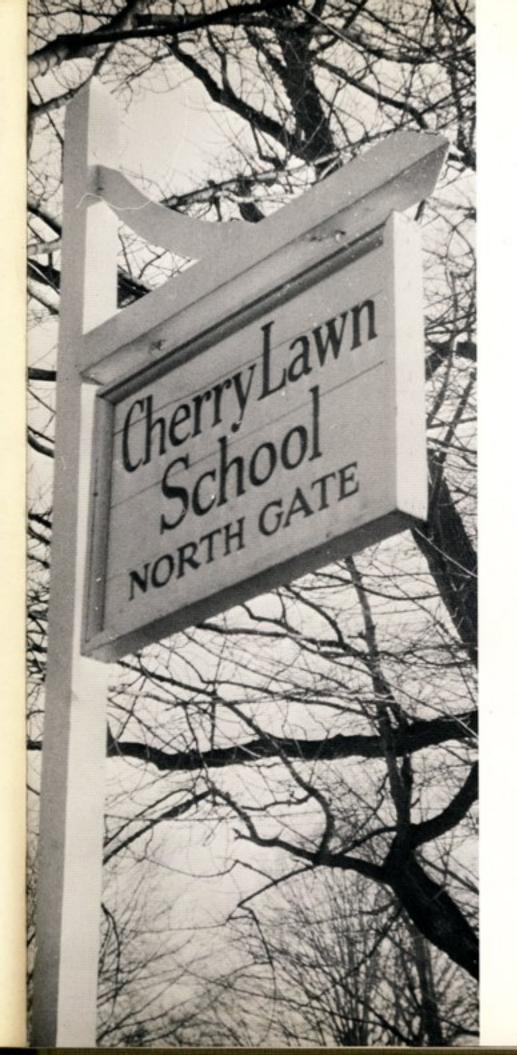
MCMLXI



A sign above a gate, bluntly proclaiming "Here I am."





Always there, always watching, seeing the changing faces, the changing atmosphere, and underneath, the essential, unchanging idea.









It has watched the faces
on which our nation rests:
the dreamy ones,
the practical ones,
the fiery ones,
those who came and went,
those who stayed,
those who, going,
left something behind them,
those who took something away.









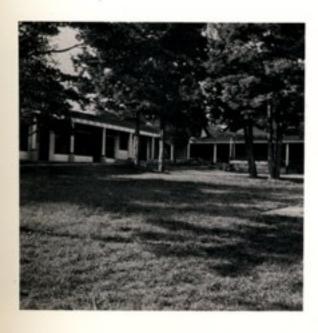












The changing seasons: buildings in the snow, in the rain, in the spring. Young faces in the spring of their lives, full of dedication and promise.

What does it see in today's faces?











FACES OF THE FACULTY . . .











Striving to project an intangible message.





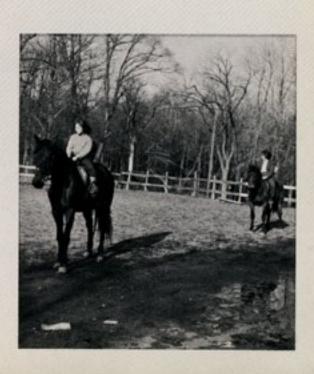






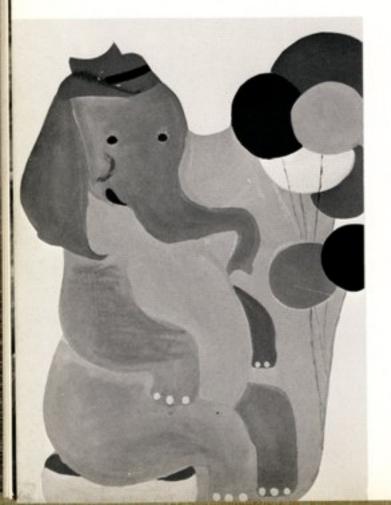






















6th grade: front: Candy Herman, Tim Lundquist, Allegra Dodge. Back: Joseph LoPresti, Peter Whyte, Jerry Schwartz, Michael Slifkin. Absent: Benjamin Grabbe.





