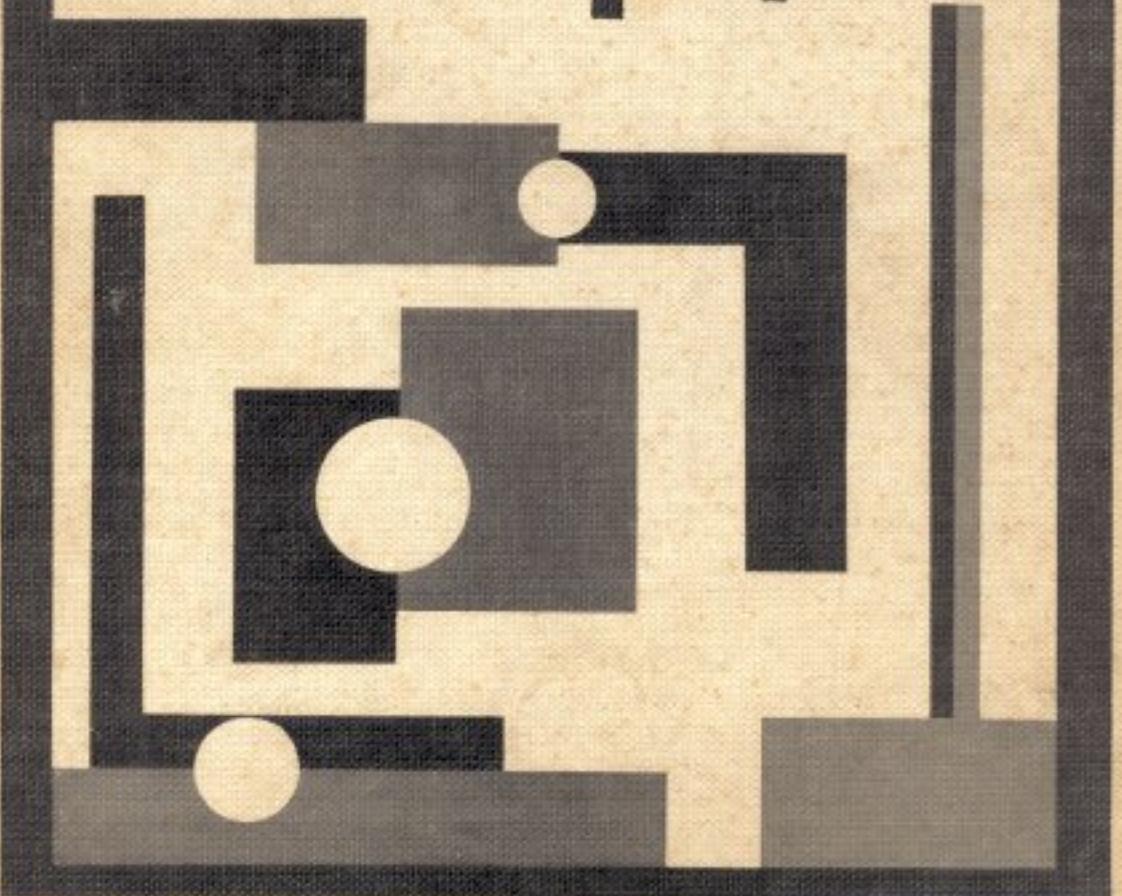
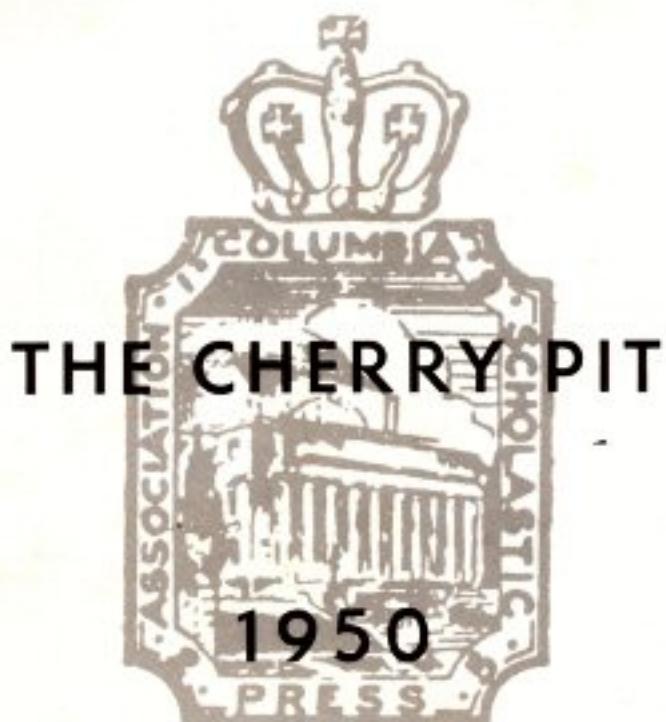


# CHERRY PIT

1950







Cherry Lawn School  
Darien, Connecticut

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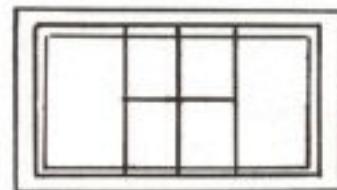
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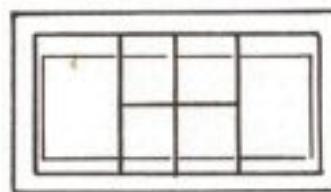
Although we cannot list the names of all members of the faculty and student body who have helped prepare the Cherry Pit, the Editor wants to acknowledge here the work of Mr. Dibble in art, of Mr. Hall and Mr. Hedden in photography, and of all the students who have contributed to this issue.

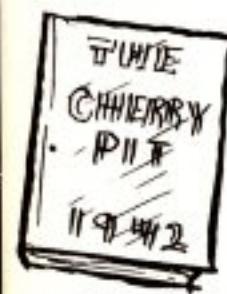
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Editors' Note: Certain spring activities could not be covered in this issue of the Cherry Pit because of the printer's deadline in March.







## History of The Cherry Pit

Cherry Lawn as a school has grown in size, in number, and in intangibles. One of these intangibles is the ever important Cherry Pit, our magazine.

The Cherry Pit this year is not only a magazine, it is a book, a record of the achievements of the school in one year. The Cherry Pit, however, did not always encompass such a large area. The first Cherry Pit was a few sheets of paper tied together, and filled with stories and articles which had little to do with the school. Each article was handwritten by the author, crudely illustrated, assembled, and then hectographed, with lines running together, "t's" not crossed, and misspellings not corrected. Compared with today's Cherry Pit it was nothing, but it started a tradition.

For a few years after that, the Cherry Pit showed great improvement. It was printed or at least mimeographed. It expanded far out of the field of pure literature, as it contained articles on the Student Government, the Faculty, the nineteen or twenty students, drama, school activities, as well as stories and articles dreamed up by the fanciful students. Of course, sports were notably represented as was the Last Will and Testament. In 1926 the magazine began to speak more about the graduating class. In that year there was another innovation: aside from the June issue there were two or three other issues of the Cherry Pit published. These issues were usually not printed, and might have been memorial issues, as the two of '26 were.

In the following years, the Cherry Pit continued on approximately the same pattern: one formal issue, two or three other issues in preparation, as it were, for the formal June issue. As a rule, these preliminary issues contained little factual material, but were usually completely artistic and literary. During these years of the many Cherry Pits, one student knew another one rather closely, and each article had references to other persons of the school containing the class or last name of the person, and it was clear that the magazine was intended purely for school consumption. There were, of course, no advertisements as the magazine was too small for such a thing.

The Cherry Pit, then, was a small magazine, written by and intended for the students. It was a product of themselves, a token to remind them of their thoughts, their hopes, and their lives at Cherry Lawn after they should leave. It was Cherry Lawn on paper.

As the years went by the Cherry Pit became thicker. It was not only the school, but the school's views on various subjects. In 1939, a large part of the Cherry Pit, once more mimeographed, dealt with war. This indeed was a new subject to the magazine. The following year, the subject of war kept recurring. The few light articles were not enough to hide the constant fact: Cherry Lawn and the Cherry Pit were becoming world, as well as school conscious.

In 1941, the Cherry Pit established another precedent: in the back of the magazine were advertisements, although a few. In January of 1942, the aim of the Cherry Pit was changed from a publication of students' creative abilities to the "reflection of the times through the eyes of the students," as it says in the editorial of that year. The theme that year was once more war. The Cherry Pit had awakened, and had stepped out of the gates of Cherry Lawn.

The Cherry Pit was then ready to step out further, but the war seemed to keep it where it was, not bogged down, but merely marking time until it could once again make a change. That change came in 1946, and it was manifested by a new type of Cherry Pit: half yearbook and half a literary magazine. This new Cherry Pit was no longer a magazine, but a book. It was an entrant at the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. In 1949, the Cherry Pit moved still another step further, it won second prize at the Columbia Press Association.

And who knows what is next? Cherry Lawn has progressed in the last twenty-five years, and so has the Cherry Pit. Cherry Lawn will continue to progress, and with it the Cherry Pit, our Cherry Pit.



Saundra Dreier, '50

## THE NITWIT KNITS

The maiden by the fire sits,  
Her thoughts are not on politics  
Nor even of the fire sticks.  
This maiden by the fire—knits.

This maiden by the fire sits,  
Who would think she sits and knits?  
Her thoughts should be on politics  
But none the less, she knits and knits.

A war is fought: her lover killed.  
This maiden should want his war stilled.  
She little thinks to call it quits.  
Just sits and knits, and knits, and knits.

Poor Maiden! Not alone in this,  
All do nothing—even fish.  
The world they live in is in splits.  
The fish still swim—the maiden knits.  
Knit! Knit! Nitwit.

Brian Greenman, '50



## MY LIBERATION

The world was the same and treated the people similar as in any other night before. The stars and moon faced the people with light as usual. But suddenly some voice came up from only individuals: "No, that is not the same usual night as it has ever been in the past. Let us not keep that for a secret."

It did not last long till the realization faced us. The shooting that started continuously woke up almost everybody in the village. Suddenly somebody knocked on the door and saying: "Go out, don't stay there because our village is on fire. You will come up to the room and we will go together." I hurried up, and after a few minutes I found myself in the road walking with Mr. and Mrs. Kowalek. The condition did not allow us to go any further, but we had to run into some old cellar in the forest where one saved potatoes for the winter. The shooting continued unusual. "It cannot possibly be from any group of partisans," said Mr. Kowalek, "because we never heard from partisans a battle like that." All of us were put in silent again, and looked at the bullets flying through our heads continuously. The fear and will to live had began more than ever before without even any knowledge what significance it had for us.

Suddenly we heard some voice in Polish commanding other people to stop. In a minute later we heard people cry from torture. Other five human beings gave up their lives. They were the last who could not see their goal for which they struggled two years. It was only their last night that could not be completed. Their bitter voices were gone and we all continued our lives again. Mr. Kowalek with his pleasant expression in his face turned to me and said: "Josh, I am sure that this night will be our decisive night. There are two ways in the decision—one is that we all will survive, and be able to tell the world our reality, and the other might be just the opposite. Therefore, let us decide that we will keep the oath, that we will forever be together, if not physically then mentally. Let us try to recollect ourselves that we did not live all that in imagination, but in reality."

We did not have any newspapers or radios to know the news, and that was the reason why our hope was so far away. With all the trouble I finally fell asleep with a wonderful dream. It was not a usual dream as I always used to dream with all my reality in which I was. I woke up with the exact same idea in which I met myself. "Come out," I heard an excited voice coming up to me. "It is our freedom to life which calls us."

For a long while I did not believe that it was not any more the dream which still existed for me. But after that while was over and the dream became the reality, I was then automatically changed. My opinion was that I never could live in that reality but rather was a dream.

Joshua Rosenberg, '50

## The Captive

There was a sound of voices in the next room, and Devery went toward them. She entered the room and, from force of habit, looked around for a convenient place to hide. There was none offered, however, and as she realized no one really was looking at her, she grew bolder and walked slowly around the room, occasionally shrinking back into shadowy reclusion, to avoid the people, who seemed as cold and expressionless as the furniture itself. They were alien beings, stifling in their very stolidness, like the room.

Then, looking through an open doorway to the dining room beyond, she was attracted by the white tablecloth with the gleaming silverware arrayed on it. Entering the room, she had to blink her eyes once or twice to adjust them to the sudden brightness, after the preliminary darkness. As she scanned the setting she was particularly attracted to the soup ladle by its peculiar shine. Looking into the depth of the part shaped as a bowl, she was aware of the bright sheen that the light played on it, in which shadows were caught and dimmed, and all colors were muted into a silvery greyness, broken occasionally by a sudden radiance. There seemed to be a bright light behind it, subdued at intervals by an invisible haze. Then there was a blur and a sudden headpain caught her at the taking in of a so beautiful sight. She gazed, in captivation, watching the way the light played on its smooth surface, until it mysteriously created an illusion that there were two surfaces. Looking at it through a film of eye moisture it appeared to be seen through waves, and sometimes she thought that it would draw away from her, and then return to its original size.

