





Editorial

THE CHERRY PIT STAFF

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Seldom has it happened in the history of the Cherry Pit, that an issue has been started with as much material on hand as we are fortunate enough to have. This, I believe, is a definite sign that the students in the school are interested, or at least have some interest in their paper which will go abroad and undoubtedly receive criticisms. We do not want to be criticized too severely, however. It is the desire of Dr. Goldfrank and has been very carefully carried out by the Cherry Pit Staff, to have the articles printed as they were written by the contributors. As a result not everything is perfect; but certainly what we want to bring out, that is, what ability each child has to write, is clearly shown in this magazine. Week after week, the students write compositions. But if they know that some of their works may be put into print, they will exert themselves and produce articles much more worth while.

Aside from being a means of expressing the ideas and thoughts of the students, the Cherry Pit also is useful in keeping a record of school events. We try to make our "School News" column as interesting as possible by having events written up in story style. This seems to add to the delight in writing up the happenings and I think, also in reading them.

The members of the Cherry Pit Staff also have done their share in the work. They have gone around to the various students and helped to give ideas. They, too, have written. And in the printing of this issue they have given much of their time and suggestions.

Finally, the Cherry Pit would like to greet our readers and hope that they will find enjoyment in what we have so diligently prepared for them.

Esther L. Turitz.



LITERATURE

The Wreck

No matter how old I ever become, I will never forget that night back in 1899 when I was port-oar on the Broadstein coast guard boat. The sky became overcast at about three in the afternoon and at about five, the storm was in full swing. I remember it as clearly as if we were enacting it now. Amos and I had just come in from our patrol on the beach when a man rushed in. "A boat is on the rocks off Cornwall," he shouted. We couldn't do anything then except wait until the storm went down. We spent the rest of the night around the fire talking it over. A bad train wreck had occurred on the outskirts of the town and a local man, an engineer, Gibbons by name had been killed.

About nine that evening, Pearson, our coxswain, came back from town accompanied by a young quiet man. "Boys," he said, "we're going out to that ship." His voice was commanding yet asking. For some reason we agreed. We slid the boat down to the water without mishap and started out.

The stranger was still with us. He sat with Pearson in the stern leaning over once in a while and whispering in his ear. I still don't understand how we reached that ship. At times huge waves would break over our prow so that it seemed we were as much under the water as over. Once when I was almost exhausted the stranger leaned over and helped pull my oar. It seemed to me as if the boat moved faster through the water. After almost being capsized and turning back from exhaustion during which time the stranger always helped the tired man and seemed to whisper words of encouragement in Pearson's ear, we reached the ship. She was a large Indiaman. We took fourteen people off her including a woman and a small child. Our small boat was so loaded that she almost sank. The trip back was much easier as the wind and waves helped us along. When we were half way back one of the men noticed that the stranger wasn't in the boat. A general inquiry went around but no one had seen him. Various theories were given: perhaps he had fallen overboard, maybe he had fallen out of the stern when a large wave had hit the boat. But he had entirely disappeared.

We finally rolled up to the beach on a large swell and secured the boat. Various townspeople offered lodging to the survivors. And the town hotel the Red Lion, offered rooms to all. The next day the storm went down and we found that four ships had been lost on our coast. The same day we asked Pearson about the stranger. "That stranger?" he asked. "The man who sat with you in the boat yesterday," we replied. Pearson was astonished. We didn't know whether he was serious or not. "I'd swear there was no man with me yesterday," he said, and we dropped the subject. The following morning Pearson walked in with a smile on his face. "Come with me," he said. We got into the station car and drove to town. There Pearson took us to the Morgue and pointing to a figure he asked, "Is that the man who was with me yesterday?" We recognized him instantly as he lay there on the cold marble amidst those sombre surroundings. "That is he," we said aghast. Pearson told his story on the way home.

"All day yesterday I seemed to be doing things against my will. I clearly remember the storm but I don't remember giving orders to have the boat launched. This morning I thought something was wrong: So I inquired among the passengers and found that the woman and child whom we had rescued were the wife and child of Gibbons, the engineer who was killed in yesterday's wreck. And Gibbons was the man whom you say was with me yesterday. He was also the man whom we saw in the Morgue. I hope that at the next wreck, dead husbands do not come to life to persuade the Coast Guard to rescue their wives and children."

Joel Warren.

A Diary in Africa

This is the story of a few days of a native's life.

Saturday: Got up to attack a band of white men. Was appointed chief torturer. Nothing much in the afternoon. Wife was killed by a lion but I married another one much prettier and more attractive.

Sunday: Ate white men to day. One escaped but we got him again. Two of the band were killed by a mad ape. One of them has a much better bow than I so I will use it in the lion hunt we are planning for tomorrow.

Monday: My son and I killed a lion. My son was hurt on one of his legs, a big cut made by one of the lion's claws. The dead man's bow is very good.

Tuesday: A terrible calamity. Some white men drove us out into the woods and burned the village. We will have to kill a few.

Tommy Silverberg.

The Pearl Revolver.

Ralph Egerson had nothing better to do so he went for a walk in the park. As he wandered aimlessly up and down the paths, a girl hurried past him. He was struck by her appearance as not only was she beautiful and dressed in a stunning grey outfit, but she had a very excited expression on her face. He watched her out of sight and then ambled on. About a hundred yards further he suddenly saw something glittering on the path. On picking it up, he discovered it to be a very beautiful grey and silver purse. He opened it to see if it contained anything that would identify the owner. To his great amazement he found a dainty but efficient pearl pistol. What could such a thing be doing in that bag?

As he was wondering about this, he heard quick footsteps approaching. Unconsciously he slipped the revolver in his pocket and closed the purse. Then he looked up to see the girl coming toward him. She was even more perturbed than before, and addressed him excitedly.

"Have you by any chance seen a grey and silver purse?" she asked. "I have lost mine."

Ralph without speaking handed her the purse. She gave a sigh of relief and quickly opened it. After one glance inside she turned to the young man furiously.

"You thief," she hissed, "Return my property at once. What do you mean by taking things out of a lady's bag, even if you do find it. Give it to me at once, Do you hear?"

Ralph tried vainly to calm her and finally interrupted saying, "Please, please, let me explain."

"I don't want any explanation, I want my property. Give it to me."

She was beside herself with rage and was shrieking. A crowd was gathering to watch the interesting sight and Ralph felt himself blushing and was terribly embarrassed. Finally in desperation he took the revolver from his pocket, and taking care that none of the crowd saw it, slipped it into the still open purse.

At the same time he whispered, "Here it is, but for goodness sake don't do anything violent. Can't I help you in any way or know any more?"

As soon as the revolver was in her bag, she snapped the clasp and turned on him a flashing smile.

"Yes you may" she said "If you want to know who I am, my whole story and what I'm going to do next, come and see this." So saying, she pressed a card into his hand and was gone before he could say a word.

Still wondering Ralph turned over the card and read.

THE PEARL REVOLVER
the greatest mystery show
ALL STAR CAST
At the Palace.

Eleanor S. Schwarz.

A Dreadful Adventure.

It was 12:00 o'clock midnight when I stepped into a room and saw before me a big man with brown hair and a grey suit. He was sitting with his back to the door, reading a newspaper. When I got half way across the room, the lights went out. When they went on again, he was facing me with a revolver in his hand. I was so astonished that I could only stare in panic at his face. My hair was standing on end. His eyes were nearly popping out, his mouth was open, and his jaw was very firm. His whole expression was one of determination. He was staring at me, and the hand that held the revolver was steady.

All of a sudden the lights went out again, and a shot was heard. I fell down...

