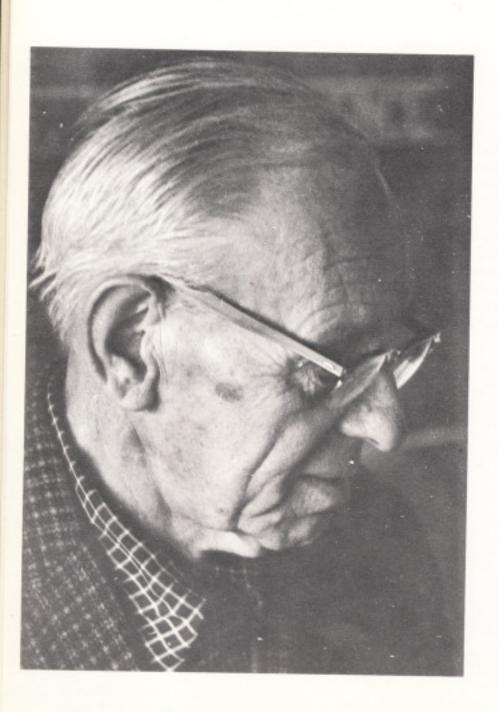


"We have proved, sitting eating, sitting talking, that we can add to the treasury of moments. We are not slaves bound to suffer incessantly unrecorded petty blows on our bent backs. We are not sheep either, following a master. We are creators. We too have made something that will join the innumerable congregations of past time. We too, as we put on our hats and push open the door, stride not into chaos, but into a world that our own force can subjugate and make part of the illumined and everlasting road."

Virginia Woolf

The teacher's life is the life of his teaching. If he have nobility, his students will know What nobility is.
If he have love and mercy,
These will not be empty words.





You have fought against all that diminishes
And impoverishes the human personality.
You have defended originality
Where you have found it.
You have applauded all that reveals greatness
Of mind and spirit.

You have loved all that is best in life
You have made us more aware—
Whether you spoke of flowers or stars,
Of mathematical theorems or politics,
Of educational policies
Or of the truths of the human heart.
You made us see.
And, like that old philosopher Heraclitus,
You seemed to say:

"Enter; here, too, are the Gods!"

by Basil Burwell





Natural lights sun black covered Holiness



You are young, not yet grown . . . and you are full of fear that you will not follow the right way in the wandering wood of this life. And why not? Only the few find their way because the lantern of love is with them in the dark of the forest. Dante says in The Convivio, who but the elders who know the forest can point out for the young men the way? That is why I write these words to you, because I know the forest in which so often I lose the way and have journeyed so far . . . Do not betray love."

A Fool in the Forest by Basil Burwell

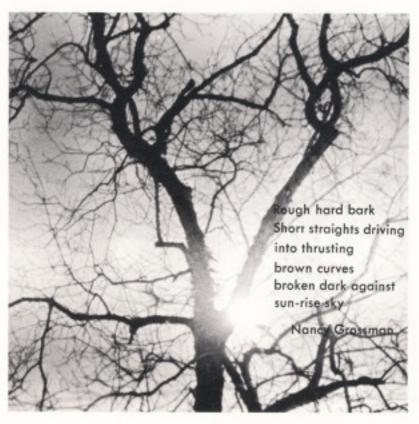












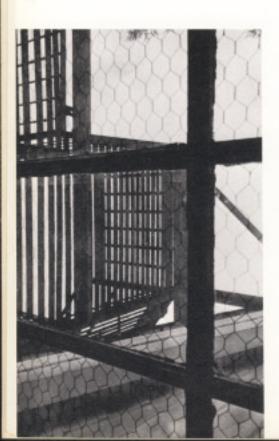




"It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid."