She was watching, thus enchanted, when she realized there was an intrusion: the people entered and seated themselves at the table. A chill swept over her, and she also sat down quietly, trying not to be conscious of the amazed stares from around the table. She was ashamed at being caught in such captivation of an apparently uninteresting object. Still watching, she was aware of a white hand drawing near it, and as it was lifted from the table and borne through the air, her eyes remained glued on it in sort of hypnotism. Then suddenly something dawned on her. This beautiful thing: they were taking it away from her! She wanted to clutch at it, to protest, and then just as suddenly she felt foolish, as she drew slowly back to reality. As she watched the swirls of green soup close over the brightness, her mounting tension relaxed. The mysticism which had surrounded it was gone; it was just another common object which held no special value for her. Her face flared pink, as if in a fever, and she lowered her eyes, her fingers all the time nervously fumbling with her napkin. Her previous feeling was replaced by one of sadness, of which she could not understand. A wave of hurt broke over her and receded, and she tried harder to concentrate along with it. Still she knew she would not forget it. She felt as if something was lost to her forever, she could just cling to the memory of that mysterious light, that sheen . . . that . . . she unconsciously began trying to find words to describe it.

Leslie Diamond, '54



## "POMES"

### The Snaketree

The tree of the snakes,  
It never breaks,  
Has long been in the forest,  
The snakes who live there  
Go everywhere.  
The tree of the snakes  
That never breaks.

### Leaves

Red leaves and yellow  
Green leaves and brown,  
All leaves are pretty  
In every town.  
Some people collect them,  
Some people don't.  
Some people are lazy,  
And some just won't.

Natalie Bates, Katydid



Parachutist Dies in Fall at Home  
FRANKLIN, Ind., May 15 (UPI)—  
Luther Dennis, who survived more than  
3,000 parachute jumps as a professional  
balloonist, died yesterday as the result  
of a fall in his home. He was 72 years  
old. He suffered a broken hip.

## The Painting

"Luther, you are really the most aggravating, provocative child I have ever known!"

Since Luther's mother had been too busy getting ahead, she had never had time to be a child herself, and her ambitions prevented her from getting to know any other children. Thus the above statement was a rather ridiculous one for such an intelligent woman to make. Nevertheless, she continued her tirade, aimed at the boy drawing by the window.

"Painting pictures! Huh! When I was your age I had graduated high school and was in one of the best colleges in the country. And what are you? A Freshman in high school, failing no less, who draws in his spare time. That is—if you can call that drawing. For the child of two brilliant people, you show an almost pathetic intelligence!"

That was Monday. On Tuesday it was father's turn.

"Really Luther, as the son of the most proficient and commendable French professor in the United States, (if you'll excuse my lack of modesty), you ostentate very little ambition. After all, you've been studying the language since you were one and a half years old. You really should be training to be a professor in your own right. I realize, of course, that you can't live up to me, but that couldn't be expected. You might at least try, instead of wasting all your time on that ridiculous painting!"

But did Luther stop? . . . NO! He went on, repeating to himself: "Someday, I too shall be a great painter. My picture shall hang on the wall, and everyone who sees it will admire it. Nothing in the world will interfere with my becoming a great painter."

Thus Luther strived on, continuing to pursue his ambition. He had to be secretive, because Mama and Papa wouldn't approve—but!—he went on! It was a little slow perhaps; a tube of paint one year—a paint brush the next—but someday!

Father Time stumbled and redeemed himself year after year, until the time finally came when Luther thought it was about time that he told his parents what he really wanted from life. He was, at the time, thirty-six years old.

It was, however, too late. Word distorted word; man insulted man; thrill seekers, profiteers, and petty politicians decided to play big shot and start a war.

"It would be rotten," Luther thought, "to be painting pictures of hell. That's what all the world would be like now."

There wasn't, however, much time for painting. There was no art in the poster that said: We Want You! They did, too. Thus Luther was drafted, which pleased his parents no end. For Luther's French was so good that he was being parachuted into collaborationist France. It was dangerous work, his parents had said, but it was an "honneur!"

Luther clung fondly to the doors of the plane.

"Don't push! for heaven's sake don't push! I'm going—don't rush me, I'm going." He closed his eyes, and with a masterful leap he freed his grasp of the plane. "I don't want to fight. I could so easily fail to pull the ripcord," he thought. "But I have so much to give to the world through my paintings." So it was that Luther decided to pull the ripcord.

Unclenching his teeth, and opening his eyes, Luther gazed below him as he drifted like a bowlegged centipede through the air.

"France, beautiful France! There it is, below me, the home of Gauguin, Degas, Cezanne. What a view! The blood of creativity



runs through my brains! If I only had a paint brush with me, I could paint the most outstanding landscape ever seen."

Luther's reverie was interrupted by a tree that he didn't see, but that had injured his soul.

He set himself up in a cabin within the collaborationist lines. Disguising himself as a French painter, Luther prepared to settle down and enjoy his work, cramming his hours with pictures of landscapes, peasants, and a cow that particularly fascinated him.

One night, as Luther was engaged in contemplating whether to go live with a woman in the South Sea Islands, or to cut off his right ear, he was interrupted by a quick, hard rapping on the door. Before he could open it, two German army officers entered.

"We are looking," one said in French, "for an American spy who was reported to have landed here. Who are you? Let me see your credentials."

Luther showed him his carefully forged papers and began to explain:

"I am only a poor Frenchman, striving for inspiration. Let me show you my paintings."

"Here they are," Luther said, as he rushed to the closet and uncovered a huge pile of his masterpieces. "Please do not suspect me. I am only a poor painter."

The officers looked at his paintings and began to speak in German. "I agree completely," said one, "he is a very poor painter. The Americans couldn't possibly have sent him. They couldn't be as stupid as to let someone who paints so badly pose as a painter."

Luther was very pleased when the officers left, for he knew that the reason he hadn't suspected him was that his paintings were so good that they were sure he was actually an artist.

Man conquered man, Luther conquered air, and time killed time. "The war is over! I'm a man! I'm a veteran! No problems! I shall paint!"

So Luther began to paint. He was forty-two years old.

Mama said, "You could be doing so much more!"

Papa said, "You could be studying to be a teacher!"

Luther said, "I'm going to paint!"

However, there was one problem. Papa refused to pay any of Luther's expenses, as he didn't approve of his son's choice. Luther decided that he would be much more inspired as a starving artist living in a garret, anyway. But the garret was so drafty! Besides after a while he got hungry!

So he became the only thing he knew how to be—a professional balloonist who did parachute jumping at State Fairs. He hated it, but it was a means to earn enough to retire. Finally he did.

At last Luther was able to start to paint. He worked with unending fervor, for he had to turn out one great picture, and there was so little time. Then one day it happened! He turned out the picture he had been waiting for.

Mama and Papa weren't there to admire it, and Luther knew that he had been too busy painting to make any friends, but he knew that it was good!

He climbed a ladder in the living room and prepared to hang his first great painting. There was no ripcord to pull now. There was no risking his life for something he hated. There was just beauty. And he had so much to give!

Luther stepped back just a little to admire the picture. The distance was short, but he didn't have a parachute.



A cold, monotonous rain beat down from a murky sky. Where it hit the puddles little fountains of water leaped. Where it struck the rocks each drop split into many droplets and ran down the crevices. Where it fell into the soft black mud tiny waters formed. Where it struck a cross high on a barren hill it soaked in. And a mile away this same rain washed clean thirty pieces of silver lying in a gutter.

Stephan Chodorov, '53

I like to see the snow  
Come now in little balls  
Then as it gently falls  
Piling up on fence and walls  
With bright caps and mittens  
And laughter and joy.

Linda Stern, 5th Grade



The sun,  
breathes the pink breath of light  
into the new born day.  
The mist  
eddying to and fro  
muffles the pulsebeat  
of the meadow's awakening.  
The stag beetle  
beginning the symphony of nature's sounds,  
buzzes his way  
to the waving sun dappled treetops.  
The melody  
carried by the first lark.  
The drumbeat.  
The grasses  
add their rustling overtones  
of a crackling, hollow reed at the water's edge.  
A red squirrel scolds and chatters.  
A jay raucously heralds the start of a new life . . .  
The turning of the leaf . . .

Walter Rosenhaft, '50



## The Dog That Wasn't Meant For Sale

Today Tom decided to take the long way home from school. He was tired of seeing the same things over and over again. From far away Tom saw a "For Sale" sign. He stared and exclaimed, "What a beautiful dog. Maybe I can buy him," he thought. "Yes!" he repeated, "What a beautiful dog that is." He thought and thought on his way home. His thoughts were interrupted by his mother's voice.

"Come on Tom, your lunch is ready, and you have to leave immediately. But why are you so late?"

"I took the long way home for a change. Guess what I saw?"

"Well, hurry up and finish your lunch and when you come back later tell me all about it," his mother said.

Going back to school he took the short cut. During class his mind was on Dogland. He went back home the long way. Something strange had happened. The dog wasn't there. Tom finished his way back with a sad expression on his face.

He went and told his mother what had happened and how beautiful the puppy was. "Why that's Mrs. Brown's dog," she exclaimed. "She must have gone to Mrs. Driscoll's house. They're having a party because their house was just bought. Didn't you see the 'For Sale' sign?"

"Yes, but there was a dog tied to it."

"Oh!" answered his mother, "Mrs. Brown probably left the dog tied to it while she was inside." What a disappointment that was.

Today was a very important day, for today was Tom's birthday. As he stepped out of the door he tripped on the doormat and found a note saying:

Dear Tom,

I visited your mother while you were at school. She told me all about the "For Sale" sign. Please change that sign in your mind to this:

P.S. It is tied up in back of your house.

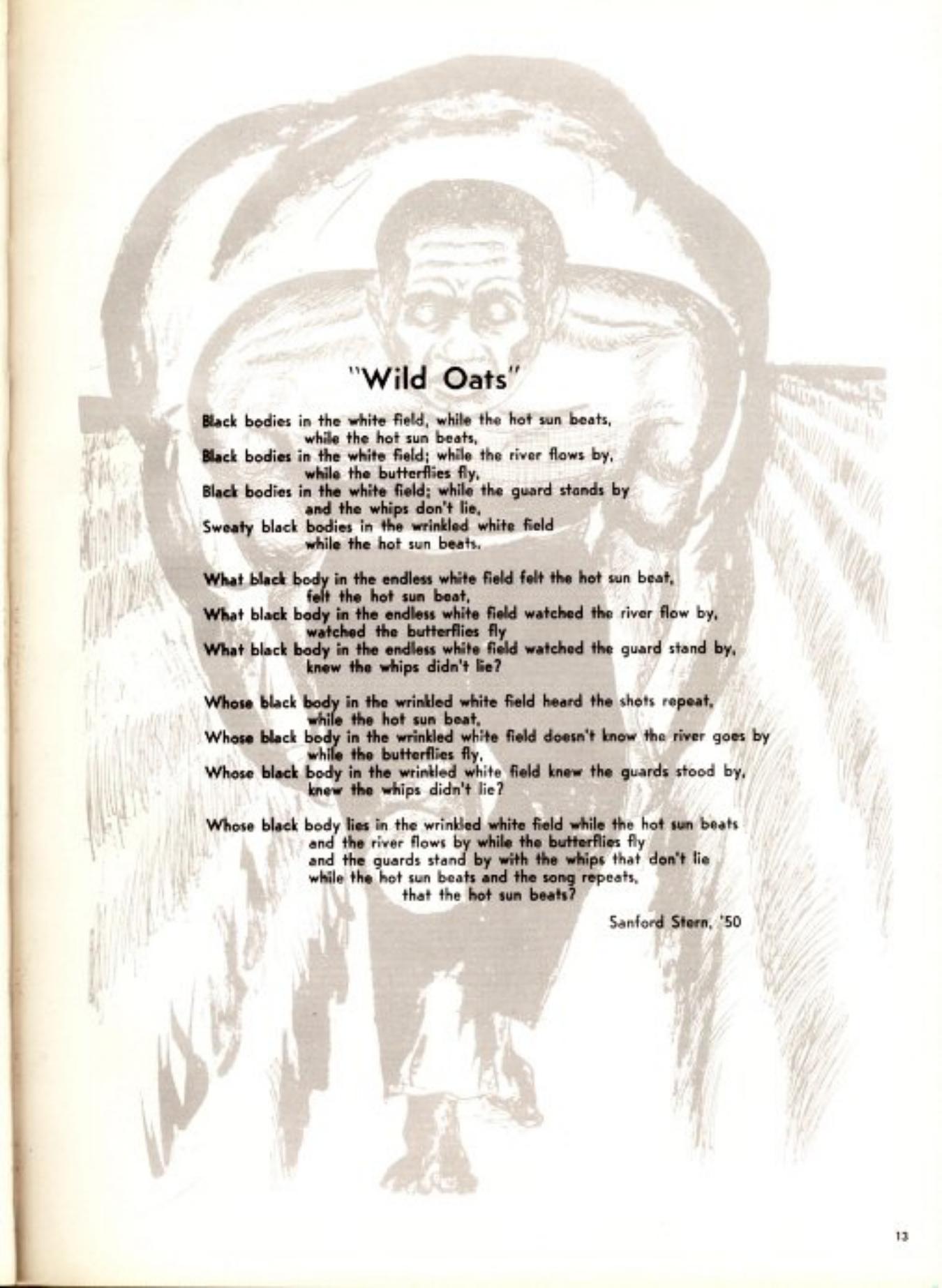
Sincerely,

Mrs. Brown

Tom had the most wonderful birthday.

Gladys Cohen  
7th Grade





## "Wild Oats"

Black bodies in the white field, while the hot sun beats,  
while the hot sun beats,  
Black bodies in the white field; while the river flows by,  
while the butterflies fly,  
Black bodies in the white field; while the guard stands by  
and the whips don't lie,  
Sweaty black bodies in the wrinkled white field  
while the hot sun beats.

