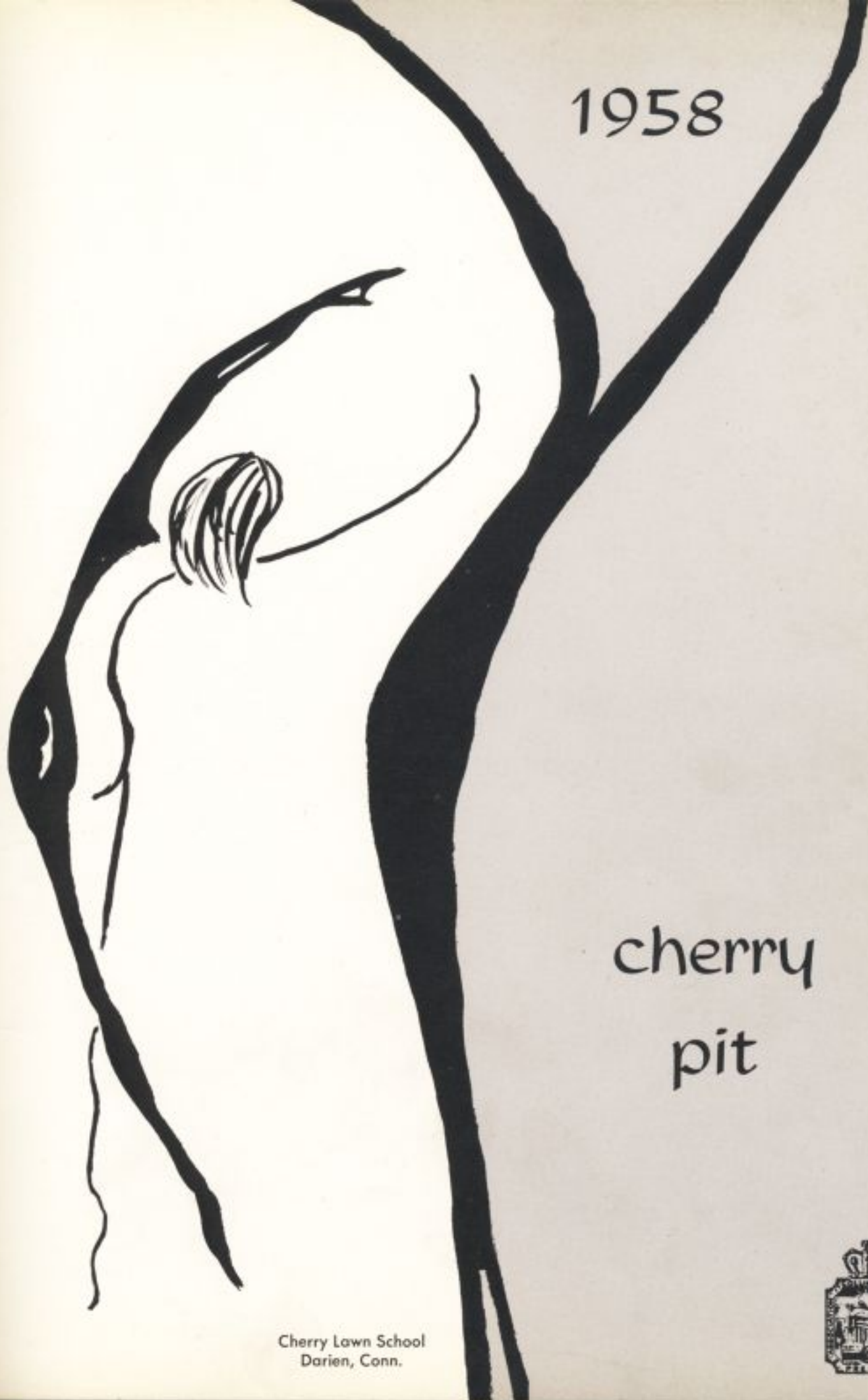




1958



cherry
pit

Cherry Lawn School
Darien, Conn.





CHERRY LAWN — 2-25
SENIORS — 26-37
FINE ARTS — 38-69
DIRECTORY — 79-80





Student Council — Left to right, standing: Herbert Adler, judge; Elena Ogus, sec. of labor; Polly Hill, sec. of activities; Jane Brukenfeld, vice-president; Andrew Jampoler, president; Andrea Rockmore, sec. of properties.
Seated: Tam Mazor, sec. of Stein House; Joanne Abrams, sec. of activities; Mike Werner, sec. of labor; Judy Wasserman, council sec.

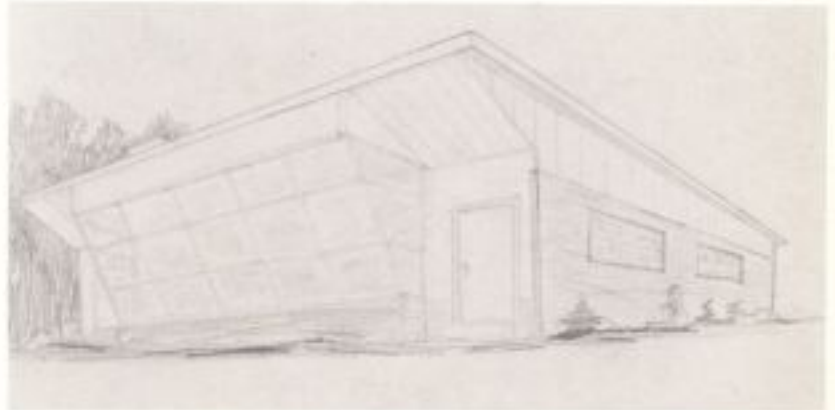


Student Government at Cherry Lawn is, by nature a flexible one. It provides the elected members of the student body with a media for expressing their opinions and making known their wishes and suggestions to the faculty. Each member fills one of the eleven Student Council executive positions as well as acting as a representative.

Each council member has one or more assistants, and these under-secretaries, together with other junior officers, make up the Lower House. This Lower House is theoretically a training ground for future Student Council members.

The student government's stature as a group depends entirely upon the character of its members. The influence which the government has upon life at school is dependent upon good judgment of the students as they vote.

cherry lawn student government



In this way the responsibility for effective student government is placed directly in the hands of the students three times a year. Interest and participation are the keys to the maintenance of the high standard of leadership which Student Government at Cherry Lawn has, at times, fulfilled.

To each succeeding generation of students, those who have gone before leave only a structure, and from this basic structure each new body of students must bear the responsibility for government. No amount of precedents or examples are of any value unless those who seek to follow them are capable and willing to work hard and sincerely. No amount of dedicated officers can ever succeed unless every student takes an active and responsible role in student life.



The drama department at Cherry Lawn School plays a vital and stimulating role in the curriculum. At any time one might find a play in some stage of production.

Each class presents a play yearly. All these plays are different, in message, style and author. But they are similar in their high quality. Each student actively participates in every phase of play production.

The first play given this year, by the Senior class, was the "Good Women of Setzuan," by Bertoldt Brecht. "The Good Women . . ." was a play discussing the changing standards of the world. The play, set in Modern China, asks, "In your opinion what is to be done? Change human nature or the world, well which? Believe in bigger, better gods or none? How can we mortals be both good and rich?"

The leading roles were: Betsy Minot, Shen Te; Andrew Jampoler, Yang Sun; Daniel Bromberg, Wang. Every Senior participated in this play. The feeling of satisfaction still continues.

The dramatic highlight of this year, as of every year, was the traditional Christmas Pageant. The pageant, the story of the birth of Christ, was done in pantomime and accompanied by both chorus and solo voices.

In addition to the class plays, Basil Burwell, conducts a course in History of drama, a study and analysis of the historical trends in the different types of plays. Through this course the student becomes acquainted with the beginnings of theater. A stage design class, held weekly, gives the student an opportunity to become familiar with the building and designing of sets, the art of makeup, production, costumes, lighting, and general stage techniques.

For any person interested in theater, Cherry Lawn and Bazz offer wonderful experiences.

d r a m a

christmas pageant

Christmas at C.L.S.
strange and very beautiful
As the lights dim
the strains of the traditional melodies
flow through the gym.
And again the audience
is held with the Beauty of
the Christmas Pageant.
Onto the stage moves Mary
slowly and melodically.
The angels then appear
to Bless —
To the very end, the cradle scene,
the story is sensitively and
movingly portrayed.
The curtain falls . . .
again C.L.S. has presented
simply — the Magnificent
Story.



The Good Women of Setzuan
 Shen-Te — Betsy Minot
 Yang Sun — Andy Jampoler
 Wang — Daniel Bromberg
 Gods — Jonathan Amsel
 Jane Brudenfeld
 Paul Pines
 Mrs. Shin — Fran Neuer
 Shu Fu — Karl Woolfendon
 Mi Tzu — Marianne Frank





acting technique

A twist, a step, then an inspiration.
Once a week we meet.

A group composed of young people who wish to gain insight, and learn the true meaning of the theater and of acting. We meet with Basil Burwell, the drama teacher.

"You must have an objective; know what you are reaching for; understand the conflict you are portraying. You must feel the surge of emotion as you build a character."

Figures in leotards . . .

barefoot . . .

reaching . . . higher . . .

to the heights of perfection . . .

creating . . .

understanding . . . more . . .

This is our purpose. With Bazz to guide us we reach toward a goal.

The coming Sophomore play.



NEKRASSOV

A PLAY BY
JEAN-PAUL
SARTRE



we, the collective,
individual, the genius behind the tome.
we, here sitting,
cosey garret we call home — three keys —
coffee, cigarettes — use these —
machiavelli, folk songs — considerable ease —
John, click click ding, Elena, typing, click
dictating,
mad, mad sonnets, Andy.
forming
ads, ads, Herb, ads, Mike.
Judy doesn't like it, dear editor.
violent, hasty, perfect revisions, Betsy.
rolled in a corner, pen and ink vindictively in
hand, Paulette.
Serenely,
Obviously, stands Yosh
Kents proffered.
this Book, our token of esteem.