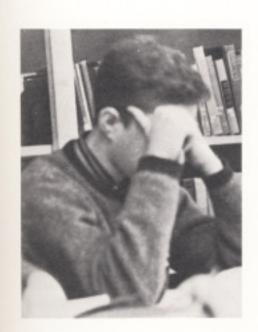
-Robert Frost

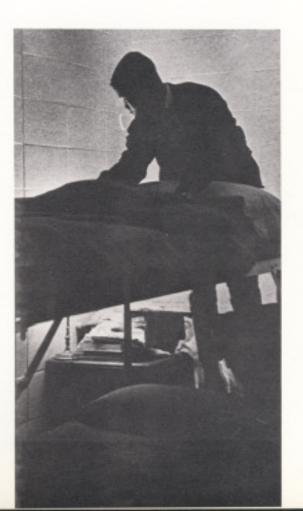




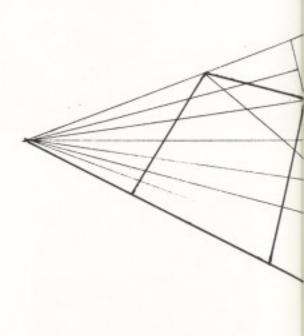






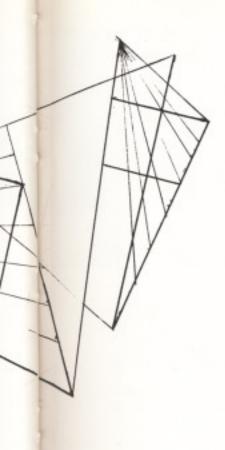






Redeem your promise...





In spite of the night alone and the day on fire.

-Rimbaud



"It's the moderate thing that always sounds Best to our ears; and indeed it is The moderate thing that is best in practice. For power grows beyond control; Power brings comfort to no man."

-Medea







Gears to produce As nature to a tree Gears will wear, die And nature?

By Dan Weinberg





M A E

R









INTO CREATION



Skeletal twitches — Snaps of chaos petrify by pause and flake into fossil order.

Sue-Ellen Case



The New Rubiyat . . . A bag of money Some wild bee honey and you . . .





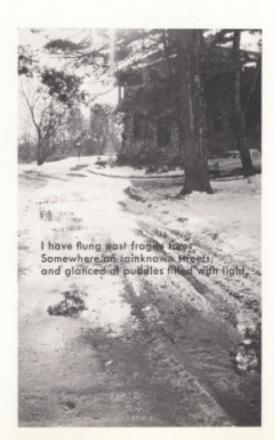




the winds blow cold and harsh on this day of wonder swirls of snowflakes mingling with the tiny ice crystals — a perfect sight — the ugly winter scene calmly swept clean with a pure white . . .

Ronald Meyer















What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.































Whoever you are; I fear you are walking the walks of dreams.

I fear these supposed realities are to melt from under your feet and hands.