When I awoke, I was lying on a bed, with a clean-shaven, very good looking man gazing at me. He asked me if I was hurt. "Not so far as I know," I answered. Then I asked him if he had done the shooting. Just then the door opened, and his wife walked in. He went out. His wife gave me something to drink, and then told me about her husband.

"He was a fine man," she said, "with lots of degrees. He has a Phi Beta Kappa key. He was a captain in the army, and was shell shocked."

To my surprise, I understood that the pleasant man who had just left me was the crazy brute who had shot me the evening before.

Sandy Goldfrank.

Mist Mysteries.

When the mist is on the water
And the katydids are still
And the water fall is start'ling
And the moon shines on the hill,
There comes a maiden from the mist
(Whom only gifted mortals see)
And when her lips the moon has kissed
She flies into the willow tree.
And there to the moon she sings:
"Put color into my cheek and lip,
And give me movement
So I can skip
To greet the dawn
And keep ya r light
Throughout the night
'Ere my spell is gone."

Joan D. Wallace

The Price of Petrified Noodles in Siberia.

This year has shown a marked increase over last year in the output of noodles. This increase is shown greatly by those in Siberia. In the past year 176,000 miles have been exported. The amount per month varies greatly. For instance, during the month of December four-thousand miles were exported and during June when the crops are taken in, the output was 11,000 miles. In the region of Moscow the output was so low that the price rose from 1.76 per mile to 3.47 and two elevenths per mile.

We Americans do not realize the importance of noodles. Without noodles many people would not have any employment, thus making many people vote for Smith. If the people vote for Smith it will help greatly to increase the prosperity and greatness of the United States. If we did not have noodles we would have no noodle soup. This lack of food would decrease our general nutrition greatly. And last but not least (and one of the most important reasons) is that if we did not have noodles, Joel would not have anything to write a composition on and therefore he would be in serious trouble with Junior.

Joel Warren.

Assembly of Cherry Lawn School in 1789

This assembly takes place in 1789 in the time of Washington's inauguration in the beginning of March. Everyone is walking up towards the twins, the time being five minutes after ten. Sandy is blowing his whistle frantically. By ten after ten the assembly is assembled. Doctor announces that owing to the previous snow-storm, everyone should start for the twins five minutes ahead of time, because the snow being up to one's waist didn't allow very rapid progress.

Mr. Kimmel gets up and announces that he thought it would be a very interesting thing for his politics class to go down to Wall Street and see Mr. Washington, who was giving a reception for all high school children. (Admission \$.50) It is also stated that since Mr. Washington was giving his reception the next day, they should inform Mr. O'Conner to bring them down by means of his stage coach and that those who wished to go, should start early in the morning and meet Mr. O'Conner down by the Post Road as it would take them a good + nine hours to get there.

The next speaker is Mr. Hirsh. He explains to the assembly that he thinks it very dangerous for us to go ice-skating because he noticed several very vicious looking Indians whom he highly suspected of trying to get a few scalps from the school as souvenirs of Cherry Lawn. Doctor verifies this statement by forbidding any pupil to go ice-skating or to venture into the woods. " And further more, " says Doctor,

"I want every pupie to carry around his flint-lock rifle for protection. To encourage this, I have supplied each individual classroom with rifle racks.

Another announcement is made that everyone should dance in the evenings especially those who don't know how. All the students should take part in the Minuet and that (Mr. Scholz the pianist) would supply the music for the dancing.

The next thing asked for was the weather report. This consisted just of the temperature of the air. Miss Schubsch adds to the list of announcements nothing unusual by stating that different dog-owners would have to pitch in and help shovel away the snow from the kennels so as to let the dogs out. Also that there would be crockers for lunch but no milk as the milk was frozen.

"Any further announcements?" shouted Sandy.

"Yes" replies Lewis, "I want all the boys at threethirty in the Gym for target practice."

At that everyone walks out to the Stein House thus ending a perfect assembly, shivering and all.

Rob Abrahams.

Florida

I.

The sun brilliant, hot, blazing down on a stream of idlers. On the beaches men and women, lolling. Colors everywhere. Modern highways. White ribbons of burning concrete. High powered motors speeding on. Drivers heedless of everything but the exhilarating sense of speed. Palms motionless in the quivering heat, standing tall and aloof in a different sort of beauty. Men wrapped up in golf. Absorbed, something new for jaded senses. On verandas beautiful women, lounging men and cold drinks. Luxury!

II.

Hurricane, violence, screams, wind, flashes of blue light, darkness. Smashing glass, houses in ruin. Water, torrents of water sweeping away everything in its path. Terror, terror everywhere.

III.

Silence. The silence of tragedy and death. The sun looking down on the same place views a different scene. Laid low are the beautiful homes and the stately trees, their trunks broken and their splintered and shattered roots laid bare to the light. Tracks, misery and starvation spread now over the once opulent spot. What caused this devastation? God heedlessly?

Leah Robison

Roger: Lewis, look at the new man to-night.

Lewis: That doesn't look like a new man, it's too large for one.

Roger: Yes, but it was cloudy last night.

Governor Smith for President

This year's campaign and election promises to be a very close and exciting contest. I have heard it said that if either of the candidates wins, we will have a good president. This, to be sure, is true, but I feel that this country will benefit greatly if, on November sixth it elects Governor Alfred E. Smith.

First of all Smith is considered a wet. He feels that our Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Act are not the proper methods of dealing with the liquor problem. However, he feels that the only way to show the people what a force it is, is to enforce it very strictly for a time. When the people have real prohibition they will not be able to have it repealed fast enough. Another question Governor Smith takes a definite and constructive stand is that of Farm Relief. For many years the Republican Party has made promises to aid the farmer and nothing has come of it. Smith as Governor has helped the New York State farmer and has encouraged cooperatives which greatly benefit the Farmer. He promises and will keep the promise as soon as he is elected, not when he is inaugurated, he will call a non-partisan conference of farm leaders to decide on a workable plan for Farm Relief.

Elihu Root once said of Smith, "He is the best informed man on constitutional law in the country." Surely a man so well versed in a thing of so great importance is the kind we want in the White House. He also has marvelous executive ability. During all his four terms as Governor, he has always had a Republican legislature and yet he has put through almost all the reforms and improvements that he thought necessary and good.

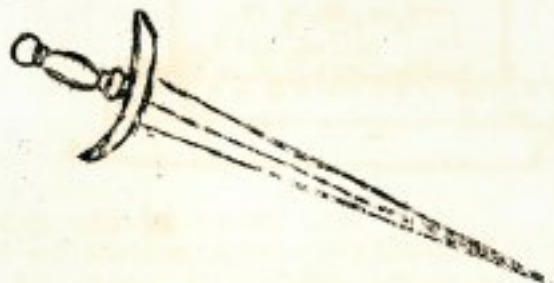
These are few of the many many reasons why Governor Smith is eminently fitted for the high office of President; there are many more. However, these are enough to convince me that a vote cast for him is a step toward the betterment of the country.

Eleanor S. Schwarz.

Naturalistic

Look at the clouds, the sun and the trees.
Think of the birds and the fish in the seas.
Think of the mice in their underground houses,
Nibbling cheese with their fat little spouses.
Think of the pebbles so still on the beach,
Along comes a gull and lets out a screech.

Sam Hill.



The Purple Dagger.

Far away in a land desolate and barren, there was an old wreckage of a castle with fifty rooms in it where only one man lived. In front of the castle was a road passed hardly by anyone. One night at about ten o'clock a car came slowly and silently up the road and stopped in front of an oak-tree. The door opened and a dark shadow flashed across the tree and disappeared into the darkness. It was Detective Fredstone.

