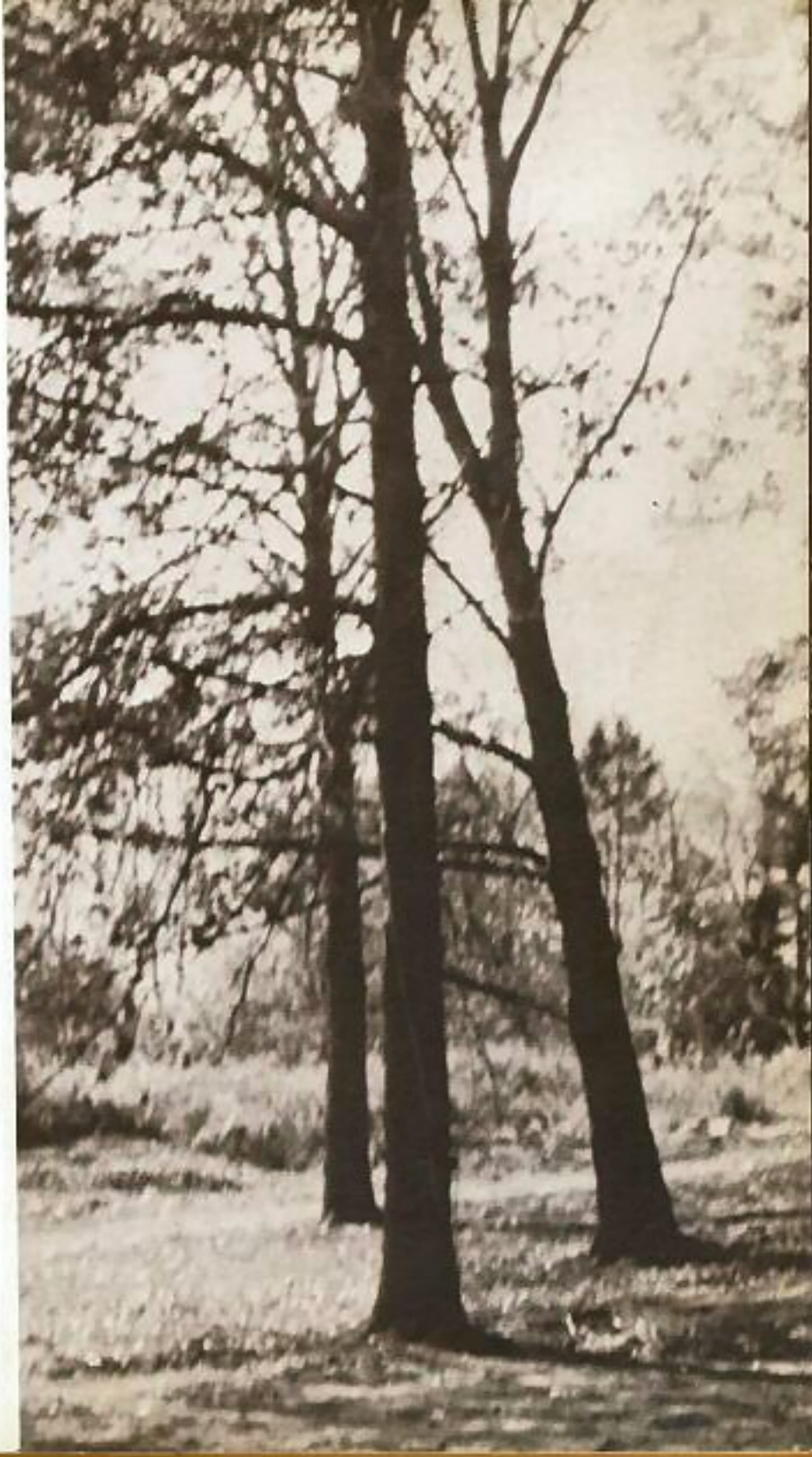




CHERRY PIT 1962



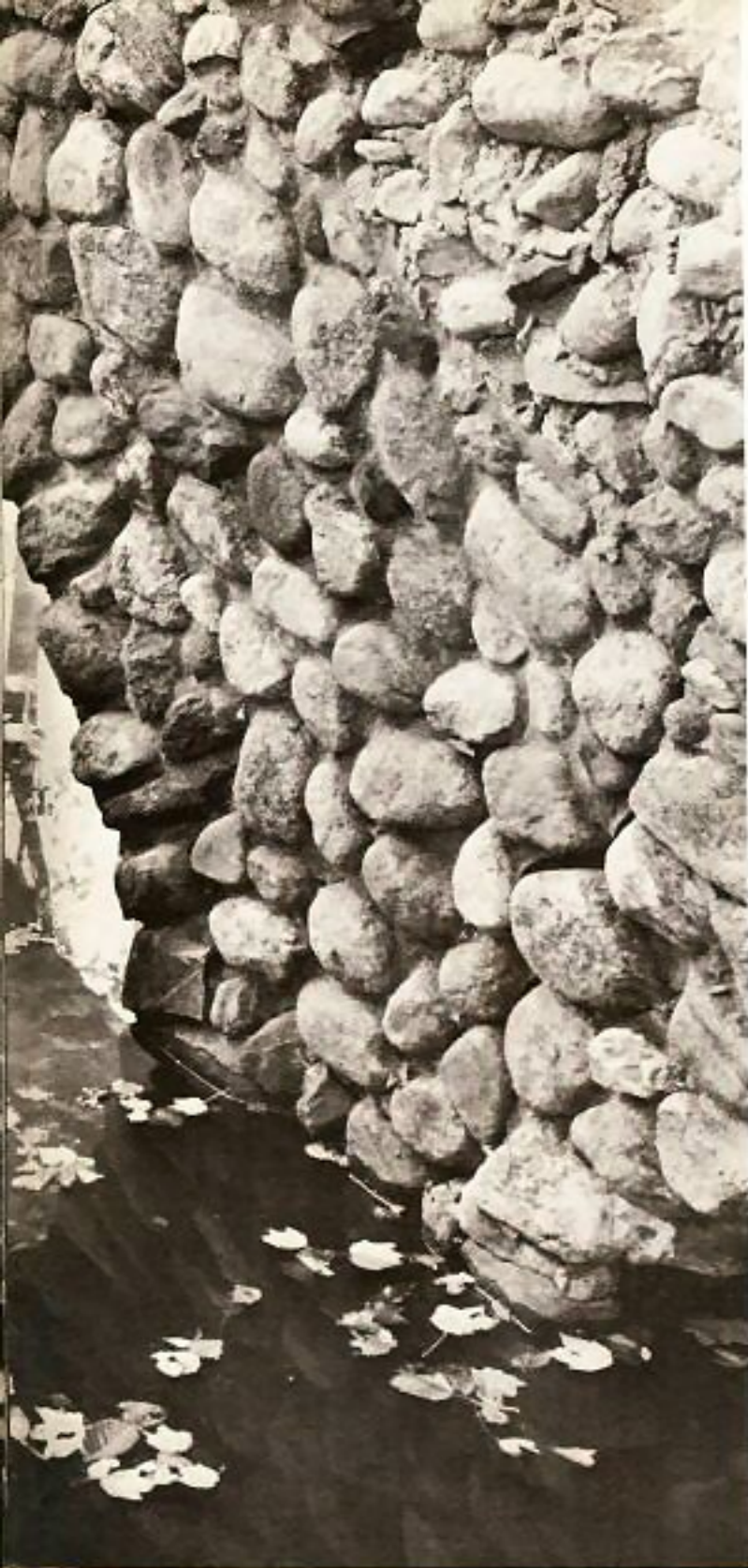


This Book is Dedicated to Basil Burwell in Grateful Appreciation

of His Consistent Contribution to Cherry Lawn.