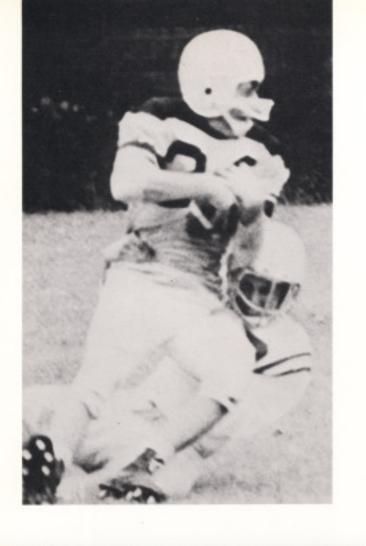


















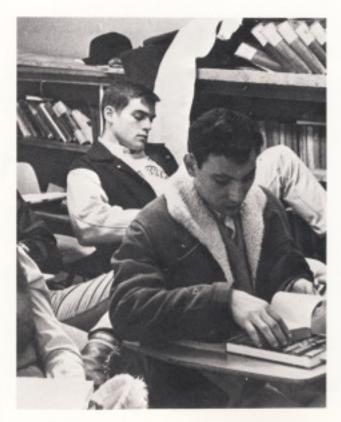




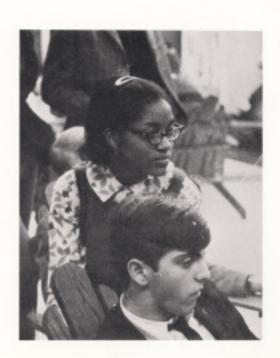




















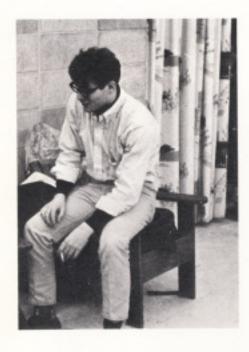




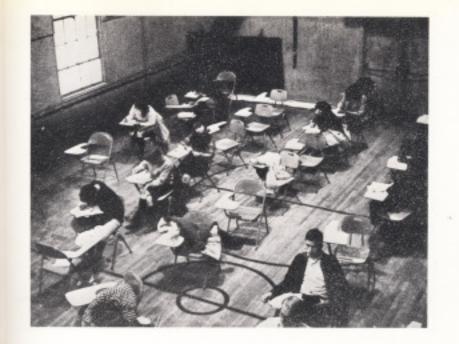


















Daydream

sweeping past the trees cooling, soothing wind of life a leaf, a snowflake, a bud, the entwining strife of life. was it there within . . . and yet.

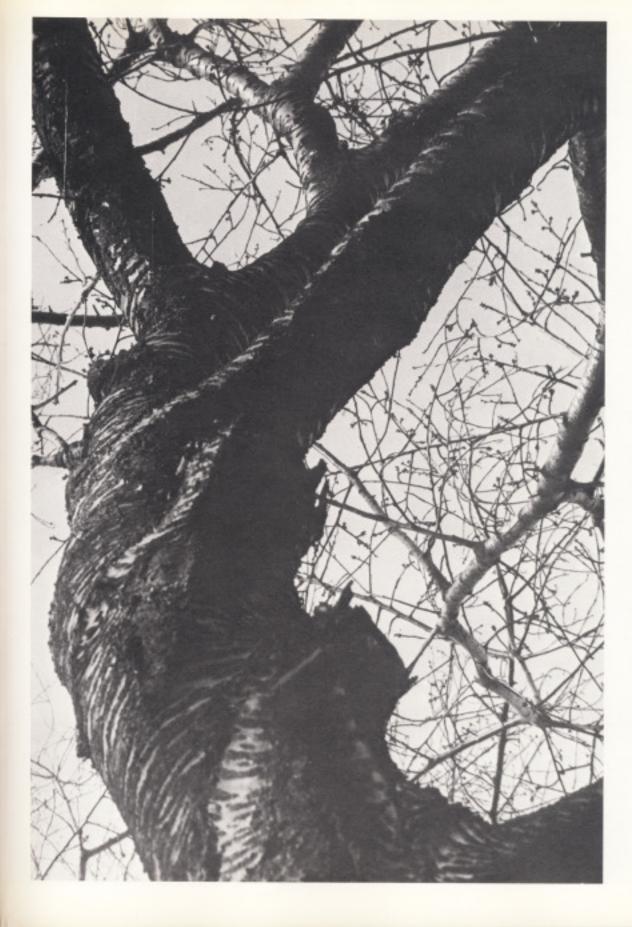
gentle petals white with snow rain come stay and melt it so green and yellow swaying by . . . wings of butterbies oh so graceful.

shadows, sun, the moon shall rise shut the scope of passersby stream of light shine through the trees, reflection in the spring bring memories.

a drop of tear; cause; anxiety, but then it was always so. trickling down the pleasant hill, soft eyes are ever still.

darkness creeps by so slowly, don't get lost — it's only the stars besides, tomorrow will come so peaceful — no need to go. the butterflies still roam and the whisper shall be so.

