

*. . . the mind is restless,
turbulent, strong, and unyielding . . .
as difficult to subdue as the wind.*

—Bhagavad-Gita

it is nothing to die.
it is frightful
not to have lived.

—Victor Hugo



*I swear-by my life and my love of it-
that I will never live for the sake of another man,
nor ask another man to live for mine.*

—Atlas Shrugged

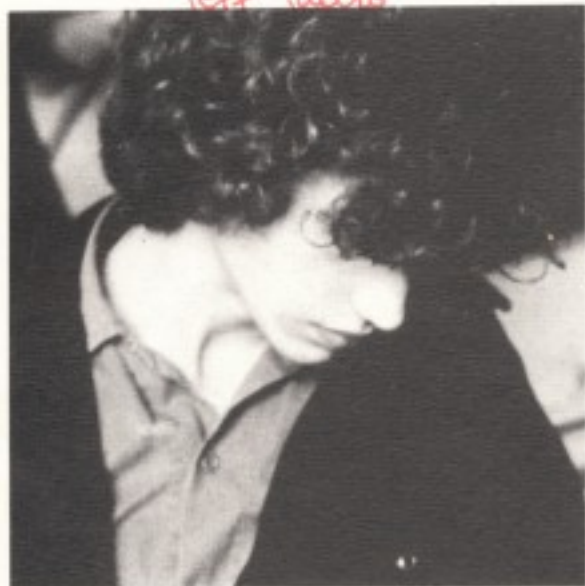
miles cohen



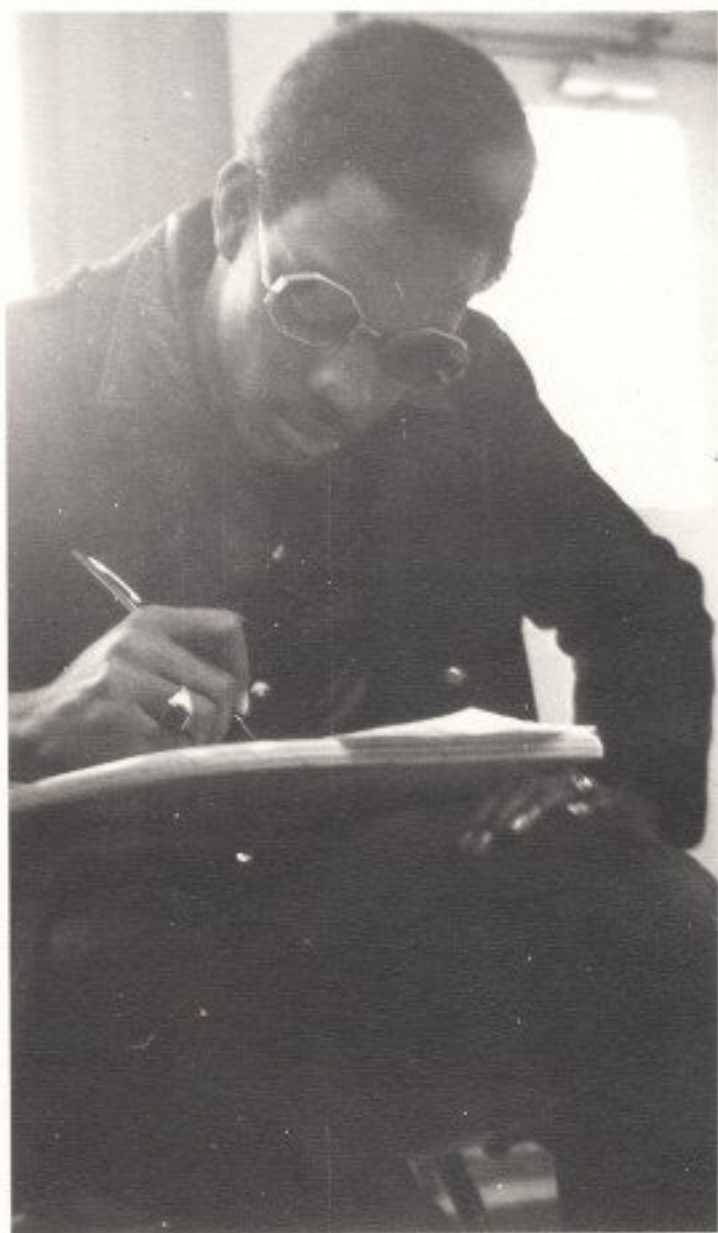
david landsman



jeff jacks



What a piece of work is man. . .



how noble in reason . . .



michael pudlak



jerry bowen



dale dreyfuss

how infinite in faculties. . .



in form and moving how express and admirable . . .



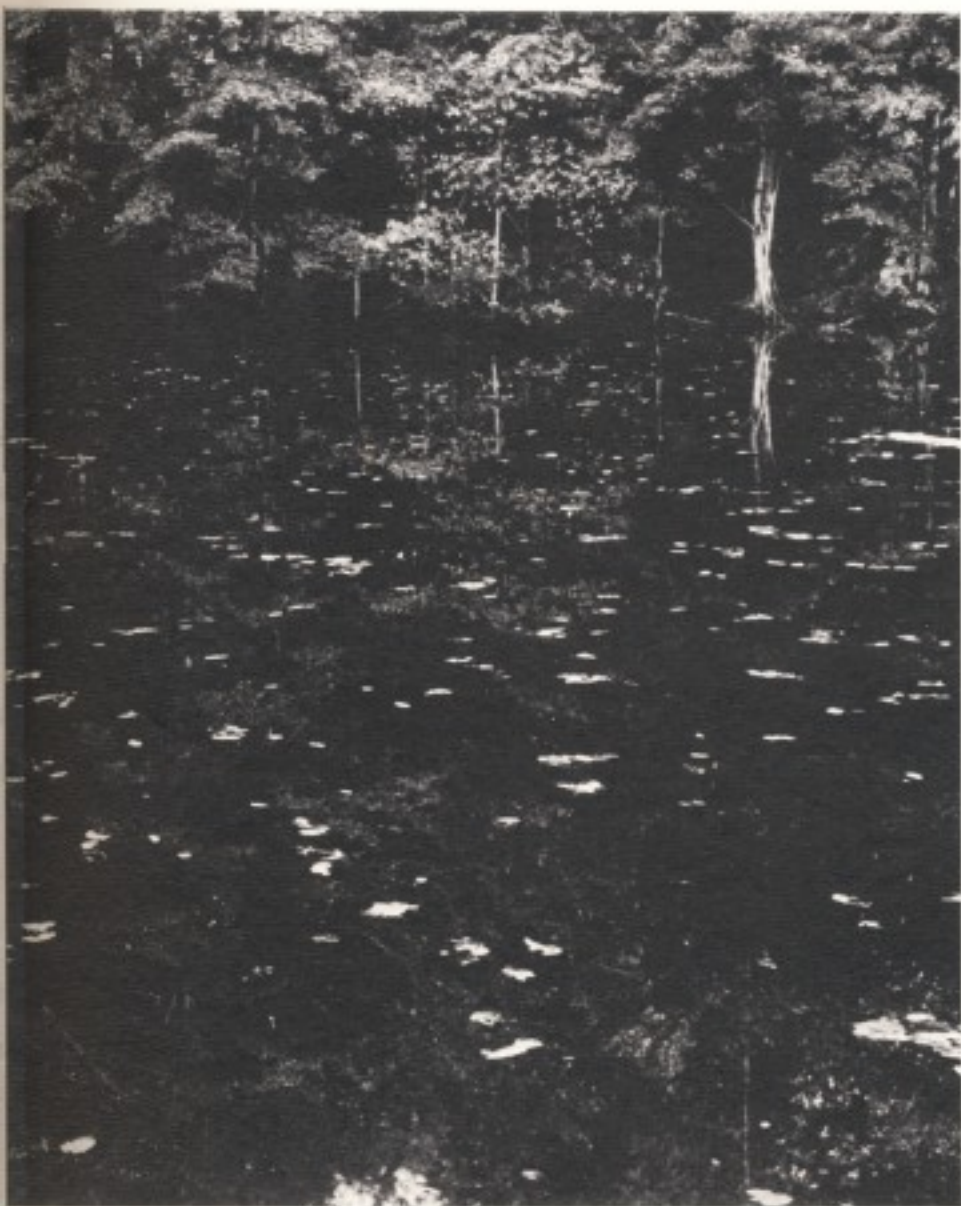
in action how like an angel . . .



in apprehension bow like a God. . .



the beauty of the world...