Jane Brukenfeld

John Coatesworth
Co-literary Editor

Michael Werner
Co-business Manager

Jonathan Feller
Sports Editor

Andrew Jampoler
Lay-out Editor

Judy Wasserman
Editor

Mr. Yosh
Advisor

Elena Ogus
Senior Section

Herbert Adler
Co-business Manager

Absent: Paulette Richman
Art Editor

Betsy Minot
Co-literary Editor



cherry lawn clubs

"So what's Picasso got that I don't?" For the answer to this and many other intriguing questions, a number of Cherry Lawn students meet each week in the Art Appreciation Club. The club Advisor, Mr. Yoshiro Sanbonmatsu is a constant source of information for anyone interested in the fine arts. Mr. "Yosh" is also the advisor for two other clubs, the Literature and Creative Writing Clubs.

While the students in these three clubs are discussing Rembrandt, Dostoevsky, or Pines, the Glee Club, under the able direction of Mrs. Ruth Pratt, is busy making the beautiful music for which it is famous.

Meanwhile, under clouds of smoke, the Psychology Club members are intently discussing the frustrations and tensions of the other clubs. With their chairman, Dr. Ernst Bulova, the club holds a series of seminar discussions on a wide range of topics.

The club system at Cherry Lawn is based upon interest rather than tradition. This would explain the changing list of clubs which appear each year. This year, these five clubs were the focal points of much interest.

In the past, Cherry Lawners have been interested in Debating Clubs, French and German Clubs, and International Affairs Clubs. Journalistically inclined students have published as many as four newspapers and magazines, concurrently.

In the years to come, more clubs will be formed and many will be revived. As always, these clubs will be based upon the concrete interest of the participants. As always, they will be formed with enthusiasm and conducted with vigor and energy.





cherry hall football

To you who are so brave and small who challenge the world of football — beating,
pacing, thrashing madly down a muddy field.

Andy cursing, Jonny fuming,
Dick myopically, Jimmy dancing,
Dan omnipresently, Teddy defending,
the team close behind — warriors all.

But what for? — you're great, so confident, so consistent.

"When the last great scorekeeper comes to mark beside your name he will not
mark if you have won or lost, but how you played the game."

Warriors all —

left to right standing — James Menag-
han, Daniel Bromberg, Harris Stravitz,
Coach Jim Jones, Steven Medved,
Julian Levine, and Ted Berlin.

left to right seated — Edward Gorn,
co-capt. Andrew Jampoler, co-capt.
Jonathan Feller, and Allan Green.





Winter and Basketball are synonymous at Cherry Lawn. Before the memory of the last touchdown fades, and before the first hint of snow, the gym echoes with yells of the hopeful. And shortly, sometime in early November the eagerly awaited announcement comes, "all the boys out for Basketball report to the gym at 3:30." Immediately rumors start, "Sam will be center this year." "I heard the starters will be . . ." "You know, I think we'll beat Daycroft this year." The cheerleaders start learning basketball cheers.

And then, after all the practices, try-outs, the first game comes. Cherry Lawn's offense, led by Steve Medved, in a valiant attempt, loses 29-31. The next games reflect the traditional high spirit, and the rest of the season rushes by. With the last game over, the shower-room talk shows the feeling of the entire team. "Well we didn't always win, but it has been a great year." Yes, it was a great year.

basketball

Basketball — Left to right, standing: Theodore Berlin, Edward Feuchtwanger, Steven Medved, Coach—Jim Jones, Felix Caruthers, Joseph Alter, Edward Gorn.
Kneeling: Paul Pines, Jonathan Feller
Absent: Fred Greenberg, Brian Loftis, George Ross, Julian Levine, Mike Werner, Herb Adler, James Henaghan, Gerry Friedland.



girls basketball team

Have you ever seen
the female,
racing and panting —
pushing forward
in a unified group
for one common goal?
Strange isn't it?
But here you find —
Six girls cheering
shooting, dribbling
(Illegally scratching,
nudging, kicking)
But they are unified
and enjoying every minute
of this energy —
We are the team!

Andy Rockmore, Betsy Minot, co-captains;
Karen Wisotsky, Janet Rankin, Polly Hill,
Tam Mazor, Emily Upton, Eileen Wolfeld,
Wendy Wain, Alex Herz, Helen Sisserson,
Bonnie Rubin.
Miss Lise Lehmann, Mr. Jim Jones, Coaches.



cheerleaders

The Cherry Lawn cheerleaders form a very important part of the Cherry Lawn athletic program. During the past few years, the successes of the Cherry Lawn Interscholastic Athletic teams have been limited. The role played by the C.L.S. cheerleaders in bolstering the morale of our courageous warriors has been one of heroism and noise. Impressed upon the memory of every team member is the sight of the girls in Maroon and White valiantly cheering them on to an elusive victory.

After each victory or defeat, the loudest voices to be raised in protest or victory calls are those who led the loyal spectators through hours of intensely partisan support of the team. Sore throats and hoarse voices may persist for a few hours or days after the games, but come the next contest, the C.L.S. cheerleaders will return to their heroic posts, doing their best, leading the frantic cheers of the Cherry Lawn fans.

Cheerleaders — Left to right: Stephanie Weiss, Beth Kaplan, Vivian Schindler, Polly Hill, Temma Mazor, Joanne Abrams, captain; Judy Wasserman, Elena Ogus, Rita Fox, Jane Brukenfeld.



c a n d i d s







left to right — Mr. Sanstrom, Miss Lehmann, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Kohler, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Bradley, Mr. Lashar, Mrs. Seligson, Mrs. Suen, Mrs. Brennan, Mr. Ziring, Miss Storch, Mr. Burwell, Mr. Lane, Dr. Stael, Mrs. Craig, and Mr. Zuber.





Faculty

Look at the faculty,
 student- teacher
 Do you recognize its face?
 Is it just oppressor? Preacher?
 Or a leader in the race?
 Does it lead you on to learn
 Understanding, wise and kind?
 Or does it fetter all your yearning?
 Stupid, cruel and blind.
 Faculties have need of many faces, many facets,
 sometimes seeming friend and foe.
 To develop all your talents and your assets
 so yourself you'll learn to know.

Grade V and VI



Far right: Isabel Schanupp, Ada Mark, Steven Dwork.
 Left to right, first row: Hilary Fried, Andrew Harwood, Richie Cohen, Allyn Fincher, Judy Ehrlich.
 Second row: Faith Heller, Michael Sneft, Mark Mandell, William Schneider, Stephen Gordon, Lulu Phillips, Nicki Sholdar, Sue Shashoua, Gary Powers.
 Third row: George Duffee, Mark Perlman, Penny Penzner, Miss Kohler.
 Missing: Peggy Schoen, Joan Scall.

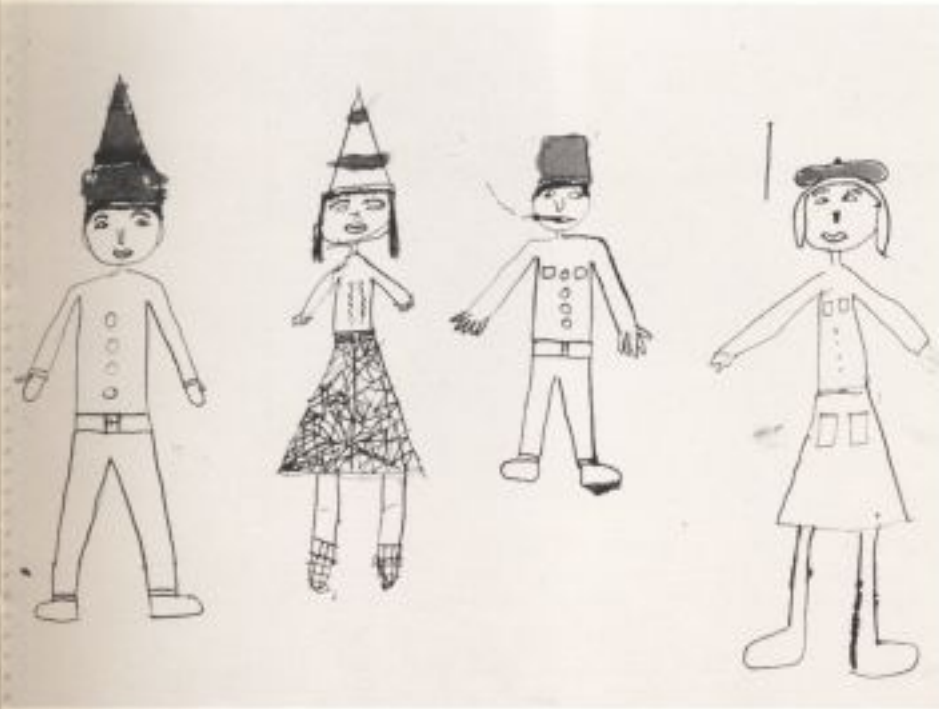


Grade VII and VIII



Far right: Glenn Duffee.
 Left to right: first row: Ariane Sylva, Silvia Jacobs, Steven Rivers, Georgia Godowsky, Peter Sontheimer, Alan Fraenkel, Joanne Rockmore.
 Second row: Kenneth Tisdall, Dana Korby, Anita Berrett, Jeffrey Grantz, Karl Rosenthal, Robert Shankman.
 Third row: Nadia Godowsky, Toni Rapheal, John Novales, Peter Rosendahl, Philip Gale, Seth Werner, Craig Varden.
 Missing: John Rhodes, Carolyn Marer.

the middle school

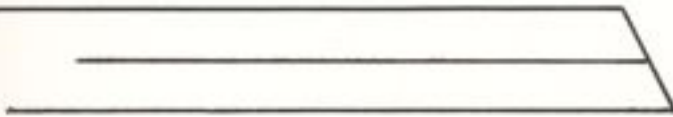


The Middle School is an integral part of the Cherry Lawn educational atmosphere. The students of the Middle School, from grades five to eight, publish a monthly magazine, contribute to the year-book, plan their own activities with the aid of the Secretaries of Stein House, and contribute greatly to the school as a whole.

The Middle School Zoo has increased its general population several times in the past few years. The nature trips in which the Middle School participates are a great help in their understanding of the world which they are a part.

The Mardi Gras, annual Middle School Festival, is a spectacular achievement. A king and queen are chosen to reign over the festivities.

