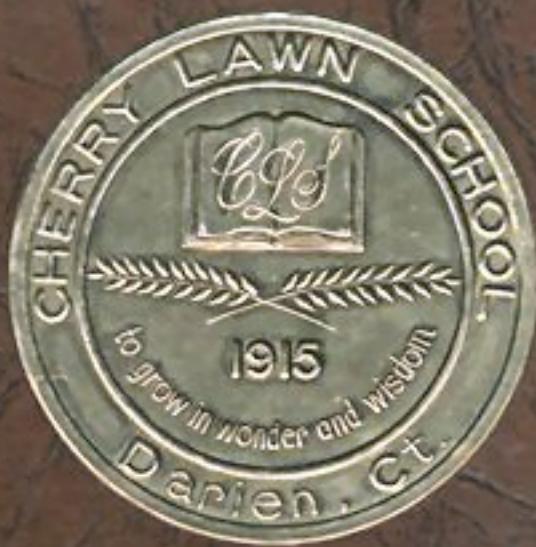


•69



Will keep
more & I
at least this
time I'm sure as
your book like I
said in the other book
I meant it to be good luck
in the big case
I'll remember your birthday
take it front little old she'll
need it. I'll remember your birthday
in for Betsy's front
during study hall now always
Bullock

To My Roomate's Best
Chicken soup Pals -
And to one of my
Best Pals too -
Always be as sincere
and honest as you
are! - LUV YA -
Amy

Dear Captain,
of your nice trip
your tremendous gear a
wilde — good time for a
walk — hope to
see you again soon
late you.

Cynthia Rosen
Class of 69

Wortha, I'm not
We've been back had
great room back had
your though we also
although fight to we good
Some fight of good
had a lot of good
had to hear summer
time. hope this
I hope this
from you love always
from your love
I'll never forget our tales
Maigie

Lynthia,
I really wish you
the best of luck in
college next year
and in the future,
Douglas D. Fisher

Douglas D. Fisher

4. Thanksgiving. Dear you,
Joe

THE
C
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Well to the
end of another year
I will always remember
you bid. may be we will
be able to have a
dinner next time I
see you hope

I wish you the best
me too
take care
always
Duke





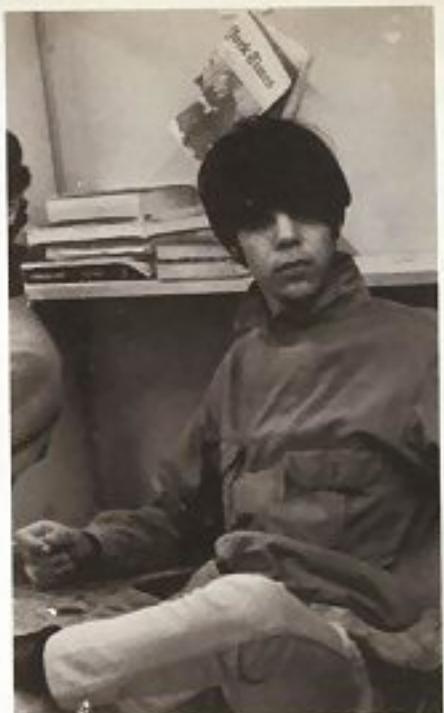
yahogdie?
well you've
finally made
the mad
escape.
now, you
must work
on, your
future in
jew land
Brooklyn,
wendy

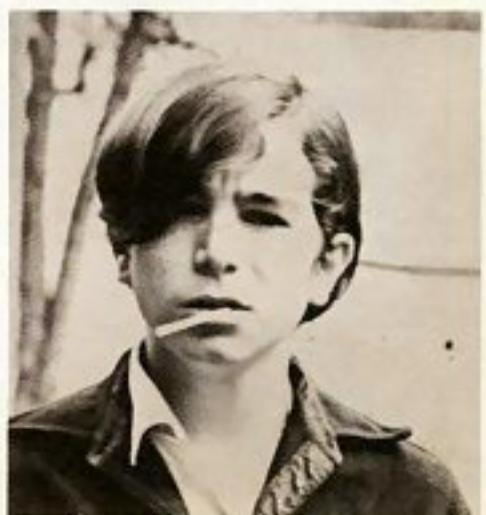


*The pictures on the wall
tell the colours of time,
The stars give the light's hour,
and you tell me it's coming all from within.*

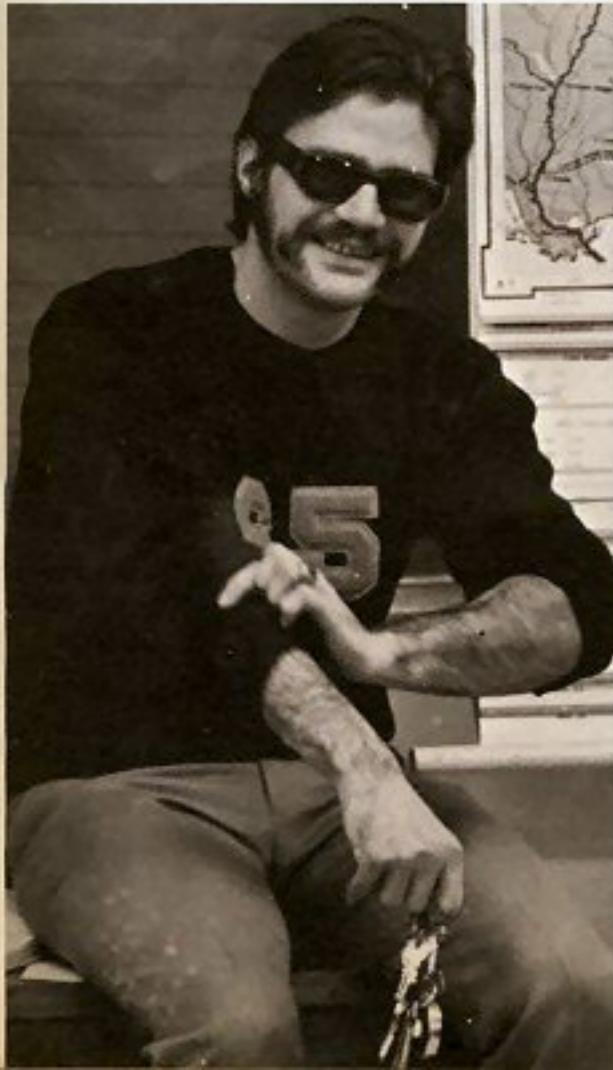
Eliot Gorson















Peter Cifrino — Ci



John Raburn

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts*

Bobby Bardahl





Susan Dube



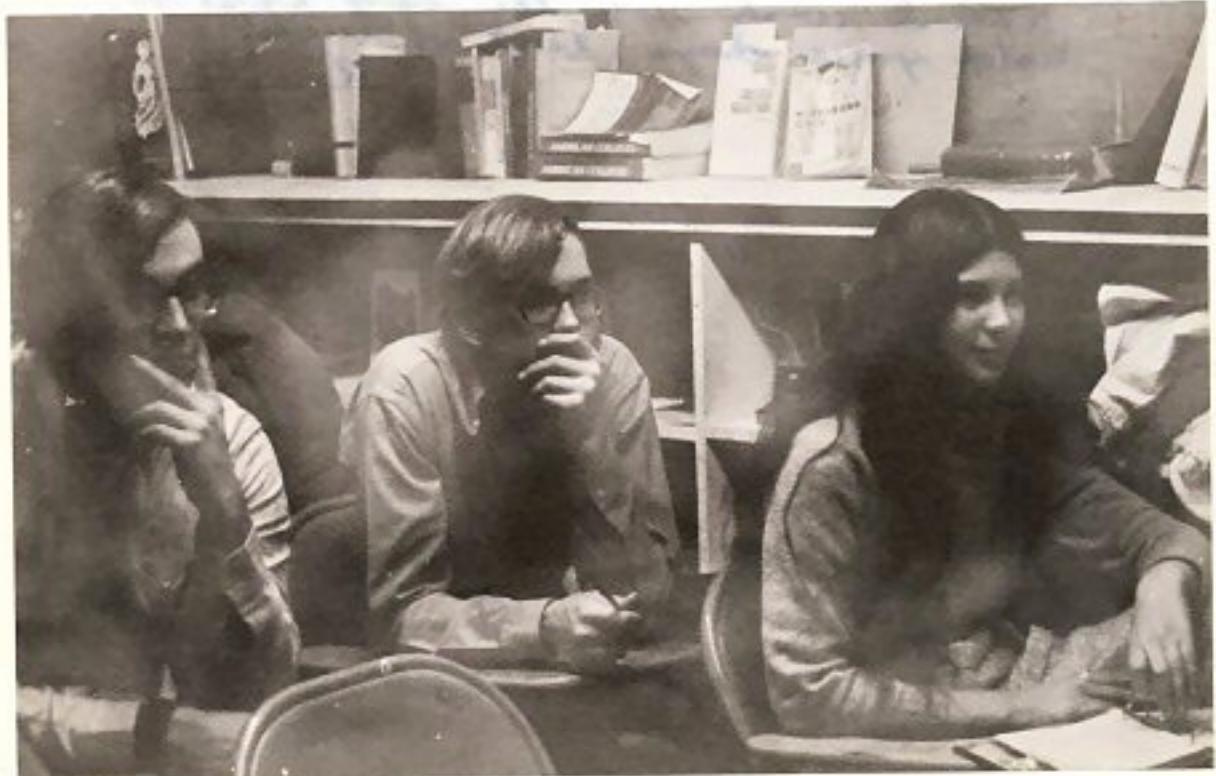


Fish again?



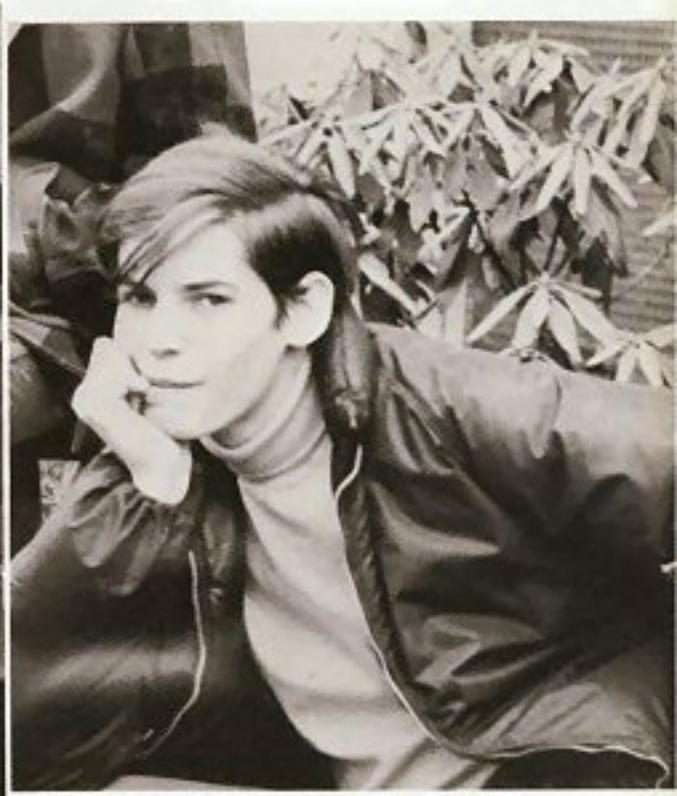
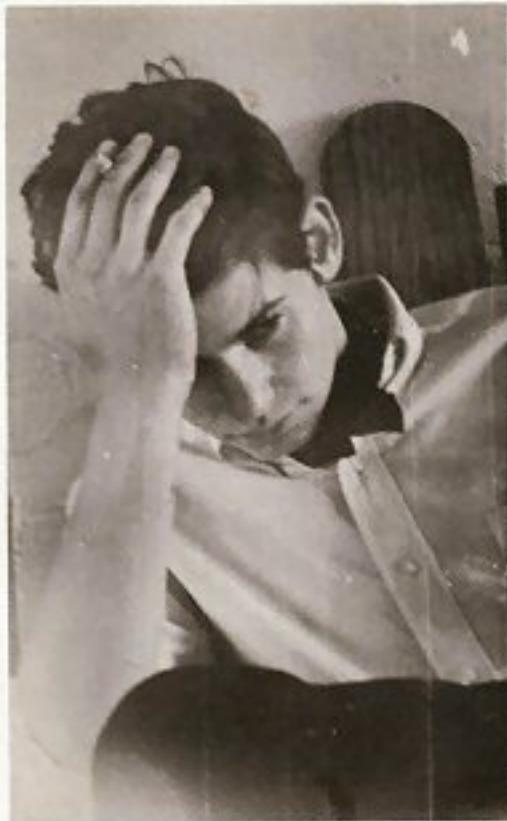
dear Cynthia
I've known you now for 2 years
and I wish you the very best for the
rest of your days best of luck
Anne







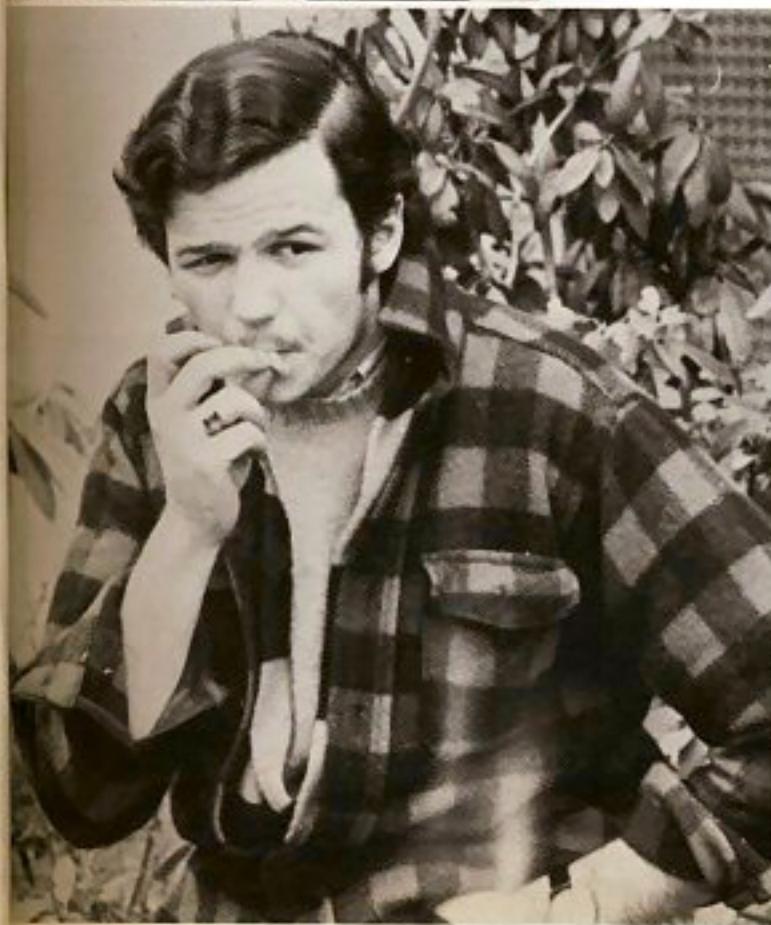
Douglas Isaacson - Harvey



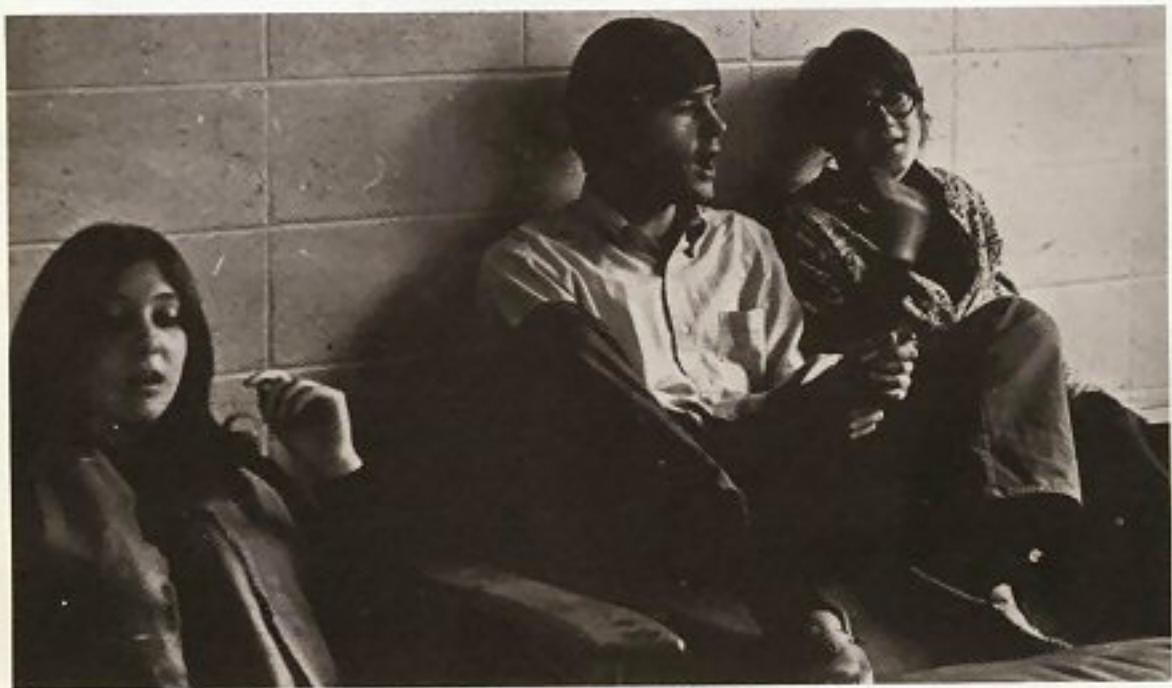
We miss you Doug.



WEIRD!



Peter McCabe - Daddy











Cynthia —

When you feel around,
remember not to lose your
temper if the joking twists
your arm too hard. Look at
things lightly and you'll find
that the world is a happier
place than you think.