June, 62
Dear Mark,
I wish
you the best
of luck
always —

Best
wishes,
Ejonne

I
was alone
And lightning flashed
And the wild winds blew
And the young leaves shuddered
Then the wild winds ceased
And the lightning died
And clouds left
And alone

I



Mom -
 POWER, JENNIFER
 BUT BORN IN 1940
 SO NOT GOOD MATCH
 HAVE MANY MISTAKES
 17







Mark
Best Wishes
for a successful
future.
M.O. Totten



To Mark
With all good wishes
Therese R. Brennan

Best of everything "Mr. Upton"



Querido Mark.
Le deseo una
vida plena de éxito,
alegría y amor.
Sinceramente,
Mildred M. Trujas

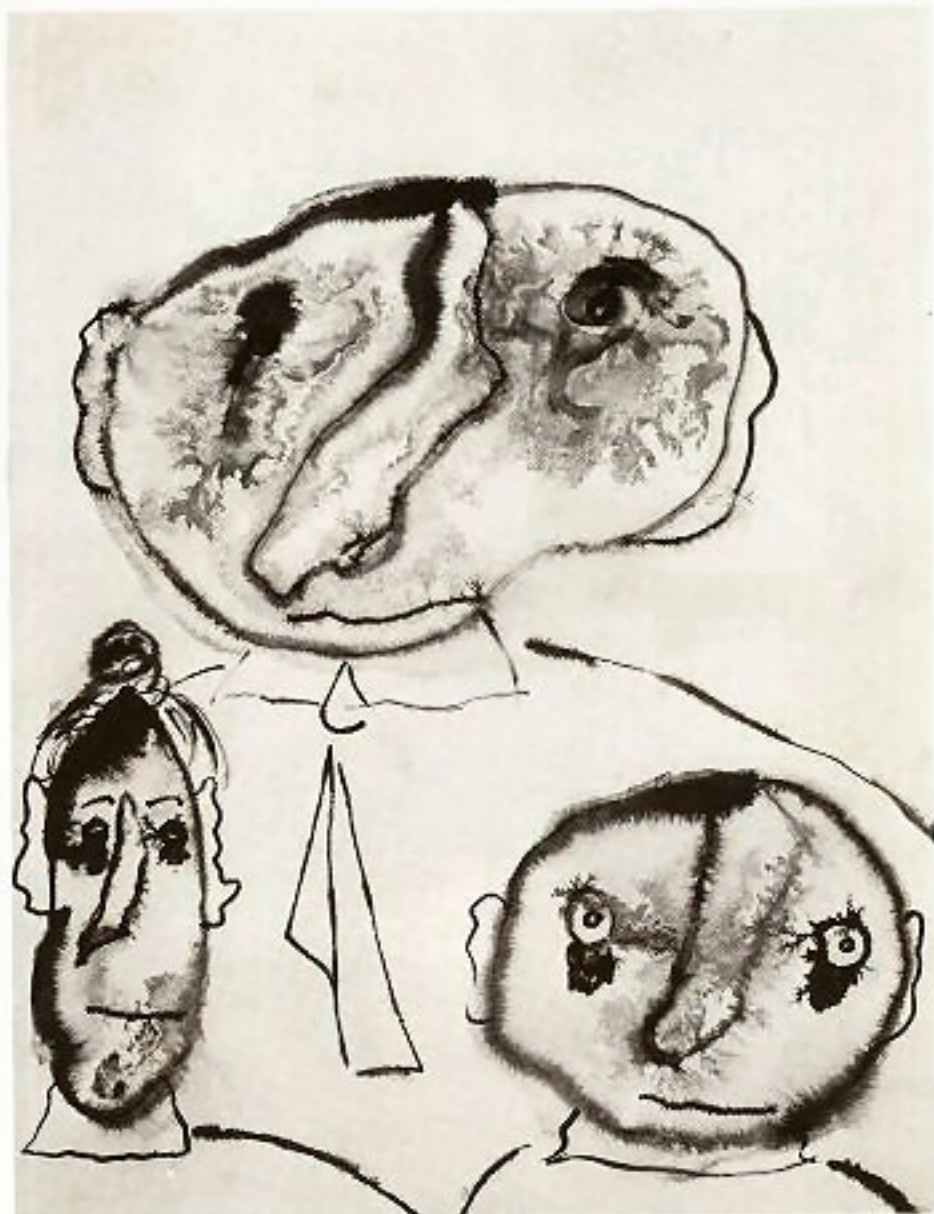




Mike Silkin, Thomas Olmstead, Steve Steinberg, Miss Kohler, Nicole Bontori, Sven Lindblad, Joseph LaFrenti, John Barosa, Almost—Bruce Detweiler, Benja Grabe, Larry Morgan.

LOWER SCHOOL





Billy Blitt

SNOW

Clean, white, brilliant snow
As it fell I wondered why
Why it fell so silently
I love the snow
Oh, I love it just so
I love this clean, cold,
mysterious snow.

Larry Morgan

SNOW

The cold winter night
with everything bright
The small fluffy flakes
fall on the earth
And there in the night
they fall with delight.

Nicole Bottari





Alan Moos, Jeffrey Zaas, Lyn Root, Jerry Schwartz, Steven Chack,
Jeanne Dworkin, Absent—Rebecca Glass.





Ten Eyck Woodbury, Don Yurman, Stanley Stern, Joel Schwartz, Randy Feinstein, Mike Newman



Lovely Greenberg



John Allen, Louis Blaser, Billy Siftin, Abby Hayoff, Barry Gordon, Michael Garfinkel, Michael Boris, Beverly Greenberg, Paula Kerner, Howard Davis. Absent—George Mackleanis, Thomas Neuwith, Elinor Schwadron.

THE OLD TREE

That old tree has seen better years. Now that it is old, it not as sturdy as in its childhood. Every year a new branch rots, a new bough breaks.

The weathered bark is mottled as the light and shadow play on the wrinkled surface. The grooves and carvings tell the story of its long life. In some places the bark is torn off, laying the wood underneath bare to the wind.

The multi-shaded leaves strain towards the sunlight. Among the uppermost leaves are patches of blue summer sky.

Joel Schwartz





Barbara Fisk, Cathy Sablo, Lois Gabbe, Kathryn Schenker, Carlo Dyer, John Ternas, Stephen Barnstein, Jeffrey Nemora. Absent—Mark Russell, Jim Murphy, Charles Morgan.

Dear Mark,
Good luck
in the years
to come, in
whatever you do.
Barbara

Dear Mark
Best of luck next year. Have
a good summer. Don't ever lose
your Detroit accent.
Your friend,
Carla



Dear Mark,
 you better
 try harder & wrestling,
 cause Reggie Bee
 will get you next year.
 and you better work harder
 to, as you get on H.R. better
 in some outside. to get better
 and a funny I don't know what
 like to say. Great love
 what
 never mind



FRESHMEN

Dear Mark,
 It's been great
 to know you this year
 I hope you have a
 wonderful summer.

Jeff
 1969



Sherry Mathnick, Hilary Fried, Warty Steinberg, Jeff Thorstead, Valiquette Randle, Richard Berkowitz, Jim Kinberg, Thomas Kennedy, Ernest Harrison, Curtis Millnowski, Bethel Stroh.
 Absent—Judy Boris, Gail Atkinson, Nancy Gorman.