The position of the Middle School in the Cherry Lawn society is one of growing importance. Today's Middle Schoolers are tomorrow's Seniors. They will do well.



how the earth began

My theory on this subject is that once a lot of gases near the sun gathered together and as they got farther away from the sun, cooled off and became solid. Then volcanoes, that were made when the earth became solid, erupted and overflowed white hot lava that turned into steam. As the steam went upward, it turned into clouds. When the clouds cooled off it began to rain. The raindrops fell on the white hot lava, but as soon as they hit they turned into steam and went up again. After they cooled off, it rained again.

As this process continued, little germs that were in the water were extracted from the raindrops, and they multiplied. These became the first life on Earth.

Meanwhile, the Earth kept on traveling away from the sun. When it was approximately 93,000,000 miles from the sun, it stopped. At this distance the earth travelled around the sun.

It kept on raining. This made huge puddles which turned into rivers and seas and oceans.

Hilary Fried



herodotus

(about 484-425 B.C.)

Herodotus was known as the Father of History because he was the first person ever to write down history.

He was born at Halicarnassus, a Greek colony on the shores of Asia Minor. He devoted himself to writing and traveled to many countries doing so.

Herodotus studied the culture of the countries which he visited and learned much of their history. He wrote nine books on history which are still read today. Many of them have been proven incorrect by later historians, but due to the condition he worked in, they are still very good. His most famous study was that of the conflict between Greece and Persia.

Michael Senft



pilgrims

The Pilgrims landed in America
With hearts of hope and with glee.
They settled in the land of the free.
They worked and they worked with a helping hand
They planted wheat and corn
And that is how America was born.

Ada Mark



going west

When I was going to the West,
I saw a cowboy in his vest.
And when I stopped to rest at night,
There always seemed to be a fight.
While going to the West one day,
I saw many herds of cattle stray.
I saw lots of cactus and trees of banyon
On the desert and near a deep canyon.
Then one night by the light of the moon,
Fate befell me in my room.
After the smoke cleared, you could see
My goals and dreams laid dead with me.

John Novales



operation vanguard

Though Operation Vanguard is mostly top secret there are still some things to tell about it.

Operation Vanguard is the United States satellite program. In Operation Vanguard there are top scientists working on the construction of a space satellite and calculating its orbit around the earth.

The space satellite will be launched about next spring; in it will be instruments to tell of air density and many other things.

It will be about twenty inches in diameter, about the size of two basketballs.

The satellite will be sent up in space by a stage rocket; when it reaches a set height it will be broken free from the first stage and will find its orbit around the earth.

The Russian's satellite program is named "Sputnik."

Michael Senft





left to right: back row: Susan Friedman, Claudia Stark, John Frankenstein, Theodore Berlin, Michael Spiner, Alan Wofsy, Chris Medved, and Barry Mondschein.
middle row: Gail Pierce, Joy Kahn, Susan Gluckman, Leigh Senter, Emily Upton, Judy Silin, and Janet Rankin.

front row: Marc Gershwin, David Winston, Roger Richman, James Henaghan, Henry Orgel, Peter Marcus, John Natanson, James Harwood, Barbara Cartin, Hedda Gluck, Barbara Sontheimer, and Jonathan Goell.

freshmen

On the threshold
standing before all the world
which is at your command.
Young and vibrant;
alert and waiting,
 waiting breathlessly
 for use to unfold
 and give forth
 the loveliness
 it
 beholds —
For you the
world awaits.





Left to right, standing: Jay Caruthers, Natalie Polonsky, Julian Levine, Edwin Steinfeld, Richard Newman, Bonnie Rubin, Gerald Friedland, Chris Amsel, and Steve Morgan.
Middle: Susan Penzner, Francine Gluckman, and Michael Werner.
Front: Andrea Rockmore, Rita Fox, Barbara Dooneief, and Herbert Adler.
Absent: Susan Saks, Arlene Thomas, Lori Weisberger, and William Sunderland.

sophomores

To those
Who have gone forth
To seek
To know the yearning
Of empty years,
To reach outward,
To stumble hopelessly,
Yet to rise again —
To know the meaning.
To seek endlessly for
A perfection,
And yet to be wise enough
To survey
To look
And then to proceed.





juniors

A path
unfolding
beneath the delicate feet
of these young people.
People who have become aware.
Those not able to stand forth alone,
but able to say — soon —
Soon for these, all of
life shall be —
a meaning — heightened;
And the world stands.



left to right: standing: Carl Hochen, Alexandra Herz, William Bratter, Suzanne Glasser, Edward Gorn, Eileen Wolfeld, Helen Auerbach, Jill Fitch, Janet Rhodes, Cathy Sontheimer, Allan Green, Joe Alter, and Richard Burstein.

seated: Helen Sisserson, Beth Kaplan, Linda Harris, Norma Krege, Joan Strasser, Vivian Schindler, Paul-ette Richman, Karen Wisotzky, and Paul Pines.



Dear Class of 1958:

Some of you I have seen and known since the fourth grade. Some have joined us only for this year. The way you walk, sit, dance, the way you eat, the way you spend your leisure time, the way you are quickened by new thoughts and manifestations of beauty tell me a lot of what you are now and of what you can become.

The happiness your family, teachers, and friends experience lies in seeing your better selves overcome the weaknesses of human nature: sloth, self-indulgence, inclination to get away with things, to do less well than can be done, and to enjoy the momentary pleasure of a clever, hurting remark. Your Senior year has brought a marked realization of this challenge and of your greater responsibilities. You are more aware of your duties to others and to the ideal self you strive to become. I wish now for you that you will maintain and nurture this quickened spirit, that you will leave this stage of your development with the firm resolve that your formative years will never be over! You will continue to work on making yourselves more aware, more able to help others!

To speak of one's innermost beliefs in public is always rugged. It must have impressed you to hear Mr. Lashar so fervently stress in a most significant assembly, that not one of the prominent scientists working on the Manhattan Project had come out of it an agnostic or unbeliever. This is a strange phenomenon: many laymen desiring to be scientific deny any spiritual existence outside themselves. They even boast that that makes them truly scientific, while so many of our great scientists assert that the very nature of the Universe testifies to the existence of "A Prime Mover", a "Divine Intelligence" — to the existence of God.

There is a great spiritual reservoir on which you may draw. To use a homely simile: "There is money in the bank for all of you, but — if you do not go through the proper procedure of withdrawals, the assets in the bank would not be of help to you." My main hope for you is that you will have the courage and belief in a Spiritual Power to draw on his help and guidance for the rest of your lives. Pray regularly and you will have a rewarding and powerful experience.

Ask God to set you free from cowardly avoidance of necessary duty and of rebellious acceptance of suffering coming to you — to free you from discontent with your lot, from jealousy of others, from thinking lightly of the gifts which are yours — while clamoring for talents given



to others, from undisciplined thought, from unwillingness to learn and unreadiness to serve.

Ask Him to free you from an unruly tongue which speaks churlish words.

Ask Him to free you from the pleasant face which hides a cold heart!

Ask God to make you truly grateful for the mere joy of living.

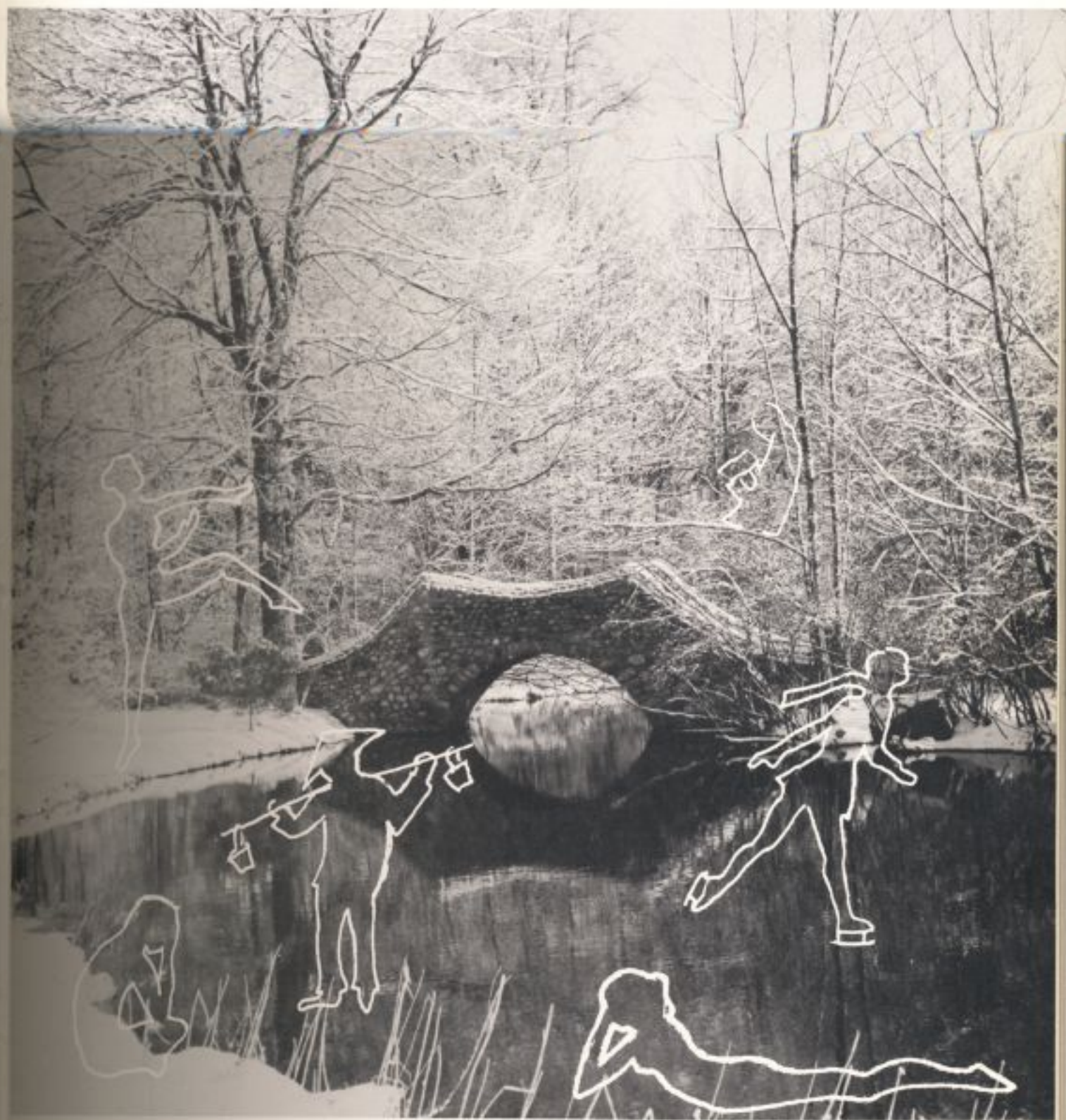
Ask God to give you the mind and heart to rejoice at the beauties of the world and grant you a kind and gentle heart toward all things that live.

