







# THE LINK Miss Fine's School Princeton, N.J. 1955

EDITOR IN CHIEF Barbara Benson ART AND LAYOUT EDITORS Terry Beck Viola Guinness Theodora Stillwell BUSINESS MANAGER Ann Freedman ADVERTISING MANAGER Laura Travers PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR Jo Cornforth ADVISER Mrs. Shepherd





# Shirley Davis Headmistress





For her cheerful optimism, her enthusiasm, and her quiet good humor; for her mathematical grasp; for her objectivity, her patience and fairness; for her interest and participation in community and school life; and especially for her personal interest in us, we the Class of 1955 proudly dedicate thisbook to .....

# Catherine Frances Campbell







- IX Harrington Junior High School, Santa Fe, New Mexico
- X Art Editor of the Finest
- XI Lobby Design for The Rivals
   Lower School Christmas Program Design
   Gold Medal for Painting (Senior Division) at the
   Inter-scholastic Art Contest at Solebury School
   Silver Medal for Sculpture (same contest)
   Link Honorable Mention Upper School Prose
- XII Art and Layout Editor of the Link Miss Phoebe in Quality Street Junior Varsity Hockey Team

## Terry Beck

The Piglet was sitting on the ground at the door of his house blowing happily at a dandelion, and wondering whether it would be this year, next year, sometime or never. He had just discovered that it would be never, and was trying to remember what "it" was, and hoping it wasn't anything nice, when Pooh came up.

(A. A. Milne, Winnie-the-Poob)



- IX Representative to Student Council Manager of Basketball Team Inkling Staff Make-up Committee for Berkeley Square
- X Representative to Student Council Manager of Basketball Team Manager of Hockey Team Inkling Staff
- XI Representative to Student Council Manager of Basketball Team Manager of Hockey Team Assistant Editor of Inkling Make-up Committee for The Rivals
- XII Representative to Student Council Editor-in-chief of LINK Inkling Staff Lights Committee for Quality Street Chairman of Invitation Committees for Hallowe'en and Christmas Dances



# Barbara Miller Benson



Eeyore stood by himself in a thistly corner of the forest, his front feet well apart, his head on one side, and thought about things. Sometimes he thought sadly to himself, "Why?" and sometimes he thought, "Wherefore?" and sometimes he thought "Inasmuch as which?" - and sometimes he didn't quite know what he was thinking about . . . Eeyore was very glad to be able to stop thinking for a little, in order to say "How do you do?" in a gloomy manner.

(A.A.Milne, Winnie-the-Poob)



#### Lucy Busselle

"Well, now if I'm going to be Chairman of the World this morning, we've got to have some rules, otherwise it will be too confusing, with everyone running every which way and helping himself to things and nobody behaving. We've got to have some laws if we're going to play this game. Can anybody suggest any laws for the world?" ... "Nix on swiping anyching" suggested John

Poldowski, solemnly.

"Very good," said Stuart. "Good law." "Never poison anything but rats," said Anthony Brendisi.

"That's no good," said Stuart. "It's unfair to rats. A law has to be fair to everybody."

Anthony looked sulky. "But rats are unfair to us," he said. "Rats are objectionable".

"I know they are," said Stuart. "But from a rat's point of view, poison is objectionable. A Chairman has to see all sides to a problem". (E.B. White, Stuart Little)

IX Representative to Student Council Madrigal Group Inkling Staff Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Scenery and Properties for Berkeley Square Lighting and Scenery for Middle School Plays Link Honorable Mention Upper School Prose Time Current Affairs Test Prize for Classes IX-X Representative to Student Council X Inkling Staff Manager of Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Hockey Team Chorus in Patience Lights, Scenery and Properties for Patience Chairman of Lights Committee Middle School Plays Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays XI Secretary of Student Council Inkling Staff Madrigal Group Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Hockey Team School Lacrosse Team Representative to Athletic Association Scenery and Properties for The Rivals Chairman of Lights Committee for The Rivals American Field Service Summer Scholarship President of Student Council Madrigal Group Sports Editor of Inkling Captain of Varsity Basketball Team Chairman of Lights Committee for Quality Street Scenery Committee for Quality Street



XII

- IX Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
- X Class Secretary Varsity Hockey Team Inkling Staff Make-up Committee for Patience
- XI Editor of Inkling Junior Varsity Basketball Team Lydia in The Rivals
- XII Madrigal Group Junior Varsity Basketball Team Miss Susan in Quality Street Inkling Staff Photography Editor of the Link



#### Mary Josephine Cornforth

Of course as soon as Kanga unbuttoned her Pocket, she saw what had happened . . . So she said to herself, "If they are having a joke with me, I will have a joke with them . . ."