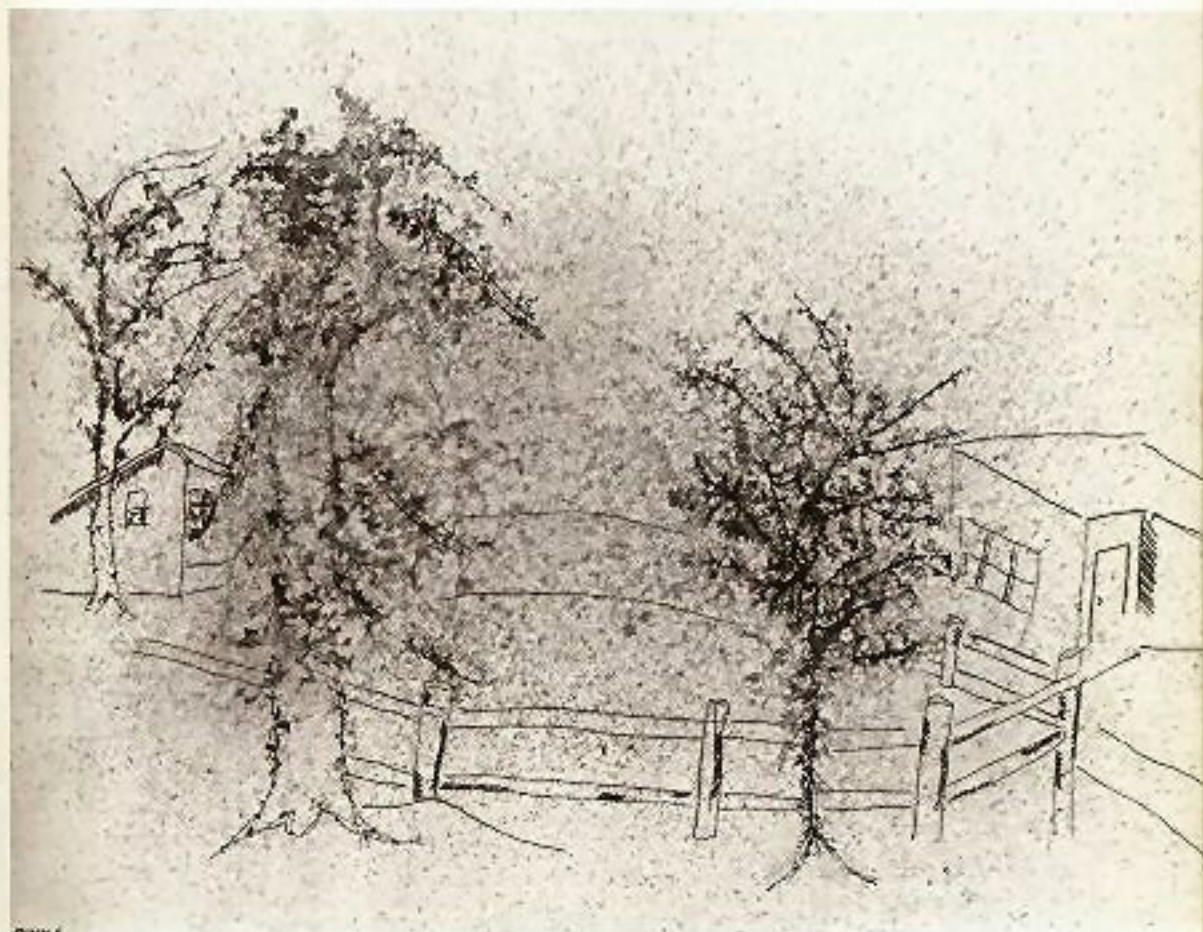


Valiquette Rundle

Listen to the wind. Feel the crunchy, rustling leaves that fall meekly at its breath. The water is still, then ripples slightly, as a solitary red gold curl floats lightly down from the tresses of a nearby tree. There is a picture in the pond, a forest which sways slightly with each undulation of murky glass.

Sherry Muchnick





Vollquette Rundle

DEPENDENTS ALL

Down deep in the fertile valley, beyond the babbling brook and beyond row on row of mighty oaks, lay a rich green field. The grass in this field was so pure that it reflected the light, like diamonds, from its dew covered blades. The ground was softest turf, with not as much as a pebble to mar its quality, and the brook flowed with sweet water.

In this field lay a yearling calf, comfortably nestled against the soft earth, munching on sweet grasses, as it basked in the noon day sun of late summer. It quivered as a warm southern breeze caressed it, and the clover in the field seemed to quake.

Summer was in its height; the dogwoods were in blossom and filled the air with sweet ambrosia.

The calf rose majestically and started toward the far field where its mother was grazing. The mother, seeing her calf coming, raised her head and lowed with pleasure. The calf came to her and, nuzzling against her warm side, began to suck the sweet milk. Then leaving her, he began to graze. He walked down the pasture, along the great stone wall which protected it against the chill winds that came from the highland slopes. The wall seemed like a sentry guarding the field against any perils that might lurk on the other side. The wall was worn and, in one place, a huge gap appeared in it. The calf came to this spot, crossed over to the other side and wandered. As he walked, the hard earth and jagged stones cut his feet. The briars scratched his back and tore the flesh from it. The pines towered above the slope, blotting out the sun and making the day seem like midnight. Thin, straggly weeds poked their ugly heads through the hard clay. The calf, hungering, began to chew on these sour weeds but, finding them distasteful, spat them to the ground. A sudden chill overcame the calf, and he whimpered at the thought of the right green pasture. Sick from hunger and pain, he fell to the ground. He bellowed a loud mournful tone and, raising his head in a last desperate struggle, fell to the ground.

The last breath of life had passed from the calf. The hoot owl screeched in the midnight, and the jackals awaited with hungry eyes.

Ernest Morrison

"Your daddy was a gamblin'
man,"
My mother said to me.
"He left me when you were a
child,
Though he meant the world to
me."

"I know your daddy loved me
true,
For tattooed on his arm
Was a heart of love that bore
my name
And was his good luck charm."

I did not heed my mother's words
To leave the cards alone.
I took to gamblin' just like Dad
And left my mother's home.

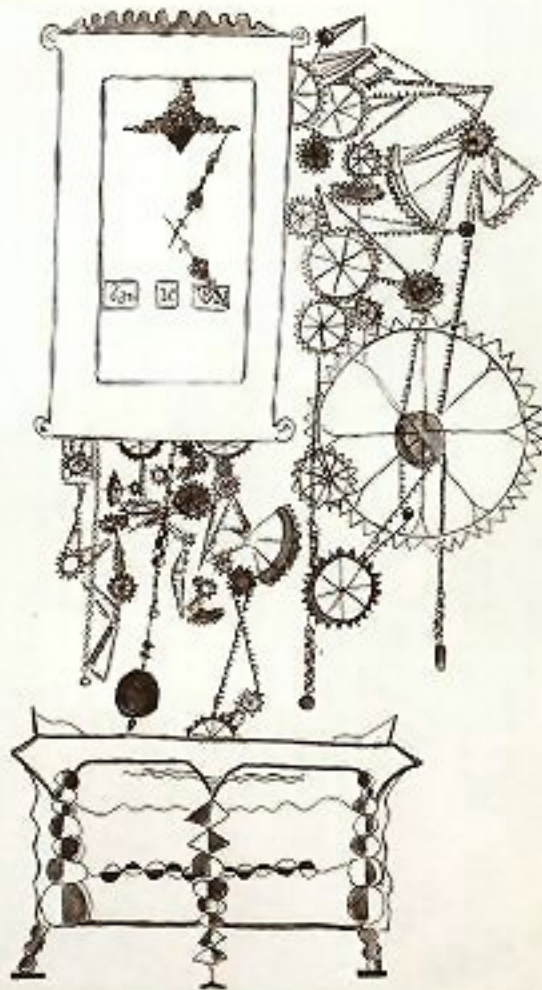
One night a game was gather'd
'round,
The deck was dealt and drawn,
An old man sat across from me,
And this is what I saw.

