

a look at a town....

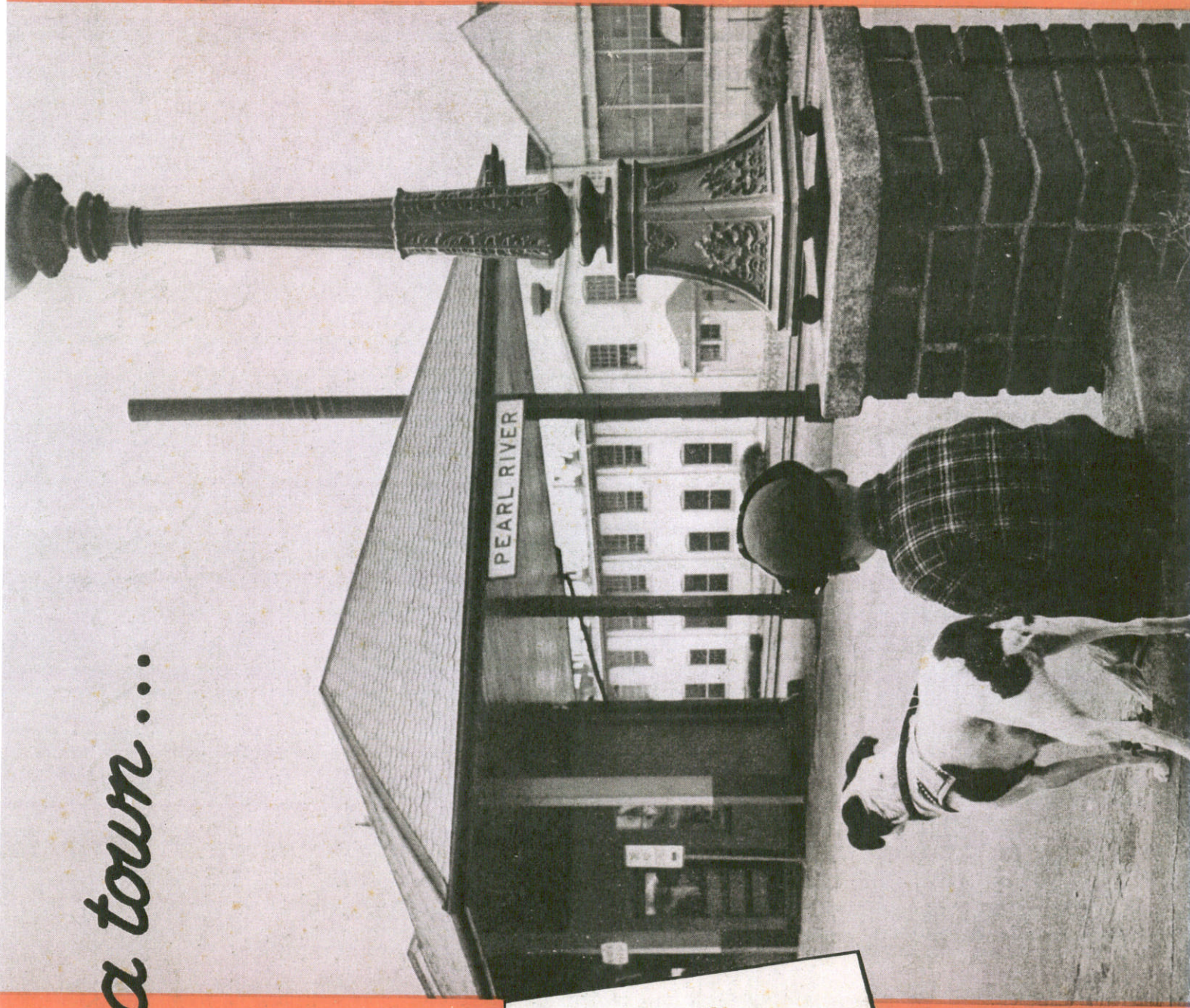
"Of the unchanging things, the town in which you first met the world is one of the most unchanging and mysterious. It is always a place of monotony and at the same time, as you grow, change, go away, remember, return, and go away again, one of the most inexhaustibly full and rich places."

William Saroyan

Special Edition

LEDERLE CHEVRON

June, 1948



Tinwalle

The people of Pearl River and Lederle

are so closely connected — in friendship, kinship, business, or just proximity — that this special edition of the CHEVRON, a picture story of the town of Pearl River, is dedicated to the people of both . . . for their enjoyment of the candid photographs and text . . . for their recognition of the little scenes which are so much a part of small town life, and for their gratification that, in towns like Pearl River, people can attain a degree of personal freedom and self-expression impossible elsewhere on this globe.

How this picture story was made:

When Paris photographer Peter Winkler had been in America only six weeks, his path crossed that of the Chevron editor, who asked him if he would like to do a picture story of a town. Peter, who had never seen an American small town, was definitely interested.

The deal was made, and Pearl River was selected as the town. Limited in the number of photographs which could be used, they decided to rush across the horizon of the town and record in pictures whatever moments of its daily life they happened upon.

With two days to do the job, then, Peter Winkler (with his Rollei-Flex) and his companion (with the back of an old menu ready for notes) began stalking the unsuspecting town of Pearl River.

