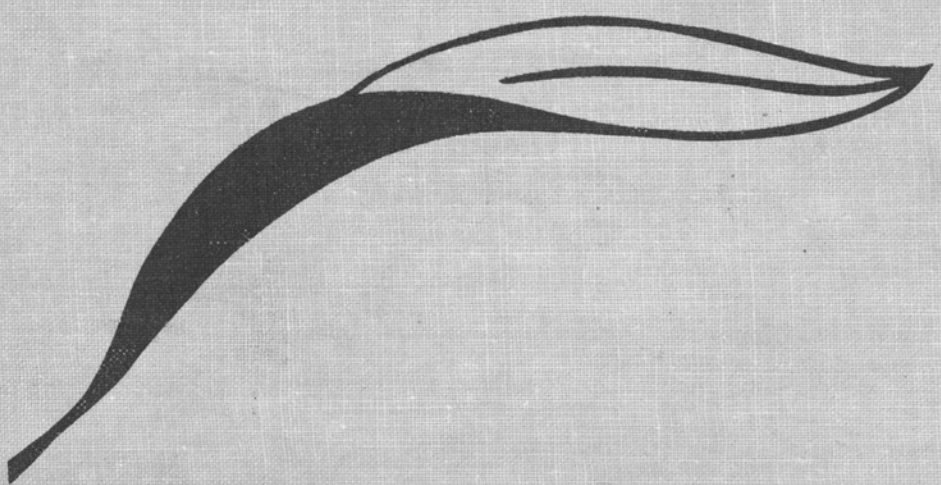
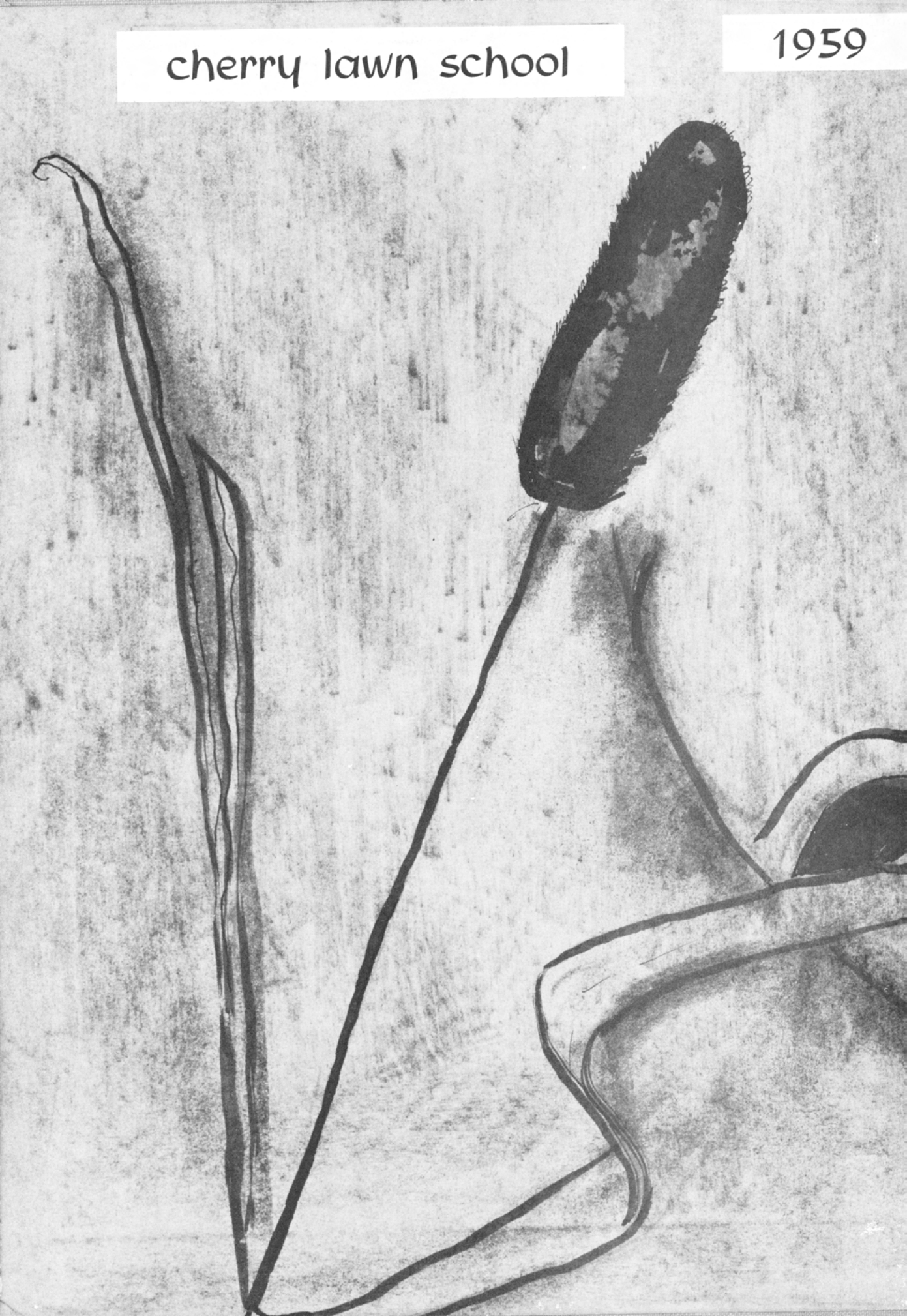
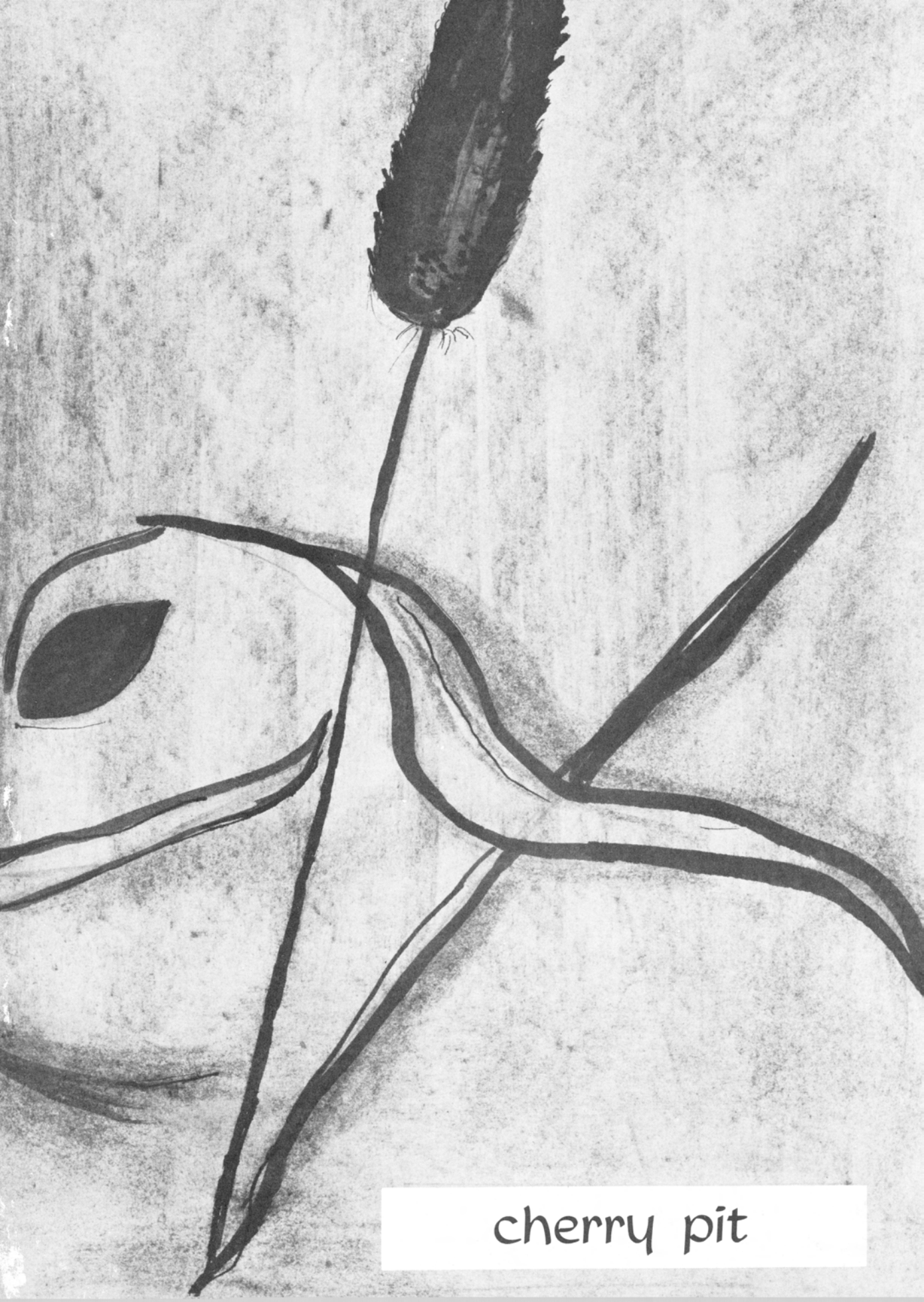


cherry lawn school

1959





cherry pit



Shadows of a classroom:
Of young faces yearning for the world
Of young hearts aching toward the future
Shadows.
Of teachers building an edifice of thoughts
From Socrates to Schweitzer
From Galileo to Gandhi,
Leading young minds to the threshold
Of the great adventure, Life.
Here is a part to play,
A seed to plant,
A field to run across,
A love of life which we only can create.

. . .

. . .

Shadows of a school,
a home,
That place where ideas
swept through us
Like fire across a field
Lighting the many faces,
Faces of love, or hope
or agony,
Faces that are vague
and dull
Then alive, awake,
aflame,
Faces of our friends,
Shadows.
Shadows by the lake,
Inseparable companions
dropping side by side
The bright pebbles
of their thoughts
Until with a cry
of recognition
A design is found,
a picture is revealed
And shared
Now as we walk our
separate paths
We will remember
autumn days
And spring
Shadows.
A gesture of farewell
We must move on
The future must be
embraced
The dream must be fulfilled.
The first step.
The earth moves
We must move on
But now before we go
We touch the old walls
One last, one memorable
last time.
Shadows.

























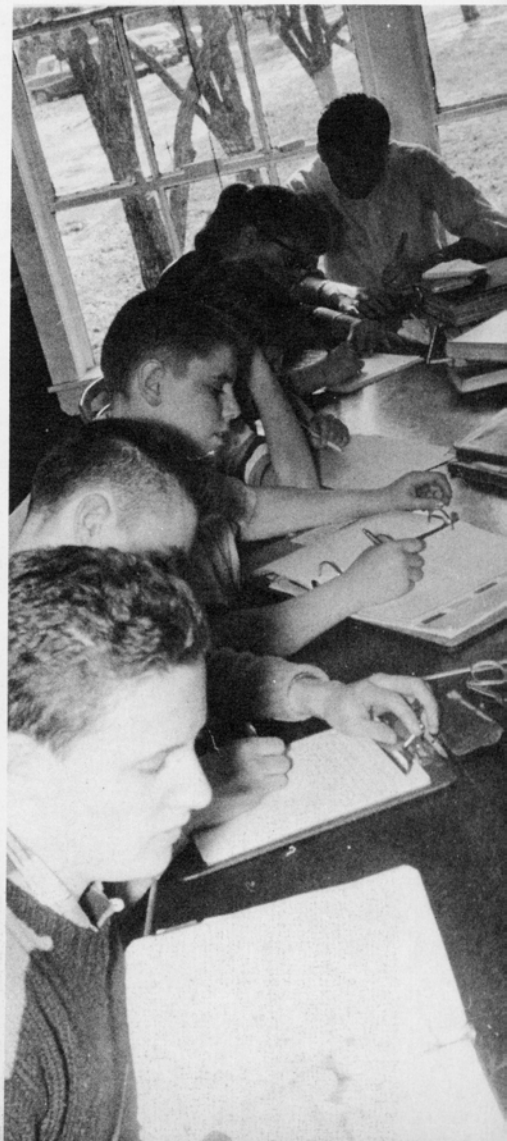
How strange this solemn, still pool
in which I seek my reflection.
Behold! How many other faces with my own.



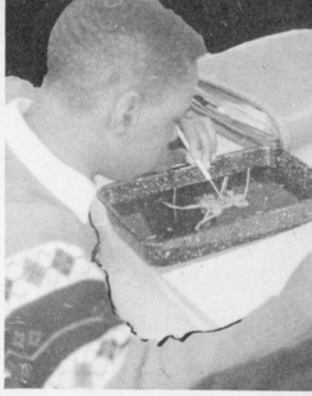


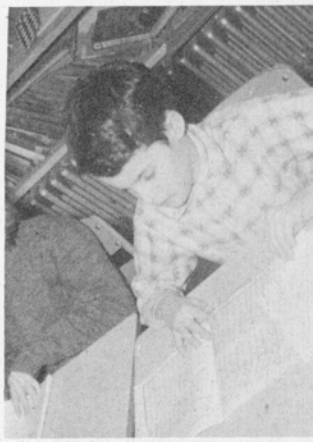


















Back Row:
Bob Mann
Coach Lockery
Jimmy Henaghan
Chris Medved
Fred Greenberg
Richard Bredee
Allan Green
Chris Amsel
Steve Morgan
Jeff Carter
Jimmy Mackler
Front Row:
Roger Golden
Brian Loftus
Johnny Natanson
Joe Alter
Roger Richman
Ed Gorn
Herb Bressack
Absent:
Herb Adler
Steve Beizer





A long throw home
a muddy slide on a broken ankle
A crunching tackle
and a flashy smile afterwards
toothless but still .
That high reach for the point-bringing basket
dislocated shoulder and all.
Onward! Peach Meadows!
Hurrah for Prune Prep!
Yea! Cherry Lawn!
Best team in years for Alfalfa Academy!