Ask Him to make you appreciative of a home to share, kindreds to love and for friends to cherish — of your people's long history to remember and its great men to follow —. Ask Him to give you worthy ideals, peace that passes all understanding and faith that will be your lode-star all your life.

God be with you.

Your friend,

"Dr. Stael"



Mrs. Lettie Lee Craig
Senior Advisor



Jonathan Amsel
"For they can conquer who believe they can." . . . Anonymous



Daniel Bromberg
"But chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands." . . . Anonymous



Bette Alderman

"I am ignorant of absolute truth but I am humble before my ignorance and therein lies my honor and reward." . . . Kahlil Gibran

John Codsworth

"A sense of humor is the only thing that keeps intelligent people from hanging themselves." . . . Voltaire



Joanne Abrams

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



Jonathan Feller
"No man is happy unless he believes he is." . . . Publilius Syrus

Jane Brukenfeld
"Life will give you what you ask of her if only you ask long enough and plainly enough." . . E. Nesbit



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

Marianne Frank
"Love sought is good, but given
unsought is better." . . . Shake-
speare



Richard Gaver
"Action may not always bring
happiness; but there is no happi-
ness without action." . . . Benja-
man Disraeli

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



Polly Hill
*"I want by understanding my-
self, to understand others. I want
to be all I am capable of becom-
ing." . . . Katherine Mansfield*



Tam Mazar
*"For a man to help another is to
be a god." . . . Pliny the Elder*



Andrew Jampoler
*"Too low they build who build
beneath the stars."*



Elizabeth Minot
*"Art is the accomplice of love.
Take away love and there is no
longer art." . . . Remy de Gour-
ment*



Steven Medved
"Silence is more eloquent than words." . . . Thomas Carlyle



Frances Neuer
"Happy memories are indestructible possessions which nothing can take from us." . . . Isabel B. Ross



Alan Stewart
"Say first of God above or man below what can we reason but from what we know." . . . Alexander Pope



Harris Stravitz

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



Elena Ogus

"If you have a contented mind,
you have enough to enjoy life
on." . . . Plautus

Judy Wasserman
"The future belongs to those who
love, not to those who hate."



Karl Woolfenden
"Strife in nature, is but disorder
longing for order." . . . Kahlil
Gibran



Stephanie Weiss
"Understanding is the wealth of
wealth." . . . Fuller

senior candid



We come to the vine that holds the fruit of our futures.
This stage in our lives is ending with the hope that it has
molded a strong hand to pluck the ripest.







fine
arts





only the sea

Like a great, blond snake the sand curled around the
jagged rocks and met the sea.

Night hung out the moon

and stretched her dark blanket across the sky.

The seagull spread her wings

and three small birds nestled against her breast.

The sea played with the shells and sands amidst
the foam.

Waves swelled and glided to the shore, splashing
against the rocks.

Then the sea slowly receded, whispering to the seagull,

"Come with me, come with me."

And the seagull grew restless,

restless as the sea that beckoned to her.

A passion was rising within her so that
her heart could barely be contained within her body.

At once hatred, the enemy of all, possessed her

for the children which she had borne.

And her head grew wild,

wild as the sea that called her.

And she yearned

for solitude — wanting only the sea as a companion —

for freedom — wanting only the sea to restrain her —

and for the sterile purity of the wind.

And the seagull left those who were hers,

stretching her wings and floating away forever.

The seagull still flies among the clouds;

still hunts fish alone on the shores;

still delights in the wind, the storms, the sea —

overpowering and careless.

When night tiptoes across the sky

with her velvet train behind her,

the seagull sleeps among the jagged crevices of rocks

and dreams, dreams

of three small birds in a nest

as the sea

plays with the sands.

Paulette Richman





Betsy Minot

freedom

The sun shone on a glimmering cage. On its food specked bottom was a seagull. Enshrined in this dome of golden bars, he lay imprisoned.

The bird quivered as a cool breeze gently swayed his cell. His once proudly arched wings were now flattened to his side.

Merely let him out, and he would feel free.

If only our lives were so uncomplicated. We feel hemmed in, restricted, caught in a net of destruction. Oh, to brush away that web of confusion without a moment's hesitation! If only it were so easy. But — how to rid ourselves of this anxiety? Why must we be alone? Alone in a dusky room, or by an unsympathetic brook, or on the beach — watching the seagulls soaring above . . . free.

Karen Wisotsky



a life, a god

All his life he had been a religious man, for he knew that only through piety could one have a full life. Without love of God one was lost. To have insight into the divine and to have faith was to gain a certain power — yes, power seemed to be almost the right word for the overwhelming feeling that surged through Charles when he thought about the Almighty Creator. And being on His "side," filled with love, respect, and fear for Him, he felt that he shared in the power of the Great Almighty Being.

He had once been married, but his wife had been too interested in earthly things and not turned enough towards the divine. It had ended bitterly and they split, unbound by children.

He could never remember having one close friend in his adult life, but then God was his friend, and that was a more powerful feeling than any human friend could give him.

Sometimes when he lay in bed at night, a feeling of loneliness slowly crept over him. He would shudder slightly and feel that he must move. He would get up, close the window, go back to bed, pray, and slowly fall into a lonely, uneasy sleep. It was only at strange times like this that he lost his confidence, his feeling of superiority and power over those around him. At these times he longed for human companionship.

He told himself he had no problems, that being at one with God was an automatic release from problems, sometimes he could believe it, but sometimes it seemed like a lot of words.

Day after day passed in much the same way. Wake up, eat, go to church, read the Bible, eat, pray, take a walk to love God's nature and scorn the world. As he walked, he felt as if he possessed the key and those around him were poor unfortunates, struggling through worthless lives.

"In the name of the Lord" he yelled as kids threw snowballs at him, "cut it out." And he made such a fearful picture with his grisly bearded face, his stout paunch, and outdated Sunday suit; yelling in loud but hoarse tones, that indeed the boys would stop and run. Then he would feel self-satisfied, confident in the fact that through associating himself with the Lord, he had gained the power to prevent their further actions.

He knew that soon he would die, but it did not worry him, for a pious life was behind, and heaven before him.

He had not been a cruel man, the Lord meant people to be kindly, but had simply cut himself off from people in order to pray and love God. The power to be gained in this way was too great to be overlooked.

Yet slowly, as he grew old, a feeling was growing within him — a deep feeling, expressed through restless, sleepless nights which he couldn't understand. Why couldn't he rest in peace?

One cold winter day he was taking his walk down a long road. He walked slowly, feet dragging. He stared steadily at the dirty, hard packed snow beneath him. He could not understand his present mood, his constant depression.

Suddenly he was bombarded with snowballs — "In the name of the Lord" he began, knowing that his attackers would leave at this oath; he heard a shuffling of feet as five or six ten-year-old boys darted away. But one boy came slowly appearing out of the bushes. A slight boy with long blond hair, sharp blue eyes, and a little fear in his face as any ten-year-old boy might show, approaching such a formidable old man. Yet there was curiosity in his eyes too, and kindness. Above all, he stood straight, looked straight ahead, and walked with courage for he had planned to do this for a long time.

He looked up with hostility as he saw him coming. This was one of God's children though, and not being a cruel person, he decided not to yell at him. Maybe he hadn't been throwing snowballs — or if he had — but the child walked up to him briskly and spoke in what would have been a strong voice, had it not been for a slight quiver.

"Sir, how come you never leave your house except to go to church and take walks?" He didn't answer but the child went on walking beside him, skipping a little to keep up.

"Most of the kids are scared of you sir, but I'm not." There was a minute of silence. "I was a little, but I watched you until I wasn't anymore." They walked on. "Don't you ever get lonesome?"

"I love God, so I have God to talk with," the old man answered quickly, as if a moment's pause might have revealed uncertainty. "But you can't laugh with God, can you?" The child looked intent as he asked this — his fear was gone. But what he saw frightened him in a new way; he wanted to run and run but he couldn't leave. For a pitiful expression had formed on his face. He looked older than he ever had, much older. His eyes had filled with tears for the first time in fifty years. This child was beautiful. The first beauty he had felt since his marriage.

And at once he wanted to reach out to the child, to love him and show his love. The child was right. He had never laughed with God. Oh, how he wished he had spent his life laughing. How he wished he knew what to say to this child, how to explain, how to talk to him. But he was powerless. Powerless. The word rested on his lips unspoken. It had all been a trick. Where was his great superior power? Could not God help him reach another human being? He hated God. He hated the false sense of power God had given him. A tear squeezed out, falling into a wrinkle beneath his eyes. It slowly fell down his cheek following the wrinkles on his face. Terrified, the child whispered "Good-bye, sir," and ran quickly down the hill.

The old man watched him run. "It's too late," he thought. For a moment he stood as if paralyzed. Then raising his hands to his face he began sobbing. Quietly at first, his body soon grew tense — his sobbing, hysterical. "God" he cried out, "God please help me." And he stood there sobbing and praying fervently to the God he knew so well.

Joan Strasser



sea poems

Oh! it's the sea for me,
For me the sea,
The fish and the whales,
No cats or quail.

It's free and breezy,
And you can roam about.
No peddlers or beggars
To beg and tout.

So if you have an errand to do,
Or if you have a bill to pay,
Don't go wear yourself out
Or run around all day.

