



1960  
CHERRY PIT

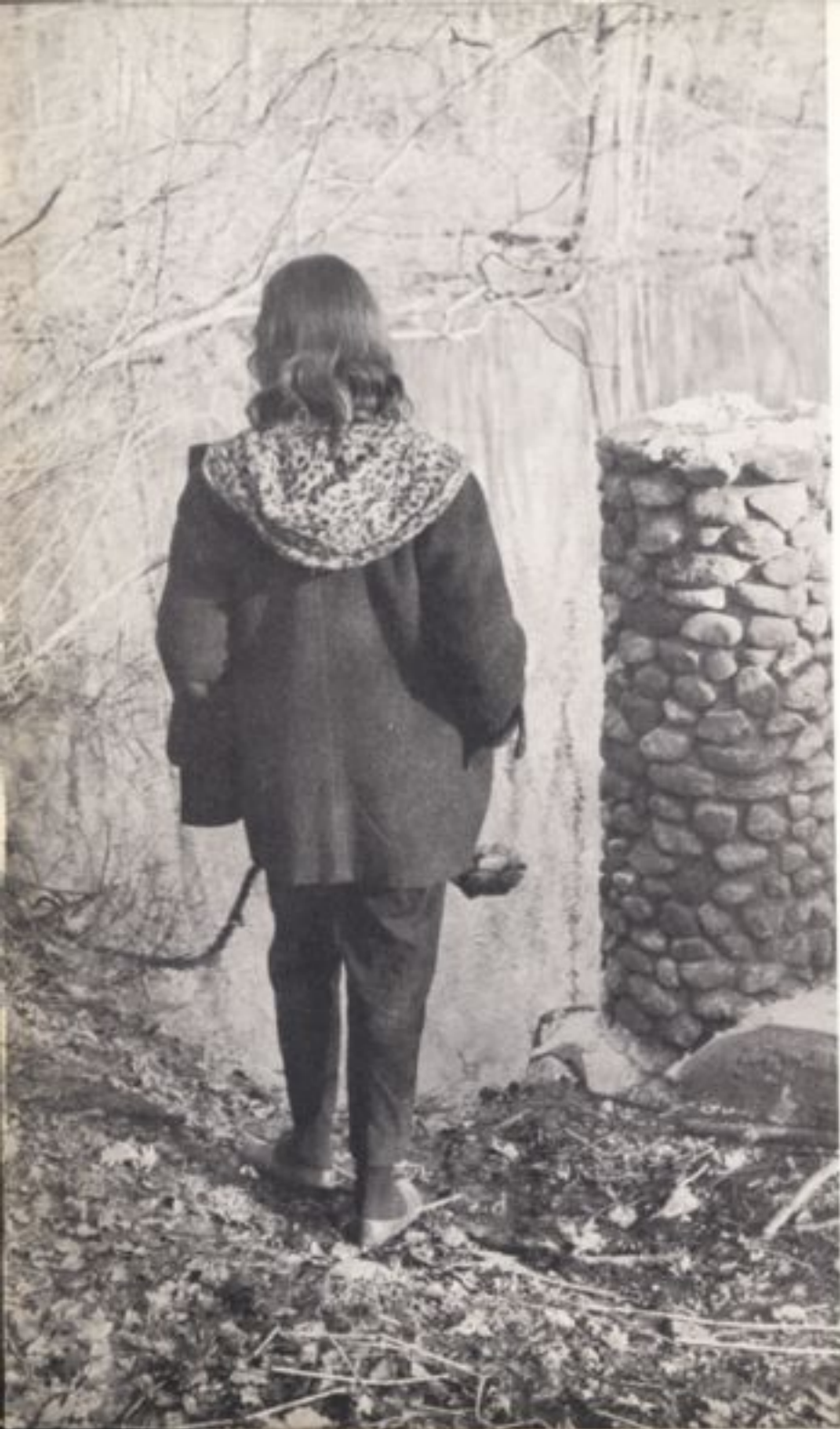


Real education  
comes from a life-long discipline —  
from within the individual.









What are we?  
We mixtures,  
We fledgling creators, fledgling deities.

I am a child.  
In tones of wonder.  
In tones of derision.  
Sometimes  
— a child old enough to know —  
In tones of joy.

What is a child?  
A different species —  
A separate order of man —  
And yet — what is so different about a child?  
Is it that we are all poets when we are children?