Beth Kaplan

Emily Upton

Bonnie Rubin

Bobbi Dooneief

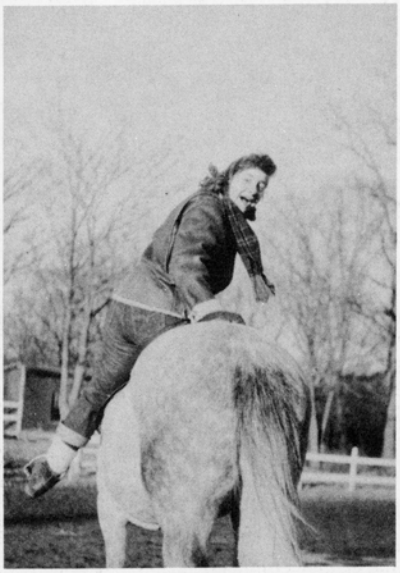
Gail Pierce

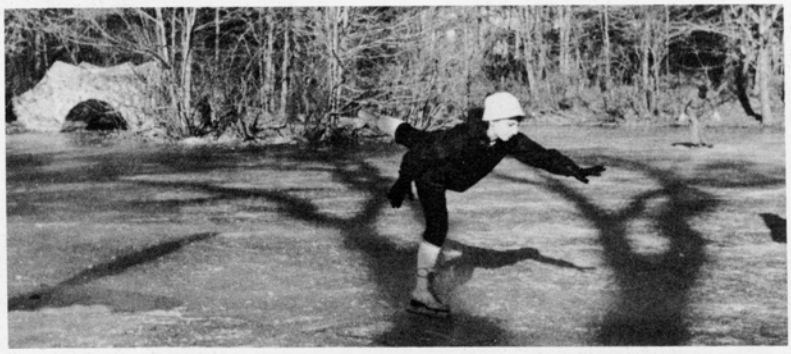
Beverly Mason





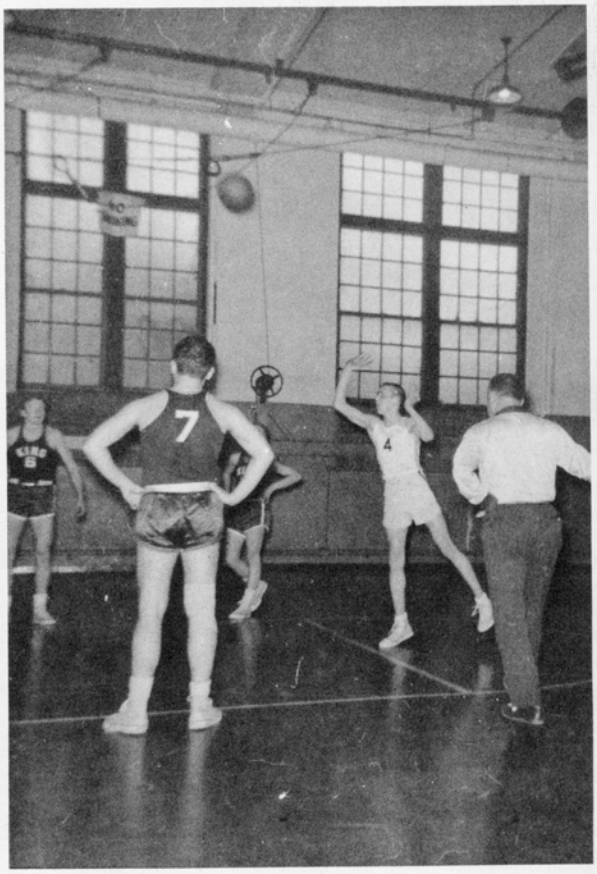


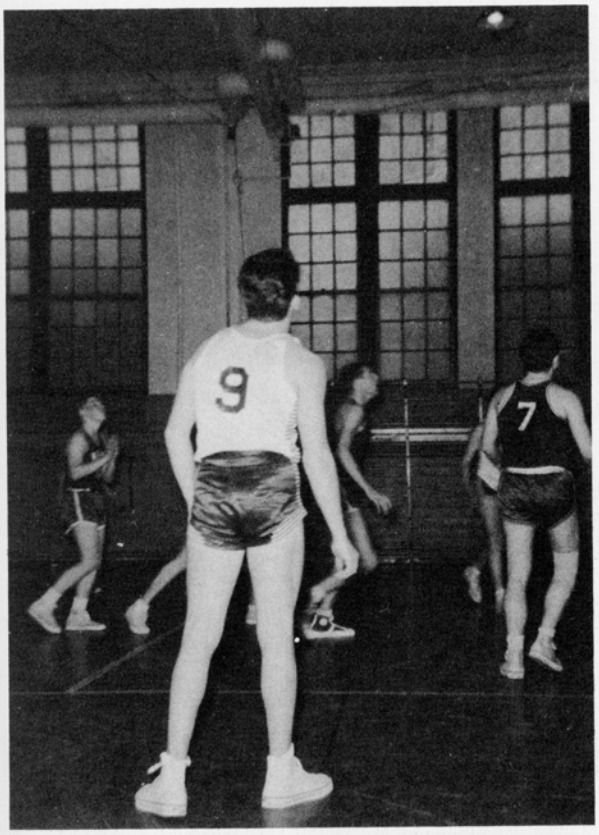


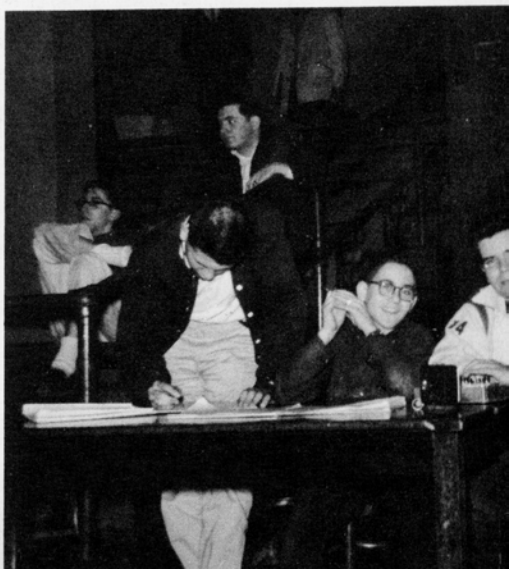




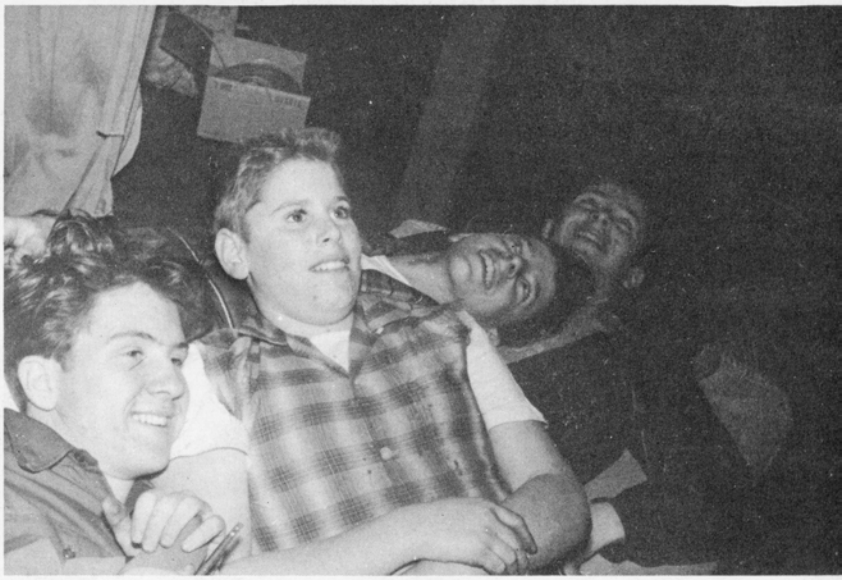


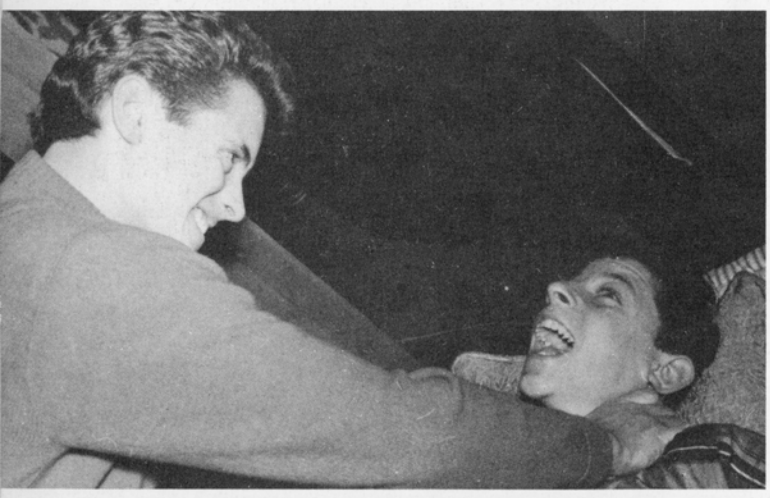

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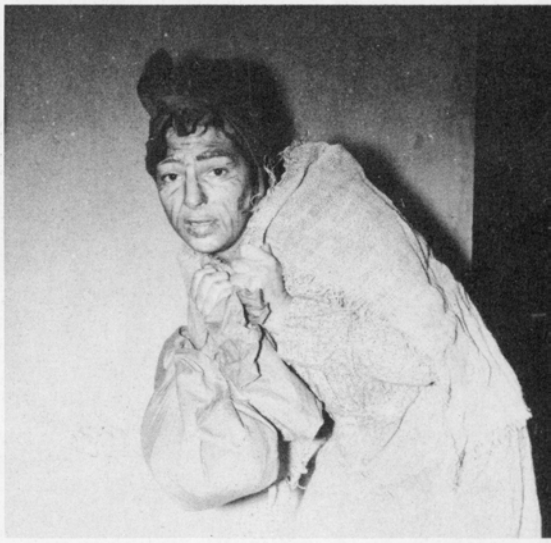

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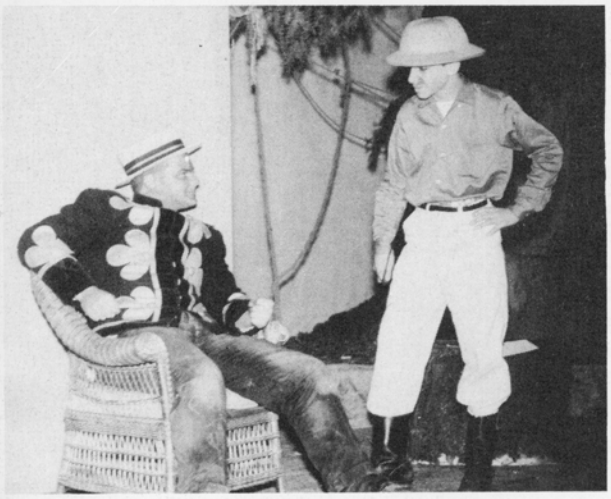
"No, me no steal."





"Bloody liar! B
tell me what's u
There's somethin' fu
ny goin' on. I smell
it in the air first thi
I got up this mornin'

"The Emperor Jone

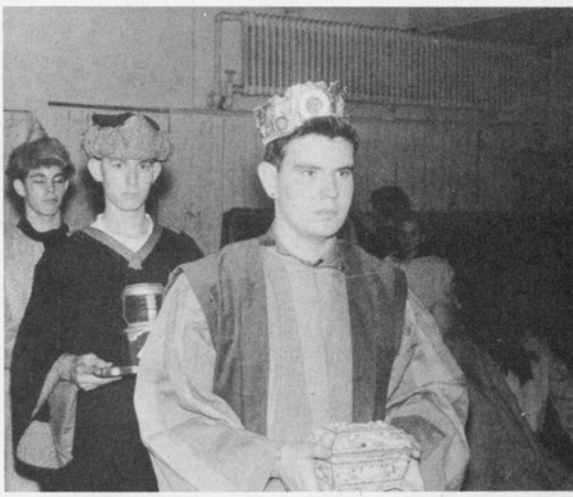


"Maybe I goes to jail dere for gettin' in an argument wid razors ovah a cr
game. Maybe I gets in 'nother argument wid de prison guard was overseer ov
us when we're wukin' de roads. Maybe he hits me wid a whip and I split's
head wid a shovel and runs away and files de chain off my leg and gits awe
safe."





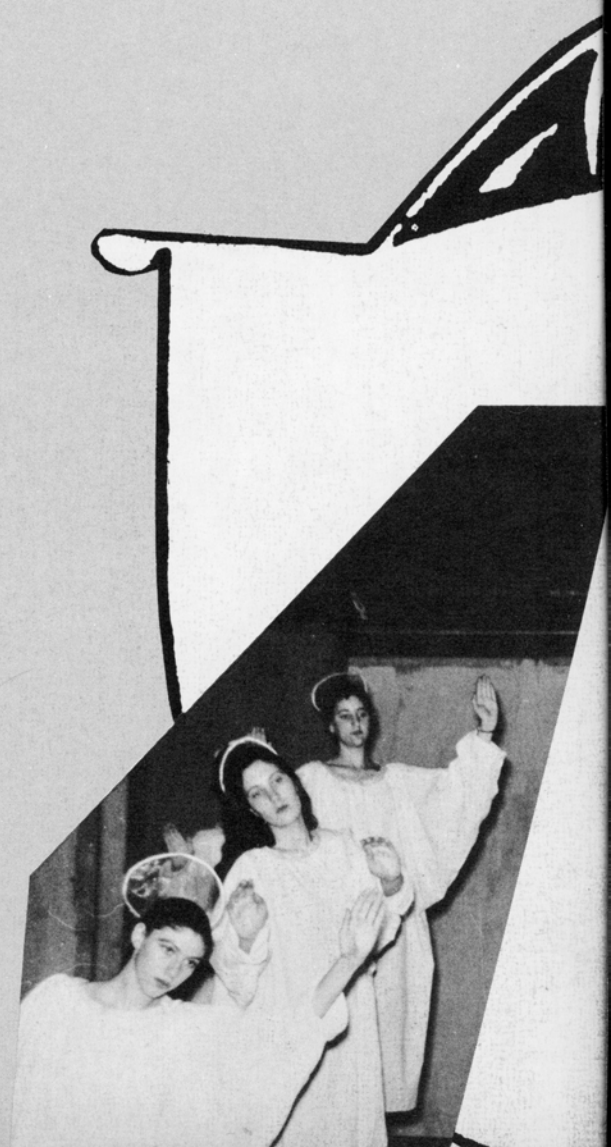
"How long I been makin' tracks in dese woods? Must be hours
an' hours. Seems like fo'evah! Yit can't be, When de moon's jes'
riz. Dis am a long night fo' yo' yo' Majesty! Majesty! Der ain't
much majesty 'bout dis baby now."





They looked up
And saw a star . . .







God's own dear son
From Heaven shall come . . .

