Mr. Bennett



June Kaplan - Juniper

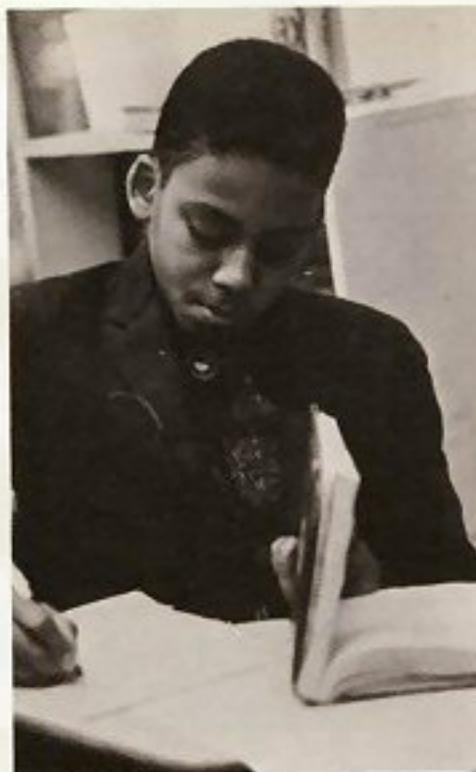


Ray Boyd - Arab



Jane Tarr Selover

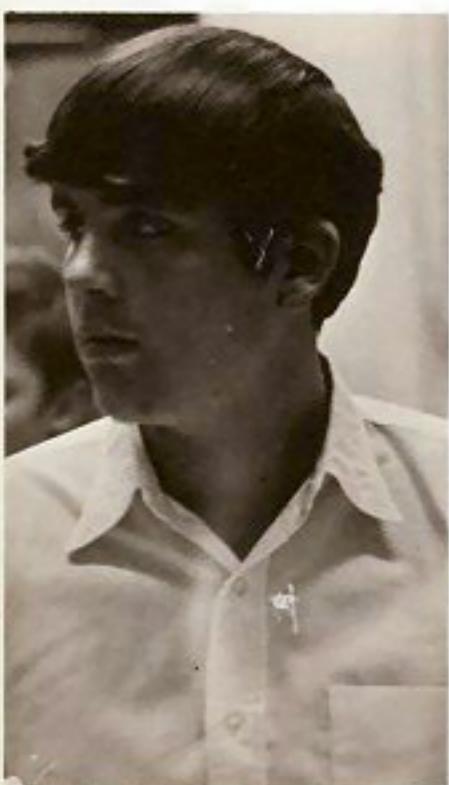




Laura Schoen



Robert Weiner







Is it true blonds have more fun?





Its the chick on the
right, officer.

Dear Cyn,
Remember the
beginning, we were
that we were
mates. Sorry that
we lasted
anyway. Always,
Sue

Dear Mom,
nobody love is a
sharing of joy, worry
and discovery. Never
lose your dominant
trait. Peace + love,
Beedi
(Steve Kaweon)







Joe Delumen - Jose



***Mark Eden
Celeste Krauss***

*Joe Delumen
Jose
Mark Eden
Celeste Krauss
1966
Yearbook
Signature
Date
1966*

Cynthia, well friend this has sure been some year. I think if it hadn't been for your reassurance and confidence & knowing ~~about~~ just what was going on many a time I'd have been pretty lost. We had

Priscilla Ericson

some good times despite all the mess. And Although we weren't ever that "close" I feel we did get to understand each other. You're a true friend and I hope you find happiness this summer and next year when we all venture out into the "real world" we're all going to be going out into now. Please write Cynthia and lets not ever loose touch. Love you,

Priscilla



P. S. Don't drift to much this summer with the shoe saleswoman. Love you.

1003 Cedar Street
Crossett, Arkansas

Keith Churchill



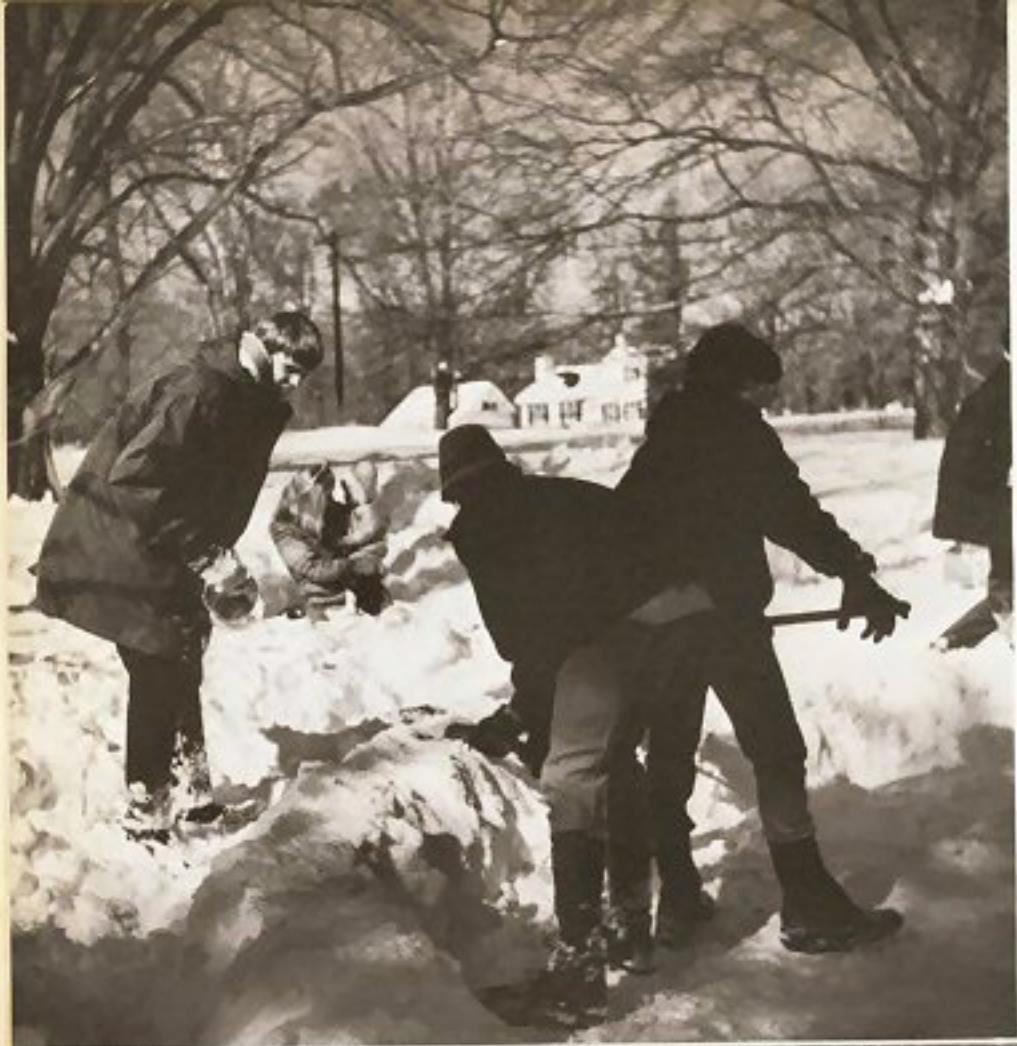


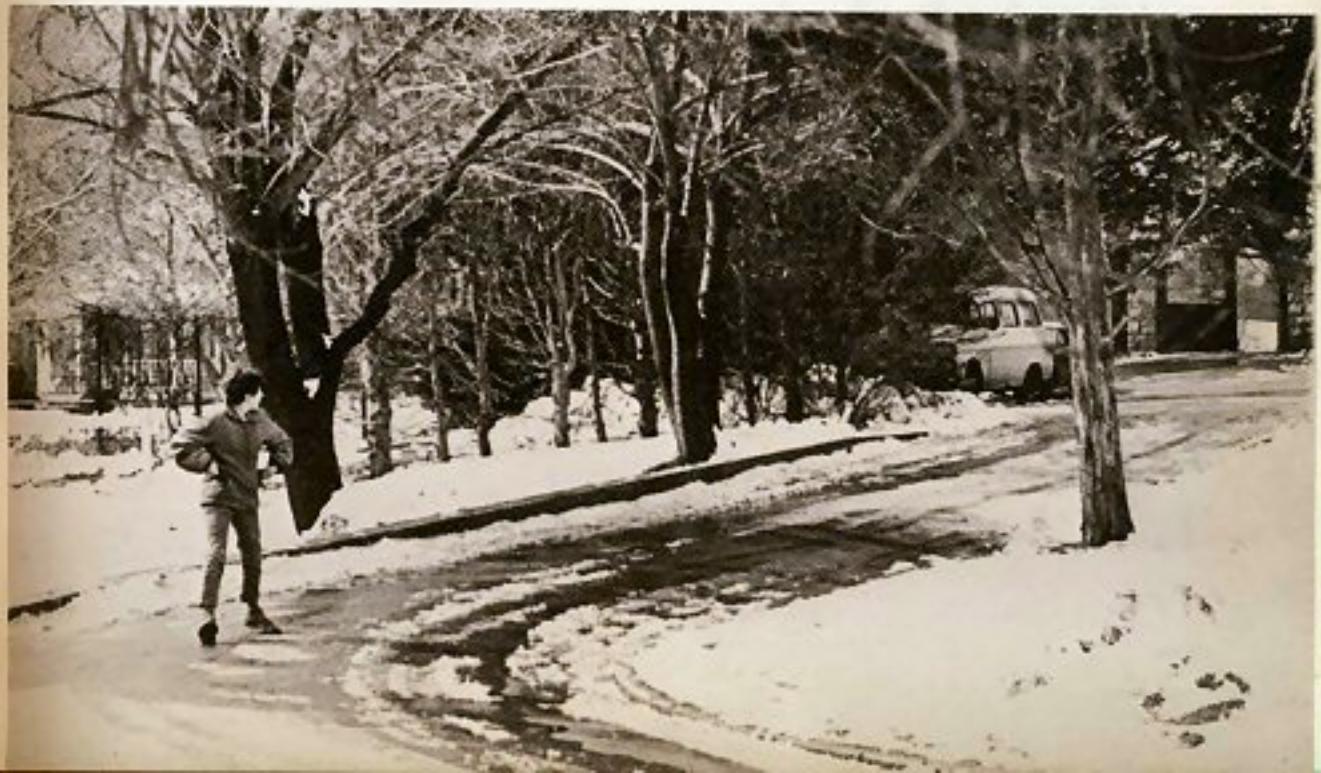
Lythia

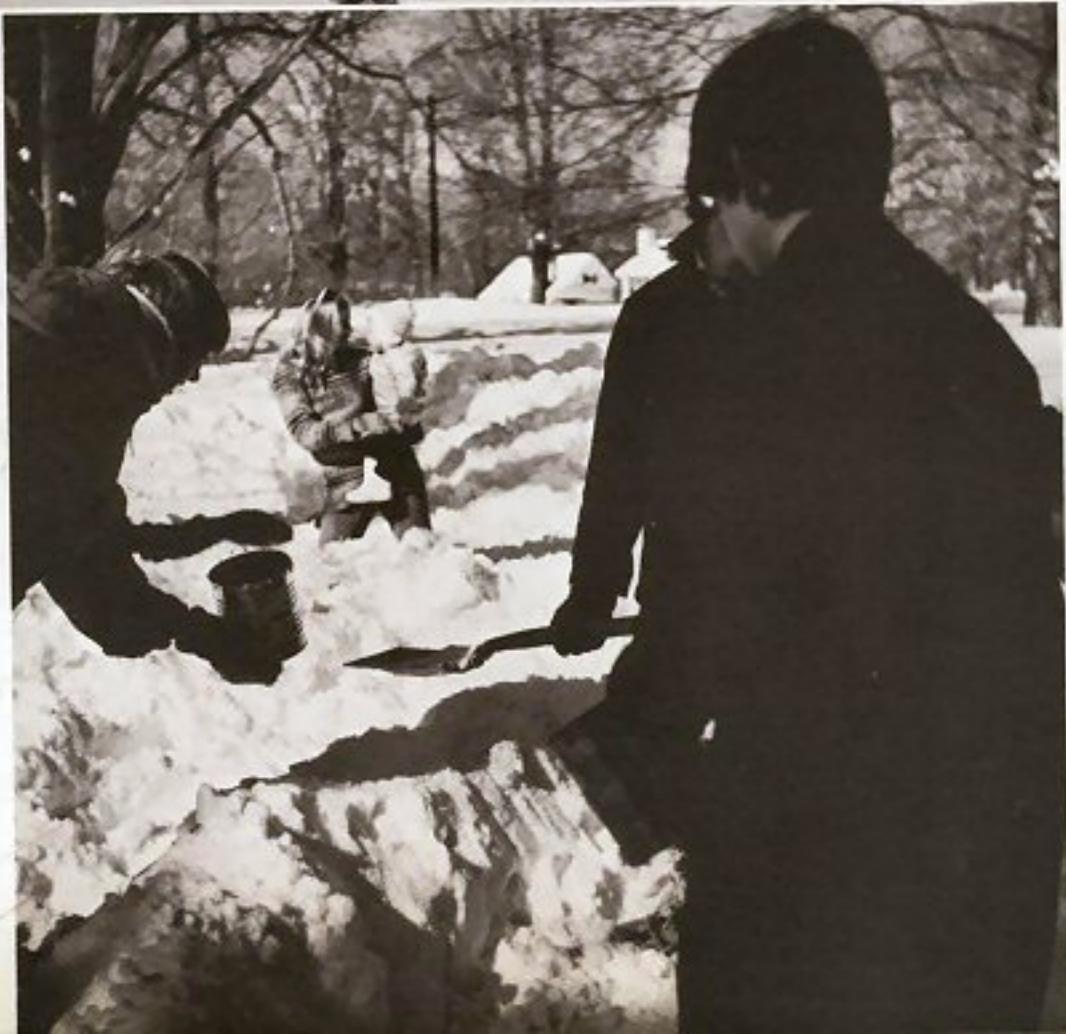
In a flash of罕ality people striking into the
hearts of many - I wrote
Monte

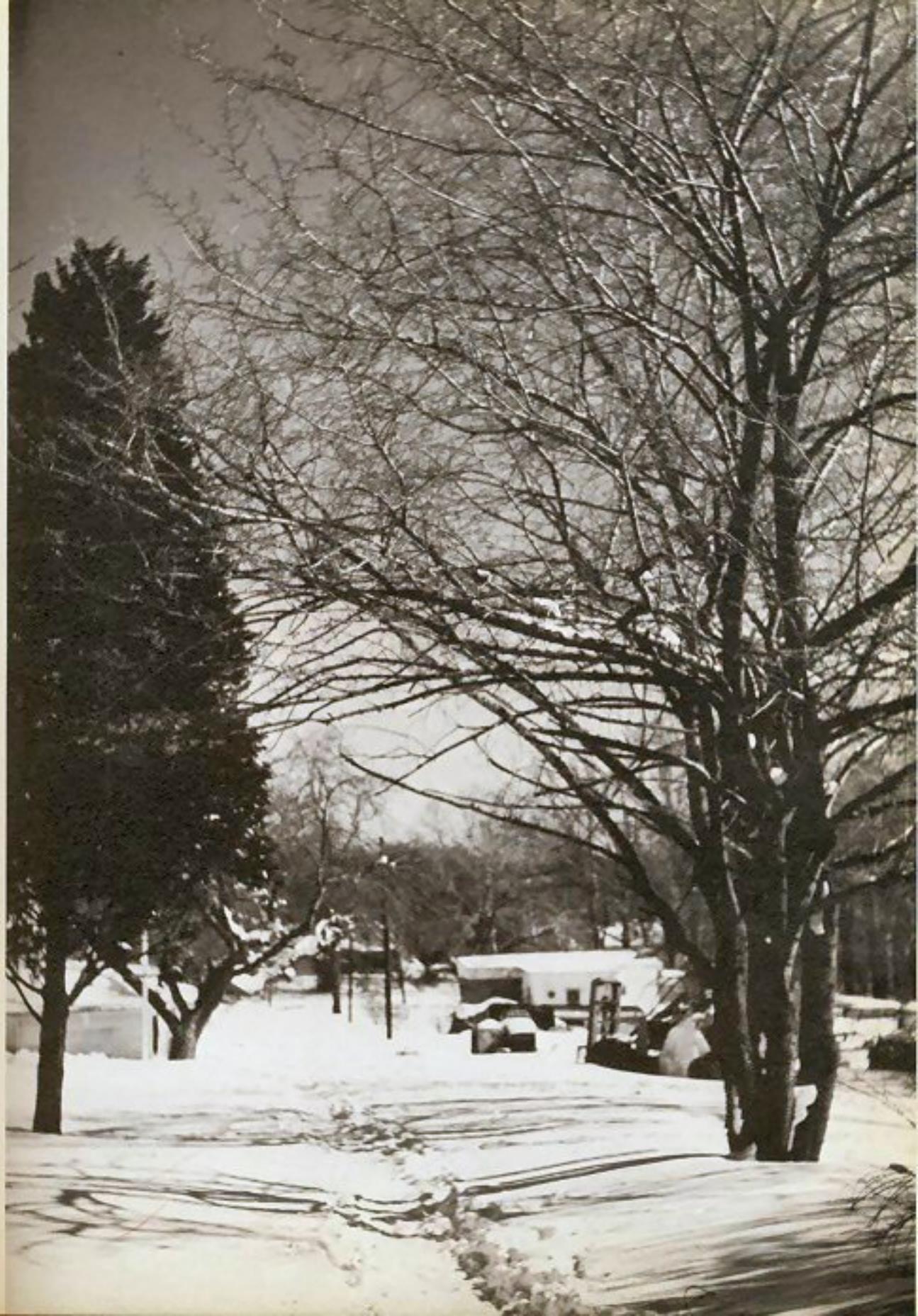
Becky













Francine Frede - Franny

dear Cyn -
fatty friend -
true blue -
a bit loud but truly
sincere.

