

1699



Cyn,
As lover
haven't seen
your mind in
awhile

I pray I will
for its worth seeing.
Keep looking, searching
its all or nothing
(make it all)
need I say Love,
Julie

Cyn.
I haven't known you
that much this year
but well enough to
have great times talking etc etc.
Hope to see you with your
mom!

Cynthia,
You're a good
person to know. Be
happy.

Love,
Linda
'68'

Cyn,
Best of luck in
all your future
endeavors. You're
a sweet girl & don't
change!

Love,
Michelle

Cyn,
 Have a good
 time at C's next
 year. Keep yourself
 together. Don't do anything
 I wouldn't do. Maybe you
 can come to Texas you
 love Pargo

THE
 WIND IS IN
 MY FACE
 AND I BELIEVE
 I'LL FIND A PLACE
 WHERE I CAN LET IT BLOW



HANG TEN

W. Toos

Dear Cyn,
~~we'll~~ always remember our room,
 we really had a great time. We
 had fun sharing our laughter, sadness, joy
 and sorrow.

We'll keep in touch over the
 summer.

Love your Cousin,
 Dianne

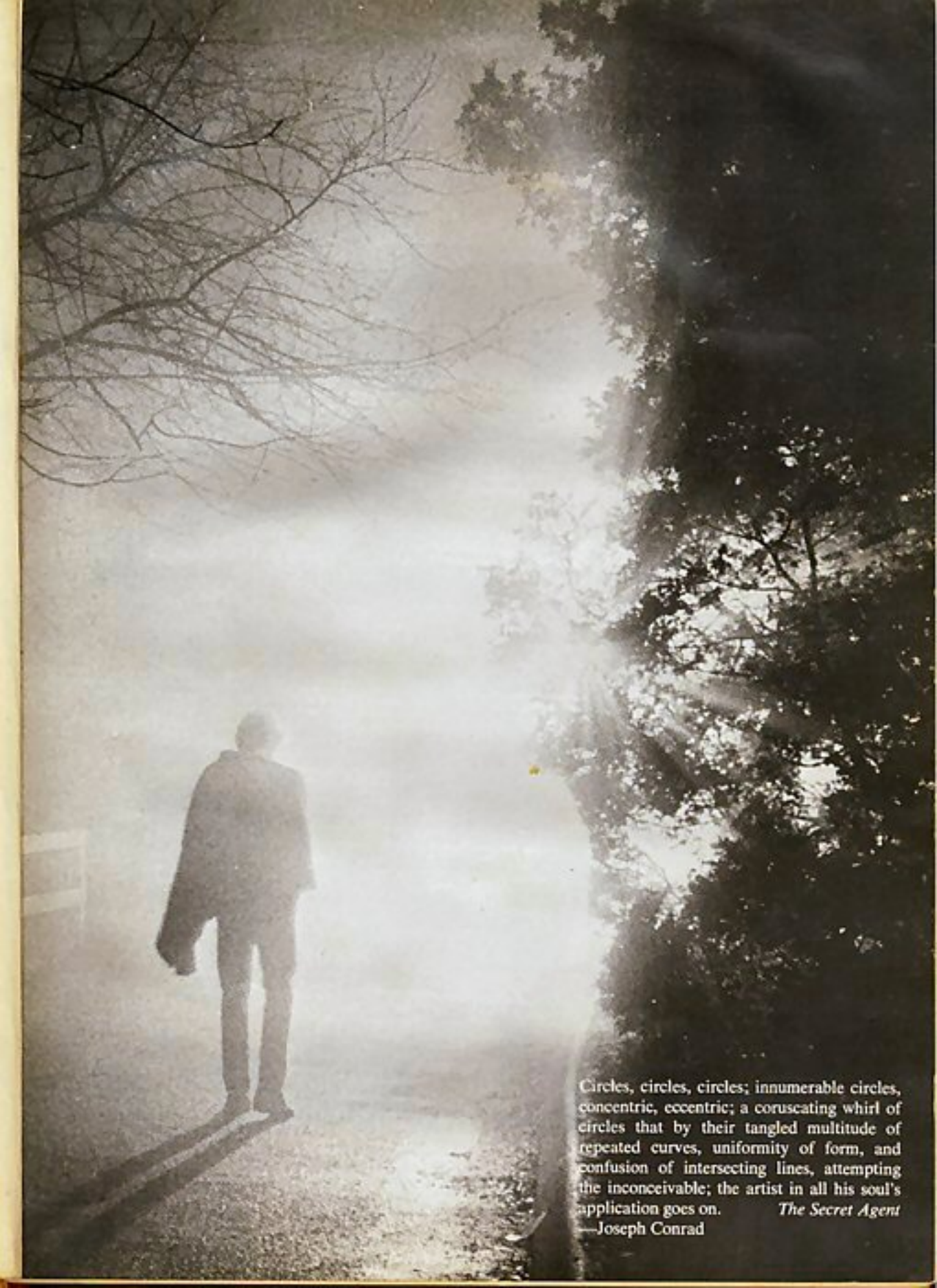
have
 a

dear Cynthia,
 good

Dear Cyn,
 We've have gone
 through hell
 together but
 it was
 a great bonding
 experience

Summer -
 Allison

for
 Allison



Circles, circles, circles; innumerable circles, concentric, eccentric; a coruscating whirl of circles that by their tangled multitude of repeated curves, uniformity of form, and confusion of intersecting lines, attempting the inconceivable; the artist in all his soul's application goes on.

The Secret Agent

—Joseph Conrad



One generation passeth away,
And another generation cometh;
But the earth abideth forever.



The sun also ariseth
And the sun goeth down,
And hasteth to his place where he arose.

All the rivers run into the sea;
Yet the sea is not full . . .





Truly the light is sweet,
And a pleasant thing it is
For the eyes to behold the sun; . . .

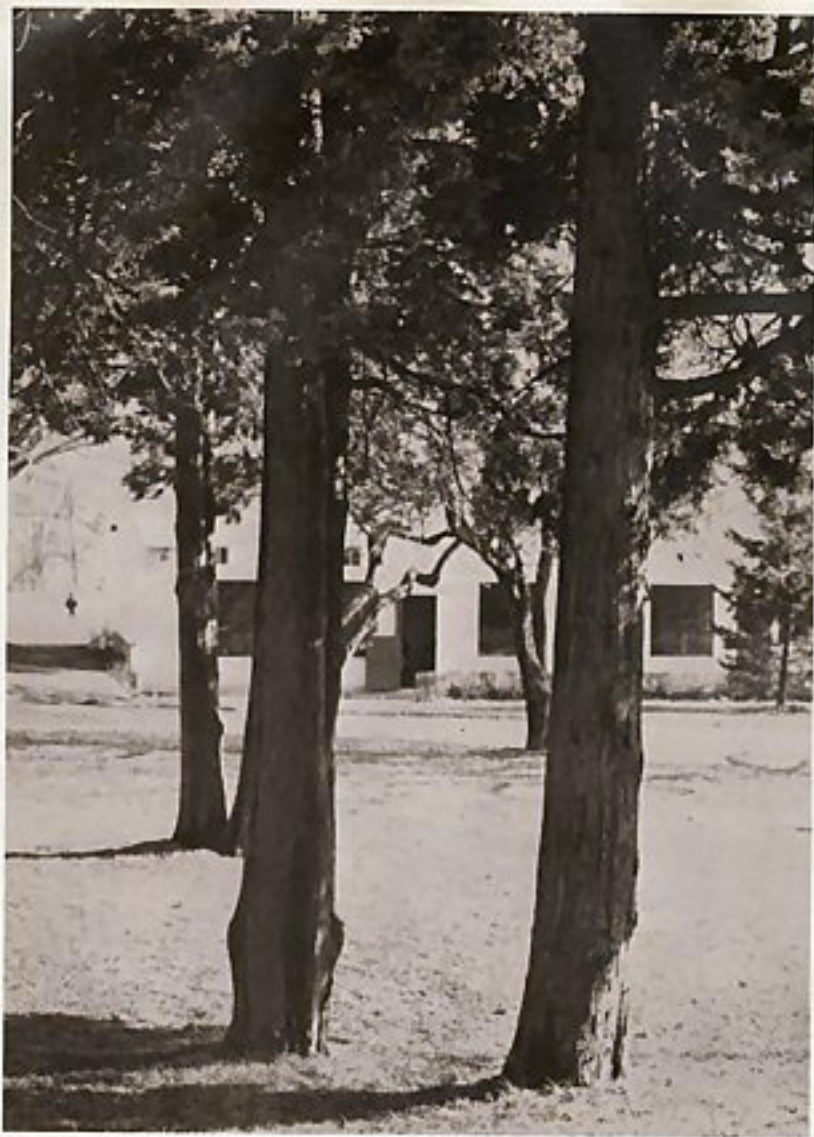


Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth . . .
Before the sun and the light and the moon
And the stars are darkened
And the clouds return after the rain . . .



And the dust returns to the earth as it was,
And the spirit returns to God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes

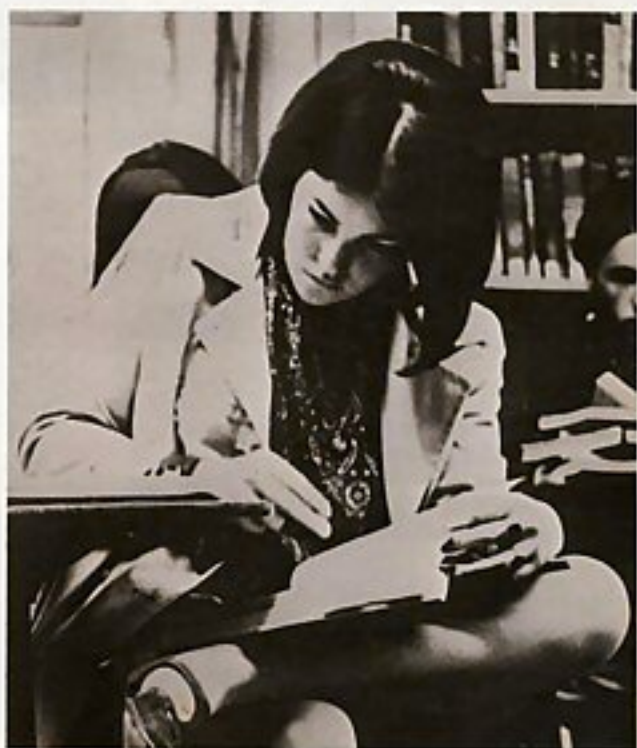


sienna proscenium
sequoia window—frames
open unto the lands of the sun stars
and burnished flora of a shadow's grave

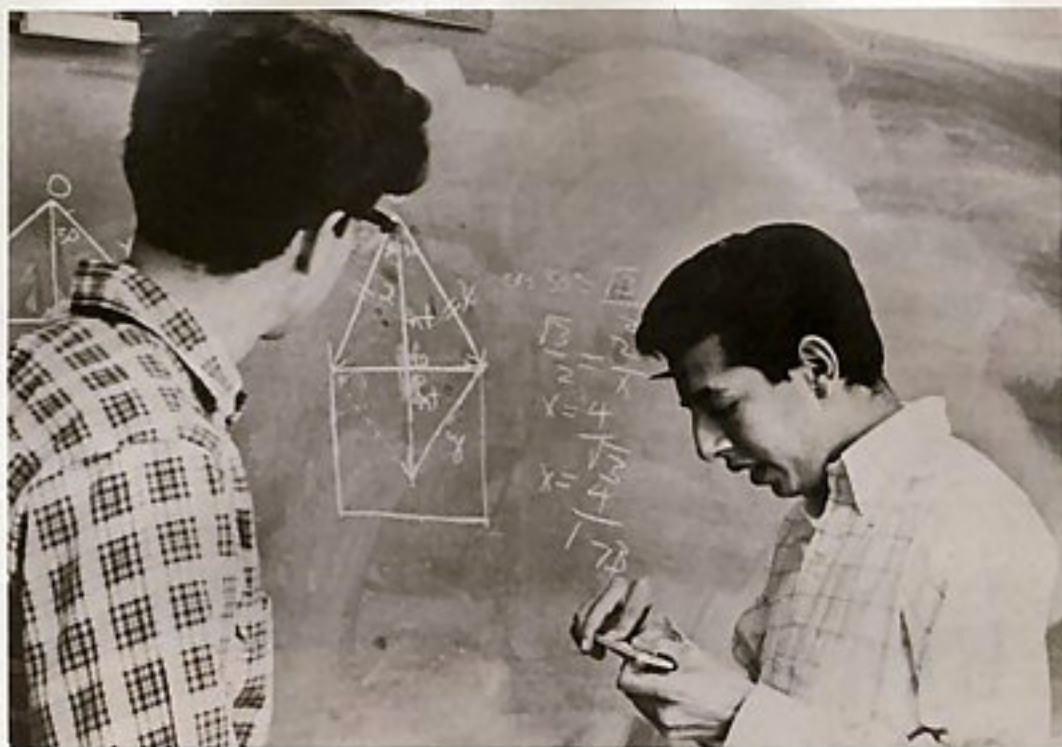
P. M.