"Funny little Roo," said Kanga, as she got the bath water ready.

"I am not Roo," said Piglet loudly. "I am Piglet!"

"Yes, dear, yes," said Kanga soothingly.

"Can'tyou see?" shouted Piglet. "Haven't you got eyes? Look at me!"

"I am looking, Roo, dear," said Kanga rather severely. "And you know what I told you yesterday about making faces . . .Now then, into the bath, and don't let me have to speak to you about it again."

(A.A.Milne, Winnie-the-Poob)





- IX Central High School, Pennington, N.J.
- X Class Treasurer Inkling Staff Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Scenery Committee for Patience Lacrosse Team
- XI Class President Chairman of Spring Dance Committee Madrigal Group Ticket Committee for *The Rivals* Manager of Varsity Hockey Team Manager of Varsity Basketball Team Lacrosse Team
- XII Class President

   Captain of Blue Team
   Chairman of Hallowe'en and Christmas Dance
   Committees
   Madrigal Group
   Dancer in Quality Street
   Varsity Hockey Team
   Manager of Varsity Basketball Team

#### Jean Newcombe Crawford

Rat began chattering cheerfully about what they would do when they got back, and how jolly a fire of logs in the parlor would be, and what a supper he meant to eat . . . Under the generalship of Rat, everybody was set to do something or to fetch something. In a very few minutes supper was ready.

(Kenneth Grahame, The Wind in the Willows)



Class Representative to Social Service IX Committee Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Properties Committee for Berkeley Square Inkling Staff Madrigal Group X Secretary of Social Service Committee Class Secretary Business Manager of Inkling Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Chorus of Patience Scenery Committee for Patience Madrigal Group XI Class Representative to Student Council Treasurer of Social Service Committee Properties Committee for The Rivals Madrigal Group Junior Varsity Hockey Team XII Class Representative to Social Service Committee Class secretary Business Manager of Link







"I don't know that I think so very much of that little song, Rat," observed the Mole cautiously. He was no poet himself, and didn't care who knew it; and he had a candid nature.

"Nor don't the ducks neither," replied the Rat cheerfully." "What nonsense it all is! That's what the ducks say."

"So it is, so it is," said the Mole, with great heartiness.

"No it isn't!" cried the Rat indignantly.

"Well then, it isn't, it isn't," replied the Mole soothingly. "But what I wanted to ask you was . . ."

(Kenneth Grahame, The Wind in the Willows)



 XII Chairman of Properties Committee for Quality Street
 Chairman of Refreshments Committee for Hallowe'en Dance

# Julia Gallup

But one day a Penguin named Willy Nilly did not want to play with the other Penguins. He said to himself: "I want to be different, I am tired of doing the same old things in the same old way."...

"How are you going to be different?" the other Penguins asked.

"Oh, I won't be a Penguin at all," said Willy Nilly.

(Marjorie Flack, Willy Nilly)



- IX Central High School, Pennington, N.J.
- X The Gill School
- XI Inkling Staff
- XII Inkling Staff Co-chairman of Scenery Committee for Quality Street Alternate Fire Warden

Assistant Art Editor of LINK



# Viola Elizabeth Guinness

"Well that," said Polynesia, "is what you call powers of observation - noticing the small things about birds and animals: the way they walk and move their heads and flip their wings; the way they sniff the air and twitch their whiskers and wiggle their tails. You have to notice all those little things if you want to learn animal language."

(Hugh Lofting, The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle)



- IX Madrigal Group Scenery Committee for Berkeley Square Ticket Committee for Berkeley Square
- X Inkling Staff Scenery Committee for Patience Ticket Committee for Patience
- XI Exchange Editor of Inkling Scenery Committee for The Rivals Ticket Committee for The Rivals Alternate Fire Warden
- XII Chairman Ticket Committee for Quality Street Library Council

#### Myrta Beatrice Hammell

"Margalo!" cried Stuart. "How did you get here?"

"Well," said the bird, "I was looking out the window this morning when you left home and I happened to see you get dumped into the garbage truck, so I flew out the window and followed the truck, thinking you might need help."