Be good
Be happy
Summer is here - pull out
the bikini.
let a smile be your umbrella
devil foods cupcake -
love always -
forever -
franny

dear Cynthia Summer
Have a good summer
and a good luck in life
future
take care and be good
Love
Carrie



Bruce Preston - Monsieur



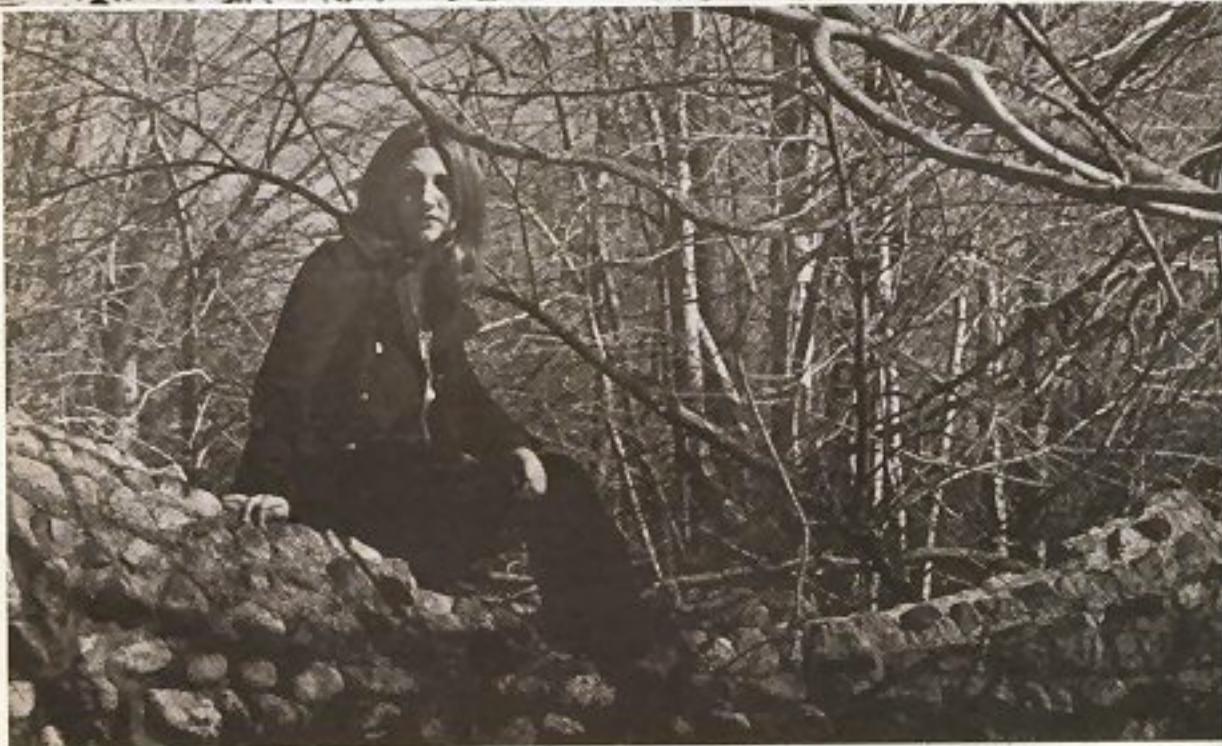
Warren Schneider

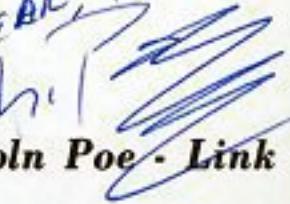


Jacqueline Land - Jackie



Nannette Bartels - Nan



CINDY
IT'S BEEN DON HAWKINS
ONE THIS C.S.H. ALL YEAR
WON'S TO BAD THAT IT
CAN'T LAST! GOOD LUCK
NEXT YEAR YOUTH NEED
IT!
Hi! 

Lincoln Poe - Link





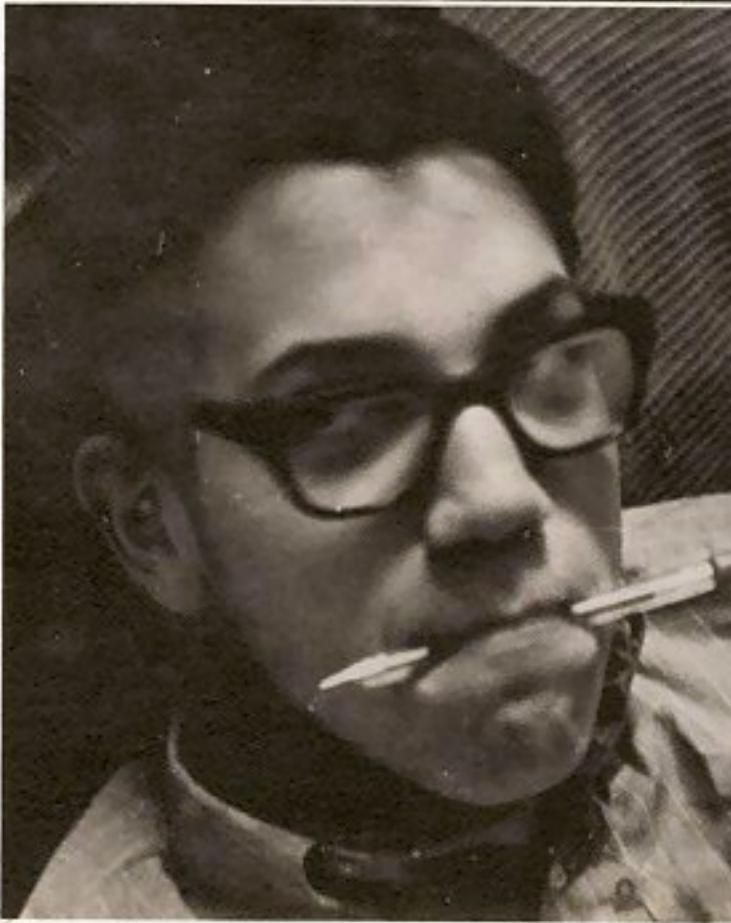








*Judith
Handleman*

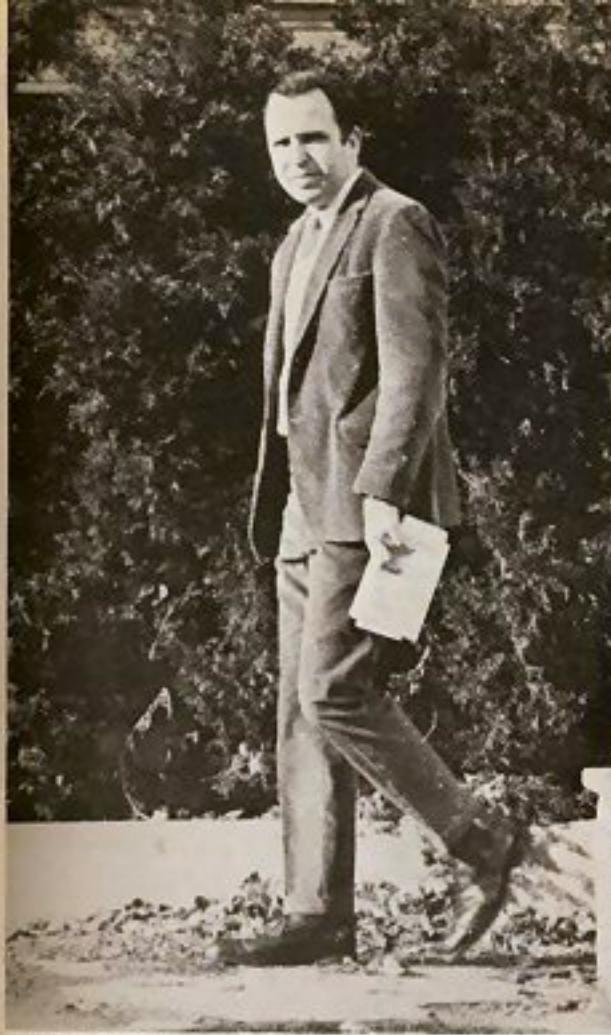


I don't have any food.

Dear Carter & Betty,
I will take a walk
but I will be back
to eat. I am not
feeling good today
but I will be back
soon. Love you & the
Cigars.



11:10 A.M.



BE A PART
TO THE
MOVE IN THE
UN-COMON







Can't
go into toooo
too business records
Dale Carl, see you soon
Miss



Sorry Toby, We Goofed

*If a picture is worth
a thousand words...
it shows him as
he is. He is
a good boy
and always amuses
Toby*

(B)

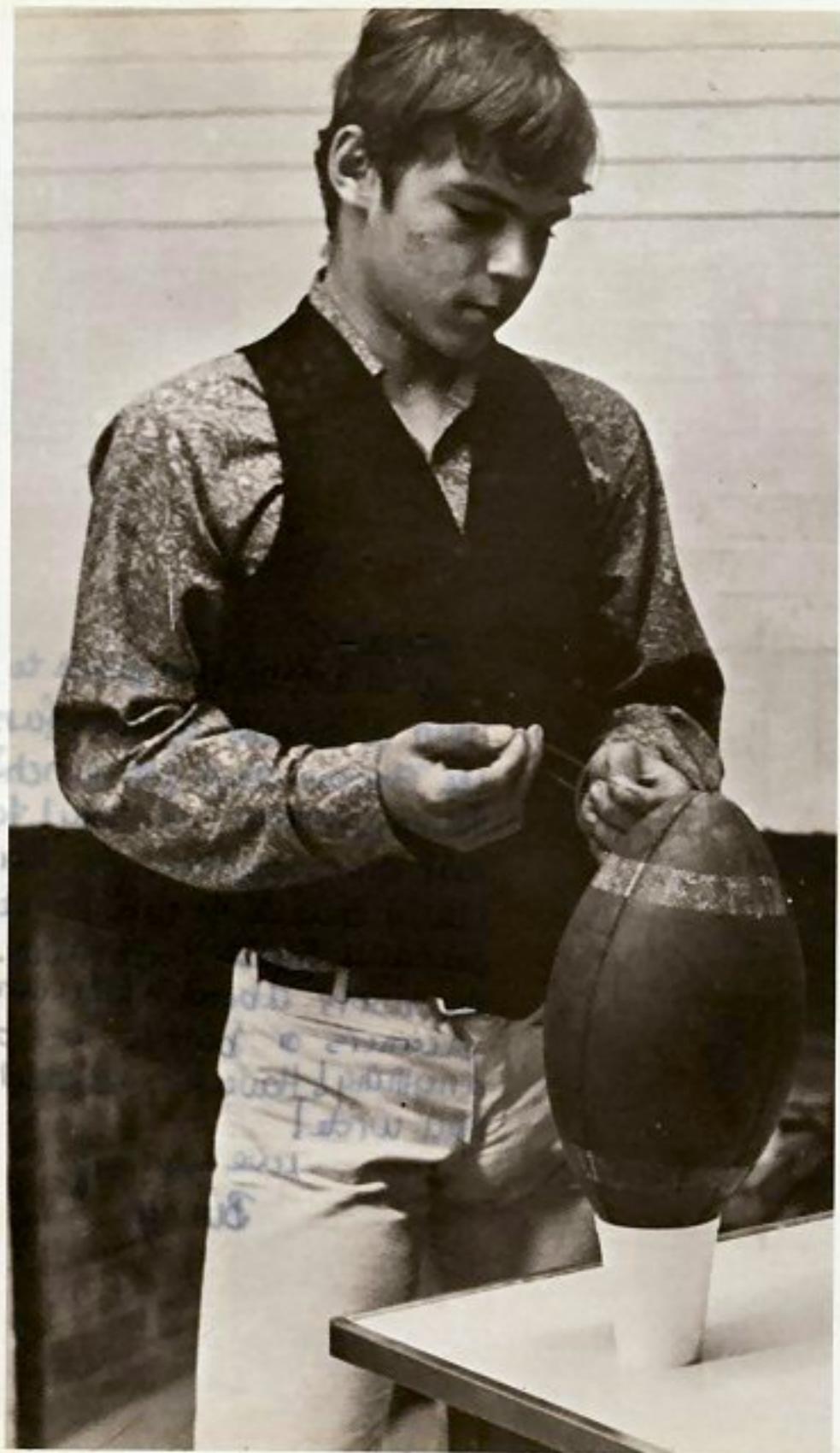


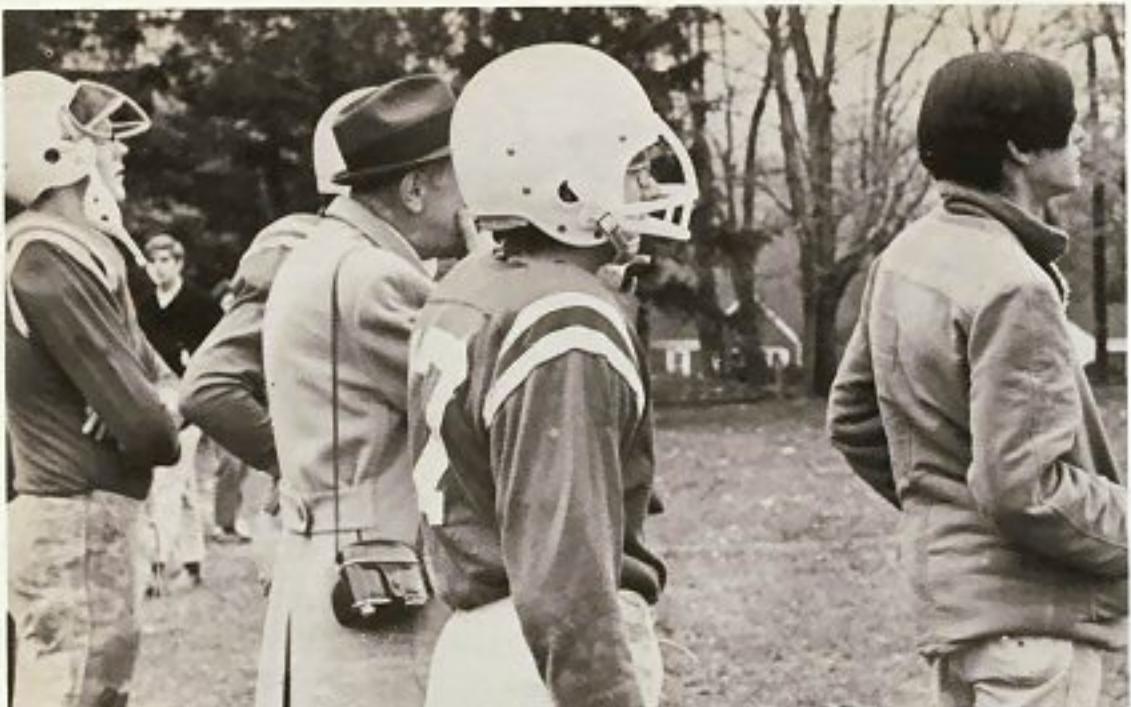


*Dear Cognac, (clicker and cat)
Great idea! Have a nice day!
Considering New York
Second place to New York
Savvy
Scooby*

I wanna feeeeeel!



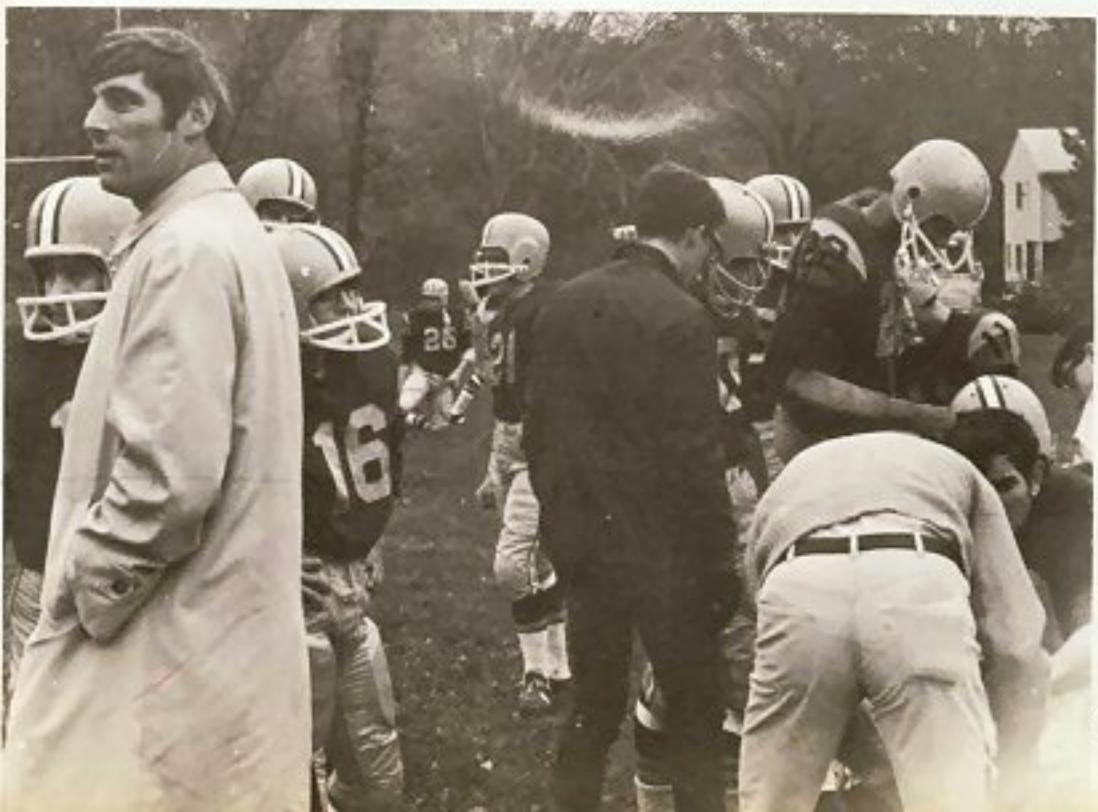


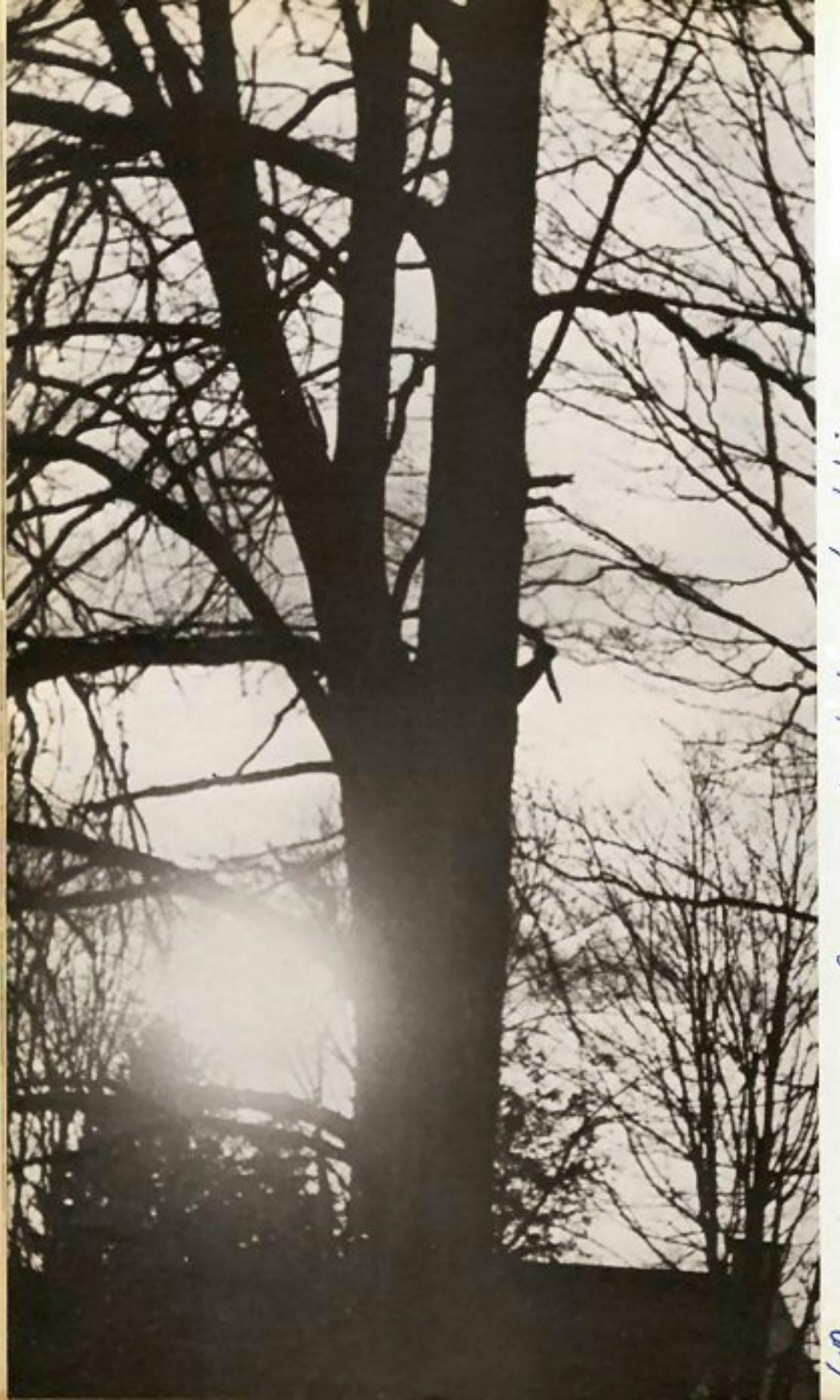


Cynthia -

I've really been proud to have been a member of your fan club the "Chicken Soup for Lunch" Band French, Geometry... oie vay! For a next-door neighbor, you were really swell, though. No more Sunday fights with Mrs. Harrison about vacuum cleaners or bathrooms or anything! Have fun at Stephens. And write!