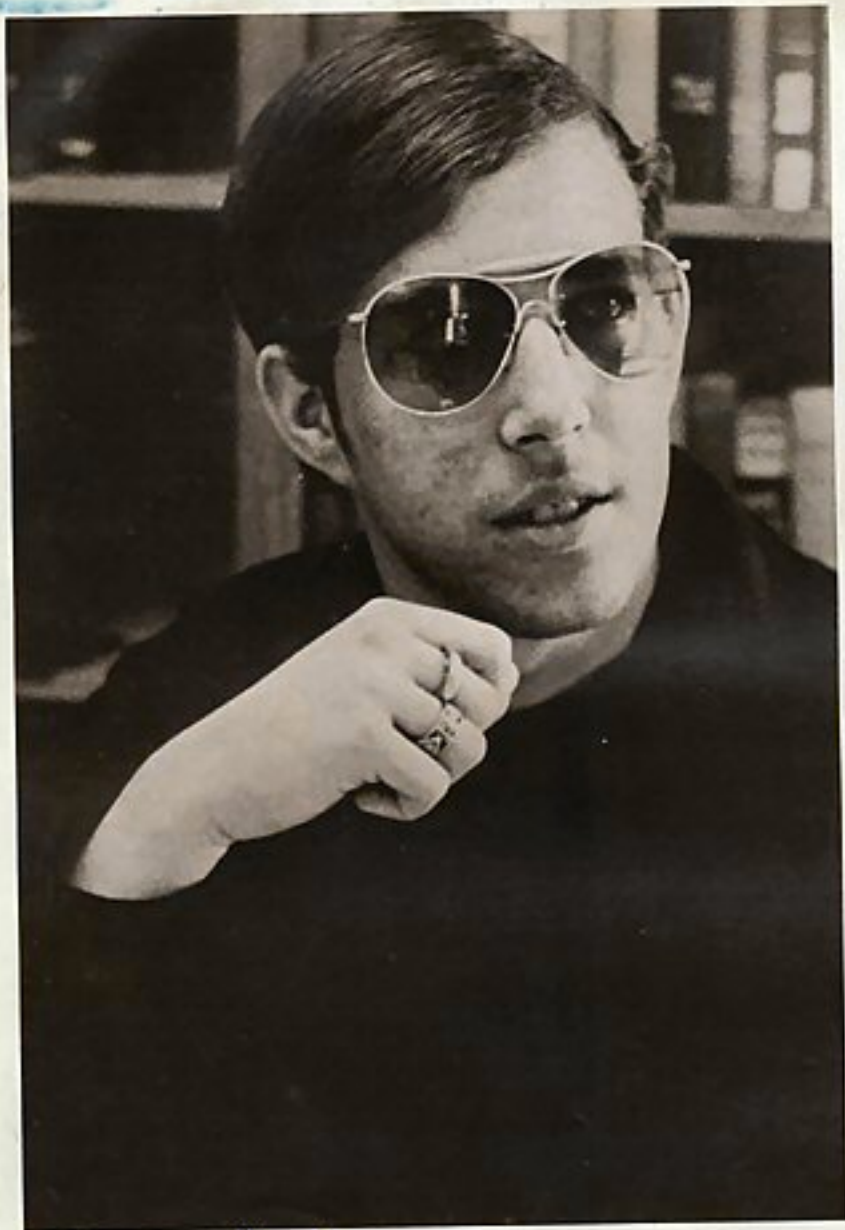




cynthia... we were roommates
between fighting and cleaning
up our rooms on sundays,
we experienced some crazy
things together.
see you next year
love-laura



L. Mitailovic



Cynthia
 Good luck
 next year, be good
 and have fun, but
 most of all work.
 I hope you get into
 a good college.
 Love,
 Mark

P.S. Oh yeah!
 stay sober.

Once out of nature I shall never take
 My bodily form from any natural thing,
 But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make . . .



To keep a drowsy Emporas awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, passing, or to come—W. B. Yeats



Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.



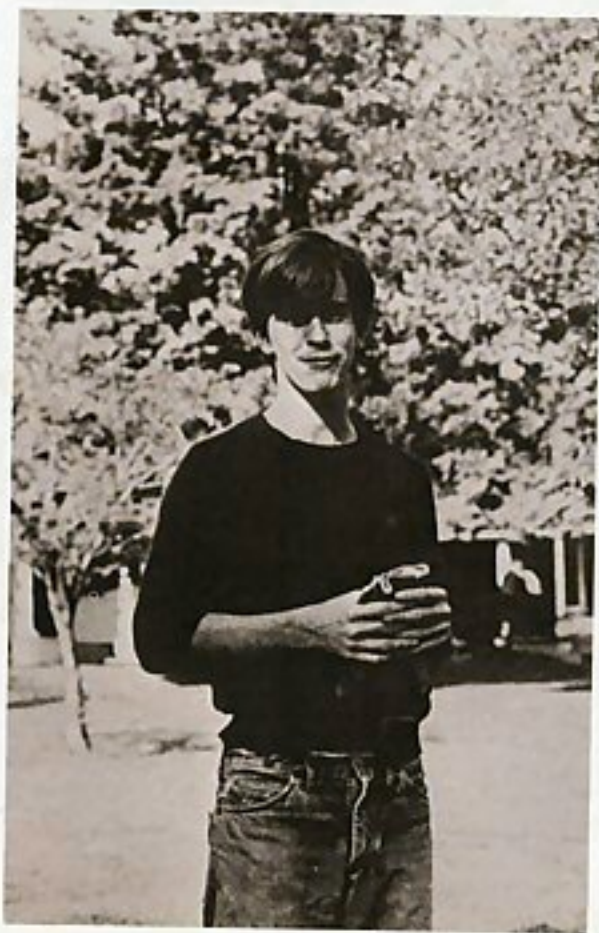
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,



So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.—Robert Frost



*Cynthia and I have a good relationship
mom H*



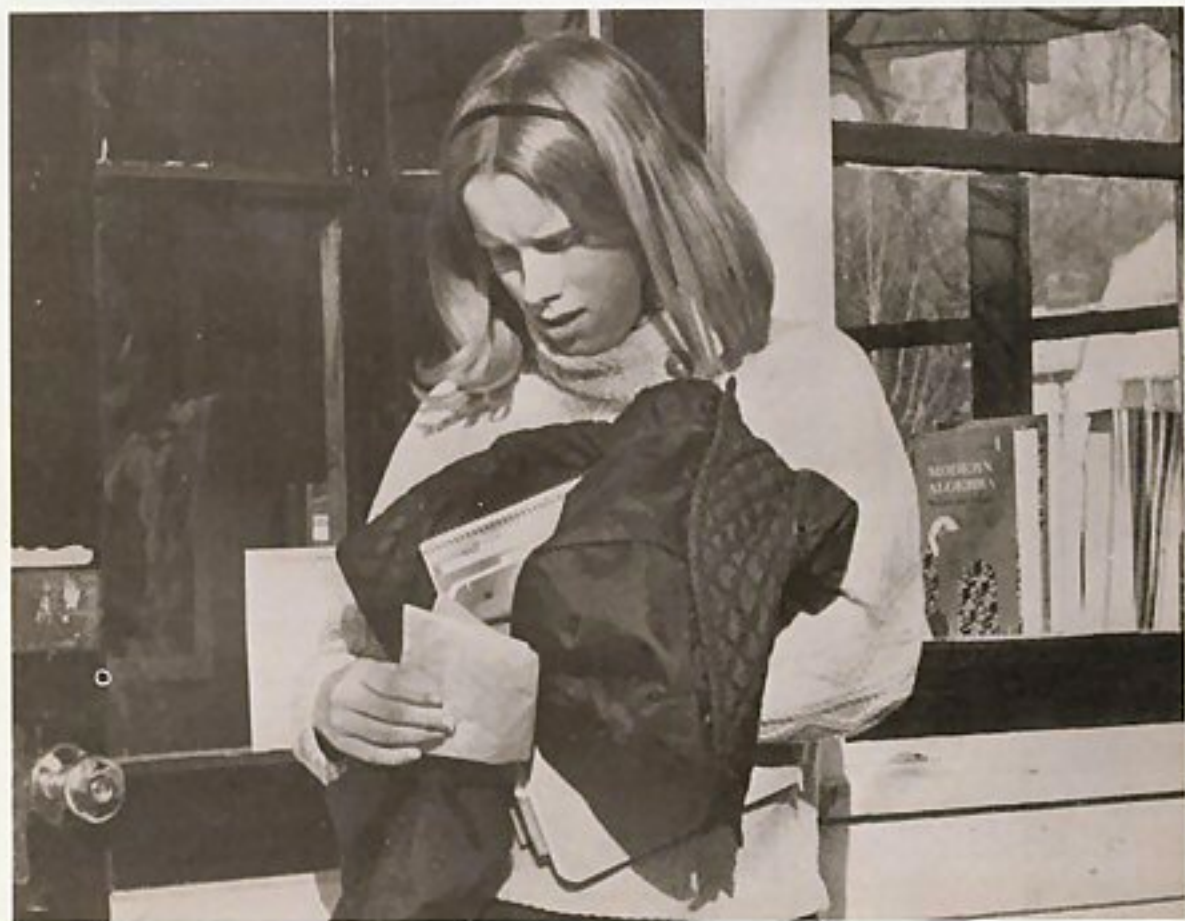




cynthia → take care of yourself this summer... have a
groovy time at the lawn next year. stay
sweet.



happiness,
debbi











Councillors, jugulars, suck-eyed with glee,
Oh for the veins of a scrumptious J.P.
Tremble you aldermen, town-clerks beware
As I Hoover the veins of your succulent mayor.

Dylan Thomas



small children with multi-colored tresses sing their fantasy songs of innocence, they laugh—of defiance and anticipation. there are no children playing house; the only game is one called Breeze. For Breeze, each blazing hair on each triumphant head is tied to the next, the vibrating rainbow a fiery hair, glazed eyes and now winged breasts glides endlessly across the blue . . . leaving not even an already broken rocking chair undisturbed.

very few are left not participating when Breezes play; for Breeze has become almost a life, rather than simply a game . . . Oh, is it now safe to push open my broken screen door . . . to walk across my creaking porch for some almost—fresh air? no! it can not be done, for the "Breezers" have taken even that away. a howling laughter slices into and destroys everything that isn't part of that glaring, blaring, illuminated coloring book in the sky.

what's too be done, but weep with horror until the day they send out a final death to grandma. Oh, grandma has lived for so many years just waiting for a sunnier tomorrow—but the only tomorrow is one bringing the incalculable amount of gleefully—wickedly—mysteriously—powerful little children who will finally change all the tired old into rock . . . and change youths' hollow calling demons into a blazing infinity.

nanci sue tone



Grasping, seeking, searching; finding a way through distortion.—E.