From out his sleeve he pulled a
card,
And I pulled out my gun.
I shot him dead, not knowing then,
What evil I had done.

He fell across the table,
His hand reached out in vain,
His sleeve slid back and on his
arm
I could see so plain —

I gazed down at his lifeless form,
And hung my head in shame.
For on his arm was a tattooed
heart,
And I saw my mother's name.

Carla Dyer



Stephen Bornstein









My work,
 Brown,
 a great kid,
 They all mean
 the same. You are a
 good friend & a great kid.
 We hope our friendship
 lasts for the next 2 years.
 You lucky
 BZS



Ronald Greenberg, Michael Simon, Louise Phillips, Cheryl Stark, Richard Bantel, Richard Margalit, Adrienne Zibit, Jody Berman

SOPHOMORES



TO YOU

I think of you
And then I know
That deep inside
There is a feeling
Which makes the thought
Want to grow
And that old thing
That's called a memory
Won't matter when the
Time has come—like now
To speak of you and me
And what we have
And what we are
And mostly
What we'll be
That old thing that's
Called a memory
That blows so quickly
In the wind
And leaves us in the world
Where we can blow away—
Together—

Cheryl Stark

Don't
You're born
a nice kid
Thank you very
much for all the
times we had at the
Pine. Congrats on your
graduation!
Love always,
Barbara

you're making
a great
friend with a
lot of personality!
Don't forget
to play to
win!
Love,
Barbara



Barbara Glazer, Carol Reed, James Trenstead, Linda Suchacki, Richard Bakkeem, Nancy Mohr, Kathleen
Garcia, Yvonne Picard, Edward Taylor, Mark Sharbow, Elliot Wall, Absent—Yvonne Picard, Leslie Rosenberg,
Mary Suchacki.

Tom Luederick, Margaret Barone, Pat Bassett, Nicki Baker, Kerry Lebel, Eugene Golden, Michael
Bady, Michael Smith. Absent—Christopher Burnell, Robert Nalin.



Thank's,
Smile - you only have 2 years
left at Cherry Lawn! Don't give up the
ship. Best wishes, July 8
Mickie Smith

Hi Mark,
It has been a
pleasure knowing
you this year and I
hope that we will continue
our warm friendship.
Kathy Butler

To a real great kid
who've I had alot
of fun with
(esp. during biology
classes!)

Love always
Carol
P.S. Good Luck!



Michael Eady

THE ROBOTS

The long column trudged wearily down the road, a thick coat of dust billowing up into the men's faces and making them cough. Sweat which became mixed with dust and trickled down their necks caused their wool jackets to chafe and irritate their skins. They marched as if unconscious of this, their heads bowed, turning neither to right nor left. Here and there an officer addressed the line, urging men forward on their swollen and bloody feet. The men cursed him and trudged on.

The countryside for miles around was bare and flat and the column was made easy prey to the unrelenting sun. Men who had fought with bravery dropped to the roadside, crying for water, but found only dust and dried up grass. The rest, their lips and faces cracked, kept on marching in a dazed sleep with their heads bowed, turning neither to right nor left.

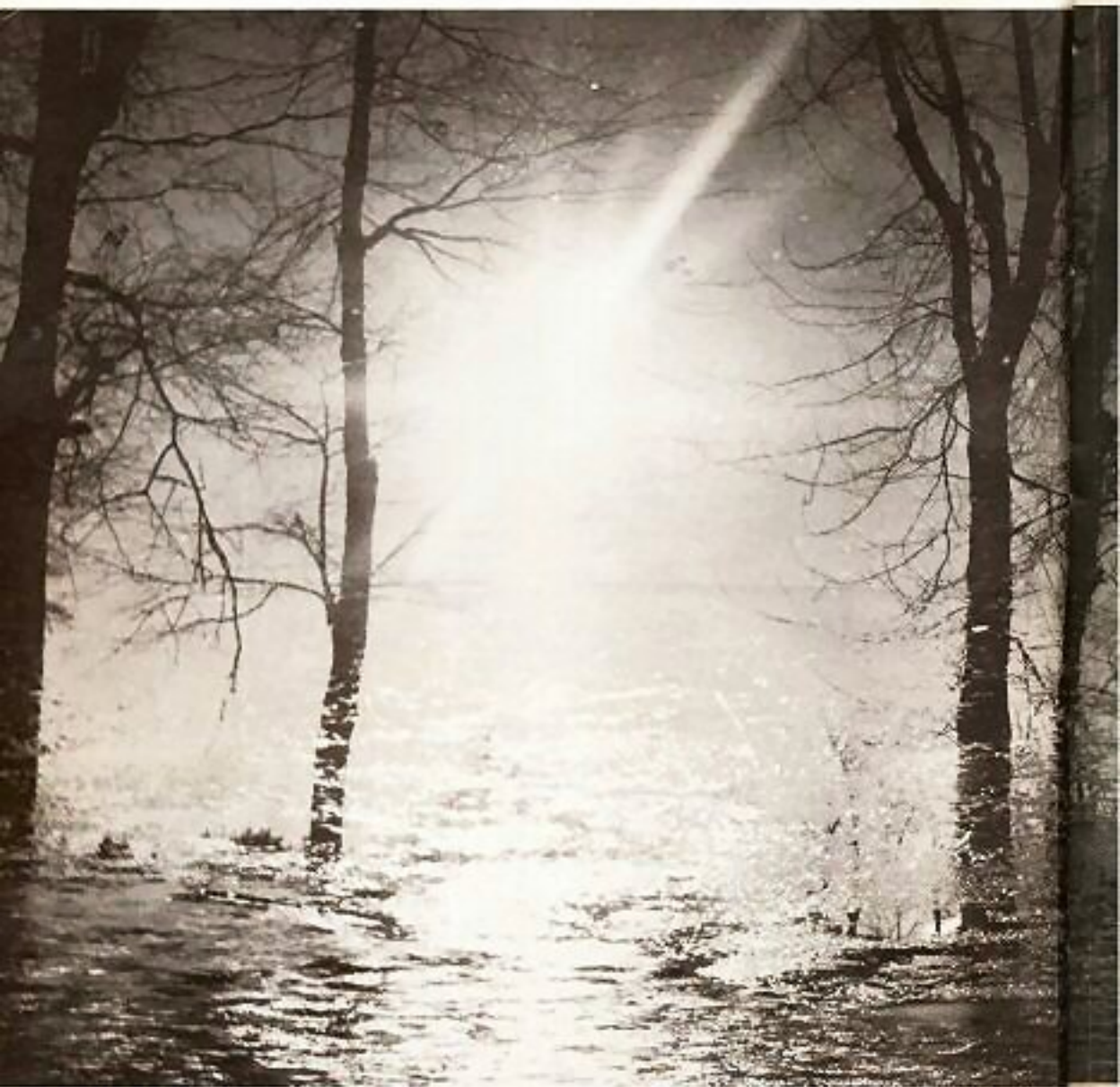
Christopher Burwell

BEACH

A heavy, salted mist clings to the few weeds and bushes scattered about. The fences, put up to halt the sand from sliding, are down in spots, some completely covered. Seagull tracks crisscross the sand; the gulls are gone now. Some cellophane wrappers rustle in the breeze, the remains of sandwiches. Burnt wood is scattered about, beer cans are found among the wood, remains of fun and picnic.