Love always,
Bunny





Ch.,
Remember L.F.W.C. well never forget, we really got along great. ugh!
You and your chicken soup make a good couple. Oh! and your big big.

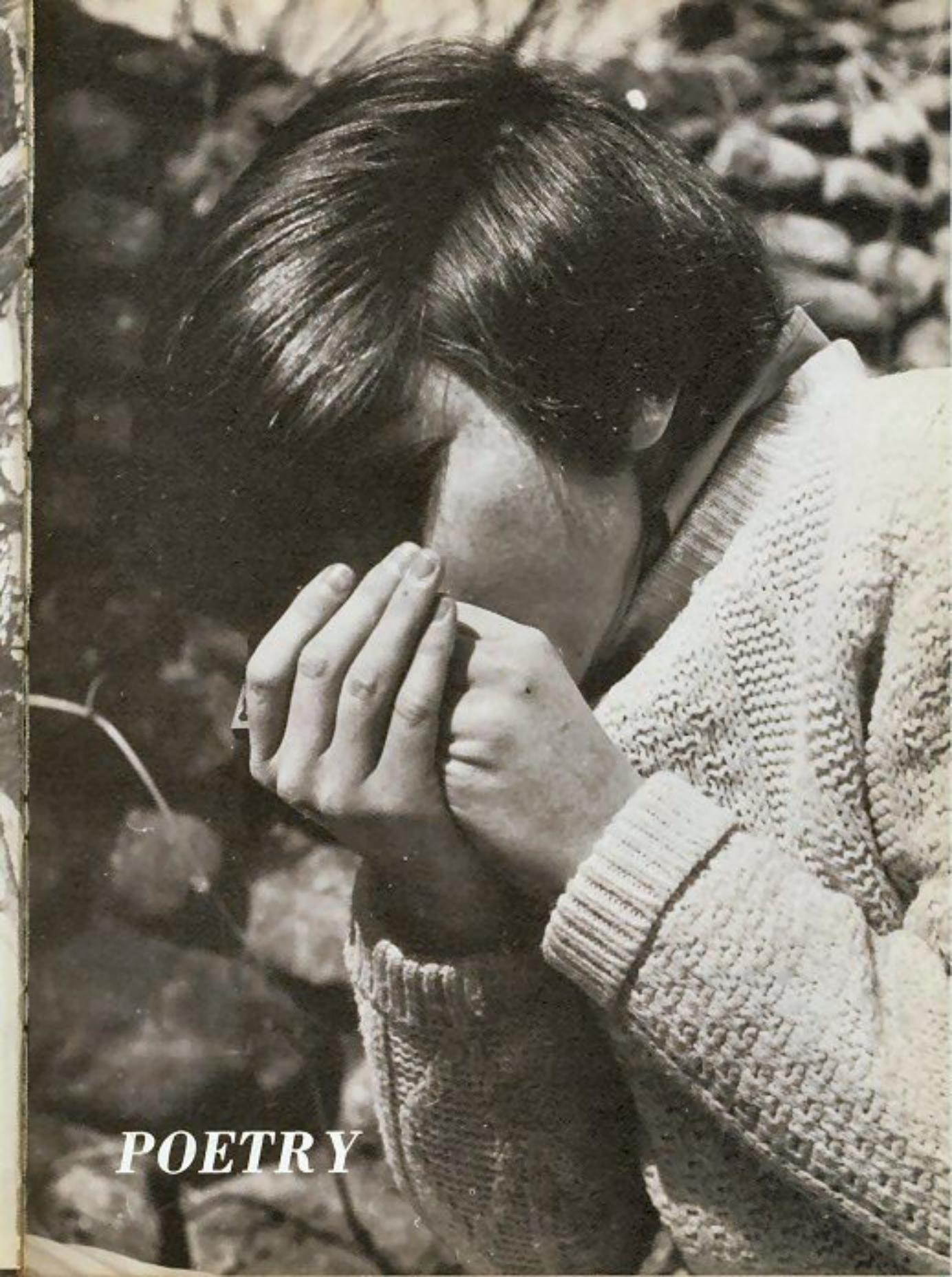
Please write me! have fun
when you walk through a storm hold your head up high and
don't be afraid of the dark. LOVE,
Alma Glastonbury Grabs and I. II

“I’m dappled and drowsy
and ready to sleep;
Let the morning time drop
all its petals on me...”

Paul Simon







POETRY

MÁXIMO PAVÓN IMPRESIÓNES DE ESPAÑA

*How tranquil is the life of him who,
Shunning the vain world's uproar,
May follow, free from strife,
The hidden path, of yore
Chosen by the few who conned true wisdom's lore!*

*Sleep broken by no fear be mine,
And a day clear, serene and free,
Shunning the look severe, lofty exceedingly,
Of him whom gold exalts or ancestry.*

*And while in misery
Others are pledged to fierce ambition's throng,
Afire insatiably,
For power that stays so long.
May I in pleasant shade recite my song.*

F. Laris de León

*The burning, passionate words of love
Once again in your ears will sound;
And then your heart will perhaps awake,
Will be roused from its sleep profound;
But as one kneels at His altar, mute,
Adoring, with head bent low,
As I have loved you . . . be undeceived,
Ah! They'll not love you so!*

*Gustavo A. Becquer
trans. M. Pacón*

*Oh Spain, how old and dry I see you!
Yet your heart shines like a silver coin covered with dust.
Burning carnation of flaming dreams,
I have seen your stars glitter, your moon break on the water,
Your men walk barefoot, hurting their feet with your burning stones.*

*Where to search for your heart-beat; in your rivers that drag
into the sea,
In their waters, the walls and towers of dead cities?
In your errant people, whose lives rot away to give substance
to your crops?*

*Oh Spain, burning carnation of flaming dreams,
My hands would like to cut down your trees,
To throw your old deeds into the fire,
To sow your dried lands with the ashes,
Sleep with your dream and then rise afterwards with the dawn,
Now free from the burden that lays on my shoulders the fatal
Shadow of your ruins.*

*Oh Spain, burning carnation of flaming dreams,
Coffer of hard crust that keeps in its warm heart
The old silver coin covered with oblivion, exhaustion and dust.*

*José Hierro
trans. M. Pavón*

Chas. B. Lerner

YAWNNNN....

it's soft, so soft it makes you think. i think most of all in that position, it's just like school except you don't get tired.

afterwards i feel like hell, through. i just want to get up and go back down, so i loosen up as much as possible. maybe do a little breathing extra heavy, that always makes me feel better. i feel a flow of soft, hot liquid pulsating through me. the hiss of air passing through my teeth, then it comes, the big stretch, my skin like rubber. the incoming air, and a sigh, it's all over.

but i still don't feel relaxed, so i stay in that position, i stare at the piece of wood in front of me. the grain is wavy, and a splendid thing to stare at. the sun and the air come through the screen at me, enveloping me with their breath. i feel warm and itchy all at once. it becomes so quiet i hear my heart beat and my beard grow.

my hand is brought across my face and i hear that scratchy sound and my hand feels good because my face is smiling.

my brain starts to wonder toward its natural unreality, but i want to stay asleep-awake as i am.

Loneliness,

Bad top soil

Ugly blades of grass

Weeds that look like they're dying.

Cigarette butts and rocks

Little twigs and matches

A large tree magnificently put together

Hairy and thickly fine

Shedding a shadow over the ground.

The air is wet and hot.

A final clanking sound with birds chirping

Heavy motor sound analogous to bugs

Little buzz.

Crinkle-crush of the grass as I walk on it.

The air is fresh.

I'm together again.

Alpen Verse

I think of the crystals and wood.

Grain upon grain and compounded so thin.

Crystal upon crystal glistening in the sun rays of morn.

Freedom of flight and movement indescribable in every respect.

Love-pain treasure of thought, I ski alone in the sun rays of morn.

Anonymous

Gregory

Yes, well now we know a few more things about life, right? It's really strange why some people never learn anything, I mean they are all spinning around in Maelstrom or something.

I could never point a finger at anybody and blame them for my bad times, or bad breath, I mean christ why try to explain it?

I don't want to be better than anyone, and I don't care if anyone's better than me, because they aren't really going anywhere fast. I don't gauge things like that, I don't measure things, I have seen the smallest thing and realized it to be part of the biggest thing.

But the most important thing I have learned here is that life is here only for the taking.

I am a thinker, I think thoughts and I explain them, the explaining part could end as such; But I will think freely until the end.

Anything else trying to get on top of it and make something of it which it isn't—well—it all seems fake and artificial and then everything falls apart like it did, remember?

"That's the truth I only tell the truth and that's the truth."

Love, Brother Paul

P.S. Why don't you drive out here to the hospital sometime? I think I would like to see you again.

Mark Eden

Creative Something

The world is comprised of the ever changing mode of things. We change from green to white in the flash of a season hastily putting out from those around, on either side, above and below.

And as fast as black the foetus comes real, goes real and dies, melting into the lake below her particular mound, coming real.

When the uncountable lakes have evaporated, and in the flash from white to green to reality, then only shall enlightenment reign upon the earth.

Celeste Krauss

A VERY SHORT PLAY

Act One—The two main characters are conversing.

Scene One—The setting is the place; the place is the time.

Sieya.—I have stated my position most clearly.

Lametoo.—I cannot understand your point of view. It seems as though you think you are right! And once more you appear to be a self-righteous know-all.

Sieya.—Listen to me, I beg of you, for one more time in your placid life. Listen.

Lametoo.—Listen? Why, don't be absurd. I have . . .

Sieya.—I have thought this and once more I have even felt this and, if I may be so bold, I know this.

Lametoo.—I have come to a conclusion, Sieya. You are very one sided. You refuse to bend and the most natural elements in the world bend. For example, take a weed.

Sieya.—I don't want you to agree with what I'm saying. I would like you to know it, as I know it, so that we can know it, together. Just for one time, In one place . . . In one.

Dave Kameras

Break From The Afternoon Tea

Ha!

A joke.

*And suddenly a wave of depression,
Covering any trace of the pasted smile,
The polite acknowledgement of wit.
And suddenly you are far away.*

*Arid expedition,
Sliding down the dunes,
Feeling the sand between your toes.*

A touch,

A smile,

A reflection on life.

And you're off.

Travelling rapidly,

*Light years away from the very spot where you were
Sitting such a short while ago.
There is no poverty here.*

8:30 a.m. Weekday

I sit,
Staring at the table
Concentrating,
Trying to find something beyond and between
The grain.
I wonder if anybody,

Anything,
Very small
Exists,
Looking up,
And seeing our great hulks
Of humanity,
Rushes to shelter

Dianna Boege

*Through the window
Many lands exist
Each Different,
yet the same spring mist,
Look-alike trees
and same soft breeze.
Stand in magic bliss.*

*Think softly.
Speak Softly.
Walk Softly.
Love softly.
Inquire and learn.
Ask and be given.
Fire can burn
So here inner warmth lives
It is within us all,
but sometimes the glow
fades to a dull ember.
When we smile the ember
is reborn and grows to
infancy.
is reborn and grows to infancy.*

*When we laugh, the ember
reaches adolescence.
laugh more, and the inner
glow comes into its prime.
But there arrives a time
when the laugh falters, and becomes
weak, then weaker, then halts altogether
Death is the ember that
has gone out completely
No magic land can
change that.*

*I walk
I pause
I ponder
I weep
I walk on.*

*My eyes are two clouds
Storing rain;
They swell day by day.
Soon it's going to storm.*

Onis Green

I sit and watch you stand beside me
Wishing only
To show my love.
Hiding's not a good game,
Let it be known,
My love for you, a great one.

Make it greater,
Take my hand.
Spend your time beside me,
Let love grow.

Standing here,
Alone and free
Happiness
Warmth

Happier, yes
If he knew
Sharing love—
More beautiful.

My freedom . . .
Deceiving.
Until we share . . .
Hope.

France Spiridon

Scarlet Blues

*sink 'neath the trees
A few freed leaves
fly with the breeze
and softly lie on their
mud mother
Tacit blanche will be
their lover
and I pass
through the glass
of my window*

Jacqueline Land

WINTER IN NEW YORK: NO ONE TO TOUCH

*I walk streets full of nuns and
eunuchs,
searching for something to feel.
I am childless,
and the trees refuse to answer
when I call.*

J.M.L.

*Hello
how is everything
everyday
'cause days are always
the same
unless someone you know
makes it
better or
worse*

Peter David Lewis

A POEM

A ring at the bell,
A rap at the door.
I go to let someone in.
And there's old Mole,
Waving to and fro,
Impatient to be let in.
For it's winter, and
The snow bites hard, and
The chill wind blows and buffets.
And hard it is,
For those who live
Where whiteness becomes king.
So old Mole, he tottered in,
And fell to untying his muffler.
And the reason he was
Acoming here was an invitation
For supper.
So we sat down, Mole and I,
To have a friendly chat.
To talk of this and
Talk of that and
Talk of that and this.
But Mole drew near,
And whispered, "Dear,
I have some news to tell."
For a band of weasels
Coming close is frightful
News indeed.

For us and they have a
Standing feud, and none
The better for wear.
And now they're coming to
Fight a war, the reason
Far forgotten.
So Mole and I decided
To move,
For our spirits had
Quite reached bottom.
And now we live
In a hollow tree.
Quite safe we are,
I think.
And far better life
We live now
In the tropics of Africa.
Where winter is nought,
Nor weasels fought,
And life is always gay.

Peter David Lewis

*The rain came slowly,
falling through the leaves.
It fell upon the water and
it fell upon the trees.
It fell on me and mine
as we walked through
wooded glades,
Listening to the lonesome
bird,
and the sorrowful cries he made.*

*A softly drooping willow
spread its arms for us,
to shelter us from the rain,
and possibly thus,
To make us chance the pouring rain,
and linger there awhile,
listening to the falling drops,
and laughing when they came,
Dripping on the leaves above,
and falling all the same.*

*And then a mist encloaked us.
Your hand slipped into mine.
And standing under a
Willow tree,
not aware of time,
We let our hearts melt into
one, no thoughts of
mine and thine.
And for the time that we stood
there, alone
except for rain,
I felt as though we were one,
and no one could between
us come.*

*And now, alone, I write
my thoughts, with nought
for company,
Except the gently falling
rain, and a weeping willow tree.*

Peter David Lewis

*A road dives into the brilliant Woods,
Running hither, thither among The trees,
Gathering as many as it could,
Of the red and yellow leaves.*

*Hiding under its blanket
Made of many colors,
It is ready to wait out
The winter,
When too cold it is
To walk the woods,
And people seldom bother.*

*Sometime on the farther
Side,
The road will soon emerge,
And pass on into the
Village nigh,
With other roads it will
Converge.*

*But here again I soon
Will come,
To walk among the trees,
And watch the snow come
Filtering down,
Atop the many leaves.*

Sitting By The Roadside

*The shade of a willow tree
Spreads its cool blanket
Over the ground.
A rutted dirt road rolls on
Over the hills to be lost
In rising dust.*

*A brook bubbles and laughs
Behind the tree,
Then turns and dashes madly
Under the road,
Throwing spray underneath
A stone bridge.*

*Far down the road,
Spirit figures trudge
Through the day.
As the heat rises, dancing,
A fluid wagon with hay, pulled
By a tired horse, is urged
Onward.*

*May flies and mosquitos
fly in the sun.
Birds, tired by the heat,
Sit in the trees, their singing stopped.
Crickets chirp madly as
The temperature rises.*

*The wagon passes the tree,
Its wheels creaking,
The tired horse hanging its head
As it plods along.
A man laughs and bites into
The crisp coolness of an apple,
Showing the white against the red skin.*

*The day passes.
Far in the distance a
Red sun falls into an
Abyss behind the mountains,
Spreading a dark blanket of
Night over the ground.
Tree frogs fill the air
With noise.*

There's an Armadillo in the Bathtub

I went upstairs
To take my bath
'Cause Saturday night
It was.
and in the bathtub
Lying there,
An Armadillo gray and fair,
A handsome Armadillo boy,
And this he said to me:
"Armadillos sleep in tubs;
Perhaps you did not know.
You have been honored by my stay.
Please leave me now and
Go."
And since it was an
Honor.
And one I dare not lose,
I quickly left and
Shut the door
And went into my room.
An hour later I sat up
And went back to the tub.
There was no Armadillo there,
There probably never was.
After all,
Whoever heard of an Armadillo
Lying in a tub?