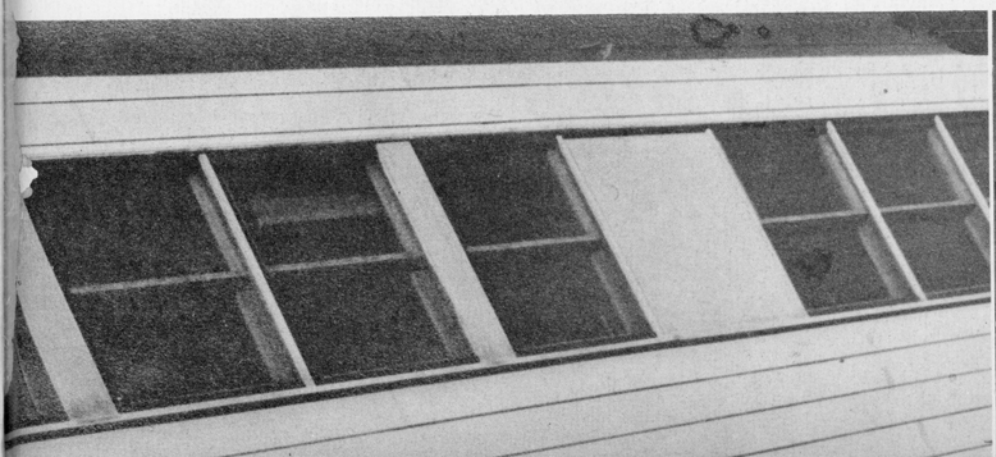


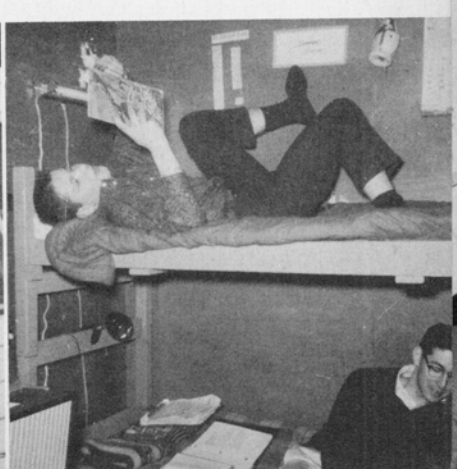
COUNCIL

Standing, left to right:
Kathy Sontheimer
Dick Burstein
Mr Thomas Lashar • Advisor
Herb Adler
Brian Loftus
Al Green
Ed Gorn
Seated, left to right:
Eileen Wolfeld
Steve Beizer
Emily Upton
Ed Steinfeld

Council, be it what it may,
Remains in these immortal halls,
A symbol of independent thought,
Progressing through trial and error







Upper right: Dr Christina Staël • Mrs. Lettie Lee Craig • Mr Ludwig Zuber.

Middle: Mme. Germaine De Carville • Mr. Derek Dowson (hidden) • Mrs. Gertrude Seligson • Mrs. Anna Stock • Mrs. Inez Wheeler • Mrs. Gertrude Kohler • Mr Thomas Lasher • Mr Richard West

Lower right: Mrs. Loretta Barden • Mr D H Roop • Mr Irvin Baldwin • Mr Basil Burwell • Mrs. Mildred McCready • Miss Cynthia Ackerman • Miss Kathleen Hart • Mrs. Geraldine Atkins • Mr Yoshiro Sanbonmatsu • Mr Carlos Leal.

Missing: Mr Max Barsis • Mrs. Basil Burwell • Mrs. Therese Brennan • Dr Ernst Bulova • Mr Vernon Lane • Mr Jack Lockery • Mrs. Marguerite Marsh • Mr. A. A. Medved • Mrs. Paul Mayerson • Mrs. Ruth Pratt • Mrs. Grace Spooner • Mrs. Anna Upton.

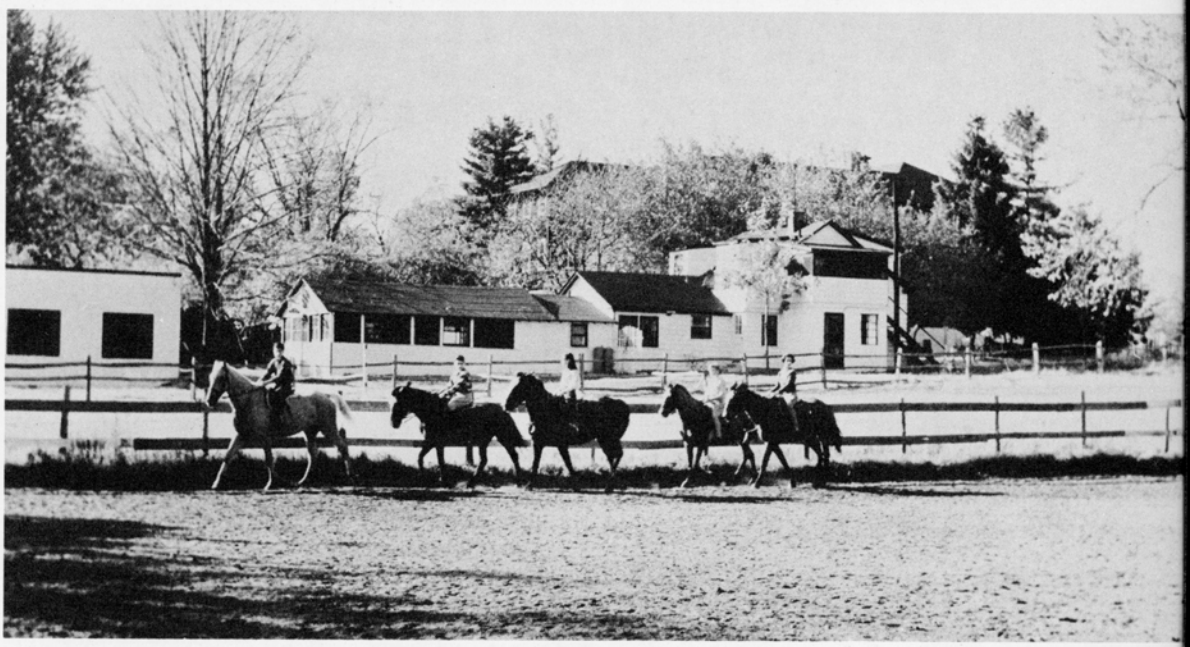


The righteous praying-mantis
eyes crossed in reverence
awaits the chime of the cathedral bells
And then heads for the faculty room.









Step through the tall dewy grass
Shiver in the cold grey morn
Listen to shrill birds cry
Wash in the rushing icy stream
Hear a horse snort and run
Feel the warmth of day beginning
Hold it in as long as you can
And then shout "World , I love you,"
And run until you are breathless.

"We're allowed to walk — "
"You ain't!"
"It's not grass!"

"Mr. Lane's the best shop teacher
in the Middle School."

"The chorus is working on songs by —
hey, who's by the 'Happy Wanderer?' "

"I'm the all-round pick-pocket of the Middle-School —
Here Garry — want your candy?"

"Some of our exams were three hours!
That's longer than the Upper School."

"I donated a dollar toward adopting the Korean child.
Uppie caught me on the fire escape!"

6th:
Top Row
Kate Aldrich
Robert Foster
Michael Boris
Susan Suchman
Hilary Fried
Bottom Row
Ada Mark
Andy Harwood
Allyn Fincher
Rickie Cohen



7th:
Girls (left to right): Bonnie Peate • Garry Powers • Isabel Schancupp • Nickie Sholdar • Linda Posner • Sue Shashoua
Boys (left to right): Bruce Goldfine • Richard Morgalis • Abner Weinrebe • Mark Perlman (top) • William Schneider • Mark Mandell • Michael Senft • George Gruenthal • David Stein





8th:
Nadia Godowsky
Georgia Godowsky
Toni Raphael
Silvia Jacobs
Janet Rosenberg
Ariane Sylva
Anita Barrett
Alyn Feldesman

John Novalis • Craig Varden • Karl Rosenthal • Pedro Gonsenheimer • Joel Frank • Robert Shankman • Lane Crosby • Peter Sontheimer • Danny Grossman • Andrew Neuwirth • John Shepherd

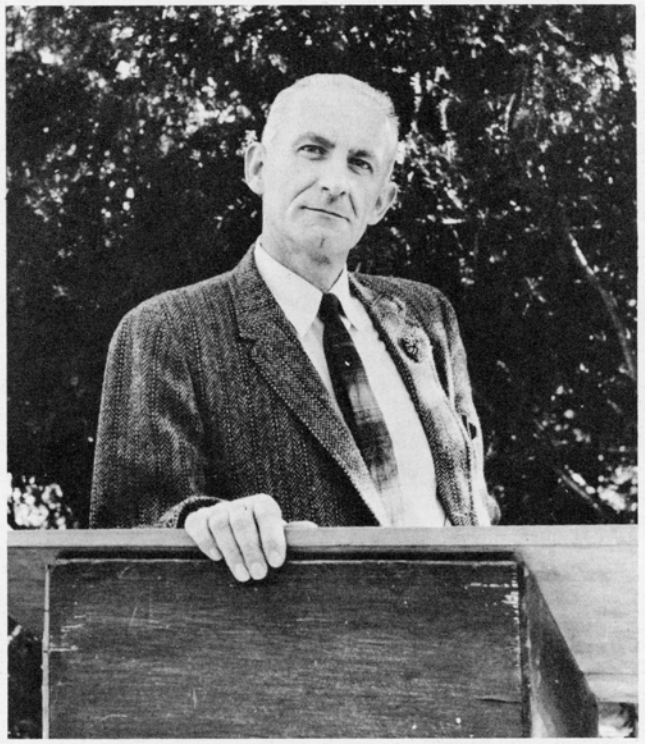


Starched brown leaves
stolen by blue wind
And my autumn heart with them . . .




WEDIS

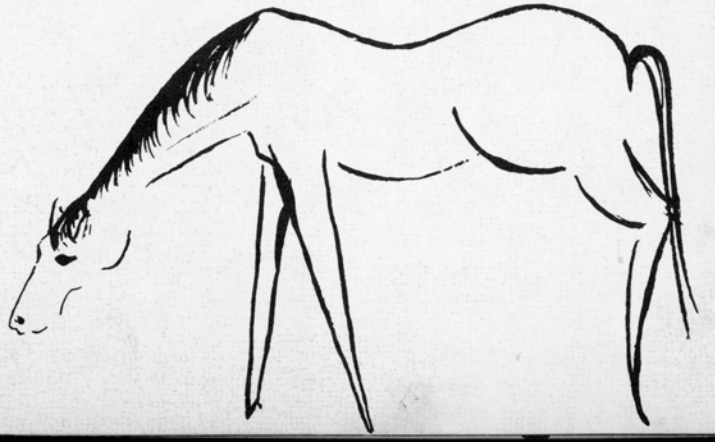
9th:
Top Row:
Lynn Walsh
Dana Korby
Jeff Klothe
Lauri Gagnon
Roger Golden
Roberta Rosenberg
Chris Duff
Allan Fraenkel
Bottom Row:
Richard Workman
Barbara Gould
Arlene Auerbach
Judy Retelney
Laurie Wilson
Bill Gordon

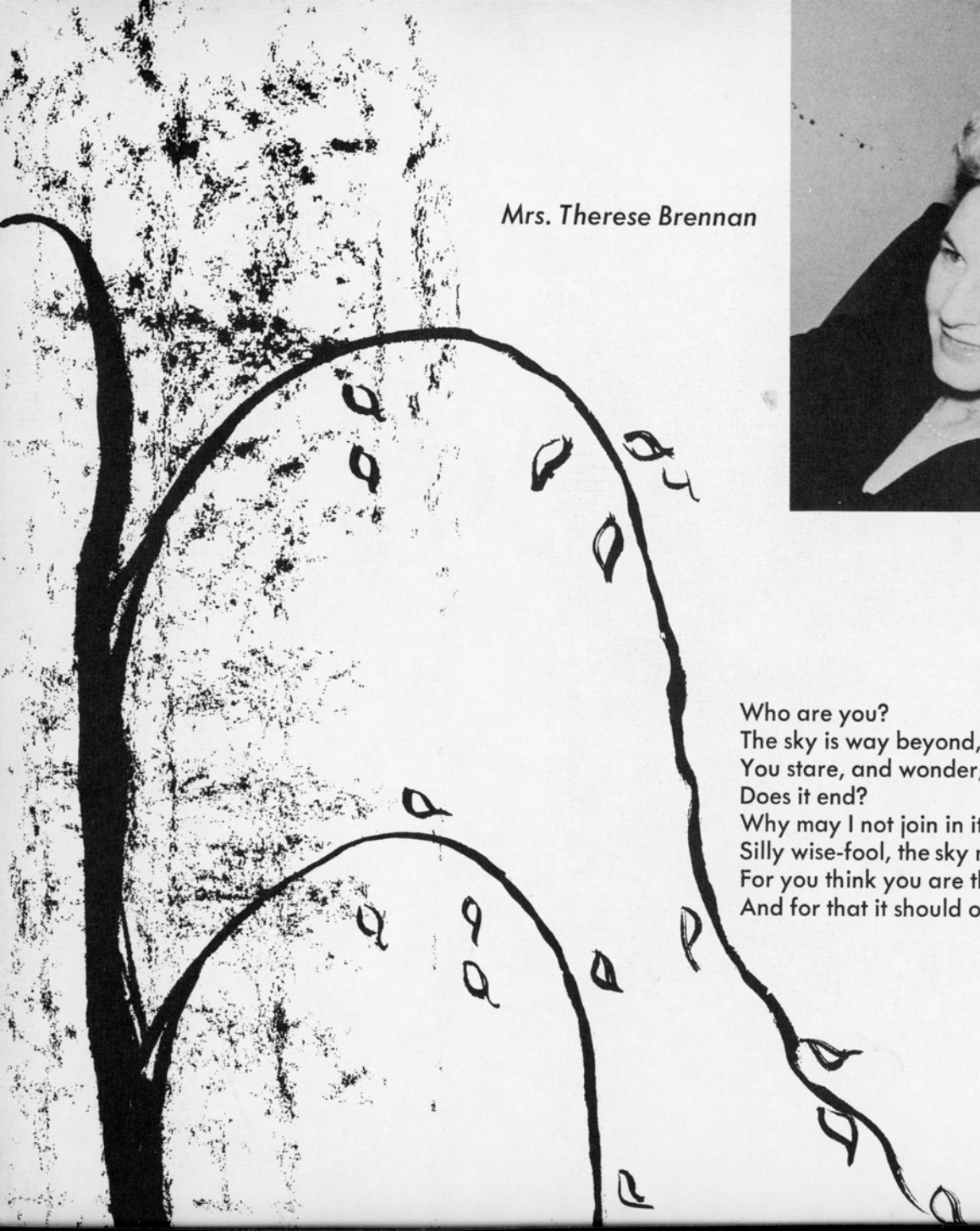


Ludwig C. Zuber

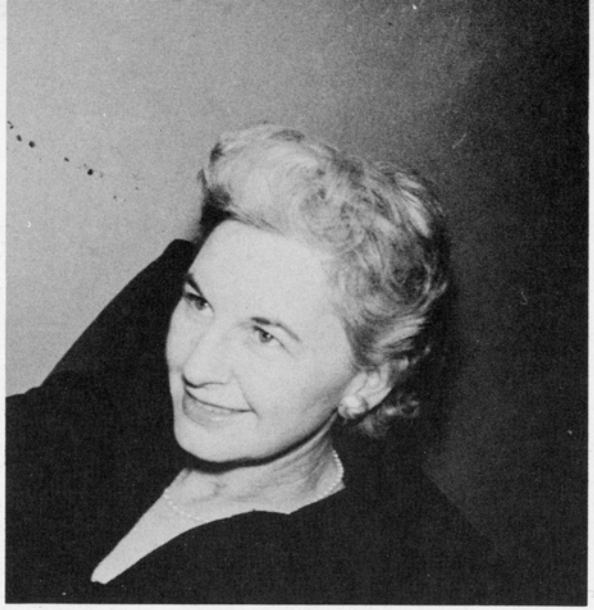
Child?
Are you endeavoring to reach the sky?
You play beneath it;
Laugh, and hope the horizon will come meet you —
You can't reach the sky with a laughing hop;
It laughs with you.