(E.B. White, Stuart Little)



IX-X Villa Victoria Academy, Trenton, N.J.

- XI Class Secretary
   Co-chairman of Scenery Committee for Middle School Play
   Inkling Staff
   Properties Committee for The Rivals
- XII Student Council Representative Chairman of Activities Committee Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team Harriet in Quality Street Madrigal Group Inkling Staff Chairman of Valentine Dance



#### Ellen Reddan Jamieson

"Y'know, Chile, critters is nice, but human beans still makes the *best* people." (Walt Kelly, *I Go Pogo*)





- IX Scenery Committee for Berkeley Square Costume Committee for Berkeley Square Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Glee Club Representative Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays
- X Scenery Committee for Patience Costumes Committee for Patience Chairman of Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays
   Stage Manager for Middle School Plays

Fire Warden XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team

> Chairman of Costume Committee for *The Rivals* Chairman of Costume Committee for Middle School Plays

Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays XII President of Dramatic Club

Chairman of Costume Committee for *The Rivals* Co-chairman of Decorations Committee for Christmas and Valentine Dances Junior Varsity Basketball Team

### Elsa Luise Johnson

Laugh archy i have had adventures but i have never been an adventuress one life up and the next life down archy but always a lady through it all and a good mixer too always the life of the party archy but never anything vulgar always free footed archy

(don marquis, archy and mebitabel)

- IX Athletic Association Representative Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team Captain of Junior Varsity Basketball Team Madrigal Group
- X Athletic Association Representative Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Madrigal Group Chorus of Patience School Lacrosse Team
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Athletic Pocket Emblem Award Sports Editor of Inkling Madrigal Group Scenery Committee for The Rivals
- XII President of Athletic Association Captain of Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Madrigal Group Dancer in Quality Street



#### Chloe King



Little Georgie sang his song a few times more while he strapped on his knapsack and took up his journey. It was a good song to walk to, too, so he sang it as he tramped along . . . "What a runner he is," said the Buck, "what a runner. Many's the time he'd run with me clear up Weston way, not on business, just for the fun of it. Sometimes I'd say, 'Are you tiring, Georgie?' and he'd only laugh. 'Tiring?' he'd say. 'Only just warming up,' and away he'd go."

(Robert Lawson, Rabbit Hill)



- IX Scenery Committee for Berkeley Square
- X Class President Madrigal Group Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Chorus of Patience Scenery Committee for Patience
- XI Madrigal Group Varsity Hockey Team Scenery Committee for The Rivals Dancer in The Rivals
- XII President of the Glee Club Representative to Athletic Association Madrigal Group Varsity Basketball Team Dancer in Quality Street Scenery Committee for Quality Street Ticket Committee for Quality Street

# Barbara Weld Kohlsaat

"O, Ratty!" Toad cried. "I've been through such times since I saw you last, you can't think! Such trials, such sufferings, and all so nobly borne! Then such escapes, such subterfuges, and all so cleverly planned and carried out! Been in prison - got out of it! Been thrown into a canal - swam ashore! What do you think my last exploit was? Just hold on till I tell you - "

(Kenneth Grahame, The Wind in the Willows)



Varsity Hockey Team IX Junior Varsity Basketball Team Madrigal Group Scenery and Properties Committees for Berkeley Square X Class Representative to Social Service Committee Editorial Board of The Finest Madrigal Group Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Chorus in Patience Pocket Emblem Award Link Honorable Mention Upper School Prose Class Representative to Social Service XI Committee Class Treasurer Secretary of Glee Club Madrigal Group Business Manager of Dramatic Club Photography Editor of Inkling Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Properties Committee for The Rivals Bridget in The Rivals Chairman of Social Service Committee XII Captain of Gray Team Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Madrigal Group Co-Chairman Decorating Committee for Christmas & Valentine Dances Photography Editor of Inkling Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest



#### Alice Marie Nelson

"Now," said Rabbit, "this is a Search, and I've Organized it. Which means - well, it's what you do to a Search, when you don't all look in the same place at once. So I want you, Pooh, to search by the Six Pine Trees first, and then work your way towards Owl's House, and look out for me there. Do you see?"

"No," said Pooh. "What - "

"Then I'll see you at Owl's House in about an hour's time."

"Is Piglet organdized too?"

"We all are," said Rabbit, and off he went.

