowness, a resting place. Soon I became weary and crossed back to my own kingdom. I knew now that my exploration was over and determined that if I were to stay, it would be suspended within the shadows of light and darkness.

—Michael Gold



Paulene Richman

A HOUSE NO LONGER MINE

She turned slowly and closed the door with a certain sentimental ease that surprised her. She wondered why she had not slammed it with malicious hate, a final blow, an end. Like the curtain of a terrible play. Where she would go was of little importance. It was a mild rainy day, the kind that she used to walk in barefoot when she was a child.

When she was a child? What was she now? Nothing but a little older child, yet she felt so much pain for a little older child.

It had started so beautifully. She had molded it so carefully. Each little tower on the castle she had dripped on with semi-wet sand so that it would set without crushing the golden peak.

Her bedroom faced the sea. At high tide, the calm breakers would swirl smoothly and lovingly to her window and she would fling open the shutters to embrace it and dip her hand to taste the tangy salt.

Sometimes she was lucky enough to capture a mermaid or a wooden pirate ship which she tenderly placed in the bedroom. At other times it would just be the sea. The king's and queen's room, however, was not facing the sea. Maybe this was the trouble. All they could see was the desert with small rolling hills that seemed to go on infinitely. Maybe it was the boredom and practicality of the sand that was wrong — day by day monotony. If only they changed their room to face the moving life of the sea. No, it wasn't they who should have moved, it was she. She should have turned the castle around or built their room where hers was. They would have been happy then, and she would have been the one who was unhappy. Yet perhaps they would have grown unhappy there, too. Eventually even she had grown sad with the ocean. Oh! She tried to run from it! She put more and more windows in her room; she ran and cursed the sand; she tore down the golden fence she had put around the castle!

And then it happened. The tallest and finest tower began to crumble. She had been walking along the shore talking to a sea gull and when she looked up, she saw the top was missing and all that was left was gray sand.

Little by little tiny pieces of railing began to crumble. The queen seemed to resemble the railings under the strain of the hot sand and the swirling tide. She knew her ocean was displeased with her and would soon be her enemy. Had it been the placement of her room? Had it been her too careful building of her castle? Had it been her over love of the sea?

She now opened her windows for what she knew was the last time. She had been through the castle, touched every object and replaced it. She did not say goodby to her parents. They had known before she did. She had only just stumbled upon it. It could not be mistaken for anything else.

So she waited. It came. Slowly at first, building up vengeance as it moved closer. Small tears rolled slowly into the corners of her mouth, and as she tasted them she could only think of the happiness of her tiny hand in the warm sea.

It seemed like a nonentity, but it was her fatal enemy. She cried. She was trembling now. She could feel the sand shift beneath her and she knew her ocean would swallow her castle and it would become nothing again — as it was when she found it.

Slowly the castle was engulfed in the sea. It disintegrated. "I love you!" The sun was shining and for miles she could see a beautiful, calm sea . . . and just beyond the sea was a small crevice. In it lay, on its side, a small wooden pirate ship and the imprint of a mermaid.

—Betsy Minot



sketch by Paulene Richman

Joy is not like happiness.
It needs no warmth or peace or light,
Through struggle, work, defeat it sings—
Joy belongs to those who fight.
—Frances Neuer



It is calm . . .

But why is there torment,
When there can be such beauty?

Why is there hate,
When love can be as easily obtained?

Why does pain exist,
When it is so unpleasant?

Why is there extravagance,
When simplicity is lovelier?

Why must there be loneliness,
When it is so unbearable?

I question, O God,
but I find no answer.
—Joan Gordon



THE OUTSIDER

Every century contains its Outsiders. The Outsider is not identified with the common people or with the bourgeois class. He is the malcontent, the unhappy one, and he is destined to a life of misery.

Members of the common bourgeois class are said to be content. They are said to be the good citizens who are satisfied with moderation. Good and evil exist for them as God and the Devil. Their lives are consistent, dull, and proceed at a steady pace. They are people without intellect — that intellect which is the chief attribute of the Outsider.

In a sense, the Outsider is never a complete problem; he is only a half. He is the whole equation, but with no solution.

The common man walks down the middle of the road only encountering a few obstacles. But the Outsider stumbles against the right and then against the left, his chief salvation being in his extremes. He is constantly between heaven and hell.