Ronald Meyer

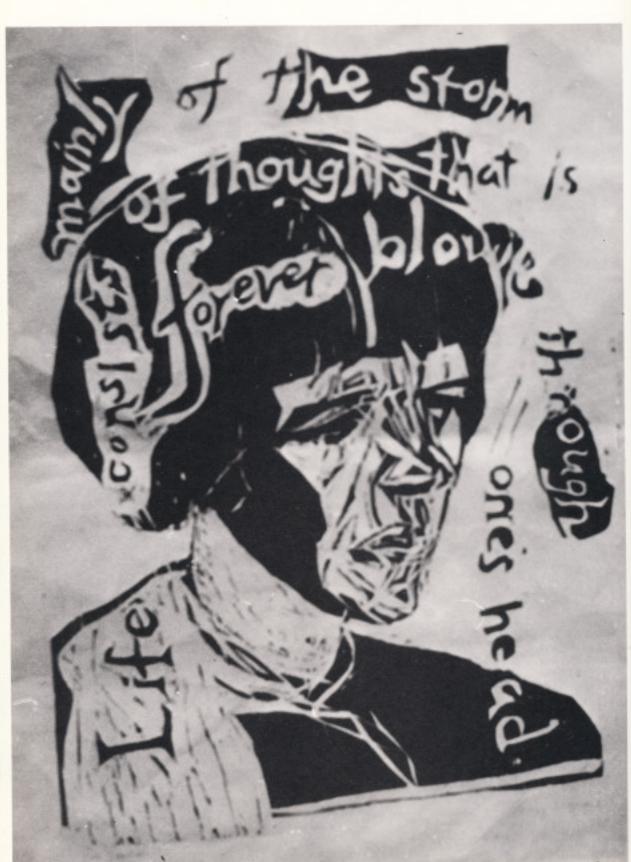


... ful.

but I,

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er





CRUCIFIXION

Three scarecrows thrust in rock to frighten dreams above the field of vision.

To give the farmers rest before the harvest and the wives another body to clothe.

Sue-Ellen Case















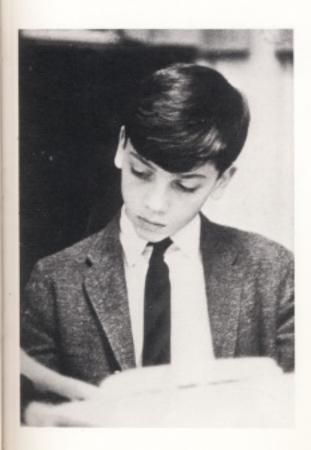




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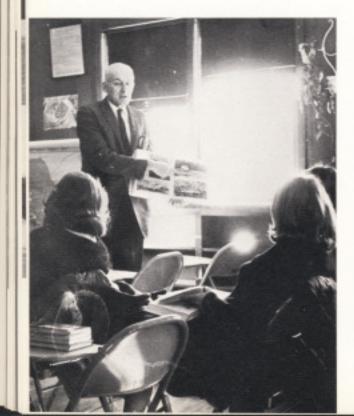