(A. A. Milne, House at Poob Corner)





- IX Junior Varsity Hockey Team Manager of Junior Varsity Basketball Team Make-up Committee for Berkeley Square Literary Board of The Finest
- X Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Editor of *The Finest* Make-up Committee for *Patience*
- XI Junior Varsity Hockey Team School Lacrosse Team Scenery Committee for *The Rivals* Program design for Middle School Plays Assistant Stage Manager for Middle School Plays Literary Board of *The Finest Time* Current Affairs Test Prize Classes XI-XII
- XII Varsity Hockey Team Co-chairman of Scenery Committee for Quality Street Art and Lay-out Editor of Link

# Theodora Stillwell

"H'lo, Pogo, I would like to be a member of the newspaper staff - I brung a contribution!"

"Well, well, Porkypine, this comic strip is just what we needs."

"COMIC STRIP! This is no comic strip! This is the story of my *life* - in pictures! Fraught with farce - trapped in tragedy decked with despair - replete with rue! Well, I'll see the boys at the Smithsonian. Good day!"

(Walt Kelly, Pogo)



- IX Central High School, Pennington, N.J.
- X Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Chairman of Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays Chorus in Patience Inkling Staff
- XI Chairman of Lost and Found Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Chairman of Scenery Committee for Middle School Plays Madrigal Group Inkling Staff
- XII Assistant Editor of Inkling Advertising Manager of Link Patty in Quality Street Madrigal Group



# Laura Spaulding Travers



Rabbit rushed through the mist at the noise and it suddenly turned into Tigger; a Friendly Tigger, A Grand Tigger, a Helpful Tigger, a Tigger who bounced, if he bounced at all, in just the beautiful way a Tigger ought to bounce.

"Oh Tigger, I am glad to see you," cried Rabbit.

(A. A. Milne, The House at Poob Corner)



"That's terrific!"



Just loafing at the A.A. picnic.

**Ute Sauter** 



"You can't imagine bow much it means to bear from you. After all, it's my second home."



fascinating. I'm pretty sure has I want to be a headher. After the 12 more years at school I'll first to either to France or French Sicher land for a year to learne Trench, and then so on to College to be able to teach both French and Englist. When I've finished this, I don't know yet what J'll do. ] often wouder whether or when J'A ever be able to go to the States afain. But I hope very much I do.



"I never can write a letter unless it's eight pages long – "

Back bome and hard at work!





Laura.



Jeanie





ann



Tem

fuce







Barbie

Viola

Theo







alien Marin







Jo

Barbara

Chlos







Ellen

mysta

Elsa

	SAYING	HAUNT	MENTIONS	MOST
BECK	"I beg your pardon!"	New Mexico	Anything - in an English accent	artistic
BENSON	"Hey,gang!"	bicycle	dancenotes	determined
BUSSELLE	"Well, folks"	the office	Corbeil	versatile
CORNFORTH	"CHILD ren!"	various and sundry thealres	Mount Vernon	poised
CRAWFORD	"'Kay now, let's do something-"	sun lamp	Bermuda	naive (?)
FREEDMAN	"REA [1y? "	Route # 33	Brittany	angelic
GALLUP	"Oh snarg!"	AIPO	Gorgle	non-conform-
GUINNESS	"This is Completely " irrelevant, but	Art noom	Mike (horse)	Kind
HAMMELL	"I have <u>so</u> much to do "	Firestone	sisters	apt to have a term paper finished early
JAMIESON	"But don't you think?"	dentist	Jamie	sincere
JOHNSON	"No, but I mean"	SSR	telephone calls	social
KING	"R-U-N!"	car	camp	athletic
KOHLSAAT	"O.R. R-L'/ K.G.	mail box	Cornell	friendly
NELSON	"What is this incessant babbling? "	behind a camera	Bill	persuasive
STILLWELL	" But, I was just Thinking-"	the Pit	Corinth	brilliant
TRAVERS	"Whyuh people "	45 Cleveland Lane	New England	energetic
CLASS	" PHHHEW it <u>STINKs</u> in here!"	(secret)	"last summer"	uninhibited