7th grade advisor - Mr. Marvin Totten



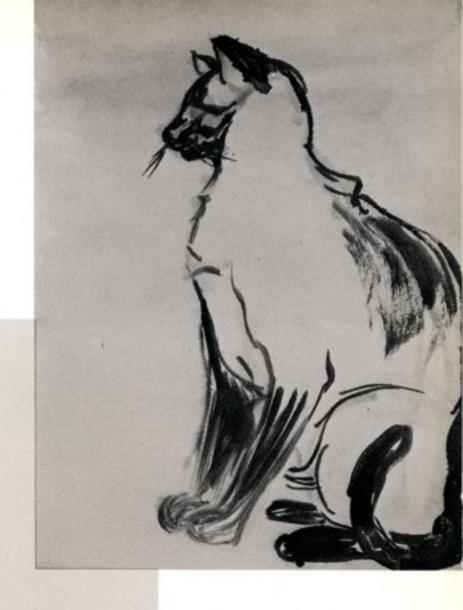
7th grade: 1st row: William Slifkin, Michael Boris, Joel Schwartz. 2nd row: Daniel Yurman, Michael Neuman, Tom Silver, Louis Bleier, Barry Gordon, Howard Davis. 3rd row: Abby Hayett, Nina Ehrlich, Beverly Greenberg, Ten Eyck Woodbury.



8th grade advisor - Mrs. Grace Spooner

8th grade: 1st row: Victoria Herman, Lois Gabbe, Bethel Strode, Val Rundle, Ernest Morrison. 2nd row: Richard Berkowitz, Judy Ehrlich, Andrew Harwood. 3rd line: Michael Fabian, Jeff Thenstead, Lorraine Liss, Helen Fruhauf, Tom Neuwirth, Rickie Cohen. Absent: Hilary Fried, Pat Alving.





THE YIN CAT

Graceful, regal as a queen
And twice as aloof,
Feigning affection for gain,
Trusting and loving no one but herself.
Hilary Fried



Tom Neuwirth

A WALK THROUGH THE CITY

You are walking down the avenues of the shopping district of the city. You notice that the stores are crowded because of the Christmas rush. People are pushing and shoving to get at an item before anyone else does. A boy sees an item in a window, takes out his money, sighs, and puts it back. Women with shopping bags full of presents make their way to a bus.

As you turn onto another avenue you arrive in the upper-class neighborhood. People get in and out of taxi-cabs and go into their expensive apartments. By the addresses you hear them give to cab drivers you know that they are going to the theaters. The women wear mink stoles and coats. The men dress with equal elegance.

A few more blocks' walk will bring you to the middle-class neighborhood. The people here do not dress too extraordinarily. They just go about their business not caring about anything that does not concern them.

After a few minutes' walk you arrive in the theater district. The marquees are brilliantly lit against the night sky. People enter and leave the movie theaters with excited chatter. People leave the playhouses venturing opinions upon the evening's performance.

As you walk down the street towards your destination, you notice that many people are dining in restaurants, where many people go to dine after a night at the theater. They are dressed in evening clothes, of course, and are either waiting to be shown to a table, waiting to be served, eating, or waiting for their check.

Nearing your destination you come to the city slums. The washing is hung on clotheslines suspended from window to window. The men sit in factory uniforms eating dinner or in disheveled undershirts watching television.

It is in this district that you stop. You turn up the walk of number 304 and go inside.

Hilary Fried



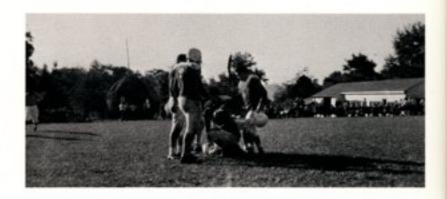
Vicki Herman

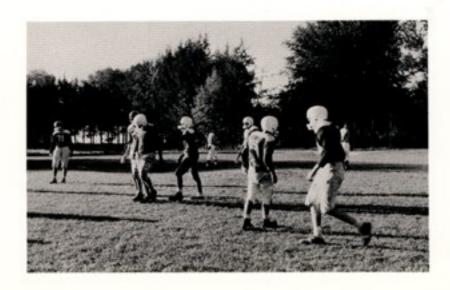


Tom Neuwirth

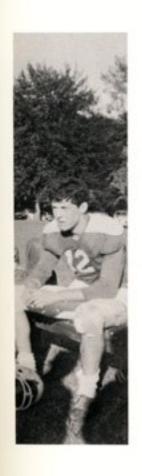


Faces working at play.

