What black body in the endless white field felt the hot sun beat,  
felt the hot sun beat,  
What black body in the endless white field watched the river flow by,  
watched the butterflies fly  
What black body in the endless white field watched the guard stand by,  
knew the whips didn't lie?

Whose black body in the wrinkled white field heard the shots repeat,  
while the hot sun beat,  
Whose black body in the wrinkled white field doesn't know the river goes by  
while the butterflies fly,  
Whose black body in the wrinkled white field knew the guards stood by,  
knew the whips didn't lie?

Whose black body lies in the wrinkled white field while the hot sun beats  
and the river flows by while the butterflies fly  
and the guards stand by with the whips that don't lie  
while the hot sun beats and the song repeats,  
that the hot sun beats?

Sanford Stern, '50



Photograph by Clara Sippell

Dr. Christina Staël von Holstein Bogoslovsky  
Director

The Terrace  
February 15, 1950

Dear Seniors:

What wishes do I have for you, Graduates, in the year of the Hydrogen Bomb? Too many perhaps, with different emphasis for each one of you, as I remember your personalities, your experiences. Being interested in History, I cannot but urge you to remember that many periods have seemed overwhelmingly stark and threatening for those who lived in them. I think of the Peloponnesian Wars, the Barbaric Invasions, certain Medieval periods, The Religious Wars (The Thirty Years' one particularly), The Reactionary Period after the Napoleonic Wars, and the Two World Wars.

The longer I live, the more convinced I am that more important than the circumstances we meet is how we meet them. You are now ready to go out more on your own. Do you still have to be kept upright, or, have you developed an inner strength so you can take temporary frustrations, and meet whatever comes with stamina and zest?

The world changes but the people who cope with the insecurities and challenges of their different ages change very little. Last year the world celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of a German, a universal genius, whose childhood was spent in a Germany devastated by the Seven Years' War, and who lived through the effects of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. These last weeks the New York Times has been publishing the memoirs of a typical Briton who saw Great Britain through its "darkest hour," and the campaign speeches of the same man, who again considers his country in danger. Each one of these great men lived through dire times. Each one, for the best of his country's culture and civilization, expressed hopes and reflections which I think would be of interest to you. Through their words I hope to give you lasting advice.

Note that Goethe in his New Year's wish has the "neoclassic" restraint. In every phrase he uses the word "enough" for you who are accustomed to desire "abundance" and "plenty" as an ideal! He is old fashioned in his mentioning of "grace," "patience," "charity," "love," "faith," and "hope"—are Goethe's words so different from the thoughts which moved you in your own philosopher-poet's (B. B. Burwell) recent address at the Sunday Assembly on February 5th this year?

Churchill's approach is directly opposite to Goethe's. The practical Briton's approach is more akin to yours. I am referring to some reflections on man's work, vocation and avocation in his recent book, "Painting as a Pastime." In his introduction to this book, Churchill's apt phrase, "It is no use doing what you like, you have got to like what you do" reminds me of an occasion many years ago when Dr. Boris was introduced at a Kiwanian meeting in Darien as one of the directors of the school on Brookside "where the children do what they like." This statement led Dr. Boris, with his ready wit, to suggest a correction of the toastmaster's phrase, which would make it better correspond to facts: "where the children eventually learn to like what they do." Mr. Churchill's statement not only reminds me of Dr. Boris' description of Cherry Lawn, but suggests itself to me as a very suitable advice to some of you who are hedonistically inclined. Churchill goes on to say: "As for the unfortunate

people who can command everything they want, who can gratify every caprice and lay their hands on almost every object of their desire—for them a new pleasure, a new excitement is only an additional satiation. In vain they rush frantically round from place to place, trying to escape from avenging boredom by mere chatter and motion. For them, discipline in one form or another is the most hopeful path.

It may also be said that rational, industrious, useful human beings are divided into two classes: first, those whose work is work and whose pleasure is pleasure; and secondly, those whose work and pleasure is one. Of these the former are the majority. They have their compensations. The long hours in the office or the factory bring with them as their reward not only the means of sustenance, but a keen appetite for pleasure even in its simplest and most modern forms. But Fortune's favored children belong to the second class. Their life is a natural harmony. For them the working hours are never long enough. Each day is a holiday, and ordinary holidays, when they come, are grudged as enforced interruptions in an absorbing vocation. Yes, to both classes the need for an alternating outlook, of a change of atmosphere, of a diversion of effort, is essential. Indeed, it may well be that those whose work is their pleasure are those who most need the means of banishing it at intervals from their minds."

Seniors, my sincere wish is that while you are at college you will find that you belong to what Churchill calls "Fortune's favored children," that you will find an absorbing vocation and also discover a hobby which will provide your lives with the necessary balance and harmony. Naturally, you are not ready immediately for the cream of the world's occupation. Often you will find the going hard and all beginnings monotonous, unchallenging. But with perseverance, and realization of what the tediousness may lead to, you will mould a rewarding life. However, you will not be able to mould this life without constantly working on your own personality development. If you direct your ambition toward becoming a more worthwhile individual, ready to serve as well as to lead, the rest will follow. Do not consider your work on your character completed because you soon might come of age. Keep the habit of the morning-silent-meditation which started your schoolday at Cherry Lawn. You will find it invaluable "if," every morning, you devote some minutes to quiet reflections and resolutions.

Although Goethe's New Year's wish is over one hundred and fifty years old, each sentence of it can be contemplated on at length. I will make his wish mine in ending advice to the Seniors with my sincere hope that you, each one of you, will be able to realize the whole wish:

"Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them. Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor. Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith enough to make real the things of God.

Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future."

God bless you all. *Christina Staell H. Bogolovsky.*



Mrs. Lettie Lee Craig  
Senior Adviser



Mr. Lawrence Harold Lally  
Senior Adviser

Herbert I. Arkin  
Beaver

"Scientific truths, of whatever order, are reached by eliminating perturbing or conflicting factors, and recognizing only fundamental factors."

Herbert Spencer



Kate Bandler

"Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of the arts, because it is no mere translation or abstract from life; it is life itself."

Havelock Ellis

Kazem Barakat  
Captain

"He is complete in feature, and in mind, with all good grace to grace a gentleman."

William Shakespeare





Theodore Philip Blasberg  
*Ted*

"Wit now and then, struck smartly,  
shows a spark."

William Cowper



Robert John Brandt  
*Bob*

"To top all of this was his handsomeness."

G. M. S.



Alice Gwen Davis  
*Gwendy*

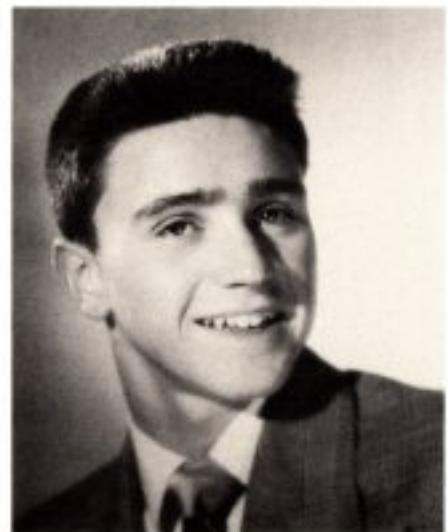
"The busier we are, the more accurately  
we feel that we live, the more conscious  
we are of life."

Emanuel Kant

John Maurice de Carville  
*Johnny*

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the  
rigor of the game."

Charles Lamb



Saundra Natalie Dreier  
*Sandy*

"An honest heart being the first blessing, a knowing head being the second."

Thomas Jefferson

George Dubord

"Good nature is stronger than toma-  
haws."

Ralph Waldo Emerson





Barbara Ann Field

*Bobby*

"What is wit? Reason expressed artfully."

M. J. De Chénier



Joan Marcia Freid

"Perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Jonathan Gordon Friedman

"The reason why men of true good sense envy less than others, is, because they admire themselves with less hesitation than fools and silly people."

Bernard de Mandeville

Gloria Sylvia Gottfried

"Virtue is the performance of pleasant actions."

James Stephens



Brian Michael Greenman

*Bly*

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

William Shakespeare



Ralph Kauders

"The glory of young men is their strength."

Ancient Proverb



Ruth Irene Ledermann

"In quietness and confidence shall be  
your strength."

Isaiah



Carl Jay Margulis

"Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!"

William Blake



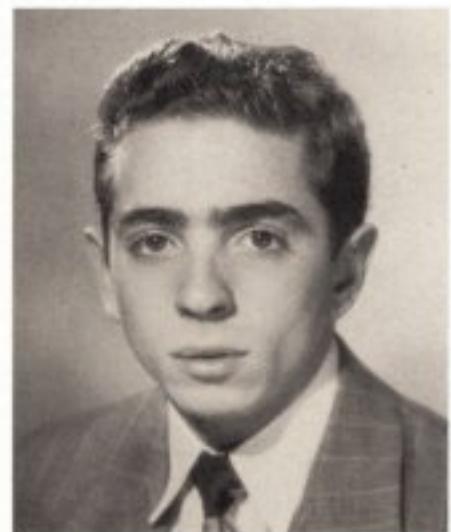
Joan Marion Magid

"For all that faire is, is by nature good."  
E. Spenser

Robert Joseph Menichetti

*Bob*

"They all had trust in his cussedness  
And knowed he would keep his word."  
John Hay



Louis Herman Reens

"Sincerity is an openness of heart."  
La Rochefoucauld

Joshua Rosenberg

*Josh*

"Patience and diligence, like faith, re-  
move mountains."  
William Penn





Walter Roland Rosenhaft  
*Wally*

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."  
William Shakespeare

David Shainberg  
*Dave*

"A philosopher is one who desires to  
discern the truth."  
Plato



Sanford Stern  
*Sandy*

"What makes life worth living? To be  
born with the gift of laughter, and a  
sense that the world is mad."  
Refel Sabatine

Michael Mark Wagreich  
**Mike**

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



William Wilner  
**Willy**

"The scientist does not study nature because it is useful; he studies it because he delights in it, because it is beautiful."

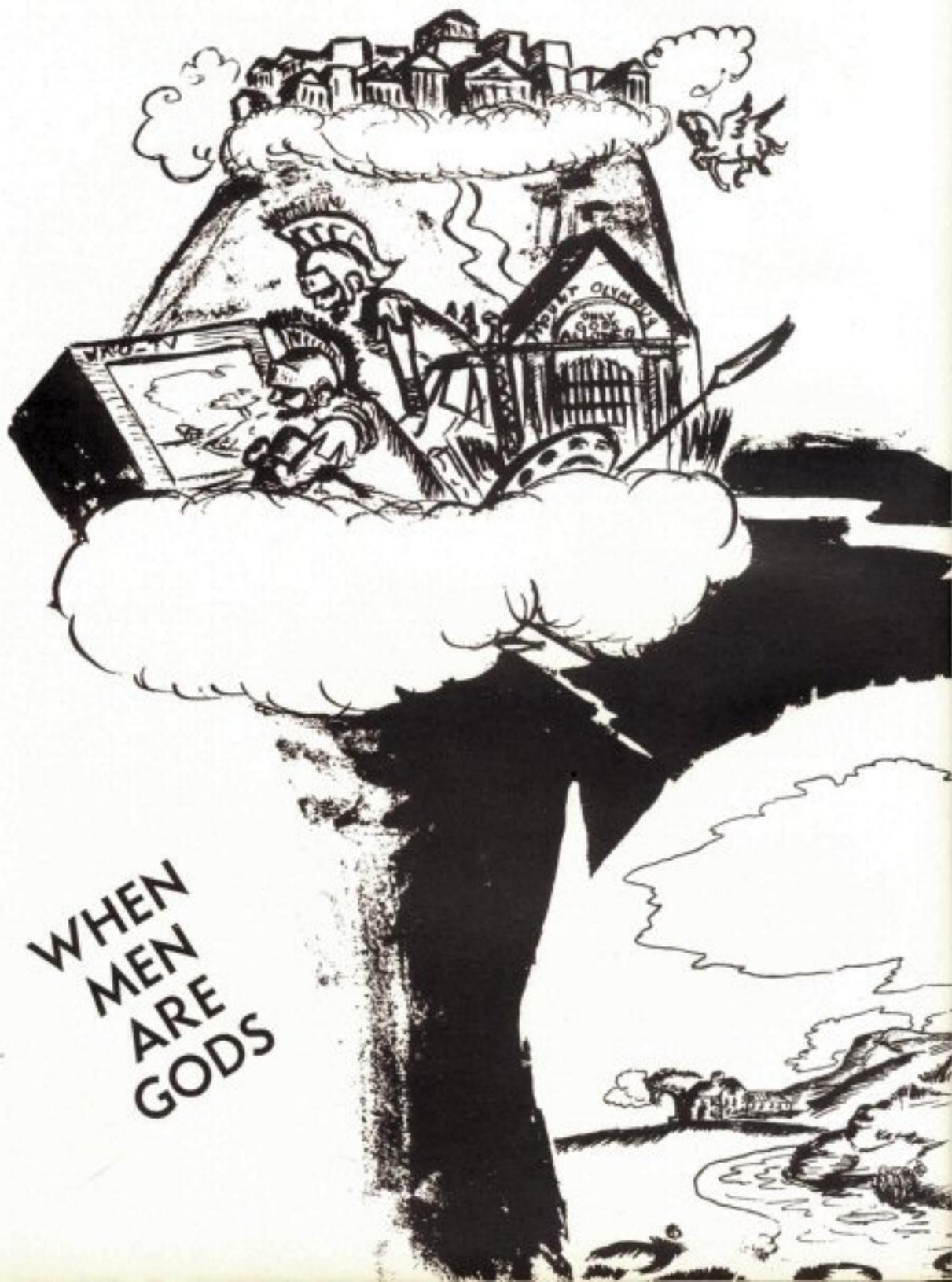
Henri Poincaré

Minna Freda Wolk

"Within the oftentimes bombastic and fruulent appearance that I present to the world, trembles a heart shy as a wren in the hedgrowing, or a mouse along the wainscoating."