The paragon of animals.
—Shakespeare

Anthem To Zarathustra
We are the children of
Simplicity,
It is in our eyes
And in our
Lives.

lynne hyman

The music of
A single
Style
Rings through our days,
And upon our
Lips.



We are the children of
Simplicity,
It is with us
And of
Us.

—Justin St. John

bill horgan

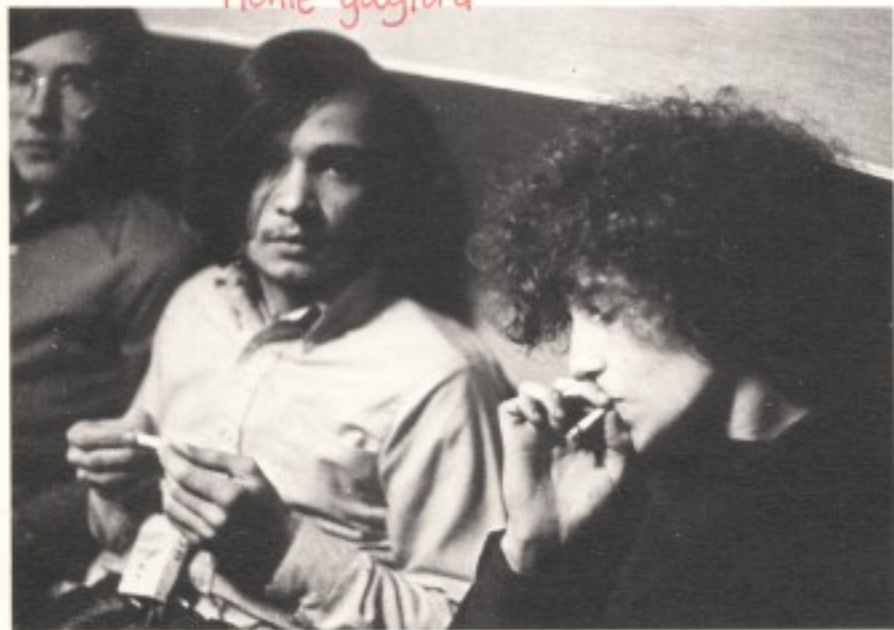


Some day soon truth will be.
And it shall come without you,
 for it is within me.
The trees will shed,
 the leaves will burn in anguish;
my mind is the kindling,
 my soul is the flame.
I know not when,
 I need not wish.
I see a face, and another, and another
 they fuse together like sugar and water.
My clarity increases,
their's disappears,
they self grows larger,
 gone are all fears,
'till finally naked it appears.
There's no need for question,
no reason to pout,
when ends emerge,
gone will be the doubt.
 Then whole, then free,
When comes nothing or all,
 then you'll hear no plea.

—Bill Horgan

didn't sleep all night.
and I was just lying there
in the dark prostrate & steaming;
naked, sprawled out all over
hanging my feet from the shelves
playing with my toes.
just sittin' there in the dark.

richie gaylord





I never asked you to love me,
Love is not an easy thing to grasp.
I never asked you to make me smile,
It's hard to be joyous when your
cities are falling.
I never asked you to be good to me,
You can't even be good to yourself.
I only asked you to be honest with me
But you only laughed, reached up,
and kissed me.

—David Geary



car.
look
membra
Rudin
seni
all
a

alese boltuch



KEITH WESTON

know thyself



*and before the sky
there are no fences
facing.*

—Bob Dylan





randi rice

*There's no art
to find the minds*

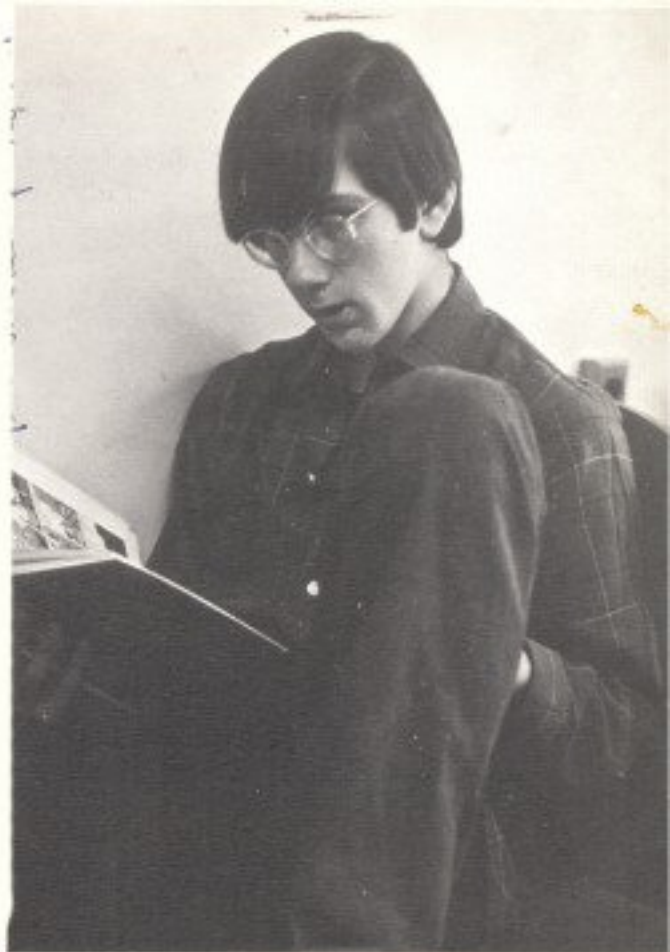


construction in the face
—Shakespeare



harriet

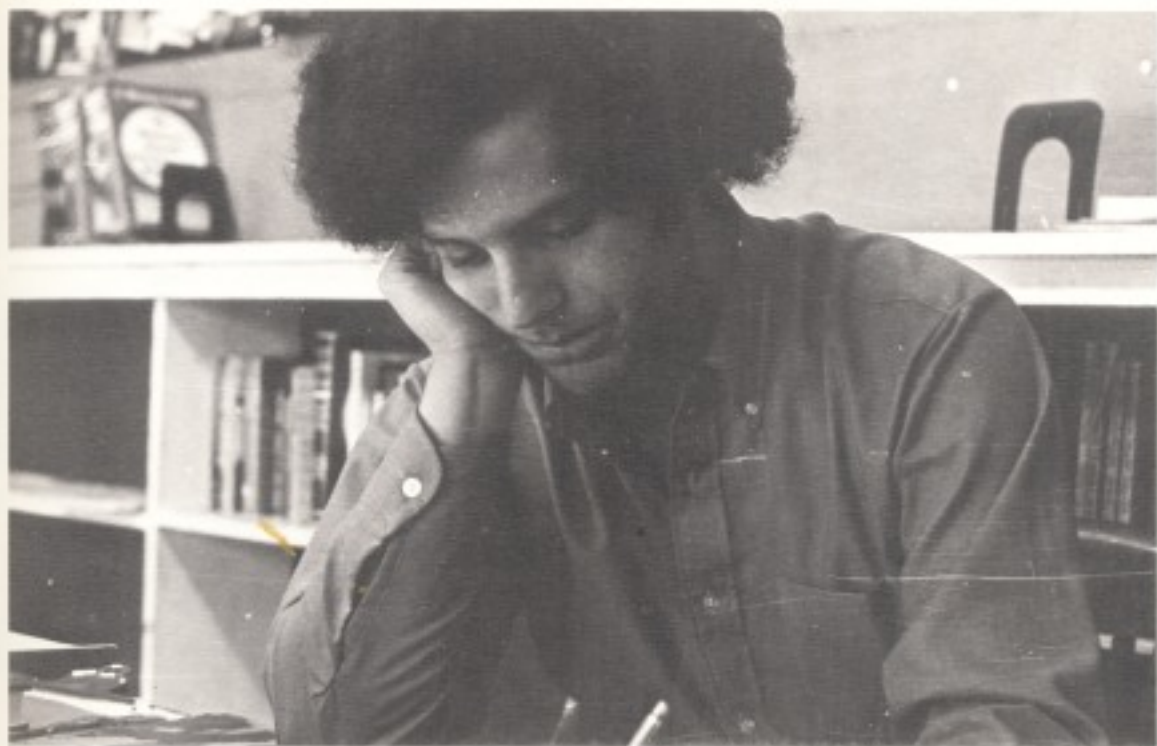




A blank piece of paper, a pen,
And dreams to write down
As the time goes by.
What is the poet's fancy, when
His vision becomes a noun,
An adjective, dry
Ink on a straight, still sterile line?
How can his sun shine,
Illuminate, glorious . . . and rhyme?