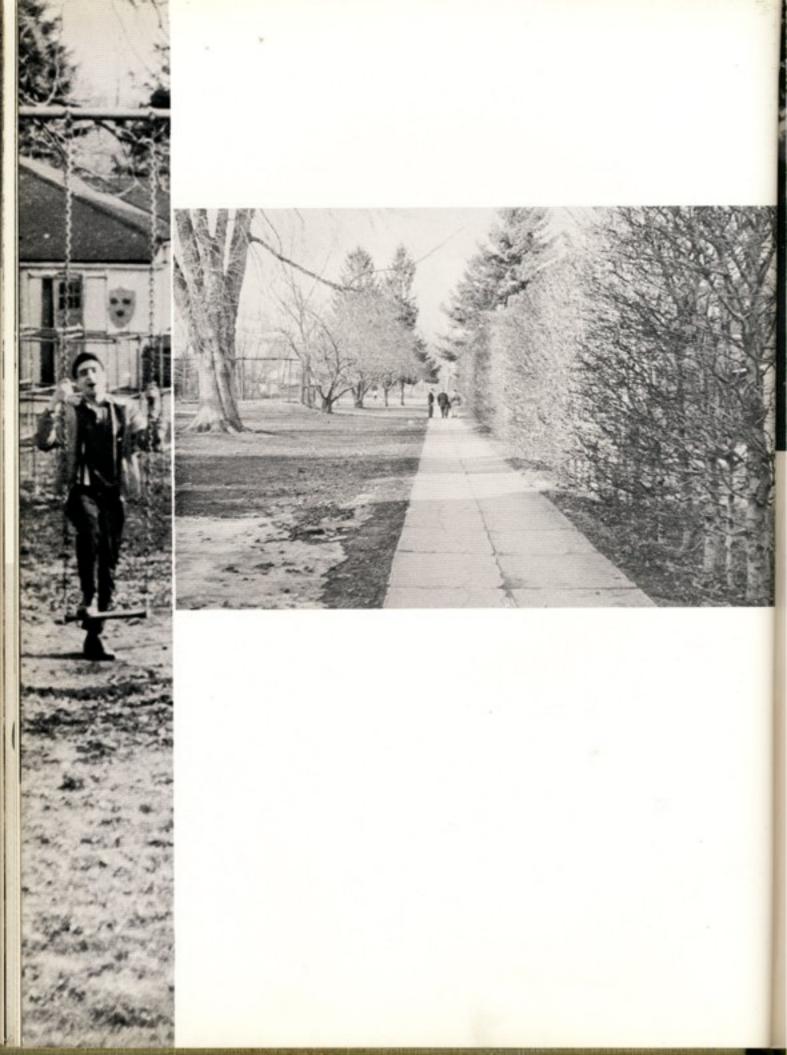


Faces struggling with emotions not their own.



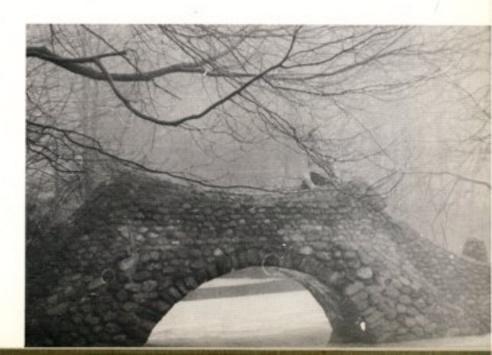








The faces of our young generation on whom future responsibilities will lie — their meditations, their emotion, their exuberance . . . their youth — the mold from which the future will come.

















9th grade: 1st row: Kenneth Lubel, Madelyn Brechner, Mark Perlman. 2nd row: Ronald Greenberg, Faith Heller, Linda Suchecki. 3rd row: Nicki Bohm, Yale Brevda. 4th row: JoAnn Berman, James Thenstead. 5th row: Christopher Burwell.



9th grade: front: Gary Powers, Susan Shashoua, Michael Senft, Yvonne Picard, Richard Morgalis, Margaret Borona, Louise Phillips. Back: Jonathan Jacobs, Robert Nurin, William Willard. Absent: Nancy Hahn, Leslie Rosenberg.

IX



9th grade advisor - Mr. Richard West

X



10th grade advisor - Mr. Richard Gutwillig

10th grade: front: Diane Langerman, Silvia Jacobs, Pedro Gonsenheimer, Janet Rosenberg, Ariane Sylva. Back: Stephen Neustat, Jane Laster, John Pagano, Robert Shankman. Absent: Carol Lepofsky.





10th grade: Diane Krueger, Lori Bilik, Barry Minin, John Novales, Nancy Darling, Tina Ezra, Craig Varden. Absent: Thomas Cummings.

10th grade: front: Susan Kates, Barbara Beitscher, Susan Botwick, Carol Ebner. Back: Andrew Neuwirth, Edward Miller, Lyra Roskin, Jud Whyte, John Shepherd.