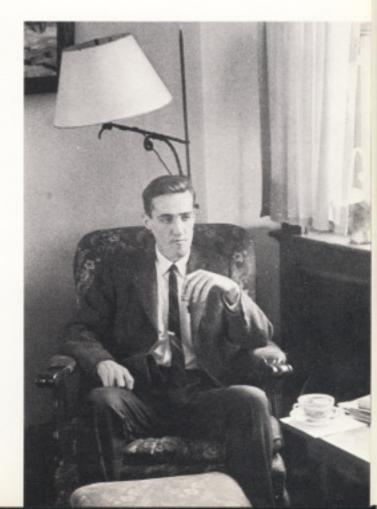




























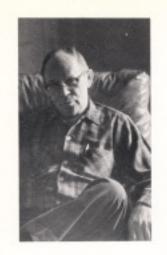
















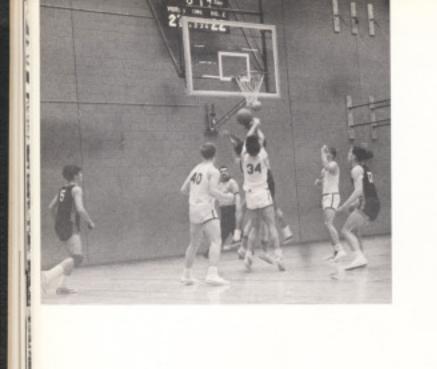


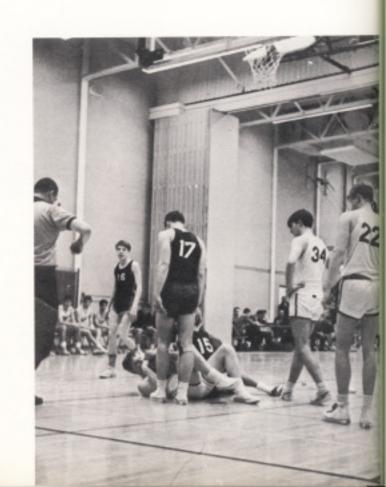














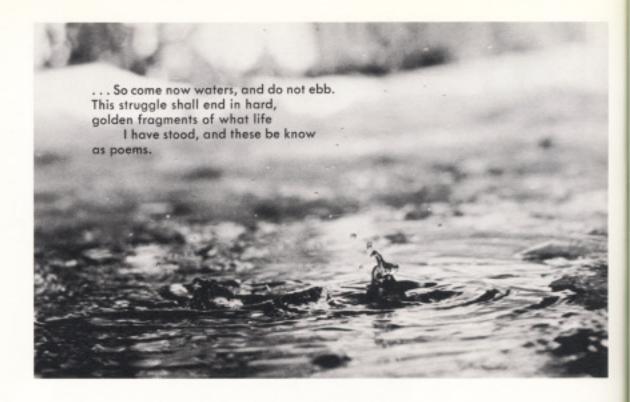












Splash on the paint . . .

No mind to where it falls . . .

Blues . . . reds . . . yellows . . .

Blacks will cover all.

Blues blurs the vision . . .

Red is like warm wine . . .

Yellow shines on all . . .

Black is death's design.

—Rosalind Ross

August Frothy white brown kelp popping on the burning sand

mist drifting, melting from the sunsquids among the seaweed

Oh, warm water but a rock bottom seaweed, crabs, a tide pool lies

-Mary Macabe

soul is ones law
there is no bible
ace of spades appears
glimmemoreanything
for
get all
lose
all
SOBehindtheback
only on the shoe
gravetotheface
only on the shoe

(re)unite all
only one portion
now
the ace makes a swell bookmark
soul
—Dan Weinberg

the cry, an infants first sound, the puriety of innocence, you with the new sharp pencils must implore correction. Conform . . . Conform . . . Conform . . . you damn idiots.

-Debbie Goldfrank

The seeds of modern wisdom were, but, the pinnacles of fallacy.
—Amieia



Drums, trumpets, and saxophones Monotonously loud For hours on end they play Sad—happy Rithmic noise

Great musicians With nothing to play.

-Jesse Baumgold

won't it be great to get home my good buddies will be there the broad with the silver hair just three more weeks

the gang will hop in my car we'll go over to Mary's kick her around and watch some T.V. a couple weeks

the big dance is coming up we'll get dressed in our penguin suits take in a few booze parties in just a week

it just happened
it's funny
for three weeks i lived
this week i died
—Dan Weinberg

pour your heart out on a page and WEEP for every tear purifies the soul and cleanses the body then close your eyes and dream

when you see the light again you will SMILE smile, giggle, and finally LAUGH at all the things that made you WEEP

-Jayne Easton

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world, and upon all oppression and shame, I hear secret convulsive sobs from young men at anguish with themselves, remorseful after deeds done,