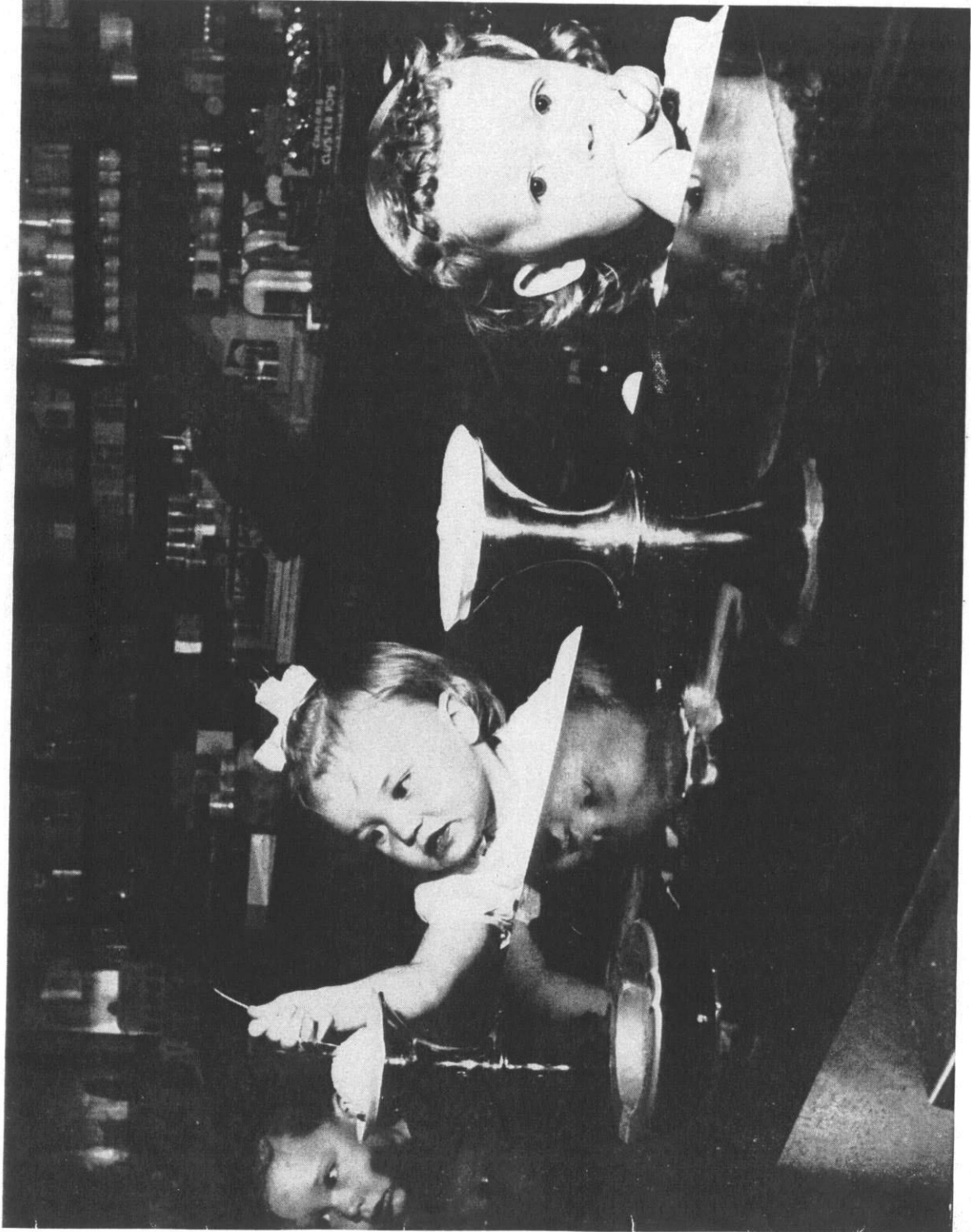
This was on the morning of April 26, just as the dew was disappearing from the forsythia buds.

Edited by Eileen Bernard. Design and production by David Cummins.
Photography by Peter Winkler. Sketches by Roger Keyser. Aerial
Photography by Gates Aerial Surveys.

ON COVER: Robert van Thaden and "Tiny".

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THE first thing you see in Pearl River is kids. In one of Pearl River's three drug stores, though it is early morning, Danny Keith, Charlene Rhodes, and Ingrid Frith are busy at the ice cream . . . American children have ice cream even for breakfast, but European children have little ice cream at any time. Even if they do, it is nothing but frozen water and sugar . . . The three are children of three ex-Jederle mail girls: Ruth "Smokey" Keith, Dorothy Dillin Rhodes and Alice Olsen Frith.





Early in the morning there's nothing nicer than school, especially sitting in with the rhythm band of the Pearl River kindergarten. The musicians make such beautiful music together, and their facial expressions keep emotional time to its moods.

Jimmy Trojan, leading, (l. to r.) Suzanne Mazzur, Joanne Shaffer, Chad Covey, Barry Group, Mary Murphy, Charlie Meyerhoff, (back row) Beverly Mellen, Jackie Giaruso, Johnny Wendt, Valeta Lesko, and Leighton Richmond.



They are



embarrassed, like Beverly Mellen . . .



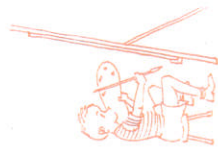
. . . or shy, like Suzanne Mazzur . . .



. . . or self-possessed, like Patti Wallace.

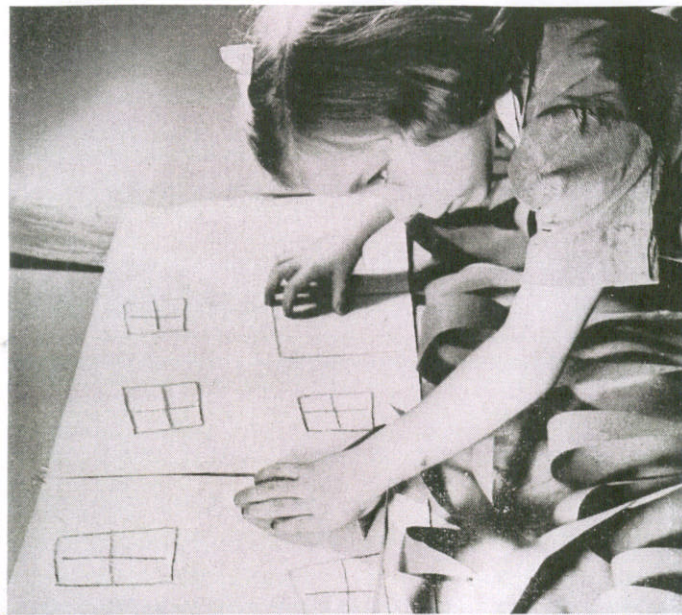


In a kindergarten room canopied like a circus tent and vivid with modern color, kindergartners are learning to dance. Patricia Kuhlow and Penny Goehring like jitterbugging, Joanne Shaffer and Chad Covey prefer the Viennese waltz.



Children may draw and paint whatever they wish and however they wish. This encourages creative expression . . .

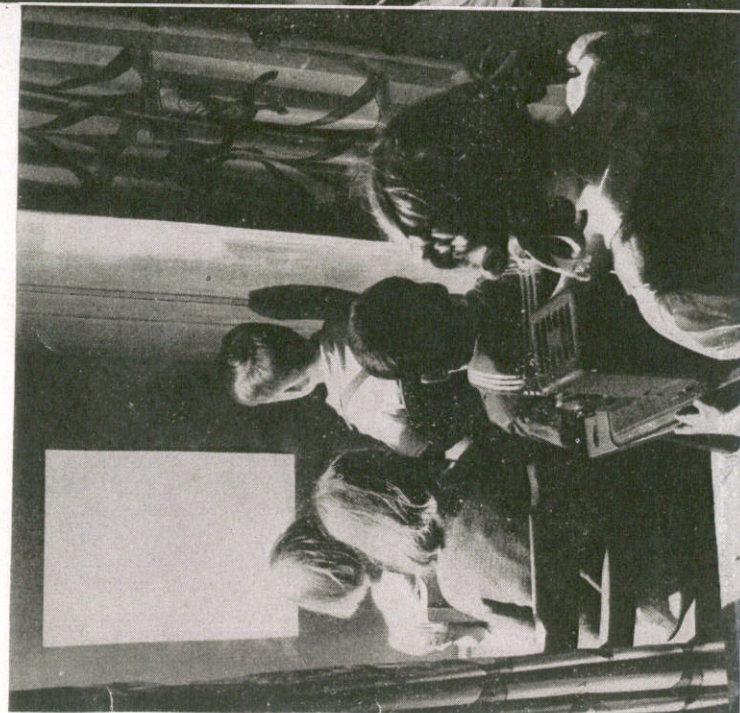
Others may draw lions, dogs, or apples, but Joanne Shaffer's prize drawing is one which she told the teacher was "a picture of Lederle."