BESETTINGSIN	SAVING GRACE	AMBITION	LOST WITHOUT	BÊTE NOIRE
daydreaming	coloring	tobe ontime	black sweater	Republicans
hair - when it's dirty	hair-when it's clean	to sleep for a month	black notebook	people who asl for Kleenex
blushing	level - headedness	to marry a Hindu	her glasses	ankles
posture	effervescence	to be the matron of an orphanage	while rals	empTy milk bottles
unpredictable laugh	complexion	to invent co-ordination pills	tea bag	Seniors who don't datrays
yawning	cheerfulness	to change French plumbing	smile	Princeton Junction
forgetfulness	good looks	to be a lady wrestler	black (mourning) Clothes	people
inability to carry a tune	wit	to win the KenTucky Derby	pencil and paper	people who don' understand animals
inquisitiveness	helpfuiness	to win the Nobel Peace Prize	transportation	unartistic flower arrangements
driving	dimples	to speak Sanskrit fluently	her bangs	Brne Fair S
spelling	efficiency	to be an old maid librarian and raise cats	Shirley	aben windows
screech	enthusiasm	to sing Brünnhilde at the Met	"my baby "	people who "just can't play hockey "
double chin	sense of humor	to be able to cook	her freckles	cousins
worrying	eyes	to conduct the Philharmonic	Halleluian	little monsters
morbidity	imagination	to go on a safari	doodling Space t	squeamish classmates
impatience	generosity	to control Wall St.	letters	laziness
slinging the buil	originality	to enter the Olympics as a calisthenics team	each other	prudes



UPPER SCHOOL FACULTY: (Second row): Miss Haughton, Miss Hope, Mrs. Raubitschek, Mr. Eddy, Miss Green, Mrs. Cutter, Miss Willmore, Mme. Holenkoff, Mrs. Conroy, Mrs. Garson. (First row): Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. McDonough, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Burrill, Mrs. Chauncey. Missing from this picture: Mrs. Wade.

# FACULTY



LOWER SCHOOL FACULTY: Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Weigel, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Goodchild, Mrs. Godolphin, Mrs. Keever, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Stewart, Miss Haughton. (Front row): Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Wallis.

# ADMINISTRATION



Mrs. Kimball Mrs. Busselle Miss Cashman Miss Davis Miss Weigel Mrs. Gulick

#### XI

.

Third row: Rosemarie Rubino Lockie Stafford Carol Hartis Pat Andrews Marina Turkevich Hobey Alsop Betsy Thomas Beth MacNeil

Second row: Inge Birkholm Elisa Strachan Pam Thompson Cicely Tomlinson (President) Sally Sikes Grace Morton

First row: Hester Delafield Anne Harrison Charlotte Cook Margy Pacsu

Missing from picture: Pat Henderson




## X

Standing: Mary Strunsky Molly Menand Bettina Burbidge Susan Smith

Second row: Rosalind Webster (President) Nancy Hagen Sandra Strachan Nancy Miller Anne Gildar Eugenie Rudd

First row: Susan Barclay Alissa Kramer Kinsa Turnbull Eleanor Smith Peggy Dodson

# IX

Third row: Beverly Ward Faith Wing Harriet Busselle Lisa Fairman Betsy Lawall Matsy Bedford

Second row: Sally Tomlinson Ann Lea (President) Ellen Freedman Emily Vanderstucken Rada Fulper Anne Prather

Standing: Suzy Scarff Betsy-Jean Urbaniak Nancy Hudler Linda Ewing





Upper School Council: (Standing) Inge Birkholm, Kinsa Turnbull, Eugenie Rudd, Rada Fulper; (Seated) Carol Harris, Ellen Jamieson, Barbara Benson, Lucy Busselle (President), Betsy Thomas (Secretary), Faith Wing, Anne Harrison.

The Student Council has had two main objectives for the year. First, to make each girl in the Upper School understand the meaning of honor and her responsibility toward the Honor System. We have had a series of assemblies Activities Committee was organized, whose for its responsibilities in the Upper School.

duties are to schedule and plan activities. The committee is composed of the class presidents, the chairmen of the organizations and their faculty advisors; a Council member is the president. There have been several meetings with the Middle School Council and the The entire Middle faculty. School elected a representative

Middle School Council: Polly Busselle (Secretary), Trika Smith, Cindy Brown, Nancy Davis (Vice-President); Anne Goheen, Sally Mullen, Cindy Phelps (President), Deborah Smith.

to the Upper School Council, who has been present at all meetings. Our foreign student was also elected to the Council.