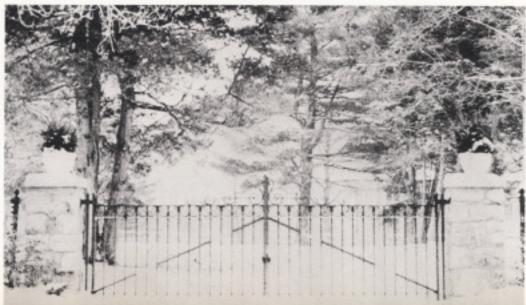
I mark the ranklings of jealousy and unrequited love attempted to be hid, I see these sights on earth

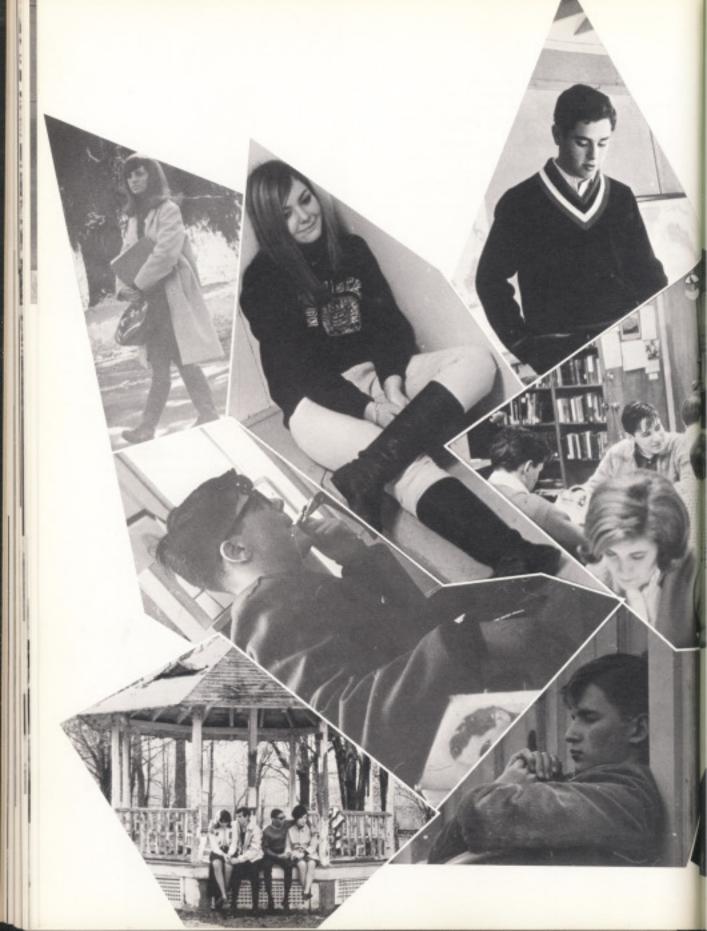
I observe the slights and degraditions cast by arrogant persons upon laborers, the poor, and the like;
All these—all the meanness and agony without end I sitting look out upon,
See, hear, and am silent.

-Walt Whitman













My dear Seniors,

As I write these "last words" you are still seniors-with much to do before that ultimate day, June 6th. But I am thinking of you as you will be next year and in the years to come. I am wondering, questioning have you gained at Cherry Lawn the standards, the values, the vision which will give purpose, direction and focus for your efforts and achievement?

Some of you may think that my sole concern is with your grades and test scores. Indeed I have to be concerned with these objective and measurable indications of motivation and effective functioning of intellect and personality because they are an evidence of probable success as college students. But my real and deep concern—as I have tried to make clear to each one of you—is always that you may realize those objectives for which Cherry Lawn exists, the full and complete expression of your best and finest abilities, creative talents and personal qualities. This goal can be attained only through sustained effort, self-discipline and insight—and it is life-long and deeply rewarding task.