This is what is taking place in the second grade of the Pearl River School; a rapid walk around the room with erasers balanced on heads. Not a simple child's game, its purpose is to develop poise and graceful carriage. Barbara Hawks is being pursued by Clinton Weitman . . . Soon second graders will be deep in a survey of the community and its helpers, during which they will visit local bakeries, lumber companies, the Dexter Press . . . and a little later the High School Spanish instructor will teach them a few Spanish words, and some simple Spanish songs.

The kindergartners have their own Donald Duck and Bugs Bunny in a tiny room with magenta-colored walls and ceiling; also science movies which show how mother birds protect their young, or which teach children how to care for pets . . . Kindergartners are always busy. There are excursions; assemblies; graham crackers and milk at recess; music appreciation; even a "talking circle" where each child has a chance to get up and talk about anything on his mind at the moment.

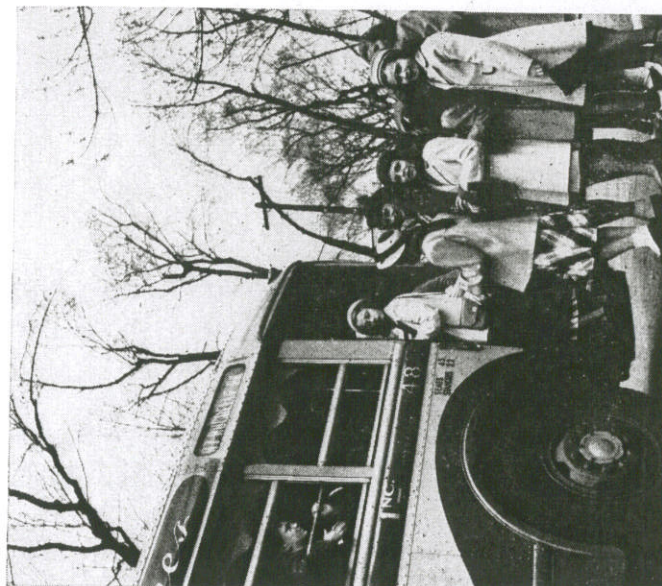


The Assembly Hall, once a place where children recited, unwillingly, such poems as "How Would You Like To Go Up in a Swing, Up in the Sky So Blue?", now presents a bill which includes redheaded, seven-year-old Irene Metress' version of "Manana", and a tap dance by town druggist's daughter, Margaret Ingafu . . . Classics aren't neglected, Shakespeare appreciation course is given as early as sixth grade . . . Throughout the school, accent is on understanding, appreciation, not on memorization.

(first row) Edward Yaniga, (second row) Leo Biederman, Laurie Taylor, Richard Thurelli, (third row) Jeanne Friedel, Alice Glady, Robert Knight, Marion Conley, (fourth row) Mari, Summers, Mary Margaret Metress, Peggy Garbade and Teacher Carol Gregg, (fifth row) Nancy Carmichael, Ronald Decker and Rita Powers.

Off to Carnegie Hall for a concert, Pearl River's Junior High is the last word in fashionable poise . . . The old, once-a-year picnics have turned into once-a-week excursions.

(l. to r.) Ross Dailey, Doris Peterson, Judy Marshall, Lucille Smith, Shirley Oakley, Marion O'Brien, Maybelle Wyman, Beverly Wagner.



*However, some things in school haven't changed,
and probably never will.*



... Little boys like Johnny Penberth still get mussed up ...

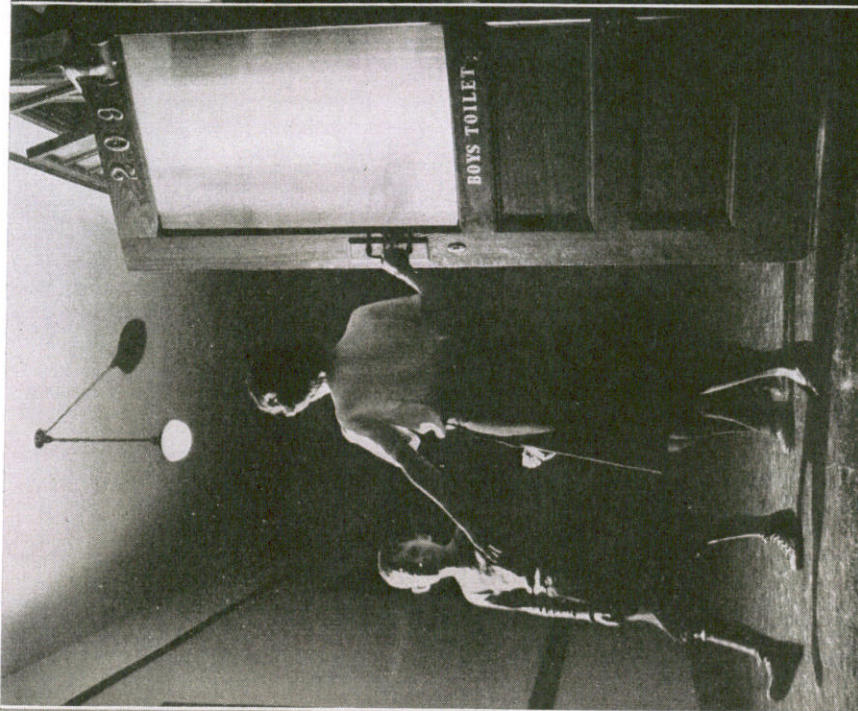


If they're good, little girls like Marion Conley still get to clean the erasers on the outside of the building, in spite of the fact that the school has an electric eraser-cleaner inside ...





Little girls born with straight hair, like Jane Lagsdin, are still envious of little girls born with curls, like Irene Metress.

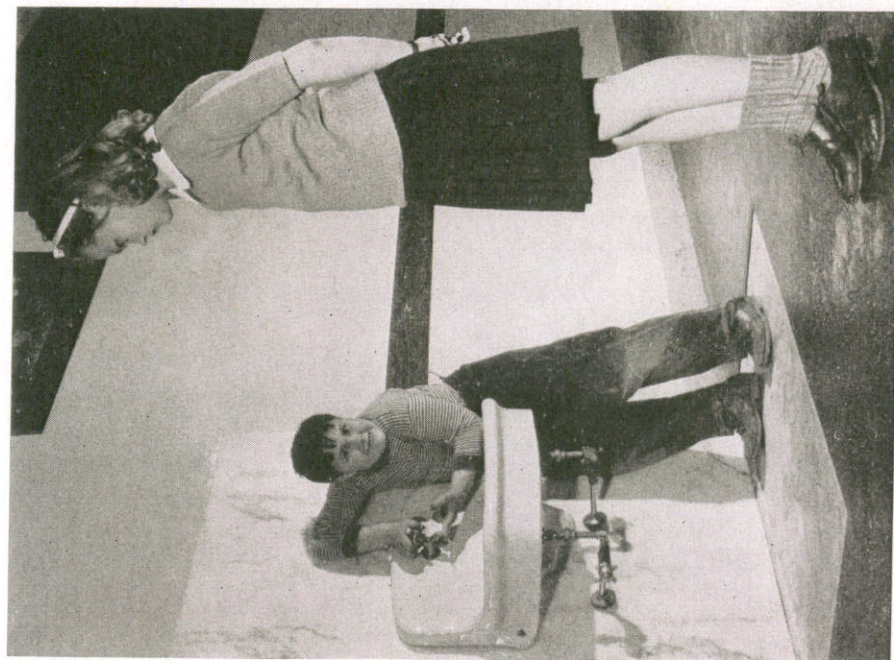


... Boys still overstay the recess period, and teachers still go and get them back to class . . .