The thunder of the waves hangs heavy in the air, but the mist is slowly rising.

Michael Senft





Michael Body

beat . . . beat . . . flight with a drum behind me and the noise of a white age stings my feet as each thorn grows sharper, redder — migraine sharp — mixed with deeper drums, deeper than pounding water, oh God, deeper than the mad-violent, crashing rocks diving over cliffs, deeper than the Pacific's crater . . . deeper than deeper . . .

salty steam laps my neck, writhing and twisting with glee, and still my feet burn, burn . . . the sun has a steam halo — bluey heat swelters—my body sweats . . .

all time, no time . . . for my mind — no time . . . for my body—all time . . . for it is working, contriving, frantic — and my mind is dead . . . eyes are turning, roving in steam, glinting maniacal, radiating the pain of our whiteness . . . yes, Jesus —our very whiteness . . . we are puny, droop-lipped, red-eyed, scarred—cowards . . .

my transparent, blue-veined skin with its soft feet—soft and the jagged rocks and thorns rip them and breath is short . . . oh, Lord—that I were only black—black and real, black and alive with life . . . steam chokes not the black man — strong, black, calloused feet kick these wretched thorns . . .

drums, drums . . . beating, beating . . . but black fingers can play these drums and we cannot — for theirs are men fingers and ours reek of money . . . they rejoice in a high, high, black-red mountain, a sun-ridden, air-filled mountain . . .

my feet drag and the feet of all the milk-white centuries drag . . . we have no place to flee . . . we have been running all our lives while they have been building—building . . . our God is a bunch of black books, bangles and red velvet . . . our core is black and theirs is white . . . now we come to our end—the private hell we have been creating ever since our dawn.











Top: Robert Shankman, Sally Walk, Pedro Gaeskenheiner, Madelyn Kaplan, Val Jarone. Bottom: John Shepherd, Ed Miller, Jose Linter, Jonathan Jacobs, Joel Kleinwald. Absent—Robert Dennis, Stanley Diamond.

To Jimmy Cricket,
It's been nice knowing you this year.
Good luck in the future. See you next year.

[Signature]

JUNIORS

Max,
you're a
great kid
and I wish
you'll be
here in the
future. In my
spirit & I
hope should
have been yours
this year.

[Signature]





Lyns Raskie

The sun, hot and hazy, in a blue sky
Looks down
 Upon a man, alone, walking
 Under an arch, remembering
Echoes of voices, faces, laughter, tears
He walks . . . alone . . . remembering.



I stood stunned, blankly staring at the brutally serrated blade clenched in my hand so tightly that it oscillated back and forth, evilly reflecting snatches of light from the street lamps. Why? Why, I wondered, did I let him lead me here?

Far down the street approaching footsteps sounded. Was this the coming crisis or just another one of us? The footsteps inexorably grew louder, then died away in a different direction. I felt sweat pouring off me in large, cold globules. My wet hand clenched and unclenched around the carved knife handle. I thought suddenly that there was actually no basis, no rationale, for this burning prejudice. This entire violation of human rights was unjustifiably wrong. How barbaric, how savage, how utterly stupid this whole impotent affair was! What savages have we yet to become!

"Ross," I said, "Ross, I won't." You're a fool to stand in the way of progress and justice. I'm pulling out. And you're afraid to do it alone, aren't you? You know that you can't prove anything, don't you? You don't even want to do this anyway, do you,"

There was no answer.

"We're drunk, Ross; come on. We're going home."

Tersely: "Here comes one."

Silently I crouched behind a bush, tendons tensely protruding, waiting.

opposite

Janet Rosenberg

Barry Minin

Thomas Cummings

John Pagano

Helen Kanelous

Bruce Ross

Diane Krebger

David Stein

Lyra Roskin

Andy Neuwirth

right

Steve Neustat

Craig Varden

Mike Cramer

John Novales

Barbara Beitscher

Lori Bilik

Ariane Sylva

Susan Botwick

Carol Lepofsky

Absent:

Valentine Ezra

Jeffrey Greene



Dear Mark,

It has been a
pleasure knowing
such a great boy
like you.

I wish you a good
life, a happy life
and the best of all
to your heart's desire

Love
Tina

A CHILD MOVING INLAND

She lived by the sea for so many years
That she stopped noticing long ago
The swish of the water against the rocks,
The cry of the gulls when the tide was low.

She never heard, as she lay in bed,
The sea wind whispering past our door
Or the constant murmuring all night long
Of a restless sea upon sandy shore.

It is only since we have come away
That we find her listening for the sea.
I think she had never guessed before
How strangely silent a night could be.

Helen Kanelous

THE LISTENER

The trees stood naked, silhouetted appallingly alone against the slate sky. Unattended and bare they stretched their arms beseechingly towards the heavens. Although they stood transfixed and imploring, no one heeded them. No one heard. Their silent cry went unanswered.

No soul heard but mine. Yes, I heard their cry. Indeed, my whole being seemed encompassed by their call. How, then, could the others not hear? Could they not feel the terrible vibrations—or was I alone the listener?

I alone, alone in the ghastly grey, heard the thundering noise. Louder and louder, intense loudness, crashing about me. And then—silence.

Had they been answered? Had their naked arms been covered and their lonely souls fulfilled? Or had all hope been lost?