I wish that I could give you some magic word, some "open sesame" which would enable you to become responsible, dependable, considerate, tender, kind, compassionate and wise -dedicated and committed to worth-while living for yourself and for others. I can, instead, only offer you my most sincere hopes and good wishes and the hope that someday in the future, if not now, you will really know what I mean

in this farewell message.

Always devotedly yours, Lettie Lee Craig

Dear Seniors

By the time you reach my age you will find yourselves upon the verge of the twenty-first century. If the numerous projections set forth in the February 6th issue of the Saturday Review prove valid, you will find yourselves living in a vastly different kind of world than we are experiencing at the moment. There is every indication, judging from the colibre of the men who are making those projections, that the next century will largely approximate what is being predicted for it.

"By the year 2000, voyages to the moon will be commonplace; so will inhabited artificial satellites. All food will be completely synthetic. The world's population will have increased fourfold but will have been stabilized. See water and ardinary rocks will yield all the necessary metals. Disease, as well as famine, will have been eliminated; and there will be universal hygienic inspection and control. The problems of energy production will have been added to nuclear energy and "It can form the basis for the abundant life, and indeed, 'set the world free' ".

What is meant by "free", however (and unfortunately), is too largely confined to the conquest and controls of environment and

the means of physical existence.

The application of technique, "simply because it is technique", without answering the questions of "why" and "to what end" is to court tyronnies and enslavements which make one shudder to contemplate. Some scientists claim, for example, that they will be able "to shape and reshape at will human emotions, desires, and thoughts and arrive scientifically at certain efficient, pre-established collective decisions."

Unless your world can experience a resurgence of the humanities to the point where they will "command men of talent, intellect, and spirit", some future Edwin Markham may look down upon "then modern man" and in somewhat other words again ask the sad ques-

"Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that grieves not and that never hopes, Stollid and stunned, a brother to the ax? Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw? Whase was the hand that slanted back his brow? Whose breath blew out the light within his brain? . Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over the sea and land . . . Is this the handiwork you give to God . . . ?

Unless we can come to a comparable growth in the humanizing realm of the humanities we will indeed face the prospect of embarking upon a monstrous age; for only "Through the humanities we may seek intellectual humility, sensitivity to beauty, and emotional discipline. By then we may come to know the excitement of ideas, the power of the imagination ,and the unsuspected energies of the creative spirit." "Even the most figted individual, whether paet or physicist, will not realize his full potential or make his fullest contribution to his times unless his imagination has been kindled by the aspirations and accomplishments of those who have gone before him."

And a kindled imagination will not alone forestall material and technological enslavement. We will have to learn and re-learn many fundamental truths from the great repository of the past.

We will have to convince ourselves with Mazzini that "Life is a mission" and one worthy of our noblest aspirations and sincerest andegypra.



We will have to see with Mancius that the qualities of the great individual are "To be uncorrouptibleby riches, or honor, unchanged by poverty, unmoved by peril or power."

We will have to understand with Marcus Aurelius that only "The

man who mosters himself is free,"

We will have to embrace hardship and trial and toil for a mostery of the intengible but invaluable attributes of life, and come to a realization with Theodore Roosevelt that "It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things."

We will have to arrive at an appreciation of the fact that Faith," as Kirsapp Lake so well states it, "is not belief in spite of evidence, but life in score of consequence."

For, to probe the outer reaches of space or set foot upon that "crescent (lunar) seabeach , . . whose rim no fool has trad" through the acquisition solely of greater knowledge of the "how" In no way increases man's stature or quality. Such stature and quality comes only through an illumination of the "why" and 'wherefor". The richness of our heritage is painfully transmitted from age to age through the humanities, and even the poorest qualified scientist would not be guilty of expecting a fresh endowment of it to come by an act of spontaneous generation or, like the divine right of kings, by sheer accident of birth.