Mrs. Frances Cahn, Henry Groth.



There are still ways to plague the teacher. Spitballs have been replaced by bubble gum, which is more prized for the "comic" inside the wrapper than for the gum itself. (Bubble created by Fred Bargman.)



The battle of the sexes still goes on. The routine of squirting water on unwary females who may be passing by still has its devotees. (Actors David Williams and Joan von Thaden make it look like the real thing.)

And out on the ball field, youngsters sitting on sidelines still yearn for the days when they will be older and bigger.

Johnny Penberth, Sammy Lee, Charles Haddock.





But when boys do get big, do they play ball? No. They bake cakes, and serve tea to girls . . .

Janet Brown, Joan Bryan, Victor Veltidi, Joan Murphy, Robert Schnakenberg, Joan Riley, Eddie Woods, Eska Nash, Virginia Tuttle, Millie Marsico.

. . . for in Pearl River, kids dare to be real individuals. These boys asked to be taught cooking instead of the usual shop work, are good enough to cook and serve a fine dinner to the Board of Education and their wives.

Richard Duhaime, Robert Duhaime, Walter Germano, Walter Schneider, Charles Klieve, and Louis Fiarelli.



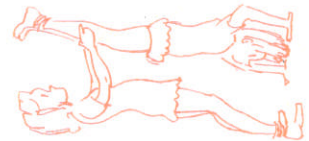
They even eat their own cupcake icing, a concoction called "chef d'oeuvre", — French for masterpiece.
Eddie Woods, Robert Schnakenberg and Victor Veltidi.





Stairway talks can be about anything, and are full of the still favorite words: "drippy," "neat," "keen," "super" . . . Like people everywhere, Pearl River kids are always looking back on, or ahead to, good times.

Doris Goebel, Erwin Fink, Edward Fritz, Dorothy Sleight, Robert Kirwood and Irene Janicki.



Voted prettiest senior, Phyllis Evans is already doing modelling in New York. By the time they are seniors, many students know the careers they want, sometimes are close to realizing them.

In background: Shirley Leffingwell, Phys. Ed. Instructor.

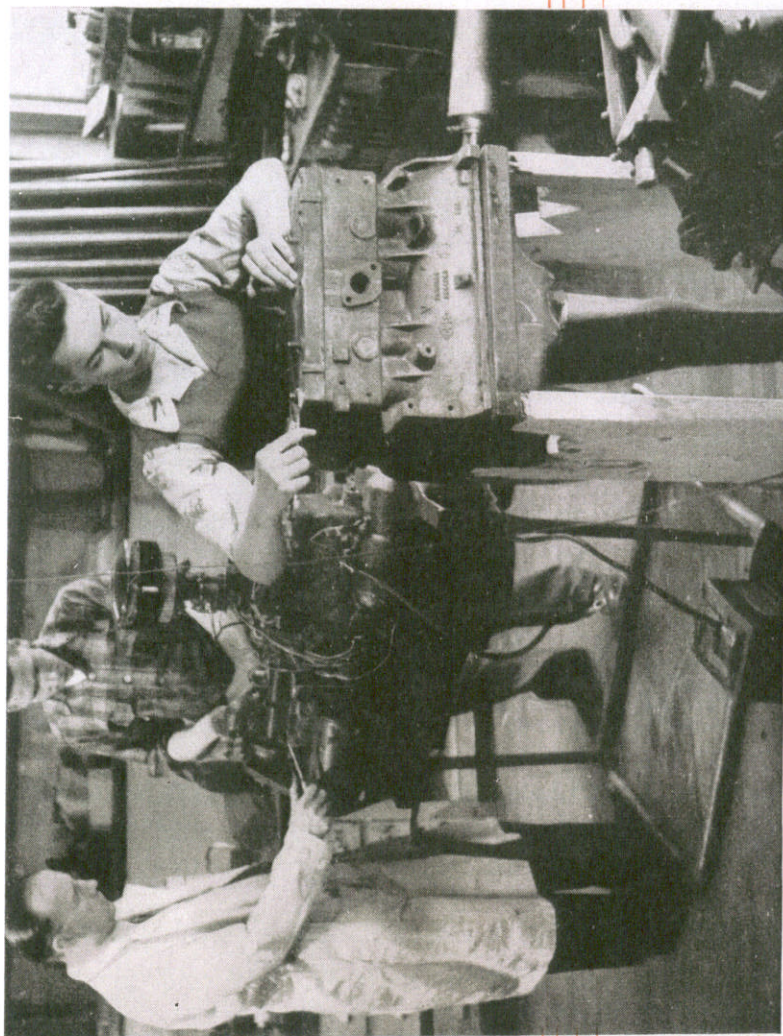




A "dive over four" in the girls' gym class means that Marie Bannen does a somersault over Rose Marie Pecorale, Nancy Lang, Doris Murdock and Gerry Crosbie.



No trace of weakness in young Pearl River athletes like Frank Dawson . . . since the High School began its intensive physical education drive in 1936, no student is known to have been rejected for military service because of physical unfitness — quite a record.