Go down by the sea
And you'll find me
As contented as can be
'Cause I'm by the sea.

Kenneth Tisdall
Grade 8

The rivulets running threads of rain,
The cycle has begun again
Into the lakes large and small
Out the outlet, over the fall,
Down the river to the bay.
Now does the cycle stop here? Nay,
Ah, now this part is the best
Now the sea, eternal rest.

John Rhodes
Grade 8

The sea, oh me! The sea, oh me!
I wish I were a fish.
Then I could dine, then I could dine
On my favorite dish.
Any kind of living animal
Underneath the sand and ground
Who waits there all day
And waits for little fish to play.
It would be fun to pounce and grab
And make those little fishes gab
To plead for their life
And not to be beaten,
But they know they will be eaten.

Steven Rivers
Grade 8



Peter Sontheimer



Paulette Richman

no I am never alone

you . . .

are with me
amidst a storming mass
in the solitude of a cool lee,

. . . are my first conscious thought
the image in the land of Morpheus
the warm wine that deadens
the pain of reality,

. . . are there when I behold beauty
when I shield my eyes from suffering —
taught me to think, to see, to love,

you . . .

are gone yet I will never be alone.

and by the lake i stood
. . . the trees uttered no protest
shaking,
. . . and flowers grew more beautiful
defiant,
. . . the ant protected its home
and rebellious.
. . . and the calm water smiled a sympathetic smile
and then stillness
until my scream was smothered
by
the hostile
dark depths.

poems by Marianne Frank

cycle

I

Through what labors I must toil,
And oh how heavy the burdens which stoop me
I must taste the whip and feel its pains
I must endure these very pangs of suffering,
Or become cravenly and offend with my ravished soul.
I must scale to the very peaks of these mountains at whose
summits I falter;
I must cry and hate and then await my refuge.
I must then want love, yet not to know the touch of her
silken hand.
And I have but to kneel, and again unleash my heart's tides.
I must then climb the ladder, and scale the very heights,
hand over hand, step over step, climb until my lungs plead for
air, and still not see the ladder's end.
Will I then become of age?

II

And this refuge of which I speak, where will it be found?
And my mountain to whose peak I would climb, just to reach it,
and then look down upon the summit from whence I came.
And oh the futility of hate, the futility of tears, these
awful flowings, kin to torment, brother to loneliness.
And my ladder, this I would climb to see no top.
I must rest the rest of they who have not known sleep,
all the while feeling the soul-shaking tremors deep inside.

III

First depression in whose darkness I see naught.
Then melancholia, through which only the spark may be seen,
and its illusiveness adds to futility.
This refuge of which I speak; where will it be found?
And my mountain to whose peak I would climb, just to reach
it and then look down upon the summit from
whence I came.
And oh the futility of hate.
The futility of tears, their awful flowings come to torment
brother to loneliness.
And my ladder, this I would climb, he sees no hope.
I must rest the rest of those who know not sleep.
And all the while, feel the soul-shaking tremors deep inside.
First depression in whose darkness
I see not.
Then melancholia, through which
only the spark may be seen, and its
illusiveness adds to futility.
At last light. It must stand erect.
Forthwith I have become of age.

Paul Pines

a wild dream...

He placed the burning coals
One by one
Into her soft hand.
Hotter, hotter, he made them
Making her squirm and writhe with pain,
On, on, into the terror of the night.
He wouldn't stop, couldn't stop
It would last forever.
Not understanding her.
The torture lay within.
Only a dream
But she would dream of it always
It would never end.
Haunting her during the night,
The day
Her entire life.
Because he loved her, yes, because he loved her
Too much.

Stephanie Weiss





Alex Herz

the leaf below

The wooded forests beyond are home; from there my fathers sprang,
to there in life I look, to there in death I go.
The tall, grim towers of the city offer little to the man I am,
but in the deep, dark depths of the forest the question lies.
Come with me, our steps a rhapsody on the leaf below.
Come to where the light slips into sight humbly.
Where you and I the we among us can in peace return us to the home.
In the woods both you and I, the we, can be fulfilled.

Andrew Jampoler

simplicity

He was old and gray and slightly hunched over, and knew that soon he was going to die. He was a short man, and slight. His jaw was long and firm, his lower lip protruded slightly. His cheeks were sunken in, there were many gaps among his yellow teeth. His eyes were deep set, and not too keen. To a child his face might not have seemed kindly, but adults could detect kindness and wisdom in his eyes. He spoke slowly, and heard poorly, but in every sentence he spoke there was profound wisdom, the kind of wisdom which one only gains by living, and he had lived nearly ninety years.

His life had been simple and rather uneventful. He had been a child, grown up, worked, gotten married, had children and grandchildren and retired.

Not being a philosopher, he had never thought to give his life "meaning." A simple country man, he had always believed in "honesty as the best policy," the Ten Commandments, and the Lord and Jesus Christ.

He read the Bible, voted Republican, never missed a day of work, and never asked "why" to anything.

He had never had an "aim" in life, nor had it occurred to him to look for such an aim.

He did not know the words "philosophy," "psychology," "egotist," "altruist," "optimist" or "pessimist," and had he heard them they would have stirred little interest.

He had always loved the blue sky, a sunrise, his wife, children, and the smell of the country at dawn.

His life had not been without problems, some of which he faced, and some from which he had run. He had felt love, hate, fear, anger, beauty, hope, and despair in the same way all men have felt them. His life had had sorrows and joys, better times and worse.

Yet he did not know for what purpose he had lived.

Each morning he took a walk to keep up his health. He enjoyed the sun, the fresh air, the sound of twittering and softly whistling birds. Some children were afraid of him, but others would walk beside him down the country dirt road on their way to school. When a car passed by much dust would be blown up, and they walking could neither see nor breathe, but they laughed as they groped their way with eyes tightly closed.

One day he saw a child killed on the road, as a car veered suddenly into a ditch, but it was God's will, and he only vaguely wondered why it had not been him, old and ready to go. He had watched death before, and mourned, but always returned to living simply because within him there was still life. He never thought about it.

He died. And just before he died he asked himself, "Why did I live, and what is life?" It was a new, and queer kind of question; he did not try to seek an answer; he was thankful he'd never thought of it before.

Joan Strasser



Barbara Sonthlemer

the crest

The trees on the crest of the valley ridges could
be heard as the restless wind rushed by them
claiming the victory of winter.
Behind this conquering force could be heard the
tingling of water beneath the ice-covered brook
which nature had taken charge of.
The steep banks were surrounding two determined
men. It was a foolish argument on both parts,
but there they were, alone, too late to turn
back . . .
A sword was raised with determination, and so far
in it went that the blood came forth with a
spurt against the dense, warm snow.
Above the fallen, tears came forth from a pair
of repenting eyes, as a shameful being looked
down on his lost beloved brother . . .

Joseph Alter

agony

Agony with its many defeats
Comes and goes not by a person's will
But one of the ways it will reject
Is by the soul's discouraged shrill.

The happy faces and the sad
Have much been forced upon you
But these that have had the sad are glad
And these that have not are few.

And in the end when you shall find
A reason for its call
Don't be dismayed by one of its kind
For it can happen to all.

Karl Woolfenden

And underneath
the sound,
A pulse — quickening.
"From where do you come?"
From a circle, she replied,
And where do you go?
to another —
So I sought no answer,
for the breeze alone makes music
with the heart,
And the sea shall utter
no answer . . .

Betsy Minot



Jane Brukenfeld

emptiness

It was a room like many others in the building, silent and still, with four walls and a tiny window with bars allowing only a few rays of sun or moon to dance on the floor. A woman's thin, shaky hand reaches out to grasp at the sun's rays coming through the window as she sits bent over a stool in the center of the floor.

That is all. Nothing more exists in the room.

Her hand comes in again, close to her face, as her sad eyes search to see how many rays she has captured, but they see nothing. In her anger she bites into the flesh leaving teeth marks and sudden pain. Her eyes are big with huge brown irises and she blinks slowly as tears flow down her pale cheeks lined with age, and over her thin quivering lips. Her body is lean and hunched from many hours in the same position. Sometimes she pushes her dark stringy hair into her face as a means of protection, and she digs her bare feet into the floor. Now again she extends her hands in front of her and clenches her long, bony fingers into a hammer to pound against her head so that a forgotten memory can come through.

Someone enters the desolate room only to place her dinner beside her on the floor and leave. Her foot slides over and pushes the glass of water on its side. She watches the water as though it were a silent sea, sinking into the ground. A breeze whispers to her from the window, bringing with it a fragment of the fresh outdoors. Oh freedom, when will it come to her again? Suddenly something tingles at her feet and rises through her body as she throws her arms into the air and releases a scream from her throbbing chest to shatter the silence. But no, it is all in vain and again tears of loneliness fill her eyes trying desperately to wash away the emptiness that lies deep rooted within her body.

Vivian Schindler

noah

i.

Now the Lord stepped down from his home on high,
said to his people,
looked them inna eye,
He said, look here sinners, jus' stepped outta the sky to tell you people
what's cummin' up nigh. Well it's gonna rain.
Ain't that a shame.
I'm a tellin' you people, it's gonna rain.
Then up steps their leader, a man named Cain, says, sorry Lord but you're
interrupting our game.
And the Lord He cry out,
an' the lightning flash,
an' the thunder roar,
an' the water pour,
an' the Lord He cry, and the tear from His eye is the water that pour from
outta the sky.

ii.

And in the midst of the lightning the Lord, He walked,
an' as He looked around, to the people He talked,
to see which of them was worth salvation,
t' father up the next generation,
t' form up the new population.
You know, and to His extreme mortification there was only one:
Noah & son.

iii.

So to Noah He said, build Me an ark, hundred cubits long, outta hickory bark,
pitch it inside an' outside with deep, black tar,
when the rains come you gotta sail far.
Take animals, two by two, and by the pair,
put 'em inna hold, and down there
keep 'em fed till land appear.
So the Lord said, till land appear.
So the animals by twos and twos filed aboard the ark, the elephants and
kangaroos, a pair of alligators, two black shrews.
And in the rain the ark embarked,
an' Noah and his following wallowing
in the seas of the Lord. On board
Noah, captain Noah, and his band,
searched for sand, and land, in hand,
a dove.

iv.