Up the winding pathway to the front of the castle he silently crept, his rifle gripped tightly in his hand. One lone, dim light gleamed at the topmost part of the castle. It put fear into Fredstone so that he could hardly move. Nevertheless he went grimly on because it was his business.

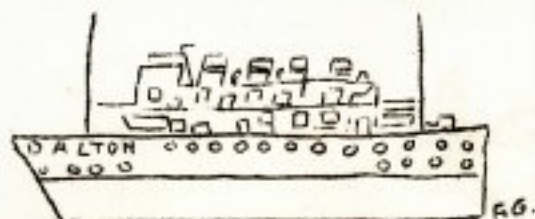
Now we will leave Fredstone shivering and shaking in front of the castle.

The mysterious creature had seen the detective coming up the path, so he grabbed his rifle and went down to the second floor and waited at the top of the stairway for Fredstone who came creeping slowly up the stairs. Reflected from the dim moonlight (coming through a window) a shadow was cast upon the wall from the approaching figure coming up the stairway. The devilish creature patiently waited until Fredstone's arm appeared. And then the mad man rushed out and fired. The detective fell relaxed on the stairway, rolled down and lay limp at the bottom.

Chapter II.

It was nine o'clock in the little town of Brighton the morning following. All the people began to wonder where Fredstone was. They decided that he had not been successful in finding where the Purple Dagger had been hidden. So that night they sent another detective out to regain the valuable Purple Dagger for the unfortunate family that had lost it. So off he went; but instead of going all the way up to the castle he stopped a little way back from it. He walked around and stole in through a side door and went into the cellar and hunted around until he found a little opening in the side of the wall. He put his hand in and touched the hilt of a sword. When he drew it out he found it was the Purple Dagger.

Walter Rae.



The Story of the Dalton.

The Dalton was launched in 1916. The next year we entered the war and she was transformed into a transport. She was camouflaged and had two guns mounted on her. On November 11, 1917, she sailed with two thousand troops aboard.

On November 19 she sighted a periscope with the flag of Germany flying from it. The Dalton fired at it with her fore gun. The submarine disappeared and some wreckage rose to the surface. A cheer rose from the men followed by, "Sailing, sailing, over the ocean blue." On the next day she sailed into Queenstown. Another week saw her sailing for the United States.

December 8 she started for the Mediterranean. Off the coast a fleet of heavy battle-cruisers flying Germany's flag spied her and a race was started. The Dalton shot away towards Gibraltar at thirty knots. The battle-cruiser came after her at full speed. But the Dalton reached Gibraltar safely. There she set up a haw-haw at the Germans. The troops went ashore and the sailors got two days leave. The ship was vacated. This may astonish some people but it is true. That night a periscope crept nearer and nearer to the Dalton. Suddenly it sank from view. There was a loud BOOM and the Dalton sank from our mortal sight. It is a tragic ending for such a ship.

Fred Goldwater.



F



Art

I can't say very much because I don't know much about art. Art means drawing. For art you don't scribble any old way. Scribbling doesn't make a picture. You have to shape a picture to get one, because you can't say, "I want to make a horse; and make a dog."

Teddy Strongin

Ruin
(A one-act play.)

Place: Wen Kroy City.

Time: Afterworld.

Scene I. (A young boy walks along Krap Avenue, between rows of misty skyscrapers. He meets an old man, bald with round face who wears glasses. In his mouth a half-chewed cigar. He wears brown corduroy knickers and an old worn-out grey sweater.)

Man: Yes. The 'Pacific Gravity of banknotes is less than water. Less? No - More? Oh, what difference does it make anyhow! 'Pacific Gravity - yes Gravity. What? Carbon Tetra Chloride will explode if ignited? Yes. No. Maybe, but then gravity, 'Pacific Gravity is comparison. Comparison? Oh I suppose so. (Begins to draw on cigar which is out.)

Boy: I'm sure if you'd light that cigar again you could think better.

Man: What? Oh! (Pulls out of his pocket a black Schaeffer pen which he rubs on the ground. It ignites. He applies this to his cigar.) Ah! Admire - No! Admiray - No! Admiration. Oh bliss! (He proceeds to smoke peacefully)

Boy: I knew you could think better after that cigar was lit. But why are you here and what makes you talk so funny?

Man: Oh, when I was on the earth, I used to teach at a school - The Lawn School? No. The Cherry School? No. Oh, I've got it. Cherry Lawn School, that's it. Well, it was there that I learned all that I ever knew. And that's why I talk so Knowledgeically.

Boy: What was that word you used? Now! - -?

Man: Knowledgeically. That means showing great knowledge. But - the 'Pacific Gravity of a Milikan and Gale is probably right. Yes, 'Pacific Gravity. Milikan - Milk - Same thing.

Boy: (wondering) What's the matter again? (Looks at cigar.) Oh, it's out again. (To man.) Hey! Light it, light it! (Man does so.) But what's your name, Mr? I used to know a school of that name too; were you one of the teachers?

Man: Yes. I was. They used to call me Herbie.

Boy: Oh you were the man I always said would die young because of all the office work you had to do. Well, well, well! Did my prophecy come true? How old were you when you came here?

Man: One hundred and fifty-nine years old.

Boy: I told you so!

Man: (sorrowfully) Yes! 'Pacific Gravity, gravity, gravity - -.

Boy: Oh my Gawd! Again? (Man starts walking away, continues to mumble in the same incoherent way.) Well I suppose he's pretty far gone. It was the office work!

Scene II. (Boy continues to walk down the avenue. At 501st Street a small little old woman comes along. She has a smile and gay sparkle in her eyes in spite of her age. She wears a short squirrel coat with a large red sweater collar bursting forth at the neck. Her shoulders are rounded and she is stooped over. Her hands are pushed up the sleeves of her coat which she holds over her front, to keep warm.)

Old Woman: (mumbling) Quae cum ita sint. Cum ita? Which? Oh, come eat, ah! No. Cum ita sint. Yes. Easy. My God. Ubinam gentium sumus. Oh!

Boy: Well, this is a funny place. Everybody talks so funny. I can't understand anything. What can she mean? (To the woman.) Say wha - - -

Woman: Cicero - Cicero. Kick her? Oh! Yes; but that's a boy and you said 'her'. Oh! Kick her? Sure. (Approaches boy and proceeds to kick.)

Boy: Hey, look out woman. You're not going to try any of that stuff on me. I'm refined, I am.

Woman: Don't be so conceited, little boy. What should I kick-her-oh you for? Come eat. Ah! Sint. What's your name, boy?

Boy: Sum Esse Futurus.

Woman: Well, that's nice, so am I.

Boy: What do you mean, how can you have the exact same name as I?

Woman: Who ever said that I have the same name? I just said I was too. You seem to be a very conceited boy. And you really ought not to be so rude.

Boy: Oh, excuse me.

Woman: If you can conjugate Kick-her-oh for me, I may.

Boy: All right.

Kick-her-am

Kick-her-amus

Kick-her-as

Kick-her-atis

Kick-her-at

Kick-her-ant

Woman: (Bursts out laughing and begins to dance around joyfully.) That's fine, that's fine. Ha! Ha! Now you can pick up stones for six days without stopping.

Boy: What?

Woman: Ubinam gentium sumus. Gentium sumus. Sumus. Quod si, si - - - Yes but - - -

Boy: Ave you really? I'm so sorry.

Woman: Quid est, o puere?

Boy: Huh? Oh, I thought perhaps you said you have a pain because you have your hands in that position.

Woman: Quid est? Ecquid attendis? You should.

Boy: (absolutely lost.) Oh, well - - But anyhow, why do you hold your hands like that?

Woman: Is that what is troubling you? You see I used to teach people how to Kick-her-oh in a school located in Neirad. They never had heat there so my hands got very, very cold and haven't recovered their heat since. But I keep a little warmer this way. (Huddles her hands closer to her body.)