The Tern

*A single tern sweeps
over the water.
The waves roll and crash
on the shore.*

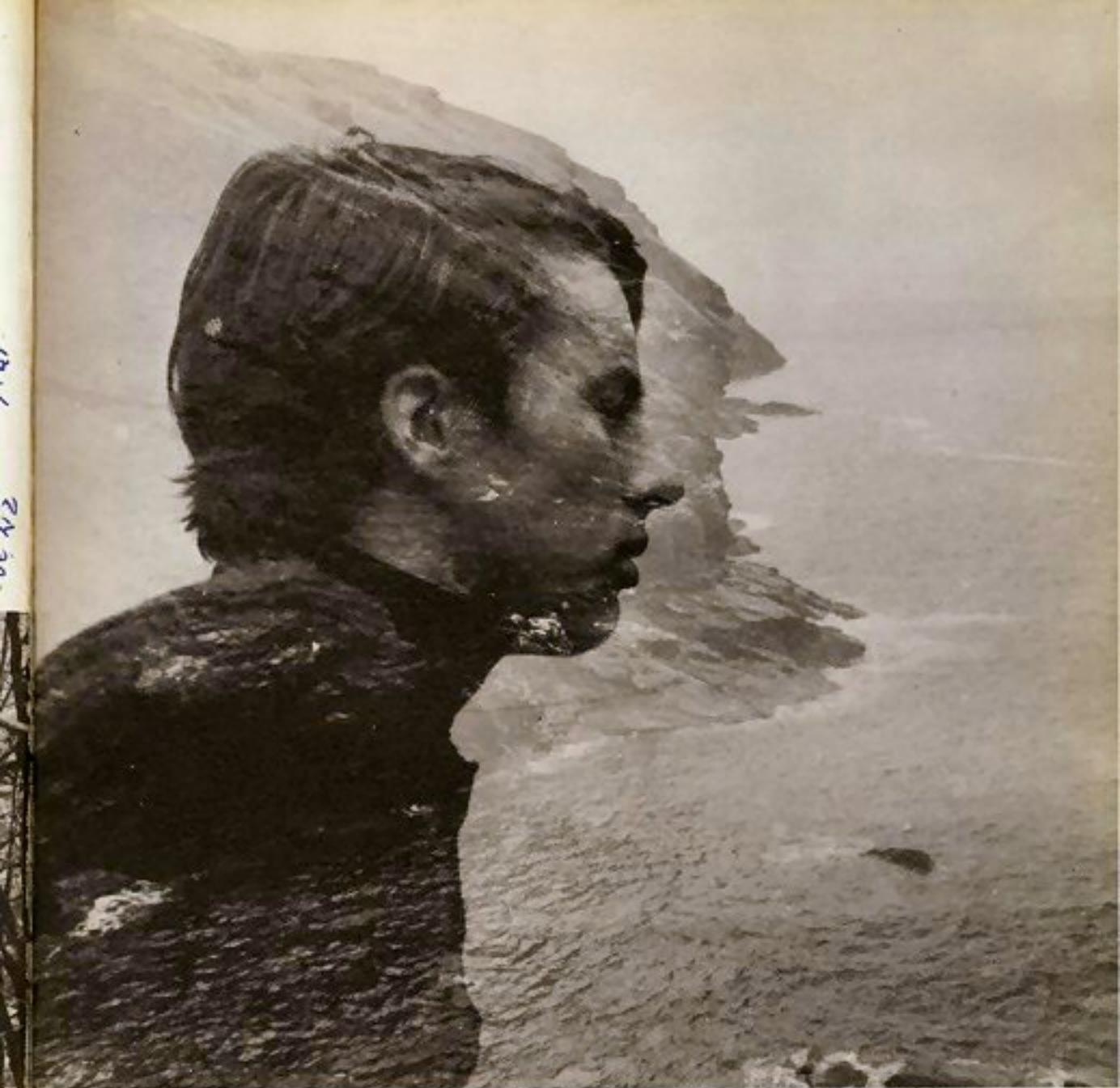
*A grey fog settles
on a grey water.
The winds lift the
waves to meet the
sky,
Throwing spray into
the air.*

*A single tern shrills
and settles on the water.
The waves subside,
then recede.*

Peter David Lewis

Dear Cynthia,
I hope you will find
this thing you are looking
for. I have and its
I will measure and its
I will set off its
you're relaxing
conversations
coffee - it really
wrote me really
morning up every
early this too
though this morning
anything to write
LOVE





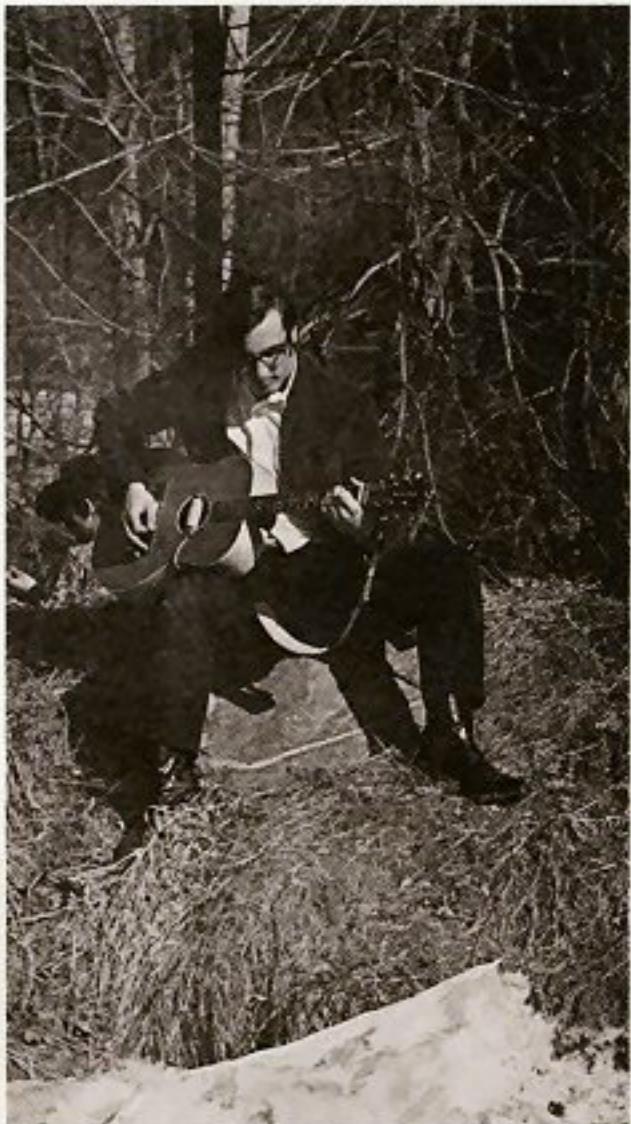
Christopher Butters - Kit

Charles Byron Lerner - Chas. B.



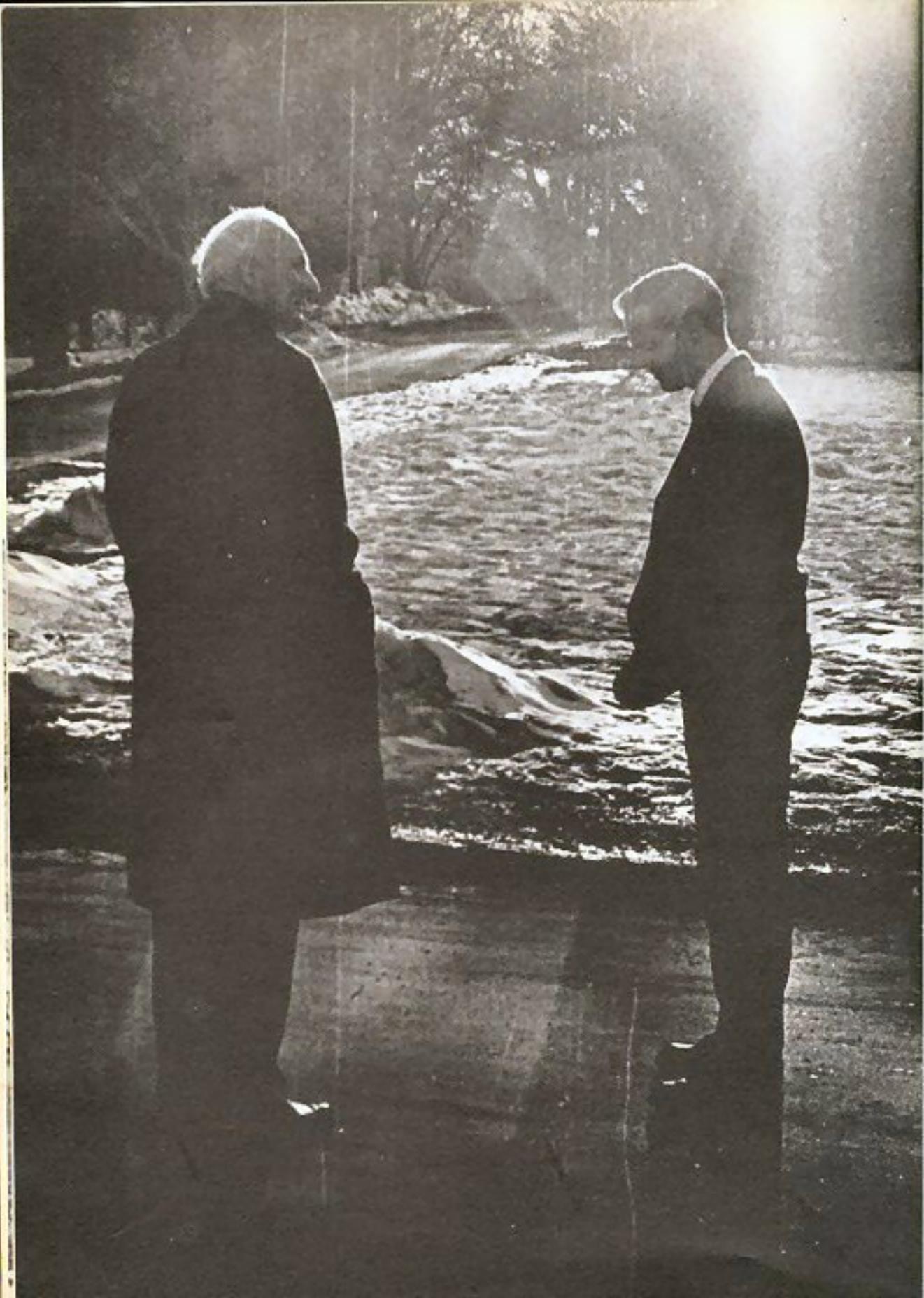
Jonnie Gilman

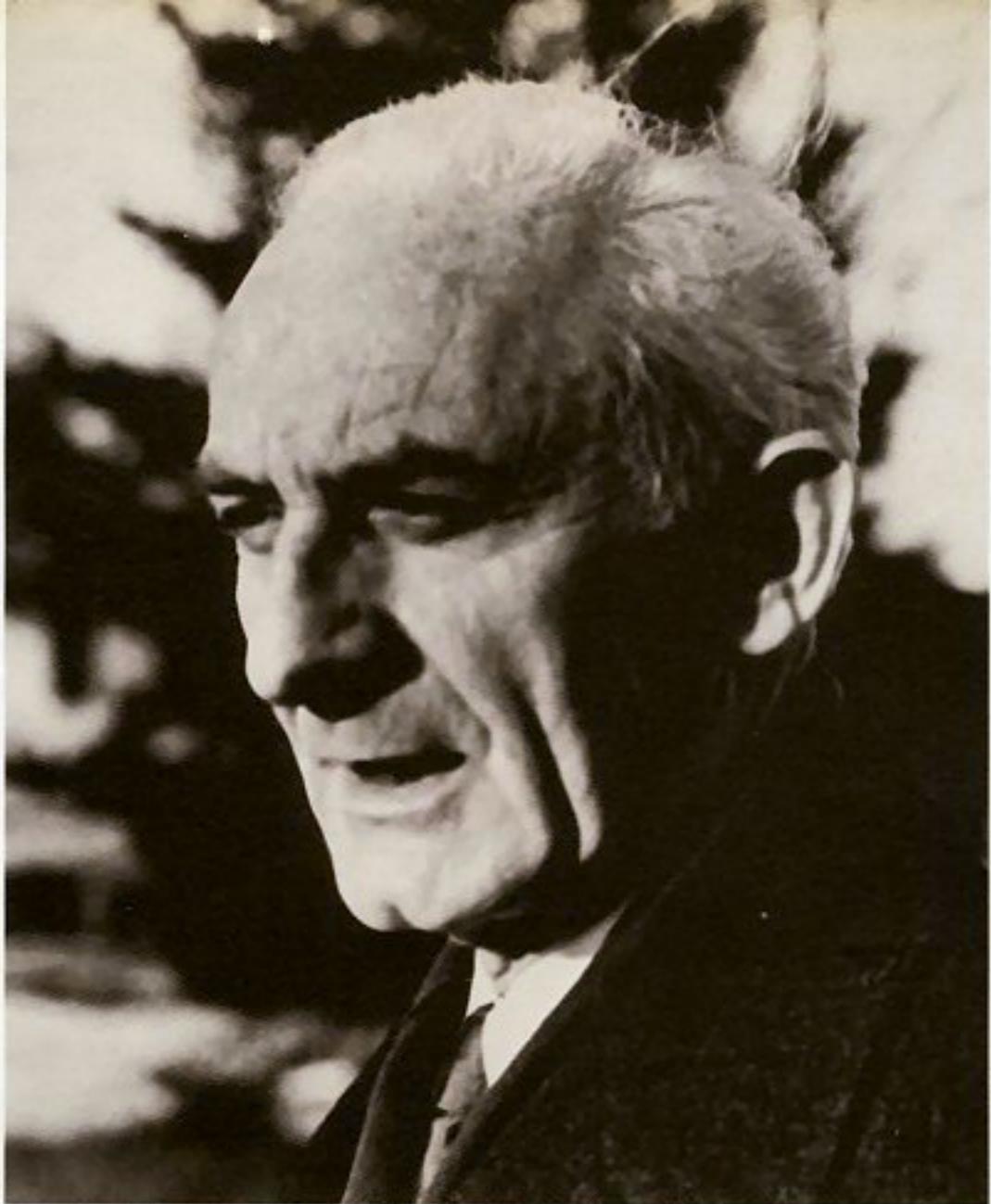




Leonard Perrone - Lenny

← nothing - if you can read it -
I enjoyed hearing you next to me
in English, even if I did have to track
down my coat from time to time
All success, work towards independence
Lenny