For him, the human delusion is transparent. He perceives ignorance, amorality, and the life without success. The Outsider feels that all men are failures. How can a man live and lead his life when he knows he will be a failure? The Outsider, with his extreme perception and intellect, sets his standards and goals so high, that reaching them is almost impossible. Therefore, he is constantly at odds with himself in finding no time for enjoyment.

Religion plays an important role in the conflict, as the Outsider's feelings are mixed and uncertain in relation to God. He does feel the presence of God in some inexplicable force but, in the final analysis, he will not recognize it. Such is a quotation from Dostoevsky's Ivan:

"I accept God and I accept His wisdom, His purpose, which are unknowable to us; I believe in the underlying order and meaning of life; I believe in the eternal harmony . . . I believe in the Word to which the Universe is strung . . . I seem to be on the right path, don't I? Yet, in the final result, I don't accept God's world."

What is it that is unsatisfactory about God's world? Is it the common man or the Outsider who makes it unsatisfactory?

To the Outsider, it is unsatisfactory not only because he has set his standards too high but mainly because he knows the "Mystery of Life" which, were the common man to perceive it, would transform him also into an Outsider. To the Outsider, God's world is no longer His. It has been distorted to fit man's pattern. This is why it is satisfactory to the common man.

No matter how apparent the mystery of life may become to man, there will always be the common man who will continue to live in ignorance, and there will always be the Outsider with his eternal struggle for success and salvation. Thus, the Outsider will always remain an unsolved equation.

Betsy Minot

Humbled and hurt, he fell beneath the power of the earth
and sank into his own oblivion of self and misery.
Into his own eyes he looked far and deep, leaving all life
behind, contempt on all its shreds.
He thought the past and smiled sweet, noble smiles,
despair echoing in his heart on bitter memories.
He thought of laughs and smiles and tapering jests to which
no end could come.
The future, and all it held, he himself would hold. But,
how to gain such heights?
By legs that held him now on sea . . . and only asked for land?
And in himself thus rose the power of himself, his genius raged,
and he himself his work.
Fighting and struggling within his contradicting strengths
and weaknesses,
Knowing all, giving self to self, and never more.

—Clover Vail



I walked slowly in a metropolis of the West among the remnants of the past. Lone columns rose among broken stones, a mark that signified what had once been. Many people come to see the stones. They are humbled and awed, others, arrogant in the face of the dead past.

The ruins were squashed between modern streets and towers of glass and brick. As I walked along, the harsh sun mellowed and the shadows deepened. Finally, I came to a small wall. I perched myself on it and took a picture of what I saw. There were three columns, some steps and crumpled rock here and there around a huge slab of stone. It was the remains of a forum. I sat there, watching, and tried to travel back over two thousand centuries of time. It was quiet. Then I saw the forum shape into an orderly precision. Its desolated loneliness evaporated and it became familiar. Many people crowded around it and into it. They were bronzed by the scalding sun. Their voices seemed large and concentrated. Leaders, dominant and strong, pushed their way through the crowd at the steps. They spoke of the glory of the state to the herd below them. Soldiers came, who were a model to copy and admire. I heard cheers. I saw movement. Then, the men who had lectured from the stairs, went away. The crowd followed them.

Their togas no longer exist except in museums. What remains is a remnant of another step in the evolution of man. A reminder, perhaps, that nothing is indispensable. It could fall, like those broken rocks. The people in that forum thought that the world would collapse without their state. Their mark remained, their empire did not, and the world fell back, gradually filling its gap and then jumped forward.

Shadows of dark grey and blue played among the rocks. The people who live there accept them as they accept the trees. But to me they seemed lonely, as time removed itself from them, taking memories to be dissolved in dry books. I got off the wall, came out of the past and back to the honks of taxicabs in modern Rome.

—Claire Zinn

THE GOLDEN LANCE

One day, as the gods looked down upon the earth, they saw great disorder. They knew that they had to find a ruler for the earth. After six and twenty days of talking, they decided to set upon the earth a golden horse. They hid the horse instead of leaving it in the open, and the man who found the horse would be the ruler.