The seas pitched, the seas rolled and Noah's charges in the hold,
so the story is told, bellowed and mewed to be let into the cold.
no land was there, the dove returned bare,
no sign of land,
no helping hand reached out to show the way
till the day the dove returned;
the olive branch in his mouth,
pointed south.

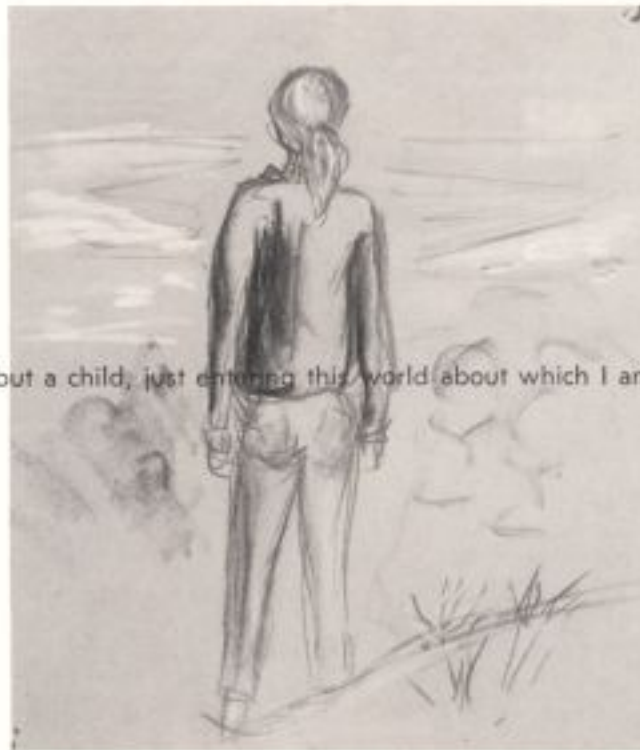
Andrew Jampoler

why does man live?

Man, What is it? Collectively, we're just a mass of people fighting against other people for what we believe or merely to prove a point. We strive unceasingly to better ourselves in the eyes of our competitors. Individually, each one of us is just another dot in the population, nothing much, just a speck. Every person is troubled by things that seem so big to him, but which in reality are only minor trivialities compared to world problems. Life and the maintaining of it within ourselves is the most important and difficult thing with which any human being is confronted. In comparison to the population of the world, however, one life means absolutely nothing.

So then, one might ask, if one life is so meaningless, why does each person want to live? Perhaps he feels that there is only one life, so he might as well live it for what it is worth. Others are just afraid to die; afraid of what lies ahead, the unknown. One feels that maybe he himself may rise to be a leader, and thus aid in the everlasting fight for the improvement and betterment of his people. Others live for the joy and happiness life offers and are willing to carry the burden of pain and sorrow in order that they can enjoy the pleasures of working with others and sharing the companionship others can give.

... Each person must live up to his capacity, no matter how small it is. Everyone must do his utmost. There are always people who love and envy what a person is, even if his standing is low compared to others. There is his family and relatives, who love him and respect him. If people didn't love, there would be no world; everyone would surrender to the burdens of life. No matter how big the world may be, and no matter how numerous the population, everybody must do his part. Each person must fit into the world like a tiny piece in a giant puzzle, without which, there would be an infinitely small gap.



... I am but a child, just entering this world about which I am speaking.

... Life, what is it? I could start anew and attempt to answer it again and again, each time with a different idea in mind, and still barely scratch the surface.

There are many answers, views and opinions that people can give, but people are basically alike. All were born, and all must die. True, some are more worldly than others, but all their worldliness was handed down from other people. There is only One that holds the answer; a Being that is different from ordinary men, One that wasn't born and will never die, but does exist. Only God knows the true answer.

Lori Weisberger



Peter Rosenthal, Grade 8

the planet I discovered

Have you ever been up in space? Have you been on a planet? It seems strange, but I have. Here's how it happened.

I am a famous scientist. For years I have wanted to go to space. I have wanted to see the stars, the moon, and everything in space.

One day I was tinkering in my workshop. Finally I made something. It looked like a rocket, and after fixing it up a little, it was finished and ready. Then I looked through my telescope. All of a sudden, I gasped. In the atmosphere I saw it: a new planet. It looked sort of greenish. At once I had to try out my new space ship. I made a few adjustments and was ready to go. I brought along a few things of course. A chemistry set, chemicals and a few instruments.

The next day was the big day. I woke up early that morning. I prepared for the big trip. Soon I thought it was time. At exactly seven o'clock I took off. I felt as if someone had hurled me up into the air. The atmosphere in the ship was choking me. I felt faint. I couldn't control the ship. The next minute my mind went blank.

Later, I didn't know how long I had been sleeping, I woke up. I had landed. Where, I hadn't found out yet. I was on a strange planet. Perhaps it was the one I had seen through my telescope. The air was a greenish color. It made me feel light. I started to walk around.

Then I saw strange, funny men coming toward me. They started to talk to me in our language.

"Do not be afraid," they said.

I asked them where I was. They replied, "You are on the planet Cheesets. It is called Cheesets because of its cheesy atmosphere. Without cheese our people cannot live. Right now our world is dying. The cheese is vanishing slowly. We have lived here for thousands of years. Now the rays the human race is giving off are killing our cheese plants. People are dying slowly."

I believed them. They looked weary, sick. Slowly they were dying. Then I took out my chemistry set. I analyzed a cheese plant. Then I found a chemical that would save them for a time, not for long. But long enough to keep them alive till they found another idea.

I gave it to them. They were very grateful. I stayed there for a few days. They were coming along okay.

Finally I couldn't take it anymore. My breathing was heavy. I planned to go the next day. I gave them more chemicals and then got my ship ready. The next day I left the slowly dying planet.

As I left I said to myself, "Their world is dying slowly. I did the best I could. But now I have just left a world that is going to perish."

I felt very sorry for their world. I flew back down to earth. All night I studied in my workshop trying to think of how I could save Cheesets' world. I did not have the answer.

Soon I thought I might as well help their world since I had no ideas. I gathered lots and lots of cheese. I gathered so much I got sick from even looking at it.

The next day I put all the cheese in my space ship. At seven o'clock in the morning I took off.

Finally I landed. I looked around. There was nobody there. I went looking around. Where was everyone? I did not know. I started to walk further. I looked all around. There was no one for miles and miles around. There was something wrong.

Anyway, I left the cheese outside in the planet while I took off.

"What had happened? But now I know. The mystery of Cheesets is unknown and waiting for someone to solve it. Maybe some day I will come back and try my luck."

As I took off, I looked at my fuel tank. Something was wrong. I was going back in time. I looked out the window and saw old times passing. Then I turned a handle on the fuel tank. The numbers changed and started to go forward. They went up to 1955 - 1956 - 1957 - 1958 - 1959. Then I stopped the ship. I had overshot time. I got out.

"Well, I guess I'll just have to sit here and let time catch up with me."

Tony Raphael
Grade 8



Hilary Fried, Grade 5





Casein by Alex Herz



Pen and ink by Jonathan Goell



Charcoal by Barbara Sontheimer



Watercolor by Alan Fraenkel

Scratch board by Susanne Glasser



Casein by Paulette Richman

american values and the scientific age

Until recently, our country was considered to be a leader of nations. With the coming of "Sputnik" it has been made quite clear to the American people that an assessment of values is in order. The Russians have not only defeated us on the political scene, but they have won the war of the minds as well.

What of our values? Don't we have the highest standard of living, the best railroads, the most wheat? Of course we do, but is the measure of a nation's success to be found in the number of railroads and the amount of wheat? These questions expose to critical light the materialistic frame of mind that our country is in.

The problem stems from the very nature of our economy, namely the idea of competition between private business. The opening of the American West was a signal for men to make their fortunes. Land was free for the asking. Railroads spread through the country and the discovery of gold and oil paved the way for building of large scale industry.

The class system, which has been recognized since the nation's beginning was brought into clear focus as more aggressive men established wealth, and big business grew bigger.

This was the time of the "haves" and the "have nots." Men measured success in the size of the business, the amount that was profited each year. Today the situation is not different, though more hidden, it is still present. The man with the highest fins on his car, and the biggest bank account, is considered a success.

Today, some steps have been taken by our statesmen, who, being aware of Russia's scientific development, have made provisions for a number of federal scholarships to deserving students, and a sum of money for the purpose of raising the pay of college professors. The bill should be fully supported, for it makes possible an expansion of education.

Are these improvements based on the true desire for the advancement of mankind, or do they spring from a mere narrow desire for American superiority? The latter is true. If we educate our scientists with the defense program in mind, we will find ourselves stuck in our original predicament. If science is to be used towards destructive ends the ultimate consequence is the perversion of science, and the eventual destruction of mankind.

What do we want? What values guide us in this most confusing period of our history? We need to stop, and in the slogan of industry, we need to "THINK."

Our values have for too long been tied to money and worldly goods. The individual — his inner needs for understanding himself, for quietly assessing his goals, for support in his effort to find the Good Life; these have become relatively unimportant.

The pressure on students to accumulate high marks at a terrific pace is equivalent to the pressure on the businessmen to accumulate capital. It is a race in which the individual gets lost!

What can we do to restore the value of the human being? How can the interest now so alive in education be guided so as to protect the rights of people and not things? Can we take the time to think so that we will, in the end, improve our inner as well as our outer life.

Dan Bromberg

and

And from deep within
I felt a sound.
Not loud
At first
But soft, as if the world were gently
Turning,
Incapable of anger.
And the sound grew deeper
And penetrated higher
Nearer my soul.
It pierced at my heart
And brought forth
My deepest
Thorns.
It sank as viper upon a prey
And I screamed for Him
But no answer came.
Red,
Orange, yellow,
Screaming.
Thrashing me against the walls of eternity
And it dropped me sharply on the sand
To find myself alone.
Slowly the sound retreated deeper inside
And disappeared for a while
To let me wander
And then . . .

Betsy Minot



agnostic

I.