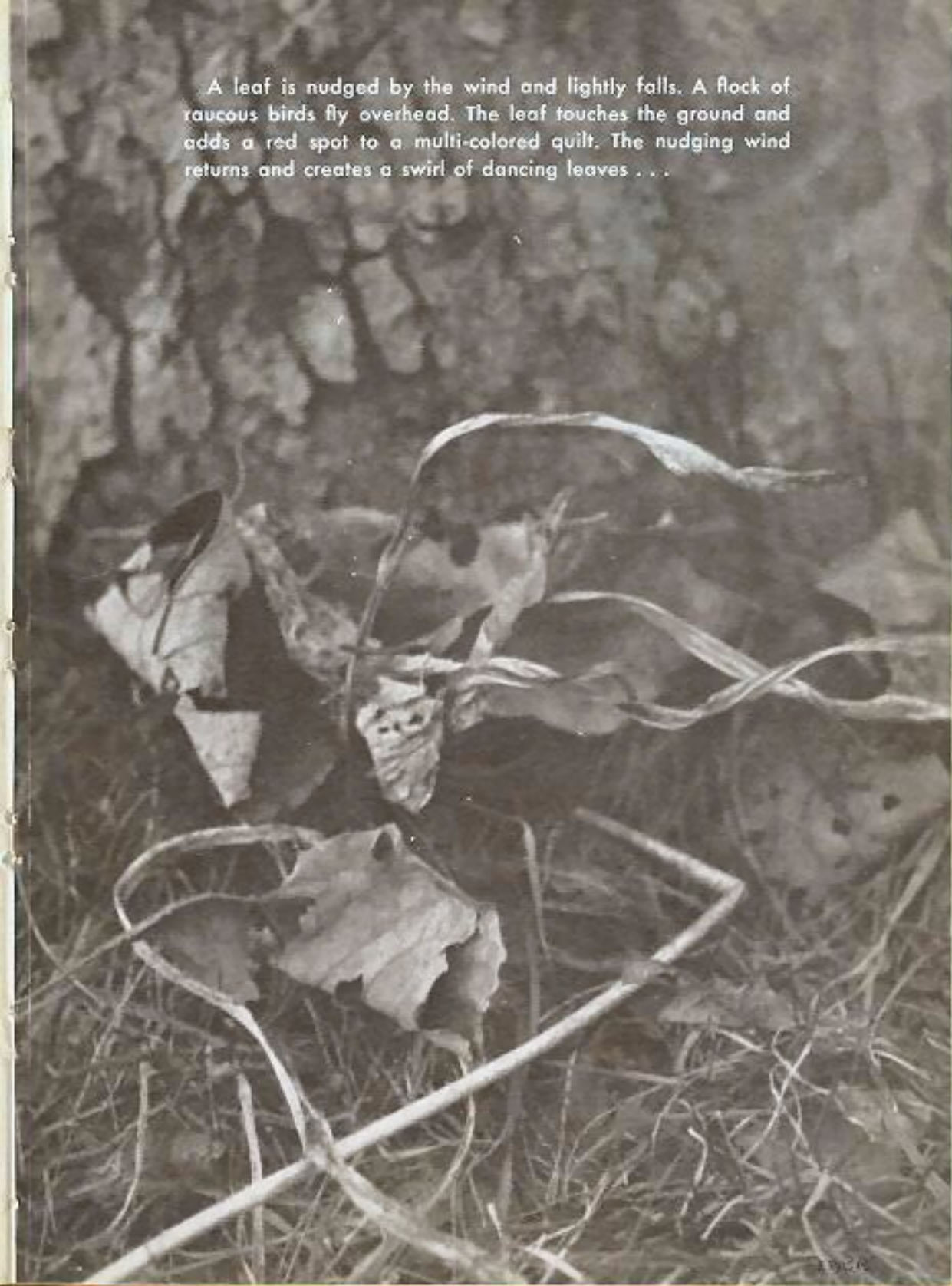
A low moaning eased itself through the branches. It wrought heart-rending sighs from these lonely creations of God. And still, no one heard, no one sensed and no one knew.

Only I, the listener, heard them. For now, as never before, I was one of them.

Lori Bilik



A leaf is nudged by the wind and lightly falls. A flock of raucous birds fly overhead. The leaf touches the ground and adds a red spot to a multi-colored quilt. The nudging wind returns and creates a swirl of dancing leaves . . .





My dearest Seniors,

When I returned to Cherry Lawn and to my Seniors in late November, I was filled to overflowing with a profound feeling of thanksgiving for my country, my school and my friends and students. The beauty and wonder of foreign lands was marvelous and exciting; the poverty and need of millions of people, depressing and frightening. As I went about in Bombay, Singapore, Saigon and Hong Kong, where I saw evidences of the fabulous wealth of the few and the desperate destitution of the many I kept thinking how lucky we Cherry Lawners are and how little we appreciate our great good fortune. I felt very humble, too, and eager to get back to work in order to deserve, in some small measure, the great privilege of being an American and a Cherry Lawner.

Somehow, I hoped to find all of you fired with the same enthusiasm, ready and eager to "go-go-go," and with a clear idea of your direction and goals. Of course, I realize that without experiencing contrasts and acquiring perspective, you can not as yet fully integrate your ideals and your efforts to attain them. Now is the time for you to be aware of the privileges you enjoy and also of the responsibilities which they entail. Opportunities to do so surround you in innumerable details of everyday life here and now and will challenge you to increasingly mature thought, judgment and action during your college years. Every day you are being the kind of person you are and, at the same time, becoming the person you will be. What kind of person are you? Are you consciously striving to become the person you want to be?

I offer you the symbol of an equilateral triangle whose three sides represent (1) knowledge and wisdom, (2) desire for the "good" and, (3) inner courage and forceful action. Any combination of only two sides will lead to failure in the integration of your personality for a good life. With knowledge and fine ideals alone you will become a "do-nothing." Much evil and injustice will be done by those who have knowledge and the drive for action but lack ethical standards and ideals. The person who has a great desire to do right and the ability to act but who lacks knowledge on which to base his action will be the "bumbling stumbler," always doing the wrong things even though his motives be good. Can you relate these ideals to your own personal lives? It is my hope that you can and will, for I sincerely believe that only in this way can you achieve success and happiness.

Always devotedly yours,
Lettie Lee Craig

Dear Seniors,

The world which you are about to enter is a paradoxical one. It is one in which man holds within the palm of his hand, as never before, the power to create or to destroy. Our horizons are being stretched out to include distant places in outer space and at the same time narrowed to the prospects of digging in for bare survival in fall-out shelters. We have within our grasp the wisdom to conquer diseases which have plagued mankind since the beginning of time and also, at push-button length, the power to let loose forces capable not only of twisting and warping all of humankind but even of guaranteeing virtual extinction.

I turn again to the Chinese word for crisis which is composed of two words, one above the other: "Danger" and "opportunity." You will live in a world in crisis, and you must know that equal to the danger is the opportunity. The choice, to a large degree, represents the challenge to your generation.

In facing such a challenge, courage and resolution are not just desirable, but mandatory. There will have to be renewed dedication to the beauties and worth of human life, to the inner values of the heart and the spirit. Power is meaningless and material affluence is nothing without the conscience to use these things for good. Intelligence must be fortified with sound intention, or it is vain and useless.

The future lies with those who will use and develop the unique endowments of man to shape and to form, to look behind them in history and learn from past errors, and look forward into the cosmos and invoke the wonders of the world instead of the terrors. It lies with those who will search for the divine order within themselves and rise to it, who shall be known as having achieved wealth in terms of what they left behind of goodness and beauty and what they took with them in richness of spirit. The beachhead of any future worth contemplating will not be made on some foreign coastline or far planet in outer space, but in the conquests within our individual hearts and minds.

We have tried at Cherry Lawn to give you some inkling of the riches of the intellect and the values of the spirit. I hope you have a real awareness of these to take with you and that you will develop your understanding and intent through the years ahead.

Sincerely,
A. A. Medved,
Acting Director





John Singelsether



Leo Forchheimer



Beth Gutwillig



William Gordon



Lizabeth Sachar



Dear Mark,

Well, the final year has finally come for me, and I can honestly say that there are few people I regret to leave behind, but you are included in those few.

I can say with sincerity that you're one of the finest boys I've ever met, and I've always regarded you as a "great guy." Even though you're only a sophomore, you've acquitted much of that few people at your age know.

You have a warm, kind, and generous nature, and you should keep that with you always now and in future life. You've

really done a lot for me, and have constantly cheered me up when I've been in lousy moods. Even though you may sometimes think that you've bothered me, it isn't at all true. I honestly appreciate your humor and concern for me.

You deserve much out of life, and I know you'll work to get it - remember that you can get what you want as long as you work for it.

There will be few people that I'll probably communicate with next year, but I'll be sure to drop you a line whenever possible, and I know that just by writing to you, I'll be cheered up. I hope you do well in school next year, since it's your most important.

Love always!