News of the horse spread, and many knights were interested, especially one young lad who was a poor farmer's son. Nothing would stop an adventurous lad like Richard. He took the sword, which had been given to him by a witch, and set out to find the horse.

On his way through the woods he saw something which made him stop dead in his tracks. It was a horrifying dragon. This was no ordinary dragon because it had been sent to earth by the gods to guard the horse. Finally, after many hours of fighting, Richard defeated the dragon.

Then, with a light heart, he went on to find the horse. When he did, the gods didn't see him, so again they decided to put something on the earth and again Richard set out to find it. This time it was a golden suit of armor.

After four days of traveling he again saw a dragon, but this time it was much larger than before and this time it took him much longer to slay it, but finally he did.

This time, as often happens, the gods were quarreling about who was the most powerful. They did not see Richard, so again they had to put something on the earth. This time it was a magic lance with special powers at the tip of it.

A third time Richard set out. This time the dragon was much, much larger. In fact, it was the largest dragon that ever was! It took many tiring days to slay it and many more days to find the lance. When he did, the gods were again not looking, so they had to find something else for Richard to find.

They decided that the magic tip of the lance would make the possessor want to perform and win any jousting contests which were held. The gods told a rich merchant to hold a jousting contest and, of course, Richard came.

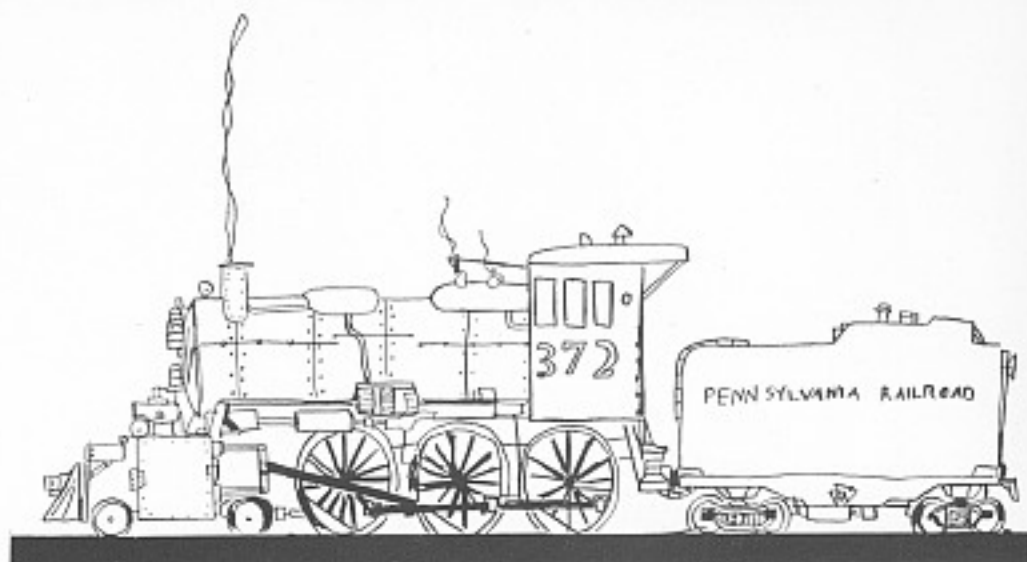
It was a tense moment. Richard had defeated all but one contestant: the Black Knight. He and the Black Knight charged each other. It was a fight to the finish, but eventually Richard won. Immediately, the gods knew that he was to be ruler of the earth.

They were very glad that he was king, and that he was modest as well as strong, and he ruled very wisely all the rest of his life.

—Michael Rubin



Mark Mandell



James Roberts

THE MOUNTAIN

Were I a skyscraper
Standing up tall,
I would see everything
I would see all.

I would see horses
Bridges and such
I would see towns and fields
And very much.

I would see people
Running about
I would see everything
That I don't doubt.