Boy: (Surprised) Then you are the one they used to call Smitty?

Woman: (doubly surprised) Yes. How did you know? O di immortales!

Boy: I was one of your pupils. I suppose you have forgotten, but I will never forget it. It was because of all the homework you used to give me that I am here prematurely. And it is on account of the homework that I never had time for anything else, much less to write a decent composition for Miss Sayre.

(Woman makes a face and wags her tongue from one side of her mouth to the other. She begins to mumble, "Quae cum ita sint," again and then resumes her walk. When she is long out of sight her voice is still heard. Boy stands listlessly and scratches his head.)

Curtain.

Esther Turitz

I.

I look right out into the night
And watch the moon rise in the sky.
There never was a prettier sight
That came unto my eye.

And then I watch the rosy dawn
Coming to greet the sun,
I wish that pretty sight would come
To the eyes of everyone.

II.

I like to watch the pretty leaves
As they fall from the beautiful trees
Swinging and swaying in the breeze.
Don't you?

I also like to watch the sun
Shining and beaming on everyone
And making the world more beautiful.
Don't you?

Paula Swarthe

Difference

Woman.

"Hello, hello, Operator? I asked for Bunker Hill, I mean Caladonia 7231. Hello!! Sue, is this Sue Durham - Yes - Hello Sue, can you come to the house Wednesday for dinner? No? That's a shame. Can you come Thursday? Yes, alright, then come. Good-bye. Oh I forgot. Wait a minute. I have something doing Thursday. All right dress and come over now and hurry. I'll get tickets for to-day. Oh, but today is Wednesday isn't it? No, it's Tuesday. Oh, well Good-bye.

Man: Hello, Bill. Lunch at one. O.K. So long.

Tommy Silverberg

Defective Detectives

One dark night as the big "5200" Locomotive pulled the Twentieth Century Limited out of Cleveland, two dark figures plodded their way toward the water tank where the limited stopped. When it did so the figures swung aboard and loosened connections from the express car. Then they made the guard get off at pistol point. After that they took all the registered mail and put it into a suitcase. When they had done all this they forced the baggage master off and one of the men put on his uniform. The other man put on the guard's uniform. The fake-baggage master checked the suitcase and the men thought all was O.K. They got off at Buffalo before the authorities knew anything at all was wrong. Five detectives were put on the trail when they found that the registered mail was robbed somewhere between Cleveland and Albany. But these detectives couldn't do more than trace the poor guard and baggage master who produced their credentials and were acquitted. After they told their tales the detectives were put on the thieves' trail. But the men had disappeared altogether. There was only one man in the world who believed that the thieves were in the United States and in Buffalo. After hunting around for a few days, he finally got on the right trail. He nabbed the two suspects and put them in prison. After their arrest certain actions in the underworld ceased and finally this great detective, Browning got several proofs. The thieves were tried and sentenced to twenty years. That ended the career of two of the greatest railroad thieves in modern times.

Fred Goldwater.

The Sea

I love the sea in summer
With its calm and pretty ripples
When the sun upon it sparkles.
Don't you?

I like the sea in winter
When the storm around it troubles
With the white caps on the waves.
Don't you?

I like it in the spring time
When the gulls above it flutter
With their white and pretty wings o'er the sea.
Don't you?

But I like it best in summer
When we swim and when we sail
In the bright and sparkling sunshine.
Don't you?

Paula Swarthe.

#Refer to Back of Issue.

The Drug in the Ring.

It never occurred to me as I picked up that faintly scented handkerchief and looked toward the balcony from which it had drooped that the greatest adventure of my life had begun. I saw a veiled lady leaning over the balcony. The fighting in the arena was still going on so I tucked the handkerchief up my sleeve and turned to meet the last lion brought in which was to decide my fate. The ferocious beast advanced toward his prey and for awhile he was getting the better of me when suddenly by a stroke of luck at the turn of my hand I gave the lion his death blow. I turned toward the cheering audience realizing that now I was no longer a slave, that at last I was my own master. I was about to leave the arena when I remembered the handkerchief. I managed to walk up the steps but when I reached the top a wound which I had thought but a slight scratch started bleeding profusely. A faintness over whelmed me and I dropped to the floor. When I came to, the veiled lady was kneeling beside me attending to my wound. As soon as she saw I was able to walk she gave a little sigh and ran down the steps as fast as she could. I tried to follow her but I was still too weak so when I had finally staggered down the steps there was not a trace of her to be seen. I had no clue to her identity but the handkerchief I held in my hand. I examined it. It was obviously a woman's for it was scented. It was just a plain square of white cloth. No initial nor trimming to give a clue. The next day I was walking in the forum when suddenly ahead of me I saw perceived the lady of the day before. I hurried up to her and as I drew near she drew her veils closer and uned her face. She recognized me and invited me to her house. A slave showed me into a room where the lady, still veiled reclined on a couch. The slave who was a tall and powerful negro showed me to a couch and then at a signal from his mistress he departed. We sat in silence.

Then the lady told me her name was Lesbia and I replied that mine was Cornelius. After a few such commonplace remarks I asked, "May I see the face of the woman who dressed my wounds yesterday?" "I'm sure you wouldn't want to," she replied "but if you really would I'll show it to you." "Oh certainly" I said. She drew aside her veil for a moment and I was astonished and disappointed when I perceived that her face was scarred from smallpox. Just then a beautiful young girl with her golden hair flying in the wind came racing in pursued by an evil looking male with black mustaches. She cried "Save me, save me!" I drew my sword forth and fought with him a few minutes and I was triumphing when I tripped over a piece of furniture. The villain after giving me a final cut and made off with the girl. For days afterward I longed for a glimpse of her. Five years had passed. I was getting older and still I had not found the one I longed for.

The Drug in the Ring.
continued.

One day as I passed the market place an old soothsayer persuaded me to buy a drug which he said would keep me alive forever unless I swallowed a drop from the ring on the hand of a girl who had disappeared five years ago. I bought it and put it away in the hollow hilt of my sword and forgot about it. The next day I again walked into the marketplace. Suddenly I glimpsed the face of the girl I longed for. She was going to be sold as a slave by the evil looking man who had captured her five years ago. I bought her, took her home and finally made her my wife. We lived happily together for a year or so when one day I remembered the drug I had hidden in the hilt of my sword. I told her of it but she refused to drink any of it. One day as I was holding it up to the light to note the changing colors in the glass a drop of it fell by accident down my throat. It never occurred to me that the large ring on my wife's finger held the other drug I wanted. I told my wife that I had swallowed some of the drug by accident and finally persuaded her to do the same. Centuries passed and my wife and I were now living in America. The year was 1925. Maybe life had grown rather tiresome for us but still we were living happily. One peaceful night I woke up suddenly to hear shrieks in my wife's room. I hastened into it and found my wife strangled and what was curious and terrifying the finger that held the large ring was lying on the floor. No matter how thoroughly the room was searched no other clue could be found. One day I received a letter which read, "IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE LEAVE YOUR WIFE'S RING OUTSIDE THE DOOR TONIGHT. I put a fake ring outside the door and set detectives to watch it. In the morning it was gone and the detectives had seen nothing. A week later I lay awake thinking of the drug in a ring that the soothsayer had told me about so many centuries ago, and wishing for it for now I had nothing to live for. Suddenly I heard a noise in my wife's room. Hurrying in I found a man there in whom I recognized the soothsayer who had sold me the drug. He was tried for my wife's murder and found guilty but would not tell why he had done it.