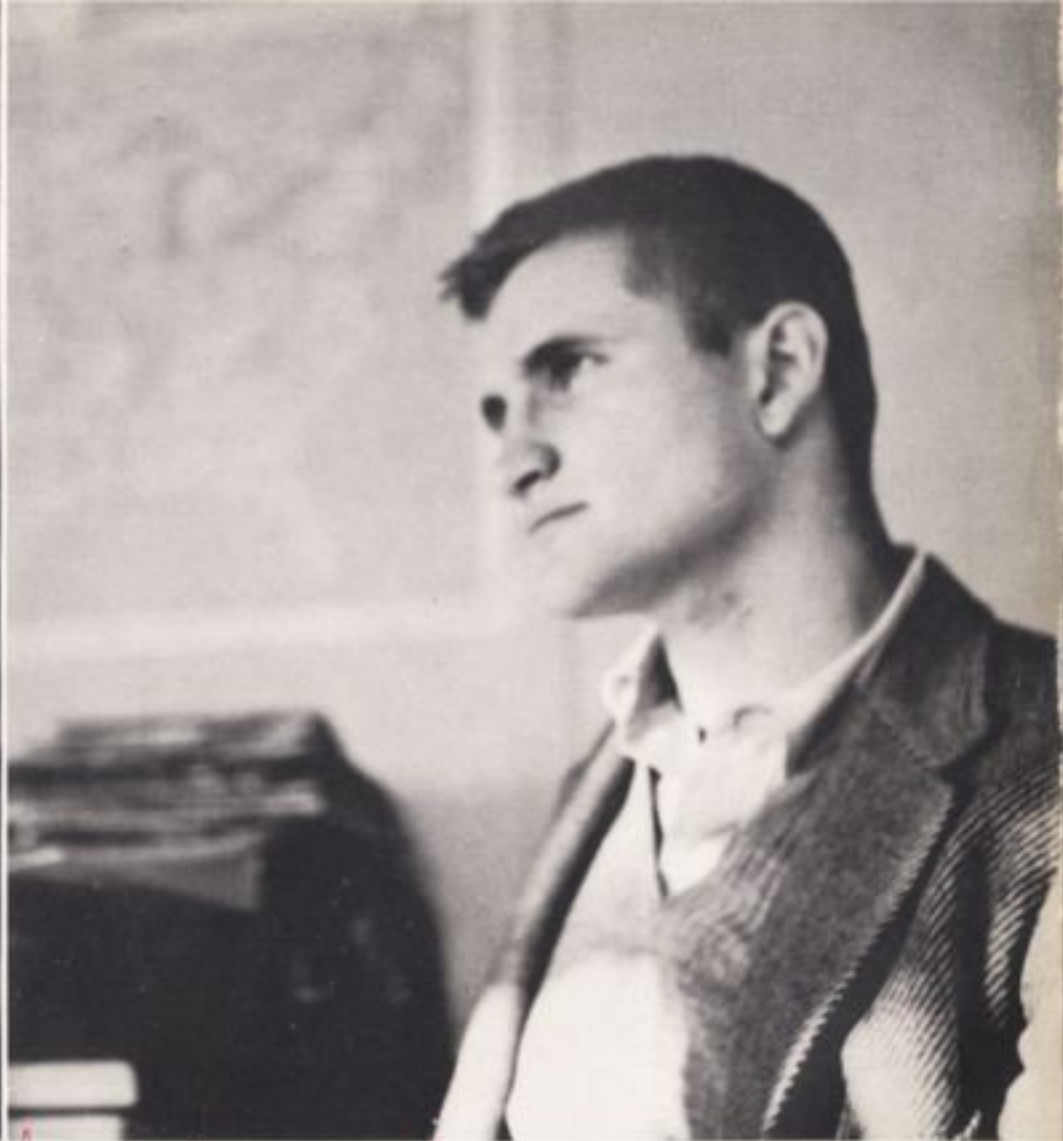








Solitude — in which to



reflect on what we are.

The earlier you show the living sense of responsibility,





the greater your chance to be able to build yourselves beautiful lives.





Sixth Grade: Abbey Hayett, Michael Boris, Tom Silver, Howard Davis, Louis Bleier, Beverly Greenberg, Nina Ehrlich, Julie Blair-Smith, Robert Foster, Allegra Dodge.

#### AS FAR BACK

A long time back,  
As long as time to be exact,  
I saw a man dressed in black.  
He is mine,  
He is yours,  
In life I meet him,  
In death I lose him,  
And now I am forgotten.

Louis Bleier.





Beverly Greenberg



Gertrude Kohler

## Swing Song

Swing, swing,  
Here's my throne, and I am a king!

Swing, sing,  
Swing, sing,

Farewell, earth, for I am on the wing.

Low, high,  
Low and high,

Like a bird, through  
Sunny sky!

Free, free  
Over the lea,

Over the mountain, over the sea.

Up, down,  
Up and down,

Which is the way to London town?

Where, where,  
Up in the air,

Close your eyes, and now you're there!

Soon, soon,  
Afternoon,

Over the sunset, over the moon,

Far, far,  
Over the bar,  
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no,  
Low, low,

Sweeping daisies with my toe.

Slow, slow,  
To and fro,

Slow — Slow — Slow — Slow.

Julie Blair-Smith





richard west



## My Pencil

When you look casually at it, my pencil is just an ordinary pencil. However, just as a dog is man's best friend, and a diamond is a girl's best friend, a pencil is a student's best friend.

It writes with an "anchored lead" (graphite) core. This core is covered with a half-inch radius tube of wood. The tube is made into a hexagonal figure. It is then dipped in white paint and an eraser, made from rubber, is attached with a strip of metal. An interesting thing to note in pencil eraser attachers is that no two companies use the same brand of metal. They really don't have to write the brand name because the metal would show it. Lastly the brand name, manufacturer, and number are placed on one side of the pencil.

When I pick up my Number 2 Pedigree pencil made by Empire Pencil Company, I immediately feel how smooth it is. The seven and five-eighths inch rod does not slip from my hand, though, but is such that I maintain a firm grip on it, like a fishing rod.

Yes, when you look casually at it, my pencil is just an ordinary pencil.

Hilary Fried

# My Beachball

I haven't had my beachball very long, but it is the first beachball that hasn't popped after two weeks. I bought it in Austria, and it has run away from me already on the rough lake waters of the Millsbattersee.

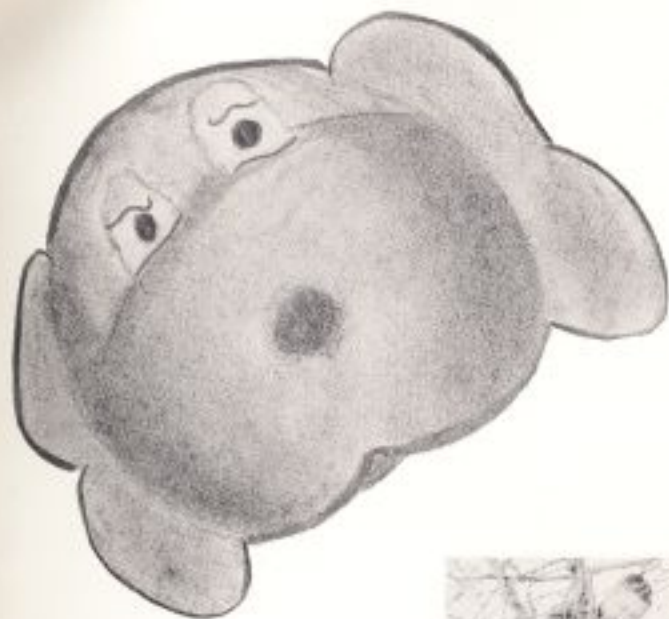
My beachball is made of colored plastic, and of as much air as it will hold. The only thing my ball is good for is playing catch and punch ball, unless of course, you call riding it a use. It is also useful for entertaining small children.

My ball is bigger than any pumpkin I have ever seen. It is as round as an orange and has yellow, green, and red stripes all over it. It feels like a worn-out tire tube. The ball smells like a new post card or a playing card. As I listen to it, it sounds like a crackling fire, or the calm noises on the shore. It tastes — on the green stripe, like a mint; on the yellow stripe, like a grass; on the red, like an orange.

Of course it looks like the head of some outer space man, or a mixed up tire.

I love my mixed up beachball.

Robert Miller.



Seventh Grade: Robert Miller, Andy Harwood, Rickie Cohen, Jeff Thenstead, Gary Ross, Judy Ehrlich, Hilary Fried, Richard Berkowitz, Miriam Basch.





Eighth Grade: Nicki-Joy Bohm, Richard Morgalis, Michael Senft, Sue Shashova, George Grunthal, Louise Phillips.  
Absent: James Thenstead.



grace spooner



# Life Versus Death

Around the media of normal life and everyday procedure there are realms and worlds man knows nothing about. Way, way back, hundreds of thousands of years flying into the past, a mortal, shimmering in all his profound glory, came darting across the heavens to a middle point where earth and sky meet. From the other end of the solar system there arose a corpse filled with peace and tranquility. The two shadowed figures met in one of these hidden realms, each face hidden by the sun by day and the moon by night. Here it was at a heavenly time these two figures began an argument so powerful that it shook the realms of mother nature and a solitary, thin, pale hand once filled with life trembled in the still of the night. This unexpected encounter was taking place and there was nothing to do but wait.