Smooth caress of age on tired, timeless shell
weight of years upon immortal, grasping mind
this is the end to which all life aspires
to bank the dying fires with new coal

II.

Silent advance into highness, slow climb
through time
the aged, elder tendon has no spring, the foot falls hard;
to all those who live, and yet, hold with prayers
answer them O Lord:
hold not back

III.

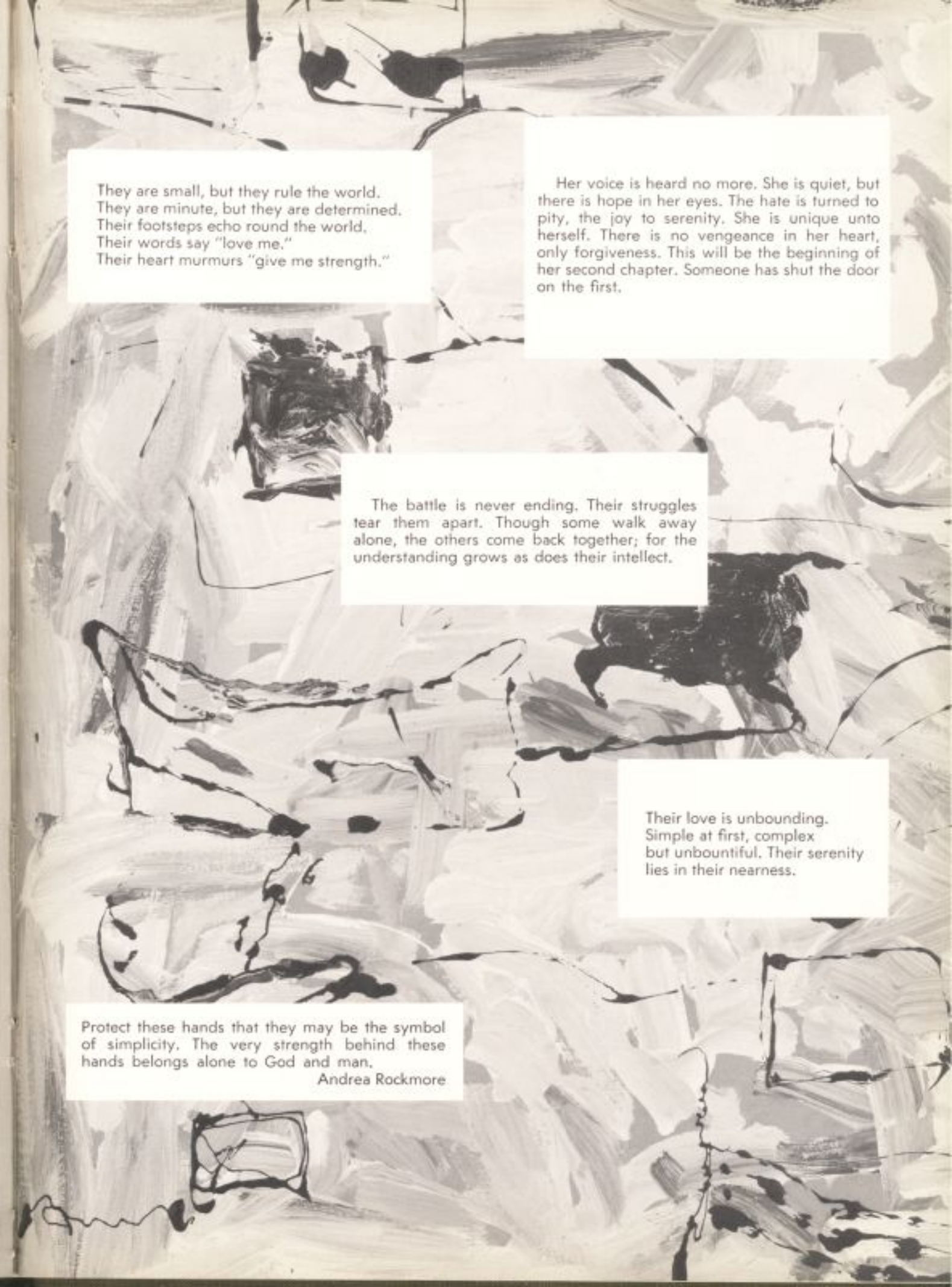
Forgive me, and the younger for disbelief
for harsh statements, gentle: inquisitions hard, but made in love
for I, youth, the agnostic, seek none but answer;
answer to who we and you are,
the path to follow to your house, and if we find you there.

IV.

O Lord:
my question made in love,
my rebuttal to your life is but a question of mine own,
and brutal statements that young mind let fly
shall grow to praises of your being, if so be you
and as youth to elder does grow
also loud to love shall mellow.

Andrew Jampoler





They are small, but they rule the world.
They are minute, but they are determined.
Their footsteps echo round the world,
Their words say "love me."
Their heart murmurs "give me strength."

Her voice is heard no more. She is quiet, but
there is hope in her eyes. The hate is turned to
pity, the joy to serenity. She is unique unto
herself. There is no vengeance in her heart,
only forgiveness. This will be the beginning of
her second chapter. Someone has shut the door
on the first.

The battle is never ending. Their struggles
tear them apart. Though some walk away
alone, the others come back together; for the
understanding grows as does their intellect.

Their love is unbounding.
Simple at first, complex
but unbountiful. Their serenity
lies in their nearness.

Protect these hands that they may be the symbol
of simplicity. The very strength behind these
hands belongs alone to God and man.

Andrea Rockmore

emerson and thoreau

Both Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau received recognition in the eyes of their countrymen as being significant tributaries to the Great Stream of Life. These two Atlases of the Mind whose thoughts ran parallel and perpendicular, intermingled and diverged, wove an important strand into the core of American culture. Their influences added texture to the mounting flood of American thought and philosophy. Their ideas, thoughts, and basic philosophies charged to opposite shores of the thoughts of the times.

Both men saw life as a stream. A stream of great depth and infinite breadth, ever rising and ebbing with each ripple which left its unique and individual impression on the sands of time.

Emerson's conception of the Great Stream of Life is one to be admired by all of humanity. He saw a mighty stream growing in strength and purity as if it flowed upward through the heavens. Emerson's forgiveness of its past, his acceptance of its present, and his faith in its future ever raises the level of confidence in his beloved humanity.

Rather than faith, Thoreau expresses a kind of hope for the future and a limited acceptance of the present. With the past he chooses to enlarge only its elevating aspects. The naturalist in Thoreau is reflected by his down-to-earth philosophy of nature, man, and man's problems. Nature plays an important role in his conception of life. He believes that she is closer to the original reality for which he is searching. Believing nature to be untouched by man and without illusions, he sought the spiritual truth behind the accepted reality of appearance.

To some, Thoreau may seem to be a direct disciple of his predecessor, Emerson; but another distinction must be made. He is more than a mere product of Emerson! Of Thoreau it can be said that his keen observations of his contemporary and his works caused a creative stimulation of both mind and spirit. An internal craving caused him to seek out the truth most other men accepted. He had to arrive at a basis upon which to build and establish his own philosophy. Thoreau had to find an original and intimate relationship with life. He had to experiment, using only the essential elements so that his mind would be free from influences or prejudices with life. Emerson said:

"All of life is an experiment. The more experimenting you make the better. What if they are a little course?"

Thoreau's experiment was called Walden.

Humanity and the inner part of man is their main concern. Both Emerson and Thoreau are radically against the measurement of man by society. Clothes, prosperity, wealth, or any other material power is not to be used to evaluate man. The pureness and truth in the mind, soul, and spirit determines the moral progress which is the true measure of man. No better example of this can be given than the wide recognition given to Christ, Moses, Mohammed, and Buddha.

Both of these men believe in the supremacy of the non-physical in man over the physical. What they strive for is the liberation of the soul! The freedom of the body is insignificant in comparison. If this freedom of soul were accomplished the physical shackles could remain without needing to be chiseled or rusted away.

The fear of man becoming the victim of his own mechanical progress was held in various fields of thought since the Machine Age had begun. Would the growing mechanical age overshadow humanity? Would the value of material power surpass that of man? If this were asked, a multitude of "Nos" would spontaneously ring from the throat of every enterprising individual. An echo of "Nos" would follow from the conformists who have a fixed place in society and can't respond until the mass does so. Thoreau's sense of value of the material objects is as follows:

"The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call Life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run."

Society means the loss of the individual in the mass and, "there is little virtue in the action of the masses of men." Thoreau idolizes the action of the individual and nonconformist. Emerson's approach to the matter of disagreement with society is more indirect and less violent. Thoreau tends to radically stand out as a splinter going against the grain of a polished society. "The government is best which governs least," and even more so, "The government is best which governs not at all," is readily accepted by Thoreau, because he places the individual so high in his scale of values that the individual could never be replaced by society. To Thoreau the individual, the highest physical spiritual form, is in danger of being digested by the social machine. Emerson believes that a society is made up of man, not as Thoreau, by man. Emerson recognizes with a more practical and logical mind that a society is the necessary integration of the individual as the Union is the integrating factor of the state, or the family of its members. Thoreau asks:

"Why does it (society) always crucify Christ and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?"

What he fails to see is that each of the above were not trying to extract their individual selves from society, but rather to extract their own society from society itself.

Emerson's sensible approach in his writing is more universally accepted by society. Evidence of this the direct influence he had on the minds of men surpassing that of Thoreau. However, Thoreau's writing has the quality of transforming nature through his pen. He has the ability of letting the reader experience nature, not only through sight and sound but directly through all the senses.

As naturalists, as philosophers, and as writers, these two men have created new areas of interest and concern and have revitalized an awareness of the older ones.

Although in the ever continuing stream of life new thinking will be chiseled from the granite of great minds, the contributions of Emerson and Thoreau will continue to influence and stimulate humanity. Their objective concern in life and the object of their search for truth and knowledge throughout their lives remains.

"To know that we know what we know and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge."

Steven Medved

seeking

So many students find it hard to see
That while they laugh at others, they may too
Be scorned, no matter what they try to do.
For, lacking any religious charity
They miss the forest for the well-known tree:
That, whether planning board or bending shoes,
Or teaching school from eight till two,
We all maintain our niche — 'tis plain to me.