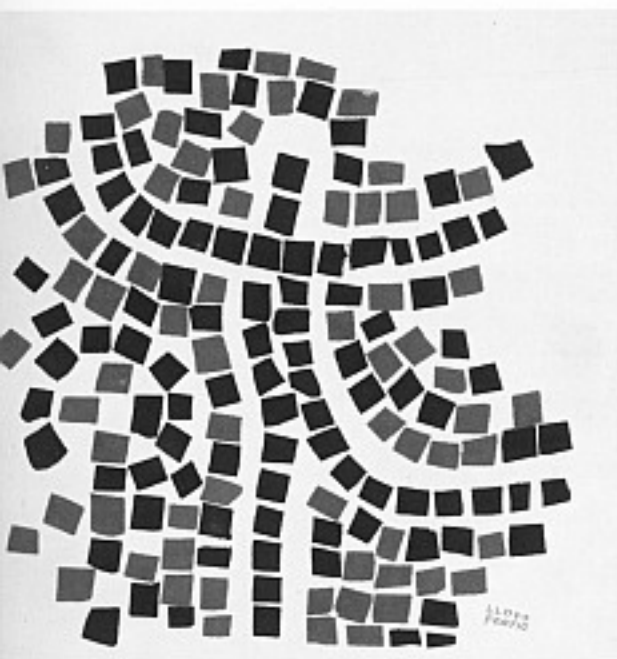
I'm not a skyscraper
That you can see,
So I'll be satisfied
Just to be me.
—Michael Rubin

Way upon the mountain high
Way up in the clouds
Is a bird of golden ways
And a tail that bows.

Up there is a tree of apples,
And a tree of pears
All with green and yellow leaves
Swaying in the air.

—Nadia Godowsky





Lloyd Fericig

JAZZ

The child was born in New Orleans,
Wailing and screaming for the hell of it.
It had a purpose;
Wailed for love, screamed when it was gone.
The Blues.

It moved up the Mississippi
Grew, found new ways to wail
Full of energy, rhythm at every pore
In its teen, happy and good.
It had to release energy; it did
Swing.

It grew older,
Mellowed, but still the same.
Expressing itself in its own way,
But wisely.
Bop.

Then it took advice: the classics.
It was mature, getting older, older, until . . .
It was too old . . . to old to wail
Drifting slowly from its own.
Conforming.
Never to go back to wailing
from the heart.
Too bad.

—Jonathan Cohen

The subway shot into the station and ground to a stop with a jolt. The doors slowly opened and a mass of men poured out — pushing, shoving, and straining to separate themselves from each other. Confronting this mass, pushed a second mass, emulating its antagonist to perfection. The first group was trying to get out of the train and out of the station in a hurry while the second group was trying desperately to get on the subway before it closed its doors and pulled out of the station.

These two groups are composed of people — human beings who, as individuals, might be friends of yours or mine. Individually, they can be kind and considerate and are capable of expressing their emotions — but collectively, they are animals, fighting and tearing at each other's throats. Their faces are cold masks which are incapable of showing any emotion. They have no feelings and exist only for themselves. As animals — "Survival of the Fittest."

The doors slowly began to close. Frantic hands tried to keep them open, but were unsuccessful. With another jolt, the train started, picked up speed and roared out of the station.

The first group was now crowding through the turnstiles and up the stairs. Some of the second group had been fortunate enough to be able to squeeze into the subway. Here they squirmed and fought for breathing space, shoving and bumping the people next to them. Those left behind in the station stood waiting apprehensively for the next train. Ties were stepped on; briefcases were knocked out of hands; the people were being pushed and shoved and in turn, they themselves were also pushing and shoving.

An old man was kicked meanly out of the way on his way up the stairs. A small child clung desperately to its mother for protection. But still the unfeeling monster pressed forward knocking anything and everything out of its way.

The cattle stampeded. The lost became more lost. The old ladies and sight-seers swore never again to subject themselves to the horror offered by a "cattle system."

Yet, these masses are composed of individuals, some of whom could be your friends or relatives — people with kindness, consideration and emotions. In short, human beings.

Leslie Szalosi

Yard

This year and last year
And all the others that I have
Know you have convinced me you are one
of the greatest, your sincere, and logical
viewpoint, have won many
to your side, I am one of
them!

SWEET LAND OF PERIFERY



Best always—

He could almost see the edge of the desert now. The big purple mountains seemed so close that he felt he could reach out and touch them. His eyes hurt as he tried to focus them, and the mountains seemed quite unclear as if they were covered by a haze. His eyes kept watering; the salty tears ran down his face and then down his chest to be soaked up by thirsty ground.