The mortal who represented life and all that is worth struggling for stood upright with a picture of reassurance painted across his face while the corpse stood peacefully, more like a god, without the lines of sweat and pain that come with walking life's path.

The figure with defeat and success embroidered in him pointed to a star.

"This is my world," and he began to tell his story. "Here there is life and people to mix and mingle and make decisions. There is a farmer and a duke's daughter making a profitable trade. There is something doing, and something to contribute to and master through hard labor."

The corpse listened intently. When he spoke his ghost-like finger did not point to a star but he looked about him.

"Here is death," he began, "peace, calmness and serenity. Here everyone is equal even though one grave may have a gold nugget placed on it and another a rose bud. After the deceased has been properly buried the headstone is merely a sign for those still remaining in life. The soul carries on and into the world of mist and joy you are flown with a valley of tears left behind. Here there is no problem to choke your brain and no hammer to beat a rhythm of guilt. No unfortunate handicap can lessen your equality. Here it is man and man alone riding through fields of calmness and serenity and climbing mountains to reach peaks of peace, to take his heart with him as his ticket to the land of unforgotten dreams."

Life looked pleased and answered, "Then the struggle going on in my world is surely worth all its trying moments and back breaking days. If someone does not find his share in me he will look forward to traveling with you, and if my world were to be abandoned, yours would serve no purpose and not fulfill its conquest. Therefore we need each other and are dependent on one another."

The two powers decided to leave everything as it was, since they had reached a common understanding. Until in some future time when there may arise a wiser plan, man shall first live — be taken in by all that life has to offer — place his cards down and begin a bold adventure. Then he shall die and begin a destined journey to the promised land where death shall receive him.

— Louise Phillips

Bernice Hardy, Bruce Goldfine, JoAnn Berman, Bethel Strode, Gary Powers, Isabel Shancupp, Linda Suchecki, Mark Perlman.





## Summer Bungalows

Summer bungalows, once spots of gaiety, are now forlorn outposts of civilization, left alone to decay. Window shutters hang dizzily at all angles, held on by a lone screw. The gutters are clogged with leaves and window sills are piled high with dust. Occasionally a solitary mouse scampers hurriedly through the musty rooms. The white dust covers impart an air of bleakness and loneliness. Silence is the undisputed master holding the bungalow in its grip. When summer comes once more, the bungalow will be released from winter's destructive hold, only to be thrust into it the succeeding winter. It is a never-ending cycle.

Richard Morgalis.





It was dead fall  
and the withering leaves  
crowded the ground with bitterness.

Isabel Schanupp

## To a Storm

Take up your thunder and wander away,  
Come nevermore here to stay.  
You have frightened the cattle —  
Scared the sheep —  
Shaken me out of a silent sleep.

Your force is of greatness,  
Power unending,  
Houses you smash, trees you are bending.

Storm, storm  
Terrible beast  
Go elsewhere  
And have your feast.

I've seen your evil deeds unfold,  
In your wake God's power you hold,  
My land is in ruin,  
My livestock dead.  
Leave me alone to hang my head.

Michael Senft.















Individuals



uniting in the common bond of thought.







Enthusiasm, vitality, joy of living —  
that is what the world needs so much.





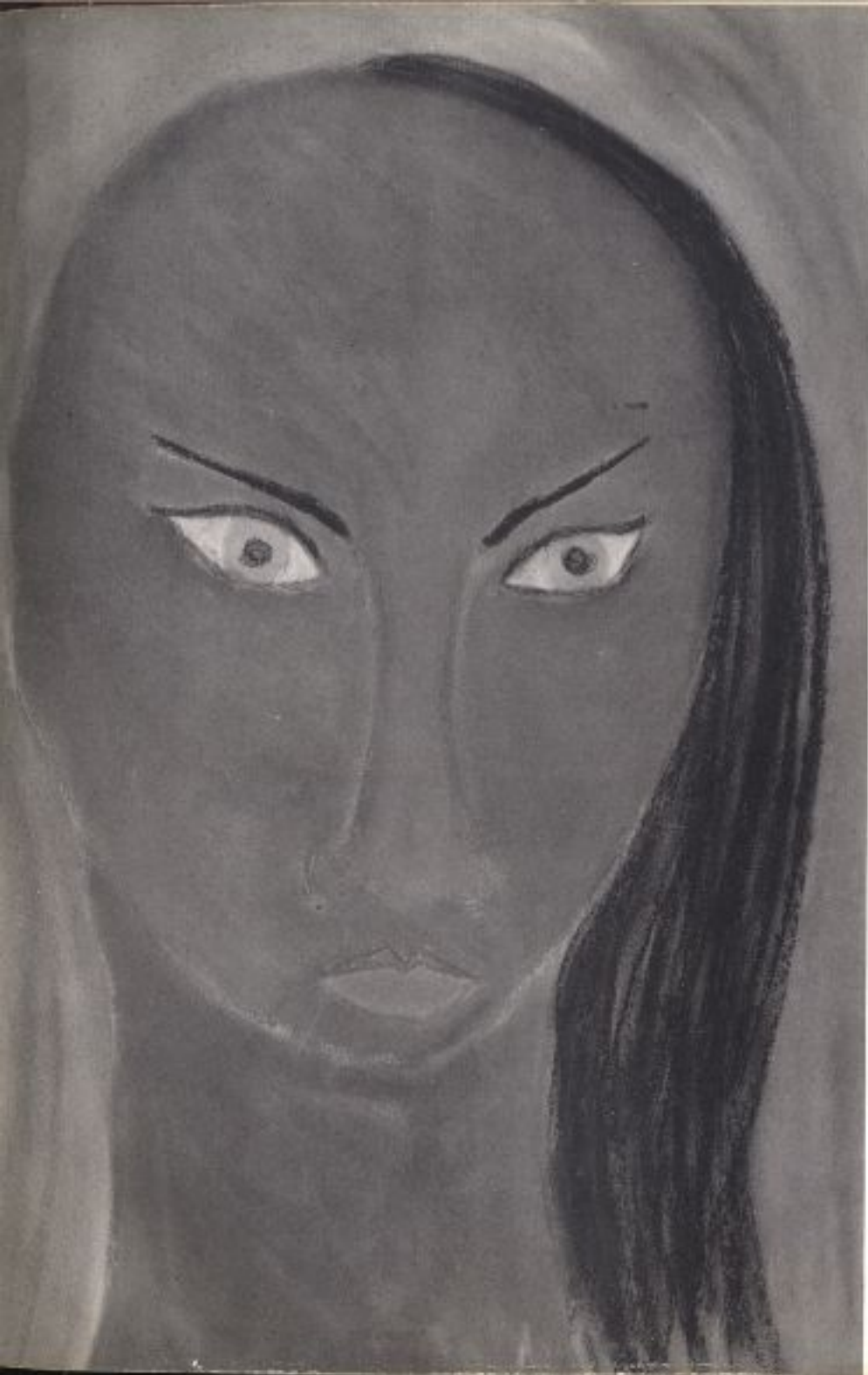


Ninth Grade: William Chorosh, John Shepherd, Pedro Gonsenheimer, Joel Frank, Janet Rosenberg, John Novales, Toni Raphael, Ariane Sylva, Sylvia Jacobs, Ginny Schottland.