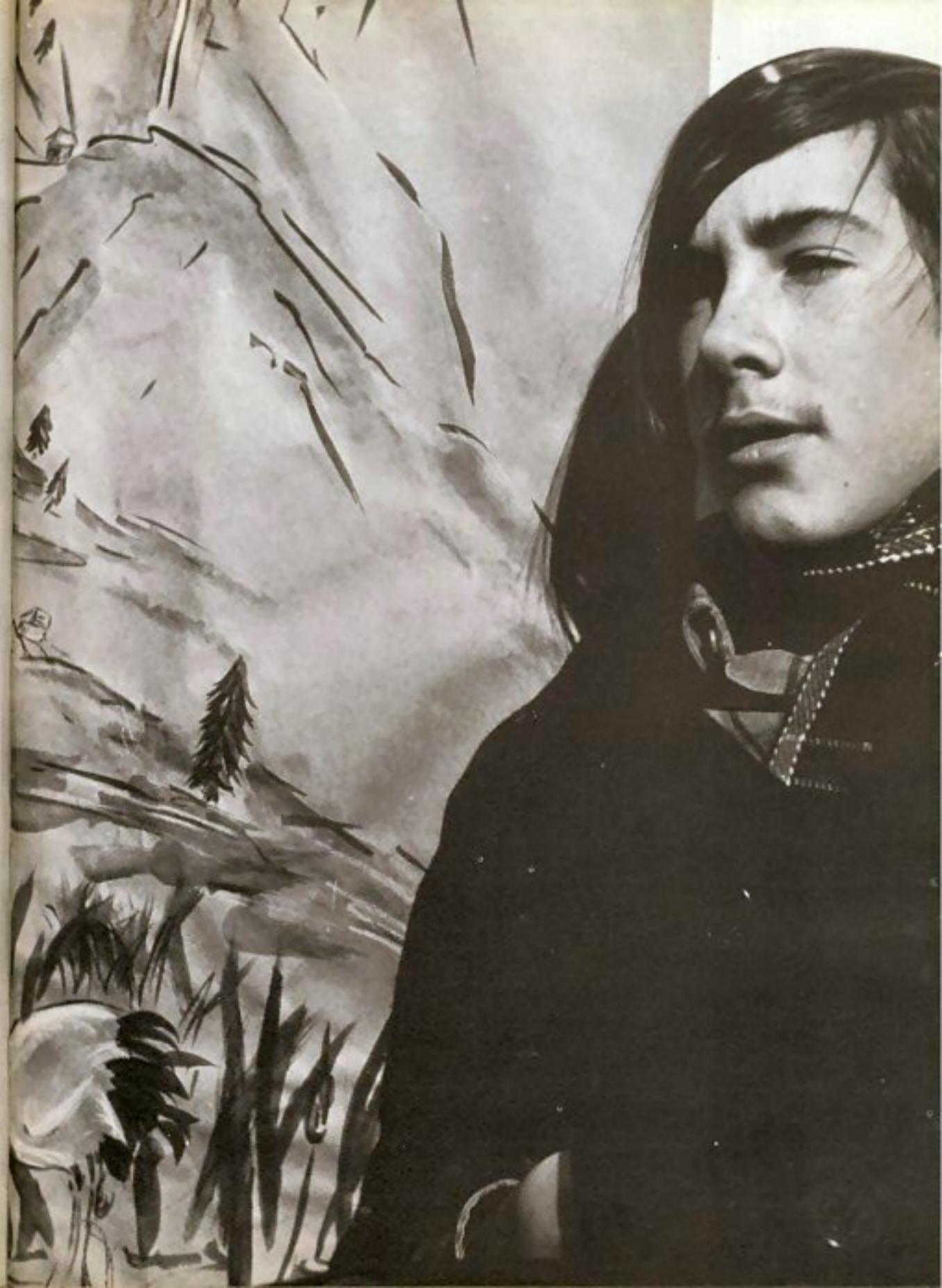


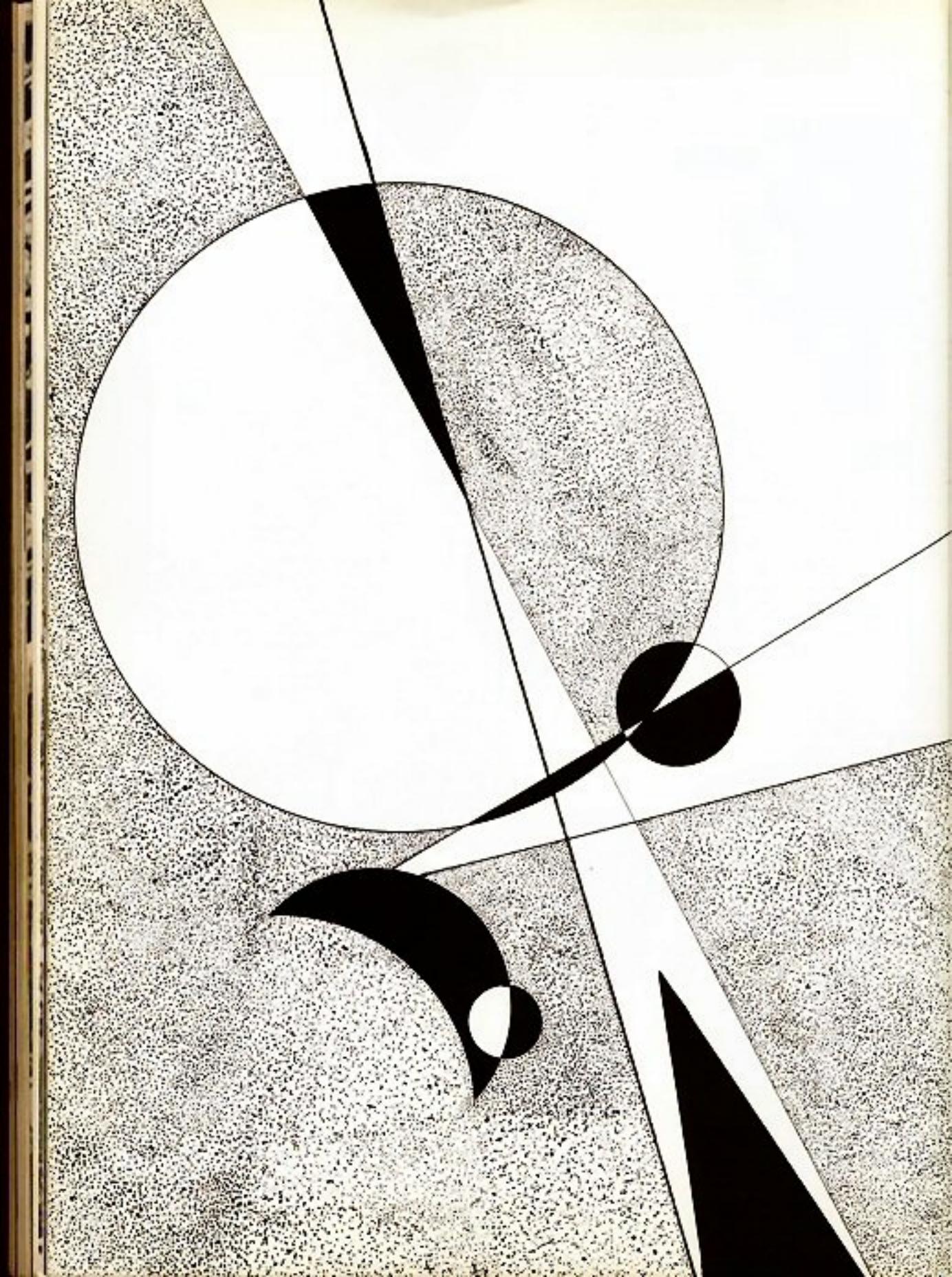
Ludwig C. Zuber

*“An institution is the lengthened
shadow of one man.”*

Emerson











老松



"Not a Poem"

Infinitesimal release

*The wind blows through the leaves
The branches bend back and forth
With the currents of the lake.*

*The wind blows through me, and I
too have release.*

*The life spirit, my blood circulating
The chemical processes, a little bug crawling
The same processes, yes, one and the same.
Life goes on like its release
And thank atoms or maybe something
Smaller that we don't know.*



Dear Seniors:

The waves of change that have made themselves manifest across our country and indeed throughout the world came inevitably to beat upon our shores and alter our coastline. They had been building up for some time. They first found broad expression in the insights shared with us by student leaders immediately after the close of the last academic year. Although these suggestions were taken seriously and implemented for the opening of the current year, they were inadequate band aids on the wounds of our time.

Throughout the Fall the ferment grew, reflecting itself in the rise and fall of student government undertakings. Faculty concern and involvement increasingly played its part. As in any social situation, various factors and forces came into play, complicating the problem and rendering it more difficult of solution.

The current crisis in the schools is of broader concern than Cherry Lawn, but we have our own little acre to till, and that we must do with all the diligence and intelligence at our command. We are going through times in our nation and in the world not too different and perhaps more far reaching than when Thomas Paine wrote *Common Sense* and *The American Crisis*. "Suspicion," he wrote, "is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society."

Whenever disagreement and misunderstanding come about and communications between the parties become inadequate, like an untended field, the weeds of suspicion take root and spread, often almost to the point of suffocating what has been planted for the harvest. Such suspicion indeed was among us; some genuinely existent, some engendered by an adolescent desire for an extended Halloween, and some set loose by individuals (rebels without a cause) who felt impelled to add a fourth "R" to the scene: revolution. Fortunately sufficient reason held sway and matters began to move toward resolution through a process of evolution.

We took a giant step forward with the creation of a Senate, which evolved quite naturally out of our mutual concerns, and will serve as a vehicle for broad participation by the whole community in those matters which affect us all. For us, the idea of the Senate is as natural and right in terms of our philosophy and mode of functioning as blueberry pie. Birth is often painful, and evolution is birth, and so it was with us. Whether it could have come about earlier is a moot question. What is important is that it is here and welcome.

It now remains to see whether the infant shall grow up to fulfill the hopes we have for it. We owe it the security and protection which can come only by a clarification and application of principles. It must be nurtured by each one of us with that sense of responsibility which must undergird every freedom, and it must be supported with that loyalty which alone can make an institution viable. The tyrannies of irresponsibility and anarchy will undoubtedly continue to plague us, but we must prevail or what will survive here may not be worthy of being called a school.

Again to Thomas Paine:

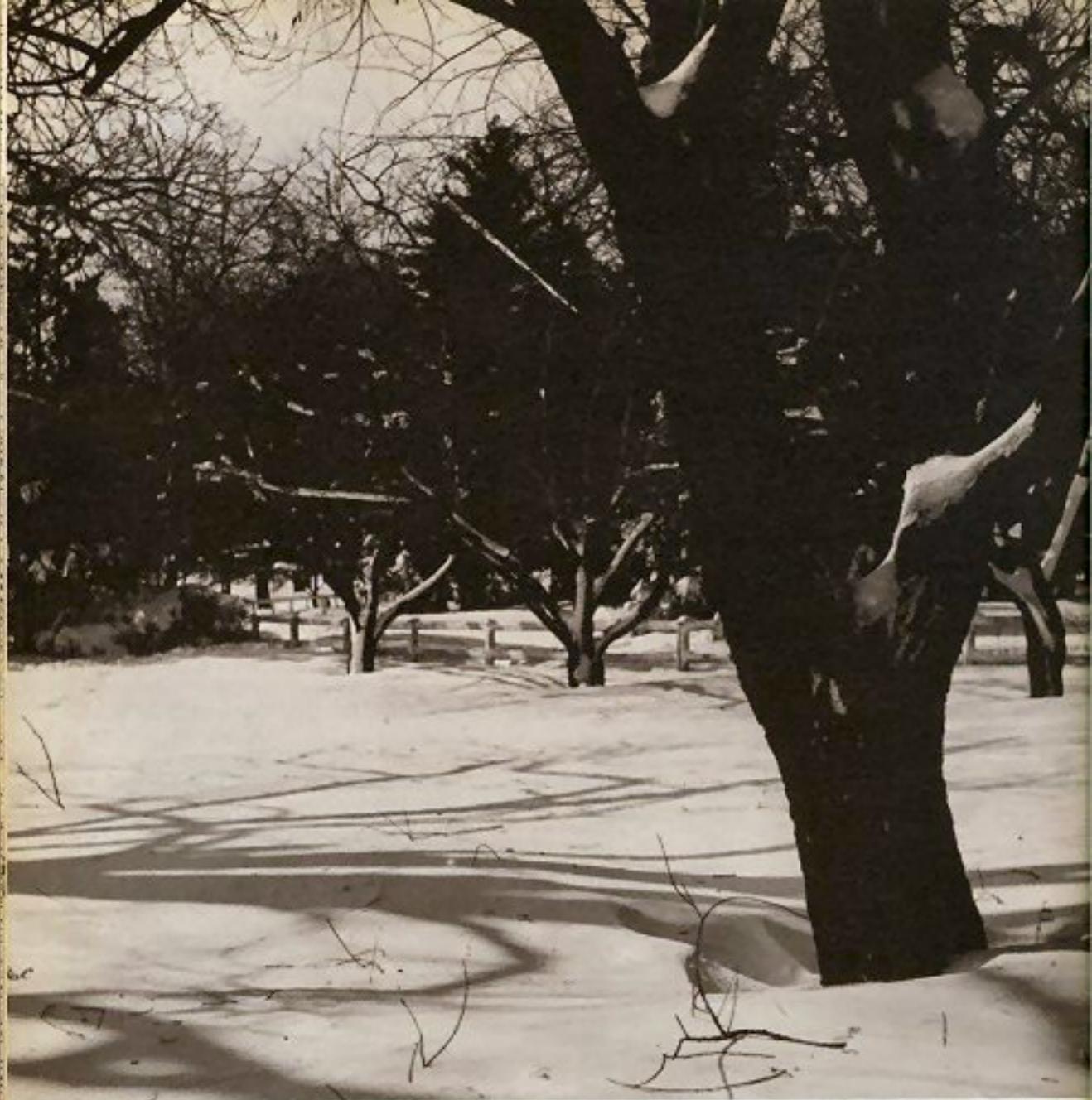
These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.

Much anguished intellectual and moral appraisal will continue to be called for in the days ahead and we will have to measure up to whatever demands are made upon us. With a spirit of mutual trust and good-will, dedication and honesty, what is right and worthy will prevail. God willing, and that being the outcome, then this your senior year may well be a monumental one in the life of Cherry Lawn. Then the degree of your responsible participation will in that measure prove to be your contribution to helping Cherry Lawn increasingly find itself in a world of confusing chaos and conflict. Then the effort and pain and cost will have been proved to have been worth while. As a part of it you will have grown in stature and the school with you.

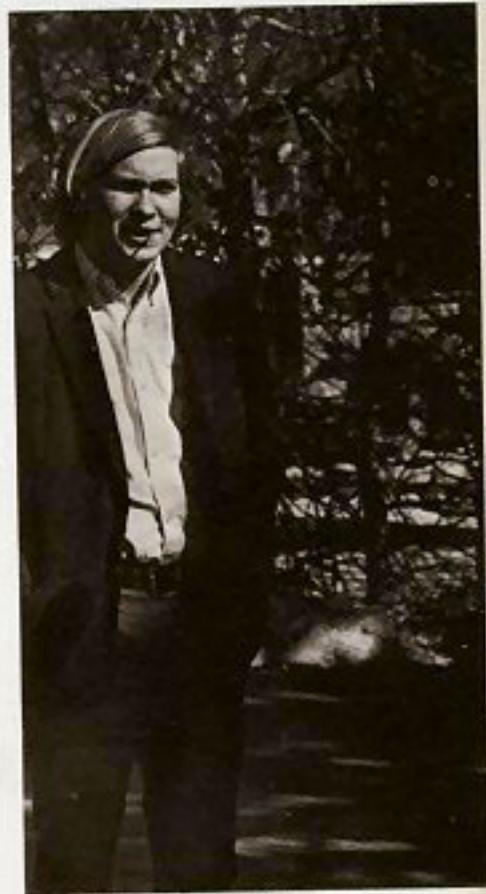


Sincerely,

A. A. Medved

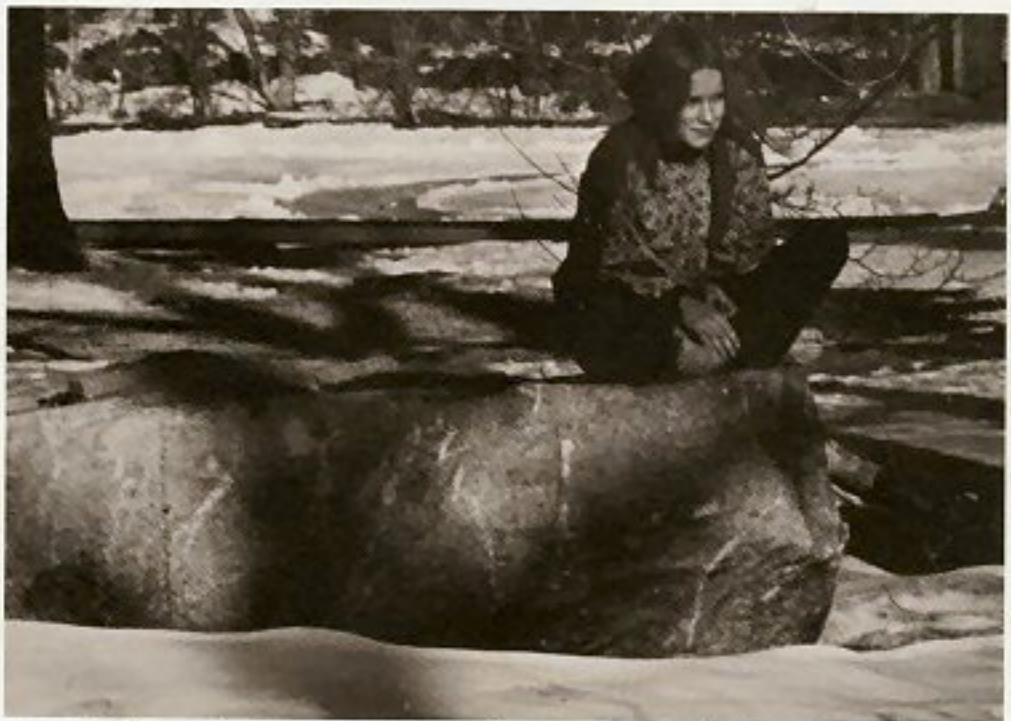












Cynthia, lower your voice a few octaves — good luck
and all that —

alison



Cynthia,
It's been a
great year.
I'm looking
forward to
next year
when you
come up
bring some
cheerleaders
over to see us