One day as I was fiddling with the ring and idly wondering about it I touched a concealed spring and disclosed a small pocket in which I saw some liquid. I at once realized it was the drug I wanted. I swallowed a drop and now as I write my hand is stiffening and I shall soon be with my dear wife again.

Adele Weil.

Plutocrats

"Plutocrats, they ain't so bad," said the tramp, meditatively. "I know all about 'em. In fact I was one myself, once!"

"You?" the little boy said doubtfully. He stared at the tramp. The man of the road was dressed in a very dirty pair of overalls with a collar in the same condition. He was a small man with brown hair and eyes and a very trustful expression. Also he had not shaved for some time.

"Yes," repeated the tramp. "I was once a plutocrat. You see it was this way. Me and Harry was buddies!"

"Who was Harry?" demanded the little boy.

"Harry, he was a queer galoot. Always pickin' up some stray dog or cat. One time he found a dog, name was Bud. That dog chase any critter that came in sight. Awful trouble. When we come to a house we'd go up to the door and say, "Missus, have you got any work we could do?" and just then we'd hear a squawk out in back and there would be a chicken runnin' for dear life with Bud at his heels. And once on the train we was all settled for the night when somethin' made Bud yap. The train Police found us and we got kicked off. Oh, dear, that fool dog. But Harry did take to him so. Lohind -

"I thought that you were going to tell me about you being a plutocrat," reminded the boy.

"Oh, yeah," answered the tramp, brought back to the subject. "I was going to tell you about that wasn't I. Well, it happened this way. Me and Bud was touring the west as you might say. God, what awful towns. Why there was one place - well you see we joined the circus. We worked for a week or two. We got fourteen dollars a week. Rather we was supposed to. One day me and Harry quit. We goes to the manager of the she-bang we says, "Please and we'd like our dough. The low down ape gives us two-fifty apiece and tells us to shove. We wasn't going to stand for no such thing, so we marches into the little hick town we was near then and asks for the Attorney or whatever his name was. It was on a Sunday and the guy was a Sunday school superintendent. We goes up to the Methodist church and asks for the fellow. He was on the steps and we marches up to him and tells our story. Then he answers, "If you two bums aren't out of this town in two hours, I'll put you in the jug!" We left. We bummed our way to the next town. Same thing there. Always getting yelled at and told to move on to the next town. When we wanted a meal we'd follow up the milk and bread wagons in the morning and swipe a meal that way.

"But," said the boy, "you haven't told me yet about you being a plutocrat?"

"Huh?" queried the tramp, drowsily.

"I asked you," repeated the little boy, "to tell me -" he broke off suddenly, for the tramp was fast asleep.

Joel Dirlam

Discription

The minute you looked at him you seemed to feel that there was a far from commonplace air about him. And yet he looked very commonplace. He was short and solidly built, sitting in the corner of the room on a three legged stool. He was stolidly smoking a Meerschaum pipe and a light fell on a shiny bald spot on the top of his head showing that he was obviously Dutch. He took his pipe out of his mouth to engage in a dialogue with a tall thin man. This is how it ran "Joe told me he couldn't come tonight." "That's too bad. Ya know he told me I should get the dope tonight. I says 'I got it already' so he seemed suprised. I wonder wha's up." With that he went over to the bar to get another drink. "He" returned his pipe to his mouth and went on slowly puffing. I now had a chance to observe him. He was very fat and his suspenders seemed more for the purpose of outlining his body or rather holding him together up his pants. I strolled over to him trying to engage him in conversation. "Hullo" I said and offered him my hand. He put his in mine but my whole being repelled at the touch, for it was the coldest, damiest and limp-est hand I had ever felt. Now that I could observe him more closely I noticed an air about him which seemed to imply mistrust and suspicion. He now seemed the most hideous beast imaginable. His eyes were small, green and wicked looking his nose short and red and his mouth very wide. His hair or what was left of it, was sandy. With his short fat figure he was very comical looking. I looked him up and down. All of a sudden I saw he held in one hand a revolver which he was pointing at me. I turned and fled.

The next day I took up a paper and found his face staring at me from it. He was one of the highest Dutch noblemen who had fled from Holland because of secret reasons.

Adele Weil.

Dawn.

Golden is the sky,
Purple the shadows.
The gay birds fly
O'er dewy meadows.
A sleeky rooster crows,
Sweet the song of the lark.
A slight breeze blows,
A distant, muffled bark.
Dawn! with its accompanying band
While no heed mortals pay
Its blissful beauty captures the land
And then with light comes day.

Jean Wallace.

SCHOOL EVENTS

On the Porch before the Bell

Bob Michaels- (wakes up.) Oh-h-m-m!
Jordon- Shut up Bob.
Herbie- (wakes up) Psest! (Rolls over and goes to sleep)
Bob- Hey Degen (Degen does not wake up.) Hey! (pounding
him) let's play stone, paper and scissors.
(Whack, wack.) Ow-w'!
Frankie- Keep quiet, you'll be reported. (Frankie lies
down humming a tune.)
Benno- (wakes up) Nice multi berax, comb, donkey ears.
Jordon- Shut up Benno.
Degen- Quit it Bob. Stop pulling my blankets off.
Red- Cuch! Hey Jordon! Tell Goldwater to keep his feet off.
Frankie- (to Tommy) Hey Tom, who do you think will win
the pennant in the National League?
Tommy- Well if the Subs buy Hornsby from Boston it will
be a runaway for them.
Ring-g-g-g-g!
All The Boys- Yey! The bell.
Jordon- All right. Bob, Frankie, Red, Fred, Benno, Tom,
and Degen, anhour picking up stones on the
Diamond.
All- Aw gee!

Tommy Silverberg.

Experiences of a Cherry Lawner.

I have been thinking over the experiences that I had when I came first to this school and then noting the similar experience of the new people this year. I remember the confusion when I arrived and did'nt know where to go, the names of the houses or anything else. Think of the people this year always bothering about "what do we do next", "where are the twins" and the hundred other questions which we all asked in our first year. And now I'm one of the fellows who is able to say when I am busy-- Aw- beat it!

Eric M. Swarthe.

Saturday Night Vaudeville

On Saturday night, September twenty-ninth, every student and teacher was kept wide awake to see the greatest vaudeville show ever produced in the state of Connecticut. We can never forget the way that great "Barker" came out on the stage and told us about the three Merry Semoclers, big and little. The two little ones played the Jew's Harp and the big one kept time by playing the mouth organ.

Then don't you remember the four who did the folk dancing? Believe me, they sure did shake a wicked bale of Shredded Wheat. Then there were some charades, poems, sketches and pantomimes altogether making a total of thirteen acts. Every one of these acts kept the entire audience full of excitement for one hour and thirty minutes. After all the acts had been performed, we retired to the Stein House living room where we ate marshmallows and danced. In a short while we all went to bed. And that was the end of the first Saturday night's entertainment for the year of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Maurice Miller

The Democratic Rally

"Sh! Hey, one minute. Eh, Loui!"

Something is up, but what is it? The Democrats were in secrecy and the Republicans were trying their best to find out what was what.

At seven thirty, amidst drums, fifes and all sorts of noise instruments, the Democrats started off on their Rally with Miss Sayre and the Rio following them up with much blowing of horn. Smith signs could be seen all over and all the neighborhood was invited to the wonderful rally in favor of the candidate.

After much noise we all assembled down on the basketball field where a fire had been made to greet us. Of course all the Republicans came along amidst the throng. Doctor Goldfrank, the first speaker, put his facts on the table very well. He received a great amount of cheering from his fellow Democrats. Eleanor Schwarz gave a fine speech, going over some of the great things Smith has accomplished. Miss Sayre gave a wonderful biography of Herbert Hoover, showing the reasons he would be good as an assistant to Smith but not as the President. She was given a grand ovation. Mr. Kimmel asked permission to put a few questions which were answered with the help of Mr. Horan, Miss Sayre's guest. The Rally broke up with the collapse of the yelling and the Democrats retired with the self-conviction that they had turned all Cherry Lawn into Democrats.