He told himself, "It's just getting dark. That's why I can't see well." But it was not getting dark. The desert sun still beat down mercilessly on his already burning back, torturing his entire body with its intense waves. The air was suffocating him as it burned its way down into his lungs. He wasn't even hungry any longer. The pit of his stomach had ached till he thought he would die. But after a few days the pain left, or he seemed to have grown used to the constant gnawing, and it seemed a part of him now.

Still he crawled over the hot sand, ripping his knees until his trail was marked by blood on the impassive ground behind him. Finally, through his swollen eyes, the mist appeared to condense, and he saw a cactus. With a groan of joy he dragged himself into the shade. He didn't feel its spines pierce his blistered back as he leaned back. In the relative cool of the shadow, he could think. The sun no longer tormented him.

Slowly the fog in his head cleared and he remembered why he had come to the desert. It was the rumors, whipping the town into a frenzy, and the constant hammering "Gold in the hills!" The whispers growing louder—hope climbing higher until the whole town of Cheyenne had gone. They scattered into the desert with their picks and shovels to find the gold they said was there. It wasn't there, he combed the hills, scratched through the clay of the mountain streams until he grovelled into bed rock. Not one nugget was there for his labor.

And so he left, back across the desert that he'd crossed, back into the town of Cheyenne, somehow he had circled, till it was no longer Cheyenne he was going to but back again to the purple mountains he had come from weeks ago.

He had been thinking so hard, he did not hear the staccato rattle of the diamond-back snake. It only grew significant as his brain cleared itself for pending danger. The sound of the rattle rumbled back and forth in his head till he thought his skull would shatter with the roar. Still, he sat and watched. A sharp jab, then silence, a peaceful magnificent silence . . . death.

As the sun set on the sands of the great American desert, the night wind swept over the restless dunes. The dunes goaded into action shifted, covered him with pure, ageless sand. They glistened in the waning sun, sparkled in the twilight as the light was reflected by the grains of gold the sand held. He slept, the gold that covered him was no longer important.

—Andy Jampoler

WISDOM

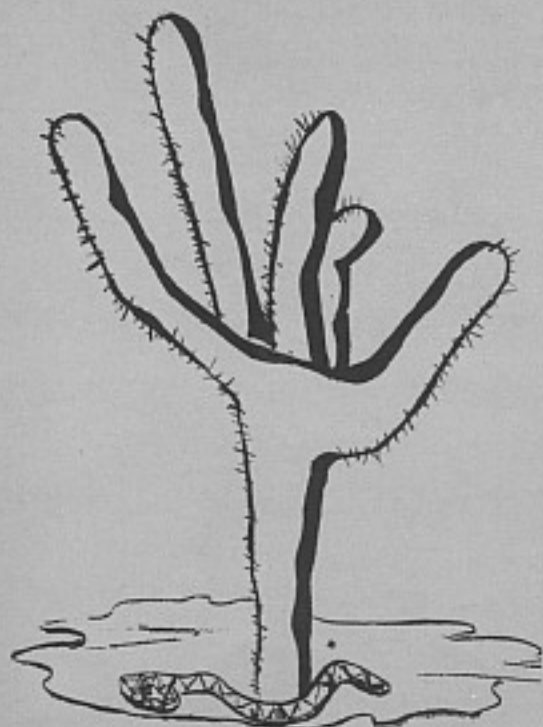
A charred skull lay in the August sun.
It was lit by a halo of moonlight
with millions of stars
But come the sunrise, it shone . . .

A crusted skull lay out
in the December snow.
At night no moon came out
to give it a heavenly glow.

Flies, the lovers of decay, took joy in the
reek of the rotting brain.
But the last particles had long been
washed away
by the early April rain.

The calcium gargoyle was invisible . . .
to the eye.

—Ray Meyerbach





block print by Bonnie Chappet

Dear Mom,

First of all I'd like to thank you for what you wrote. I really appreciate it. But I'm becoming excited 'cause of it.

I wish I really knew you before the end of the year it might of been nice, but what can you do - there are very few hours of school left, and surprisingly I don't want to leave. Mom, only know why - all year long I've been looking forward to graduation - and now BANG!! I miss you already and you're not even gone!

I'm positive this year has had its bad points too - but it might be a good idea to forget them (I think this applies to me more than you - don't you agree?)