11th grade: bottom: Bruce Tapper, Jane Schneiderman, Barbara Beloff. Top: Alan Groveman, Mark Pine, William Gordon, Mae Wanda Michael, Christopher Duff, Richard Workman, Judith Sugarman, Barbara Rosenfeld. Absent: Leigh Bacal, Roberta Rosenberg.



XI



11th grade: front: Lizabeth Sachar, Geri Schottenstein. Back: Jeffrey Klothe, John Singelsether, Keith Kuperman, Donna Kaniss, Alan Fraenkel, Howard Herships. Absent: Robert Gelb, Rolf Swenson, Peter Barab.



11th grade advisor - Mr. Basil Burwell



12th grade: bottom: Roy Duboff, Vicki Choron, Peter Marcus, Jane Schuler, Kathie Berlin. Top: Robert Westheimer, Emily Clare Upton, Lawrence Gorfinkle, Julia Schopick, Henry Orgel.

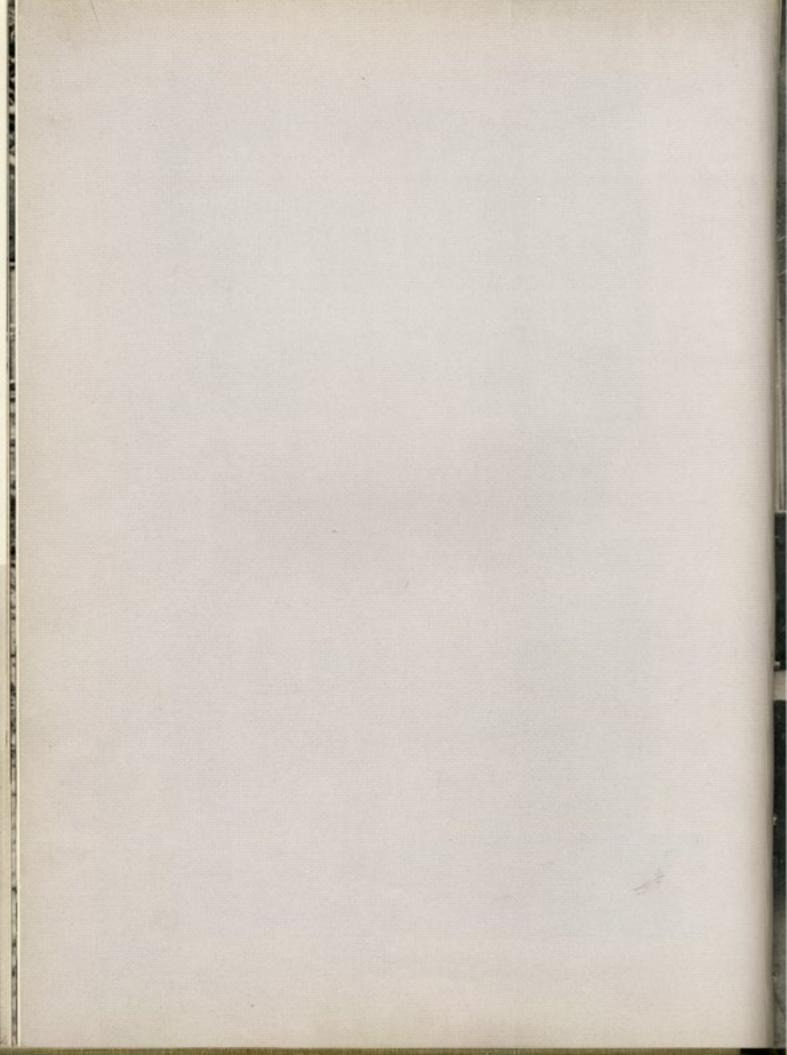


12th grade: front: Maxine Rabinovitch, Michael Gray. Back: Peter Bogart, Judith Sall, Mira Frost, Robert Edelman, Frank Hailey, Lauri Wilson, Claude Pines.



12th grade: front: Jane Kepecs, Meryl Lidsky, Penny Edwards, Christopher Medved, John Natanson. Back: Beverly Mason, James Harwood, Roger Richman, Phyllis Reed, William Hardy.

XII





Peace, where is your castle? If I climb the high mountain, or travel into the depths of the blue, will I find you? If I cross the dry burning deserts of the world, will you be there? Should I climb to the farthest branch of an old apple tree? Will you be there?

I have searched down by an old mill, silent except for the soft creaking due to age and the mild June breeze. I have sat in a cave, covered with moss, with the feeling of complete isolation, but no, you were not there.

Years have passed. No longer are my knees scraped from the falls from a bike, my hands mud caked, my mouth filled with bubble gum. I have found you, you are mine. I did not have to reach the heights of the world, or descend into the deep waters. All I had to do was to find myself, and then you came — my peace.