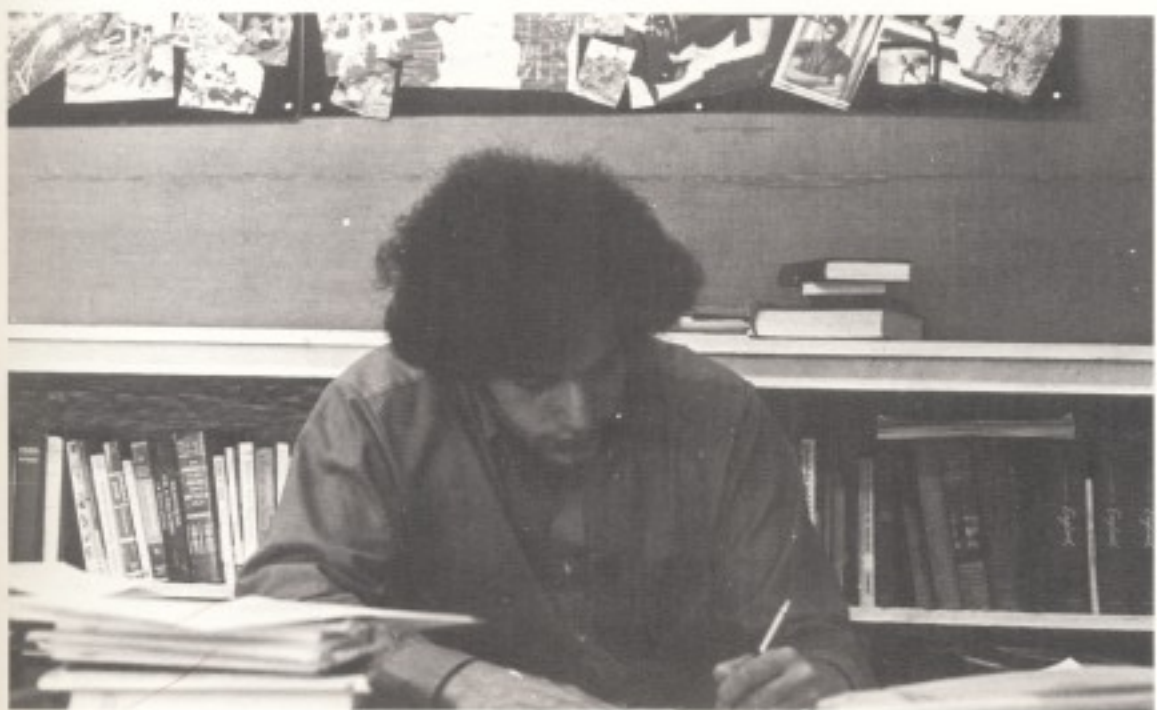
—Ghilaine Joumier





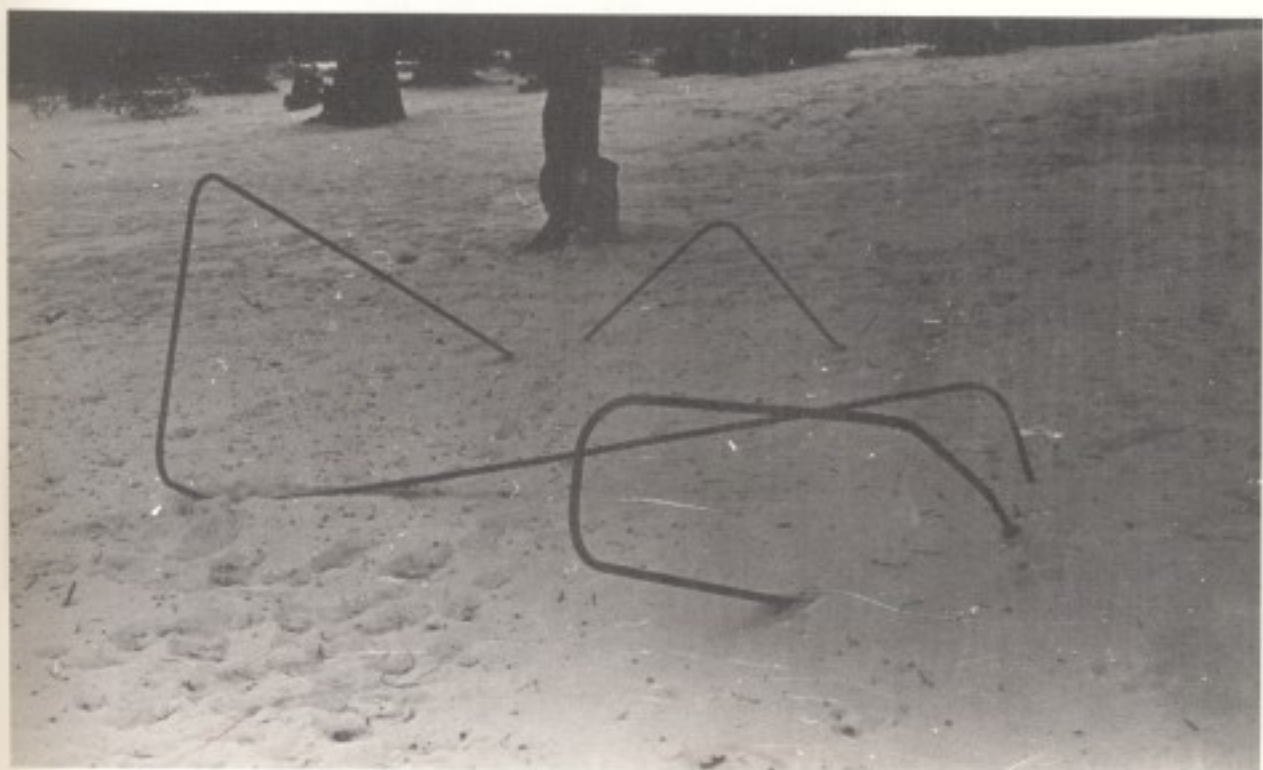
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow



*any one hand could hold me
secure so as not to be blown away
with the milkweed and fallen leaves*
—Piglet





*You who build these alters now
to sacrifice these children
you must not do it any more.*

—Leonard Cohen







Christ knew what was
coming off
when he was hanging
up on that cross and
The nails were ripping
into his hands
Luke shakes that once
having bitter won't let go.
and the sun was beating down.
That sun was just like
the lights the cops shone
on the prisoners face when
they try to get him scared
and talk.
Christ knew what was
happening.
and he got scared, real scared
because he said
"Forgive them Father, for they
know not what they do,"
and it would really flip him out
if he could see us now.
"Forgive us Father, for . . ."

—Peter Lewis





Sara falion





The eyes in the skull scan the page,
a flick here, a flick there,
One page is ended.
The eyes in the skull scan further on,
a flick here, a flick there,
Two pages are ended.
The eyes in the skull look up at me,
Students of yesterday, today and tomorrow,
passing by on parare,
with paste grins on carboard faces.
The eyes in the skull scan the page,
a flick here, a flick there,
the story is ended.

—Michael B. Harris

we go

fly away to places unknown
where life is how we make it
and our persons ourselves

here



piglet nancy posner - skip edward atlix



we think
far into
the
distance
and life we can't change?
and people creep into
places
unknown
unthought ideas
and unfinished sentences
wasted motions
and useless heroes
with passions forgotten
in
places unknown

—Betty Platinick



And in the sweetness of friendship let
there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.

For in the dew of little things the heart
finds its morning and is refreshed.