Grace Schiller.

The Republican Song.

1	2
We will give him one cheer-	We are so strong for him-
We will take off our hat-	We will bet all our dough-
To the finest and best one,	That he'll be the next President,
To Hoover - that's that.	And a fine one we know.

Chorus:

Hallelujah we're for Hoover,
He's loyal and true,
Hallelujah we're for Hoover,
We will tell you who's who.

Athletic's Report.

The Athletic reports are usually long, dry and not interesting so there is no use for the Cherry Pit to waste paper and ink on something that nobody will be interested in. As is the custom, the three committees gave their stipulated amounts to the budget committee. The Athletic association's share was less this year than usual because of a surplus from last year.

Most of our money was immediately invested in Volly Balls, Basketballs, Soccer balls, Quoits, and other Athletic facilities. So far these have come in very handy and I must say have been used repeatedly. To add to our list is a new Tennis court which, if I am permitted to say is better than the Manor House court. We also have a new and very much improved baseball field which will serve for all sports. A backstop will make it a baseball field, some goal posts, gridiron and so on down through the different sports. Sooner or later, probably later a track will be built around this field. Anyway it is a good job and John Warrick and Jim Quilkins deserve the credit for this good work.

Although the winter is still young we have high hopes for the Tobaggon slide built by Lewis, Bud and Harold. Skating will be exceptional because the Dam and the sides of the lake were remodeled this summer. I will leave off with the highest expectations for a wonderful winter and a successful Athletic season.

Lewis Goldfrank.

An Aeroplane Crash

An aeroplane belonging to the Fairfield Flying Corp recently crashed. Neither the pilot nor the two passengers were seriously hurt. The plane had risen to a height of two-hundred feet when the engine stalled. Not being high enough to glide the pilot could not head for the field so he landed in a clump of trees. From the surrounding country-side swarms of people came to view the scene. Among these came a group of youngsters who if permitted might have carried away the whole plane. As it was everyone took a chip or a bolt for a keepsake.

Leah Robison.

School Elections

On the twenty-second of September a passer-by would have been able to see all the Cherry Lawners assembled in little groups at the twins, discussing the various yearly positions. Amidst noise and laughter, the meeting was called to order by the chairman-elect, Lewis Goldfrank. The first decision to be made was which form of government the students wished to adopt this year. It was decided for the Council to have one representative from each porch and a chairman to be chosen from these four.

The Cherry Pit caused a great amount of discussion on the part of the pupils because of their zeal to make it surpass all previous issues. It was decided to have five people on the staff.

The Dramatics Committee increased by two members now possesses five. This was done to give the younger pupils a chance to help with Saturday Night entertainments.

The Athletic Association is the same as usual, three members, one boy, one girl and the third a member to be chosen at large.

So far each committee has been fulfilling its respective position very well and I am sure that they will finish as well as they have begun.

Grace Schiller.

Halloween

Correct manners and good form were again in order after the vigorous campaigning in which everyone took part. The Stein House blossomed out in black and orange and the festivities of "All Saint's Eve" began. Members of all nationalities and classes of society were represented. Miss Roy Kimmel a budding young debutante was absent from the party a few minutes as it was necessary for her to call for a member of her family arriving from New York. Miss Kimmel created a great sensation (among the opposite sex) at the Stamford station. Many pairs of admiring masculine eyes followed her and the hangers on at the station did not confine their admiration to their eyes only.

An Indian basket (from the far reaches of Sante Fe) turned upside down made a hat, a very inky mustache and several articles of night apparel made such an intriguing Chinaman that the judges gave Lewis the first prize for the most complete costume.

The comic sections were represented by Tillie the Toiler and Spark Plug. There was a scarecrow and Doctor was a Bohdan Bobby. A Ghost play was given by the Juniors with a great deal of clanking chains, hooting owls and rattling bones. Cider, apples and doughnuts were the means of satisfying hunger which arose from the vigorous games of ducking for apples and pennies in flour, dancing and such Halloween festivities.

Everyone left the scene of witch's revelry after the last drop of magic in the cauldron had boiled away.

Leah Robison.

Thursday Night
(A One Act Play)

(A large living room with a piano on one side. An open fireplace with logs, not burning, however. Couches and easy chairs grouped more or less about the piano. Children, about forty of them, repose or sprawl, sit or loll on the various objects. A woman sits at the piano, vigorously playing a tune. It is a familiar one about, "One man shall mow my meadow, two men shall gather it together-- and all have joined in whole heartedly.

A disturbance arises, sounding from the left of the room. The music stops suddenly but the voices are forgetful and keep singing joyously. Mrs. Haigue; the pianist, turns around and looks severely at the corner from which the sounds issue. The singing stops gradually as her hand is seen in the air, commanding silence.)

Mrs. Haigue: Bobby Frank!

Bobby: (A small thin angelic faced boy.) Aw he took my coat!

David: (rightfully) He slapped me first!!

Bobby: Well, you took my coat.

(The fight seems about to start again.)

Mrs. Haigue: Stop your fighting!

Bobby: Yes Mrs. Haigh - only he took my coat first.

David: (explosively and a bit injuredly.) You slapped me--

Bobby: Aw--

Mrs. Haigue: Bobby Frank and David!

Both: (meekly) Yes Mrs. Haigh.

Mrs. Haigue: (standing up with her hand raised for silence)

We will now sing Bingo. (Children shout approval) Now-- one, two. (Someone starts singing alone.)

Mrs. Haigue: Terrible! Why don't you attack? When I say, one, two-- start right in. (She bangs on the piano for emphasis-- bang, bang!) Now one, two-- attack!

(Gerson, in the rear, seems to think this a signal and launches himself upon a boy in the back.)

Mrs. Haigue: (resignately) Gerson!

(He does not hear and continues the pummeling.)

Mr. Schelz: (The bass who carries the tune.) Gerson!

Gerson: (Contentedly and innocently) Yes, Mr. Schelz?

Mrs. Haigue: (leading song again) There was an old dog--

(This time the song finishes with great gusto. After this she plays a piece at which the younger children leap up electrically and run out. Not a fire alarm, merely 'Good night Juniors' - a popular song. About eight people are left and these draw nearer the piano-- the upper group.)

Mrs. Haigue: Sopranos sit down, basses over on the couch.

Where's Mr. Schelz? Well, altos-- who's alto? (Two children respond) Now, this is a new song and the first line is, 'God of our fathers, whoses almighty hand.'

Now basses sing this. (She plays a low, very low tune.)

Thursday Night
(continued)

Lewis: (A much freckled boy) Aw, Mrs Haigue! (There are three basses-- Bud, Lewis and Ebbby, who is a serious faced boy with an occupied air.)

The Three: God of our fa--(they stop falteringly)

Bud: (voicefully) Too low!
(Bobby looks thoughtful.)

Mrs. Haigue: Why that's not low--try again.
(They try again but it is a dismal sound, although low enough this time. She transfers the tune to a bit higher key and meets with more success.)

Mrs. Haigue: Now Altos.
(Two people sit beside the piano-- a boy and a girl, the girl dark and the boy fair. The piano plays, 'God of our fathers--The room is silent)

Mrs. Haigue: Well sing!

Joel: I was.

Ailes: So was I.

Mrs Haigue: Sing again.
(This time it is heard slightly--the girl falters and glances at the boy. Both falter and weakly stop.)

Mrs. Haigue: Can't hear you.

Joel: (laughing) We weren't singing!