Barbara Beloff



THE GARDEN

An old man paused during his walk to peer through the open gates of the garden. Many children were playing and running beneath the green trees, carefully avoiding the vines that might trap them in their joy. Some children had joined hands and were dancing joyously beneath the great oak which grew in the garden.

A tear fell on the old man's cheek; as a child, he had played in this very garden. He too had danced beneath the great oak. When he had grown too old for dancing beneath the oak, he had climbed the tree. When he was on the topmost limbs, he was afforded a fine view of all outside the high garden wall.

The old man remembered many of his joys in the garden. He wished he could be there now, within the friendly sheltering walls, which were topped only by the great oak.

He began to cry like a child; quickly he turned from the gates of the garden. He walked on, much further, and when he was about to cross the road, he looked for his last time at the garden.

Michael Senft

UNDERWATER

"How is it? What's it like down there?" you ask as one of your fellow companions ascends the ladder. When the head gear is removed from him you see a rather glazed look on his face.

You wait impatiently for your turn on the small crowded boat. Your name is called. They are putting the gear on you and giving you a few instructions. Easy now. Brr'. The water is cold as you descend the ladder. Suddenly, as if by magic, you find yourself transported to another world.

You half float, half walk over to a large rock and sit down. Then you begin to look around. You want to see everything in this strange blue-green world.

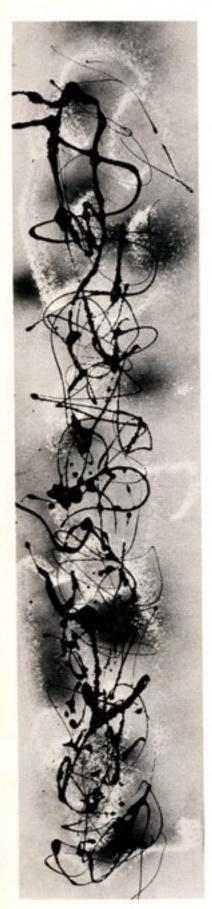
A school of fish swims by. You are careful not to move so that you don't disturb them. They stare at you out of bulging eyes. "Glub glub," they say. "Who are you? What are you doing here? Glub glub."

One startled fish almost bumps into you and quickly darts away. You try to laugh and then remember where you are. Many fish are now peering at you through the glass in your helmet. You stare back as fascinated as they.

There is a gentle tug at your air tube. You sigh, you ascend the ladder and climb slowly into your boat. It hardly seems possible that you have been underwater for fifteen minutes.

Your helmet is being removed. The sunlight seems glaring and false after the quiet of your other world. Many people ask you how it was, but you look beyond them. You start to say something and then change your mind. How could anyone possibly understand? You begin to wonder if it could possibly have happened to you, but then you look at your wrinkled hands and realize that it has happened. You are restless now, and slightly jealous of the person who is taking your place. You are anxious to return to the other world, the world underwater.

Carol Ebner



Michael Gray

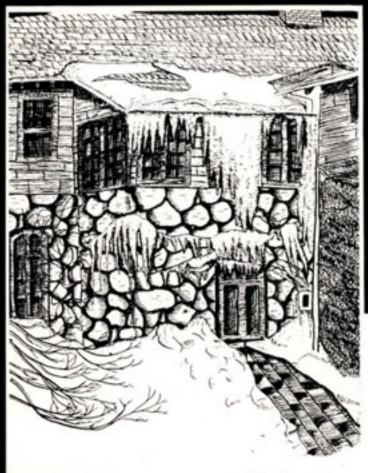
The people of heaven and hell roam in the same dwelling place. There is nothing different in the eternity spent in this Heavell. Nothing differs, except for one thing — the people of hell can see no beauty. They cannot see Rembrandt and Van Gogh, or read Shelley or Shake-speare. They can only see brothels and the filth of gutters.

One night in a dream, I wandered with both of these people and saw how each of them lived. When I entered the heavenly part of Heavell, it was as if I came upon a gigantic museum. Everywhere hung works of art, whether or not they were famous on Earth. I saw the blues of El Greco and Gainsborough the reds, yellows and greens of Van Gogh, and the abstracts of Picasso. As soon as a painter finished a picture on earth, it is immediately brought to heaven, so that there is one copy on Earth and one in heaven. God feels that there is no sense in having pictures on Earth if everyone does not take advantage of them. All the writings of mankind are here also, in a library that would make the Library of Congress appear as small as a telephone booth. All the writers and artists of heaven continue to create their works, so that heaven may appeciate their creativity on to eternity. This is the great reward of those in heaven; they may continue to create their wonderful works until the end of time.