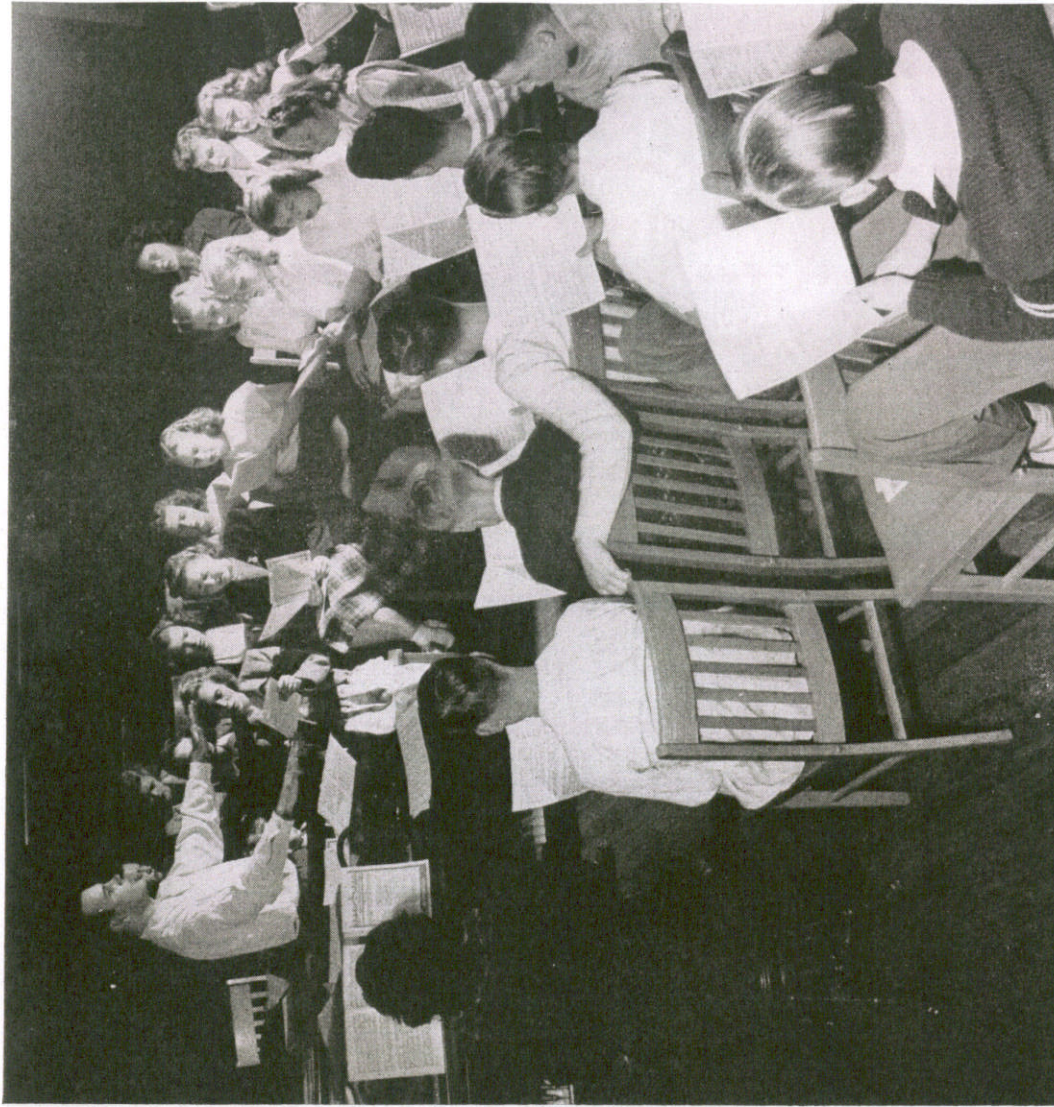
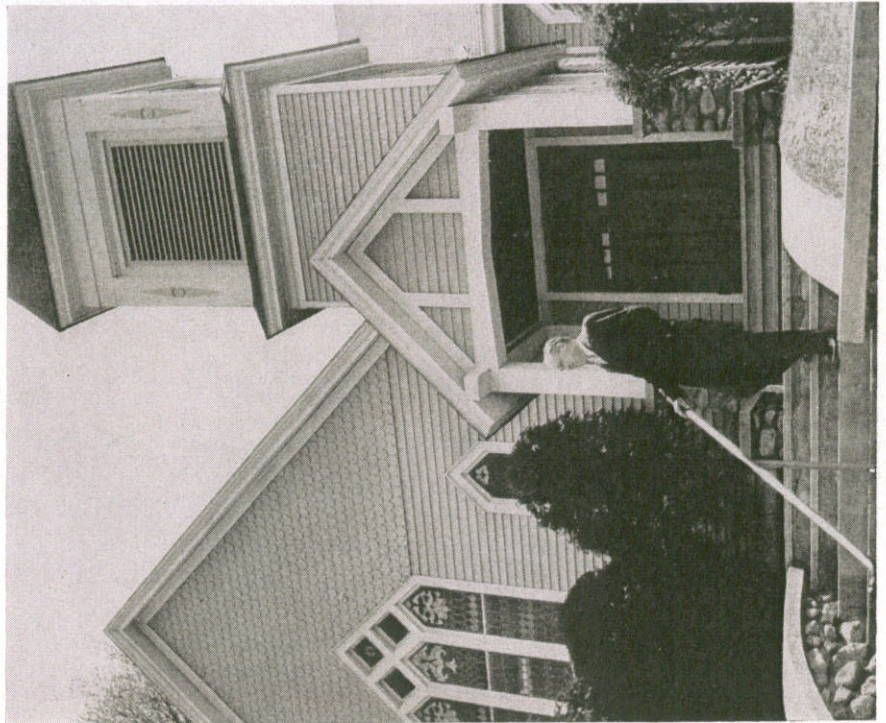


Pearl River boys learn printing, woodworking, mechanics. In the Auto-maintenance shop, Instructor Allen Hull and Rudolph Masur work on a '41 Dodge truck motor, William Meyerhoff assembles a 4-Cylinder German Opel engine.

Anna Laura Hansen is learning to drive in a dual control car with extra clutch and footbrake, and coached by an expert teacher . . . This is only one of the new projects by means of which this remarkable school helps its students to good citizenship and successful living.



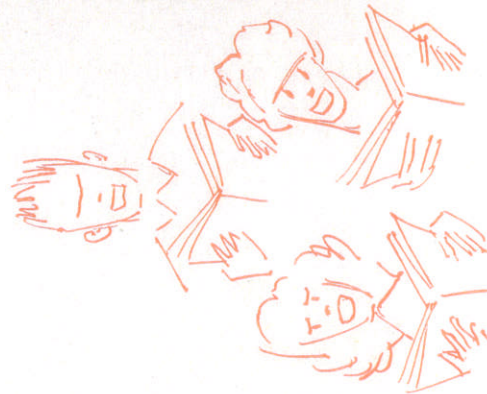
If you leave the school on the south side,
 you can't miss the Methodist Church, and you might
 even see the Reverend J. A. Keiper coming down the
 steps. The Reverend Keiper will tell you that church
 life is important in the town, and the four churches—
 Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Lutheran, and Methodist
 —enjoy the attendance of a majority of the people.



When a town is happy, it sings . . . on Thursday nights, choir rehearsals are held in the social room of the Lutheran Church on North Main Street. When Bob Hines conducts the thirty voices in "Seek Ye the Lord", the choir puts its best notes forward . . .



... After a few minutes the choristers go upstairs to the choir loft to finish the rehearsal.





Pearl River's a good place to live . . . when you ride about the town, you see pretty cottage-type dwellings, like this one, which belongs to the Phelps family . . . new ranch-type houses similar to the Ross home . . .