The Council has revised the point system, set up a Library Council, and sponsored a Student Council Conand open meetings, in which the honor system ference. The most important work of the Middle School was discussed. Secondly, we have tried to co- Council has been the revision of its constitution. Both ordinate all the activities of the school. An Councils have endeavored to prepare the eighth grade





Back row: Susan Talbot Lisa Fairman Alice Marie Nelson Penny Hart Carol Harris Tina Burbidge Sue Barclay Wendy Coppedge

Seated: Abbie Pollak Elisa Strachan Ann Freedman

# SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

The Social Service Committee feels that our most important work this year has been the organization of groups of girls to work in the community. With the emphasis thus placed on service, the Upper School girls have worked in the Princeton Hospital, the Nursery School and the Quaker Work Camps. The Middle School undertook two new projects this year, which were the decorating of Christmas trees for Fort Dix, and door-to-door soliciting for the Heart Fund. The Upper School gave a concert at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, and took charge of the wreath-making project at Christmas. The Middle and Upper Schools worked together on the following drives: the Junior Red Cross, the March of Dimes, and the year-long stocking drive for the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute.

Our financial contributions went to the following institutions: New York's Hundred Neediest Cases, the Princeton Community Chest, the Navaho School, the World University Service Fund, the United Negro College Fund, the Quaker Work Camps, the Junior Red Cross, the March of Dimes, and the American Field Service. We also collected food for the Florence Crittenden Home, and books for the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Kentucky.

The Committee sponsored regular assemblies with speakers from various fields of social work.

The Committee wishes to extend our grateful thanks to Mrs. Wade, our faculty adviser; to Mrs. Harris, the parent adviser; to Miss Davis, and to all the mothers and teachers who gave so generously of their time to help us.

The Committee members this year were: Chairman, Alice Marie Nelson; Treasurer, Carol Harris; Secretary, Susan Barclay; also Ann Freedman, Elisa Strachan, Bettina Burbidge, Lisa Fairman, Abbie Pollak, Penny Hart, Susan Talbot, Wendy Coppedge.







## Quality Street

Miss Fanny Willoughby Elizabeth MacNeil
Miss Henrietta WilloughbyGrace Morton
Miss Mary Willoughby Hester Delafield
Miss Susan Throssel
Miss Phoebe Throssel Terry Beck
PattyLaura Travers
Recruiting Sergeant
Valentine Brown
Miss Charlotte Parratt
Ensign Blades
HarrietEllen Jamieson
Lieutenant Spicer

- At School: Katherine Elsasser, Carol Estey, Patricia Halcomb, Linda Maxwell, Henrietta Suydam, Melissa Tomlinson, Toby Knox, Raymond Agar, Dickon Baker, Pompey Delafield, Carl Johnson.
- At the Ball: Carol Harris, Ted Duffield, Barbara Kohlsaat, Hampton Denny, Jean Crawford, Hans Sterberg, Chloe King, Gates Agnew.

Committee Chairman: Scenery, Theodora Stillwell, Viola Guinness. Costumes: Elsa Johnson. Properties: Julia Gallup. Lights: Lucy Busselle. Publicity: Ann Freedman. Tickets: Myrta Hammell. Programs: Eugenie Rudd. Direction: Moyne Smith. Technical Direction: Mrs. Clarence Johnson. (Director's Assistants: Kinsa Turnbull, Ros Webster) Officers of the Dramatic Club: President, Elsa Johnson. Secretary, Hester Delafield.







# DRAMATIC CLUB









# GLEE CLUB

Despite the "Do you know your music?" and "Chairs, everyone!", the Glee Club nas had a very full and stimulating year. Our Candlelight Service and annual visit to the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute were extremely successful. However, the featured event was our concert with the Princeton University Freshmen on February 25.

We want to pay special tribute to our director, Miss Cohan, better known as Corky, whose enthusiasm and spirit have added to the whole atmosphere of the Madrigal Group: Alice Marie Nelson, Betsy Thomas, Ellen Jamieson, Lockie Stafford, Mary Strunksy, Chloe King, Eugenie Rudd, Jo Cornforth, Jean Crawford, Lucy Busselle, Kinsa Turnbull (*President*), Mary Pacsu, Barbara Kohlsaat, Beth MacNeil; *Missing:* Laura Travers.

Two Choruses from Cantata 135 Chorus: Ah Lord, Spare Thou This Sinner Chorale: All Glory to the Father Johann Sebastian Bach

Combined Glee Clubs and Orchestra

I

#### II

Motet-Alle, psallite-Alleluya

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness

Three Folk Songs The Golden Day Is Dying Arkansas Traveler Turn Ye to Me Anonymous-Late XIII Century

George Frederick Hande

Finnisl American

Scotcl

Mary Strunsky, Alto Miss Fine's School Glee Club

Glee Club. Her unusual knowledge of music and fine taste have given the Glee Club distinction. Our thanks also go to Mrs. Pacsu, our accompanist.