I promised I'd write to you and I will. Meanwhile (doesn't it sound) I wish you all the luck in the world - and a very happy graduation. Don't forget to answer my letter when you get it.

— all my —

Love,

Bonnie



P.S. Oh never mind I forgot I forgot I was going to say.

Love,

SIGNIFICANCE

Thus a man thought of life . . .

"Of all the attitudes and lies running through my mind, there is one life . . . one life which is apart and above all others . . . one which is supreme. Supreme, because it is a sole and solitary creation of man . . . man as an individual. Its only judge is itself. It is the only true and eternal creation of man."

"Idealism must be its basis. Idealism, and thus perfection. Perfection, no matter of what it might be. It is the purpose of idealism to set the standard to which everything else must live up to and must follow. Idealism is to set the standard for life, for beauty, for love, for glory and death. It is to set the value for judging right and wrong."

"Next to idealism must stand one's own individual character with prejudice, ambition, jealousy, and contempt. It is the character's responsibility to add human life and tenderness which would leave this life cold and dead if it were forgotten. It is here that must lie perception and here lies all contact with the world."

"And next to the character must stand the imagination which can alter everything to transform it into good or bad. It must lead one into fantastic realms. It is its responsibility to keep the mind alive and out of the stagnant ruts it so continually falls into. It is the imagination that must be fighting all the time against the realities of the world. It must be the success of idealism."

"And yet, all of these must work together, perhaps even compliment each other in their creation of the world. But it cannot help but turn out to be a biased world—a world completely detached from reality. It is the world of one individual and thus narrow and small. It is the height and power of an individual."

"It must be the world from which arises all miseries and frustrations; all schemes and revenges. It is the world that judges all goods and all evils; all truths and lies. It is the world where genius and art have their roots."

"It is a life which shall be mine, but one I shall use only when there is none to see me use it. I know that many times I shall lose it without realizing or missing it; and I know that I shall regain it without appreciating it."

—Clover Vail



AEONIC

The walls confront me, and I am lost.
Between the shadows of air-consuming time,
My watch winds itself around
Neon numbers and into the next hour.
The primary hour makes up the day—
('You must be patient with me')
And through the day is the association
With the minute that springs back towards the second.

('We must all suffer, and you even more!')

Time is so long. The hand moves around again.

There is a basic motivation arguing with time.
A hate that grows and becomes unproportional.
After a space of deliberation, there evolves, as
Fantastical notion, an involvement,
A pyramid of fear.

('We must all wait and hope and you chose me.
We both must wait!')

—Michael Gold



Paulette Richman



The night air, like cold blood,
trickling through me,
Chills my heart,
haunts my soul.

The trees, standing boldly,
their limbs reaching out
to seize me,
To rid my soul of warmth and love.

And others, sweetly bending
toward me
protecting me
And still others,
unaware of my existence.

My love's arms
stretched out to touch me.
To bring back the warmth
that no longer remains.
The bigotry left behind,
the coldness still
in my heart.

The wind,
cool, refreshing, haunting
Beckons to me,
While I stand in emptiness,
and weep.

Joan Gordon



Into the blackened concepts of the night he tried to draw his soul, but it would linger and waver on the border and want to forget. He would pull at it with all his might but sounds and sights of day would reappear and his soul become more heavy on the border. What were these forces that held his soul and would not let it be free, not even during the night? And thus he thought . . .

It was for patience that he fought, to fight the temperaments of his self and keep away those harsh and ignoble thrusts at life which could but breed the awkwardness and bitterness of one too far from faith and constancy and lost in any human contact.

It was for knowledge that he tried, perhaps to add glory to what would otherwise have none. Knowledge, to fill the gap of hope; to add and attribute to all men around him whom he saw each day and for whom hatred had sprung; to feel the semblance of some life in what he himself worked for.

It was for art that he wanted to work. To perform with some great power; to work with the unending source of courage that would never fail, but heighten.

It was for life that he wanted to fight and live, accepting all that came but in a strange and unidentified way, to contradict. And this, without an aim or any sole and solitary purpose. To love and hate, and not receive approval or disapproval from those who watched. And besides all those others, to live a life that was his own, a life within another life, a life that made its own mystical decisions, a life apart from reality.