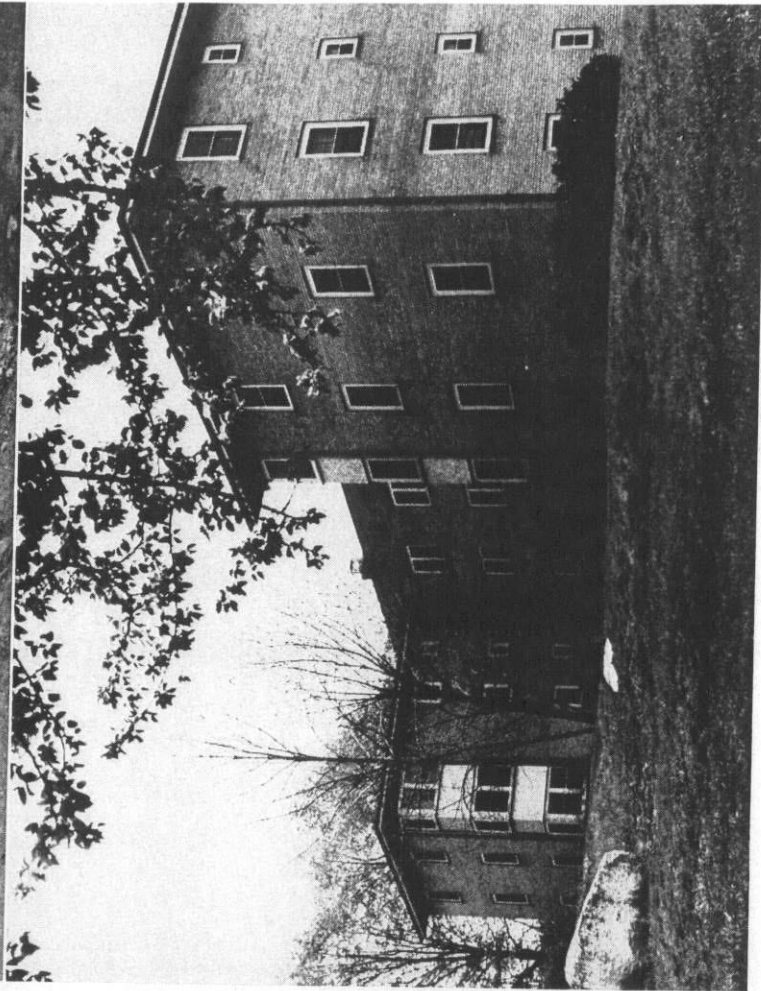
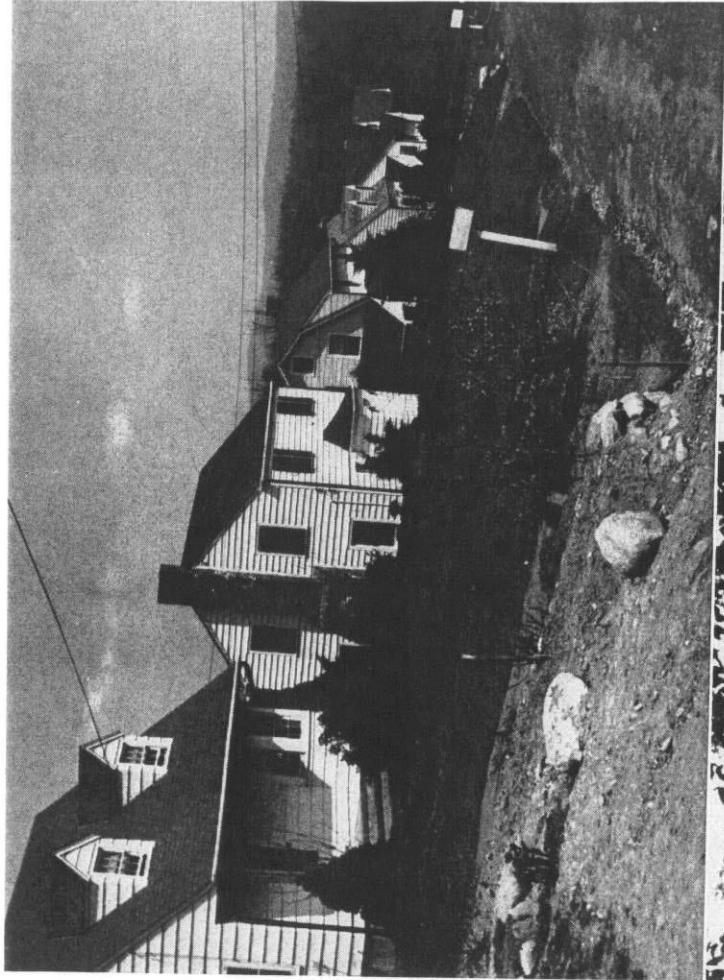
. . . fine large houses like the Bond house on North Main Street . . .

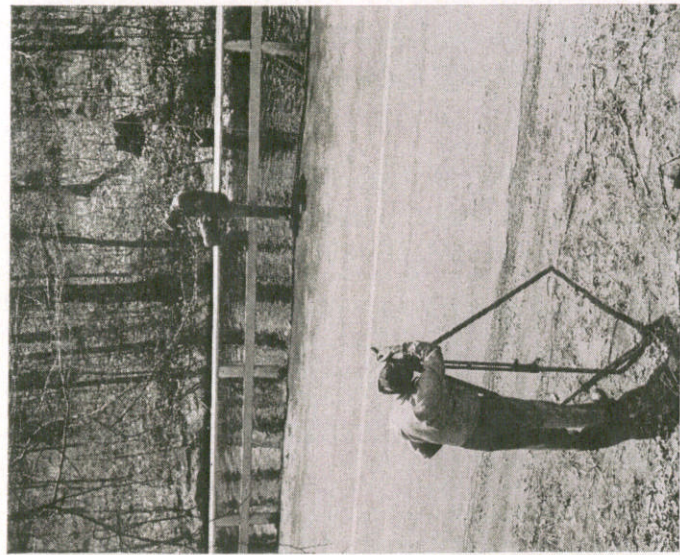


... And many old dwellings with a historic background, like the Kennedy home in Naurashaun. Red sandstone, which composes most of the Kennedy house, was used for many buildings in this area during Colonial days.

This is one of the many new-home developments in Pearl River ...

... and this is one of the town's four large apartment houses. Across the road from it, a 64-apartment structure is rapidly going up, and on the hill in back of it, another large housing development is under way. The noisy hammerings of growth are everywhere in the town ...





Near the Naurashaun Creek, men are surveying. An extension of Central Avenue, called the "Blauvelt Road extension", has been proposed to be built with State and Federal funds as a secondary highway to connect with the new cross-county parkway. On the old Tierney place, "Beechwood", an exclusive boys' and girls' camp, is in the making . . .



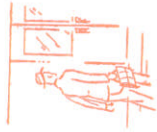
The village streams, untouched by progress, remain the same. Somebody is always fishing in them. This brook gave the town its name; pearls were found in it, and in 1875 the name was changed from "Muddy Creek" to Pearl River.

Dorothy Sleight and Jean Starr.





On almost any day, you see the familiar figures of Fire Chief Bartels and Police Chief Kennedy standing on the main corner . . .



. . . and at the Park Savings and Loan, one of the town's three banking institutions, you find business is being transacted by town merchants . . . who may afterwards meet in the same building for a regular conference of the Pearl River Board of Trade.