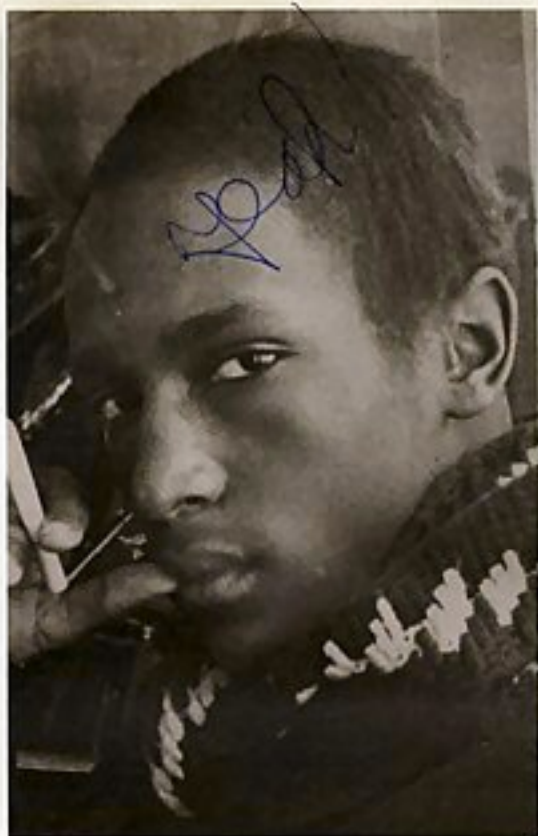


Periwinkle Purple

the treasures of childhood
like poppies and pansies and spring green
grass,
wave in a big breeze . . .
swings and someone to push you (they're in
your own back yard) . . .
bright colours and crayons and a big ducky
colouring book . . .
bright brick red happiness and sunflower
yellow feelings . . .
all in a day in life . . .
a spring like night with the sea and the
ocean and the midnight sky . . .
thistles and roses and big furry dogs . . .
brown velvet cloves and fancy pink clothes . . .
Food for thought: nice periwinkle purple
socks, and shoes to match . . .
. . . Pine trees and mahogany stumps . . .
blackberry picking and mushrooms galore . . .
psycotic cookies and mindmolding crackers . . .
davy crocket and cinderella wrapped in a world

Laura Schoen





And you just keep lookin' for another
Somebody to be your brother
But they never seem to have time
Cause they're too busy trying to climb . . .
The walls of mediocrity
one that soothes the blind . . .
And tells 'em that its fine
For one to ignore a mind,
And a heart that really needs . . .
And a soul that really bleeds.
Honesty is disregarded
Royalty ignored
Instead, the cupboards' ransacked
where the painted smiles are stored.
And you just keep looking for another
Somebody to be your brother
But they never seem to have time
Cause they're too busy trying to climb . . .

Bilwright





CYNTHIA -

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER. Hope to see
you AGAIN.

John

someone's back hugs every wall . . .
someone's feet smile hello or wave goodbye to
and a face shall push itself through every
window.
Even the architect, with his panels and bricks
and blocks—has our human movement
strong in mind.



This thing reality

to seek
to keep
to fight
to have
and pride

that makes existence true

not mockery
taunting
secretly
self

is beauty

fullness
dedication
world
is it

A story
beauty
brilliance
richness
immensity

discovering anew

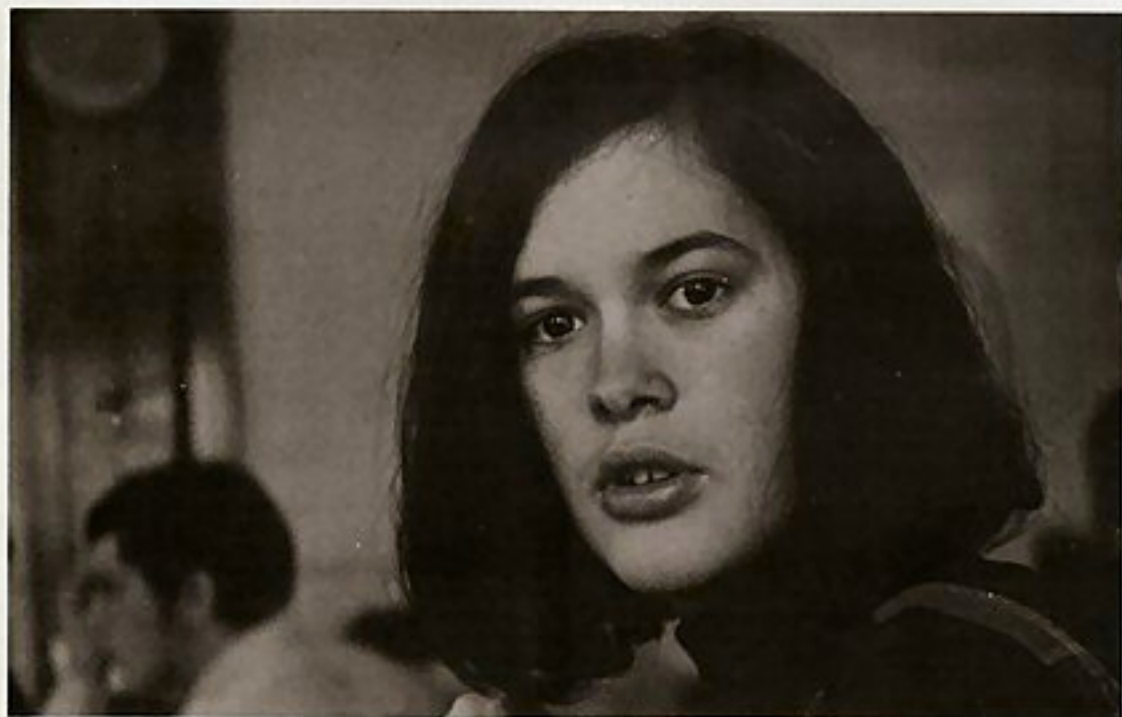
glory
and the

Where has it gone?

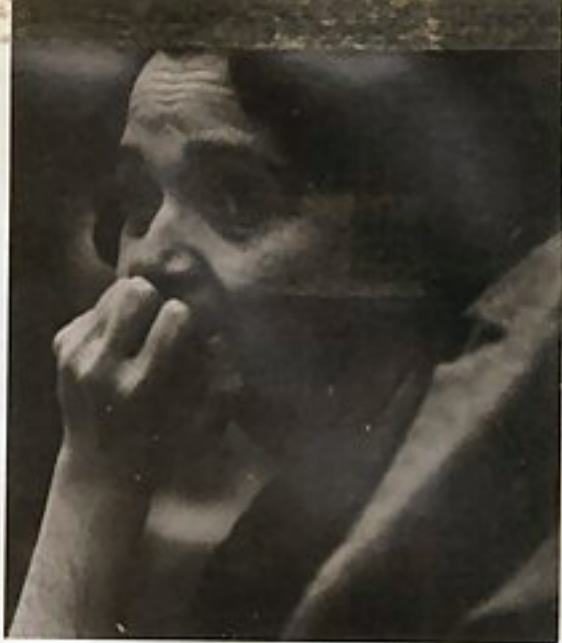
newness
excitement
beauty

where is the
Love
it comes . . . Love is

jts







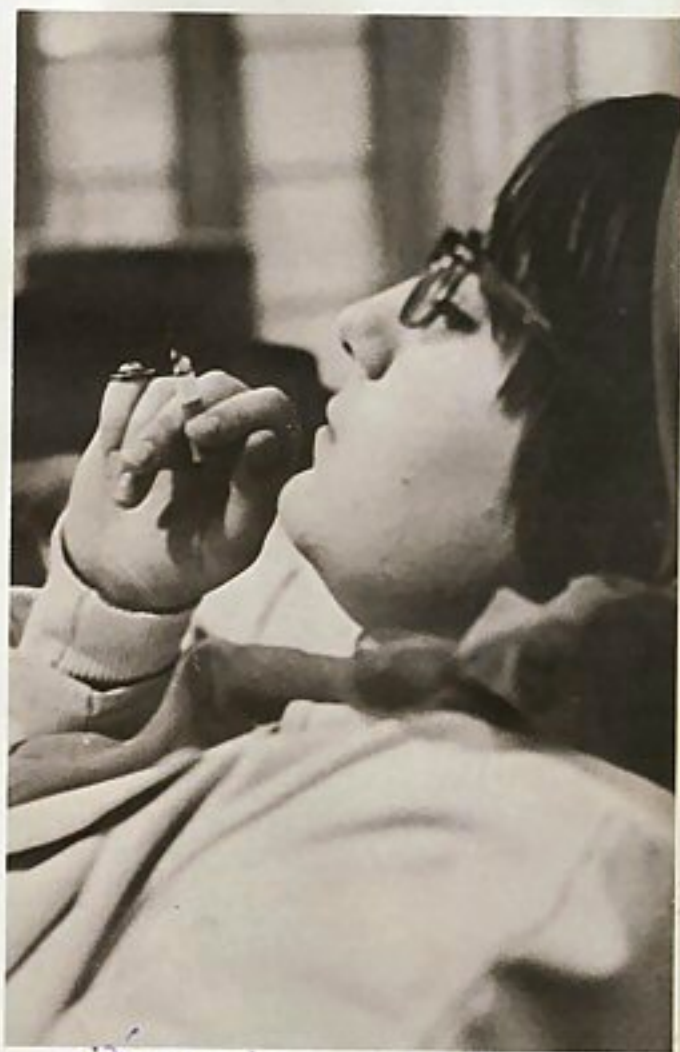
*Idyllwild
Mr. Dalton*





*To sweet + lovable lady, good
luck always, 6 years*





Dear Cynthia -
 Well - you've
 been my close friend
 this year. Thank you.
 I'll see you in the fall.
 Until then have fun.
 Love -
 Francine



That strain again! It had a dying fall
O it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. . . .
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh thou art . . . *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare

And I, an empty shell
With nothing ever to Give.
Life leaves me out
For hungry mouths
and Death takes
the fill.

Fran Spiridon





6YN
IT'S BEEN GREAT
B. SING WITH YOU
ALL THIS YEAR. HOPE
WE CAN DO IT ALL
NEXT YEAR. STAY
VIBIN.



Along The Road To Hell

Along the road to hell
The guilt surpasses joy
The stomping on your hands
leaves them bruised and useless
The people they all laugh
At the pain that's in your eyes
They say you've done it to
Yourself that they, they were
no part of it
They crush you 'neath their
Store bought shoes
They sneer so when you whimper
They harness you with bare beliefs
And facts so needless and
Morals empty—
And your life is your own
And do as you please
And make the best of it they say
Along the road to hell.