Mist of morning
    mingles with the haze of dust
Cast by my noisy, little horse.





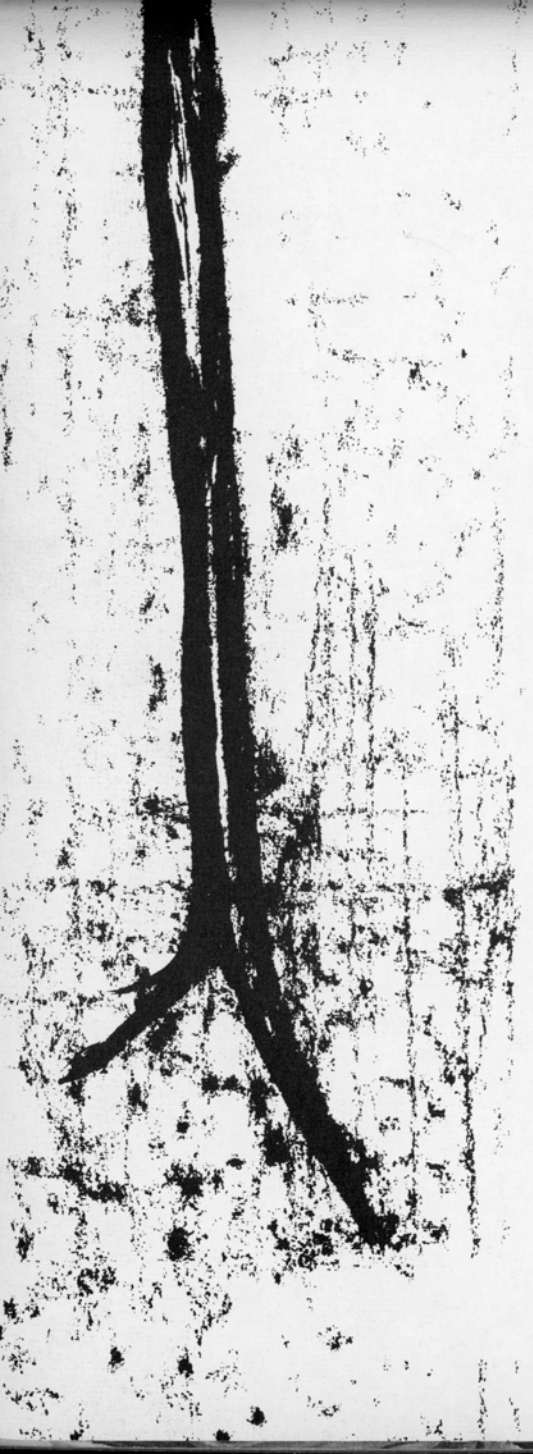
Mrs. Therese Brennan



Who are you?
The sky is way beyond, and you behind and beneath it.
You stare, and wonder;
Does it end?
Why may I not join in its infinite knowingness?
Silly wise-fool, the sky mocks you,
For you think you are the first to wonder;
And for that it should open its endless arms.

10th:
Top Row:
Chris Medved
Pete Marcus
Dick Bredee
John Natanson
Roger Richman
Hank Orgel
Jimmy Harwood
Gerry Katz
Pete Bogart
Middle Row:
Jim Henaghan
Emily Upton
Jean Mason
Judy Silin
Beverly Mason
Barbara Sontheimer
Hedda Gluck
Bottom Row:
Barbara Cartin
Joy Kahn
Maxine Rabinovitch
Gail Pierce
Suzie Friedman
Bob Mann
Frank Hailey

Absent:
Mike Gray
Mike Spirer



Do not weep so,
whispered the willow
As it turned away in the wind . . .

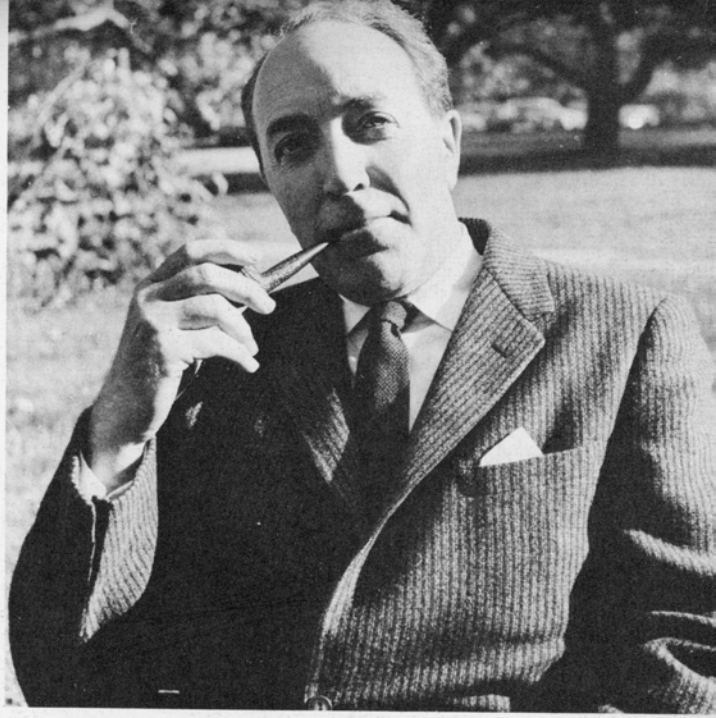




11th:
First Row:
Roy Lawaetz
Chris Amsel
Lanny Wolfe
Herb Adler
Gerry Friedland
Herb Bressack
Marlene Osofsky
Steve Beizer
Dick Newman
Jeff Carter
Louise Frem
Steve Morgan
Sue Cass
Sandy Levine
Jim Mackler
Second Row:
Ronny Tomchin
Ed Steinfeld
Priscilla Simon
Elaine Glickman
Bonnie Rubin
Marsha Steinberg
Linda Feder
Merrilee Warshaw
Beverly Block
Lori Weisberger
Barbara Dooneief
Hannah Frank
Fran Gluckman
Roy Quattrocchi

Absent:
Peggy Farber
Nancy Fortner
Marilyn Gordon
Richie Schwartz
Robert Edelman

From whence have you come?
Don't you too, want to join the infinite heavens?
Yet you neither laugh, nor wonder,
You look to tomorrow, and await the green of spring.
The sky is smiling on you friend,
Green spring is its love too, together you wait.



Basil B. Burwell

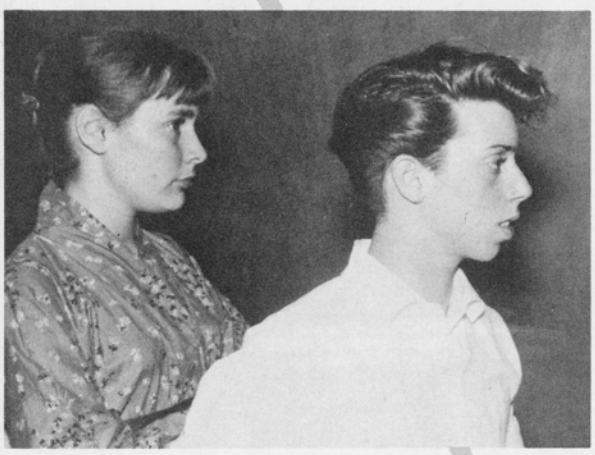
Listen to the nightingale
her voice sings into the mist
and turns to dew . . .







How twisted your branches
How sad your memories
Of leaves departed
My poor old woman tree.

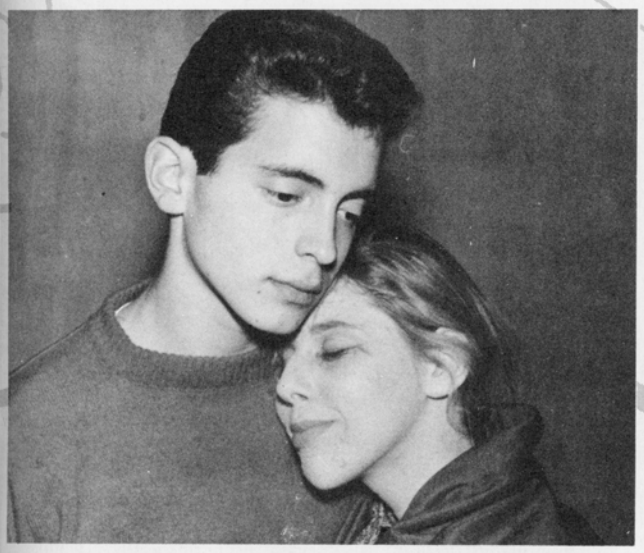


Woman's a soap bubble, money's a soap-bubble,
fame's another, and the world we live in is
only what we see reflected in these soap-bubbles .
Kantan



We are brittle as the leaves upon the tree
As fleeting as the foam upon the sea
Yesterday's flower, today's dream
Aoi No Uye

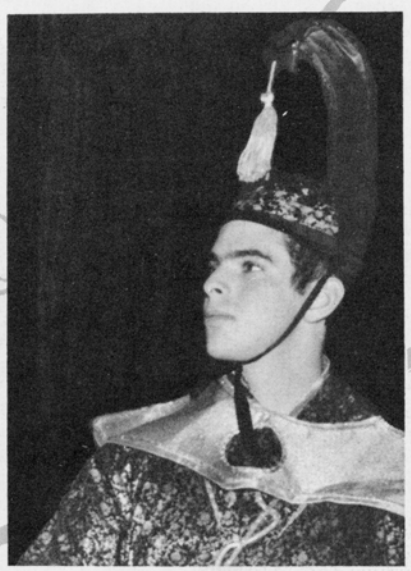






A beautiful woman is always a beautiful woman.
If I appear to be ugly now, it is only
that I am an ugly beauty
Sotoba Komachi

I used often to dream such dreams when I was a boy; I wonder why A big sailing ship entering the garden, the garden trees beginning to thunder like the sea, the yardarms covered with little birds perching . .
Sotoba Komachi



You whom I call
Hold loose the reins
On your grey colt's neck
As you gallop to me
Over the long sands!
Aoi No Uye



Dear Class of 1959,

The time for your graduation is drawing near I shall miss you. There never has been or will be a class like yours. This is true, because your class has a distinct personality of its own, made up of unique personalities. You have set your marks in the arts, in student government, and in various ways have contributed to a happier community life at school. What can I give as a parting wish to each one of you?

I wish that you will never stop developing your best selves. Or I could put it another way I wish for each year of your life that you in fullest measure will experience the true enjoyment of life, what the French call "joie de vivre." Enthusiasm, vitality, joy of living that is what the world needs so much.

This very thing was highlighted for me in an experience I had some years ago, when the Elevated was still on Third Avenue. I came late from an appointment on the East Side, fearful I would miss my train. Hastily I called a taxi and expressed my concern to the driver "Don't worry, lady I'll get you there alive and in time." The driver then took a second look at me. "You enjoy life, don't you?" he asked. Before I had time to answer, he added, "Do you want me to sing 'I Love Life' for you? I sang that song on television and got a prize. I bought this taxi with it." With that he turned around to face me and began to sing lustily in a beautiful Italian operatic voice, gesticulating with one hand and steering crazily with the other. I didn't have the heart to tell him that I loved life too and didn't want to be smashed against an 'El' support. I arrived safely at last, aware of having had an overwhelming experience, if not one I would want to repeat.

When it comes to vitality and joy of life, there is no regard for age, class, race. How wonderful if we all could say wholeheartedly until our last breath: "I love life."

But this is not the aim of life — it is more a by-product which follows when other essentials are right. Here I cannot forego philosophizing a little to point out to you, dear Seniors, some important aspects of what life should mean to you.

The highest stage of human existence and oh, so rare, is exhiliration in the form of religious ecstasy, or modern man's creative ecstacy, which will be reached by only a few Ordinary mortals can also experience ecstacy when they are wholly given over to a cause, when they are in love the love that makes all the world beautiful around us. Otherwise, it might be just infatuation. Ecstacy can also be experienced as a deep form of compassion. It is hard to remain at this high level of existence, but ecstasy is a cherished height of experience which is within the reach of each of you.

In general, we are lucky if we can maintain enthusiasm and high interest in life. Trouble begins when in losing interest in life we acquire indifference and then boredom. Then we may become victims of anger and hidden resentment, which finally may end in apathy This process is gradual. When we give in to these emotions we may not be aware of their destructive effects on our personalities. For instance, sometimes it is tempting to appear worldly, sophisticated and blase by pretending not to care. This is really what medieval people would call "the snare of the devil." Modern people may look upon it as a cold war with your better self If we act a part long enough, it becomes our very nature. You start a pose more for fun and you don't realize it becomes a part of you with corroding effect. That this will never happen to any of you is my sincerest wish and — I repeat: May you live so that every day you can truthfully say: "I still love life," with an inner assurance that your life is of significance to your fellow-beings. When you were born, everybody was happy and you alone cried. Live so that when you die, everybody will cry and you alone can feel happy over a fulfilled life.

"Dr Stael"





My "Darlings,"

To give you "advice" as you leave my T.L.C. (tender loving care) which you have enjoyed (usually) and endured (sometimes) is necessarily to offer "variations on a theme," the theme which has been the underlying motif of all my associations with you throughout the years at Cherry Lawn. My primary concern for you has always been centered in the development of an integrity of the personality of each one of you. By integrity I mean that unified completeness which is consistent, dependable and enduring. By the time you finish high school each of you should have built, through the honest and thoughtful evaluation of your own experience, a clear concept of the kind of man or woman you want to be. This ideogram will serve as a blue-print by which you will continue and complete the structure of your lives.

My hopes for you may be expressed in broad outline. All of you have the initial advantage of having a high degree of intelligence, good health and families and friends who love you and will support you in your best efforts and ambitions. Intelligence is not merely the ability to learn but it is also the capacity to create, to evaluate and to form sound judgments as a basis for thought and action. If its development is not encouraged and cultivated your intellectual powers will atrophy as will an unused muscle.

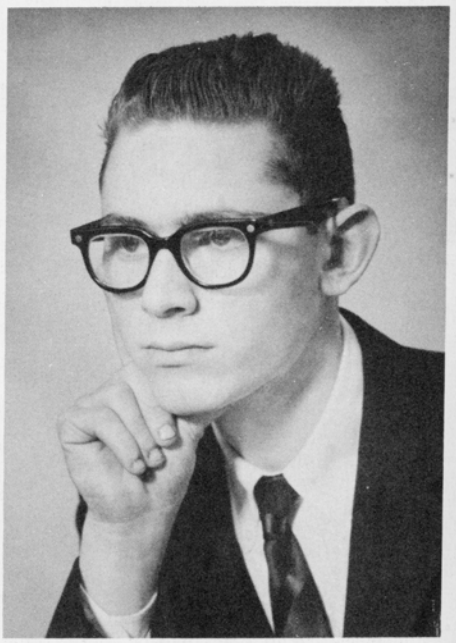
Your college years will give to each of you the time and opportunity to broaden and strengthen your intellectual powers, to find and develop interests which will enrich your entire life and to deepen old friendships while making new and lasting ones. Your academic career will be a success only if you recognize and accept the fact that "going to college" is a job, perhaps the most demanding and crucial job you will ever have. By now you know the qualities you admire and value in others and you should be concerned that you have, in ever-increasing measure, those qualities which will make others value you. This will require imagination, courage, fortitude and a high degree of self-discipline.