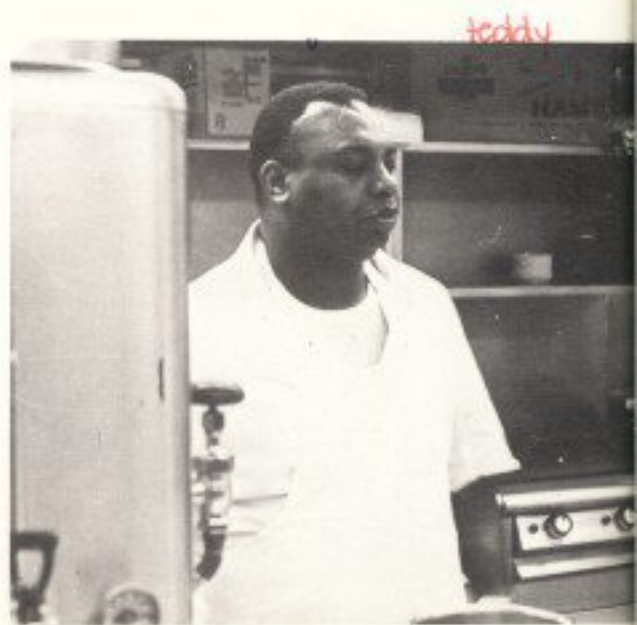
—*Gibran*





Lunktime
 faceless forms of
 not-people surround
 me
 making loud
 and painful noises
 as
 proof of existence
 that each can whip out
 and
 flash at the others when
 the paranoia gets to be too
 much.
 how long,
 how much time will pass
 before
 soft summer honey
 glazes over their harshness

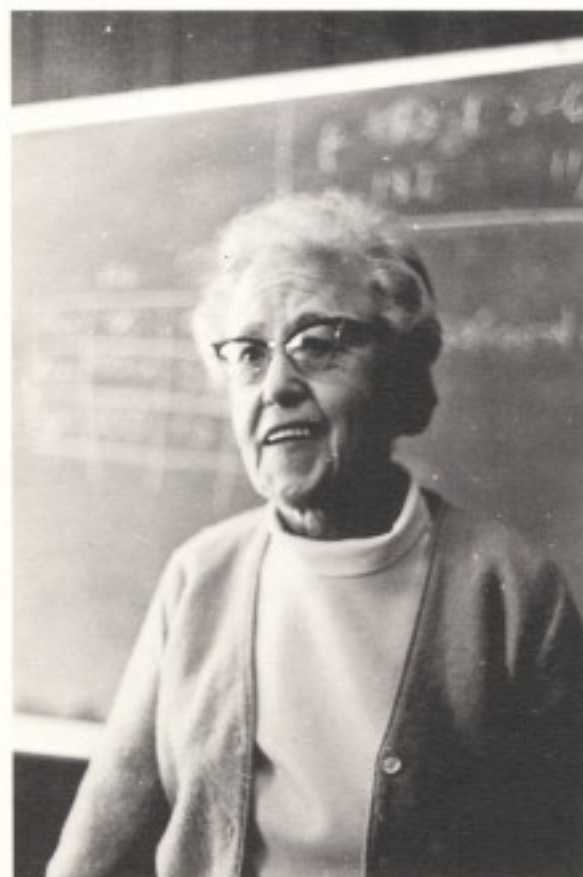
—Sue Wise





Outside
Encounters





*Sue:
May all your dreams
come true. Loved having
you in the Dom. Will
miss you very much.
Love*

Mrs H

To the Students of C.L.S.

Wisdom

Take time to work

It is the price of success.

Take time to think-

It is the source of power.

Take time to play-

It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read-

It is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to be friendly-

It is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream-

It is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and to be loved-

It is the privilege of the gods.

Take time to look around-

It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh-

It is the music of the soul.

—Mrs. Horvath





*...The darkness is all around me,
I grope and fumble
Trying to find my way . . .*

—Carol Chapman



alex ladonne





*a brown leaf
lying on the ground;
memories of green leaves past.*



A thought of love
A dream of beauty
A ray of sun
A drop of water
The makings of life.

—*Tedd Hochberg*





takao akiyama



stevie p. bonnem



*We'll talk in
present tenses.*
—Joni Mitchell



sue selover





*and any
one can
fill his life
up with thing
he can see
but he just
can not touch . . .*

—Bob Dylan

may, 26, 70



wondering why, Islo —

*why
things
happen
that
way —
—anon.*

Into my horse-drawn coach
I shall bring you
To share in my blackness.
Clattering over dark wet streets
Encased in black velvet.
Your whiteness above me
My blackness inside you.
How shall we die?
Silently.

—David Geary



Life died down
in the lamp
and then flickered
caught at wonder . . .

—Ezra Pound





regina jennar



joanne badint



rita dipastina

bonnie graff





*"...king Jesus, he whispered
it's not very far
and
Budha declared
it's right where you are . . ."*
—incredible string

The crimson blue sunset
glows as it says,
 goodnight.

I search for my feelings and
rambling thoughts down narrow streets.
Come with me, I will tell you
of myself

Trust

Evil barriers . . .

Be honest with yourself.

Break down the walls of fear.

What is the purpose of all this?

Alone

 I stand upon a cliff.

The sunset

 Whispers
 goodnight.

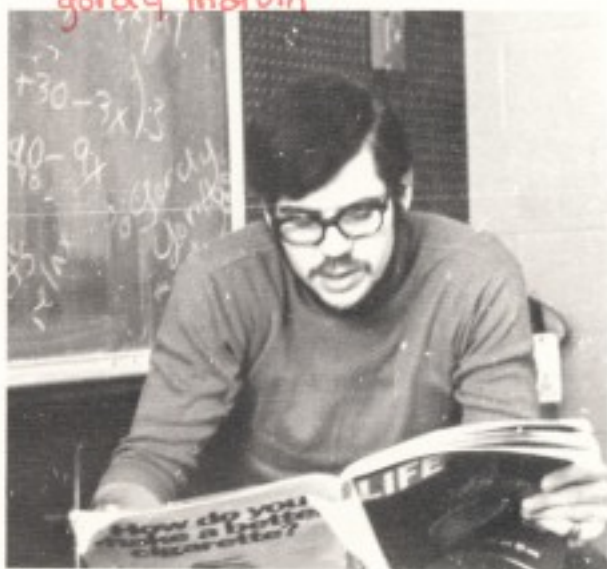
—Sara Falion



*I've got Joy
'round my brain . . .*



gordy marvin





... wait and see.
—Richard Farfán



*"I am young
I will live . . .*



*. . . I am strong
I can give . . .*

*. . . You the strange
Seed of day . . .*



*. . . Feel the change
Know the Way."*
—Tim Buckley



*I have tried in my way
to be free . . .*

—Lenord Cohen

hilarly bennett



Chairos

As tide rolls leaden, swirling from these rocks,
To far-dim trysts of foam and unbreathed air,
Where grey expires in grey and in it locks
Not death, but all-entombing life, frail cheer:
Our beach grows longer, lest it nothing hold
Save shreds of clam shells' empty memories.
(How often on this coast the vesper tolled
A stricken watcher's hope, that remedies
Its faith while it despairs the ebbing knell!)
So autumn-shortened northeast days retreat
To distances that solitary tell
The late-laved sand how fresh-soiled are our feet.
Defier of this permanent, changing sea,
Her woman's kiss might bronze today for me.