Ninth Grade: Lane Crosby, Andrew Neuwirth, Brooks Lyon, Daniel Grossman, Lyra Roskin, Craig Varden, Robert Shankman, Roni-Sue Langsam, Allyn Feldesman, Anita Barrett, Carol Lepofsky, Georgia Godowsky, Barbara Beltscher, Jean Silberstein.





Ludwig Zuber

As I sat in the woods one night, a beautiful moth flew out of the darkness; coming slowly, he glided in out of the cool night air. I froze in my position so I would not disturb him. The moth circled the glass of my lantern to get closer to the radiant light. Finally he found the opening in the glass and slipped inside. Now he was a prisoner in the chamber of flame. He beat his delicate green wings against the glass in ever increasing rhythm. But he would not fly out. The golden light of the blaze held him.

I lifted the glass section of the lantern to let the prisoner out. But as I did this, he disappeared into the flame. I was too late. The light had done its work — the call of the fire was irresistible and overwhelming. Why, I asked myself? Why did the light draw the moth on, until he died for it? My thoughts kept returning to the lovely green moth that had glided out of the darkness to meet death in a flame.

Barbara Beitscher.



The dark window, nearly opaqued by filth, creaked slowly upward on its rust-encrusted track. An empty orange-juice can arched out of the window and floated gently down, catching the harsh dirt-filtered gleam of the morning sun. In the alley below lay a large garbage heap, like some impossible medieval dragon. A wizened old tom cat was crouched watchfully next to the dragon, scavenging for food. The can clattered noisily down the monster's side, starting minor avalanches of rubble as it descended. At the sound the cat scuttled like some grotesque beetle, toward its hole, here he knew he would have to stay for the remainder of the day to avoid savage, ravening dogs, and boys who stood on the decrepit fire-escapes and threw down pieces of crumbling masonry. The can came to rest at the side of the heap and a small section of East Harlem awoke to another dreary day.

Brooks Lyon.

## A Walk

"All right, I'm coming!"

He kicked upon the door, walked out of the room, went into the bathroom, flipped on the water in the chipped-enamel sink, and gazed at it as it slowly filled up. After he shut it off he splashed his face in the cold water and eased the sudden shock with his hands. He reached out blindly for a towel and having used it tossed it aside.

"Will you hurry up?" a voice yelled from downstairs.

"Ah, shut up!" he said as he jogged down the stairs.

"What's for supper anyway?" he finally said, after a long pause.

"Hash."

"Hash? This is only the fifth time this week we've had it."

"You just keep that mouth of yours closed and eat what I give you. You ought . . . . ."

"O. K.," he said, with a forced calmness in his voice. "I'll eat it."

After supper he left and started walking down the lonely street. It was a cold night and he only had on a thin jacket, but he didn't seem to mind. He kept on walking with his hands in his tight hip-pockets, occasionally spitting at the over-piled trash cans that cluttered up the dirty street. He came to an empty beer can and sent it noisily down the street with a kick.

"Damn it!" he said with tears in his eyes.

He approached the dented can again and kicked with all his might. He kept on walking and came to a new street (which was very odd because he knew most every street around his neighborhood). It was a narrow street, as was his, with little alleys going everywhere, and spider-web fire escapes, draped with laundry, choking the shabby dirty tenement-houses that lined the street on either side. On the street he passed two small children, of about five or so, who were amusing

themselves by floating beer caps in a puddle by a sewer-opening. He continued farther and went by a group of boys, of about ten, smoking behind an old abandoned garage and shooting crap. Then he came to an old apartment house where two hoods sat on the steps cleaning their finger-nails with switch-blades, and laughing boisterously at some obscene thing. Toward the end of the street was an interesting bar (interesting because it was clean) called the Crossroads Bar. As he approached it he saw a man lying in the middle of the sidewalk dead-drunk. He looked at his unshaven face, with alcohol-stained lips, and his dirty stained coat that probably hadn't left his back in five years. He could smell his awful breath. Just then a cop came and dragged the old man off; probably to wind up in the Medical School cut up in a thousand pieces. After the cop left, the boy started walking again until he came to a little park where he sat down on one of the carved-up benches and buried his head in his hands and just sat there thinking.

He looked up after a little while and saw the busy city in the middle of the rush-hour turmoil, with the cars and noisy trucks pushing through. As a young lady, in a tight pink skirt, walked by with silver-dyed hair, and a ridiculous looking toy poodle, he laughed in a disgusting way to himself. He then got up and went up to the door of the drugstore and pushed it out of his way. He looked around to see if anyone had noticed his grand entrance, but the store was empty. He didn't really know why he had gone into the store but he finally bought a pack of cigarettes and continued on his unknown way.

While he was walking he tried to figure out why he had gone on his little journey, but he couldn't. He kept on walking; he didn't know where the hell he was going, but he kept on walking.

Joel Frank









Tenth Grade: Back Row: Judy Sugarman, Geri Schottenstein, Mark Pine, William Gordon. Front Row: Richard Workman, Carol Blain, Mae Wanda Michael, Robert Hirning, Bruce Tapper, Arlene Auerbach.





richard gutwillig

Tenth Grade: First Row: Lynn Gaynor, Donna Kaniss.  
Second Row: Barbara Beloff, Jeff Klothe, Chris Duff,  
Laurie Gagnon, Allan Fraenkel. Third Row: Leigh  
Bacal, Roberta Rosenberg, Derek Jessop.







Lynn Gaynor

Sunlight glittering,  
Trees shimmering,  
Wandering aimless soul.

That was I, wandering through nature's forest.  
I crossed a bridge —  
    water flowing, with rocks shining through  
    this transparent solution.  
Up ahead there was an apple tree and beneath  
    it there stood . . . .

. . . . The deer scattered at my approach and  
    leaped off into the brush,  
And I with the curiosity of a child followed.  
But ended my pursuit lost and came out into a  
    field still a wandering aimless soul.

Arlene Auerbach.