Julie Bogner



Anne Marie '68



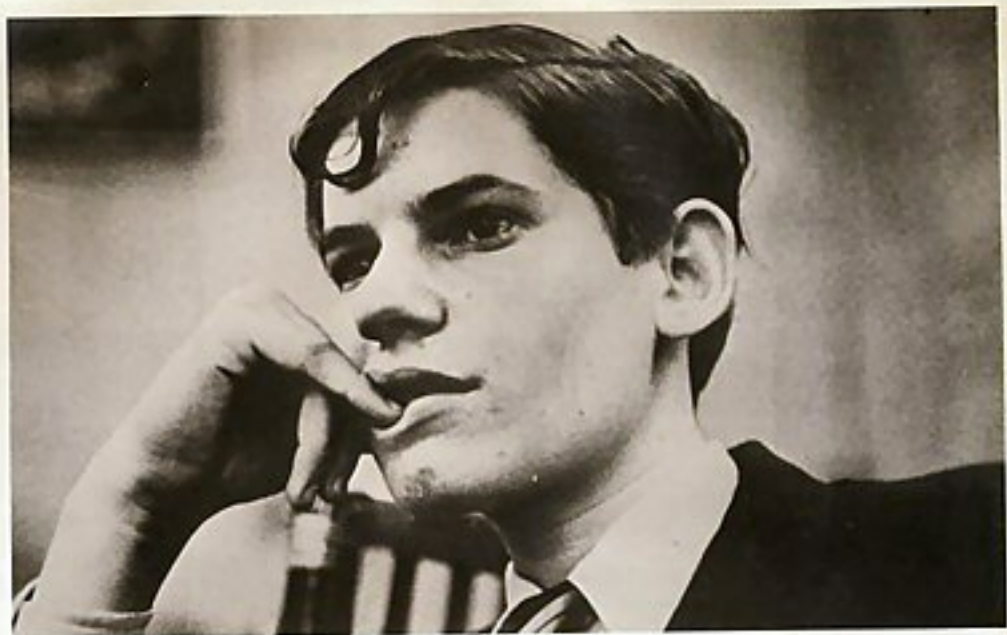


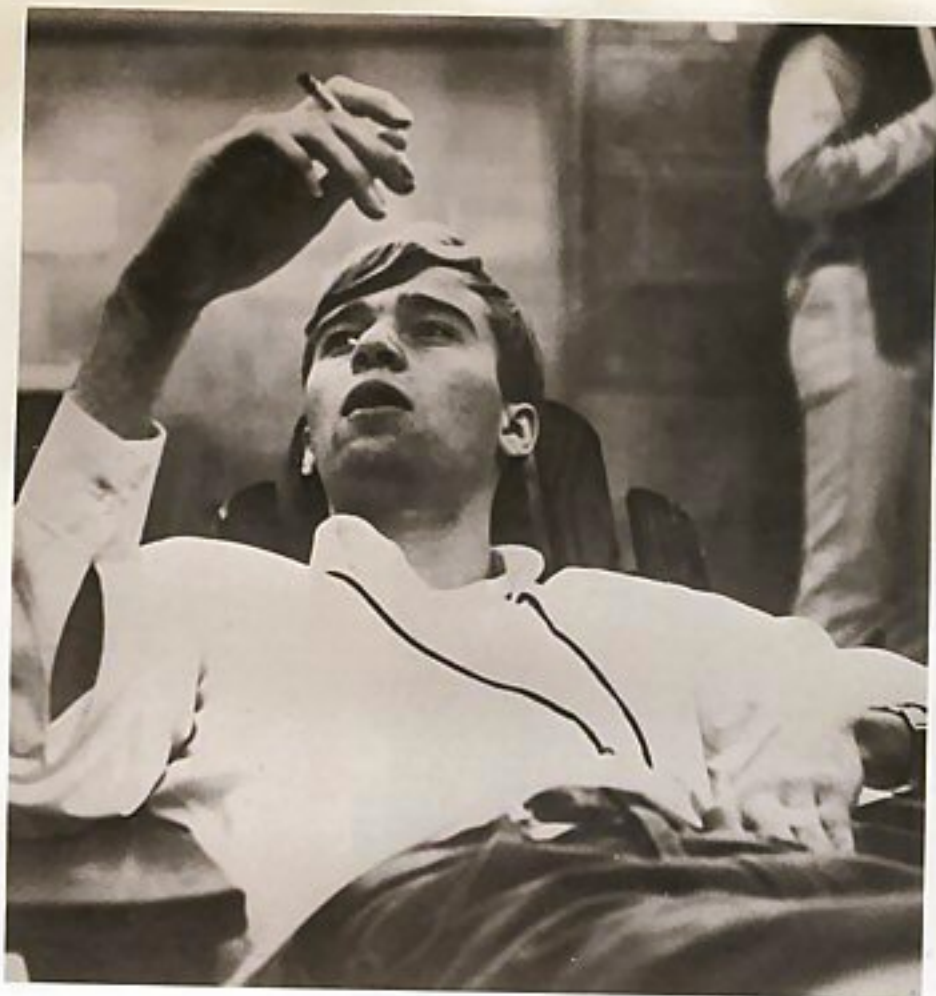
Now there are four faces.
My images fleet
Through the endless eternity
Of mind and life
Sliding over
And under
And through
Until they are one

jts

Two faces.
Are they one?
Are they three?
I met you twice.
Have you met me?







My mind travels round
an iridescent globe filled
with the madness of this
world and it's grief.

And around me, and my
mind, the joy and love of
this world sway in constant
rhythm with the heartbeats of
those of us with hearts.

Will you break the
iridescent globe of ugliness?
Please! Turn out it's light.

Please turn out it's light
and let happiness engulf me,
swallow us live,
and there we will live.

—Julie Bognor



Shadows clouding my head,
burrow deep in my soul,
my body slowly crumbles,
to black pebbles and grey dust.

Dig deeper into that black lonely pit,
only to find more shadows,
death is upon me,
I can feel it coming.
(dreary times—they shade my life
the sun has gone and left me cold . . .
and evil . . . and full of self pity.)

There's corruption in my body,
that virgin mind's gone bad,
crush out the lust and passion,
those sinful desires,
are driving me to eventual death.

This gyrating body is mine,
my breath circles outside,
this languid, ghastly, uninteresting person
is dropping . . . is dropping . . .
yes, has dropped to his death.

My mind pays attention
to the facts of life.

Allowing my heart, leave
to roam in love-filled
forests among passionate oak.

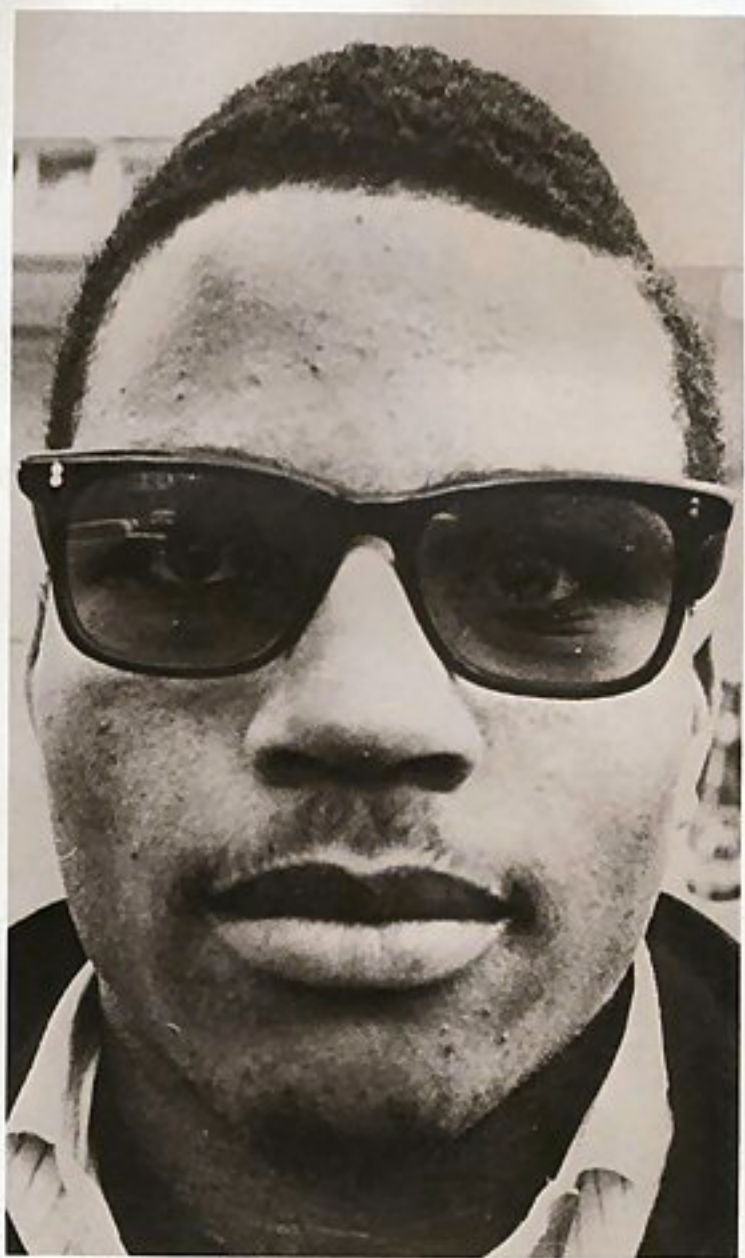
To open it's eyes to
smiling seamstresses, bakers
and lovers

To see the restless
resting—

The fate of ignorance,
ugliness and grief

of
Julie Bognor







that will happen when
only the friends sing June





sunday afternoon
the sad falling leaves
take my hand
and swirl me up the old streets
where i met dreams
reality falls with the leaves
and is lost in the gusts of wind.

the canadian sunset

died in flame
as we watched
across the rock shore
and rippling lake water
that looked like the Rhine
at dusk.

I look for hours on paintings on brick
and poetry silently printed with chalk
under the gas-lit houses
and soft summer sky.

thru the low hung blue fog
I can hear distant trucks
and the moaning diesel horn
somewhere a guitar echoes
the rising moan
and love whistles in the night

jts



You Cynthia -
 acting as my two years of - No one has
 helped us or done a better job than keep
 you on the job - Please to Be
 with.



See you
 in G.N.

Summer
Love
B. K. K.

My little playmate
Come out and play with me.
And bring your dolly three
Climb up my apple tree,
Yell down my rain barrel
Slide down my cellar door
And we'll be jolly friends,
Forevermore . . . more . . . more.

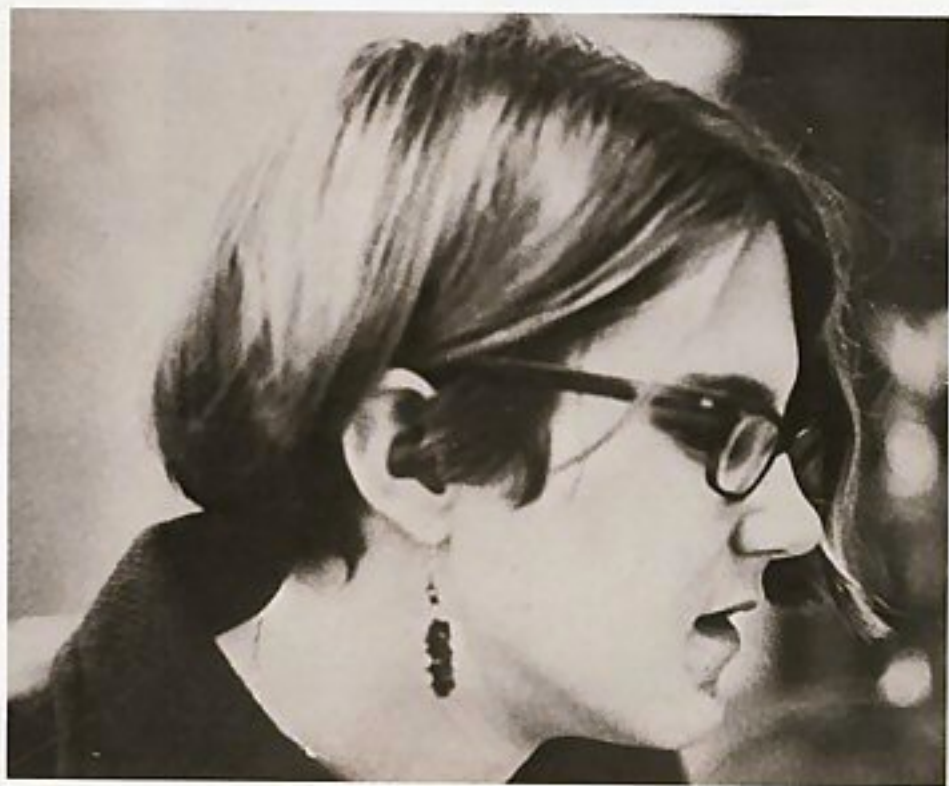
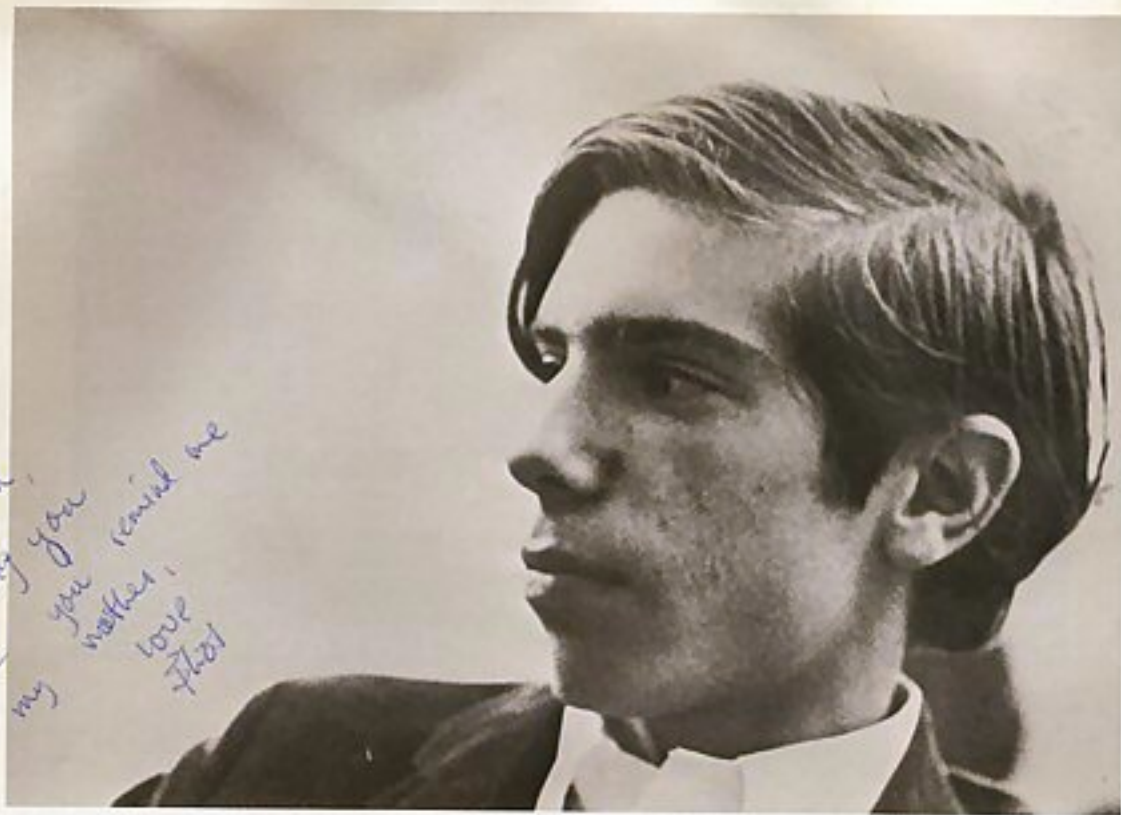
A Children's Song