I think of you as you will be in years to come and wish for you the deepest joys of love and home and children, the inner satisfaction in worth-while work well-done. My highest hopes and deep devotion go with you, always.

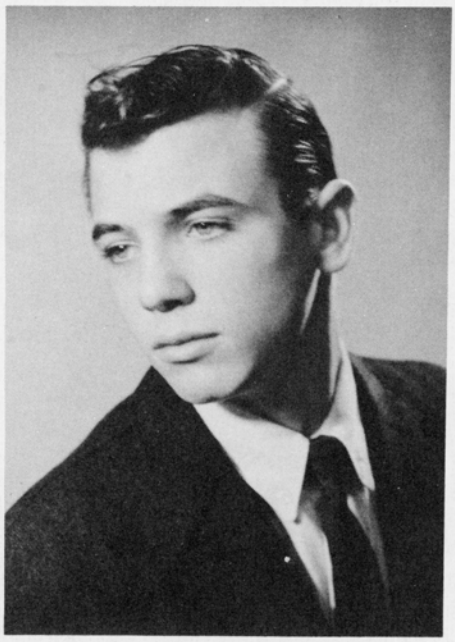
Mrs. Craig



beth kaplan



william bratter



joseph alter



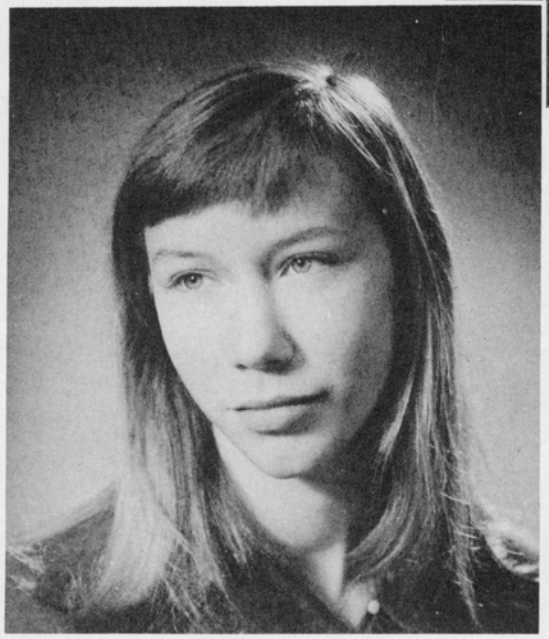
BETH KAPLAN

To be as a flower
With soft petals trembling on morning breath.
To be perfect in design
And as delicate as a whisper.
To be kissed by rain
Warmed by sun
And cooled by moon.
To dance in the wind
And listen to earth's secret melodies.
To be an inspiration
To grow with love
And give with love
To be . . .

Beth Kaplan

allan green





jill fitch



robert weingard



Legend of Lagerlac

I

go seek he of the raven hair and the troubled amethyst
eyes, for only he may save
lagerlac looked for crystal, searching in a flashing stream
only he may save
a thousand horsemen loomed the land,
lagerlac shouted in the sun and wandered in the moon
find him hunt him down
lagerlac coursed his father's hounds
— hunt him down
the fallow deer fled before his hand
hunt him down
lagerlac of the raven hair and amethyst eyes was judged
his blood washed the scourge from the land, and the
fallow deer returned.
Hell's hounds coursed the land no longer, no longer

II

the witch of Aubrey met him at the gate, beyond flames
cobalt blue, and eternal black.
name thy mother if thy can—
lagerlac passed through the smoking gate,
sulfur gushed from a violet spate
needless of white heat shot the pale flush,
and smoke drifted through a bloody grate
name thy mother if thy can
only death may yield the pale horse. lagerlac that
will be thee
his hide was scorched grey from death's wrath, as he was sent
to search the end of the earth.

III

The heavy purple sky dropped to the edge of the void broken only by the faint spark of stars. Ahead lay a shimmering plain, the silver disc set the rustling grass afire with light. He bounded forward with an explosion of muscle. His shadow loomed before him, with redoubled stride he leaped for it.

Lagerlac stood in the center of a valley A flashing spring poured out of the rocks with the sound of shattering crystal; he breathed in the damp air that issued forth. The spray frosted his forlock with tiny bubbles as he drank. Black cattle stood with heads lowered; the sky was a plaque of lapis lauli resting on the rim of the purple mountains.

The silver plains were afire with trees bleeding yellow leaves. Lagerlac plunged his hooves deep in the dancing embers. Sparks shot into the wind like falcons shot into flight; engulfing him with flame. The moon slowly filled the night with a pale opalescent glow, drenching the cold fury

The air was drained grey with cold, coating the icy bluffs and flowing into giant icicles, the jaws of winter The platinum sun sulked low in the sky Lead clouds raced one another to the horizon. The storm piled up soft drifts laced with needle sharp darts of ice. Lagerlac's sides oozed blood. As he lunged across the pale blue plain he bled his life out, crushed between the jaws of winter

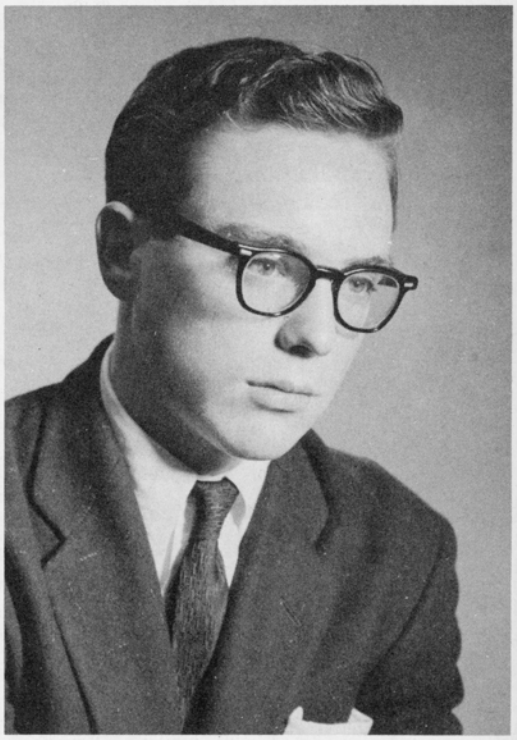
IV

name thy mother if thy can
my mother is Aubrey of the smoking gate.
lagerlac searched on, looking for crystal in a flashing stream.

Jill Fitch



joan strasser



richard burstein

linda harris



Hot sun had finished its day's work and slowly receded below the desert earth, leaving its sweaty humidity throughout the air A vesper bell slowly and deliberately began to ring in the Pueblo village of Chimayo, beckoning the people from their fields, from their tractors, from their huts.

And as had their fathers, and fathers' fathers, the Indians left their days work and walked from their fields toward the beckoning bell.

They were proud of their church. In the back room were many crutches along the wall, left by cripples. An open pit had been dug in the earthen floor from which was taken sacred earth, earth which could heal.

The front room was an odd combination of Catholic and Pagan. Simple drawings in bright reds and blues were painted in primitive strokes on the wooden walls; below were the mourning candles glowing for the souls in purgatory

The Indians slowly and quietly entered the small church. They wore the same clothes they had worn in the fields. Bare feet, torn shirts, and bleached dungarees. Their faces were dirty and their hands calloused. Yet the church lost no dignity, but gained it as each man and woman entered, knelt humbly before the altar, and made the sign of the cross. No one smiled, no one spoke, even the children knew it was a quiet time at the end of a loud day It was a time of peace and relaxation as well as of prayer

A woman entered with a baby at her breast. She knelt, then walked to her bench, and suckled him throughout the service.

Two dark little boys chased down the center aisle, but no one scolded them, and when the priest entered in his white robe, they quietly knelt, and piously bowed their heads.

The priest was a white man. He had a round and kind face, which showed gentle understanding of the people he served. He lit the vesper candles and then stood looking serenely at his people waiting to begin.

A wizened woman clutching a cushion against her chest walked down the aisle. Her face was marked by age. Wrinkles were moulded in every part of her ancient dark cheeks and forehead. Her jaw protruded sharp and long, and deep wisdom was in that jaw bone and on her face. She wore round dark glasses, which left her eyes a mystery A mystery it is, what those eyes must have seen. Had she lived ninety-five years? A hundred? Every night she had come when the vesper bells beckoned. She had watched the faces of the village change. The wide-eyes of little boys deepen as they learned the quiet secrets, the smooth faces of young girls grow wrinkled when their bellies had been stretched, and the babies had been suckled at their breasts. She had watched broad shoulders droop, had seen the strongest man crumble when he could no longer hold his tool. She saw the old faces of those she remembered once as papooses on their mother's strong backs. Their mothers were gone now, but she remembered.

The priest watched her slowly make her way toward the altar Her long black dress swung about her ankles, but when she knelt before the altar her high black thick-heeled shoes were visible.

She put down her cushion in front of the empty aisle seat of the front row. This was her seat, the whole village knew it. No one else would have dared to sit there. She kneeled on the cushion, took her rosary in her wise wrinkled hands, and was ready

Now the priest quietly began, "Dios te salve Maria llena eres de gracia. El Senor es contigo y bendito tu eres entre todas las mujeres y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre Jesus." And the Indians responded "Santa Maria Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte. Amen." They spoke in Spanish, for when their fathers' fathers had first seen white men they had been Spaniards, and this was what they had learned from the white men. "Dios te salve " the priest went on, slowly, rhythmically "Santa Maria " interjected the old lady loudly The priest had not finished yet, but she was impatient, was scolding him for his slowness with a strong defiant response, cutting him off five beats early The people did not wait for the priest, but followed the old one's lead. Forty voices, old and young, joined loudly, yet softly "Holy Mary, Mother of God " and the old fingers slipped by another bead, and the priest quickly caught up.

For half an hour continued the rhythmic voices of the priest and response, only broken by the old woman's "Santa Maria " when she was impatient for the next bead.

"Padre nuestro que estas en los cielos "

"En el nombre del Padre, del Hijo, y del Espirito Santo "

"Dios te salve "

"Santa Maria."

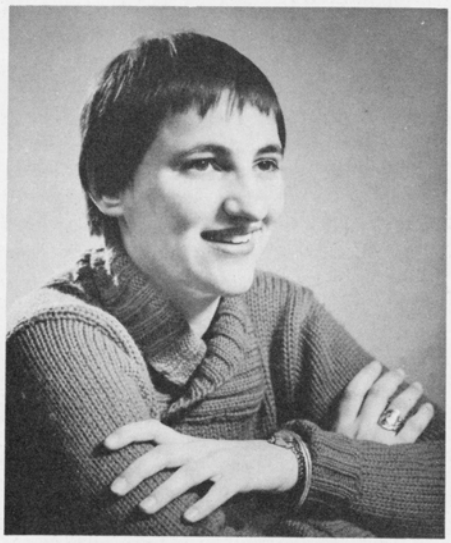
In bare feet and torn shirts the people bowed their heads and prayed, the baby suckled its mother's breast, wizened fingers slipped by another bead, a young man thought, "How cool and quiet it is, in from the hot fields." The priest looked over the dark bowed heads of his people and loved them.

Slowly they rose and left the church; they spoke quietly as they walked up the hill towards home. A little boy's loud laugh shattered against the peaceful sky The old woman left last and closed the old carven door behind her

Joan Strasser



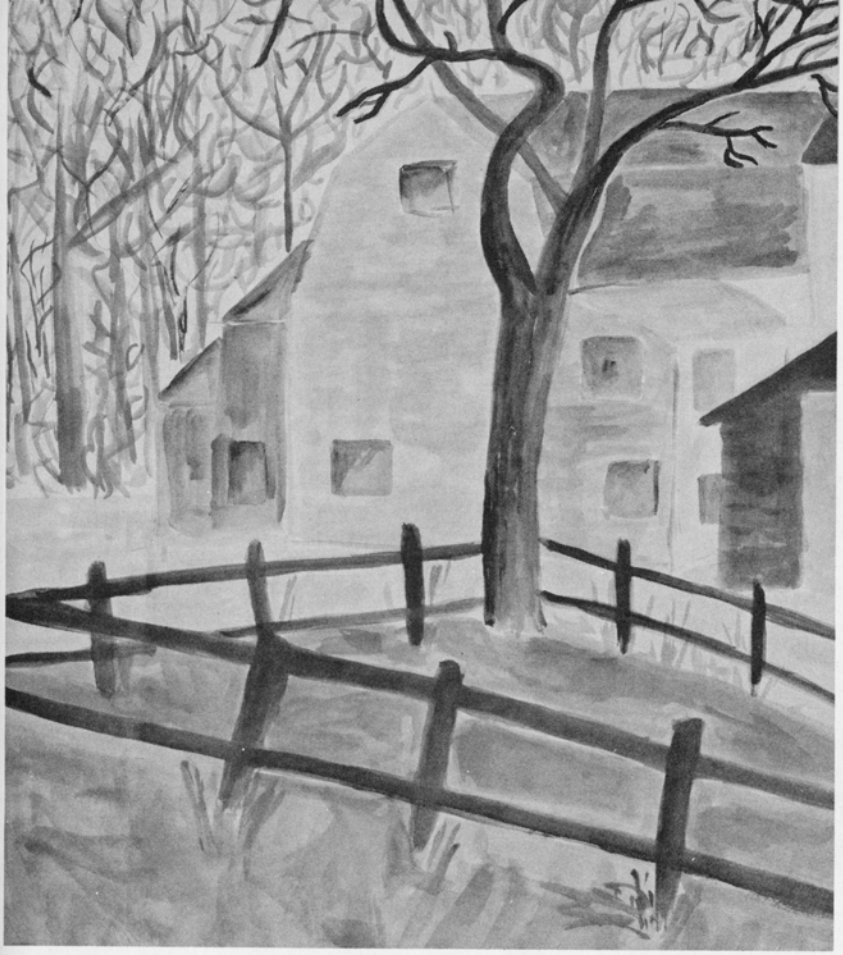
paul pines



alex herz



helen auerbach



ALEX HERZ

To R.J.S.

In the toil and strife of understanding
Throughout this composite life;
A thriftless love demanding,
E're consumes the mother, lover, wife.

Perilous is the realm of limitation,
Likened to capricious flight
That taunts perversely its frail patient,
With slight incisions of a dulled knife.

O fair lark whose quiet singing
Knows of a gentler peace, I am thine
Icarus ascending, with melting wings
From Prometheus's fire unleashed.