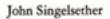
Then there fell upon me a great cloud of such black magnitude that it would make India ink appear almost white. I had now entered upon the hell part of Heavell. I felt as if I were buried under a gigantic pile of garbage, and no mater how hard I would try to dig myself out, it would be impossible. All around me were people with "no colored eyes." There were animals here too, robins without wings, canaries without voice boxes, lions and tigers without teeth. Nature and Beauty were completely out of balance. The hell people could see no beauty, had no libraries, museums, writers or artists: the only thing that they possessed was jealousy of one another.

Then the golden spears of morning bade me awake, and I thought of Earth. On Earth we have both heaven and hell, but in Heavell, the separation is made between the two. This then is the great curse of those in hell. While the people in heaven can always see beauty, those in hell are forced forever to see only filth and garbage.

Alan Groveman



Allan Fraenkel





THE BEACH

Not long ago, I went to the beach. The sand was white and warm, and the blue sea stretched out infinitely, vast and magnificent. I lay down upon the sand and watched the sea come rolling in, in the form of huge breakers, whipping the sand and shallow water into paroxysms of fury.

I watched the children, in their folly, toss themselves upon the breakers, be swept away, and eventually be pounded down upon the sand as the wave broke. They would laugh, get up, and once more try to buck the waves as they inexorably rolled in upon the beach. The children never seemed to learn that the waves would always get the better of them, no matter how hard they threw themselves at them.

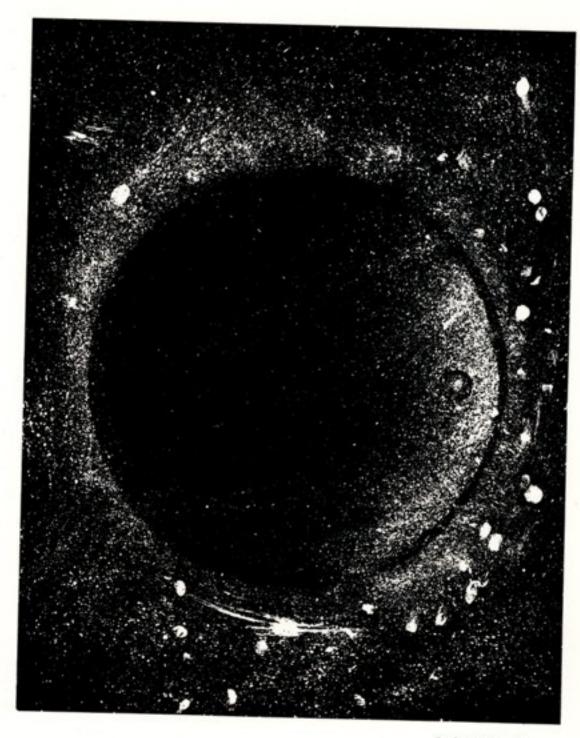
As for me, I would swim out past the breakers, and float with the waves, or let them wash over me, whichever the case be. This I would do, for I have had experience, having been tossed among the waves at one time like a cork, also, and realized that I would never get the better of the waves.

But actually, for the children, all this isn't very important, for they can enjoy only one childhood, and, after all, it is much more fun for them to consider themselves master of the waves than to consider the waves master of them. It isn't terribly important for the children to realize their fallacy, for, as I said, they have only one childhood to enjoy.

Richard Morgalis



John Singelsether



Barbara Beitscher

The universe is so vast a place. Miles and miles their number is almost beyond comprehension. Where do we fit into this universe of ours? Man — a strange animal with strange ways; blessed with the power of the human mind — a mind that can encompass the world in a second; the universe in a thought. And from the mind comes curiosity, a human curiosity that asks who am I and what is beyond the stars?

But the knowledge we look for is as vast as the universe itself. There is so much to be done. We can only say we have made a beginning.

Barbara Beitscher



My dear Seniors:

It is always hard to say "good-bye" but especially difficult when one's thoughts and plans and hopes and labors have been so deeply concerned with the well-being and success of those who are departing. I wish that I could say something so wise, so significant that it would stay with you to stimulate and inspire you toward your best efforts and highest goals, to console and comfort you in times of frustration and disappointment and to add a note of joy to your moments of success and glory.

Even though I have laid much stress on the importance of grades and test-scores as the sine-qua-non for your college acceptance, these are, after all, the means but not the end of achievement. What is most important for your whole life is the kind of person you are, the values which determine your thoughts and actions and relationships. If you really care about truth and honesty and dependability, you will strive to make these qualities your very own, you will be tne best student you can be, and you will be able to be a true and lasting friend. And, as your horizons expand, you, will come to know the real joy of life in giving of your talents and training to your work, your family, your friends and your community. Then you will indeed come to a full realization of my hopes for you.