George Moore





On June 11, 1950, Sanford Stern, infallible prophet, stands before his graduating class. He speaks: "Fellow classmates, I realize that all of you have a great appreciation for the astounding accuracy of my predictions of things to come. Now, through this exact foresight, I am able to assure you, that in the year 1960 all of us shall leave our lively pursuits to meet gloriously as Gods on Mount Olympus. I, Proteus, God of Prophecy, will welcome you there. At this time I can see a clear picture of exactly what will occur . . .

In the year 1960, far from a peak in Darien, on Mount Olympus the highest peak in the mythological world, David Shainberg, Southern Delegate to Town Meetings, Inc., approaches Proteus: "Welcome, Prometheus, God of Forethought," cries out the God of Prophets.

"Proteus," exclaims David, "since all of us will be together once more, I have a plan." But before David can continue, Ruth Ledermann, prominent member of the Friends Service Committee, and Jonathan Friedman, Ambassador to the Zulus, arrive on the H.M.S. Margulis.

"Welcome, Romus, God of Justice," says Sandy embracing Ruth, as Pan, God of Pipes, joins them.

"Mr. Lally should have had some of your foresight Proteus," explains Romus, "when he used to say we would never be able to stand on Mount Olympus."

"This," states Jonathan, "is an ostentatious manifestation of our inner frustrations, since our philology instructor derogatorily chided us for refusing to be credulous of the precept that we are merely plebian."

"Where is Carl," asks David.

"The Wanderer of the Seas, Hyperion," answers Jonathan "is mooring his craft."

Just then a space ship looms overhead, and over the ship's loudspeaking system is heard the voice of Brian Greenman, partner in the Finance Firm of Greenman, Greenman, Greenman and Densky: "I have been listening to your conversation over my wavophone," says Janus, God of Beginnings and Civilization, "and if you'll excuse my interruption, according to parliamentary procedure, David still has the floor."

A loud honk distracts the group, and as they turn to see a large limousine drive up, from out the spacious door steps Herbert Arkin, noted playboy and biologist, accompanied by Bob Brandt, matinee



idol of the day. "Why, it's Neptune, God of the Sea, and Morpheus, God of Sleep," Ruth exclaims. Whereupon Bob catches Arky in his arms, and Herbert is once again enfolded in the arms of Morpheus. He is soon disturbed, however, by the familiar cry of, "What zees?" as Kazem Barakat, The Sun God Apollo and noted language teacher at the Mansouri Foundation for Progressive Education, arrives upon the scene. The War Goddess, Bellona, and Lunus, The Moon God, are seen simultaneously by all, and Minna Wolk deposits a television set in the midst of the Gods, explaining: "This is William Wilner's latest and greatest invention. Through this machine you can see and talk to any place you want." While William sets the dials for a view of some far off place, the attention of the audience is distracted by the sweet voice of Sandy Dreier, Dean of Yale University: "I wonder," asks the Goddess of Wisdom, Minerva, glancing up from her reading of "Lady of the Lake," "Where is Mr. Lally?"

A great hush falls, "Perhaps he just couldn't reach Mount Olympus," suggests Michael Wagreich, renowned efficiency expert, psychologist and God of the Stores. "You're probably right, Consus," answers Brian, and as the two walk off to discuss life under the stars a wild "yahoo" vibrates the air. The Gods of Medicine and Love, Aesculapius and Cupid, come galloping into the room cheering triumphantly, "Jesse's back."

"Who's got him?" Diana, Goddess of Wild Beasts and the Hunt, asks with great interest. As Walter Rosenhaft, M.D., R.C.P.S., A.P.A. and Ted Blasberg, authority on clothes and women for men, get off their horses, they tell Gwen Davis, noted novelist, that Jesse's possessor wishes it to be kept completely secret. "Oh," she sighs in disappointment, but her face quickly light up as she sees Joan Magid, Joan Freid, and Gloria Gottfried, walking toward her. "Here come the Three Graces," Gwen tells The Muse of Comedy, and Thalia, alias Bobby Field, Senator from Florida, runs to greet them.

Suddenly a screeching of brakes is heard and from a gleaming 1960 Nash Mrs. Craig alights. All await their turn to be embraced by Lettie Lee, who gleefully exclaims: "My children . . . You know, of course," says Lettie Lee, "that Mr. Lally won't be here. It seems that he was mistaken for Lucifer and hasn't been permitted to enter."

"But where is he?" questions the disappointed throng.

Lettie Lee replies: "I can't reveal that until I am permitted."

There is a break in the conversation as Dr. Staël joins the group. "I'm sorry to be late," she explains, "but I decided to walk. Do you know," Dr. Staël asks of all, "that Bob Menichetti, Olympic Racing Champion, challenged me to a race?"

"What happened?" everyone exclaims simultaneously.

Dr. Staël nonchalantly replies, "I beat him," and in the midst of their discussion Mercury, God of Speed, and Zephyr, The Wind God, whiz in.

"Is it true?" asks Bob of Dr. Staël, "that all juniors have formed a track team in preparation for

the museum trip?" Before Dr. Staël can reply, Josh Rosenberg, noted sociologist tells her, "From my experience they still won't be able to keep up with you."

Terpsichore, The Muse of Dance, dances over to Lettie Lee who asks: "I understand, Kate, that you have just finished a translation of the complete works of Virgil?" They are, however, soon interrupted by a baseball landing in their midst. Seeing that it has writing on it Atlas, The Strangest of the Gods, plows his way through the group and picks up the ball. George Dubord, Captain of Gannon's Fancy Five, takes it away from "Gorgeous Ralph Kauders" and all await impatiently to hear the message. Thesius, God of the Games reads: "Sorry I won't be able to come as I'm playing in the world series; I hope I'll hit this far enough for you to get it! . . . signed, Big John."

"My," gasps Mrs. Craig, "what an athlete!"

Louis Reens, famous physicist, calls the gathering to order. "I, Eronius, God of Freedmen, Conduct and Experience, am now going to work out my new theory that imagination is curved. Dr. Staël will explain to William what we want to see; William will set the dials of his wonderful invention, which is an application of my theory, and we shall observe. Now, silence everyone."

The group stands anxiously by. Then, a flicker of light is reflected on the screen, which soon develops into the appearance of an uncontrollable blaze. A devilish laugh pierces the air and all tremble with fear. "Don't be afraid," Dr. Staël reassures them, "it's not close enough to get you . . . yet! What you are looking at is the Underworld, harbor of all those who have been thrown down from the Mountain." William turns the dial and all are awestricken with the beauty of the scene that is brought into view.

"You are gazing," explains Dr. Staël, "upon the Elysian Fields of the Underworld!" There is an unholy silence as Lettie Lee notices a home in the architecture of Christopher Wren at the far side of the Fields. "Can it be?"

"Can it be?" everyone echoes as a familiar figure walks out of the front door. After a moment, there is no doubt at all. It is a certainty. "Well, at least it's a country home," chuckles Ted, witty as usual. And then, as the scene slowly dims, the hovering throng can see the man walk into the fields where he joins in reverent contemplation a petit, blond woman . . .

"Incredible," the voice of Mr. Lally breaks the awful silence as Sanford concludes his astounding prophecy. "Incredible."

"Incredible as it may seem," Sanford relates, "so it will be; and now," he says, gaily waving his new diploma, "let us go and begin our new endeavors which shall lead us to Mount Olympus in the year 1960."

Picturing themselves in their god-like poses on the great mythological mountain, the seniors all walk off to the thunderous tones of "Pomp and Circumstance."

"Incredible," says Mr. Lally.

"Astounding," replies Mrs. Craig.

"Where's Nelly?" asks Dr. Staël.

# Last Will and Testament.

**I**, The Senior Class of Cherry Lawn School of the Town of Darien in the County of Fairfield and State of Connecticut being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this my last Will and Testament, in manner following that is to say:

**First.**

Herbert Arkin leaves on a sleeper.  
Kate Bandler est partie.  
Kazem Barakat leaves his curls to the girls.  
Ted Blasberg leaves his dance technique to Richard Bonime.  
Bob Brandt marches off to Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2."  
Gwen Davis leaves her facile pen to Leslie Diamond.  
John de Carville dribbles away.  
Sandy Dreier leaves her diligence to Jane Newman.  
George Dubord leaves his set shots to Dave Wolkenberg.  
Bobby Field leaves with tongue in cheek.  
Joan Freid leaves Dr. Staël with outside history classes.  
Jonathan Friedman makes an exit.  
Gloria Gottfried curtseys out.  
Brian Greenman takes his leg kick with him.  
Ralph Kauders leaves the football team without an end.  
Ruth Ledermann swings away on an "allemande left."  
Joan Magid leaves "Night Life of the Gods" to Mr. Lally.  
Carl Margulis "Leaves of Grass."  
Bob Menichetti leaves Jud without a light bug on the stage crew.  
Louis Reens leaves C.L.S. without a Dutchman.  
Josh Rosenberg leaves his perseverance to Howie Freyberg.  
Walter Rosenhaft went over the wall.  
David Shainberg leaves his philosophy to the Student Council.  
Sandy Stern leaves by night.  
Mike Wagreich "wobbles" away.  
William Wilner leaves his concentration to Red Freeman.  
Minna Wolk leaves "energisch."

**Lastly**, I hereby appoint

Lettie Lee Craig, class advisors

L. Harold Lally, executors

of this, my last Will and Testament; hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

**In witness whereof**, I have hereunto subscribed my name the  
11<sup>th</sup> day of June in the year Nineteen hundred and fifty

*Sanford Stern*

1. S







## Juniors



Bottom Row: Alan Grossman, Donald Freeman, Lazer Gorn, Alan Pavel. Middle Row: Aline Stark, Judith Sarner, Howard Freyberg, Wilma Kuzman, Felice Knapp, Diane Weiss. Top Row: Larry Tron, Rita Palmer, Judson Hall; Faculty Adviser, Bernard Bialy, Paula Greenberg.

## Sophomores



From left to right: Nancy Roberts, Lois Mardinger, Alyce Degen, Honey Serata, Alfred Himmelrich, George Iny, Stephan Chodorov, Judy Lerner, David Wolkenberg, Tony Silver, Beverly Blasberg, Richard Bonime, Lenore Marcus, Miss Betty Kestler, Faculty Adviser.

## Freshmen



First Row: Leslie Sloane, Bernice Weiss, Jerry Cantor, Second Row: Barbara Gross, Mary Churchill, Sandra Hochman, Harvey Moyes, Bernard Joffe. Third Row: Nedda Pavel, Carol Berger, Dolores Lloyd, Leslie Diamond. Last Row: Sammy Yohai, David Siff, Mr. Basil Burwell, Faculty Adviser, Sam Levan.

EIGHTH GRADE



Mr. Ludwig Zuber



Marlene Epstein



Richard Marks



Sandor Garfinkle



Helen O'Gus



Jane Chodorov



Joel Saphir



William Caldwell



Arlene Davis



Magella Morin



David Browne



Jane Newman



Louis Roberts



Audrey Zweiman



Richard Kovner

## Peas In A Pod



First Row: Nyla Miller, Gladys Cohen, Joyce Penzinger, Miss Helena Fowles, Faculty Adviser, Mallory Schubert, Julie Cohn, Nancy Harris. Second Row: Max Wartski, John Corigliano, Isaac Rodriguez.

## Los Seis Mayores



From left to right: Sophie Cohen, Trudy Wofsey, Sandra Friend, Tania Pozwolski, Mrs. Elizabeth Spindler, Faculty Adviser.

## The Mariners



From left to right: Roberto Nicolas, Linda Schubart, Linda Stern, Judy Baum, Mrs. Elizabeth Spielder, Faculty Adviser, William Weinstein, Irene Sokolower, Susan Schnabel.

## The Travelers



From left to right: Arthur Sonstein, Henry Ivy, Richard Trilling, Edward Fuchs, Adrienne Levin, Miss Julie Roderick, Faculty Adviser.

## Katydid



From left to right: Jeffry Weiss, Natalie Bates, Jane Miller, Stuart Kinzler, Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill, Gary Braunstein, Joan Strasser, Elena Ogu, Jimmy Davis.



# Student Government



Student Government elections made history at Cherry Lawn this year. In November, at the end of Ruth Ledermann's term as President, when nominations were open for the various positions, a plan was introduced to abolish the different Council Seats, except for Judge, Secretary of Labor, and President. It was proposed to hold school meetings once a week on the order of town meetings, at which the President would merely act as a chairman and the students themselves would decide what they want to do, electing different committees for special functions when needed, such as planning a Saturday night activity. There was a great deal of discussion about it in our assemblies, and before the plan was voted on it was taken off the floor by the people who had proposed it, in favor of another plan drawn together by a different group of students; a plan that was less radical. This plan proposed to have the regular council positions, but to have all council meetings open, giving those outside people who would attend the council meetings a vote counting as much as the vote of the council member. Both plans were defeated because the students realized that this would leave the Council powerless. These proposals were introduced because a great many students felt that the majority of the school did not have enough interest in their Student Government, and they thought these

plans would stimulate their interest.