Mrs. Haigue: (just a bit annoyed) Come on now--sing.

Ailes: (in undertone) Can't hear my voice anyhow.

Joel: Go ahead--we might as well.
(They both sigh, glance around and patiently sing, rather audibly)--'God of our fathers--'

Mrs Haigue: All right. Now sopranos
(They sing fairly well.)

Mrs. Haigue: (gratefully) Very good. Sing again. Now listen well, all of you.
(This time a new voice comes in--a voice with a sweet sparkle and life--coming from a girl with black curls.)

Mrs. Haigue: (smiling) Very good! Best so far.

Lewis: (one of the basses) Thank you Mrs. Haigue. I sang soprano.

Mrs. Haigue (laughing with the rest of us) A bit better than you sing base Lewis.

Lewis: (virtuously) I always knew I was a born soprano.

Mrs. Haigue: Well remember, go low.
(Suddenly Bud's voice looms grandly out.)

Mrs. Haigue: Bud!

Bud: What?

Mrs. Haigue: Not so loud-- we can't hear the others.

Bud: That's all right.

Mrs. Haigue: You ought to sing lower.

Thursday Nights

Bud: I can't. I'm a born tenor. (Just then Mr. Scholz enters.

Everyone yells, 'Mr. Scholz,')

Mr. Scholz: (smiling surprisedly) Ah?

Mrs. Haigue: Now we can do bass.

Mr. Scholz: Ah, ha--bass?

(Mrs Haigue plays while basses sing.)

Mr. Scholz: Freude, schöner, Götterfunken--

Mrs. Haigue: Do it again.

(This time Mr. Scholz's 'Freude, schöner--' comes plainly out. Mrs. Haigue stops and looks at Mr. Scholz who steps puzzled.)

Mr. Scholz: It is not right? Ze tune is different, yes?

Mrs. Haigue: (looking severely at grinning basses) The boys should have told you. This is for Thanksgiving-- a new one,-- 'God of our fathers'.

Mr. Scholz: Ach zo!

Mrs. Haigue: Now altogether, sing!

(The piano vigorously works under Mrs. Haigue's fingers.)

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy thrones arise.
Certain.

Ailes Gilmour.

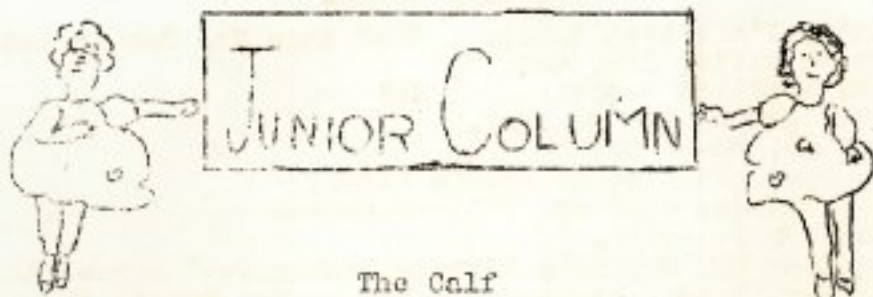
A Terrible State of Affairs.

Hustle, bustle, washing, dressing,
Poor Miss Schubach! 'tis distressing!
All the boys are busy messing
Mixing tooth-paste and lavioris.
Now Miss Schubach very sore is.
In comes Herbie very red,
"Who here makes a decent bed?
Please show Bob who doesn't seem to.
Now there goes the bell for singing
Can't you hear it ringing, ringing?"
I wake up and find I'm dreaming
Now my dream all comes to pass,
Good bye all, I'm going to class.

Tommy Silverberg.

Miss Sayre: (on examination) What were the advantages of the
Magna Charta?

Fred: One of the things it said was that widows could marry
again and that if they didn't marry they could
keep their diary.



The Calf

Once on a Tuesday morn,
A little impish calf was born,
All brown and white and very warm,
About him all the children swarmed.
They loved to feel his ears so fine
His tail was always in a line.
This little calf was loved so well,
They named it "Snookums Bell".
Benno Jastrow.

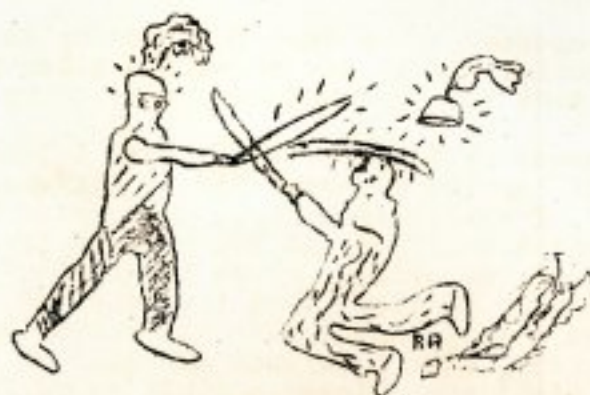
An Autumn at Cherry Lawn.

The trees are getting very bare now. All the leaves are turning red and falling on the ground. So many of them fell on the ground that some of the boys made a leaf pile and jumped on it. The ground is also getting very bare and the grass and whatever else grows on the ground is dying.

The plants are also dying because none of the plants could live in the cold weather. The seeds are blown away by the wind so there will be plenty of wild flowers next year. Most of the birds have flown south. It is too cold for them in the north and more comfortable South. The chrysanthemums near the Doctors house are still blooming.
A Mendelson.

The Fair.

I went to a great big fair,
The balloons went up in the air.
The fair was full of people,
Who went into the steeple.
The people thought it fun,
To watch the monkeys run.
The fair was in the air
And the fairies all came there.
Roslyn Slote.



The Knights.

Once there was a knight,
His armor shone so bright.
He went into the light,
And saw another knight.
He sallied forth to fight
And speared the other knight,
And then he hit his shield
Which I heard in the field.
They fought until the sweat
Made them wringing wet.
He swung his mighty sword
But finally was floored.

Robin Rae.

My life as a Turtle.

I begin my tale in the year 1928 at Cherry Lawn. Two boys caught four turtles, and I was one of them. Tom, a boy at school bought me for ninety cents. A few weeks later Tom caught another turtle, a very young one. The next day, Tom sold me to David. On May thirtieth David took me home. That was a very thrilling ride. As we went along the road we came to terrible bumps. To me it felt as if I were falling out of the car, but I wasn't, I was just going up and down hard, with David. It was raining, and David took me out to get lunch. Going to the store I was dipped into puddles many times.

Finally we got home and the houses seemed very strange to me. It looked like a high steep mountain. Inside there were very long holes. Later I found these were rooms. I lived in the bathtub nearly all summer. One day David took me down to the street, and I got in the road where a big something nearly got over me. I came back to school in September 1928 and next day I jumped out of the box and got away. I am now back in the lake swimming calmly along.

David Schneider.

#REFER TO BACK OF ISSUE#

A Certain Gentlemans Adventures Abroad.

It never occurred to me when I picked up that faintly scented handkerchief and looked toward the balcony from which it had dropped that the greatest adventure of my life had begun.

When I glanced up I saw nothing. Then I looked at the handkerchief. It had the monogram "A" on it: "Queer! My own name was Arnold. I was touring England, stopping for two or three days at quiet villages. At the present time I was at the castle of Bradford, the village where I was staying.

Then I suddenly realized that the owner of the handkerchief must be upstairs now. I went inside and walked up the steps of the ruinous keep. When I reached the head of the stairs I turned to my right and entered a small room. Then I uttered a cry of astonishment.