Much love,

Judee '62

Clothed in black, she is alone, contemplating . . . thinking . . . revealing . . . As she kneels in the corner, she slowly lifts her head as if to gaze at the ceiling. Her thoughts pierce through, rise above towers and steeples, into the unknown above. What is this woman doing that seems so strange? She is praying . . . praying that the sins of man may be forgiven, that he may be diverted from evil to follow the path of the righteous and the good.

This woman is kind; this woman is compassionate; this woman is able to feel; but what purpose does she serve? Her prayers have not touched me; God is not within my soul. He is as always . . . intangible . . . out of reach. But, I am only one. What of you?

Her prayers moved you. They may have even helped you. You were chosen to see through the shadow of life a glimmering light. But if you cannot see God yourself, you have in reality not found him at all. He is artificial . . . seen through another's eyes . . . a falsity. No . . . I know God is no more, never was, and in the future shall never be.

Yet, time passes on . . . and in time those such as the woman in black shall have little meaning to the world, shall be of little significance to mankind.

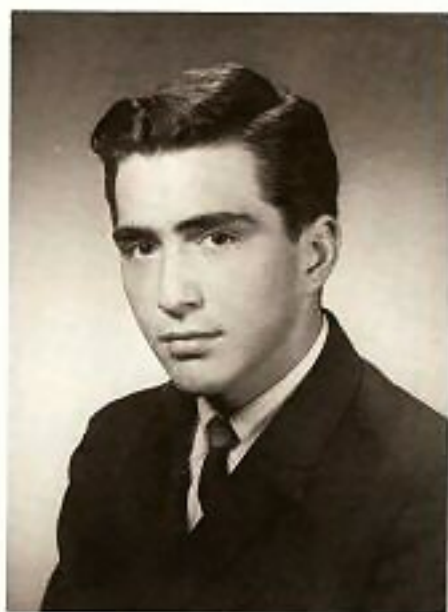
Dear Mark,

The end is finally here and it's
time to say good-bye. You really have
been a great friend of mine and I will
be very sad to see you leave the college
but of course you will be at school. I
wish you loads of luck in the future,
hope to be seeing you in the near future.
Have a great summer and work hard.

Best wishes,
Jeff



Jeffrey Klothe



Mark Pine

Mark,

Really love office work
for a person, and if your
name is Mark you have
a hard start over most
of the people here. Sincerely,
May you have the very
best of work in all you
do.

Mark



Bruce Tapper

The moth his life flings, toward flame,
 flicker.
 Flutter powdered wings in noiseless
 flight.
 As dashed he life faster, and quicker
 to find shrouded death in glowing
 light.



Robert Gelb

Dear Mark,
 You're been
 a really good friend to
 Bobbie and I this year.
 You've got some real good
 qualities to get you far
 ahead of the rest of the
 class. Had fun playing sports with
 you, and let you to
 beat up: Never let you to
 in your way. Keep smiling
 and you'll make whatever
 you want to be. Good
 luck friend.
 Bobbie

Dear Mark,
 My always say the first
 year is the hardest and in
 many ways I'm sure you will
 agree with me. You have been
 a wonderful person to be with
 and share some of my problems
 with. I feel that C.S.S. despite
 money of its drawbacks is able
 to do a person and help
 in many ways. Keep your
 eyes open, enjoy the
 good times and learn from
 the bad ones. Please
 keep in touch! and
 stop spilling food.
 Love Ya,
 Bobbie



Barbara Beloff



David Kossow



Geri Schottenstein



Alan Groveman



Stephen Atlas

Dear Mark,
 You're one
 of the fondest
 boys I know.
 I'm glad to have been
 friends with you this year.
 Thank you for your help with
 (you know what).
 Best of luck always
 Love,
 Robbi



Roberta Rosenberg

Vast is that which
 encumbers us,
 Never-ending
 and infinite;
 And we,
 a grain of sand along a beach.
 What difference in the
 sea of time
 If we exist no more?



Keith Kuperman



Donna Kaniss

Life?

Death?

Infinity?

Where does life end,
death begin —
or does death come
first?

What solution if one
loses power to remember
before and experience
to know what will come
after?



Mae Wanda Michael



Arlene Auerbach



Peter Barab

Dear Mark,
 as I already told
 you on the back of the picture I
 gave you, you are a swell fellow, full
 of goodness and a great sense of
 humor. Always be as you are
 Mark. I admire you.
 Love,
 Barbara