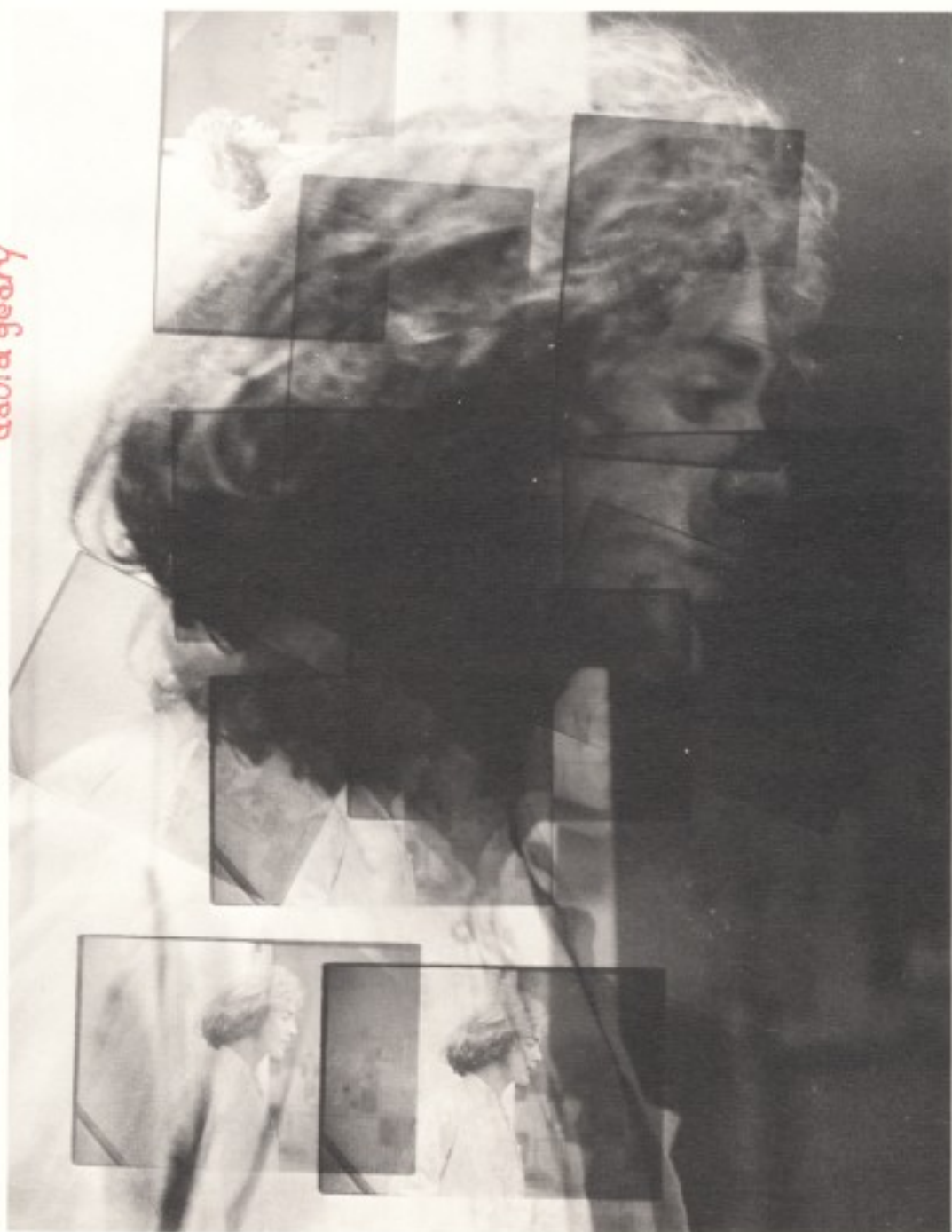
—Dale Dreyfuss

Dreams of a Life

By the dim Norwalk night-day
I read Kerouac and dream
San Francisco
Moonlit bars
The roaming streets
poetry
Campfire mountains in the Zen sun
A lighted pipe and peace
Snyder
And then motion
gasolining from N.Y. to L.A.
Speed
It's always Dean
Dreams of free days and fizzing in my head.

—Jeremy Barwell

david geary





The itsy bitsy spider
climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain
and washed the spider out
Out came the sun
and dried up all the rain
And the itsy bitsy spider
climbed up the spout again

—*Nursery Rhyme*



—the following poem originally appeared in *SCRIPT* magazine in 1935—

Invitation to T. S. Eliot

by Basil Burwell

Will you come with me some night
When the neon signs are crimson birds in flight
Screaming for you to clear your throat and gargle,
Praying that you may make your peace with God,
Which only makes you nod
Approval that God and gargle go together . . .
You wonder that man can praise them both forever.

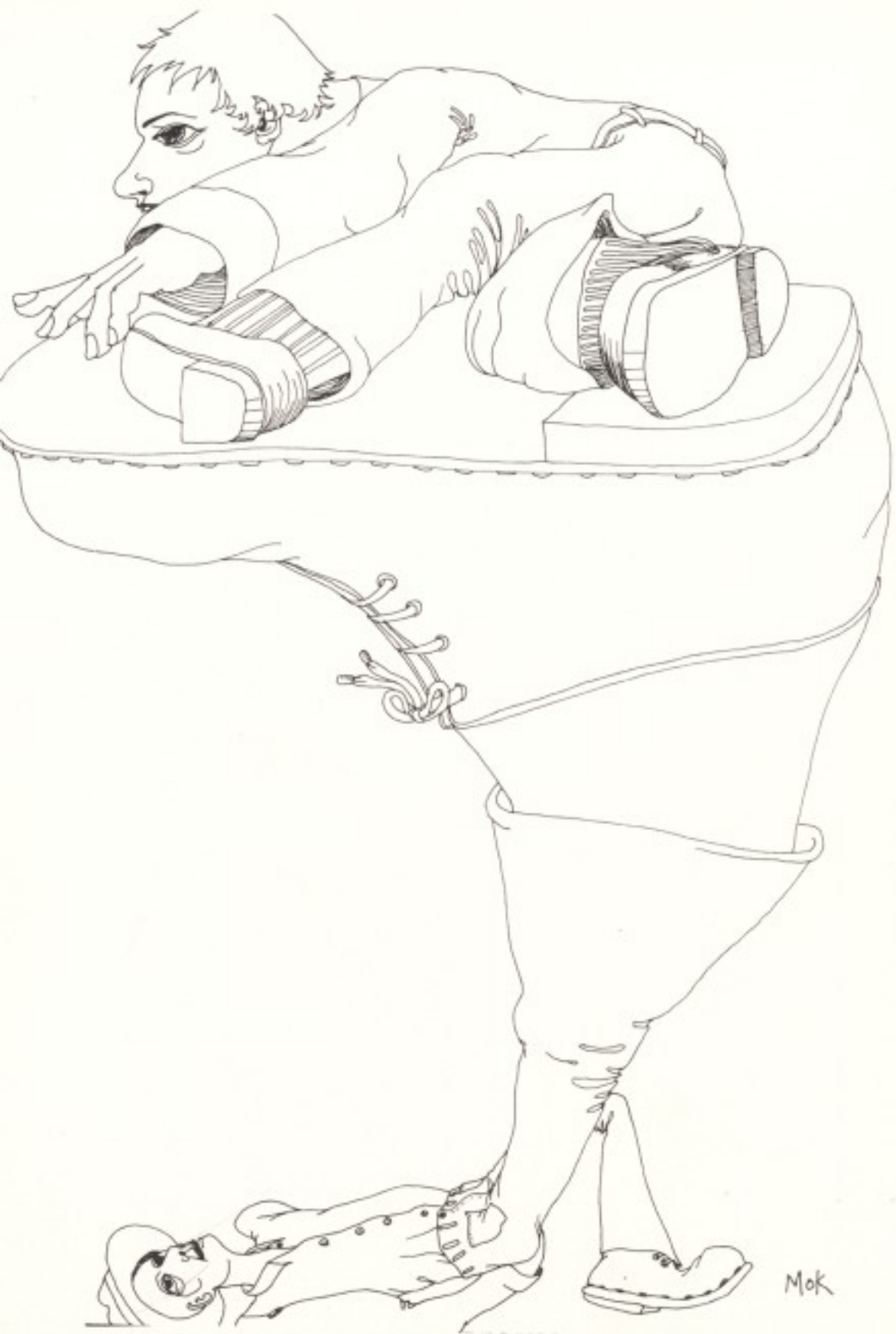
Let us leave behind these enterprising lights;
We shall climb upon the heights
And think a thought or two or three or four,
Staring silent in the dark;
And returning we'll remark,
"Life is fickle. Life is frail.
Life is water in a pail."