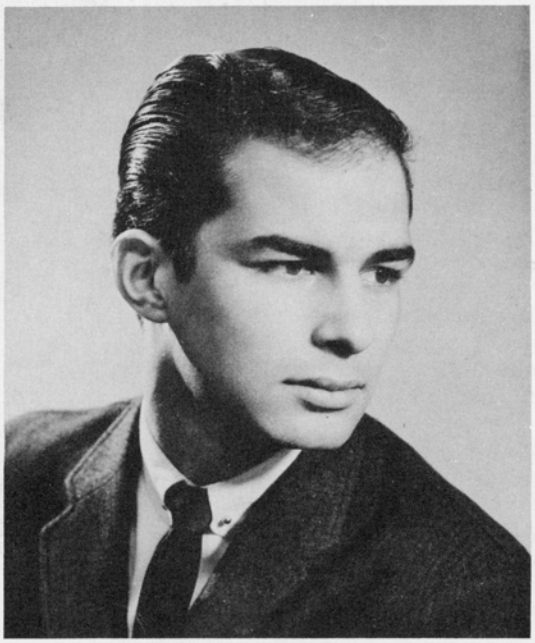
For love is subtly bold, unbridled,
As forging out of natures womb;
The spring nurturs itself to summer,
With lusty chords, of a triumphant tune.

Speak not of love or understanding, if thou would tear the
Smallest bud, to see the flower in beauty spending,
For thou would murder in the name of love.

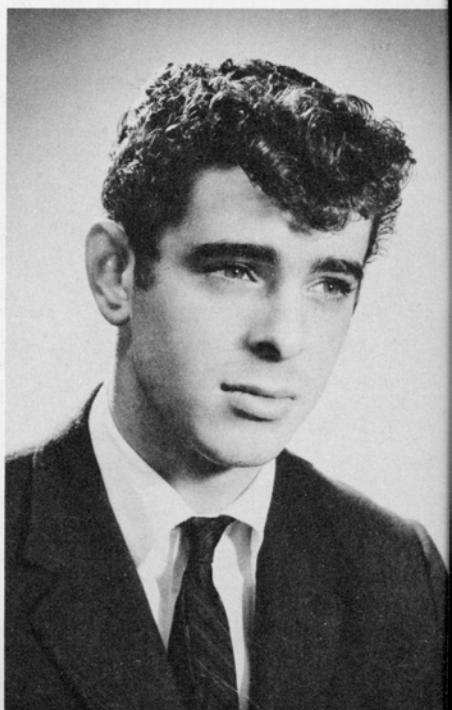
Paul Pines



paulette richman



edward gorn



fred greenberg



Paulette Richman

Run, run in the meadows
for the grasses will soon fade to straw
and the scarecrow will cease to smile.
Let us talk to the wind
and whisper to the good, hard trunks of trees
Let us travel over the cool, sweet plains
and listen to the silences of death.

Run, run by the sea
for the tide is soon to leave
and the gulls will cease their cries.
Let us tell small secrets, my dear
while I place my hand onto your heart.
Let us not talk of love
for love will speak itself.

Run, run between the trees in the wood
for the leaves will soon wither and flutter away
and the briars of small grasses will cease their piercing.
Let us ask why and then wander
through the ebony night.
And then sleep
content with the dewy gray light of morn.

Sleep, sleep in each other's arms
or alone 'neath the grasses
for the scarecrow and the gull
have ceased their laughter and the briars no longer pierce.

Paulette Richman



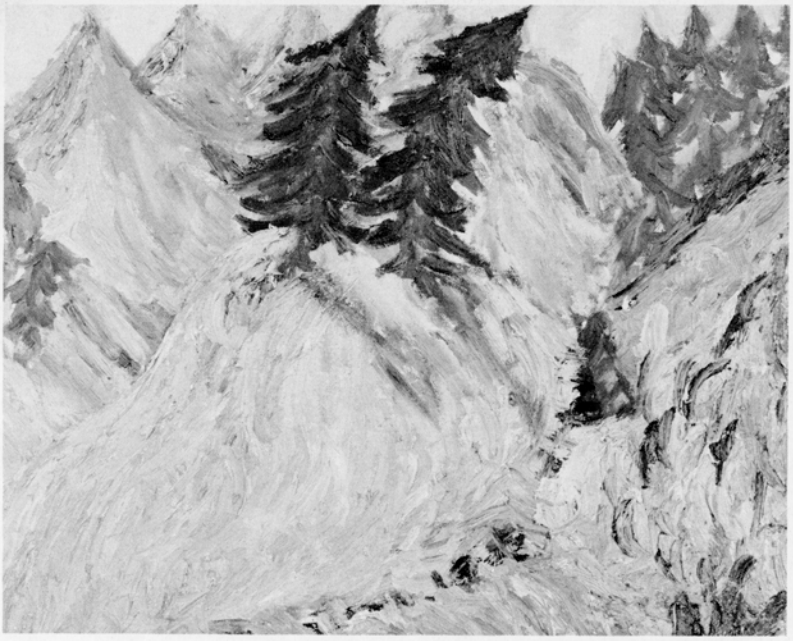
norma krege



celia chorosh



helen sisserson.



NORMA KREGE

A Glimpse

On top of the snow clad hill two firs stretched their branches yearningly toward each other, then were swished back as unbridgeable space waned and augmented between them. Still they reached out hungrily for one another, knowing all the while they may never entwine, yet hoping that for one brief moment their unyielding efforts might be rewarded by a brushing meeting of the finger-tips.

Norma Krege

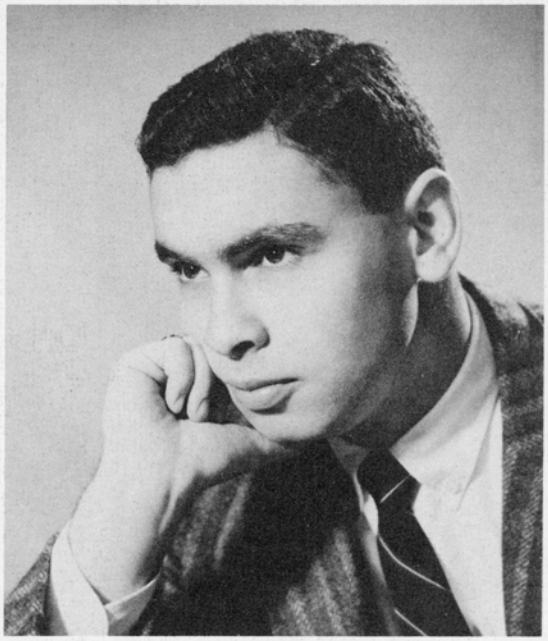
Destino

En mi jardin sembraré una semilla
Que se desechará en Flor.
En mi corazón encenderé una llama
Que se consumirá en Amor.

Norma Krege

Souffrir, c'est exister,
Mais aimer, c'est vivre.
L'extase de l'amour
Me dévore le coeur!
Ailes de mon amour,
Prenez l'essor en l'air . . .
Voile de la vie
Dépassant la nature.
Oh! Douce ivresse!

Celia Chorosh



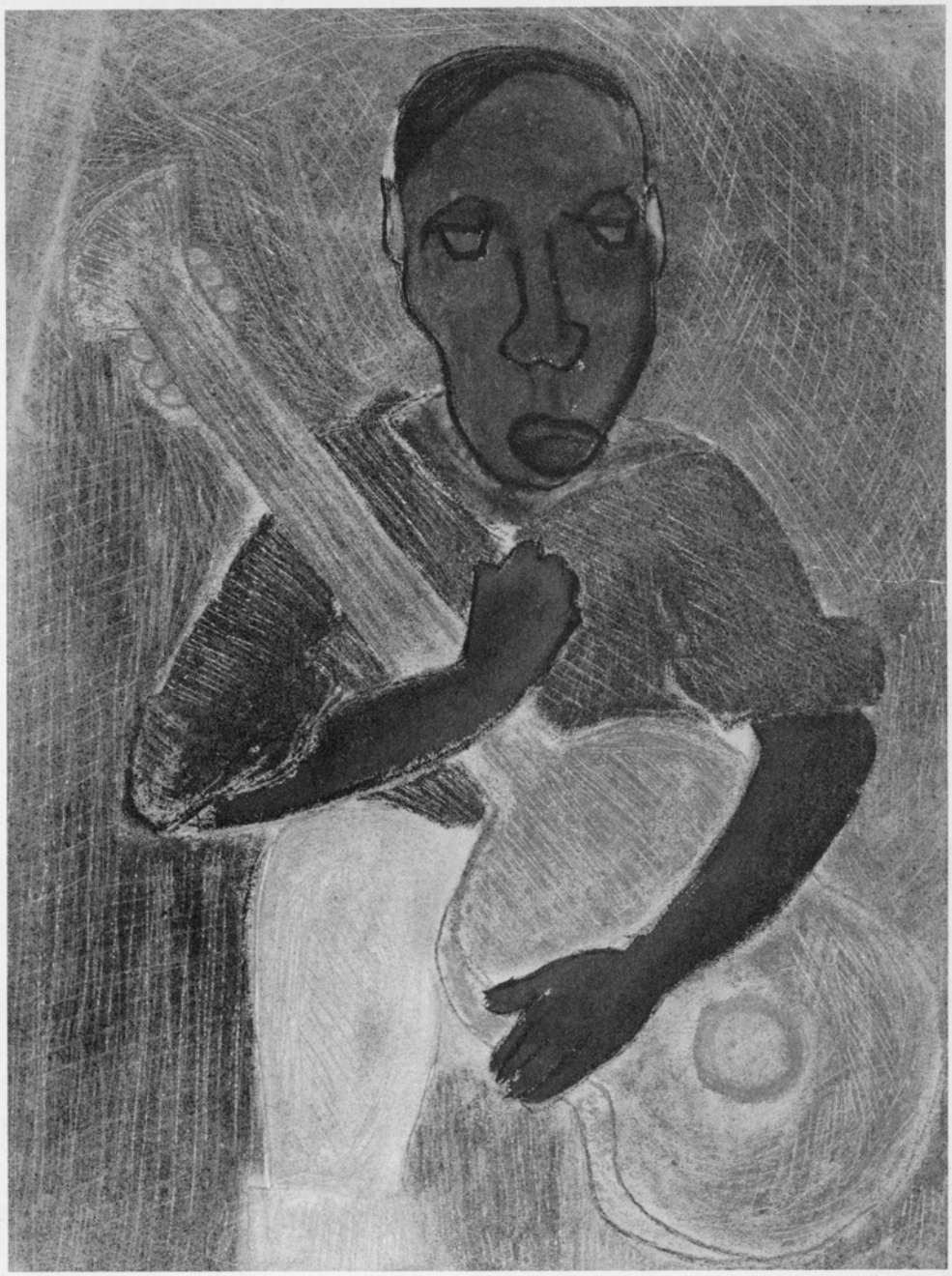
allan adelkopf



janet rhodes



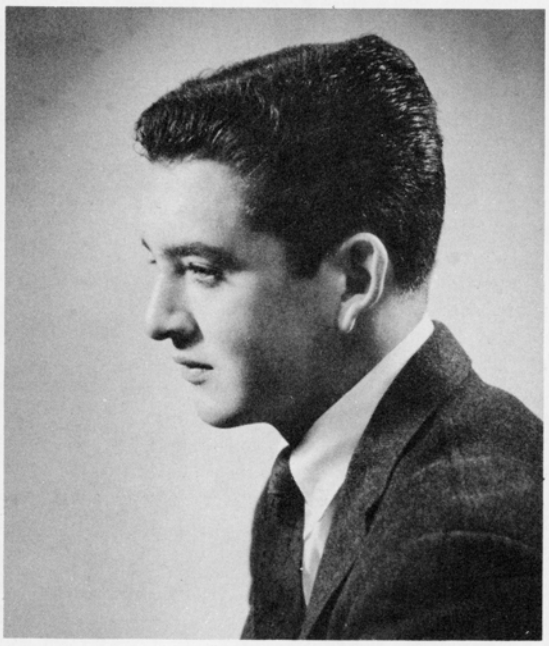
vivian schindler



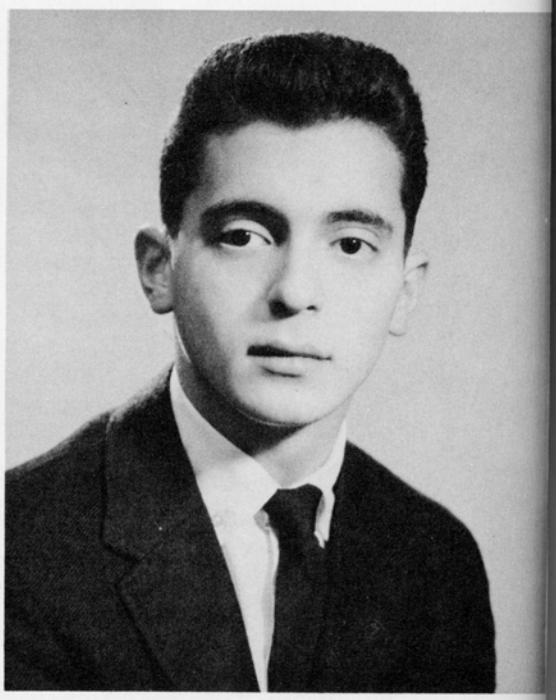
Vivian Schindler

It is cold outside now. From off in a distance the cold creeps onward, deepening as it comes. The air is a conveyer of cold and the ground its retainer. Cold air puts forth a solid front, an ice barrier sliding down on mankind. Tall trees stand defying the chill. A morning sun awaits its hour. The stars hang in an infinite continued emptiness.

Janet Rhodes



brian loftus



carl hochen



kathy sontheimer

FISH

The light sparkles through the crystal clear water. As I glide through the submarine plants on the bottom, long slating pole-like rays of light with the brilliance of diamonds strike my back and send chills of warmth throughout my body. I had swum away from my comrades finding the peace and solitude of a deep chilled pool by the side of a primeval forest bank. The water plants murmured in the current and I floated with them in this place of contentment.

Seeing a movement on the surface, I rose and grabbed a resting fly and greedily devoured him. The sun shone with all its brightness like a pot of molten metal with its rays filtering through the leaves of the trees above. Down I descended to the depths of my pool trying to escape from the surface and its constant fear of the unknown. I lay there in the smooth flowing currents where I let them toss and sway my slim rough body. With the swiftness of a shark there was a swishing and a gurgling of water and the sphere of shining gold was hidden from my sight. There was a steady pain in my side and my body went into convulsions then there was numbness. Slowly a man-being lifted my almost soulless body from the swishing waters. As I hung dangling on the end of his spear stick, I looked down for a last glimpse at the waters of my youth; it was shimmering with the reflected quality of gold. The currents wound their lazy way as part of my life's blood made its own red silky current soon to dissolve into nothingness.