But still these people laugh and mock their friends,
And never think of consequences wrought,
They ridicule to gain their petty ends,
And never stop to see what jeering's brought.
If they would only try to make amends,
They would find the acceptance they so long sought.
Fran Neuer

Barbara Sontheimer



Jane Brukenfeld



LET US MAKE MAN IN OUR IMAGE, AFTER OUR LIKENESS. Is man as powerful and important as he is made out to be? Through the years, to the present day, he has been bad and unsettled. People say that one must look at the accomplishments of mankind, for they overshadow his failures. This is all very good to do in the realm of man himself, but in making a comparative study of man and the animals, one might want to be an animal. This is to say that the wickedness and cruelty of man far surpass that of animals in comparison to the ways of thinking.

The importance of man is to help all living things advance. Man is so powerful because he controls the only functioning brain capable of changing ways and improving conditions. He is important because he is powerful, but his main fault is that he cannot control chaos.

Whatever force created death, did so to still the cruelty of mankind. "For the earth is filled with violence through them: and, behold I will destroy them with the earth."

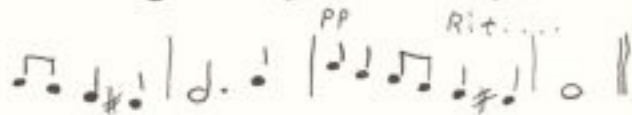
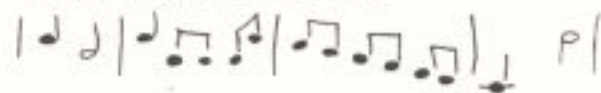
REMEMBER THE PAST, LIVE THE PRESENT AND THINK FOR THE FUTURE. This is what mankind has been preaching for generations. These are the thoughts that children have been taught, for through these thoughts they will lead good and wholesome lives. But the way mankind really thinks is to hate the past, worry about the present, and dream about the future. It is well to hate the past, and so to strive for better things. It is just as good to worry about the present, for that makes one more aware. But to dream about the future is wrong. One must think about and plan for the future. He must calculate for his benefit and for the benefit of mankind. If people could look ahead and see all the wonderful things to come, world conflict would come to halt.

The reason that people are unable to look ahead is because their minds are full of dreams which they know will not materialize. It will be the end of mankind when the future comes and it is not prepared for it.

Michael Werner



A Valentine Song



Faith Iseller 6th Grade

some thoughts on man

No man is brave 'til he can admit his cowardice. No man has knowledge 'til he can perceive of his own ignorance. No man is free 'til he makes of himself a slave.

The coward flees from that which he fears. What man has viewed the puny, insignificant, inconsequential life that is his to lead, and had the courage to fight those forces which confine his soul? There is no such man. Populating the world are cowards, who flee from the fulfillment of their individual earthly missions, and who, in so doing, relinquish their sole opportunity for the justification of their existence.

I am such a coward.

Learned men are few, and their knowledge piddling. What man has more knowledge than he has not? From such men of learning as there are, an admission of infinite ignorance is of far greater value than the display of that minute portion of intellect which they possess. The moron, void of all thought, is not any further from comprehending the sum of all knowledge than we! Wherefore learning? To know all that man can know is to know nothing.

We are all thus ignorant.

We say that it is the right of the individual to be free. To be free is to be lost! Until man enslaves himself, of his own free will, to follow and to serve his God, he exists without reason. It is only in this slavery that man is freed from the evil that oppresses him. Enslave thyself and free thy soul!

No man is free.

John Coatsworth

fragments

The day
When sorrow knocked
She found me young and small
She wrapped around and held me tight
Forever.

These be
Three perfect things
My love in silent form
The sound of music, sight of sea
And death.

The brook
With throat a parched
Made mournful sounds to me
Will life now quench this thirst so great
Or death?

Betsy Minot

I

Dew turned to snow

Unsuspecting, Life woke up and encountered bitter
cold. Snow came down in gentle caresses that ended in
sharp stings.

Life woke up into a cold, hazy world.

Wind tossed the fallen snow and mingled it with the falling.

An animal floated across the field buoyant with the snow and wind.

The snow came in gusts. Earth and air became one.

Wind and snow fight.

II

Far away a lonely bird cries.

The snow takes pity, stops.

Music echoes over the clean land,

Trees, heavy with snow, hear and shiver.

Life creeps back into a cold, bright world.

III

Laughing, singing, tumbling, life comes in

Feeling the cold and rejoicing in it.

The snow is disturbed, thrown and scattered,

But the cold penetrates and life creeps back into its shelters.

IV

Clouds drift in the crystal sky

They form castles and balloons,

Air turns to snow.

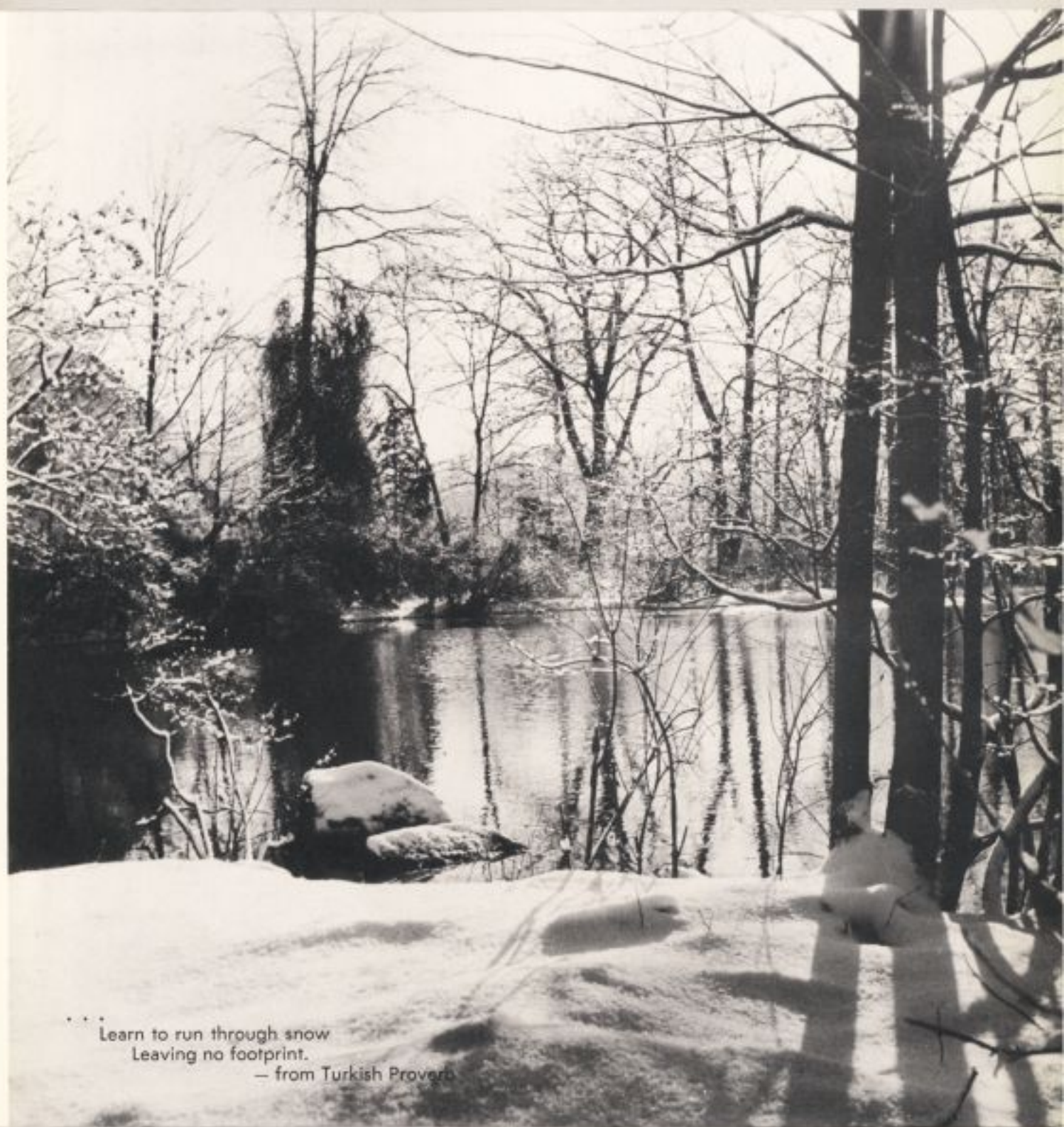
Snow slowly covers the marks left by life.

As softly as the snow, night floats in.

Now luminous flakes drift and pile.

The night is clear.

Janet Rhodes



Learn to run through snow
Leaving no footprint.
— from Turkish Proverbs

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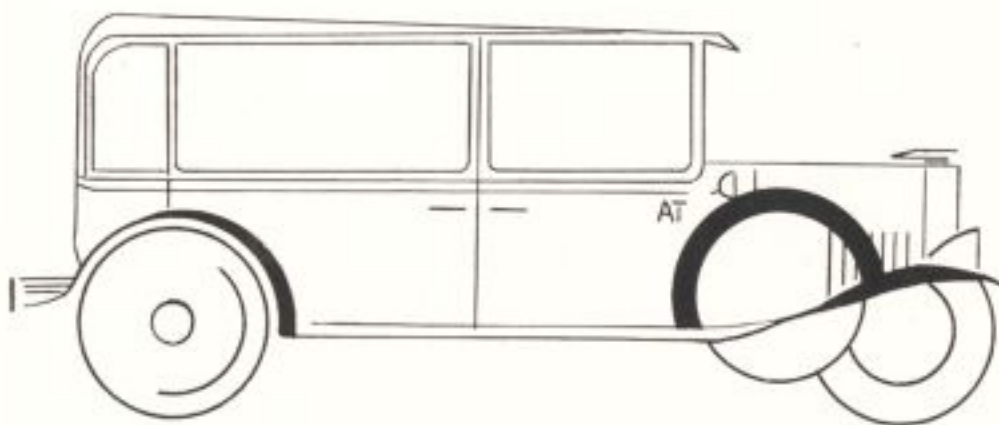
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