Cynthia,
I cry you
cause of my
you remind me
mother,
love
that



As I witness the execution
 of a few close friends

I smile inwardly
 as my outer self cries
 with each moan of the
now encircling crowd

No longer the burden
 of responsibility
will be placed upon
 my ever weakening shoulders

But—
 also with the loss
 of obligation
a greater personal foundation
 is taken:
 security



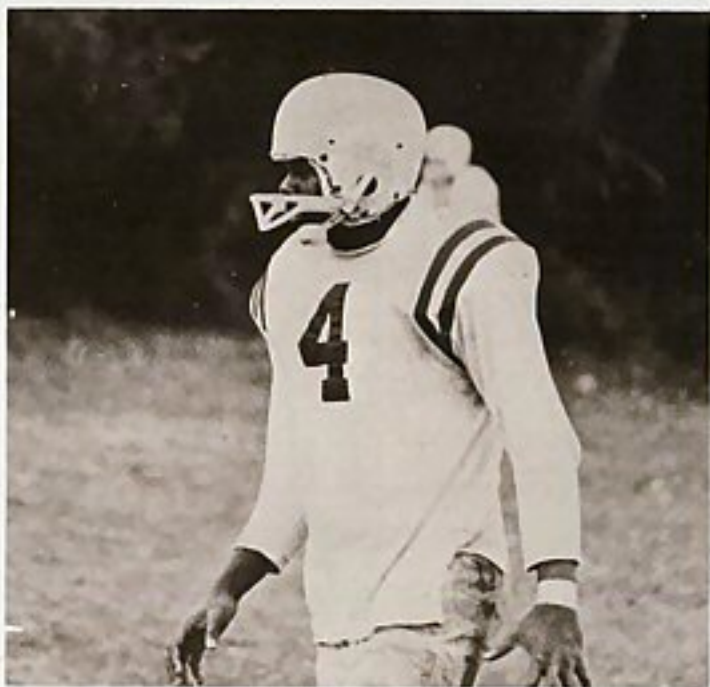


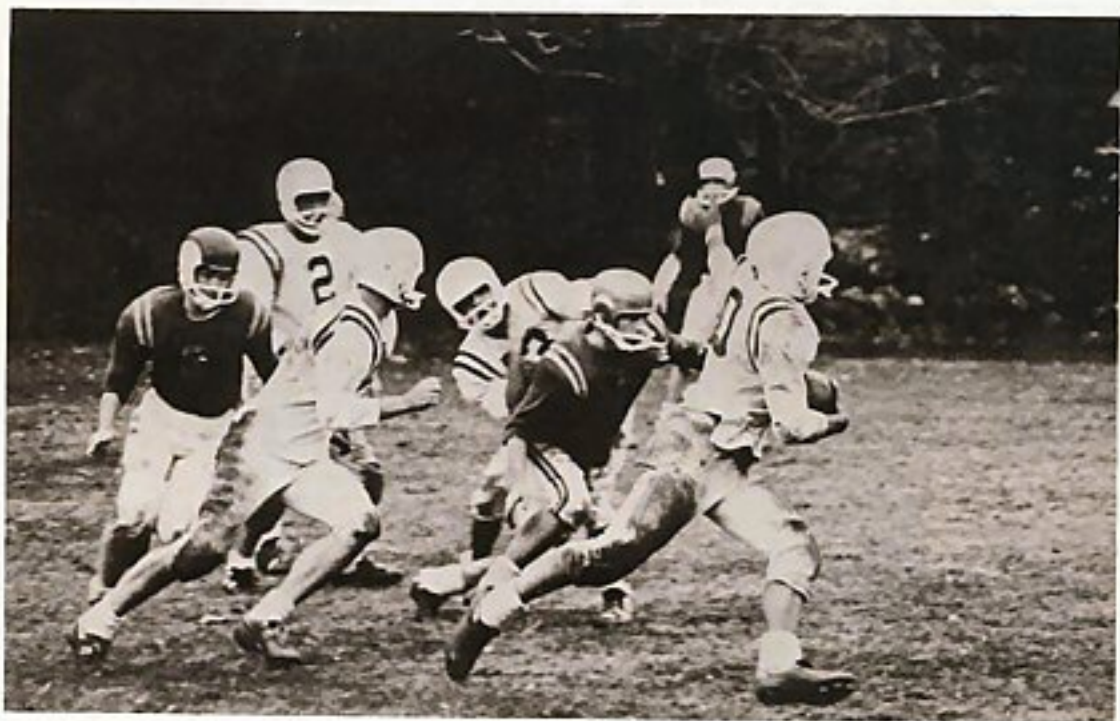


STRIVING



SUCCESS?





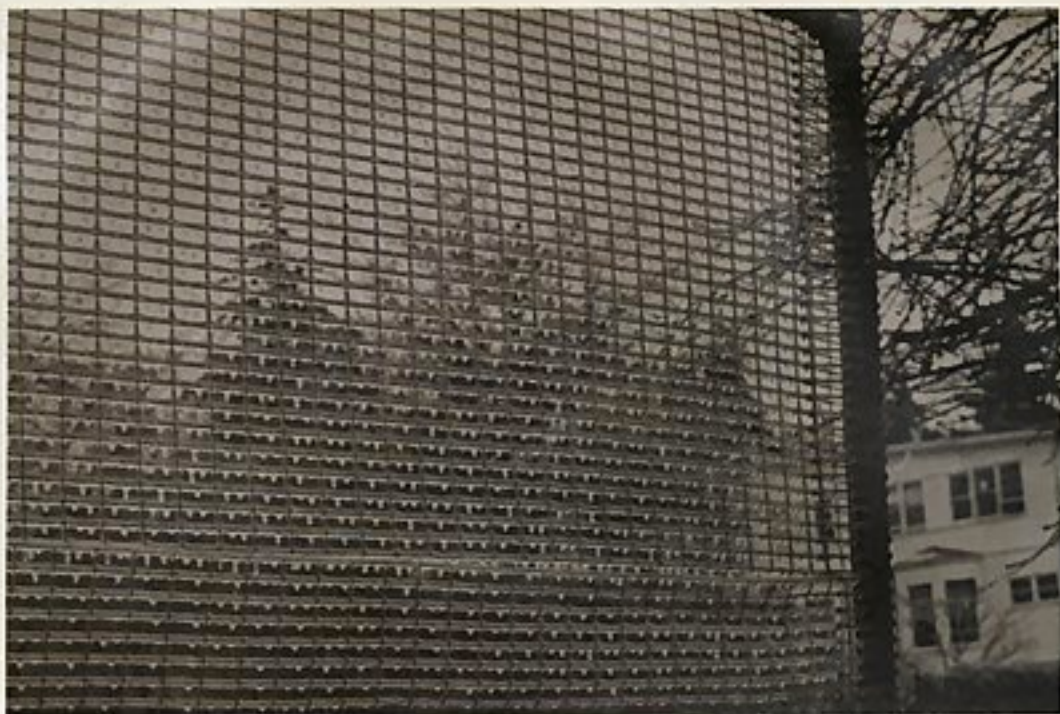


Dear Cynthia--
 I want to commend
 you on a wonderful job
 on the costumes for the
 play, and your loyalty to
 what Cherry Lavin does, and
 should stand for. In the dorm
 you have helped create an
 open, honest atmosphere
 Love,
 Miss Dudley









Air is far too cold
Chapped lips have exhausted me.
How do you fry snow?

Nanci Tone





Jan. 30
 "Love always
 <--> love always"

take your place on the Great mandala

As it moves through your brief moment of time...
 win or lose, now, you must choose now.
 and if you lose, you will be using your life.
 take your place on the Great mandala





Despite a few
difficult years the
year has evened out for you
and I feel CFS has come to
mean something worthwhile
to you. my best
admiration

Dear Seniors:

I am thinking today of the eight gates through which individuals and generations pass from adolescence to responsible maturity.

The first gate is that of *Confusion* . . . confusion between authority and freedom, theory and practice, confusion in regard to morals, standards and values. Confusion soon leads to *Anger* and anger in turn often leads to *Protest* whose forms may range from apathy all the way to rebellion. Protest, too often poorly conceived and ineptly executed, goes unsatisfied with less than total victory and it is only a few steps from dissatisfaction to *Frustration*. Then comes *Withdrawal* with its bitterness and self-pity and wound-licking. Hopefully, close upon withdrawal comes *Meditation* with its self-searching and self-appraisal, and after that, *Purpose*. Purpose is the gate to maturity. It leads to a viable adjustment to life. For many purpose is an end in itself, but that is stopping just short of the goal, for the journey of fulfillment is not complete until one moves beyond it to *Commitment*.

Individuals, groups and generations move from gate to gate in varying periods of time. Sometimes the sojourns are protracted and painful and other times too short to be significant in memory.

On certain nights in the Vermont countryside where the road rises and dips along the hills and valleys, each depression is swathed in an obscuring mist making forward movement fearsome and hazardous. So it is on the journey through the gates to fulfillment. . Much depends upon the stars you steer by. If adequate, you should know that by proceeding cautiously you will soon emerge from the mist into the starlight and be ready to climb yet another hill.

The tragedies of life lie in the paralysis caused by fear, apathy or resignation which cuts the trip short, leaving the individual group, or generation in a state of arrested development.

Your generation seems to sashaying between the first five gates. The impact which Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is beginning to have on your generation may bring about its entry of the sixth gate and hopefully lead on to the seventh wherein the *Alice's Restaurant* kind of world will not only be seen in its proper perspective but be revealed as not only vulnerable but ready for change. Getting that job done will require all the commitment of which your generation is capable. That will be the testing hour wherein it will be determined whether your generation will bequeath to its children a better world than it has inherited.

As I contemplate the Class of 1968, I sense a difference from previous classes. I have a feeling that some of you have already outstripped your generation, moving toward true purpose and commitment. If that is true, you have more than repaid our efforts in your behalf and our hopes and best wishes go with you.

Sincerely,
A. A. Medved



Dear Seniors,

I truly believe that each of you wants to be an honest, honorable, loving and lovable person, capable of achieving success and satisfaction in work and in personal relationships. Certainly you must have discovered in Mr. Zuber's history classes that we, in the present times, have much to learn from the past, from its mistakes and failures as well as from its victories and successful endeavors.

Why, then, should you think that you have nothing to gain in understanding of life's problems and values from anyone of the "older generation"? We do not, like Lot's wife, turn into a pillar of salt (or should I say cement) at age thirty! Indeed, we *can* and those of us at Cherry Lawn *do* continue to learn, to question, to weigh, in many respects to change with the years of life's experience. We yearn to help you avoid unnecessary and harmful errors, to seek and to find the most desirable avenues of human progress. Communication is a two-way process. We listen to you and understand much more than you realize and we ask that you, in turn, listen to us more often and weigh seriously the values of the standards which we believe will help you toward a constructive, productive, and worth - while life.