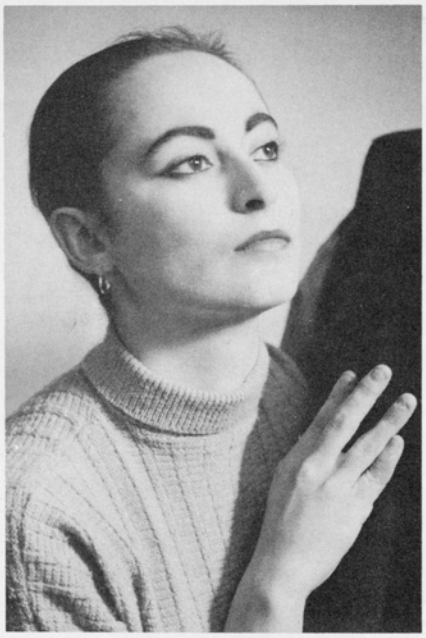
Carl Hochen

TOMMY

Images in white, hurrying by
Reassuring in their deliberate action.
A frantic mother's pleading eye
Praying to God to save her son.
A silent lonely figure outstretched on the bed
Unaware of the impersonal wires entering his head.
He does not hear his weeping father saying his beads
He does not know that his own is the face that bleeds.

Oh God — which for him is more terrible?
To die at once or live, how long none can tell.
He lay so still for weeks — to live or die?
Is there a plan? Something on which we can rely?
He spoke no words, yet it seemed we knew him
The people, silent, stared and gave a sigh.
He looked so pale, as if his hopes were very dim
And he gave up; it was easier to die.

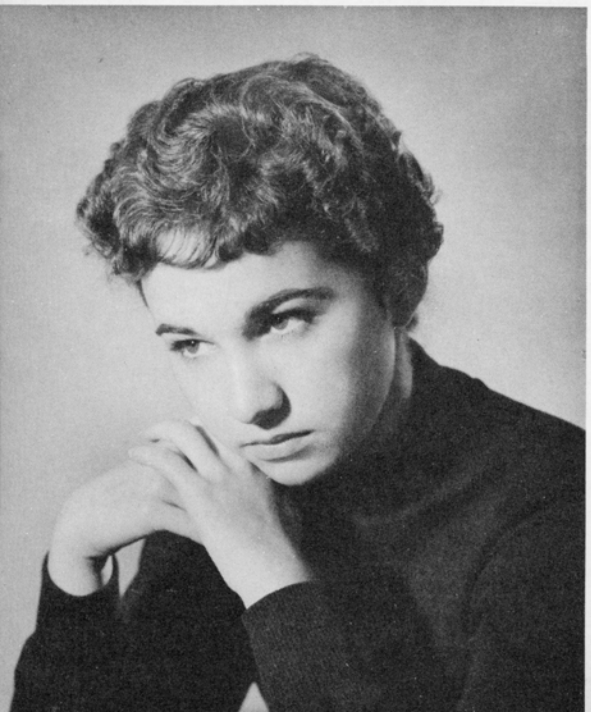
Kathy Sontheimer



eileen wolfeld



enid polk



karen wisotzky

EVERY DAY

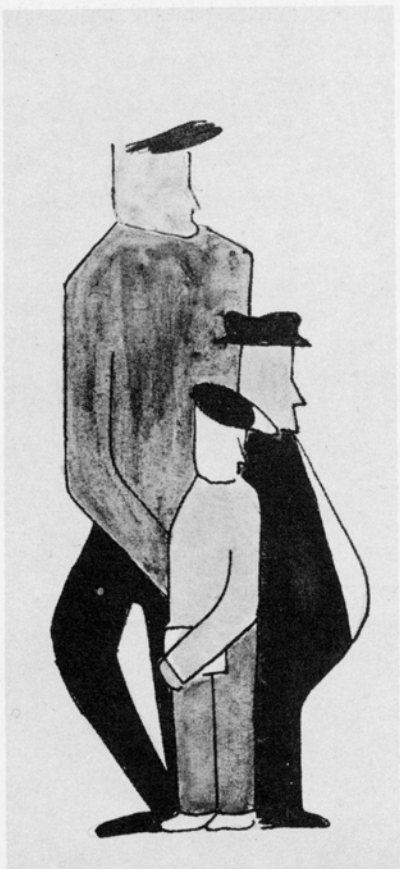
Grey umbrellas darting against a cobalt sky. Rain like sheets of cellophane, falling, splattering large polka dots on a pale pavement. Men in business blacks and blues leaving dark prints on the walk. Women with water thinned packages hurrying, pushing.

Spokes gleaming, a bicycle passes through the maze. Handle bars move, the bike swerves — a sooty mongrel heedless of traffic — brakes applied, then a screech! White statues watching. Stillness except for a whirring sound. The wheels of a flattened bicycle spinning, round and round. Then quiet. Blood trickling on a black street.

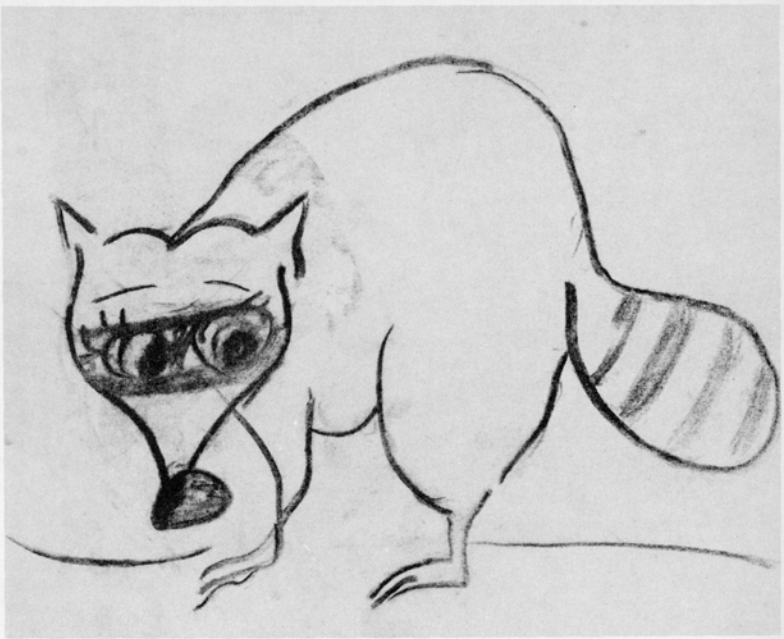
And the rain poured, pushing the ribbon of red towards the gutter. Thickened water flows to a drain, spreads over iron gates and disappears. In an ambulance a thin figure turns white and dies.

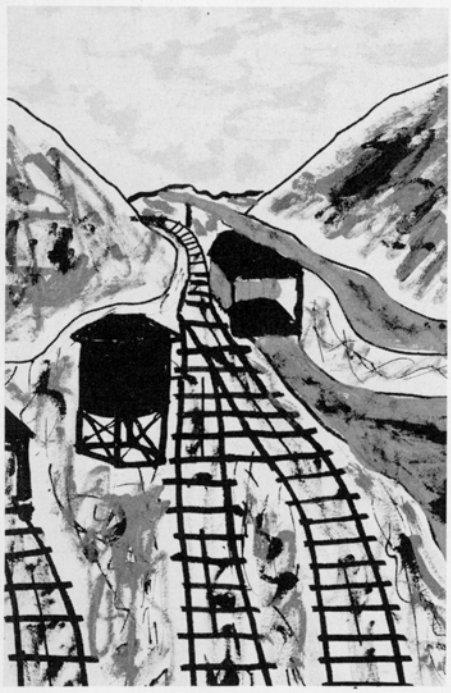
The mass slowly begins to move again. Window wipers work vigorously. A weary line pushes towards the door of a bus.

Karen Wisotzky

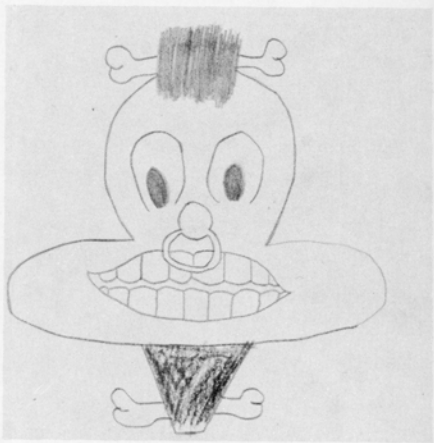


KAREN WISOTZKY

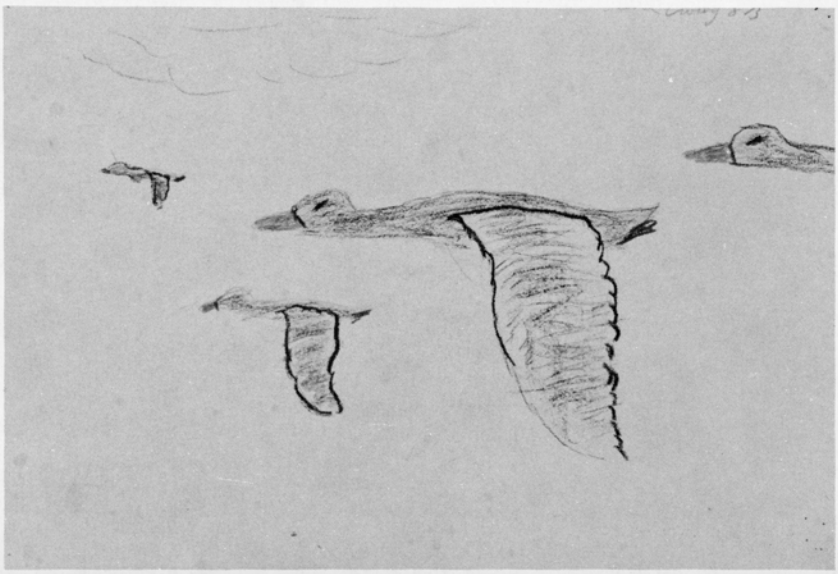




CRAIG VARDEN



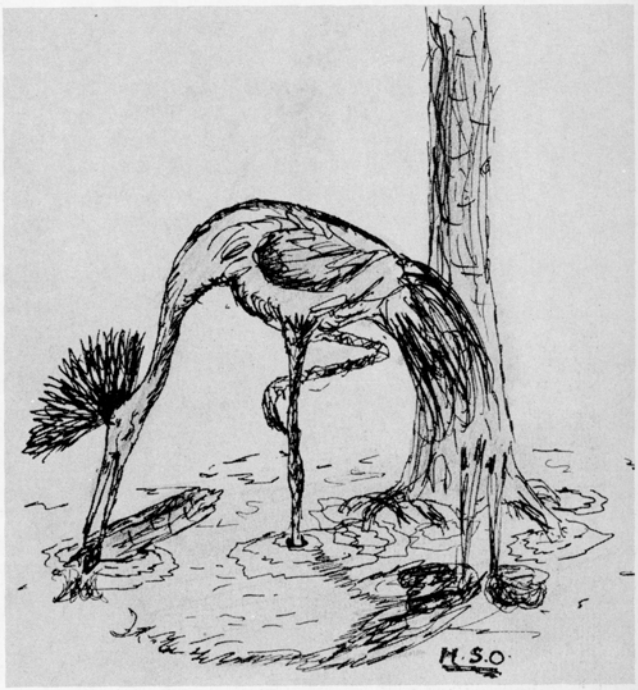
Isabel Schancupp



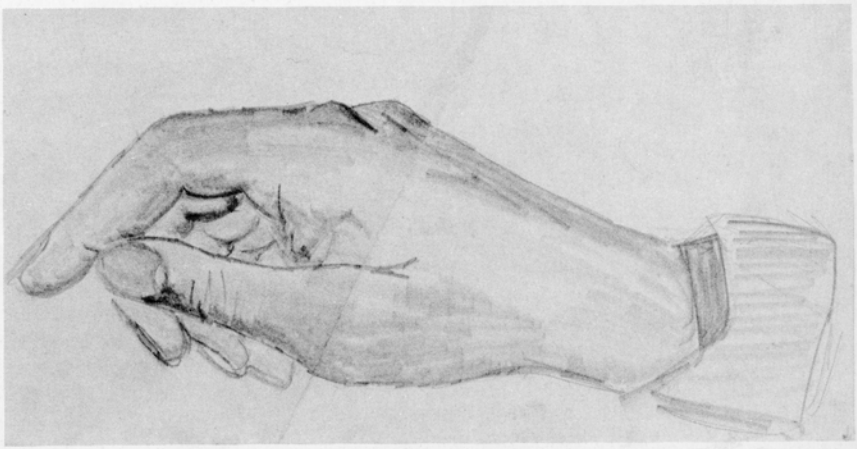
Lane Crosby



LYNN WALSH



Henry Orgel



Barbara Sontheimer

Sounds

Sounds are fascinating to the ear as well as the mind, as the sound of a child running over field and stream in his search for fun and adventure; the screaming of fire engines as they speed to a raging blaze; soft church bells ringing out over the sleeping country side; the chirping of the birds after the worm has been caught; the whoosh of a train as it passes over an old bridge.

Sounds have moods and temperments, just like people. They are sad, gay, and joyful.

The world can be at rest or play when sound is pleasing.

Michael Senft.



John Shepherd • Grade 8

I Couldn't Go Away

It all happened in a very strange fashion. There I was minding my own business, and everything seemed to just disappear. It was like I was in a dream world. In fact I thought I was dreaming. I pinched myself to see if I was or not. "Ouch," I heard myself say. It was now quite evident that I was awake.

But how was this happening? I had read and seen pictures about such fiction, but this couldn't be true.

I finally decided to explore. It was a strange and enchanting world that I was in.

Then I met a very strange character. Where he had appeared from bewildered me. He was different from anybody that I had ever met; he was like a picture. I asked him what his name was. "My name," he said, "is not significant." I looked around and saw no other living being.

As my eyes roamed around, I felt my arm being nudged, and I was led by the stranger I had found.

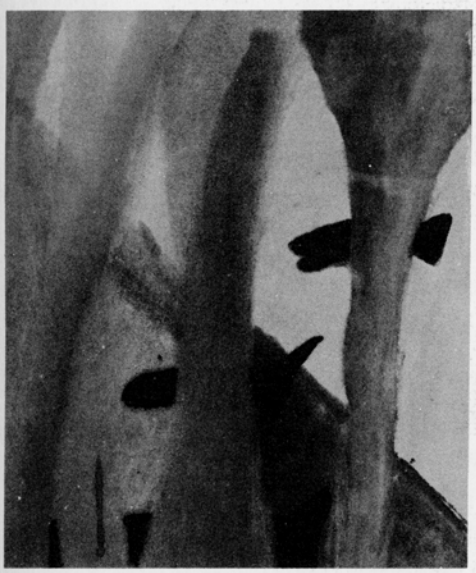
He led me through beautiful forests, and rolling hills, covered with every kind of flower you can imagine. It was then that I saw people. Happy people, jumping and laughing without a care in the world.

My stranger friend said, "Would you like to live amongst these people; these that are so very light-hearted? I have shown you my people, and my land, and now there is nothing to stop you from living in the peace of a joyous world."

I thought for a while. I could not believe what I had seen and heard. I was confused. I didn't know what to say. Then slowly, I said, "No." I was in a way surprised to hear myself say this; I had always wanted to live in a land of peace, and surely, there could be none as peaceful and pretty as this. Still I knew that I could not leave my world. I could not go from the place I had lived all my life. I would try to be better myself and try to help others. Perhaps make the people and things around me, as pleasant as I had longed for them to be. But whatever happened, I could not go away.