Ed Bouton, Vice President; Joan Bertussi, Secretary; Theodore Schultz, President; Arthur Kompass, Treasurer; S. W. Sheldon, Executive Committee.

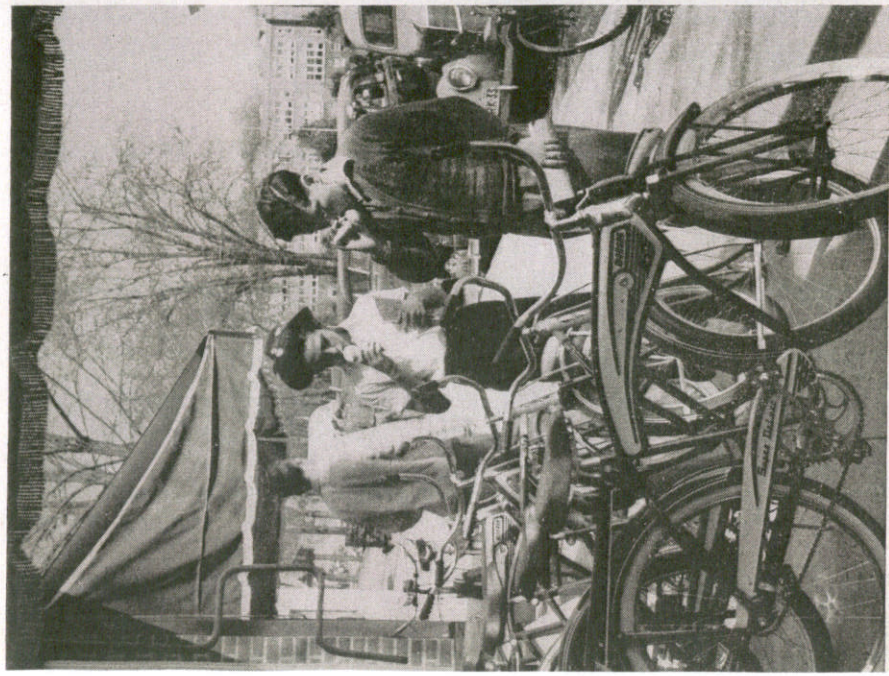


Many small sights and incidents make up the daily life of a town.



You see two boys licking ice cream cones and figuring out how long it will take to pay for a new bicycle . . .

Harvey Lynch, Jerry O'Brien.



. . . a couple of doors down, two girls are buying bathing suits. One girl is carefully examining details; the other is dreaming of long summer days on the beach of Northern Valley, Lake Nanuet or some other local recreation spot . . .

Ann Hadelor, Louise Doriguzzi, Vivian Smith.



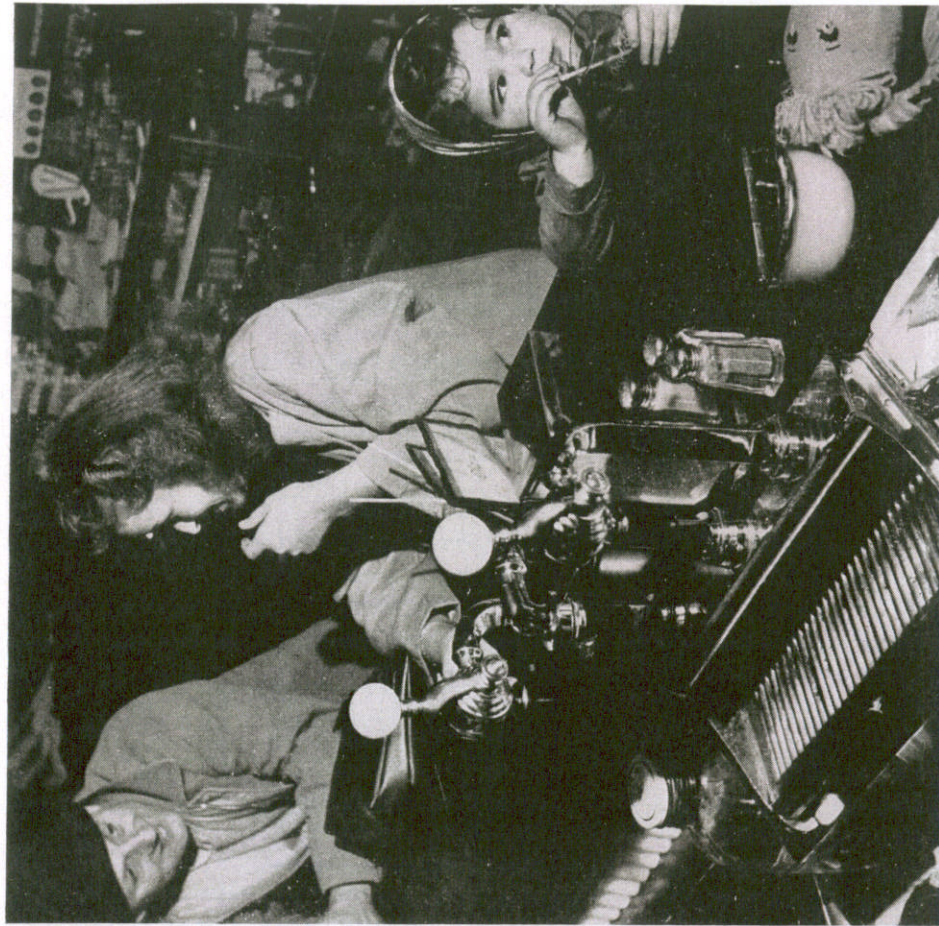
. . . and farther down the line, friends ask Jack Poole, a sailor on leave, where he's been and how long he's home for.



In front of the town's only movie house, the *Central*, Johnny Baker and Dorothy Sleight get a laugh from watching friends as they mimic the professional pose of the billboard lovers . . .



. . . and at the drug store counter Jerry Goodman, part owner of the local taxi business, stops for a word with local girl Doris Lester and her niece, Robin. Robin is bored with the conversation, has a babushka and a rag doll, and is trying to sip coke through a bent straw . . .