At the end of all these discussions, we finally had elections, of which the result was the following: President, John de Carville; Vice President, Lazer Gorn; Co-secretaries of Activities, Alan Pavel and Donald Freeman; Co-secretaries of Labor, Alyce Degen and Louis Reens; Co-secretaries of Stein House, Mary Churchill and Alfred Himmelrich; Judge, Paula Greenberg; and Secretary of Properties, Aline Stark.

This new council started out by re-adapting a plan originated a few years ago. This is the project of the week plan. Each week there is a new school project. The first one was to come to meals on time, which worked out quite successfully. Each week a new project is added to the old one. The second week the project was that of keeping Manor House clean, and the third project was keeping the grounds clean, and so on down the line.

The Council has plans of establishing better relationships with other schools and inviting representatives of various schools to our school functions also having some Cherry Lawn students visit their schools.

With the aid of the faculty, the Student Council is trying very hard to improve the daily routine by a "lifting" of student cooperation.

## Varsity Basketball

After the loss of three starting members of last year's varsity basketball team, John P. Gannon, Cherry Lawn's new coach, was faced with an almost complete job of remoulding the C.L.S. squad. With the tallest man being 5'10", in this era of "big man" basketball, Coach Gannon turned out a fast, hard driving club which upset all pre-season odds by sweeping through the Southern Connecticut Private School League with eight wins and many a defeat. In non-league play the hustling hoopsters of Cherry Lawn were also quite successful, winning four of six games played to complete the regular season's play with a record of 12-2. Both losses C.L.S. suffered during its regular season schedule were at the hands of the Milford School Team of Milford, Connecticut.

The members of the C.L.S. basketball team, ably managed by Sanford Stern, were Herbert Arkin, Donald Freeman, John de Carville, George Dubord, Robert Menichetti, Howard Freyberg, Brian Greenman, David Shainberg, Mike Wagreich, David Wolkenberg, and Carl Margulis.

Cherry Lawn opened the hoop season by clipping the University School by a 47-36 count and then following through with a 48-31 win at the expense of St. Basil's. In the third game of the young season C.L.S. met head on with Milford, scheduled for the first time in seasonal competition, the same club to which Cherry Lawn's squad lost a nip and tuck ball game in the preliminary round of last year's West Haven Tournament. Once again Milford took a tight ball game, handing C.L.S. its first loss by a score of 44-40. Cherry Lawn next clashed with Edgewood, last year's league champs, and the C.L.S. hoopsters last minute, breathtaking victory by two points, a 37-35 count, might very well have shown the way to the eventual winning of the League title and trophy. In the next three contests the C.L.S. squad easily nabbed two wins over Kings School, with a triumph over Brunswick sandwiched between. In the first win over Kings, Cherry Lawn's 90 point total not only set a C.L.S. record, but also a League record. In the return test with Edgewood, what was almost a duplicate of the first ball game turned out with Cherry Lawn on top by a slim three points. In return engagements with the University School and Brunswick, Cherry Lawn continued its winning ways with little difficulty. The C.L.S. five then went on to tack two losses onto the Daycroft club by ten and nine point margins, then another decision from St. Basil's in a much tighter ball game than expected, after the earlier 48-31 win, by 49-43. In the finale of the season C.L.S. once more faced the Milford School, who overlooking the past successes of the Cherry Lawners, went on to take another decision.

Holding a completely unblemished League record and maintaining an excellent overall record, Cherry Lawn was once more invited to the West Haven Tournament, where Notre Dame eliminated the C.L.S. squad in the preliminary round.

Viewing Cherry Lawn's complete season, it can justifiably be said that this past campaign has been one of the most successful in the history of the Cherry Lawn School squad.



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First Row: David Shaleberg, Michael Wagreich, John de Carville, David Wolkenberg. Second Row: Herbert Arkin, Brian Greenman, Howard Freyberg, Carl Margulis, Robert Menichetti, Donald Freeman.

## Junior Varsity Basketball

Under our new coach this year, the Junior Varsity basketball team was able to enjoy an active and eventful season. Mr. Gannon took from those who had not quite made the varsity, a group of boys who showed marked progress in their ability. This year more attention was paid to the future varsity members than any other season. The schedule consisted of seven games with the various schools. The first game was fought against Franklin J.H.S., and lost. The next two games, likewise went down as defeats. However, Coach Gannon had now whipped the team into shape, and the following two games against Fairfield Country Day resulted into hard fought victories. Milford Prep. broke this string, but in the last game of the season against St. John's the boys won by one point in overtime.

The 1950 Junior Varsity was made up of Alfred Himmelrich, David Wolkenberg, Carl Margulis, Richard Bonime, Louis Reens, Stephan Chodorov, Tony Silver, Sam Yohai, Bernard Jaffe, Sam Levan, Richard Kovner, and David Siff. All these boys certainly have learned a great many things about basketball, and are now hopeful of making "first five varsity" next year. Here's wishing them good luck.



First Row: Richard Kovner, Stephan Chodorov, Sammy Yohai, Sam Devan, David Wolkenberg. Second Row: Richard Bonime, Tony Silver, Alfred Himmelrich, Louis Reens, David Siff, Bernard Jaffe, I... John P. Gannon, coach.



Every afternoon this autumn a large number of girls would come dashing down the athletic field brandishing sticks and dribbling a little white ball between them. The whiteness of the ball soon disappeared and so did the flippancy of many of the girls. Of course, many odd shaped bodies would be dragged off the field, but that didn't daunt them. They kept on coming back for more, trying to understand the rules, and finally mastering the use of the stick so as to be able to get the ball down the field. To get it into the goal cage was another matter, and Cherry Lawmers have arrived at the point where they never bothered to ask about the score; instead they have become more concerned about our relationships with other schools and how well we played as a team.

We don't belong to any special league and no games were won this year, but still we feel as if a great deal has been accomplished in the way of training for an excellent team next year.



Front: B. Weiss, Wolk, Bandler, Blasberg.  
Middle: Greenberg, Degen, Field, Lloyd.  
Back: Davis, Roberts, Coach—Miss Lisberger, Serata, D. Weiss.



First Row: Dolores Lloyd, Minna Wolk, Alyce Degen, Judith Sarner, Kate Bandler, Beverly Blasberg, Paula Greenberg. Second Row: Honey Serata, Nancy Roberts, Felice Knapp, Miss Sylvia Lisberger, Coach: Gwen Davis, Barbara Field, Diane Weiss.

## Girl's Basketball

The whistle blew and twelve girls dashed from all side lines onto the court in a mad frenzy. It was the first game of the season and the Cherry Lawn girls had just won. To start the season in such a manner was a great lift and the team went to work with a spirit of cooperation. The forwards' main difficulty was that of speed, and the newly added continuous dribble proved to be of help. The guards' main achievement was the development of zone guarding into a well coordinated system where the three girls worked and watched everything at the same time. This year the girls have played seven games with two victories and five defeats.

Because there were many girls in the eighth and ninth grades who were unable to make the varsity, but with the potentialities of good players, a junior varsity was formed. It was thought at first that their interest would be ephemeral; yet they surprised everyone and have attempted to weld themselves into a coordinated team. There have been few practices because of conflicts of time; consequently only two games were scheduled, one of which has already been played and lost. The other game is to be played in the near future.

At the moment the big thing at school is the intramurals in basketball. Through the process of elimination the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are the greatest contenders, but who will win is questionable. For all basketball lovers this season has turned out to be an amazingly good one.

# BASEBALL



First Row: Michael Wagreich, Richard Bonime, John de Carville, Howard Freyberg, Donald Freeman.  
Second Row: David Siff, Robert Brandt, Walter Rosenhaft, Herbert Arkin, Robert Menichetti, David Shainberg.



## Baseball

As the baseball season looms nearer and nearer, Coach Gannon, after a championship basketball season, called his first workout. The team members who returned to the fold were: Bob Menichetti, Howard Freyberg, Mike Wagreich, Herbert Arkin, Walter Rosenhaft, John de Carville, and Donald Freeman. However, with this year's large turnout, some likely additions to the crew should be: David Shainberg, Davis Siff, Robert Brandt, Richard Bonime, and Louis Reens, Sam Levan, with Sam Yohai as manager.

This season the team is facing a fourteen game schedule and some really tough competition, in a run for the laurels. However, this could be the year for the long awaited double barreled championship.

The schedule is as follows:

At Home  
Kings  
Daycroft  
Edgewood  
Brunswick  
St. Lukes  
Milford  
New Canaan

Away  
Kings  
Daycroft  
Edgewood  
Brunswick  
St. Lukes  
Milford  
New Canaan





## Halloween Party

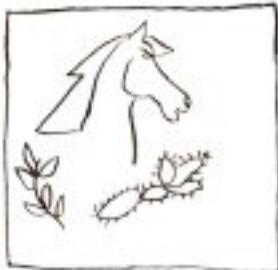
The night was cold and dreary—  
'Twas a night when evil does ride—  
The atmosphere was eerie,  
As a scream rang through Brookside!—  
"It's in Cherry Lawn just up the road!"  
The frantic figure said—  
For Hallowe'en had taken hold  
With frightening and fearsome dread.  
  
The skeletons danced in the Math Twin;  
And bodies hung from each beam;  
And the cry of scat! followed each black cat,  
And each sound of a witch's scream.  
  
The apparitions danced the "dance macabre"  
To the tune of a ghastly fiddle.  
And the phantom caller's evil hollers  
Sounded like Jud and Tom Dibble.  
  
Then the clock struck and the dancing stopped.  
(For even dead spirits must rise.)  
And the crew made its way ('twas so evilly say)  
To the devil's own brimstone and fire.  
  
Then they toasted and ate  
Their uncanny plate.  
And they drank round their unearthly fountain.  
Then some banshees—they sang  
(O, Demonaical twang!)  
To the tune called "Big Rock Candy Mountain."  
  
Soon the witching hour came, and  
The weirds and the spooks  
Found their way to whence they had risen  
And each fiendish-like spectre  
Went back to his vector  
And there his remains did imprison.  
  
Though the shreaks through the night  
Faded slowly away,  
And the event was not very historical—  
Some hear their cries yet.  
But don't be upset!  
We shall just say it's—phantasmagorical.



From left to right: Shainberg, Dreier, Silver, Moderator—Miss Martinson, Greenman, Davis, and Ledermann.

## STUDENT FORUM

For one of our Saturday assemblies, Miss Eileen Martinson, Assistant to Miss Gordon, who is head of "The New York Times Youth Forum" came down from New York to conduct a student panel discussion on the subject, "Does Student Government Participation Prepare You for Citizenship?" Before the assembly there was a pre-panel discussion period, during which Miss Martinson learned how the Student Government works at Cherry Lawn, for among the members of the panel were: Ruth Ledermann, then President, and a citizen of Palestine; David Shainberg, the Student Judge, and a citizen of Tennessee; Sandra Dreier, Council Secretary; Gwen Davis, Secretary of Activities; Tony Silver and Brian Greenman, students at large. The pre-panel period not only informed Miss Martinson of the special type of Student Government at Cherry Lawn, but also enabled the students to learn her way of working and, as it turned out, to get some "steam" out of their systems. After the panel had developed its theories, all the students of the Upper School were able to participate with pertinent questions and statements. They were all impersonal and objective, and most seemed to be in agreement that Student Government was good training ground for citizenship and the responsibility a good citizen must have. The difference in opinion came only in a matter of degree—How much responsibility should a Student Government have? The panel discussion stimulated everyone present, revealing new aspects and ideas of the responsibilities and values of such an organization.



From left to right: Gary Braunstein, Adrienne Levin, Stuart Kinsler, Joan Streisser, Linda Schubert.

## Junior Prom

With the strains of "Buckle Down Winsocki" echoing through the sea-like atmosphere of the Cherry Lawn School Gymnasium, the 1950 edition of The Junior Promenade began with the traditional Grand March, which was led by a most handsome couple: Adrienne Levin and Gary Braunstein. The decorations were unique in that they represented life beneath the sea with murals of treasure chests, sunken ships, mermaids, and other typical submarine pictorializations stretched the length of the wall beneath a ceiling of waves. The enjoyment of fine dancing throughout the evening to the tones of Matty Judem's Band was added to by the flow of punch and the eating of cup cakes and ice cream. To Richard Marks, Head of the Prom Committee which included Decoration, Food and Invitations—hats off for giving us one of the most enjoyable social occasions of the school year.

## Christmas Party

'Twas the night before vacation  
And all through the school  
The mice gathered, singing  
Glad tidings of yule.

Santa Claus' helpers  
In hidden disquiet  
Had planned a celebration  
For men wise and otherwise,  
Some elves got to feeling  
Artistically inspired  
So they covered the walls with  
The murals they desired:

Santa Claus in strange faces  
Peered out from the walls,  
And the sound of gay music  
Echoed clear through the halls.

The tinsel gleamed brightly,  
And brilliant confetti  
Did credit to the efforts  
Of Messrs. Marks and Menichetti.

When down in the furnace room  
There arose such a noise  
'Twas thought it must be  
Mr. Gannon and his boys.

But lo! up the staircase  
Came Old Nick Burwell  
And his antics increased  
The festivity's spell.

Then laying a kleenex  
Aside of his nose  
And giving a blow  
Up the staircase he rose,  
But I heard him exclaim  
'Ere he flew out of sight  
Merry Christmas, C.L.S.,  
Oh boy, what a night!



## Drama

Drama had a belated start this season because of the reconstruction of the stage. The program has been, and promises to be, a very successful and interesting one.