Nicki Sholdar • Grade 7

Richard Morgalis • Grade 7



A Trip to the Big City

This story is about a girl of only seven years of age. That can't be very much. She was just playing on the sidewalk with all the other children, seeming to be happy. But how can you tell? As a matter of fact, she was very unhappy. Everybody thought she was happy. She had nice parents, was fairly rich, and was loved by everyone. She had anything a child could think of. She wasn't spoiled. She didn't like anything. In her mind she was very unhappy. She hated everything.

"Only seven," everyone said. "She didn't need to go to the big city," but she wanted to. She had lived seven full years. She knew every inch of her neighborhood. It was boring.

You might want to know how I have a right to write about her thoughts. You might have guessed, that little girl was I.

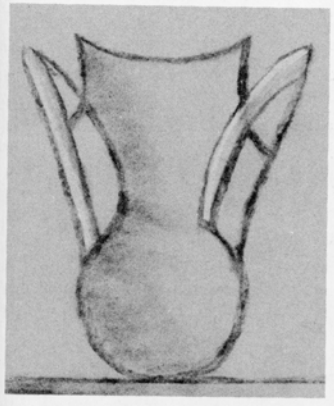
I decided to do something about it. So, one day in the morning when I was playing with my friends, I left them, not actually knowing why. It seemed like an instinct, just like animal's instinct. I walked and I walked, on and on. It didn't seem as if I were anywhere special. I had heard of the big city. It was like a dream. I seemed to love this city. The city was pulling me toward it.

When I woke from this state, I was in the city. Busses and noises and everything else. There were cars running all over. How could I cross the street and get myself something to eat? There was an old lady crossing the street, so I went with her. There was a candy store, so I went in and took what I wanted. I started walking out, and a man came out and took everything from me. He told me to go home. At home I could take anything I wanted. Why was it like this? I couldn't understand. I guess I just walked into the wrong kind of store, and this man was just a little bit mean. So, on I went. I started getting hungry and tired, and it was about time for lunch. I went into a little fountain shop like the one where we get sandwiches at home. I sat down and ordered what I wanted. I had, I now realized, ordered a big meal, and the man looked at me and asked me for the money for the meal. I, not knowing I was supposed to pay, told him to charge it to my mother. As you might guess, out I went.

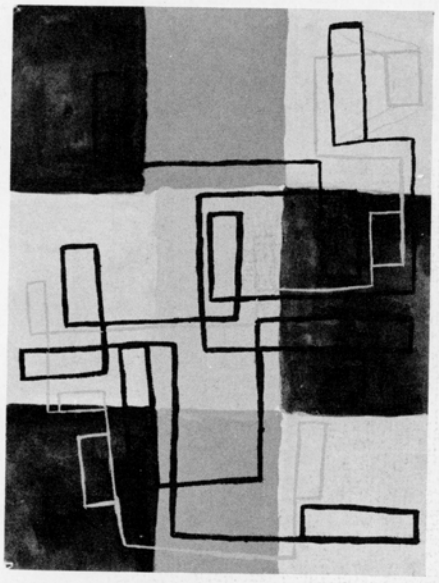
By now I decided that the people in the city, and the whole world in fact, were just awful. A man and his pal walked by and I heard them say, "This is life in the big city. I wish I could live in the country."

I started again walking and walking, but this time I knew where I wanted to go. I had had a narrow escape. What if I had to stay there? I remembered what the man said, "This is life in the big city." Home was my destination. My heart ached for it. That was where I lived, that was my home.

Ariane Sylva • Grade 8



Silvia Jacobs • Grade 8



The Seasons

Summer is sunny, golden and bright.
Fall is colorful, pleasing to sight.
Winter is bleak, cold and white.
Spring is rebirth, rebirth of life.

David Stein • Grade 7



When my love was stolen by the darkness of death,
  Lost were his words that once caressed my ears,
Lost was his love, and even my soul,
  And lost was his touch in the endless years.

Lost was I surrounded by emptiness,
  Carved was my body from a piece of stone,
The world pushed me, calling, cutting,
  I heard without hearing, lost and alone.

I cried to the world, "I cannot go on,"
  I yelled and I screamed but no one heard,
Wildly I screached, "Where is my God?",
  I listened in vain, I heard no word.

With the falling of rain, and the passing of breeze,
  My smile appeared though the tears still burn,
My flesh is alive but my heart still lies dead,
  For lost is the love I will always yearn.

Lori Weisberger • Grade 11





Memorial

Days have come, so have the vines grown,
as if pulled by the hands of God
himself.
Nights with their thousand lights have shown
upon you, each light bringing with it tears.
Tears of longing and sadness, each one always
treasured in my heart.
And still you will be there, as quiet and beautiful
as love,
with your lips longing
for the slightest
touch.
You are gone now,
but my love
for you will live on, like the
grass that has parted for your
resting.
I will love you,
you have done more than any
creed,
than any
fate
could have done to make me
good and happy.
You have done it without a
touch,
without
pain;
you have done it by being yourself.
I leave you now, and I think of you.

Here rests her head on the lap of the earth
please give her rest
and peace.

Herbert Bressack • Grade 11

Black — darkness and emptiness — that's all there was to see or feel. What happened? How long ago?

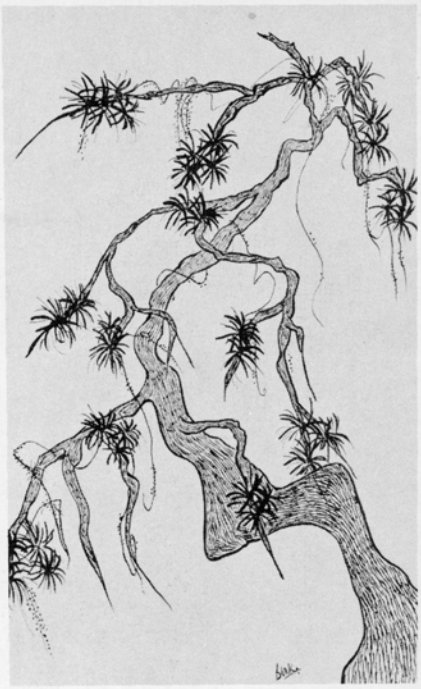
Where are the others? I can't see them. I shout but no one answers.

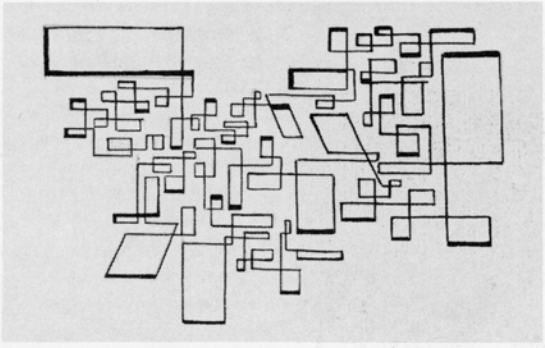
How can I get out of here? Bricks all around. They're white and so smooth. Now everything is white. It's white but it's just as empty. And I really can't see anything. Maybe if I climb up the stairs, but the outside is just the same. There's the sky, but even that is white. Then I must be standing on the ground. Ground — I'd never thought of the meaning of the word before, but now I wondered. Not that the ground was white. Even now while looking at it, I couldn't tell you its color. It, too, was empty, yet hard and cold.

I feel so alone. Within me there is the same emptiness I see and feel outside. Am I the only one left? No, that wouldn't be right. There would always be more than one. But I can see as far as it goes, and there is no one, nothing. I can't live alone. Yet, as I feel now, I could live forever without doing anything more than I am doing now. But I'm alive, how could I have changed?

How long ago did it happen? Now I can't remember. When did the bomb fall?

Barbara Sontheimer • Grade 10





Depression

A fog.
A maze.
Another world.
Sadness is all enshrouding.
Your mind is in a state of chaos.
Your head is in a whirl.
Thoughts once purposeful are transformed into a dark jumbled mass, as useful fire changes in space to worthless black smoke.
The brain, comparable to a tape worm,
gradually consumes the heart's blood.
Valuable energy is wasted on useless unhappiness.
Precious time is lost on self-pity.
Space could have been used for self-improvement.
Isolated from our fellow men, you think useless thoughts.
Thoughts applicable for nothing other than self-destruction.

Maxine Rabinovitch • Grade 10



Observations Through a Window

The cars and people pass in front of me. They appear to be parading and somehow it is life passing me by. And it is she that is parading, not I; I am only standing still and watching.

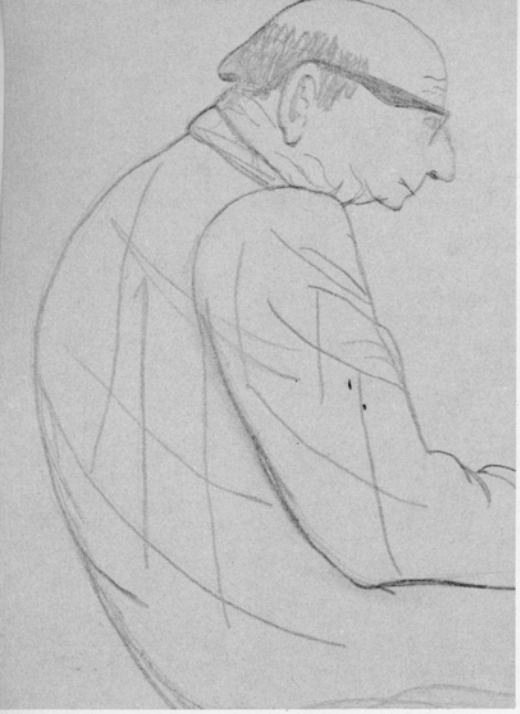
I hear the sounds of motors, as cars hurry by, anxious to get somewhere but never reaching their destination because the parading never ends. And occasionally a screeching brake and a mother's hysterical cry, "Johnny, come back, don't run across that street." And for one moment all is quiet, then the noise of the motors resumes. And dogs bark and children yell and the parade continues.

One day the street is covered with ice and travel is very difficult. But no matter what the conditions are, the parade is always moving. And the stores on the streets and the people walking, are moving, even the people waiting for the bus are moving. They are parading boldly, not hiding on side streets or sneaking down small alleys or standing still looking at other people.

I wonder if I shall ever parade past a window.

Marsha Steinberg • Grade 11





Are You a Product of Your Times?

Do National Shoes ring the bell?
Do you take Nytol when you can't sleep well?
Is Maidenform the bra you wear?
Do you use Spray Net on your hair?

Do you brush your teeth with Colgate?
For litter baskets do you wait?
Do you wash your hair with Dial Shampoo?
Have termites been annoying you?

Do Harry and Bert sell you beer?
Is the detergent you use Cheer?
Are your light bulbs Westinghouse?
Do you scream upon seeing a mouse?

Do you wonder where the yellow went
When you brush your teeth with Pepsodent?
To quit your sufferin'
Do you take Bufferin?

Did you buy Fab the other day?
Is the soap you use Camay?
Does Pepsi Cola hit the spot?
Are you the person you are not?

If you do all the things above
You are the person sponsors love.

Suzie Friedman • Grade 10

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met

His name is Esdras Lubin. I met him in school P. S. 15. He was there for a few years, while this was only my first. He was a big wheel, so naturally everybody used to gather around him. That was one of the reasons I took to him. Another was he liked me very much, and last, we thought exactly alike. Down to the last detail we thought alike: records, girls, ways of having fun, especially whenever something was going on that was cool such as blowing up other people's garbage cans, and making bombs. I most of all remember the time we stood on the top of a bridge and threw tomato sauce on cars, and also bushels of burning leaves.

The funny thing was that when we did something together we were never caught and rarely when he or I did something alone or with somebody else we were caught sometimes.

The most extraordinary thing was that we thought exactly alike. Anything he wanted to do was okay with me and vica versa. Now we don't see much of each other any more because I'm up here.

Roger Golden • Grade 9



A View of Life

I met a certain lonely and mixed up girl about three months ago, and have since become very close to her. We have talked and she has told me what she thinks she wants out of life. In her life she wants speed and danger and most of all, just to be free. I wonder if that is what she really wants. She can't seem to understand what she really feels deep down in her heart. "What is it?" she asks herself. "If it to be wild, or is it to lead a quiet and gentle life?"

As she sits here now and speaks, she thinks she not only wants to be free of worry and an uneasy mind but to be close to God, to know if He is as close to us as the Bible says.

Yes, that is the way she feels now but when she is on a lonely countryside, she wants to feel the hand of a lover gently but firmly caressing her hand.

But when she is speeding down a highway and through a red light with a police siren right on her tail, she wonders if she will ever reach Heaven and be close to God or will it be Hell?

What will happen to this girl through her life? Will she be a great actress, or a famous singer or dancer or . . . will she be a nobody selling pencils at 5 cents a piece on a street corner?

I often wonder what people think of her, if they like her or just say they do. Ha! she has them all fooled; she doesn't like any of them, not a one, she never has and never will. But she must admit there is one exception and that is the boy she is in love with. He is so sweet and gentle; that is, when he is in a serious mood, but when he is in a funny mood he throws her all around.

She thinks about the way people always came up to her and said, "My how nice your hair looks," or "My what a beautiful dress!" I wonder if that is what they really mean or do they mean "Your hair is like a mongrel dog's," and, "Your dress looks like a burlap sack."

And now when the chips are down she finds there are only two people in the world that really love and care for her. They are her parents. "What do her parents mean to her?" Well, they mean more to her than any two people ever meant to anyone. Even though she doesn't see her parents she loves them very dearly and if it wasn't that she is now in the reformatory she would be with them every minute she could.

"Why is she in the reformatory?" you ask.

"Because she killed her parents. . . ."

Laurie Gagnon • Grade 9



I Shall Tell Of America

I shall tell of America —
Of the things of beauty which are hers.

Of summer things:
Of the green grass growing on the plain;
Of the blue sky with puffs of cloud floating across it;
Of the smell of the soil after a summer rain has fallen;
Of a crystal-clear lake with the summer sun on it;
Of summer herself, for she is beautiful with the beauty of a
warm, affectionate young girl.

Of winter things:
Of the pure snow falling on the fields;
Of trees, their branches stark against the sky;
Of the delicate tracing of frost on the window pane;
Of the same lake, covered now with ice;
Of winter herself, for she is beautiful with the noble, haughty
beauty of a queen.

Of autumn things:
Of the ripe apples ready to be eaten;
Of the thick carpet of red and gold leaves in the woods,
fallen after a strong wind has blown;
Of the same lake, slate-blue now, and no longer crystal-clear;
Of autumn herself, for she is beautiful with the beauty of a carefree, cocky girl.

Of spring things:
Of the plants and flowers sprouting in gardens;
Of the green swelling buds on the trees during an April day;
Of the same lake, ringed now with more flowers than one can count;
Of spring herself, for she is beautiful with the beauty of a bride.

I will tell of all these things and more —
Of America, and the things of beauty, which, being American,
Are America.

Lauri Wilson



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