We'll wander down a twisted, semi-quiet street.
We'll chortle at the yowling of the cats in heat;
Shiver at the breathy inspiration of a flute;
Giggle at recorded-Crosby's love-torn hoot;
Mimic how the maiden pianist's scales repeat;
Echo a sad baby's moist, insistent bleat;
Hear the domestic cry of long-endured defeat;
The men who'd rather be off drinking with the boys;
The women to whom silence is an opportunity for noise;
And when they feel the need of music in their soul,
Play radios or feed themselves a player-piano roll.
They sit at home and go to bed at ten,
Convinced there is equality in men.

But you and I do not believe in much.
We leave all prattled, idle faith to such.
We stand secure behind a question mark
And sadly stare forever at the dark.
We wait for death to knock upon our gate;
And ask each other, "Have we come too soon?"
And wonder whether we have come too late.
But they, when some dawning finds them dead,
Will never to themselves have said.
"Life is fickle. Life is frail.
Life is water in a pail."

DEDICATION

to creativity



Sue, well kid soon this wear will be over (duh) it's

A JubJub bird
Caresses my foot with fashion.
I feel the passion.
I crush his wee body with a violent thrust,
And leave nothing but a feather to bite the dust.
I pick the feather up,
Put it in my ear,
And swallow it.

—*Skip Atlix*

*I scuff at pettiness
which plays so rough
walk up-side down
inside hand-cuffs
kick my legs
to crash it off
say okay what else
can you show me . . .*

—Bob Dylan





One Bird's Flight

Trapped and mourning
a young and silken bird
sits crouching
in a cricket cage.

She looks out,
a world beyond the bars
then drops her head,
and sees the soiled page.

She wants to fly
Moments in her shadowed tomb
seem like plodding days
and the passing day, an age.

And then no cry,
no muffled song
comes from her tightened throat
This young and silken bird is gone.

—*Francesca Cress*

Swirls of red light smash
Against the yellow of the
Fading sun.
Orange clouds slowly pass.
High in the sky purple is
descending into the cinerama
Against the black silhouettes of the buildings
The sky throws color into the air
As grey people on the city street
Look at the sidewalk
And run to the eternal subway.

—Carol Chapman



*and I must be
what I must be
and face tomorrow . . .*

—Simon and Garfunkel

rosenfeld





andrea



steven vito



all
all
all
all
all

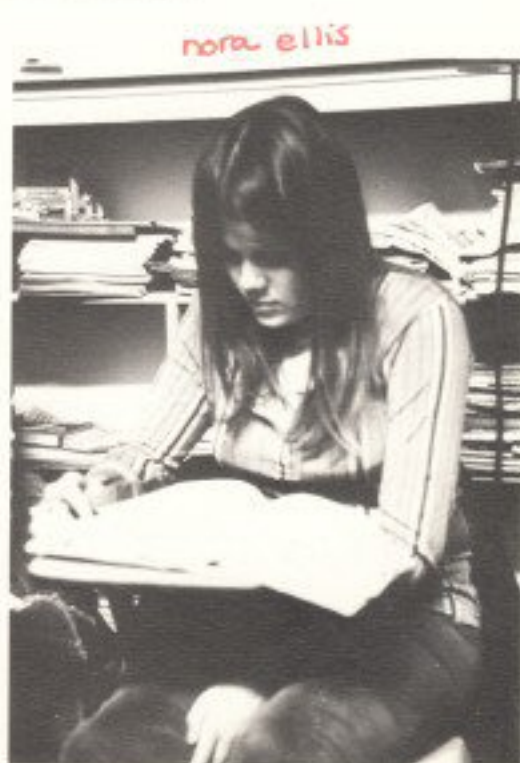
deni o'brien





fredonia tarr





I stand so supremely solid
While the people push and shout
And pass me.
I see myself so simply
When I look inside alone
but when the others I let see me
Will skim through layer after layer
To see me
To set me free.
And the crowd of people standing there
are afraid of me
and won't tear into me
No — they don't want my layers torn.
It's insurance for their own.
I stand so softly fragile
Because I am so afraid
To let the crowd
Touch deeply
Into me.
My eyes aim deep into space
While my body sits so sadly
On the ground
And the pushing crowd pushes by.
I bow my head. I cry.

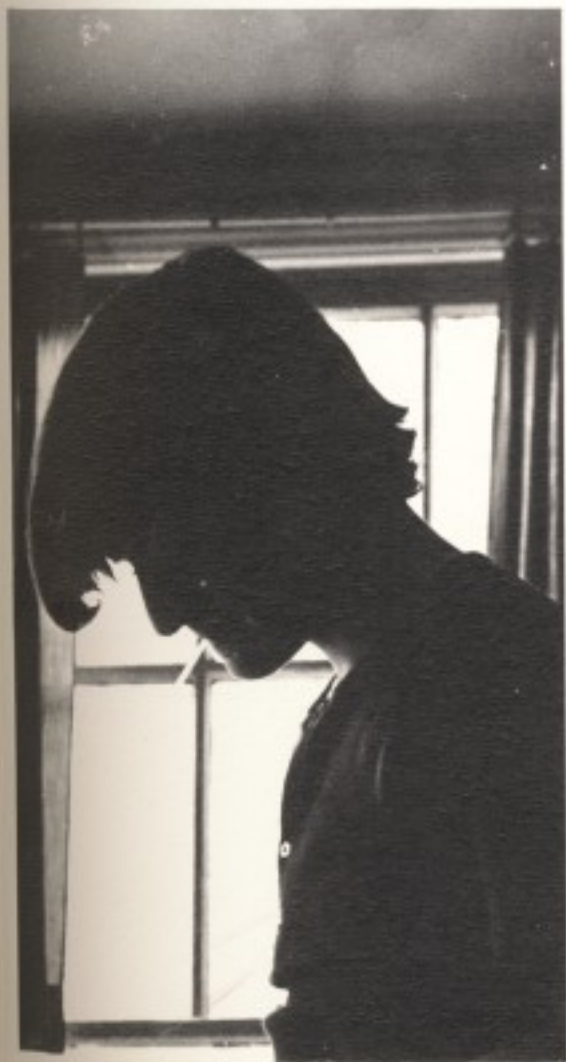
—Larry Harmon

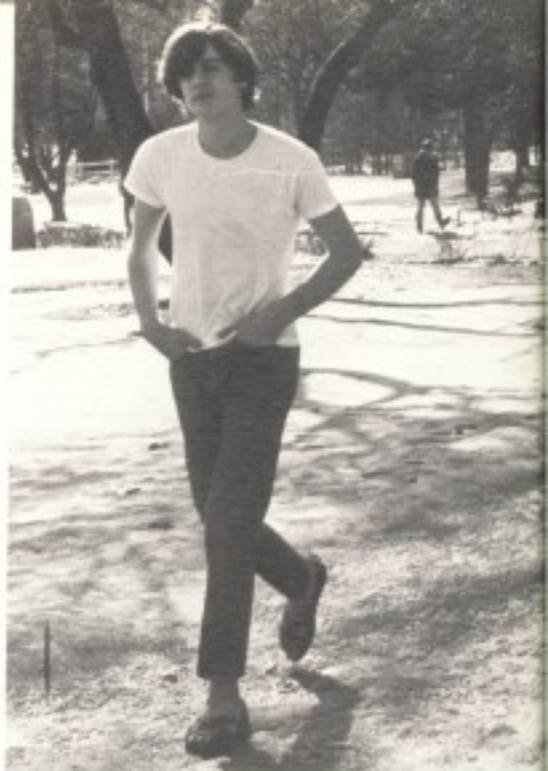
Here I am,
 Alone
My thoughts,
 and I
Alone, away from people
Just to be with
 one's self
 To think
In the forest
Trees blockading
 the existing world
 from me
Mystic trails
 leading
 to unknowns
In the distance
 Pattering
 Footsteps
 Noises . . .
My thoughts broken.