Carole Blein



## Where Can You Go?

What are you complaining about? You say that you're poor, yet you have a house, a fine wardrobe, and plenty of food. Oh, no, my friend, you are not poor; you are lucky! You are lucky not to have experienced true poverty. I know, for I am living in a world of poverty. When I first came to this country of so-called freedom, honesty, and many opportunities, I was filled with many dreams and ideas; but were they ever fulfilled? Now that it's too late I realize that this can never be! Can you imagine what it's like living in poverty, to beg and steal for food, to buy the cheapest and thinnest clothing, to hide your money under your mattress, for fear that someone may swindle you or steal it? Do you know what it's like to go work walking through filth and grime? No, you cannot know, for this world I live in is a strange world where man can exist on but little.

If you should not happen to like this world of hate and damnation, to whom and where can you run? I'm talking to you, little man, you with the torn clothes and sunken eyes. Run, old man, run! Run, and when you stumble and fall pick yourself up and keep running on! Where? Oh, any place where you can hide from this filthy, rotten world. Don't stay and try to get ahead, not here! No matter how hard you try you'll never succeed, never! Don't tire yourself out. Don't struggle, even for yourself; you're not worth it! Maybe in the next world, feeble man, maybe in the next world you'll find peace and happiness!

Judy Sugarman.



His identity does not matter, nor do any of his deeds, for after death everything of his self will cease to exist. He is one of multitudes and does not count. He shares his meager self with all, living humbly, just barely existing, loving his fellow beings, but he will be forgotten.

He does not exist for the material, but for the spiritual; not for cents, but for love, and when his eyes close nothing will be remembered.

No land is in his person. He will not be able to afford a plot or epitaph, and therefore will be looked down upon as a parasite on his fellow man.

More is achieved than life and death, he lives for God, and dies for His sake and that of his fellow man. All connected will despise him. His ashes will be spread over the earth, never to be united. His body will know no resting place. He is a true man.

Peter Marcus.



11th Grade: Top: Penny Edwards, Phyllis Reed, Beverly Mason, Robert Mann, Peter Marcus, Joy Kahn, William Hardy.

Bottom: Richard Bredde, Peter Bogart, Michael Gray, Kathie Berlin, Judy Sall.



11th Grade: Top: Robert Edelman, Moses Safenovitz. Center: Laurie Wilson, Julie Schopick. Bottom: Mira Frost, Meryl Lidsky, James Harwood.

Absent: Jane Kepacs, Rolf Swenson, Larry Gorfinkle, Hank Orgel, Robert Westheimer.





basil burwell



11 Grade: Top: John Natanson, Roy Duboff. Center: Christopher Medved, Roger Richman, Frank Hailey. Bottom: Emily Upton, Marjorie Nemarow, Maxine Rabinovitch. Absent: Jean Mason.

"There are four seasons to the year," said the lecturer.  
 "Spring."  
 "Adolescence," said the poet.  
 "Summer."  
 "Growth and maturity," said the poet.  
 "Fall."  
 "Fulfillment and middle age," said the poet.  
 "Winter."  
 "Old age," said the poet.  
 "Perhaps this young man would care to take over the lecture,"  
 Said the understandably annoyed speaker. \*  
 "I would," said the poet.  
 "Beginning from the beginning,  
 Spring weather is adolescent —  
 Changeable, unpredictable — at one moment laughing, at the next crying;  
 One day angry, the next soft and forgiving.  
 Living things are adolescent in  
 spring —  
 Gawkily, happily, rapidly growing.  
 Every color of love is adolescently evident in spring.  
 Spring is adolescence symbolized —  
 Whimsical and gay, emotional and moody at one and the same  
 time.  
 Summer is the time  
 of growth.  
 This is the time when the seeds that you planted earlier are growing,  
 And you tend them happily,  
 Proud of their growth.  
 They are helped and fertilized by the sunshine and the storms,  
 Which are heavier and less frequent than the spring.  
 Summer is a time of maturing,  
 Of smooth growing,  
 Of getting ready for the harvest.  
 Indian summer and fall —  
 The harvest, the time of reaping the plants you've been  
 tending.  
 This is the fulfillment, the peak.  
 The weather is golden, warm, comfortable and brief.  
 Late fall is middle age —  
 Still golden and beautiful but more rain,  
 Which often brings a last blaze of glory.  
 Then comes winter,  
 And dying,  
 And bareness . . . .  
 Everything is bare or white-covered.  
 A white covering often camouflages bareness,  
 But when it disappears the bareness is seen.  
 The end of winter is like dying, but then comes the new year —  
 Transmigration and rebirth."



Meryl Lidsky





Henry Orgel

My house stands at the end of a deserted road. My lamp radiates light and warmth on the road's gloomy ending. Some find it pleasant to walk to the end of a road and find a light awaiting them. I have learned much by observing those who stop by my light.

Long ago, during the spring, a young girl would approach my light every evening. She was met by a handsome youth. They made a beautiful couple, blending in perfect harmony with nature's warmth and vitality.

Now it is December. The road is gray and barren. The trees are grotesque in their nakedness. The only fertile ground is now hard and cold. I still see the girl. She walks to my light every evening. When she reaches it, she stands by it for a long time. She looks around, as if expecting to find someone waiting for her by the light. I think she is looking for the boy. I have not seen them together since the leaves began to fall. Winter's chill has reached the boy's heart, and he loves her no longer. But the girl still hopes that he will return to the light and love her as before.

She begins to cry quietly as soon as she is sure that no one is approaching the circle of light, and then trudges aimlessly into the darkness.

Maxine Rabinovitch.

The silence of the night was broken by the crackling of leaves. A man's lean body slipped through the bushes, and in the light of the full moon all he could see was the barren road, which had no signs of life. Thoughts of panic raced across his mind. He was alone in a strange place and there weren't any houses along the road, and yet he possessed a feeling of satisfaction. For the first time in his life he felt that he had outsmarted someone.

The late autumn wind seemed to go through him. Perhaps it wasn't such a smart move. It was too late to turn back, and yet, where would he go? His body shook; partly from fear and partly from the biting wind. Why had he done it? The answer was simple. He wanted to prove he was smarter than everyone else. But was he? He had run for over a day without eating or sleeping. His legs ached and his stomach gnawed from hunger. His body reeled with fatigue. Every minute he hated himself more for his impulsive action. Bitter tears began to swell in his eyes as he sat down on the road. His heart was heavy. Life offered nothing to him. He was alone in the world. There was no place to go, no one to turn to. His eyelids were heavy. They were closing — no, he couldn't sleep. He would surely be found. But what did it really matter? He had no place to go. His eyelids closed, his head fell and he slept. Meanwhile the search for the escaped convict continued, each minute drawing nearer to the sleeping man.

Marjorie Nemarow.









Dear Class of 1960,

Mrs. Craig made me promise that, though I have now given up my administrative duties, I would still write to colleges for each one of you. If I wrote about you — why not also to you?