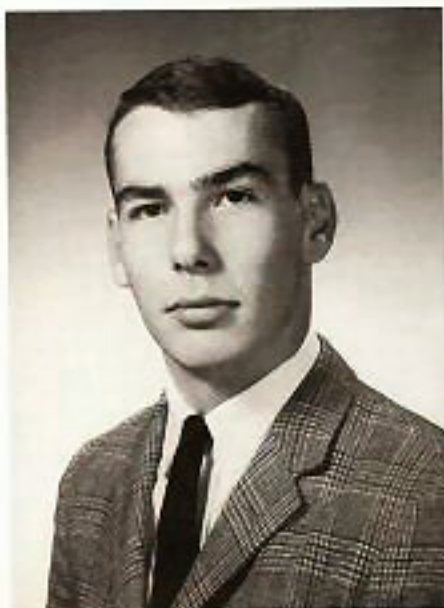
Barbara Rosenfeld



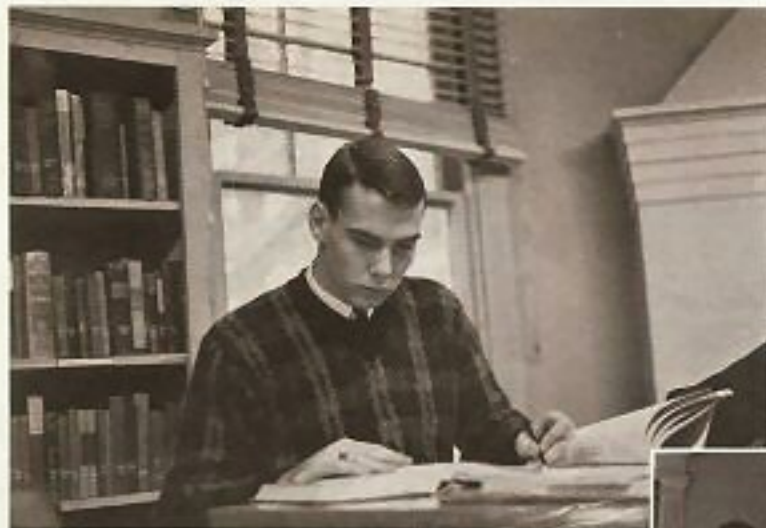
Richard Workman



Leigh Bacal



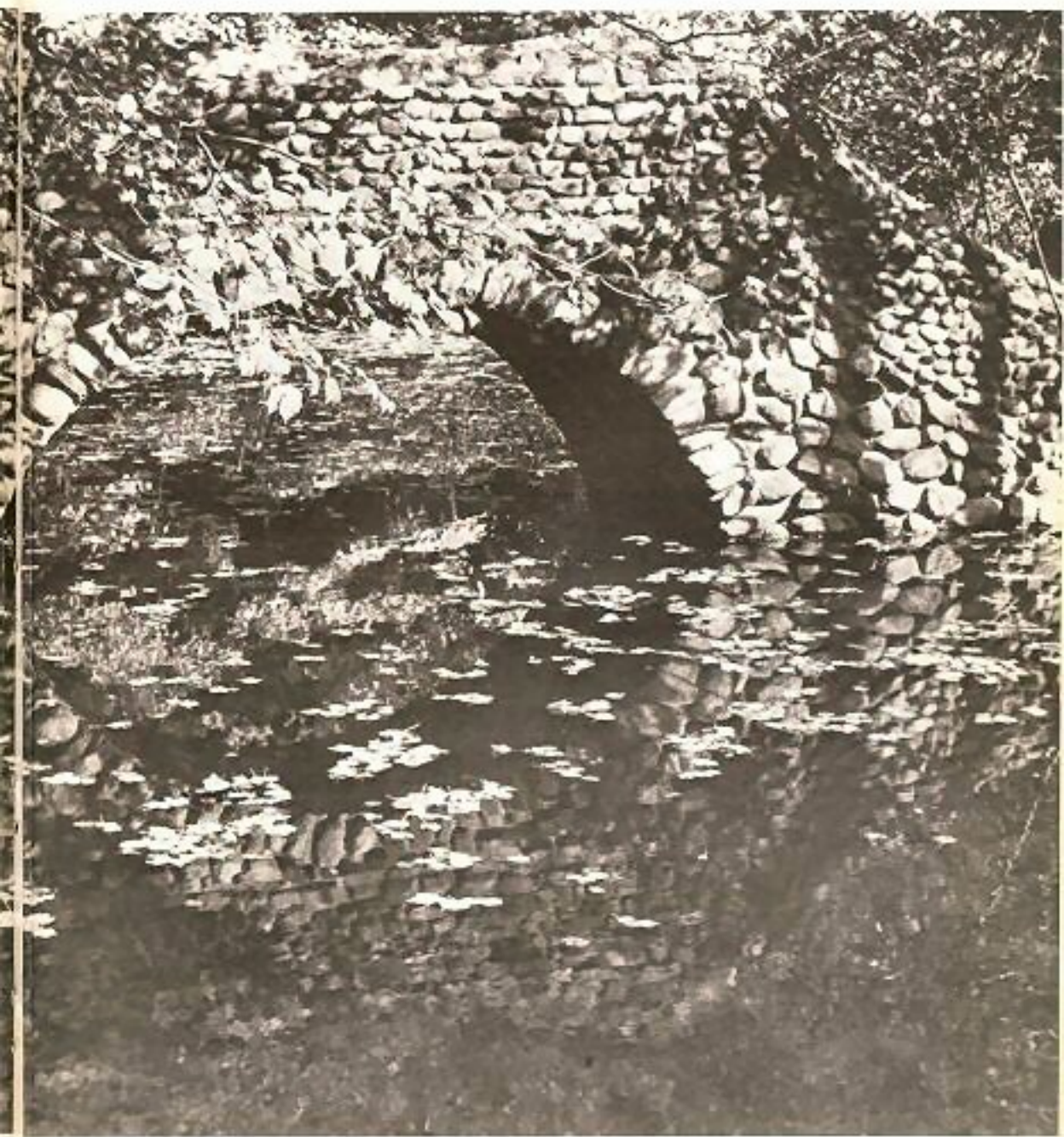
Christopher Duff





And the swirl of dancing leaves rises higher, off the sandpaper pavement, into the bright blue sky, and then separates, the wind scattering it in a hundred directions . . .





STUDENT DIRECTORY

- Allen, John - 10 Harding Lane, Westport, Conn. - CA 7-1651
 Atkinson, Gail - 1 Belair Dr., Westport, Conn. - CA 7-2896
 Allen, Stephen - 114 Durand Rd., Staten Island, N.Y. - SA 7-6392
 Averbach, Arlene - 266-11 Bridgewater Ave., Floral Park, N.Y.
 FI 7-0217
 Bocal, Leigh - 724 Upper Belmont Ave., Westmont, Montreal, P.Q.
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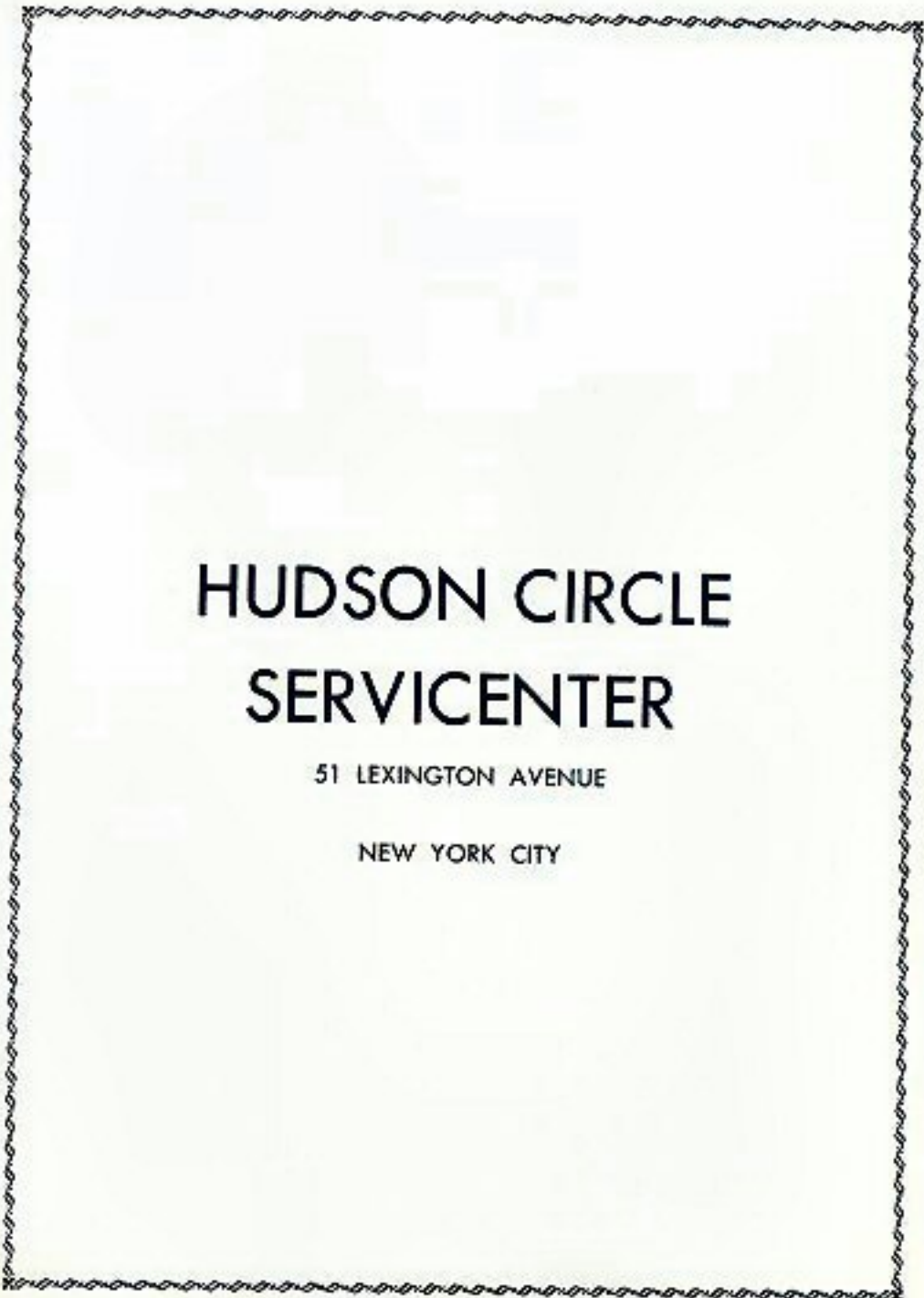
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