—Evelyn Simmons



Ken Lowenstein





alan wilson





Jennifer Cahill

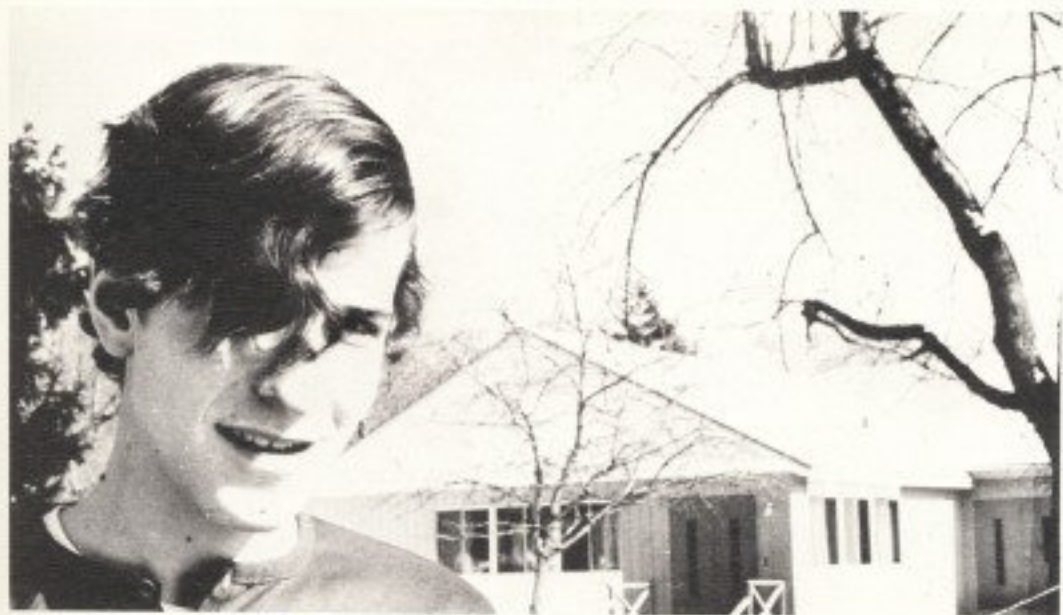
jennifer, juniper . . .

jon escher



judy











*Some try to tell me
thoughts they cannot
defend
Just what you want
to be
you will be in the
end . . .*

—Moody Blues



*One hand
Two hands
reach out
Clap.
Express
Impress
pat 'n' flatten
Slap.
Two hands
Four hands
bug
together
Fly.
Two hands
lone hands
stretch
forever
high.
—Franchesca Creo*





Now all the fingers
of this tree
have hands
and all the hands
have people; and



more each particular
person is alive
then every world
can understand . . .

—e. e. cummings



betsy boobs platnik

happiness runs in a circular motion
thought is but a little boat upon the sea
everybody is a part of everything anyway
you can have everything if you let yourself be.

—donavon

When he was five,
on a white paper
with blue lines he
wrote a poem, and he
called it CHOPS, which
was the name of his dog,
and what the poem was about and
he brought it home and
his parents hung it on
the kitchen door, and
his father tucked him in
when he went to sleep.
When he was 17,
on a yellow paper with
green lines he wrote a
poem and called it MY LIFE, because
that's what it was about. and
the teacher gave him a funny look and an A.
He brought it home,
but no one put it up on
the kitchen door, and he
tucked himself in while his father snored.
When he was 25,
on a matchbook he wrote a poem,
and he called it

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING,
because that's what it was about,
and he gave himself an A.
And he slashed his wrists and hung it on the bathroom door,
because he couldn't
make it to the kitchen.

Jeff Abrams.

Karen mandelbaum





all
to
all
1



honors paper



jean

1970

Pan

Musical notes of happiness
float throughout the air
Those few who hear them
are only those who care
The maker of this music is never to be seen
For he lives within your mind
and floats throughout your dreams



If one was to know him
and of him be a friend
Then one must realize
that he will never end
For he is love and happiness
and things which never die
And we are only mortals
who seek salvation in the sky.

Claudia MacLachlan



To be nobody—but yourself in a world
Which is doing its best, night and day,
To make you everybody else—means to
Fight the hardest battle which any
Human Being can fight, and never stop
Fighting

e. e. cummings







The morning enters me like warm hot bread,
And I wish for all the other things I might have said.
I long to repair the damage
I long to have been fair and fairly treated
Too many times the same act I have repeated

The mist will fall cool-ly on my shoulder bare
If I will not refuse to ascend the stair
And see the light door crack.

Mark Kennedy



the sun is beaming.
snow patches are
turning into scattered
puddles.
breezes still belong
to winter, crisp cuts
of flying air.
the forest yet dark
now restless, starkness
slowly turning to
softness. the icy
brook showing signs
of movement. water
struggling in pockets
it seems to break the
glass and feel the sky.
stiff tree branches
seem almost to sigh
and relax under the
hint of spring's sun.

—alison

LOW TIDE

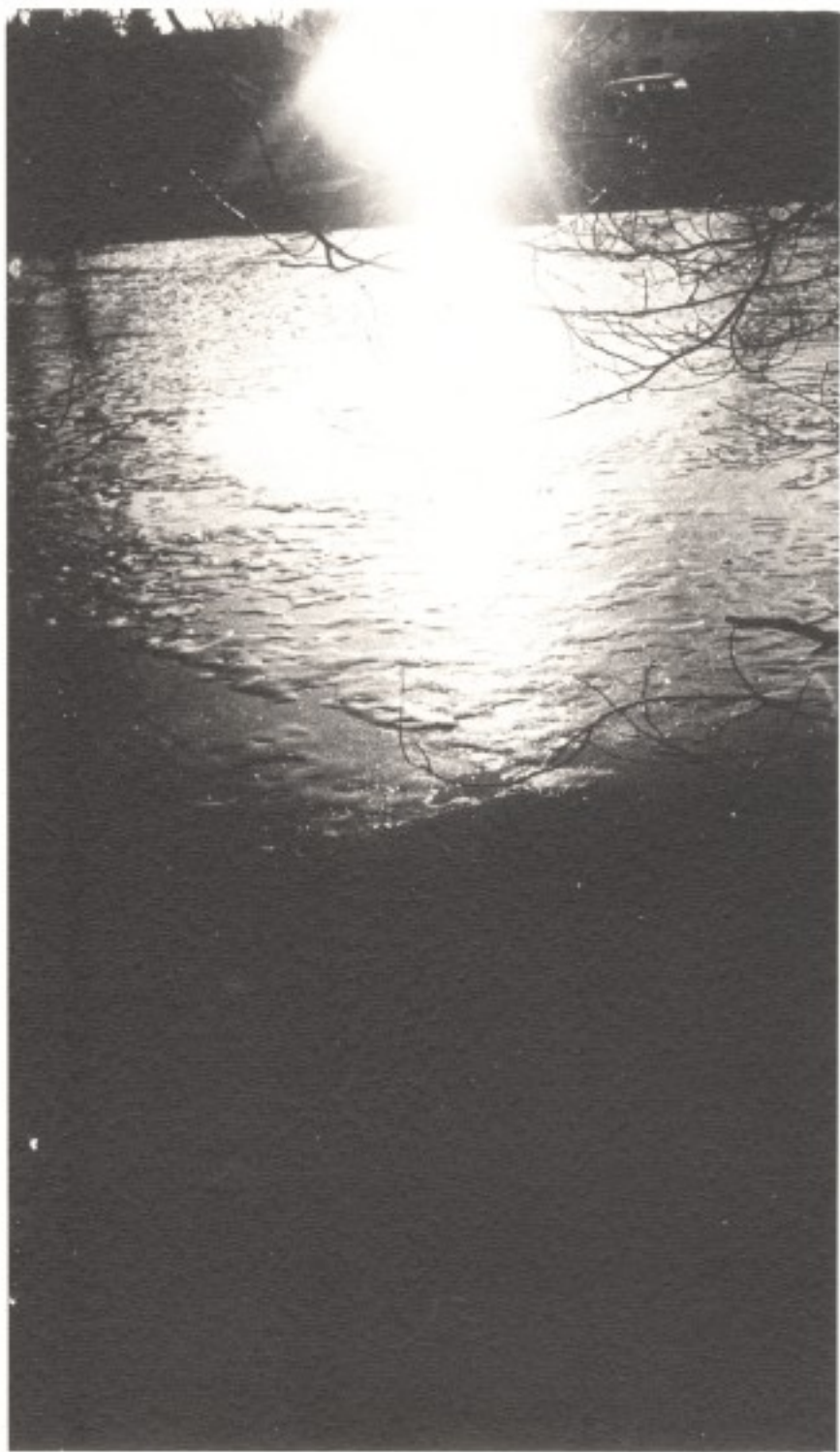
The tide came slowly in
Bearing with it,
Like a peace offering to the beach,
All sorts of things
Which it had gathered
over the miles and the years.