If these, my farewell words to you, do not strike a responsive chord today, I am sure that they will when you become the "older generation" with children of your own!

Devotedly always,
Lettie Lee Craig



Cynthia: It was really dumb in his this year. Have fun, Jon Ames



"The essential thing is not to estrange ourselves from the world, not to regard ourselves as separate from it, independent and hostile to it, so that we then complain of our solitude and forlorn state in a universe which has become meaningless because we have forsaken it.

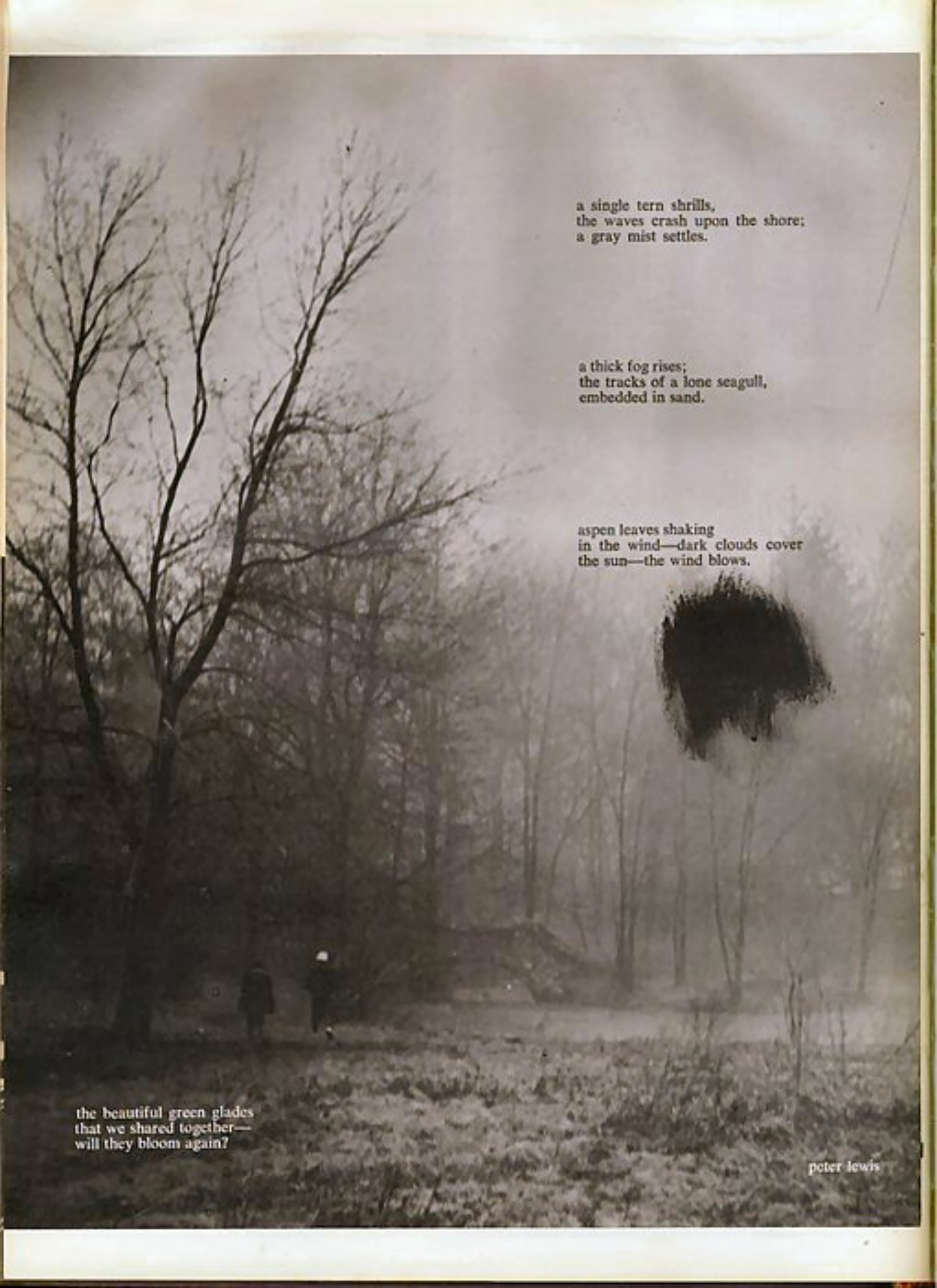


... We must never leave the stage. We must go on acting in the play.

And there is only one way in which we can
be a part of it,

and that is through love and worship, sym-
pathy and solidarity with all beings."
Incognito—Petru Dumitru





a single tern shrills,
the waves crash upon the shore;
a gray mist settles.

a thick fog rises;
the tracks of a lone seagull,
embedded in sand.

aspen leaves shaking
in the wind—dark clouds cover
the sun—the wind blows.

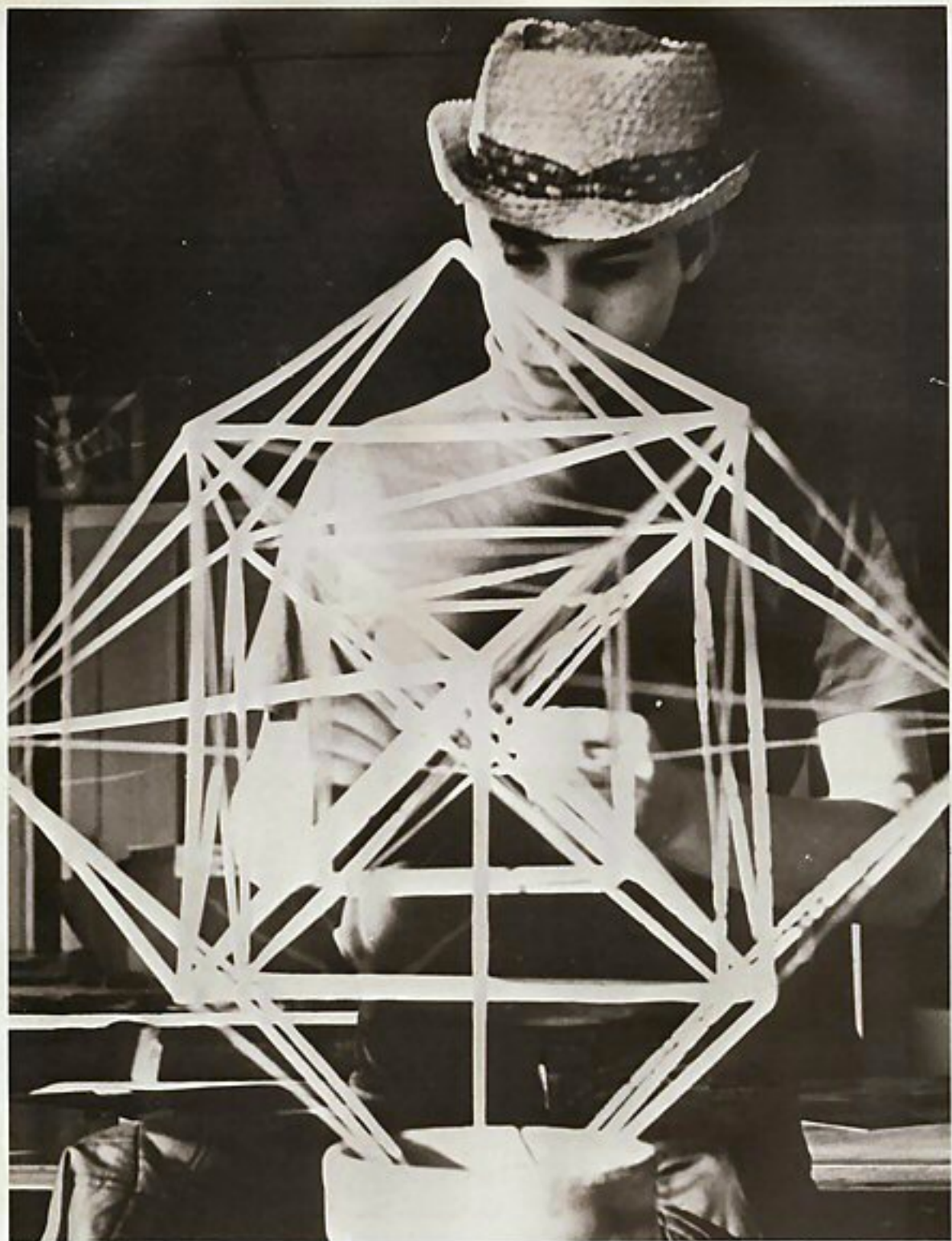
the beautiful green glades
that we shared together—
will they bloom again?

peter lewis



why did she leave me,
so that I may add my tears
to the river's flow?