The first production upon the remodeled stage was the Christmas Pageant. Under the excellent direction of Basil Burwell, head of the drama department, the Pageant was, in the opinion of many, the finest ever produced. The pageant is based on the story of the Nativity of Christ. One important innovation this year was having the Yale String Quartet, creating a musical background synchronized with the stylized pantomime of the actors. The chorus and soloists produced a feeling of harmony in telling the story of Mary and Joseph. The costumes were executed by Mme. de Carville following the style, colors and design of a Giotto painting. The simple sets gave a feeling of infinite space, which contributed to the timeless beauty of the traditional story.

The actors were:	Pantomime	Soloists
Mary	Kate Bandler	Ruth Flanzer
Joseph	Louis Reens	Tony Silver
Angel Gabriel	Alyce Degen	Aline Stark
Hostess	Lois Merdinger	Richard Bonime
Host	Alan Grossman	Beverly Blasberg
Angels	Honey Serata	Brian Greenman
	Majella Morin	
	Sandra Hochman	
	Mary Churchill	
	Nancy Roberts	
	Judy Lerner	
Narrators		Brian Greenman
		Aline Stark
"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem"		Leslie Diamond
Narration	Wilma Kurzman	

In January, the seventh grade presented a play based on the Greek myth, "Theseus." John Corigliano in the leading role, was ably supported by members of his class.

On the same program was the modern play "The Machine Song" acted by the Junior class. It portrayed the plight of the modern machine worker whose only escape from the meaninglessness of his existence is in drink or supernaturalism or the futile protest of violence.

In March the Sophomores are presenting "Mr. Eliot in The Wasteland," a modern experimental play written by Mr. Burwell based on the "Collected Poems" of T. S. Eliot, with original music by Mr. Hickok. "Mr. Eliot in the Wasteland" concerns itself with the decadence of European society in the period between the two world wars. Man, the play suggests, has lost his soul. The springs of his spirit have dried up. His dwindling vitality is wasted on the pursuit of pleasure and in the creation of weapons of war. Having forsaken God, he will end by destroying himself. The world will end "not with a bang, but a whimper." He must find God or perish. The cast includes Tony Silver as Mr. Eliot, Judy Lerner as the Lady, Beverly Blasberg as Grishkin, Honey Serata as Doris, Lenore Marcus as Dusty, as well as the acting abilities of many other members of the class. Also in March is the ninth grade play, "A Long Christmas Dinner," by Thornton Wilder, and a Mexican Folk Play by the Eighth Grade.

In the late spring the seniors will put on "The Madwoman of Chaillot" by Girardoux. This play is a satire on the seeming value and tingly quality of the dollar sign. It states that all the bitterness, poverty, unhappiness, and corruption in the world is the fault of money, and capitalists. The conclusion and answer provided by the play comes when "The Madwoman of Chaillot" leads all the capitalists into a pit where they keep descending but never come up. This play concludes the drama season with comedy, fun, and a lot of thought for future discussions.

Needless to say none of these productions would have been possible without the excellent work of the stage crew, the lights, and make-up under the direction of Mr. Hall, Mr. Dibble, and Mr. Burwell, assisted by Richard Bonime, Sam Levan, and Jerry Cantor.



# Art



Under the able direction of Mr. Thomas Reilly Dibble this year, there seems to be a great deal of activity in the Art Department.

## Work in the Studio

With the Lower School, Mr. Dibble's program is planned to keep the children busy with their hands. Many kinds of materials are used: wood, clay, paper, and cardboard plaster, string, paste, paints, and paper mache. The children may just make pictures or they may use their drawing and painting to illustrate any papers written for other classes. They often construct circuses, playground sets, and miniature stage sets. They also make kites, masks, and models of all sorts of things.

In his work with the Upper School Mr. Dibble is particularly interested in oil painting. The students learn how to use oil paints and how to handle a canvas. Mr. Dibble criticizes their work mostly on the basis of color and general composition. Needless to say, Upper School students do not work only in oils; they use pastels, water colors, pen and ink. Some do wood carvings or block prints. In addition, they may work in leather or metals, especially copper. Furthermore, the facilities of the art studio are used for the production of posters and decorations for various school occasions.

## Art Appreciation Course

The Art Appreciation Course is open to everyone who is interested in art. The class meets every Tuesday afternoon in the Senior Library, and is held very informally. Mr. Dibble speaks about a specific artist or style of painting, architecture, or sculpture, using slides to supplement and to illustrate what he is saying. As of March first, the group has covered a great deal: the work of early Roman and Greek history with discussion about the contributions Rome and Greece made to architecture and sculpture; the works of Giotto, Cezanne, Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo, various other artists of the Renaissance; the art of Africa during the 18th century, and its relationship to modern art; the development and use of both Gothic and Romanesque architecture. Discussion of the Impressionists leads logically to the painting of today. Mr. Dibble bases his lectures on the philosophy of the painter as revealed through his work and the problems that concern the artist, that is, economic and social problems prevalent during the artist's lifetime.

At one school assembly Mr. Dibble discussed the life of Vincent Van Gogh and explained the meanings of some of his paintings. With this lecture he showed the Metropolitan Museum film about Van Gogh.

Undoubtedly art is an integral part of the over-all Cherry Lawn program. Therefore, it is important that students both learn a lot and have fun in their art work.



## Music

Under the direction of Mr. Robert Hickok this year, the Music Department has been quite active throughout the school.

### Lower School

Each week in regular classes with Mr. Hickok, students learn the fundamentals of music and study the lives and backgrounds of composers such as Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. The children look forward to enjoying the discovery of new things in music classes, for many of them have not previously known a great deal about the subject. The Lower School Chorus were an important part of the Christmas Pageant and now, in their weekly rehearsals, are preparing for a choral performance in the spring. In addition, a group of students have formed a rhythm band under the guidance of Mrs. Dibble. This band meets during the week to beat out different rhythms on symbols and drums. Mrs. Dibble

also gives individual piano lessons to many of the Lower School students.

### Upper School

The eighth and ninth grades have weekly music classes with Mr. Hickok. They learn the fundamentals of music, elementary music theory, some music history, and the lives and backgrounds of various composers. These classes also listen to some of the pieces of the composers they are studying. Members of the Upper School Chorus sang the leading roles in the Christmas Pageant and the rest of the Chorus joined the Lower School group in the traditional carols.

### Music Appreciation Club

Members of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes who are interested in learning about the history of music and some of the forms which make up a musical composition meet twice weekly in the dance studio. In history they began with the Pre-Bach period and are progressing chronologically through to modern music. By the beginning of March they have studied the composers Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and are starting to study Brahms and Schumann. The students learn about the lives and backgrounds of the composers and some of the basic forms they used in composing; for example, Sonata form, fugue, A-B-A-, or Aria form, and the possible parts of a symphony. Also offered to the Upper School students is a course in Music Theory; study of the progression of musical composition from scales and intervals through four part harmony.

During the year Mr. Hickok has lectured to the entire student body at various assemblies and has led discussions on the understanding of music, the problems of musicians, and the concern of music clubs and music classes in schools and communities.



Front Row: Mallory Schubert, Gladys Cohen, Sophie Cohen, Linda Schubert, Trudy Wofsey. Back Row: Joyce Pezzinger, John Corigliano, Lynne Cashman, Irene Sokolower, Nyla Miller, Jerry Samuels, Sandra Friend.

## Dance-Theater Workshop

This year Cherry Lawn has a new and unique extra-curricular activity, The Dance-Theater Workshop under the direction of Miss Bonnie Bird, formerly dance teacher at Bennington and Reed Colleges. The officers of the workshop are: President, Kate Bandler; Publicity Manager, Richard Bonime; Stage Manager, Theodore Blasberg; Treasurer, Beverly Blasberg; Make-up and Costumes, Lenore Marcus. The Workshop is open to all people in the high-school grades and has had two chances for tryouts, one in September and one in February. The purpose of the Workshop is to provide students who are interested in the dance and theater with an opportunity to develop their skills as dancers and actors, and to help them gain experience through active participation in actual productions. The Workshop meets twice a week after classes for two hours. Each meeting begins with a workout in basic dance technique, and is followed by the preparation and rehearsals for the production project.

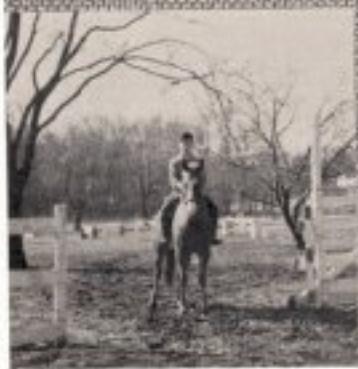
The first performance of the Workshop was given Saturday night, February 11, 1950. It was based on a popular melodrama of the Gay Nineties, which had been adapted as a silent movie of the same period, called "No Mother to Guide Her." All costumes, sets, props, and makeup were restricted to black, white and gray in the style of a "three reel" movie. Judson Hall was in charge of the stage sets, lights, and general stage management; the sets were designed and painted by Thomas Dibble; Basil Burwell did the unique makeup, assisted by Lenore Marcus. John Corigliano played and composed all music for the production in the role of a "pit piano player," who underscored the story of the action in music. Also Miss Ada Rief came from New York to play music between the acts. Bonnie Bird narrated the story of the production in correspondence to the action of the dancers.

The cast of "No Mother to Guide Her" was as follows: Farmer Day, Lois Merdinger; John Livingstone, the villain, Jonathan Friedman; Lindy, a long-time boarder at Farmer Day's, Beverly Blasberg; Rose, Farmer Day's daughter and the heroine, Saundra Dreier; Ralph Carleton, Rose's husband and the hero, Theodore Blasberg; Bunco, a girl from the wild, wild West, Kate Bandler; Bess, a cast-off flame of Livingstone, Leslie Sloane; Jake Jordan, a cohort of Livingstone and later reformed policeman, Richard Bonime; Mother Taggart, an unemployed fortune-teller, Barbara Gross; The Parson, Lois Merdinger; and the Policeman, Nancy Roberts.

The production proved to be a tremendous success and everybody agreed that it was a worthwhile evening full of fun, laughs, and wonderful entertainment. This production is only the debut of the Workshop and future plans are to have some more performances in the spring of this year and to continue them equally emphatically and successfully next year.



Dress rehearsal





Louis Reens and David Shainberg.

## Photography Club

Under the direction of Mr. Daniel Hedden, photography has come into focus this year at school, with club meetings held every Wednesday afternoon in the labs. The present members of the club Aline Stark, Bernard Jaffe, Minna Wolk, Alan Grossman, Bob Brandt, Louis Reens, George Iny, Larry Tron, and Kazem Barakat are all active in various activities. Among the most recent activities of the club is a contest in which each member submits three pictures within different categories: action shots, people and animals, and still life. These pictures will be judged and the winners will receive prizes. Mr. Zuber, a faculty member widely experienced and interested in photography has taught the members how to make photo copies of colored pictures, a program which has proved both enlightening and successful.

In the line of photographic mechanics the club's beginners are learning how to develop prints and enlarge pictures of all types, and those more advanced have enlarged their skill and knowledge in the field of photography. In conclusion, it is easy to see why photography has become such a popular activity around Cherry Lawn. Remember, the camera may be watching you!

## German Club

The idea of the German club is three-fold: first, to widen the knowledge about German culture and customs; second, to hear German spoken and sung; and third, to make up for the trials suffered daily in grammar and reading classes. During the Christmas season, the German Carols, *Stille Nacht*, *Heilige Nacht*, *Es ist ein Ros entsprungen*, and many others dominated the club meetings. After the Yule-tide, Marlene Dietrich's famous cabaret songs: "Peter," "Johnny," and "Wo ist der Mann?" plus many other popular German melodies of the 1920's led the club members to admit that the German Jazz of thirty years ago was equal to, if not better than, the American Jazz of today. Right now, Mrs. Landé has introduced the classical folksong type of music as sung by Richard Tauber, and the melodies of Beethoven to the program. Other than the fine musical selections awaiting them, the club members meet faithfully every Friday afternoon because "der Kaffe und der Kuchen schmecken gut." The pleasure of the German foodstuffs is added to by a variation, which includes Polish Babka, Swedish cookies, and French pastry. Under the leadership and guidance of the capable and witty, Frau Landé, the club has been very successful by teaching the idiomatic German and increasing the desire to learn the "blasted" foreign language.



Mrs. Margaret Landé



From left to right: Wagreich, Shainberg, Rosenberg, Mr. Burwell, Grossman, Friedman.

## Philosophy and Psychology Club

At Cherry Lawn one of the most popular extra-curricular activities is the Philosophy and Psychology Club. It is a student organization with a faculty advisor, Mr. Basil Burwell, who plays the role of a fellow member rather than of a teacher. Most of the meetings consist of informal round table discussions with frequent guest speakers.

One of the most interesting speakers this year was the Reverend Dr. Schmaltz from the Congregational Church in Darien. Dr. Schmaltz began the meeting with a general discussion about religion, avoiding all dogmatic doctrines. Then the meeting was opened to a question period, during which time the members asked many questions concerning the doubts and problems that had arisen in their minds about religion.

Another of the main interests this year has been the study of different psychoanalytic papers on various human problems. An example of this was Karen Horney's "Laziness and Inertia," which is a clearly defined concept. The study and discussion of it proved interesting and vital to all.

Recently the group has become interested in sociodrama as a means of understanding human problems. Sociodramas are unrehearsed, but not unplanned, dramatizations of such problems for the purpose of more effectively dealing with them. The educational sociodrama is concerned with making objective for the "actors" and the audience various types of behavior, causing them to see for themselves what behavior patterns are desirable or undesirable in the given situation. In brief, sociodrama is a vital and effective means for modifying and redirecting human behavior. The emotional involvement and identification with particular roles facilitates learning and has observable prophylactic effect, leading as a rule to the unblocking of personal and cultural inhibitions in the given situation.