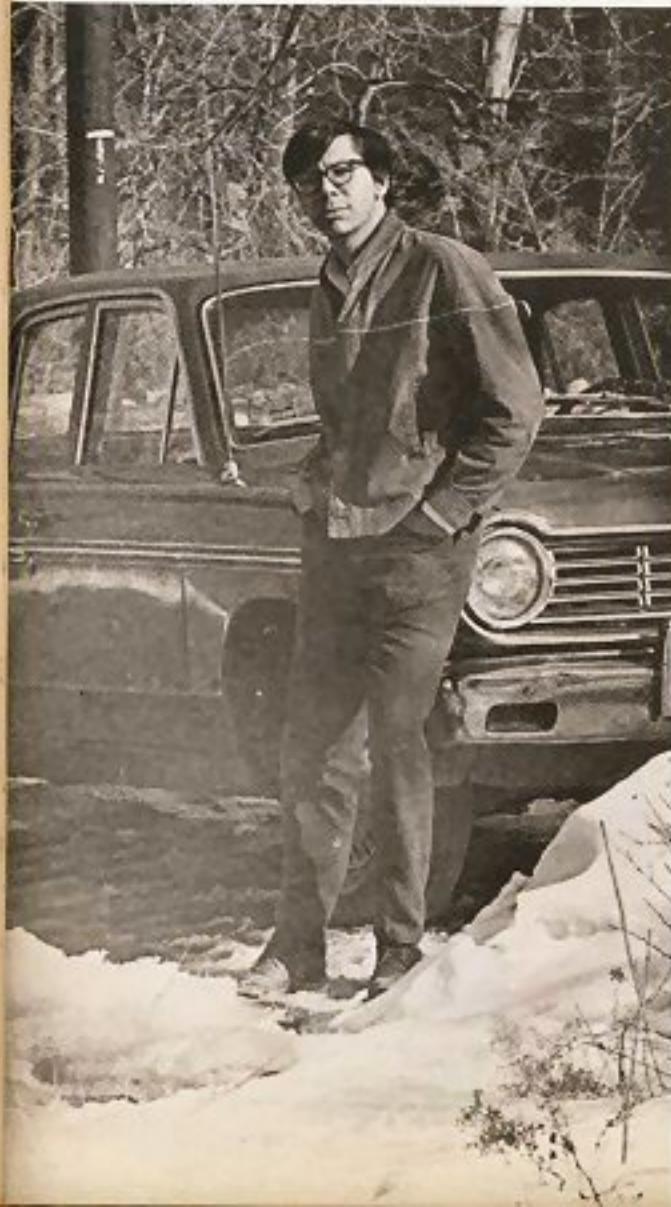
Bruce Goller



Sally Battan



Susan Kanter - Sue





Steven Eisenberg - Steve

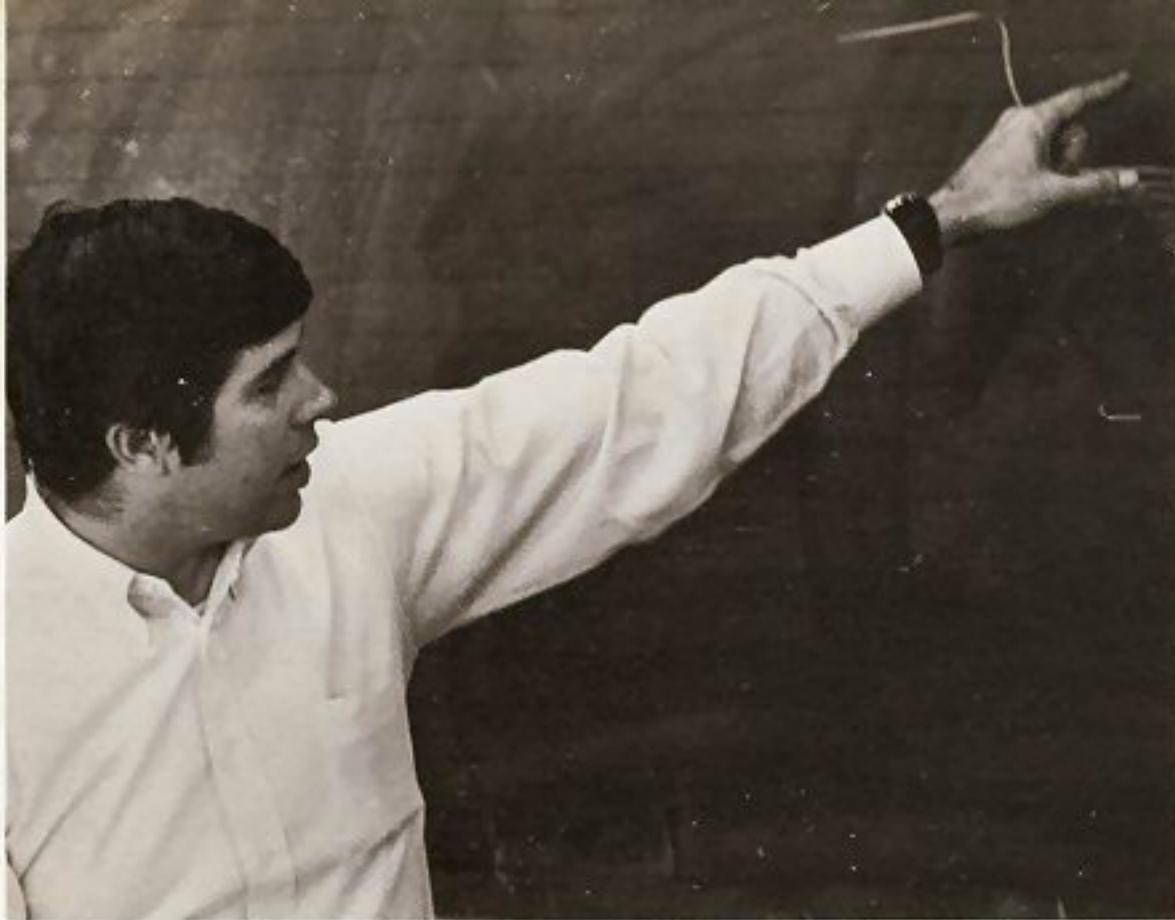
Robert Blake - Buster





Jonathan Kunen - Jon.





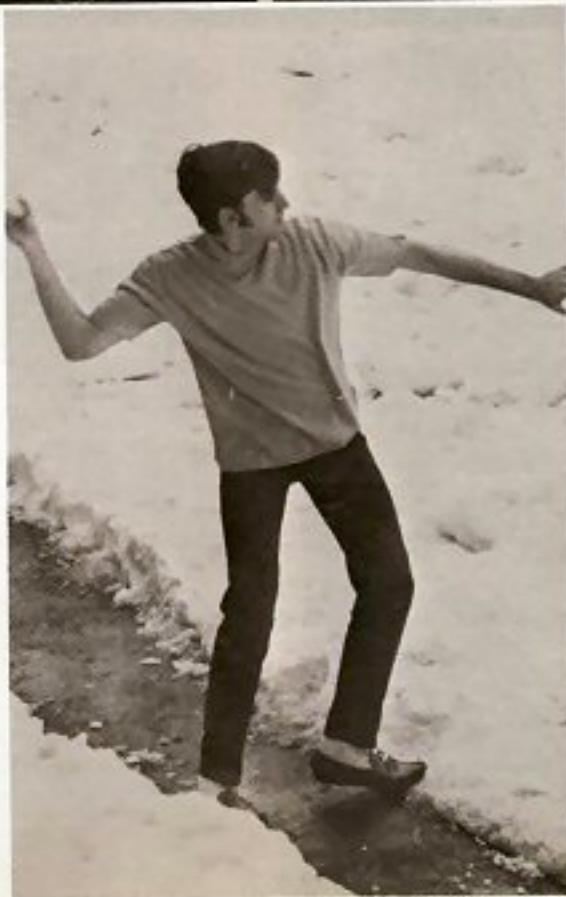
Dartmouth's here and
Africa's here and . . .

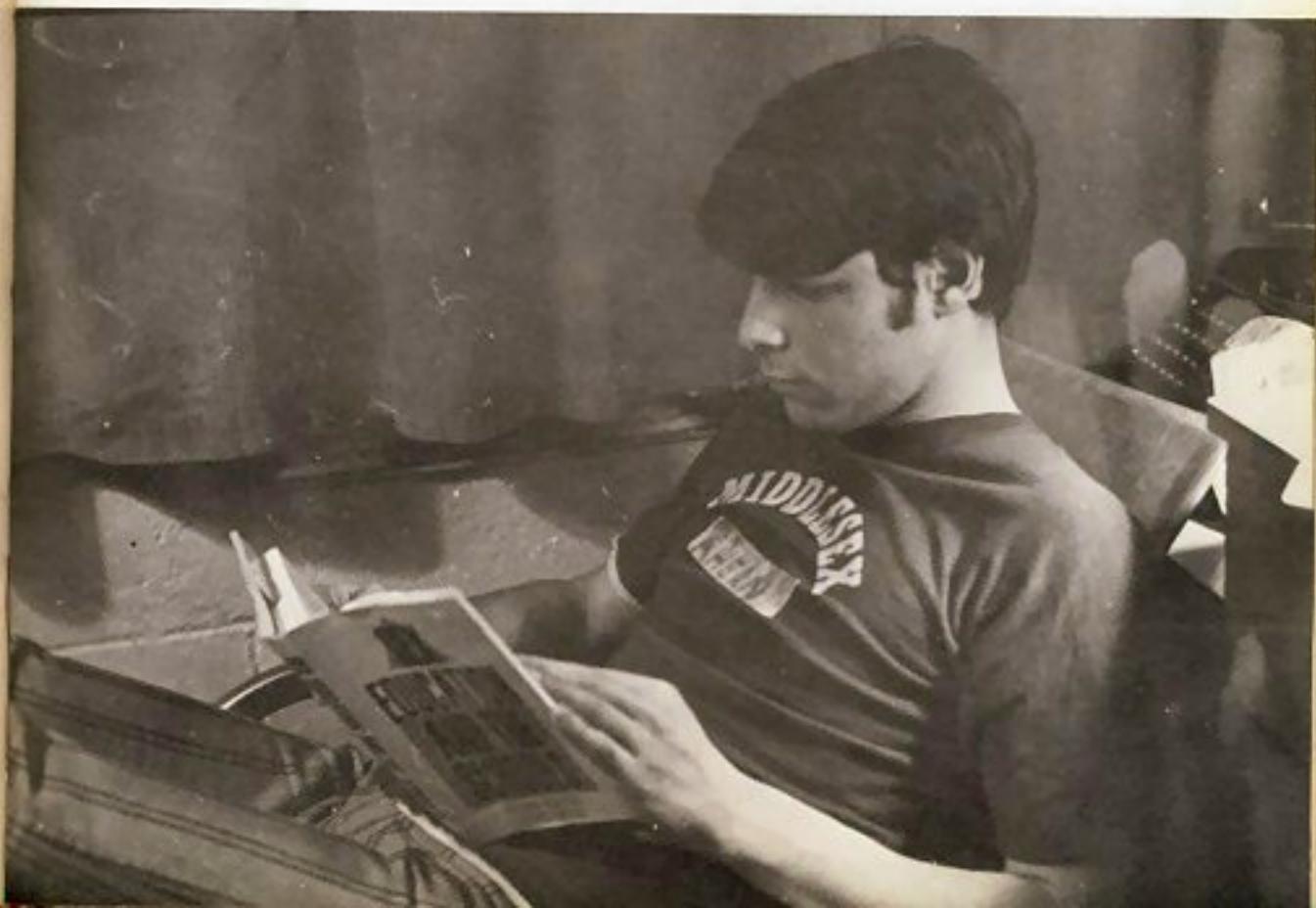
Dear Cynthia,
I hope I will be back
to America and see you again.
I am a little sad to leave it
here and I will miss the times
we spent together.

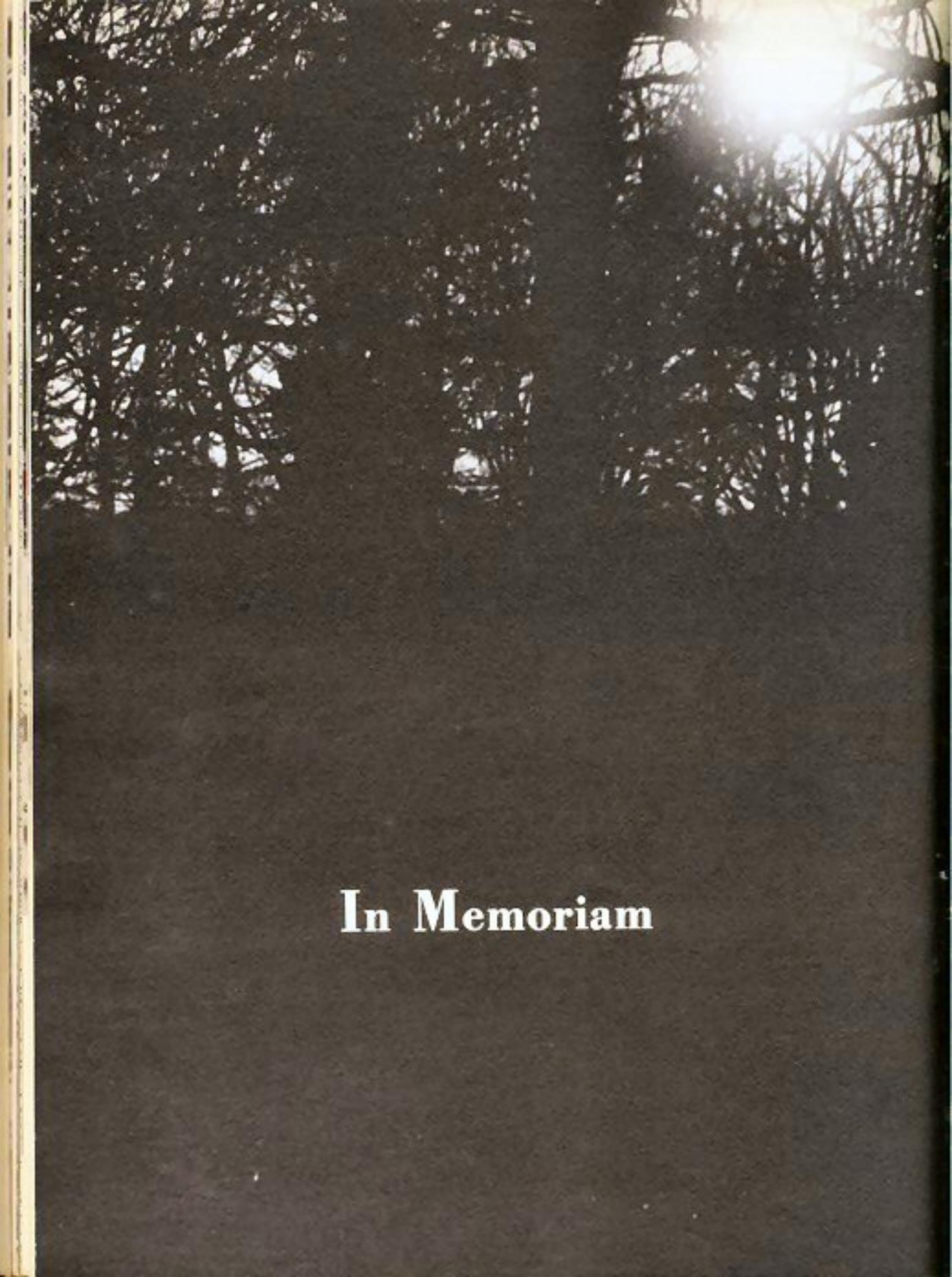
My friendship

Hirstani









A dark, moody photograph of a forest. The scene is dominated by dark, silhouetted tree branches and foliage. Sunlight filters through the canopy from the upper right, creating bright, glowing patches of light and long, sharp rays that pierce the darkness. The overall atmosphere is somber and contemplative.

In Memoriam

MRS. LETITIA LEE CRAIG

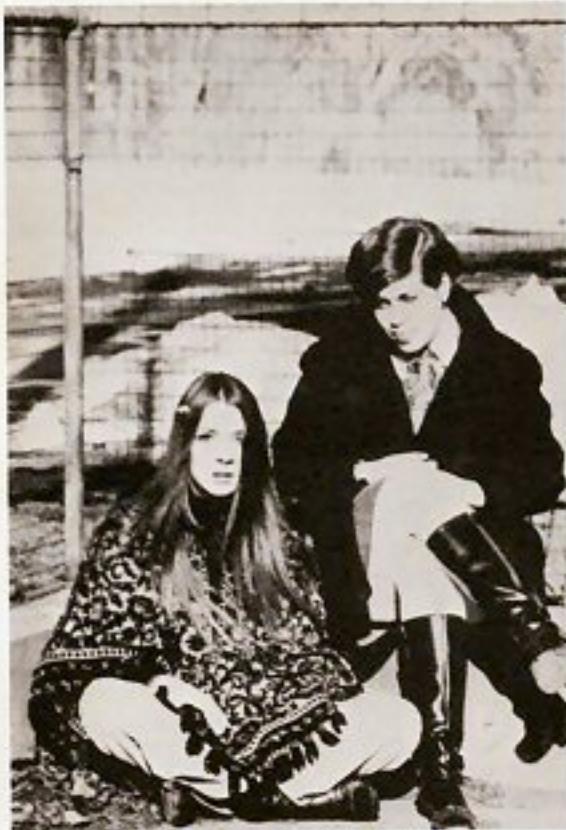
On November 24th, 1968, members of the Cherry Lawn Community gathered together for a somber occasion, a memorial service held in Manor House on the Cherry Lawn campus a few days after the death of Mrs. Letitia Lee Craig. Few institutions have been served as long, as faithfully, and as selflessly as was ours by this grand lady of the educational profession. Her death, mourned by a campus family that spans the continent, marks the end of an era for a school founded in the noblest humanistic tradition by Dr. Fred Goldfrank half a century ago, and served since then by such intellectual giants as Dr. Roger Strasser, Dr. Boris Bogoslovsky, Dr. Cristina Stahl Bogoslovsky, and Mrs. Letitia Lee Craig. Her passing leaves not only a lack in our community, but an immeasurable gap in the entire human family that has been privileged to enjoy the rare and noble services of men and women like her.

MRS. FRANCES HOYT COCKEY

The warmest recollection that any Cherry Lawn student or teacher has of recent years is of the warm company and good humor of the finest couple on campus. Mr. and Mrs. James Sudler Cockey guided, advised, and protected their young Stein House broods through seven years of devoted service to the school. They served as house-parents not only to the Stein House boys, but also to many teachers young enough to be their children.

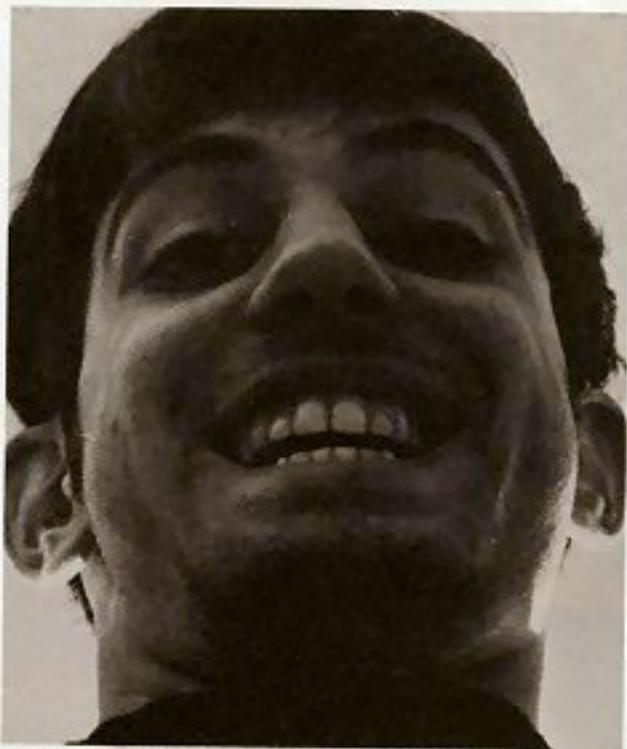
Presaged as it was by a long and painful illness, Mrs. Cockey's death on November 14th, 1968, shocked and distressed a community that had never prepared itself for the day when the Cockeys would not return to their Cherry Lawn charges. We, the many children of "Fanny" Cockey, have lost a wonderful mother and a great friend.

Cynthia Rosen



Dear Cynthia,
I'll really miss
you and so will
the school. Good luck
in college. My best luck
to you always. Your forever,
Chickensoup, and '69





Fee

Fie

Foe

Fum!