peter lewis

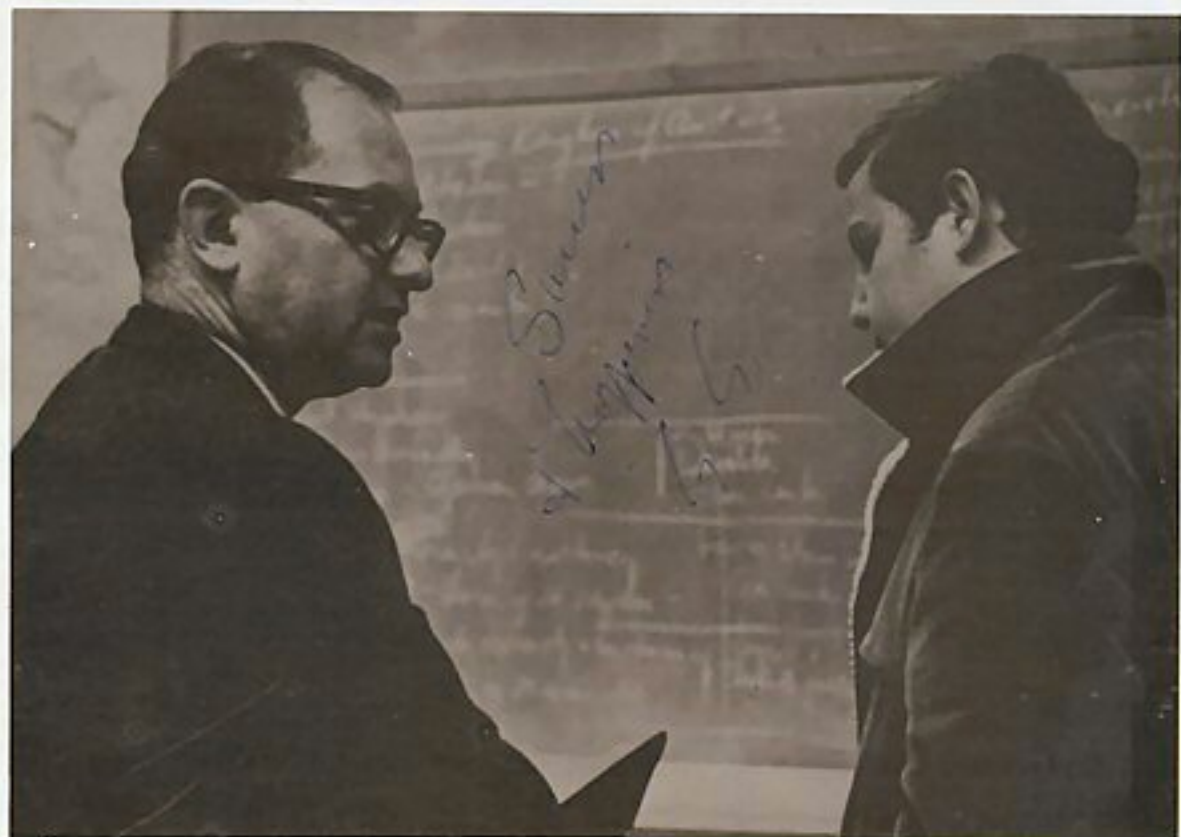


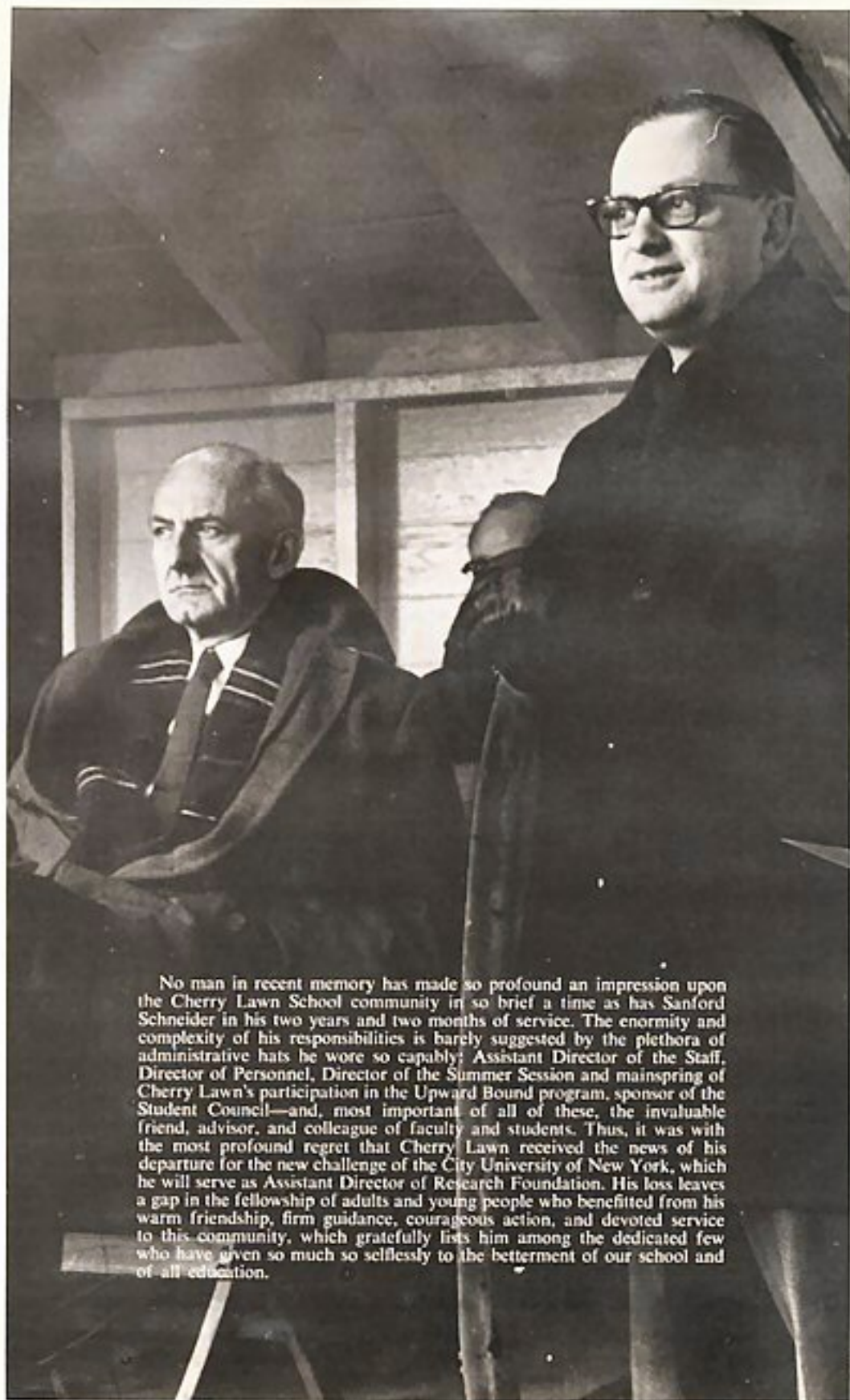


And it came to pass, as the angels were
gone away from them into heaven, the
shepherds said one to another, Let us
now go even unto Bethlehem, and see
this thing which is come to pass, which
the Lord hath made known unto us.
ST. LUKE 2:15









No man in recent memory has made so profound an impression upon the Cherry Lawn School community in so brief a time as has Sanford Schneider in his two years and two months of service. The enormity and complexity of his responsibilities is barely suggested by the plethora of administrative hats he wore so capably: Assistant Director of the Staff, Director of Personnel, Director of the Summer Session and mainspring of Cherry Lawn's participation in the Upward Bound program, sponsor of the Student Council—and, most important of all of these, the invaluable friend, advisor, and colleague of faculty and students. Thus, it was with the most profound regret that Cherry Lawn received the news of his departure for the new challenge of the City University of New York, which he will serve as Assistant Director of Research Foundation. His loss leaves a gap in the fellowship of adults and young people who benefitted from his warm friendship, firm guidance, courageous action, and devoted service to this community, which gratefully lists him among the dedicated few who have given so much so selflessly to the betterment of our school and of all education.

DEDICATION

If discipline is defined as the capacity to perform duty under normal circumstances, then courage can be described as the capacity to perform that same duty in crisis. And heroism would simply carry performance beyond the normal demands of duty. Under such a definition, any person or group of people acting as so described can be called heroic. Heroism need not be constrained to physical risk, but may be succinctly and universally defined, in the words of our Armed Forces, as "action above and beyond the call of duty."

On a bitterly cold and windy Sunday night in early February, Stein House caught fire twice. The first conflagration was quickly doused, but the second went beyond control. Moments after the student and faculty residents had evacuated the building for the second time that night, the stage and gym had become a live furnace, the music room had exploded into flames, and the entire third floor dormitory and roof were engulfed in one incandescent mass that flared all night and smoldered most of the next day.

To single out the heroic individuals who performed far beyond the call of duty that night and subsequently would not only create a staggering logistics problem in selection, but would also ignore the true nature of heroism itself. One set of houseparents abandoned their belongings to lead their charges clear of the doomed building while another set began the enormous task of housing the displaced youngsters. Student leaders of all grades and of the dormitories and the Council took charge of the mobilization and the supervision of the evacuees. Non-government students surrendered their beds and contributed clothing to the Stein House boys and girls who had fled their rooms clad only in nightclothes and bathrobes, while administration officials began already the task of organizing room locations, dining arrangements and reconstruction for the school plant as Stein House flamed less than a hundred yards away.

Most significant and most heroic, perhaps, when the immediacy of the emergency had passed, the entire community restored its equilibrium and returned to normal duty, but now operating under most abnormal and difficult circumstances. Boy's House lost its Commons recreation area; Swedish and Manor House became almost unbearably congested with additional residents. Stein House boys and girls lost the privacy and freedom of their former dormitory life. And they continued to perform. This is the true meaning of heroism.

It would be well within the safe and conventional tradition of this publication to dedicate this book to one outstanding faculty or administration member for devotion to duty. But in a larger sense, this would overlook the oldest and strongest tradition of Cherry Lawn School: its faith in its students and in humanity, and its belief that only the actions of the students are the true measure of the efforts of the staff and the caliber of their education in this community. On that night of the Stein House fire and in the months that have followed, the faith, the efforts, and the education have been vindicated by the heroic performance of the Cherry Lawn student body. It is to them that we the staff of the 1968 *Cherry Pit* dedicate this book.







silhouetted shadow—scratches
are varied shades of lamp black



He walked the longest road;
He swam the widest river;
He shot the straightest arrow;
Then he stopped and said,
"I am immortal."

He climbed the highest mountain;
He flew the fastest plane;
He saw every sight to be seen;
Then he stopped and said,
"I am immortal."

He caught the biggest fish;
He wrote the best book ever;
He found the biggest diamond;
Then he stopped and said,
"I am immortal."

He fought and killed the devil;
He walked with Jesus on the water;
He sat on the king's big throne,
and died.

sam spak

*He can't
but you really know
keep laughing
Joseph*





"Think as I think," said a man,

"Or you are abominably wicked;





You are a toad."



*Cynthia:
I am really
happy I know
you...
dopic*



And after I had thought of it.



I said, "I will, then, be a toad."—Stephan Crane



But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him, and he thought in his heart:

How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Nay, not without a wound in the spirit shall I leave this city.

Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls, and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can depart from his pain and his aloneness without regret?

Too many fragments of the spirit have I scattered in these streets, and too many are the children of my longing that walk naked among these hills, and I cannot withdraw from them without a burden and an ache.

It is not a garment I cast off this day, but a skin that I tear with my own hands.

Nor is it a thought I leave behind me, but a heart made sweet with hunger and with thirst.

Yet I cannot tarry longer.

The sea that calls all things unto her calls me, and I must embark.





Linda Sternau

"When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy."

To have courage to be free;
To be self-aware;
To be alive.

alan cohen



To Cynthia
We enjoyed you this
knowing and talking
year you far and
with less opposi-
al subj-
love
luck.
al





sam .pak

*"Anyone can fill his life up with things,
if he can see but just cannot touch."*





"Good bye, good luck, struck the sun and the moon
to the fisherman lost on the land.
He stands alone at the door of his home
with his long legged heart in his hand."

kit butters



*I came in blue, Nothing for Nothing.
Man Alone, on the move.
No matter what will happen to me,
I will forever be.*

G. C.





*When love beckons to you, follow him
Though his ways are hard and steep,
And when his wings enfold you, yield to him
Though the sword hidden among his pinions may
wound you.*

ricky diaz

ann-marie gray





jeanne kimmerly

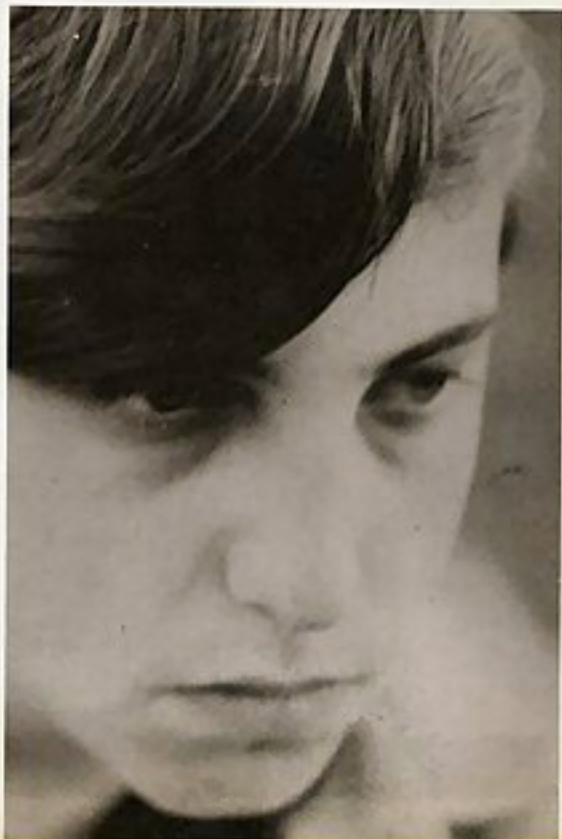
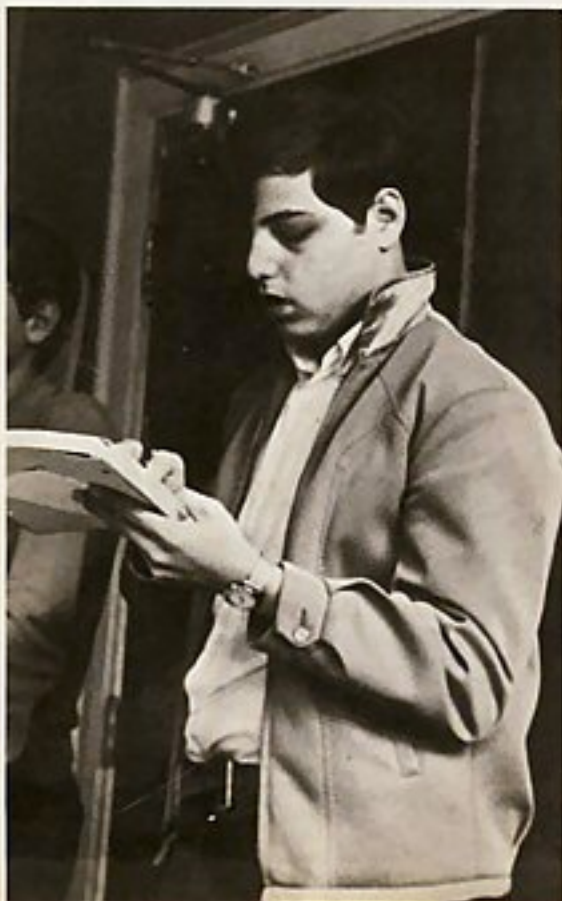
Though lovers shall be lost...
Love shall not.