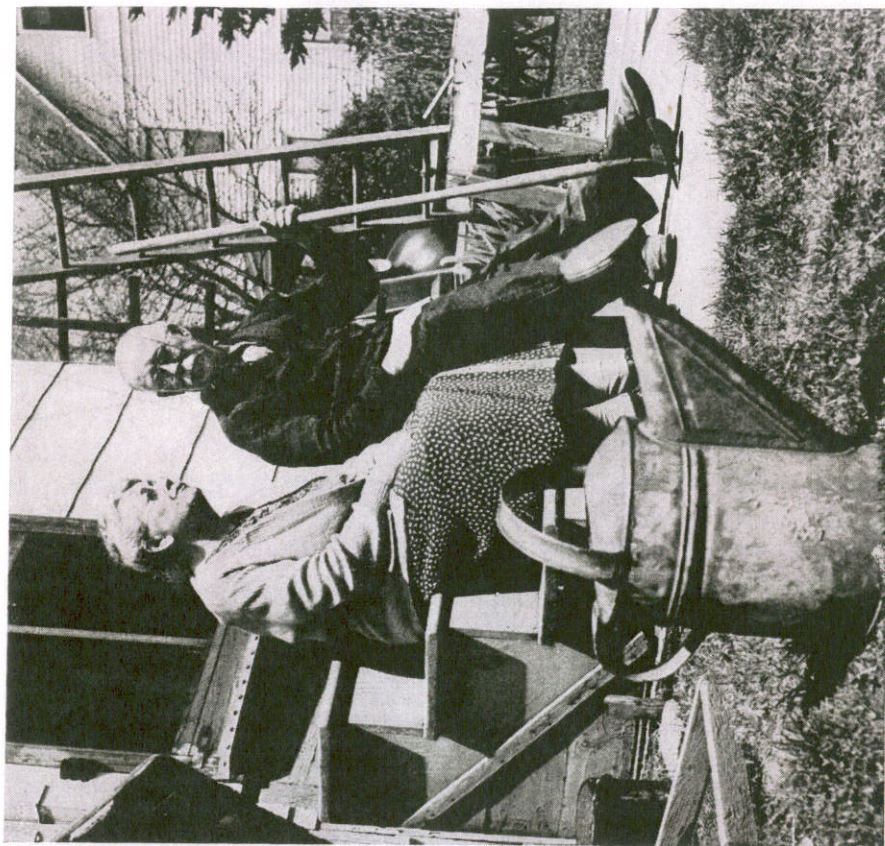


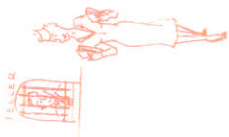
Girls eventually grow older and reach the age where they don't bend the straws and can relax on the terrace of the Blue Hill Golf Club after the game . . .

Ann Hadelor, Phyllis Evans and friends.

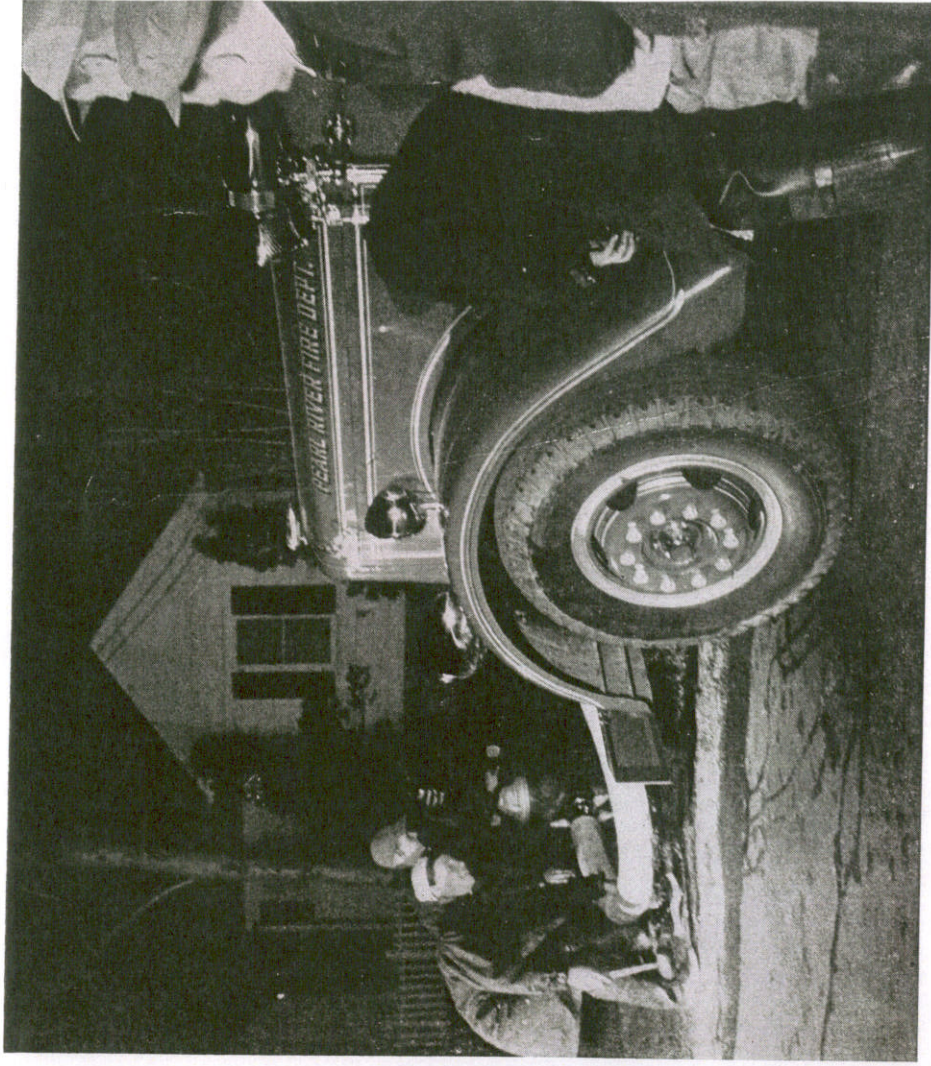


. . . while on Franklin Avenue, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Clauson are resting on their back porch. Though 80, Mr. Clauson still does a great deal of work in his garden, while Mrs. Clauson watches to see that the potatoes aren't put in where the petunias are supposed to go.





It is Friday evening, and night falls with a boom, for the banks are open from 7 to 8:30 and the shops don't close until 9 . . . you see people storing and re-storing the contents of their billfolds in the First National Bank . . .



. . . firemen holding their regular fire drill on one of the side streets . . .





Many moments consumed by the weekly shopping, including a lot of baby food . . .

. . . and other moments being spent by people window-shopping all along the busy avenue.



This is



Pearl River

set in a quiet countryside of small farms . . . twenty miles from the largest city in the world. It has 6,000 citizens, 3 traffic lights, an Erie Railroad station. The postoffice stands across from the park, and the park contains the American flag, a war memorial, a community chest sign, a police booth, and an honor roll . . .

Life in this town is a blend of the old and the new, of city living and country charm. The wide streets slope into the town, and the little roads curve through wooded valleys and hills. By the bridge on Washington Avenue, a tree carved with the initials of everyone in town who has ever felt the twinge of true love, stands in the middle of a construction boom. Nearby, large industries are making history in their respective fields . . . Dexter Folder Company, dominating the center of town, employs 300 people in the manufacturing of printing and bookbinding equipment . . . and at Lederle Laboratories Division, American Cyanamid Company, built on the finest 350 acres of plant grounds in the country, 2,400 people produce fine pharmaceuticals and biologicals.

This is Pearl River, then . . . its Sundays spent at church, baseball, and trips to Bear Mountain . . . its evenings spent at the movies (smoking allowed in the balcony) . . . and all its days spent in quiet houses on quiet streets. *This is the town, which is always a place of monotony, and at the same time, as you grow, change, go away, remember, return, and go away again, one of the most inexhaustibly full and rich places.*