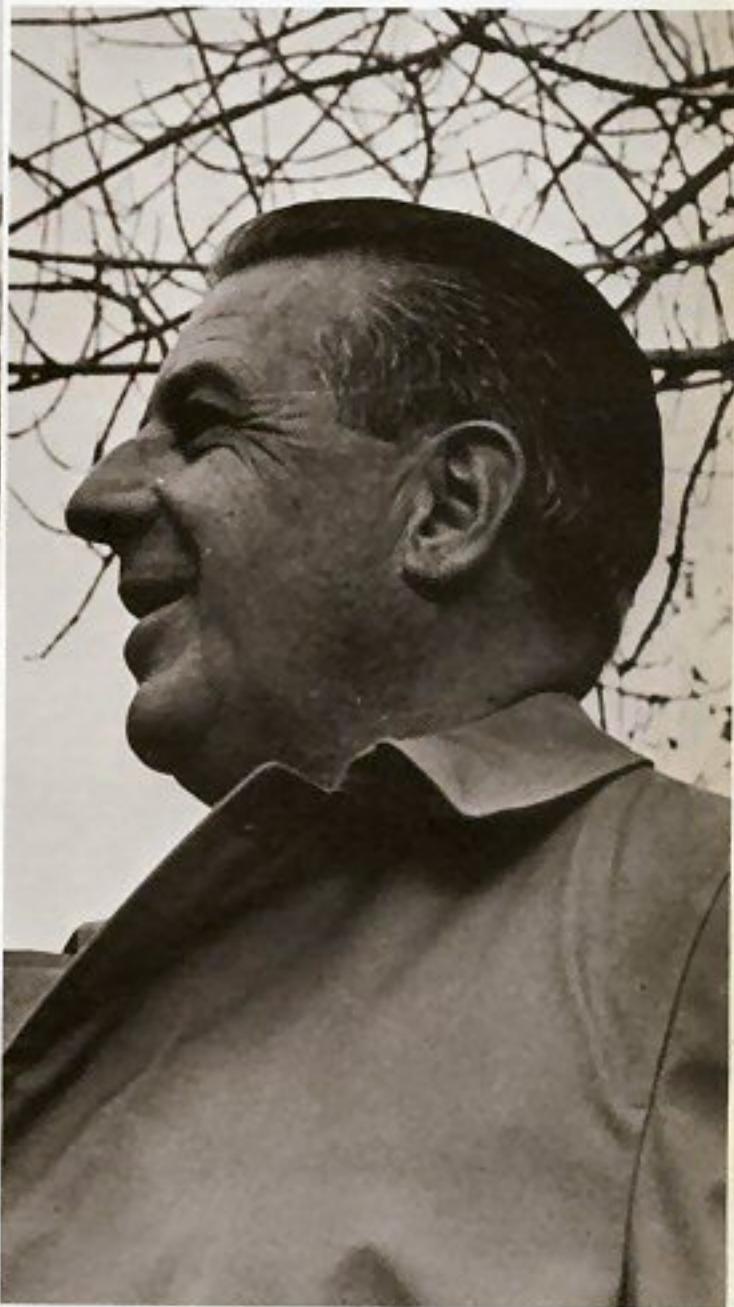




Dear Cynthia,
You're really a great girl.
Charming, pleasant, sweet and
most important "kind".
All My Love
Take carefully,
Michael B. Harris







BE A PART
TO THE
ONE IN THE
UN-COMMON







CHERRY PIT STAFF

PHOTOGRAPHY — John Borchard — John Gilbert — Dave Kameras — Chas. B. Lerner — Bob Leventhal — Gary Teplitsky — Art Tullar — Leo Wolf

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Commons Mural painted by Jan Attwood

LAYOUT — Dianna Boege — Debbie Goldberg — Bruce Goller — Dave Kameras — Jim Lembeck — Chas. B. Lerner — Art Tullar

EDITORIAL SUPREME COMMAND — Bruce Goller — Dave Kameras — Art Tullar



Appreciation 77 our
Husband and his wife to
Helen. Madame.

Killjoy was in
What's all the noise
about chicken soup?
In remembrance of
my true love
1920

Dear Cynthia,
Good evening
to you again, Helen
the summer, good
it will be future
Diane

Chumash
Zone Change
Next year in
Coddles



supplement



"Surely your waste and your desolate
places
and your devastated land—
surely now you will be too narrow for
your inhabitants . . ." Isaiah

"Is it nothing to you, all you who
pass by?
Behold, and see if there be any
sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is
done unto me . . ." Lamentations





But time and chance happen to them all.
For man knoweth not his time.

Ecclesiastes

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

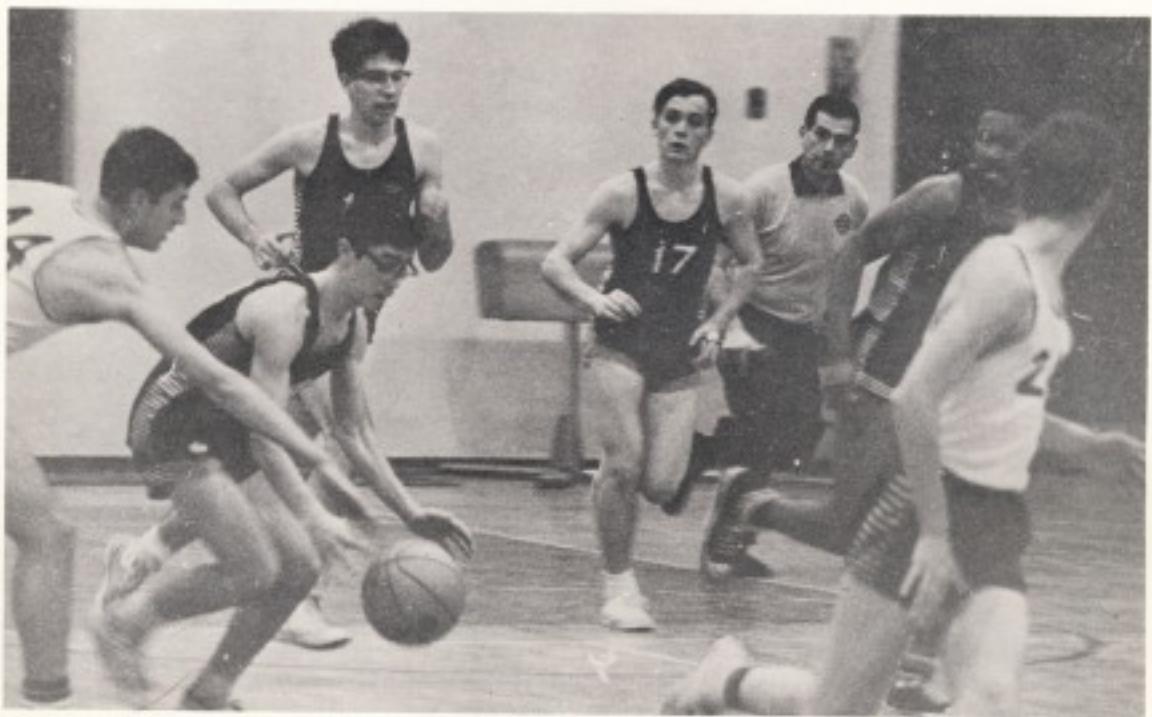
In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Invictus
William Henley







After every charge . . . the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, . . . out of reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain all the fellows said.

A Portrait of the Artist
as a Young Man
James Joyce





Opening,
his first awakening.
Streaming
in gold and warmth,
Light
sunny
brightness
Opening wide with wonder,
his first awakening,
The infant
looks
Looks with
an awareness
of wonder,
Yawns and turning his tiny head,
sleeps again.

—June Kaplan





Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

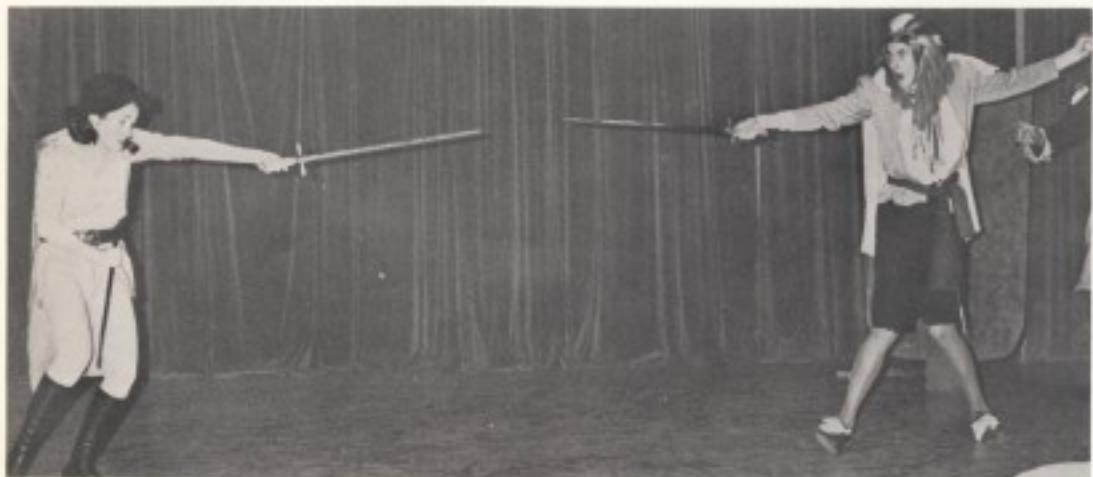
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever painting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

from Ode on a Grecian Urn, John Keats





If music be the food of love, play on;
give me excess of it . . .



When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.



Sir Andrew, Sweet Sir Andrew!
Sir Toby Belch! How now Sir Toby?

What ho, Malvolio?



A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our Play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare





And that's the way it always is and that's the way it always ends and always the same scene and always the same subject right from the beginning and there we go again there we are again there's the same old theme and scene again with all the citizens and all the characters all working up to it going right on trying to get it all the time And they are all struggling toward each other or after each other like those marble maidens on that Grecian Urn...





or on any street or merrygoround around and around they go hunting love and half the hungry time not even knowing just what's really eating them and then sailing off in search all over again with everyone and everybody laughing and crying along wherever night and day winter and summer spring and tomorrow in a great wood after the same hot grail and everybody wondering where and how it will all end Yes I said Yes I will my heart was going like mad and that's the way everything always ends when that hunting flesh at last cries out and has his glory moment God . . . at last and loved along a riverbank right where it all began and so begins again.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti







If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise



If you can dream—and not make dreams your master
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up with worn out tools:



If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

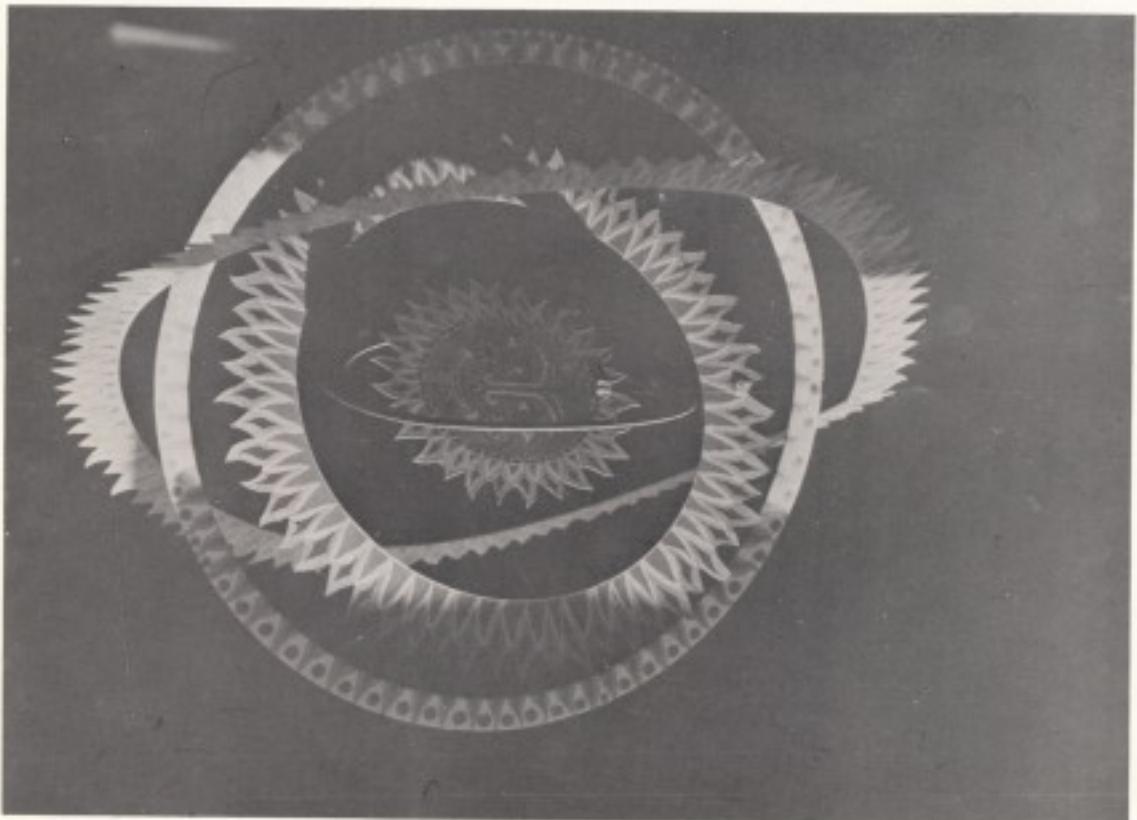


If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you.
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

If, Rudyard Kipling



On encountering those who have lived
and whose having lived has made such a difference . . .





Seeing that it is the often self-sacrificing determination to in some way serve to alleviate the spiritual and physical misery of Mankind, adding feeling to an unfeeling universe, to a child; making the best of our condition. This is what is necessary. Making this choice for commitment to life and continue making it, as our lives are the sum of our choices.



Printed by BRADBURY, SAYLES, O'NEILL-PARAGON

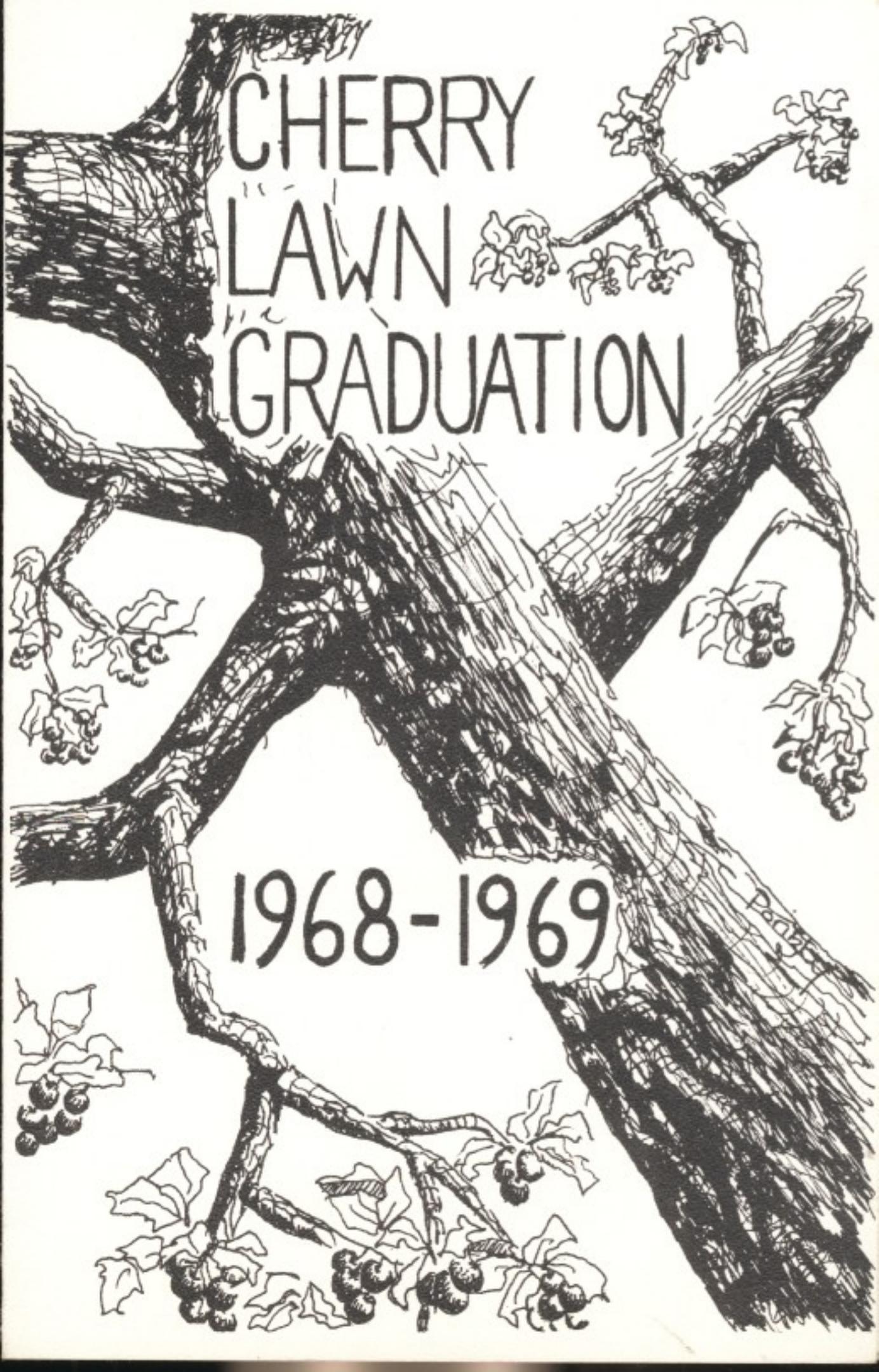
Bruce Goller
Business Manager

Jerald Kreppel
Editor

Cherry Lawn School Graduation

June 8, 1969

Processional — "Pomp and Circumstance"	(Elgar)
Salutatory	Christopher Butters
Introductions	June Kaplan
Musical Selection	Jon Kunen, Leonard Perrone Charles Lerner, John Raburn
A Presentation	Leonard Perrone
"The Resurrection of Life"	Mark Eden (Co-Salutatory)
Credo	Bruce Goller
A Word or Two Before We Go	Charles Lerner
Response for the Class of 1970	Gary Teplitsky
Valedictory	Jacquelyn Land
Address	Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr. Chaplain, Yale University
The Class of 1969	Mr. Ludwig C. Zuber
Presentation of Diplomas	Mr. A. A. Medved
Recessional	
Cover — Robin Poritsky	



CHERRY LAWN GRADUATION

1968-1969

The Class of 1969

(as they are seated)

18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

25 26 27 28 29 30 31
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

1. Celeste Krauss	11. Jose Delumen	22. Susan Kanter
2. Lincoln Poe	12. Susan Dube	23. Bruce Preston
3. June Kaplan	13. John Raburn	24. Jane Selover
4. Eliot Gorson	14. Robin Poritsky	25. Keith Churchill
5. Jane Saunders	15. William Wright	26. Jonnie Gilman
6. Charles Lerner	16. Laura Schoen	27. Christopher Butters
7. Priscilla Ericson	17. Mark Eden	28. Toby Sellinger
8. Jonathan Kunen	18. Jacquelyn Land	29. Steven Eisenberg
9. Nannette Bartels	19. Bruce Goller	30. Cynthia Rosen
10. Francine Frede	20. Sally Battan	31. Peter Cifrino
	21. Leonard Perrone	