We have "dramatized" many of the problems which perplex young people in high school, concerning ourselves particularly with controlling and directing normal behavior toward desired goals in such situations as meeting the girl's or boy's family, job hunting, and being interviewed at colleges. Almost invariably the participants have profited by the constructive criticisms of the club members, and upon second performance of the "drama" have acted the role in the fashion found to be desirable with the result of immeasurable gains in self-confidence and the ability to meet and master other, though similar, situations.

By enabling its members to acquire a better understanding of human nature, particularly of the "self," the Philosophy and Psychology Club has proven to be of value to all its members.

## Talking While Walking

It gives me a wonderful feeling of purity and strength when I sit on the top of a dune at the beach. That is just what I was doing on a fine sunny day in August. It gives me a feeling of height and existence. Every now and then the wind unfurls and blows my hair around into my eyes as if it is trying to play with me.

I can see all kinds of people that have come to spend the day on the sand. There are some that have fallen asleep and the sun seems to caress them with each bright ray as if it is trying to fill them with strength and energy. The children run from here to there and scatter groups of sand-pipers that are at their task gathering a meal from things left on the beach leaving little footmarks everywhere they go.

I reluctantly got up to go as it was getting late. As I made my way down the dune the soft sand parted beneath my feet and seemed to lift me down. I started toward home knowing inside that I would come back as soon as I could to sit atop that powerful and strength giving dune.

Mary Louise Churchill, '54

Once I went walking  
I saw two men talking  
Talking while walking  
I saw it myself.

I looked for my sister  
I looked for my dog  
Saw I a fly  
I heard a cry  
There was my sister  
Stung by that mister  
I picked up my sister  
Found my dog  
Put on his leash  
And went for a walk.

Talking while walking  
Really is fun  
What I like more  
Is eating a bun.

William Weinstein,  
Grade 5

In the beginning there was chaos.  
All matter diffused, until the Plan,  
The first pawn was moved . . .  
A sedulous God looked down,  
And a ruddy earth was in an orb,  
. . . potentiality . . .

Living hearts pounded thru the elements,  
Living hearts that oh, so quickly  
Plunged themselves in evil,  
A troubled God looked down,  
And a carefree earth moved in a carefree orb.

A change was pushed into the world,  
The pieces reset in this  
Heavenly game of chess.  
A sanguine God looked down, but  
A heedless earth moved in a heedless orb.

On a cross they put his body  
And into obscurity they finally put  
His name, and our Master's message was buried.  
They turned again to war and drunkenness  
Of soul.  
An angered God looked down, still  
A foolish earth moved in a foolish orb.

Doomed now they played on,  
A hand swept the pieces from  
The board, all ended . . .  
And a pathetic God looked down,  
And a sullen earth moved in a sullen orb.

And then He turned to His other children  
Of the sky.

Stephan Chodorov, '53





## Dilemma

I work and sweat and toil all day.  
Working my precious time away.  
Oh! Why is this farmer's life for me?  
I thought I'd like it, why couldn't I see?

My father, my mother, and Grandfather Lou;  
Like me they were farmers all of them, too.  
But they can have their work, bah, pooh,  
If I had my way I'd long be through.

Farming for some folks is all right, I guess.  
But every seed I plant turns into a mess.  
And every day I repent and regret,  
Why was my work this way set?

And every day after I'm through,  
I walk to my hut through the dew.  
And when I'm inside, I think and see,  
What, oh what I'd like to be.

I'd like to be a business man  
With ships and money and a sedan.  
And if I ever get my chance,  
I'll take it with joy and jubilance.

And mark my words, with my own two hands  
I'll touch ships and money and sedans.  
And there's still a hope inside my heart,  
That somewhere, someday, I'll make my start.

Richard Kovner, 8th Grade

## A Study of The Philosophy and Reason of German Aggression

In the year 1870 the greatest force the world had ever seen was set in motion and was to appear every quarter century as a "Phoenix rising from the ashes," causing destruction on the continent.

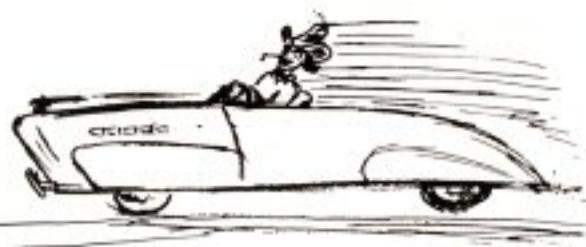
This force was German Imperialism and an almost indestructible organization composed of a fusion between Prussian militarism and German intellect. The answer as to why this force was unleashed is both economic and political. It has been summed up as the German's inability to bridge the gap between her tremendous scientific progress and her static intellectual position.

First; to examine Germany's economic position in relation to that of the rest of the world. The German nation had risen to a point where her finance had increased from 300 million Francs sterling in 1905 to that of 725 million Francs in 1910. Her factories and laboratories had become a unit, further facilitating progress in industry and trade. The whole world felt the effect of German industrialization. Thus, we see German trade growing, backed by the impetus of its science and industry. Ever since Bismarck, Germany had been striving towards this goal. But this goal was only temporary for they had a far greater goal, and that was world domination. The Germany contemporary theories of war are to be found in the writings of Moltke and Hegel. Here are their conclusions:

Moltke: "Perpetual peace is a dream and not even a beautiful dream. But war is a link in the divine system of the universe."

Hegel: "Just as movement of the ocean prevents the corruption that would result from perpetual calm, so by war people escape the corruption that would be occasioned by a continuous peace."

To reach this point of world domination, Germany had to adopt a plan and a philosophy to convince their people and to justify their reasons to the rest of the world. For their people they adopted the most colossal contradiction of the Christian faith and called it The German Kultur. The main stem of the new Kultur came from the theories of an evil-minded genius named Frederick Nietzsche, whose main premise claimed that God was dead and a new deity must take His place. This deity was the superman, who was the highest form man could attain. This philosophy was outlined in his book, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." His arrogance in trying to prove that God was non-existent is to be



found in his proof stating, "God either could do good, but would not, or wanted to but could not."

This philosophy of a madman was reinforced by the distortion of four books, the first being Plato's "Republic." In Plato's philosophy the state starts small.

It increases in wealth and population and then expands. To expand it needs an army. The army must be superior to any other. Thus the state must be organized for the army and the army for the ruling class. (Enter hero Morality.) The few are intelligent, wealthy and efficient, consequently they are the best and are the leaders. This is an Aristocracy and must not degenerate into a Democracy. Here we see condemned everything the Germans had held worthy, Religion, Culture, and Kantian idealism.

The second book to be distorted was the Bible. The statement and idea of the concept of a chosen people was expounded and twisted until the Kaiser stated to the German people, "Remember the German people are the chosen of God. It is my duty to increase the heritage for which one day I shall be called upon to give an accounting."

The third basic book is Machiavelli's "The Prince," as expounded by Frederick the Great. The chief representative of this idea is General von Bernhardi who further publicized it in his book, "Germany and the Next War." In this he boldly states the German nation's intentions and justifies war. Bernhardi states that, "The party that dictates at the counsel table is the one with the most armed might."

The fourth book is Comte's "Positive Philosophy," the law of three stages. According to Comte, civilization passes through three stages: theological, metaphysical, and the positive or scientific. The first stage is the theological; because all natural phenomena is explained by means of personal agents, such as, the sun being carried in a chariot. As civilization advances it comes to the second stage, that of metaphysical, where phenomena were explained by speculative terms, such as the perfect will, essences, etc. Finally, theology and metaphysics were replaced by the positive or scientific, where all phenomena follow scientific laws and set patterns.

The striking characteristic of this philosophy and the German Kultur is that they completely abandon those qualities which are essential to any civilization; yet with the qualities of ethics and esthetics completely lacking, Germany claims that she has reached a higher degree of civilization than any other race. The German voice, Trichisiek, sums up the purpose stating that Kultur is the best form of government, and that they the Aryan race are the chosen people, and therefore, have been divinely commissioned to enforce their philosophy on the world in accordance with the law, and in accordance with the will of God.

Lazer Gorn, '51

## Sonnet

My eyes search walls, high, vacant, and abject;  
Yet could I by some miracle divine  
The secrets of my soul and make them mine,  
Then might I with new confidence expect  
To see beyond these walls my fancies hem,  
The near horizons that encompass them.  
And vistas farther distant yet detect,  
No longer like some fragile bark but let  
Adrift at random driven by life's tide,  
But then ten thousand other suns may set  
Upon ten thousand days of bliss denied,  
Yet would I feel secure without regret—  
To me, myself being known, and fear defied—  
All space and time the ocean for my dauntless  
mind to glide.

Jonathan Friedman



## The Christmas Stocking

One evening after supper Jack hung up his stocking. It was Christmas. Then he went to bed, but not to sleep. Later mother said to father, "We better start to get the presents out. I'll get the Christmas tree." Later if you were there you would have seen them bustling around. Just as mother was putting a present under the Christmas tree and father was putting a decoration on the Christmas tree, who came sneaking down but Jack. He said, "you were lying; Santa Claus does not give presents you do! Hurry and fill up my stocking."

Joan Strasser, 3rd Grade



Painting by  
Lenore Marcus

## Fog

The fog lies low and heavy,  
All-concealing . . .  
It swoops and swirls in an infinita dance of mystery.  
Concealing, revealing, blurring, changing.

I walk through the denseness of the fog,  
And one small object becomes clear.  
I walk past it, and soon it is no more.  
Only—fog . . .

And then, as if by magic, another sight greets my tired eyes.  
But it, too, becomes fog, and is no more . . .  
But . . . there is always something just ahead to take its place.  
And there is always something to take the place  
Of that gone before . . .  
No one knows what it will be,  
But something will be there, and something will be gone.  
The past and the future,  
One is lost forever, and the other . . .  
Who but the fog knows what the fog conceals?

Saundra DeLoach

# Review of "The Red Badge of Courage" by Stephen Crane

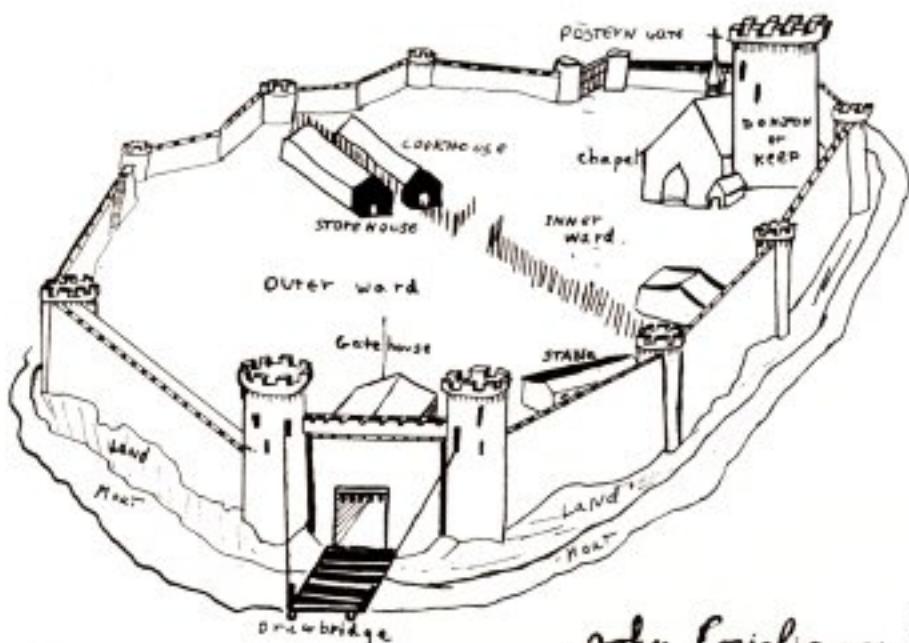
In a veritable battleground of emotions, Stephen Crane reveals the story of a young boy, who, longing for excitement and adventure, joins the Union forces in the Civil War. Before going to battle, he spends much of his time at the army camp dreaming: picturing himself as the hero carrying the flag, bearing a wound, the Red Badge of Courage. But suddenly a great fear overtakes him; suppose he should become frightened and flee the scene of battle? This haunting thought grows within him until he lives in a deadly terror.

After months of waiting, months of emotional strife, his regiment is sent into battle. This is a scene only a great writer such as Crane can depict. One feels the vibration of the thundering guns, choked with the constant smell of gun powder and above all feels that great and remote power that throws beautiful fields and the flow of men out of focus, depositing them in a maelstrom of desperate confusion, loud cannon roars, and whirling clouds of smoke and grime. Then standing in the foreground, is the young boy embattled with his soul.

"The Red Badge of Courage," which impresses one deeply from the outset, is a masterpiece of understanding. The ultimate effect of the book is extraordinary. Much emphasis is immediately laid upon the fact that Crane, who had never seen a battle, had been able to portray the effect of battle so realistically. Quietly portraying violence and tumult, the book sedulously avoids heroics, while never for a moment leaving the reader in doubt as to the existence of the heroic.

Robert Menichetti, '50

## A European Castle of the Middle Ages



John Corigliano 7<sup>th</sup> grade

## Timothy-Top

Timothy-Top grows and grows.  
His hair pops out of his head and nose.  
When you see him, it's quite surprising  
To see his hair rising and rising.  
It isn't real hair but grass instead.  
The kind that's growing right out of his head.  
For, he lives on water and never eats bread.  
You see he is nothing but an old hollow head.  
The next thing we need is a barber that's quick  
Who will make his scissors go clippety-clip.