It was for man, though, that he must devote all his energies, to never fail him nor let him fail himself. And though to put so much trust in man he could not help but fear, it was he who was to make man either great or low. At least, man must never be forgotten . . .

And all that lowly understanding, which even animals and beasts hold within them, he felt was too high and unattainable for him.

In this way he felt all must be accomplished, and on the border with his soul he cried: "Time, how I envy you!"

—Clover Vail



Gail Pierce





"Paulene" by Paulene Richman



ink sketch by Frank Deutsch

TO THE HUMBLEST OF AIDS

And so mankind's silent servant toils
 Wishing only to serve the hand of his creation
 Receiving no glory, none of the spoils
 To his is written no ovation.
 And so by its mighty labor,
 the lowly spoon acclaims renown
 Wishing to serve but once,
 and then be washed and again laid down.
 Small in stature, but in bravery, no!
 From hot coffee to cold tea
 the mighty spoon doth go.
 Andy Jampoler

Down, down into the depths of her soul she fell. As she went down through this huge cave, she moaned and swayed back and forth. As she did this, her naked young body danced, moving to the patterns of her soul. Her eyes were open and her hair was loose and streaming behind her.

Now she was in a room — golden and pink. The sun was everywhere and it brought light to everything. In the corner of the room were letters, tied sentimentally in a pink ribbon. They told of a static young love and the beauty of spring. Beside them were three books of joyful poetry — poems she loved so much that they had become a part of her soul. All about the room were flowers of all colors and pleasant fragrances. They permeated and refreshed her soul. A brook ran through the room. It was the tinkling stream she had spoken to when she was young — "My little brook," she had said, "how I love you." Her body felt agile and graceful. She started to dance and as she turned she saw a gentle, beautiful man.

"You have returned to me?" she asked.

"I never left you," he replied. "I have always been here."

"Yes, you have always been with me. You, my first love, taught me to love, to see, to feel, to think. I was unborn till I knew you. Never have I forgotten you — Oh yes, with my mind possibly — but with my body, with my heart, my eyes, my hands — never. When we were together, you were the source of my energy, my desire to rise in the morning, my desire to greet the day whether joy or sorrow awaited me. Now that we are no longer together it is so much a part of me that to rise in the morning happily takes little thinking or feeling. I am in a world now where I 'laugh only part of my laughter, and weep only part of my tears.' It is time now, for me to leave this room. The walls of my soul whispered this to me, for this is the part of me, my life, my soul that is meant to be golden and pink with flowers and spring all about."

She left this room and began again to fall. The atmosphere became blank and cold. She stopped at a room with a heavy door. She pushed

Brother Sue,
 There is so much
 but I would like to say,
 I don't have the
 I'll never forget your
 understanding and your
 great expression
 for people as you
 till now sympathy
 the great patience
 I had at your
 with you forget
 No you Birdland
 before I said
 miss you well
 year you next
 miss you and well
 Lohh your great
 Goodbye and
 Good Luck
 Rob and roll,
 hope to see you
 next year.
 Love always,
 Marianne "Ma"
 "Ma chie"

against it, but why she decided to enter she did not know. When she did enter she fell, again hitting the cold mud and her knees buckled up beneath her. In this room there was no one. She was alone. No one else could follow her into this cold muddy cellar. As she walked about the room, she realized that in some parts the light was dim and in others, it was so dark that she could not even feel her own self. The walls of her soul were black, brown, and grey. Here there was also a river, but it was of salt water. She shivered with the cold. Her stomach contracted and she was weak. She lay down beside the river, exhausted. Although she was alone, she could feel the presence of the people she hated and had hurt, and those who hated and had hurt her. She reached out to the water and covered her eyes with it. Her whole body moved spasmodically, writhing, contracting. At last she cried out in anguish. Her voice frightened her. She looked up as the echo resounded throughout her soul. She had to leave, at least for awhile. She pushed herself up. Her body was covered with mud. The walls whispered to her, "Come back," but she said, "I must leave. I must find my place for it is not here. I will return, though it will not be my wish for life is golden and pink, as well as brown and black." Her every step was a struggle with her soul. At last she reached the door and left, only to fall again. She pushed aside a curtain and there was a sea and sand. The sea was carefree, almost reckless, and danced about merrily. It did not think. It did not feel. It couldn't love or be hurt. The dry still mud clung to her body and she yearned to rid herself of it and of all that was good, bad, ugly, and beautiful. She leaped down to the sea. Her soul said, "Be free. Don't think or feel." The water splashed about her legs. The waves met her and pushed her over. She moved furiously in the water and then floated on the turquoise foam. She tasted it. Yes, it was salt water again. But this time it felt tangy and crisp. Her soul and the sea spoke to her again and said, "Do not care. Be free. Do not think. Do not feel."