Especially since it is not long ago I saw you nearly daily as my history students, of whom I grew most fond and in whom I saw real promise. Promises of which you were not yet aware. So many different personalities — so many different promises!

Remember Dr. Boris's recent assemblies. You are building your own selves and your own worlds. May the day never come when you are not aware of the bright, beautiful world around you: the bracing morning air, the scudding clouds and the flitting birds, the changing colors and forms of all vegetation, and the charm of little children, the pathos of youth, the beauty of art and music, the majesty of human achievement, the sublimities of human lives, the intimation around us of a Divine Presence.

May God help you to grow in character and in wisdom, give you strength to see where your plain duty lies and to practice honesty (not only because it is a matter of policy) and build friendships which are not a refined form of caring for yourselves, and to really learn that there is a greater blessing in giving than in receiving, in loving than in being loved.

Catherine of Siena said that happiness and unhappiness are like our right and left hands — both must be put to good use. Remember that often in life we cannot distinguish between them. So often I have had a disappointment or what looked like a real blow, only to find that what appeared like a loss turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

Never do less than you can do! If you put off till tomorrow to really start trying, you may never do it. You will be pleased with less and less.

"Vi skoda prinser, dar barn vi blicke, men vuxna kungar vi fimma icke — "We see princes when we look at children, but full-grown kings we seldom find among us."

At last I'll wish for you something which has been the magic of my happy life: Find such kind of a life work that will be hard for you to distinguish between what is your work, and what is your pleasure.

God bless you.

"Your old friend, Dr. Stael"

Christina Stael v.h. Bogoslovsky





My very dear Seniors,

Again the time approaches when I must begin to think of "my seniors" as Cherry Lawn graduates. What can I say to you, in parting, that I have not said, in one way or another, time and time again?

I think of you as you were when I first knew you — young, unsure of yourselves both scholastically and socially. I look at you as you are now — still young, (comparatively), but older, definitely and positively maturing toward the attainment of serious purpose and the acceptance of high standards of scholastic achievement, personal conduct, and social responsibility. I imagine you as you will be in the years to come and I am reminded of the talk by Dr. Boris when he said that you will be your own life-long companion. I hope, with all my heart, that each of you will become the kind of person with whom you will be proud and happy to live. The qualities of intellectual alertness and dynamic interests, of dependability and responsibility, of human understanding, sympathy, kindness, tenderness and compassion, all these attributes will contribute toward the integrity which will make you a good companion to yourself, a person worthy and capable of lasting friendship and love, a son or a daughter, a husband or a wife and a parent able to extend and expand your "self" to include those who are near and dear to you. Your welfare, your success and your happiness will then be far greater than your own limited, personal achievements and satisfactions and will grow and increase throughout your lives.

You may think that, during the past year, I have over-emphasized the importance of academic achievement. This year, more than ever before, the competition for college admission makes high grades a most vital qualification. But good grades are the natural result of sincere intellectual interest, implemented by the tools of consistent and persevering work, organization of time and materials and the conscious, unrelenting effort to master facts, develop judgement, and draw conclusions based on facts. Be aware of your thinking processes, guide and direct them toward the desired ends. Every one of you needs and is worthy of continued education and I earnestly hope that each of you will be accepted by the very best college for which you can qualify.

As you look back on your years at Cherry Lawn you will surely forget the little disagreements and frustrations such as come to all of us from time to time. You will remember the beauty of the campus in spring, the thrill of finding the solution to some difficult problem, the inspiration from a book, a poem, or some special class or person, the emotional impact of a play or of the Christmas Pageant, the deep-felt joy in friendships with teachers and with fellow-students. Remember, always, that those of us who have worked with and for you here have endeavored, with deep devotion and high ideals, to help you on your way toward becoming that "good life-long companion to yourself." And when you hear or think of "Pomp and Circumstance," remember

Your always devoted  
Lettie Lee Craig  
(without pomp and in all  
sorts of circumstances!)





marsha steinberg



louise frem



jeffrey carter

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From an island far away a single coconut floats ashore.

*Where do you come from . . .*

I picked up the coconut and pressed it to my breast. I am  
a wanderer also.

*How long have you roamed the waves since you were  
taken from your native land . . .*

A quiet longing swells within my heart.

*When shall I see my home again, oh when shall I  
return . . .*

The beach is empty as I slowly walk over the sand dunes, forcing the sand between my toes. The night is quiet, and I must be alone, with only my thoughts for companions. I remember the people and I know they are with me, although I walk alone tonight. It is cold out now, and the wind blows the sand round and round, faster and faster, until all patterns are blurred and ultimately indistinguishable.

If there are no marks in the sand, maybe there are no other people. I call, but there is no answer other than the low moan of the wind. What am I going to do? There is no one here. Will I be able to stand the world alone? Look, there are tracks in the sand. Those are the prints of a barefoot man. Someone has walked here before me!

Run, Run . . . and shout "I am alive! I am alive!"

Marsha Steinberg





bonnie rubin



richard newman



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The delicate pink and white flower petals float down from above my head like soft white snowflakes — gentle, billowy specks of remembrance. They remind me that a long time ago — was it in March, April, May or perhaps June — I can't recall, but I too was young and very much in love; in love with everything, love, life, and him. During that time of apple blossoms he said to me, "Don't laugh at the stars for they laugh with you." It was a time when every moment was filled to the brim with happiness, sadness and oh, so many moods — like a sparkling soap bubble that floats up into the air, catches the light, shines for a few brief seconds and then bursts. A time to go running over wet dewy lawns early in the morning, just out of the joy of being alive, and a time to lie by

a lake and absorb the sun's warmth. Oh, it was a beautiful time with all its youth and magic.

But then June turned to July and July to August and the promises of early spring were mere echos on the wind. For now it is the last summer of youth and I must live every burning, fiery passionate moment of it, and being so young and careless I forgot his name. No, I didn't forget it, but there was another name, many more names.

And now it's late fall again. The air grows chill. I looked up today and saw that it was not cherry or apple blossoms at all, but autumn leaves that glide so swiftly from the trees overhead and a strange longing fills my heart. A longing for a season that once sang so clearly in me, a season for which I yearn, but cannot recapture.

Susan Cass

Most people that live in this country and other democracies do not deserve to be free, and they really aren't. These are the people who do not live up to the responsibilities of their freedom; they lack regard and respect for their fellow man. Such people are actually slaves because they do not control themselves, they are ruled by inner feelings, which they do not understand, unrestrained emotions, and an environment that has molded them

which they have not tried to overcome, but accepted. They hurt not only themselves, but are detrimental to society, and their rights should be taken away until they have earned them.

Freedom does not entail things we are permitted to do, it is what we are permitted to be. It is more a matter of open-mindedness and intelligence and doing away with bigotry and prejudice and disrespect for property and rights.