And when that great "at last" arrives and the fiction of what seems a science-fiction world dissolves into the cold reality of "being", man will still be measured, and measure himself, by the quality of his life and not by the mode of his locamation or largess of manufacture or magnitude of mechanical computation. Unless mankind assiduausly pursues and achieves for himself a comparable growth in the area of the human spirit, he may well find himself as obsolete in the world which he has created as was the wooly mammoth in his post-Pleistocene hour of darkness. We need to be eternally vigilant that in taking on the almost unimaginable external magnitudes, at the expense of, or the exclusion of, an increasing inner "bigness", we do not indeed surrender our priceless heritage as human beings and our claim on a measure of divinity, for a gigantic mess of pottage.

A, A. Medved



scott ridge



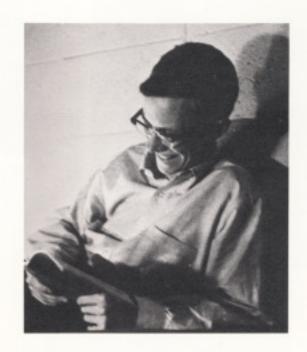


pat nelson





john lesch







tom stratton



jed simon





jaye gould







pam rogers



crissie haft





jayne easton







dan weinberg



marcia mabee







david herz



richard berkowitz





debbie goldfrank



john nevelus



dennis klampert





nancy grossman



monty roberts





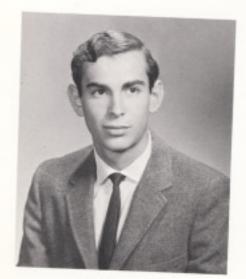


debbie barclay



lynn gibson





john lawson







lois gabbe



sue anderman







george damanis



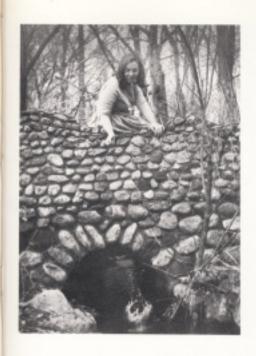
elissa yellis







minda berman





gerral felson





judy kramer

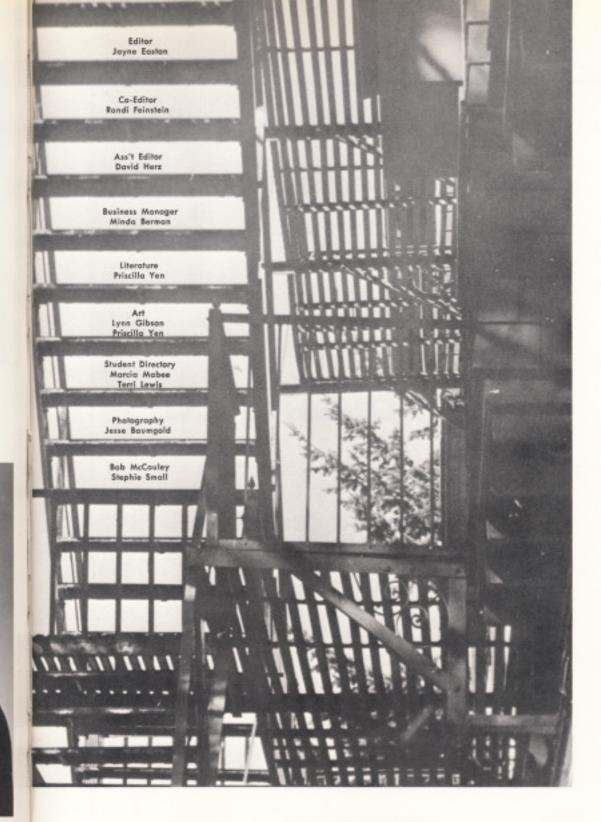




judy rothchild



priscilla yen



The Cherry Pit wishes to thank Miss Sue-Ellen Case, Miss Susan Davis, Mr. Robert W. Hawthorne, and Mr. Clayton J. LaCount.

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