Next September when you go, as expectant and eager freshmen, to enter college, instead of anxiously waiting at Cherry Lawn to hear from you, I shall be in Paris on the first part of my long-dreamed-of trip around the world. I shall think of you often as I experience the wonders of Egypt, India, Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan and Hawaii, wanting to know how things are going with each and every one of you. I'll be back at Cherry Lawn in December and hope to see you all at the Christmas Party, 1961.

Always devotedly yours, Lettie Lee Craig



Dear Class of 1961:

Each day in the library the Senior calendar reminds us that we are one day closer to the moment of graduation. And the closer that moment comes, the greater the air of expectancy. "Quo Vadis?" — Whither goest thou? — is the question uppermost in our minds. To further education, experience, growth? Of course. But that is just the beginning of the journey. While we are concerned about the immediate educational steps ahead, we are much more concerned about the long journey after that. Where you go is in large part determined by what you are. And what you are is determined by how well equipped you are.

We hope that Cherry Lawn has provided the atmosphere, the spitit and the quality of life that has not only equipped you for the steps ahead, but has pointed out the direction in which you should go and has led you to a commitment to that purpose. The basic weakness in America lies in the great numbers of our population who are uncommitted Americans. America, by nature of its origins, its founding principles and historical precedents, is a nation of committed peoples, and only in the measure of our effective satisfaction of our commitments lies our opportunity for survival. Nothing can sap the national strength more than nihilism, a belief in and commitment to nothing. The concepts of democracy grow or die within each one of us in terms of the degree to which we nurture them.

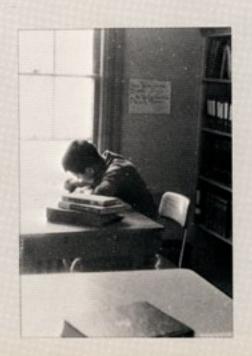
These commitments we must exercise in the countless associations of every-day living, in loyalty to family, community, country, religion and to mankind at large. Doing that we individually contribute to the image of the kind of America which we can become and for which the world of democracy hungers.

We would like to believe that your commitment has to some extent been determined and refined in the time you have spent as a member of the Cherry Lawn family. Our hopes and prayers are with you. May God bless you and light your way.

> A. A. Medved Acting Director

















Lauri Wilson



Lawrence Gorfinkle

I wondered,

and wandered on.

Through the trees.

Below the branches.

Through the tall trees,

and suddenly looking into the face of a snow

bal

blossom. and up, into a tower of them.

and up,

Looking up,

And then,

breathing,

trembling

violets.

three Cupping one in my hands like the flame of a match

I wondered,

below,

and wandered on.

Through the upright trees.

I saw a leaf.

Like any other leaf, masculine and green. I turned it over and found twilight grey.

Wandering on.

Secrets:

paths, glens.

Surprises:

A bush of white candle flames with waxy green leaves, an adolescent sparrow.

The biggest surprise:

A secret place.

Not breathing,

I enter.

A chair!

Whose?

Someone's.

Whose?

Who knows my twilight garden?

In agony I ask,

and am comforted by baby's breath like a sigh and mists of faery, flyaway dandelions.

I wonder,

and wonder on.

The branches weave over me like lace.

I bend beneath them,

secret,

wondering.

Lauri Wilson



William Hardy





Meryl Lidsky

A wise old man on encountering a youth, asked where he was going. The novice replied:

I am going to study so that I might learn of the world and understand the problems with which my people are confronted. My heart aches with the desire to learn. I am going to roam the paths of the world among people of all walks of life; among rich, poor, happy and sorrowful. I am going to experience love end enjoy nature. I will learn not from books but from people, the ways of the universe as God has fashioned it. It will look at the sea, the sky and the earth. I will see life begin and end. I will encounter men vanishing from before my eyes because of poverty and disease, and others exhuberant in the success of their flourishing businesses. But wherever I go, I will meet my people and become enlightened in the ways of my God.

Meryl Lidsky



Beverly Mason







Henry Orgel





Mira Frost



John Natanson





Peter Bogart



Roy Duboff

The massive buildings stood motionless on the cold pavement. Between them streams of sunlight shone through, Each one adding to the oncoming day.