Started by Gary Braunstein  
and finished by his class  
Joan Strasser  
Jimmy Davis  
Jeff Weiss  
Elena Oqus  
Natalie Bates  
Stuart Kinzler, Katydids

## The Easter Bunny

Once there lived a family of rabbits, two mates and seven babies. One night just before Easter when the children were all in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit discussed the future of their family.

"Oh, I can't bear to think that our little babies are going to leave home."

"Now mother, our children are just at the age when they should be on their own. They are all very well behaved and would make good Easter bunnies for some young children. It is necessary that they learn that it is very important that they bring happiness to someone else."

The seven little bunnies looked at each other. They had overheard the conversation. Could this mean that mother and father want to get rid of us? They held a conference and decided that rather than be sent away from home they would run away. That is, all except the youngest baby who said, "Mother and father are right, we should do something to make someone else happy." "Pooh, to that," said the oldest bunny, "I have plans of my own and I'm not going to give up my life to make some child happy." So, because the oldest bunny had more authority, the whole family left that night while mother and father were still talking.

When they were on the road the littlest bunny said, "I don't want to leave like this, I'm going to go back home. It's for our own good that mother and father have made these plans for us." All except the oldest bunny were scared of being out at night by themselves so they agreed to go home too. They said it was to protect the littlest one, but it was really because they were scared themselves.

"You're all sissies," said the oldest, "and you can go home and be Easter bunnies, but I'm on my way to see the world." And he left them.

When the six children got home their mother and father were so happy to see them, because they had been worrying, but they were very unhappy to see that the biggest bunny was not there.

The oldest bunny started along the road. When midnight came he was afraid and would have gone home except that he had been such a bragger that he didn't dare. So, he lay down on the side of the road and slept. Next morning he awoke to see a huge castle looming up in front of him. After getting his courage, he entered and imagined his surprise when he saw seven huge Easter eggs as big as himself. He wanted to leave but the door had locked behind him.

The castle was scary and Percival was scared. The eggs were so big that they looked like giants and just as he was wishing he was home again seven genii popped out of the eggs and said, "Your wish is granted." Before he knew it he was at his front door. When he walked in the door his mother and father were happy to see him because they were afraid he had left forever. He told them that he'd much rather be an Easter bunny like all the rest of the children and that the world was a pretty scary place to be.

Arthur Sonstein  
Henry Iny  
Richard Trilling  
Edward Fuchs  
Adrienne Levin, Travelers



## Patterns

Aimless patterns, traced by the wind  
in the swirling sands.

Aimless patterns  
of blue cigarette smoke, dying  
and being reborn  
by each waxing and waning of a breath.

Patterns . . .  
drawn by a mind strayed into limbo  
Patterns . . . of a child's first  
unintelligible scrawling  
Patterns . . . of a violent death and  
the master pattern, it too, aimless,  
meaningless to those who follow their patterns  
on a grain of sand among a million others.

Walter Rosenhaft, '50

Doctor Norwell, a famous astronomer, sat in his office thinking of the terrifying fact that all life on earth would end in a few hours. The sun was going to explode.

We have many series of observations on novae after they have exploded. The one section of their life history that is still blank is the pre-maximum stage. But it seems reasonable to suppose that a star must give some indication of the cataclysm in advance. Doctor Norwell had written on a report just a few weeks before:

"I have discovered through my observations that the spectral changes a star exhibits in the pre-maximum stage are so well marked that I now have no hesitation in predicting not merely the day, but the very hour of outburst."

While he was examining a sunspot through his spectograph he noticed strange green and red lines on the sun. He stood there for a few seconds staring at the sun before he realized their full significance. These lines were almost exactly the same as the ones he saw on a star he was observing just a few hours before it exploded. He stayed up almost all night looking over his notes. Finally he had to agree that there could be only a few hours more. He thought of calling the newspapers but nothing could be done and it would only cause panic. He sat in his office staring at the sun. As he sat there, minutes seemed like hours. Only one minute more—could he have been wrong? The sun looked the same as ever. Then it came slowly. The sun began swelling up like a balloon and increasing in brightness—it was only a matter of seconds.

William Caldwell, 8th Grade

I lean against a heap of aging stones  
Where people live,  
And watch the dancing of a thousand cigarettes  
In the evening air,  
The rain-washed pavement mirrors  
Flaming neon signs  
While weary tires hum to weary roads.

Moons around planets around suns  
In a billion heavens spinning  
For eternity.  
They will not miss us  
When we go. No,  
They will not even notice we are gone.

Civilization hurries to and fro  
In a closed room.  
And while our traffic lights compete  
So vainly,  
Above, a myriad of blue-white stars  
Wink at the universe.

Stephan Chodorov, '53



Quietly . . . on cat's tread,  
It came.  
Softly, stealthily, out of the unreal darkness of thoughts  
Sucked into a whirlpool.  
Unseen, almost unheard,  
Except for a thin, faint ringing.  
Seething through a fluid wall of Darkness.

Eyes glowed, throbbing embers.  
Eyes of green cruelty.  
Hate smouldering in their depths . . .

Viewing the human chain that passed  
It crept unnoticed, devouring with eyes of concentrated fire,  
Casting its reflection on links of silver,  
And links coated with rust.

Then, a human silhouette against the haze,  
Drawn into a swirl of confused thoughts,  
Fighting, striving to rend himself from an invisible snare,  
Beating in vain against an unyielding darkness  
Closing him off from all portals of reason . . .

Green eyes glowed, then burst into flame,  
Claws unsheathed . . . a swifter beat,  
Great muscles coiled and tensed,  
A sudden spring,  
A rush . . .  
One flash of steel claws  
It was over.



## The Transformation

With tiny mincing steps, Miss Pritchard approached the beauty parlor. In all honesty, Miss Pritchard did not walk, she swam; her arms rhythmically paddling the air, her body swaying from side to side. Cautiously she entered the shop, and announced her appointment.

She seated herself and waited for the girl who was supposed to perform the miraculous transformation. As her darting eyes surveyed the shop, she was confronted with her own image staring at her from the mirror opposite. How prim she looked! Her hair was brushed smoothly off her forehead and neatly secured in a tight roll; she wore neither lipstick nor rouge. Any softness she might have shown was rudely concealed by the severe lines of her dress. So it had been for the last fifty years. So it was today. No, she was not disappointed with her appearance, she was just tired of being the plain Miss Pritchard. And anyway she was dining with some school friends of hers from college, and she wanted to "look nice!"

Her thoughts were abruptly interrupted by the hairdresser, who led her to the revolving leather chair. "How should I set your hair Miss Pritchard, same as usual, huh?"

"No," Miss Pritchard answered hesitatingly, "perhaps you do something different, just a trifle . . . softer?"

"Sure. Not that I don't like the way you always wear your hair, but, I always said to the girls . . ." Miss Pritchard despised the hairdresser. She felt so utterly helpless, having someone else wash her hair, being put under a big ugly drier, having everyone watch her as her hair was being combed. It was all so stupid, and degrading in a way. But now it was practically finished. The girl was combing her hair, and curling it softly around her face. It looked so strange. "Gee, Miss Pritchard, ya' look twenty years younger. You know, I like it. I always said to the other girls . . ." Miss Pritchard was slowly being revolved in the chair so that she could see her new coiffure from every angle. Suddenly new vitality surged within her. She sighed softly. Why she actually looked like a different person, someone much younger, more attractive, in fact rather lovely. "That's very nice," she said confidently. "Thank you." Her head held high her steps more firm. Miss Pritchard gaily left the beauty shop.

That night, everyone commented on how well she looked. She had a wonderful time talking over old times and sipping wine. And so the evening passed. Edith Pritchard had never been so happy. Tired by the events of the preceding day, Miss Pritchard rose rather late. It was so difficult for her to fix her hair in those lovely curls. In desperation she smoothly brushed her hair back, securing it tightly in a neat roll, and with tiny mincing steps she left her apartment.

Young Catalina greets her shepherd in the fields.

The jewels of her hair enchant him from his work.  
For she is fair, who loves this peasant lad,  
And has the wisdom of her age.

Though Stephen is the tamer of the lions,  
The keeper of the sheep, her magic will prevail.  
When winter snows and cold rise far above the  
clouds

They walk together on the sky of earth.  
And hand in hand they grasp  
Their love, their hearts in steadfast clasp.

The quickened fields grow flowers of admiration  
For Stephen, is the herald at spring's door.  
Young Catalina knows there is a Goddess that will  
watch.

And though by birth a princess laughs and  
scorns the poor,

She seeks the truth of love, the tempered kindness  
And leaves the palace to dwell in Stephen's hut,  
Where lives no flower that bows its head to  
dignity,

Nor any forceful emperor God.  
Close by there is a withered wayward path

That leads unto the secret well,  
From which the thirsters after love  
May draw a golden child of silence  
For unto Catalina and her husband

By a miracle of grace  
A fair birth had found its place.

The trees of Catalina's house are always green  
The grass is never faded where love has been.



## "A Review of Hordubal" by Karel Capek

Karel Capek was the most prominent literary figure of Czechoslovakia in the period between the two wars. He achieved marked success as a playwright for such plays as "The Robot," "The World We Live In," and "Power and Glory."

"Hordubal," as a psychological and morality drama presented as a novel, was written as one story of a trilogy; and the forceful realism of its subject matter, its bathos of structure, plausibility of treatment, and vitality in expression, make it the most significant novel of the three.

The story evolves about the person Hordubal, the tragic and weakminded hero, discovered at the beginning of the novel in a train. He is returning from the United States where, in order to acquire money for the improvement of his farm in Kriva—a small village in central Europe, he had been working for eight years as a coal miner. During this time, being illiterate, he had not corresponded nor had he received news from home.

Subsequent to his homecoming the narrative develops into a brilliant exposition of rejection, frustration, infidelity, and iniquity; and as a superb point of dramatic irony, reaches a climax in the murder of Hordubal, who according to the evidence of the post-mortem, succumbed a few hours before he must surely have died of pneumonia.

The structure of the narrative and the conflict it portrays, revolves about an interesting, and consistent symbolism.

In anticipating his homecoming, Hordubal imagines himself watching over the cows on the hillside meadows of his farm. It pleased him to conjecture his return at dusk, wandering slowly homeward with the cows. The cow, in his mind, was representative of the ease, rest, tranquility, which he expected to find at home. Then his personality is intrinsically patient and docile, and these are bovine qualities.

The cow furthermore, grazed in the hillside meadows, which, beautiful with woods, an abundance of colorful flowers and shrubs, and commanding a generous view of the surrounding country, Hordubal loved with poetic intensity. To the symbol of

the cow, counterpoint is provided in the figure of the horse.

Hordubal finds that during his absence, a gypsy hired hand, who has been employed on the farm, has instigated the sale of the hillside meadows, and the purchase of large tracts of land in the plain, for the indulgence of his pet obsession—the care and breeding of horses.

The horse in the novel basically symbolizes the character of the gypsy farm hand. The symbolism, however, is vested with more profound meaning. The horse when untamed, is impetuous, restless, and destructive; and these qualities suggest the impression that Hordubal has of America. The horse is grazed on the flat monotonous land of the Steppe, where the grass grew so high that it was almost impossible to see—and, so, for Hordubal the Steppe had no appeal.

In its final innuendo, the cow represents a life of Arcadian simplicity, and the horse, financially more remunerative, the evolution to materialism that had spread, even to color the rustic lives of village peasantry in Central Europe.

The characterization is not a strong point in the novel, being fashioned on a conventional hero-and-villian pattern; but this fact is of trivial consequence since the characterization is incidental to the art of the novel. This art consists in the brilliant exposition of the pathetic conflicts in the mind of the hero, the profound connotations of the already described symbolism and the technical facility of writing portrayed in well timed pathos and effective irony.

Artistically speaking, the strongest features of the novel, are the reliances on implication rather than the exhaustive and painstaking description, that too frequently detracts from the poignancy of an otherwise well told story. The creation of an atmosphere of dramatic intensity which captivates and sustains the attention of the reader, is successfully accomplished with economy in unessential description.

Jonathan Friedman, '50



## Men, Worlds, and Atoms

Are we but an atom in another world dancing in a note of dust? Is our existence dependent upon the whims and fancies of other beings, just as the molecules of our world survive or are destroyed by us? Does our every movement, lightest touch, breath and life disturb another still smaller universe? And we on this world who dare explore and criticize, who delve into pure cold theory; are we not akin to the static oscillations of an electron in our emotions? Can we control these vacillations, or, are we the controlled? And if we are, what is the controller? However, whether we control or not, whether or not we are of consequence in the cosmos, WE ARE. What we accomplish is measured only by us, and therefore, is consequential in our existence. There are things that we have discovered, and those we have yet to discover. Are our discoveries those intended for the human race? Have we, in our fumbling attempts to know, unveiled a force greater than ourselves? One which, due to our nature, and previous experiences, we will not, in all probability, be able to control. We have become the Prometheus of our universe, and we cannot return to the unknown what we have brought to life.

These questions and hypotheses will remain unanswered for the time being. Furthermore, whether we will ever be able to answer them is also doubtful. However, on the supposition that we will answer these questions, we will become the rulers of "Entirety," and having this power we will destroy ourselves. This assumption is based on the laws of human nature as proven by time, and it, as well as time, is irrefutable.

Walter Rosenhaft, '50

Sign out for '50

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