*Dear Cynthia,
To a real nice
girl who wish
all the luck in
the world to.*

*Life is dropped, to be picked up and examined.
It passes slowly quickly, unknowingly.
Catch it, conquer it, love it, live it.*

*Love,
Janne*

dennis osrow





*"The guilty undertaker sighs, the lonesome organ
ginder cries.
The cracked bells and washed out horns blow into
my face with scorn, but it's not that way,
I wasn't born to lose..."*

cheryl berger

david lacount





john roscillo

*Love comes quietly, but you know when it is there,
because suddenly you are not alone anymore, and
there is no sadness inside you.*



*She loves to Live
And lives to Love, happily.
Friends, Brother, Sister and HIM*

joanne golden





dennis langwald

Imagination is more important than Knowledge.

Dear Cynthia → It's been
great in French
I love you - Dennis

dear:
cynthia
i will never
forget the
good old
costume
committee
and those
← dumb plays →
please be cool
and hope to
see you in the
future →
i love you
*debbie



debbie jaffee

*I wanted only to try to live in accord with
the promptings which came from my true self.
Why was that so very difficult?*





CONTRIBUTOR TO A GREAT IDEAS

ruth beck

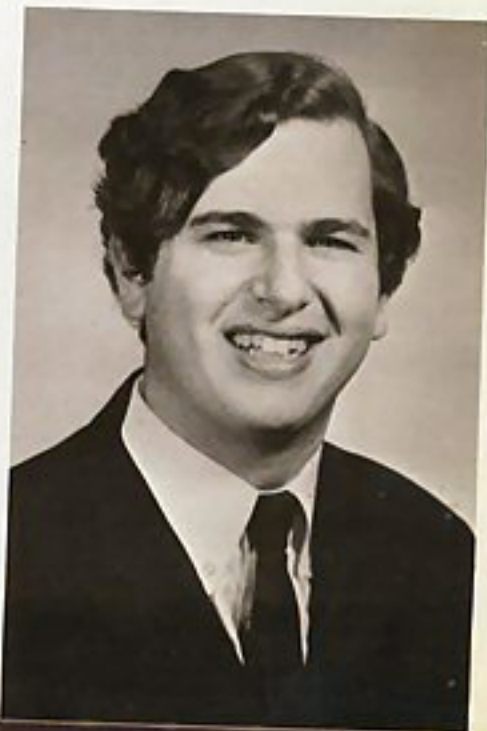
"Yes, come in", I cried,
but at the windy
snow hung gate
knocking still went on.

hard worker -
good luck
Ruthie
costume committee
etc--



bob jay

My friend peers in on me with merry
wise face, and though the sky stays dim,
the very light of day, the very
sun's self comes in with him.





mark mitchell

*"All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led that way for Birth
or Death?"*



*Less hasty am I than the wind, yet I must go.
We wanderers, ever seeking the lonelier way,
begin no day where we have ended another
day; and no sunrise find us where sunset left us.*

janet meizner





gerald kreppel

*To accept life without defeat by it, rather
to triumph over life without a denial of it.
To face freedom, truth, and to understand;
leaving to each land, to every person
something.*



*Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you
find her unless she herself be your way and your guide?*

kitten leone





monica dever

*"But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."*



adele kessler

*"Come run, jump, skip along ^{SUN} ~~down~~,
A very happy man I am . . .
to know you're well and you're doing
fine;
Kind of puts at rest my mind."*





lissa lynne breslaw

*"And do part myself, never
Else just time fails. I
wanted to be friends with
you . . . solitude, blue ice."*



*"little miss ice water was stopped one day.
"where have you been? what shall you do today?
you must tell me!" her reply and a smile—
"Why, those answers are buried, you shall never know,
but the sun is out . . . and now i can rest,"*

nancy tone





diane grossman

Whoever degrades another degrades me,
and whatever is done or said, returns
at last, to me.



Dear Cynthia,
Mano (don't
wouldn't have
been the same
without you. I hope
that we can
see each other
in future
even though
you go
your
way of
I go
mine.

dear you,
hi - glad to know you
and i hope you keep up
all the good stuff - school & weight & ect.
Have a good
summer.
Love
me
y

When rain has hung the leaves with tears
I want you near; to kill my fears
to help me leave all my blues behind.
For standing in your heart is where I want
to be and long to be;
Oh! but I may as well try and catch the wind.

judy handleman



Love
always
BEAT
BOOBS



elsbet mayer

The little girl's mind: a realm of uncertainty ...
 ... Nick—names ... a child's games ...
 (reflections: a wasted past.)
 Will there be tomorrow?
 Yes, there's always tomorrow.

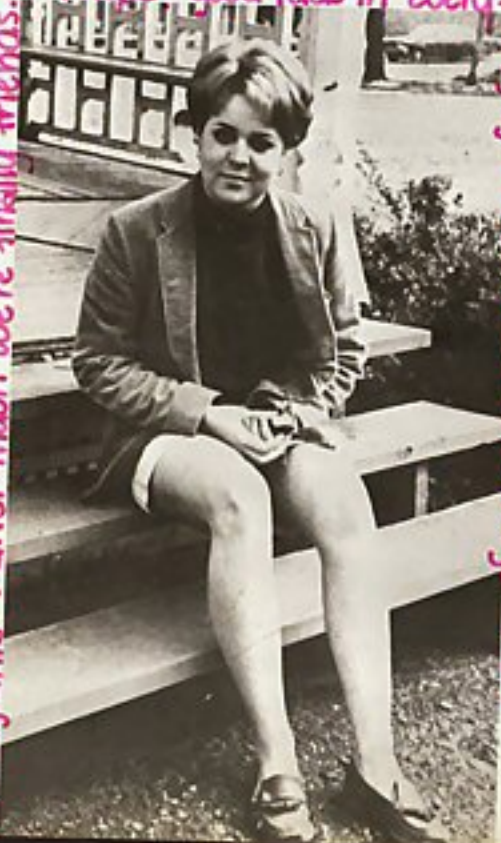
*you Cynthia my love
 mastered the art of
 applying eyemakeup
 it was a long
 tough struggle - but
 you stuck with it
 to the end! now just
 stick to your goddamn
 it!
 if i seem flippant
 let me be for i am.*

ann gayle



*love
 you
 always
 Elli
 banana
 belli*

*dear Cynthia → after much we're finally friends... hope! good luck in every-
 thing you endeavor. love always → an*





john borona

*What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes.
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.*



*Success is counted sweetest
By those who never succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest a need.*

william lindars





ken dreyfus

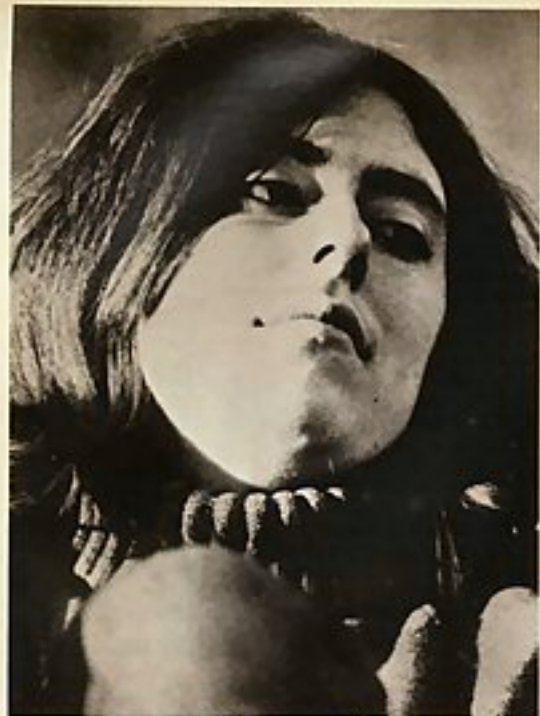
*"Many words have been granted me, and
some are wise, and some are false,
but only three are holy:
'I will it!'"*



*Have faith and hope in the future.
Understand and never be aloof.
In your heart be warm, but strong.
And never neglect the truth.*

brian drilich





barbara goldman

"Two roads diverged in a wood
and I,
I took the one less traveled by
And that has made all the difference."

Dear Cyndie
Believe it or
not, I regarded
you as a sensitive
fine friend and
hope you thought of
me as such. Cyndie I'll
good luck, and I'll
Take care, and I'll
see ya when I visit
Love always,
Barbs

Whoever you are holding me now in hand,
Without one thing all will be useless,
I give you fair warning before you attempt me further,
I am not what you supposed, but far different.

carolyn white



Cyndie, now
that the year is
almost over, it
seems sad that
I'll be leaving
never to return.
As I've said so
many times before
when I'm around -
watch out!!!
Love,
me '69





georgia gojmerac

*"If songs like crimson roses,
Are culled from the thin blue air—
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?"*



Dear Cynthia,
I'll always
remember our friend-
ship here at school,
and I hope it
continues. Thanks for
being a great pal.

Love,
Diane

*You can learn from everything,
for even the simplest things
bring knowledge.*

diane kulick



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Brian Drilich

The staff would like to show our appreciation to Art Tullar for feeding and carrying us in our weak moments. We would also like to thank our wonderful Mr. Findley, Hank with the fish-eyes, and apologize to Mrs. Brennen for the noise.

From the staff of the 1968 Cherry Pit.

Compliments from The 8th GRADE

Erik Silver	Gail Walker
Danny Hurwitz	Nancy Stuber
Lance Hallock	Susan Levi
Fernando Dorta	Michelle Krug
Ronnie D'Addario	Enid Levinson
John Raphael	Cathy Conley
Robert Leventhal	Elise Samelson
Barbara Livingston	

Best of Luck Class of '68

From THE CLASS OF '70

Advisor—Mr. Reed
President—Jimmie Kinnebrew
Vice President—Frank Schaffer
Treasurer—Gary Teplitsky
Social Secretary—Fran Spiridon

Congratulations and Good Luck

To The Seniors

Best Wishes,

The Ninth Grade

From a Deep Pool

A Majestic Flow of Life Issues

Upward To a Thundering Crest

*Downward To The Clouds, A Thought is now
created*

Compliments

of

The Junior Class

*Forever They Come, Forever They go
No one knows . . .
As we sit and watch,
The stars rise and fall,
And are Lost;
Meanwhile They seek,
Through the darkest nights
shining . . .
And they find they are one,
For now they shoot
Through the heaven . . .
Searching . . .
Will they meet again?*

Good Luck

Thanks

The Seniors of 1968

*"An enlightened man has but one duty—
To seek the way to himself,
To reach inner certainty."*

DEMIAN

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extends best wishes

To

Cherry Lawn School, Darien, Conn.

in Their New

Dining Hall and Kitchen Facility

Dear
Cyn -
It's a
great knowing
you. Hope that
you come back next
year and then we
can have good times
again. Well. Here's good
luck to.
Love always
Sara

To dear Cynthia
A grand fall and
a pleasure to know.
Good luck and
a wonderful summer
Love
Ann Stock

Don't
 all of Cynthia
 very good year, been a
 together. It's been a
 really good year. We had
 lots of fun. Love ya,
 Abby

To Mom,
 Knowing you've been
 good care of Dad. Great Take

PORTRAIT OF
 INVISIBASIL
 Thank you dear, Cynthia,
 the gum-chewer and costume-
 designer extraordinary, for all
 your good work on the plays.

Affectionately, Baz

Jay
 Rhoda

Cindy

This has been a good
 year. I'll always remember
 you as my valentine.

Bruce

Cynthia -
 it's been great,
 knowing you - im
 looking forward to
 seeing you next
 year. take care and
 good luck.

love,
 Debbie Weiss

Cynthia: (God, I can't even spell it right!!)
 It was a good year... I guess.
 You're a really great kid. Best wishes.
 Brian '68

I think it's a shame
 that I haven't taken all the
 opportunities that I have
 to share experiences with
 you. I enjoy that. Good
 luck and I enjoy that.