Richard Newman





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james mackler



nancy fortner



How lovely it would be to live once more.  
To lift my buds again to the scarlet sun and to feel its  
warmth saturate my body.  
To smell the sweet scent of the lily.  
To watch the trees sway rhythmically in the cool breath of God.  
To feel the rain trickling through my dry roots.  
To relive the youth of spring.  
I am left now with only withered petals and just a passing memory  
of my beauty.  
But, I know that I shall live again, for my seeds have been blown  
by the wind.

Nancy Fortner





barbara dooneief



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We are living in a new era, an era of atomic energy, space travel, and "push-button living." Scientific progress is advancing our ways of living and shrinking the size of our planet, but it also produces friction between the countries of the world. A third world war has been avoided by the great powers only because they realize that a world war in this scientific age could easily lead to total destruction. Is this real progress?

Great advances have been made by individual countries, but this knowledge is not always shared with the world. Why should a country today waste money, scientists, and time in the development of an atomic bomb when other countries have perfected it fifteen years ago? When a scientific advancement is accredited to the world and not to a specific country, this will be real progress.

Ronald Tomchin

After sunrise the sky was a clear, deep blue. The sun had turned from a dull red to a brilliant flashing gold. About noon, heavy cloud formations began to creep over the southwest horizon. They came slowly, so slowly. One could feel the crisp, cool air become dank and sluggish. Near noon the sky had enveloped the earth in one grayish mass.

Then the rain came, gradually at first, but accelerating in proportion with the time. It reached its crescendo, but instead of decreasing at this point, it remained at a constant rate. People said that it was just another rain, but it was not.

Those who lived near the river watched its rise without anxiety. They said it was only a heavy storm, but it was not. "Do not worry," they said. Yet it was a peculiar storm in that the rain did not stop. The river was swelling rapidly. The level was reaching the top of the banks, coming very close. Then it was overflowing. Oozing over at first, but quickly becoming rushing torrents, smashing, sweeping, wreaking destruction.

. . . After sunrise the next morning, the sky was a clear, deep blue. The sun had turned from a dull red to a brilliant, flashing gold. All was calm.

Stephen Kraysler





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## reflections

Walking alone one day I became aware of the vast area which surrounded me. The trees in their multiple shades of autumnal hues dominated the scene, while the overcast gray sky filled with darkening clouds seemed to extend endlessly. A feeling of insignificance overpowered me. As compared to the great universe around me, my problems and dreams were like a ripple in a great lake.

I continued looking. The black clouds slowly encompassed the view and the rain drops obliterated the scene. This new reflection of smallness appeared to have skipped past my mind, until when walking down a nearby narrow road I noticed a young boy soaking his feet in the water of a pond, unaware of the raindrops. He was thinking of his future. I could see his thoughts envisioned in the water, only to be erased by the raindrops . . . . A great lawyer and a devoted father. Then the boy stopped gazing into the water and looked up at the darkened sky. His face expressed a new emotion — a feeling of insignificance.

This young boy's emotional upheaval was similar to mine. He left a small egotistical world for a world of understanding.

The two visions have now totally disappeared but the thought will never cease . . .

Herbert Adler





priscilla simon

linda feder



roy lawaetz



Hands, thou art the shapers of the world.  
 Yet in thy shaping thou art fickle as thou art steady.  
 Thy powers may lead one soul to peace and silence.  
 But one swift motion from thee may lead another  
 to despair.  
 As a mother's instrument thou soothest and driest  
 tears away,  
 Those tears that in anger thou produced while  
 administering punishment for a deed misdone.  
 Like a light butterfly thou canst fly from place to  
 place,  
 Putting things in order, fixing the things undone.  
 Things that once thou destroyed and once  
 cherished.  
 In the power of the laborer thou makest life sprout,  
 While in the power of the scientist thou canst kill  
 what thou once made live.  
 The baby may use thee as the key to unlock the  
 mystery of life.  
 The adult as a means of applying the knowledge  
 so far gained.  
 But while the workingman may use thee to  
 construct,  
 He can also raise thee in rebellion and protest.  
 Oh hands, hands, thou art indeed the shapers of  
 the world.

Linda Feder





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francine gluckman



christopher amsel

## the message

Spring, and a crystal dewdrop rolls from the edge of a crisp,  
newly unfurled leaf, breaking upon the mirror lake below.  
Spring, and a lavender mountain thrusts itself into the rain  
washed sky, its craggy face softened by a misty cloud veil.  
Spring, and a sun-yellow crocus opens to the kiss of mother sun,  
to the touch of the father rain.  
Spring, and a newborn child stretches its birth-wet wings to the  
gentle sun's warmth, opens its sealed eyes to the daylight  
of birth and life.  
Spring, and God sends the time worn world a recurring message of  
hope, of life, of the eternal.

Marilyn Gordon



I knew when I walked down to the river today, that it would be for the last time. There was a certain quiet sadness about the place, or maybe it was in my heart. The water ran by with tears in its eyes, and even the trees seemed to whisper good-bye.

I sat beside the bank leaning against the rock, our rock, where we used to come to play and love. As I sat there, aimlessly tossing pebbles into the water, a flock of birds flew overhead. When they passed, I looked back at

the pebbles in my hand and followed their flight through the air, down into the water until they disappeared. Suddenly, they ceased to be merely pebbles. They had become symbols of life, a life which never ends, but, like pebbles, disappears.

Soon you will be free like the birds to soar overhead. But, in spirit, I'll never leave you nor our river where my life began and ended.