There, stretched on the floor, was a man, bound hand and foot, with blood trickling down his face. I rushed toward him. He had evidently been stunned by the blow of some heavy object. He was short, fat and bald. I attempted to bandage his wounds, though I am no doctor, with some handkerchiefs. Then I called for help. No one answered. I called again. Still no answer. Then I remembered that the keeper was partly deaf. Alone in a ruined castle with a wounded man, I felt suddenly afraid. Maybe the people who had attacked him were still within the old walls. I ran to the door and looked around. There was no one in sight. I ran back to the wounded man and attempted to lift him. He was too heavy. Then I dragged him to the head of the stairs, where I finally managed to get him on my back. I carried him downstairs and out of doors. It was a clear sunny morning, crickets chirping, birds singing, and everything gay. And yet here was an unconscious man on my back.

I started slowly down the cobblestone road to the village. The man was no light weight and before long I was panting for breath. I had to stop again and again to rest. In this wise it took me nearly an hour to reach the village.

I staggered into the main street. Inside of an hour I had most of the population clustered around me, asking questions and giving advice. I was relieved of my burden by two husky men who carried him down the street, with me following behind, until they brought him to the doctor's house. We rang the bell. A tall, angular woman (evidently the doctor's housekeeper) opened the door. She burst into a stream of questions as soon as she saw the wounded man, but in the midst of her outburst she gave us the information that the doctor was in. We carried the sufferer into the office and laid him on the couch. The doctor burst into the room a minute later (burst is the only verb I can use to describe his entrance.) he began speaking as soon as he passed the doorway.

"The poor fellow," he said, "Where did you find him?" Then without waiting for an answer he went on - "Not serious. A mere scalp wound. I'll fix him up in short order. I just came in from a case in the country, broke his leg. Most unfortunate, most unfortunate! All the time he was talking he was removing bandages, washing the wound and putting in a dressing. "You did a pretty fair job here, sir!"

Meantime the patient had recovered consciousness and was watching us rather distrustfully, I thought. He said not a word.

"That's right, sir," said the doctor to him. "Rest yourself and don't speak."

The doctor told us to let him rest for the afternoon and not to bother him with any questions.

I went slowly back to the inn thinking over the events of the day. Who, I wondered, could the mysterious stranger be? Who could have attacked him? And why didn't he speak to us? And most of all, who dropped the handkerchief which brought me to his rescue?

When I reached the country inn where I was staying, the hostess greeted me with a flood of questions. I did not attempt to answer. She ventured to give some ideas on the case herself.

"I always knew that castle was haunted. It was spooks done it. I've seen lights there at night and so has many another. It was providence itself that you weren't hurt. Was it a bad one sir?" I shook my head vaguely. "Lucky he wasn't hurt bad. Yes was spooks done it." I sat down and ordered lunch. A little thing like that did not interrupt her. Even when she had gone out into the kitchen I could hear her still talking.

I determined to answer no questions. I would keep the facts to myself for the present. Then I made the deciding step which took me from my drab existence to high adventure. I made up my mind to visit the castle myself, later in the afternoon.

I told my hostess that I was going on a walk to Milfery, a small town about ten miles from Bradford. I walked out of Bradford towards Milfery, in the opposite direction from the castle. Then I circled around in back of the village and climbed the hill to the castle. The keeper was sitting at the stone gateway, stolidly smoking his pipe. "Went any keys?" he asked shortly.

"Yes," I replied, "all of them." I determined to look through the whole castle. He gave me the keys grudgingly, with a disapproving grunt.

I investigated the whole castle for signs of the intruders. I mounted the same stairs that I had gone up in the morning. As I entered the room, a white thing in the corner caught my eye. I picked it up. It was a letter. I brought it to the door and in the half light I examined it. It was addressed to Mr. Halfled, 2 Elbury Street, London. I wondered as I opened it, whether it would throw some light on the mystery or be merely the letter of some casual visitor. The contents I will give here in full.

Dear Art:(it ran)

Hafiz has been caught with the goods. One more gone.
Please send me a draft for twenty pounds.

Jim

I decided to keep the letter for further reference and went on with my examination of the castle. It yielded nothing of interest, until I reached the third and last story. There I found my first locked door. I searched among my keys until I found the right one. Then I opened the door.

That room was entirely different from the others. It was furnished with two or three chairs, a table and a desk. At first I thought it might be the keeper's room. The elegance of the furnishings soon exploded that idea.

There were some papers on the desk and I walked forward to examine them, treading softly. I had just picked up one when I heard a slight sound behind me. I was about to turn around when a rather shaky voice said, "Don't move, on the peril of your life."

I thought it was some foolish tourist trying to play a joke on me. I turned around and found that I was faced by a biggish man, slightly stooped. He had a revolver in his hand and a bullet whistled past my ear. I grappled with him, but he was too strong for me. I saw the butt of a pistol descending on my head....

I opened my eyes in a strange place. I was lying in a bunk. On the opposite side from me (I was in an upper berth) were two more berths. They were occupied. The man in the lower bunk turned over and I could see him. He was the man who had struck me in the castle. The other man I did not recognize.

I had a violent headache and I needed a drink. Therefore I clambered down without disturbing the man in the berth below me and went out into the passage way. The ship I was in was evidently a merchant vessel or perhaps a tramp. She was very poorly furnished, but just the same she was clean. When I had got my drink and returned I decided that some sea air would do me good. I dressed noiselessly and went up on deck. It was a cold windy morning.

I paced up and down the deck, puzzling over the situation I was in. I could form no theory except that I had been kidnapped. As I was walking up and down I looked for signs, anything that would give a clue to the vessel's business. I noticed some cases lashed down to the deck. I examined them idly but I felt more interested when I saw that stenciled on one of them were the words, "Morely's Machine Guns," and on the other, "Sil's Repeating Rifles." I did not puzzle much over them. They were but one inexplicable thing among many.

Joel Dirlam

This story will be continued in the next issue of the C.P.

The first sentence of these stories was given to the Upper Intermediate class to be developed. The two contained herein were selected as the best.

Alumni News

Bob Rosegrant is now studiously studying at Ann Arbor. His address is: 1214 Willard, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Bob Stein and Herb Goldfrank are running Stein Hall.

Harold Stein is a prof at Wisconsin. We wonder if he teaches Grace Kent who is also there.

Ralph Mannheim has just married. Last month it happened.

Mary and Kate Strasser are attending the Fieldston School.

Sarah is at Simmons College in Boston. She visited school a few weeks ago.

Phil is doing nicely with the wife.

Seymour is selling caviar and wine. Both can be bought by the barrel. (adv.)

Bea Wurzel is studying at Penn. She spent the summer at Cornell working hard.

Zackie is studying at Packard Business School. Her summer was spent, as Bea's, studying at Columbia.

Bill Sutherland is now at Yale Dramatic School.

George has his jobs on and off with football games. He's trying to get a good job now, though.

Max spends his time commuting between White Plains and Columbia. He is a sophomore now.

Bea Stein is following up her art work. We've heard that she painted some Arizona deserts this summer.

Roger finishes Yale this year. Poor Yale.

Feggy Strasser is at Smith. This is her first year.

Arthur Cohn was out west this summer. He is now at Franklin.

Harold is a junior at Stamford High. He is on the football squad there.

Susan Field is a Freshman at Radcliffe.

This is Henry Lehman's second year at Harvard.

Kurt Meyer is doing his third year at Dartmouth.

Lionel Goldfrank spends his time running from Boston to Darien and New York for the paint business.

Bea Lewis is one of the assistant buyers in the cosmetics department at Macy's.

Clarence Zadek is now working as a salesman in his brothers firm.

There was a reunion of quite a few of the Cherry Lawners up at the Yale-Harvard game. Rogers room was the warm meeting place. The game ended quite satisfactorily.

We would like to hear from the Alumni concerning their whereabouts.

FINIS.