I went down to the beach
At low tide
To see what it had brought.
I found
A starfish and a sand dollar
Dozens of multi-colored shells
But mostly
Just piles of ugly seaweed.

The beach
Thanked the waves for the starfish
She was grateful for the sand dollar
And the pretty shells
But the seaweed marred her beauty
And she rejected it.

The waves
Tried again
Just as they had been trying
For thousands of years
They came in and went out
Leaving behind
A starfish and a sand dollar
Dozens of multi-colored shells
But mostly
Just piles and piles of seaweed.

—*Michael Tallan*







larry orisein



frank morabido



I was walking one day (not unusual) and I stopped (still not unusual) I found some flowers and decided to wrap them together in a group (?) Anyway life was ticking and ticking and then I gave them to my teacher which helped cause I was late for class (she even said thank you ten minutes later) but even so, they hated me. Damn flower. gave me the finger.

Jimmy Lembeck



The old Italian who could keep one for twenty minutes added, "No, it's nothing."

—Jimmy Lembeck

saturday

take a train to nowhere
get off
and take a subway a little farther.
then walk
and pass nobody in particular.
arrive. where?
one step to almost-talk,
use the john, and leave.
arrive, get high,
discuss nonsense in babble and
leave again
go see a movie to pass the time.

waste your time.

return to farther
and be paranoid when anyone
walks by — but you are nobody
in particular to them,
pass somebody,
anybody, and giggle.
they don't care, and even if they do,
it's only briefly.
and now we have returned.
we're back where we started from,
just a stepping stone

in our lives,
just a wait for something else,
something better perhaps,
if not — too bad.

good-bye.

i enjoyed being with you,
at least we're someone to each other,
for now, that is.

—*debby landy*







david martino



luke immo



simmons



laura schwieter









david engle

FOX HUNT

Running, dodging, hiding, twisting,
A red streak striving for life
Escape
You must escape
The hounds of death come closer
Their voices telling of things to come
Leaping horses, excited men
Quick with gun to shoot anything that moves
Escape
A blur as you speed through hedges
Past rocks and trees
Under fences
Through the meadows
Over logs and streams
Escape
The hounds are tiring
The horses no longer leap with precision
The men weary of the chase
You resort to the ancient trick
Of splashing up a stream to hide your scent
Escape
You will escape
The hounds lose the trail
The men, discouraged, sound the horn
The panting hounds go back
The noise recedes
You lie quietly under a bush
And watch them go
Then you get up and leave, also
Triumphant.

—Michael Tallan



carla dolton



weitzner
 see -
 much happiness
 in the future
 - love



phil elena





dina baumgold



*They seem to like me easily
Why is that?
Because you find it so difficult to like them
They seem to run so easily
Why is that?
Because they rejoice in those who do not run but walk or sit still
They laugh a peculiar laugh and their heads make grotesque motions
That is because they laugh at, instead of laughing, and because they
 reach for, instead of simply reaching
Why do I see the world this way?
Be grateful
It is a good thing then?
It is a necessary thing
Who requires it?
You do
And who am I?
A friend
The two of them slept well*

Mark Kennedy



jon perleman







else samolson





*I exist as I am
—that is enough.*

Walt Whitman



Reach out for someone,

niel church



To communicate

*to Susan with
that wishes
Dr. Lyndy/Hutner*

is the beginning of understanding.







claudio macclachlan



mrs seswicks

The years drift slowly by, with no one really caring about the flowers of the earth,
The winds blow them around, spreading them into the depths of the seas.
The tidal waves come, and the small seeds are washed up, away, and are lost forever,
And no one ever wants to be reminded of them, and they don't really care,
Because they are indifferent, unkind, and hostile, with no smile on their faces.
They say they care, but they don't really know the meaning of the word.
They fool and fear themselves, because they are the offenders of the ignored generation.
They are the ones that talk about friends, yet are afraid to give out their true feelings.
They aren't the over 21 or under 21 that conspire against the hopes in my head,
But the people who are afraid to come out of their shells, or give a hand to the troubled for fear they'll get nothing in return.
They talk a good battle, against the times of war, poverty, and the sexual revolution,
But when it comes down to the issue of people, friends, and a brotherly attitude, they are all ready to turn away, and forget about you.
They don't care, nobody does. The wishes for friendship are as hard to get as it is to make enemies.
Why won't people care? Will they learn from themselves? Can they drop their defensives and listen to someone who's troubled?
Can't someone please show me that they do care?
No — I am all alone . . .

Laurie Kogan





adolph haun

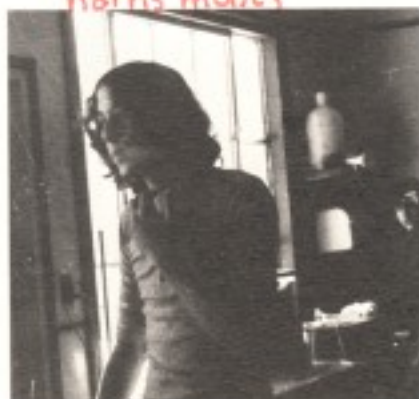




Ulich



harris mones





HOUSE IN THE WIND

I sit here listening to the house creak in the wind,
Feeling it hunch its shoulders and brace its feet.
Old house that has seen the generations pass
And a thousand moons rise
And a thousand winds lay bare the stars.

Old house of rock and wood and the clay of man.
Together we sit here listening.
I, too, have watched the generations pass
And the wars come and the flags of peace get trampled;
I too have seen the rose of day unfolding out of night.

Old house of rock and wood and the clay of man.
Your bones are stiffer than they once were
But you square your shoulders against the darkness,
Gulp a deep breath of the ageless wind,
And wait and will not fall.

I hear the old boards stretch and grow still.
A weary mouse skitters in the wall.
Old house and old man waiting together,
Dozing together, cocking their ears for the scratch
Of the broom of dawn.

Basil Burwell



dream

*freedom was my real name
but somehow—just the same,
there was someone there holding my hand,
and we were running-rolling through the sand.
his name was freedom too, and
we together lived the land.
up the grassy slopes we'd run
singing—laughing, together—one,
traveling—learning from all around
it was the land of freedom we had found.
we gave and took from its earth
and there, to a child i gave birth,
then one day we left African land
and traveled back to American sand
we had much to learn but much to give,
for we the freedoms did together live*

alison





mark Kennedy

*an artist dies along with days
fading light, only to be reborn*
Wendy Schaper





steven kline



*The pangs of your sorrows will pass
as your senses will rise . . .*
—bob dylan



*Out of this prairie rise the faces of dead men.
They speak to me. I can not tell you what they say.
Other faces rise on the prairie.*

*They are the unborn. The future.
Yesterday and tomorrow cross and mix on the sky-line
The two are lost in a purple haze. One forgets. One waits.*

Carl Sandburg

*And ever has it been that love knows not
its own depth until the hour of separation.*

Kahlil Gibran



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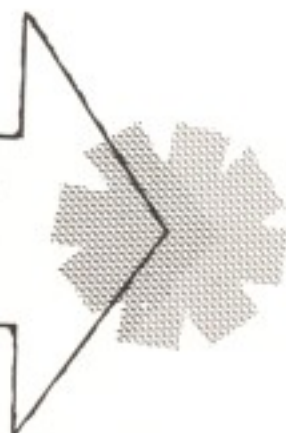
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alison—

odd numbers on rainy days

*with pens writing themselves, green balloons and the
stray cat blues. laughing when needing to cry and wondering
how we could have done it all. 5:00 in the morning
and ginger snaps. where will we be tomorrow or next year.
Africa, california? comfort and broken windows. "a little
coke and sympathy." my reading of gibran and your good day sunshine.
the leap year child. our dreams. will i always run to your
walk? maybe i'll "jump down turn around pick a bale of cotton."
our emotions.
will it always be like this—alison. i need to roam—you too—
mud we're crazy aren't we?*

*love,
betsy*

*that's all
betsy—
I'm tired.
love, alison*

bello jimmy