Paulette Richman

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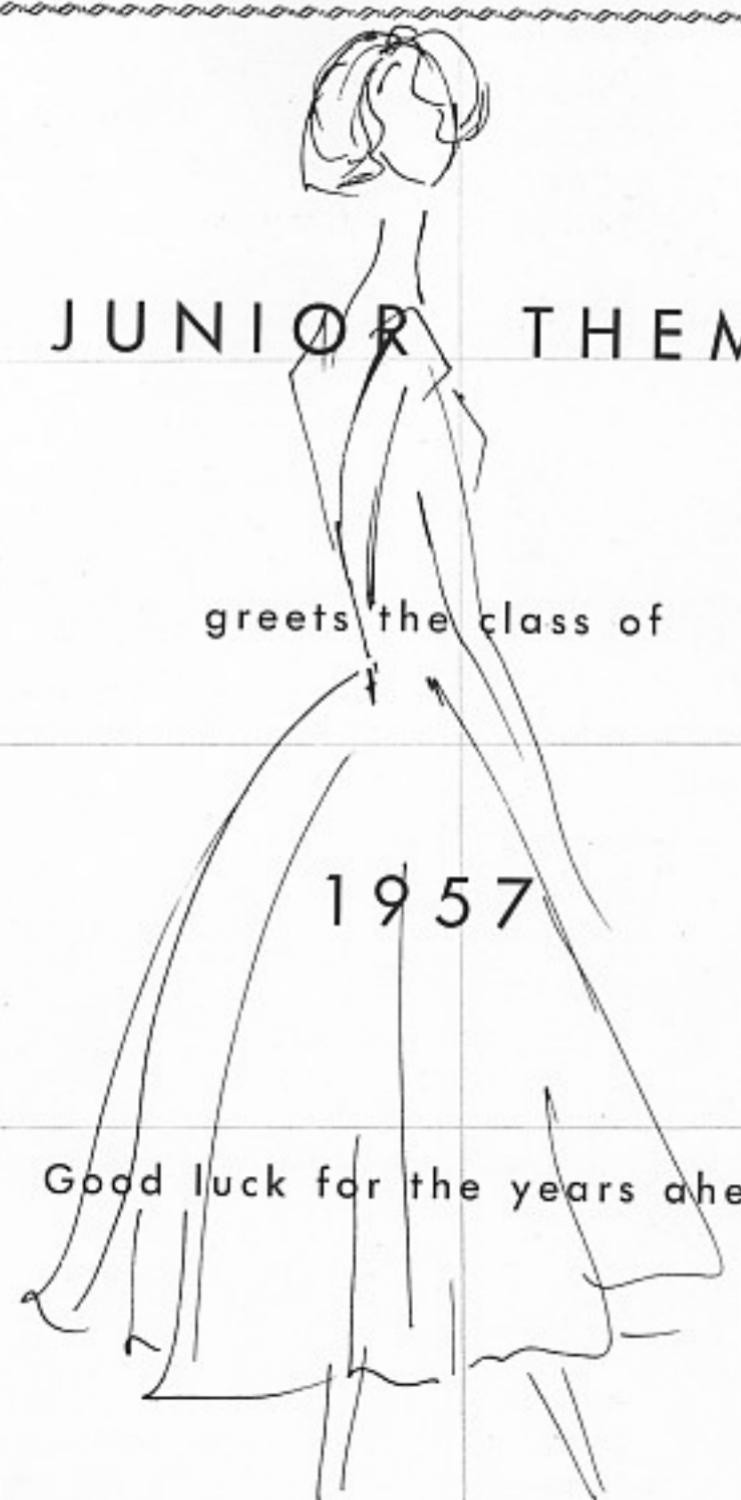
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