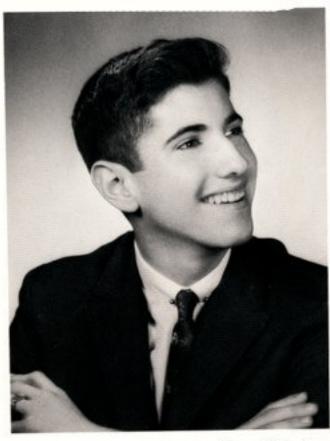
Peter Bogart



Vicki Choron

I despise you because you are everything
that I am not
Because your dreams are realities
While mine are still unborn, unconceived.
I despise you because you possess all that I want
Because you are more fortunate
All my blessings went unsung, unloved.
I despise you because I so blindly believed
that hate would compensate for all I lack —

I despise you rather than myself.



Robert Westheimer



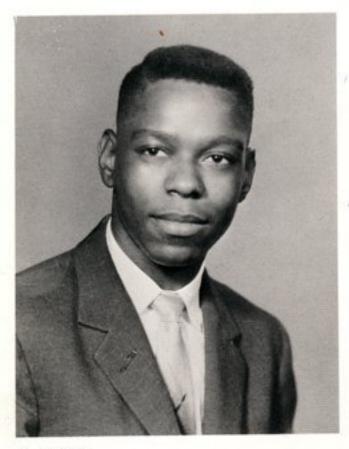
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Claude Pines

When ego and association are transcended through meditation, and the stream of earthly consciousness joins the ocean of universal awareness, harken then to innate intuition, to the voice of profound emotion, for this is revelation.

Claude Pines



Frank Hailey



Penny Edwards



Roger Richman



Michael Gray

Judith Sall





Maxine Rabinovitch

Run! Youth. Oh how you must run. Experience, Love, hate, fear, joy, oblivion. Prepare, For grief, the unexpected and the depths of depression. Learn all that you may. Reach out with an excess of vitality. Grasp at everything within sight. Decide what you want from life. Dream! Hope! Wish! Formulate ideals. Direct the essence of your being Toward the struggles ahead. Then one day, You will meet with real life. It will stun you Like a slap on your cheek. It will haunt you Through every hour of your existence. And your ideals will be Nothingness . . . Your waking moments will consist of An occasional smile, A lingering caress And an endless flow of tears. Cry! Screech! This is not the world You had so eagerly anticipated. Protest! And tire. Then will you learn That which is necessary For all aspects of your being. Acceptance! Of the patterns of life and of living. Seek order! In nature, In the world And within your individuality. Then ... Live!

Julia Schopick



TO BORIS PASTERNAK written before his death

Yours is the face of brilliance,
Yet you are Miller's "Man With the Hoe,"
Oppressed by forces from within and without.
Yours is the face of sadness.
To look upon it leads me to weep.
I weep because you cannot talk
Without fear of punishment.
You say that you cannot leave Russia,
For she is your motherland.
Yet she is the slavemaster who flogs you
And will not stop.
You stay with her, weeping to yourself.
Quietly, bothering no one.
Accepting her blows as if they were your just desert.
There is no hope, nothing to do
But to wait,

And to write,

And to be patient.



Kathie Berlin



Robert Edelman



Peter Marcus

Jane Schuler





Christopher Medved





Each face, each group of faces, has contributed something to what lies behind the sign. It stands for everything it has seen:

all the faces,
all the atmospheres,
all the intangibles in the faces,
and the idea which all these things combine to form.

The Cherry Pit Staff wishes to thank all those who have contributed to the support of the yearbook including:

Norbert Natanson Kenneth Lubel Ruth Berlin Edward Miller Mildred Bleier Richard Morgalis Harriet Gray Stephen Neustat Victor Jacobs Andrew Neuwirth Rosalind Neuwirth John Pagano Maud B. Varden Mark Pine John Shepherd Florence Rabinovitch Seymour Reed Bruce Tapper Gordon A. Duff Craig Varden Herbert M. Gorfinkle Robert Westheimer Charlotte Hahn Jud Whyte Max A. Woodbury William Willard Henry Fruhauf Lauri Bilik Roy Duboff Leigh Bacal Robert Gelb Barbara Beitscher William Gordon Barbara Beloff Michael Gray Kathie Berlin Ronald Greenberg Nickie Bohm Alan Groveman Susan Botwick Howard Herships Vicki Choron Jeffrey Klothe Nancy Darling Keith Kuperman Penny Edwards

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Manor House Government

and all those whose names were not in at the time of publication.

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	in of Hay Photographers, Stamford, Connecticut

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We would also like to say a special thank you to our printers, T. O'Toole & Sons of Stamford, Connecticut, particulary to Mr. John Kosinski for his patience.

We Thank All The Jeachers

of

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Ø

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