Francine Gluckman





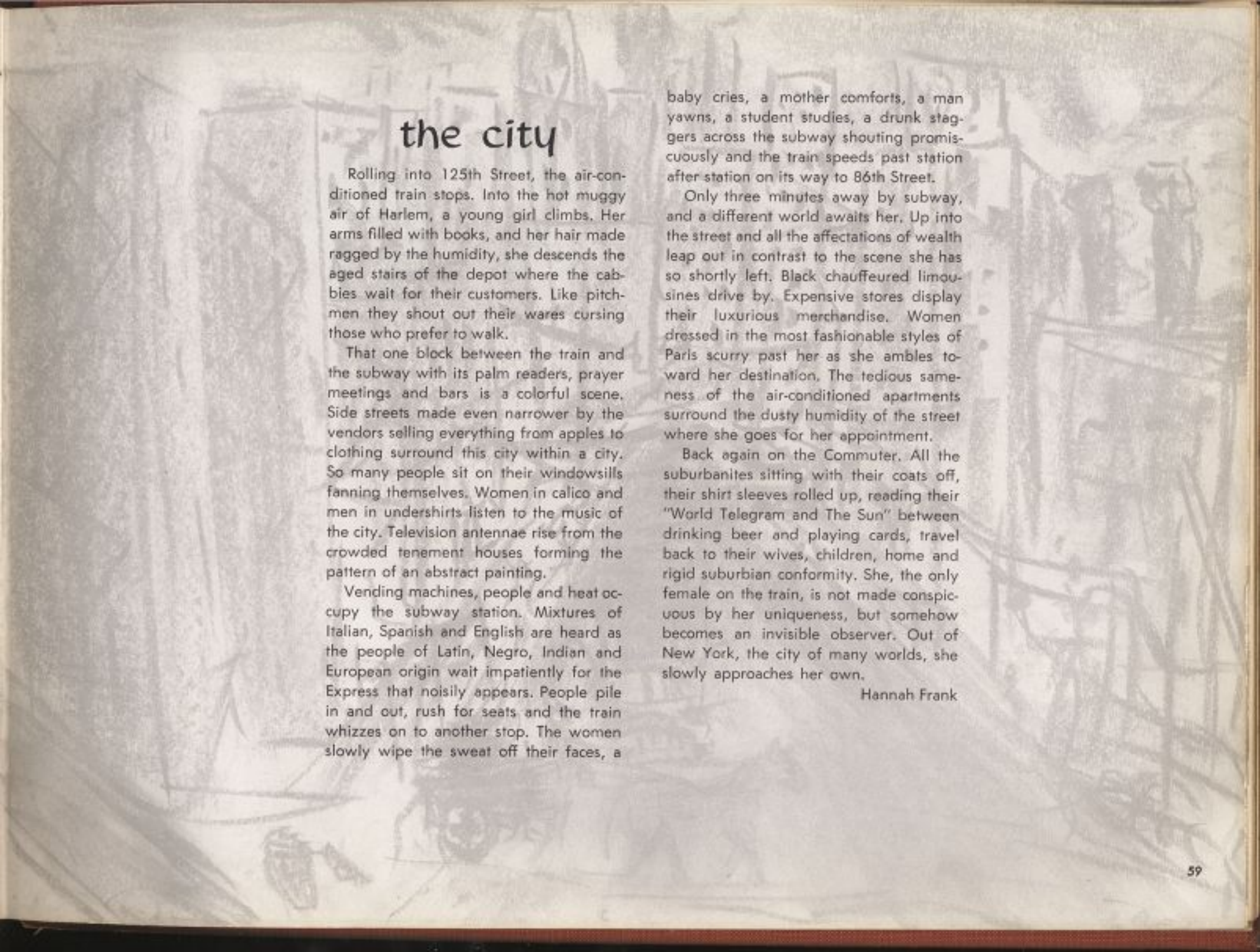
steven morgan



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## the city

Rolling into 125th Street, the air-conditioned train stops. Into the hot muggy air of Harlem, a young girl climbs. Her arms filled with books, and her hair made ragged by the humidity, she descends the aged stairs of the depot where the cabbies wait for their customers. Like pitchmen they shout out their wares cursing those who prefer to walk.

That one block between the train and the subway with its palm readers, prayer meetings and bars is a colorful scene. Side streets made even narrower by the vendors selling everything from apples to clothing surround this city within a city. So many people sit on their windowsills fanning themselves. Women in calico and men in undershirts listen to the music of the city. Television antennae rise from the crowded tenement houses forming the pattern of an abstract painting.

Vending machines, people and heat occupy the subway station. Mixtures of Italian, Spanish and English are heard as the people of Latin, Negro, Indian and European origin wait impatiently for the Express that noisily appears. People pile in and out, rush for seats and the train whizzes on to another stop. The women slowly wipe the sweat off their faces, a

baby cries, a mother comforts, a man yawns, a student studies, a drunk staggers across the subway shouting promiscuously and the train speeds past station after station on its way to 86th Street.

Only three minutes away by subway, and a different world awaits her. Up into the street and all the affectations of wealth leap out in contrast to the scene she has so shortly left. Black chauffeured limousines drive by. Expensive stores display their luxurious merchandise. Women dressed in the most fashionable styles of Paris scurry past her as she ambles toward her destination. The tedious sameness of the air-conditioned apartments surround the dusty humidity of the street where she goes for her appointment.

Back again on the Commuter. All the suburbanites sitting with their coats off, their shirt sleeves rolled up, reading their "World Telegram and The Sun" between drinking beer and playing cards, travel back to their wives, children, home and rigid suburban conformity. She, the only female on the train, is not made conspicuous by her uniqueness, but somehow becomes an invisible observer. Out of New York, the city of many worlds, she slowly approaches her own.

Hannah Frank





edwin steinfeld



merrilee warshaw



gerald friedland



reach upward little boy  
build you a strong foundation  
have many windows  
observe contemporaries  
see much  
do little

reach upward little boy  
have you a great fortitude  
possess many doors  
absorb knowledge  
see much  
do little

reach upward little boy  
be as a skyscraper  
climb you up to the sky  
have lofty ideals  
evolve much  
do everything

merrilee warshaw

A man gazes at the ocean. He stares out into the sea's vastness and watches the rolling waves which seem to rise out of nothing. He observes the eye-softened blending of the sea and the sky at the horizon. When at sea, he forgets his everyday worries in its ecstasy.

Edwin Steinfeld

















Store your riches in your minds, in your hearts, in your will power, in your ingenuity, in your compassion

then your lives will be truly fuller and richer whatever might happen.



I stand in solitude

With the shadow of the child behind me,

And the misty image of the future stretching before me;

Not quite adult, yet not a child,

But lost between.

Can I find my way,

In solitude?

In loneliness?

By watching my own image in a mirror?

Or is it better to search surrounded by people?

To watch them,

Listen to them,

Learn from them?

Will I find my answer that way,

Or will I only have other people's answers?

Can I remain a poet,

Or must I even forget that I was one?



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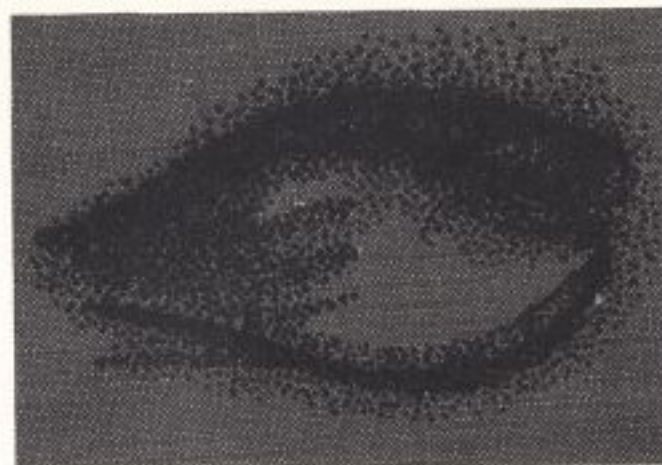
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