Officers for the year have been Barbara Kohlsaat, President; Margy Pacsu, Secretary. The class representatives were Laura Travers, XII; Beth MacNeil, XI; Mary Strunsky, X; and Harriet Busselle, IX.

## The Inkling

Standing: Grace Morton Mary Strunsky Ellen Jamieson Margy Pacsu Deborah Smith Suzy Scarff Betsy Thomas Eugenie Rudd Alice Marie Nelson Marina Turkevich Jo Cornforth Pam Thompson

Seated: Ellen Freedman Rada Fulper Hester Delafield Alissa Kramer Lockie Stafford (Editor) Laura Travers Barbara Benson Lucy Busselle



# PUBLICATIONS



## The Finest

Standing: Pamela Thompson Grace Morton Charlotte Cook Kinsa Turnbull Bettina Burbidge Elise Bruml

Seated: Rosemarie Rubino Alissa Kramer Eugenie Rudd (Editor) Wendy Fraker



Back row: Emily Vanderstucken Lisa Fairman Nancy Miller Sally Tomlinson Chloe King Kinsa Turnbull Theo Stillwell Beverly Ward Ann Freedman Sally Sikes (Manager)

Front row: Betsy Lawall Anne Harrison Jean Crawford Barbara Kohlsaat Harriet Busselle Hobey Alsop Elisa Strachan Alice Marie Nelson Sandy Strachan

# ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year the athletics program aroused great interest, support, and enthusaism. Interscholastic sports teams included hockey, basketball, lacrosse, archery, and tennis, and there was also much interest in badminton and softball. Tennis was a new sport added to the program this year, and was welcomed heartily.

The hockey season was hindered by the weather, and many plans had to be changed. We played four games, and cancelled two. The North Jersey Field Hockey Playday was also cancelled, which was most disappointing!

The baskerball season was a bit more encouraging, although the "flu bug" made it necessary to change plans twice. We played four games in basketball, and one was cancelled. In intra-mural games we held the annual class basketball tournament, and the class of '55 was the winner for the third year in succession!

The Blue and Grey teams, with their respective captains Jean Crawford and Alice Marie Nelson, had a most exciting time throughout the year. Blue-Grey games were played in hockey, basketball and lacrosse. The points for posture were given again this year, so everyone had a chance to add to the points of her team. The banner will be presented to the captain of the winning team at Commencement.

The sports year was closed by the annual picnic at the shore, for all participants in any Varsity or Junior Varsity team sport.

We should like to extend our special thanks to Mrs. Elizabeth N. Cobb and Miss Catherine Green for their enthusiastic coaching, inspiring leadership, and true interest. The improvement in ability and cooperation of all the students may be attributed entirely to the untiring leadership of both Mrs.Cobb and Miss Green.

The officers of the Athletic Association were Chloe King, President; Anne Harrison, Secretary. The representatives were Barbara Kohlsaat, XII; Sally Sikes, XI; Nancy Miller, X; and Beverly Ward, IX.













Back row: Sandy Strachan Chloe King Jean Crawford (Manager) Susie Smith Kinsa Turnbull

Front row: Alice Marie Nelson Lucy Busselle Barbara Kohlsaat Anne Harrison



# POST MORTEM

As the Senior class, the faculty and above all the Link board and the School Life Press know, the fact that this yearbook came out at all is rather a pleasant surprise. There has been a hex upon all Link activities: the trains don't leave for Philadelphia when they are supposed to; pictures don't come in until the last day, at which point they get lost; yearbook writeups are due on the fateful Ides of March, along with the evaluators; and above all plagues and illnesses infest the school at precisely the wrong times. This last item has meant, among other things, that I have usually known less about Link progress than any of the other board members.

As a result, I would like to thank all the Seniors - for a good job generally, and especially for coming through magnificently on the ads - and the members of the board, for having done far more work than the numbers of points allotted to their various jobs would indicate. Especially I want to render grateful thanks to Theo Stillwell and Mrs. Shepherd, who have worked far above and beyond the call of duty; and to Lucy Busselle, who had no duty call at all, but without whom the book could not have gone to press.

Barbara Benson





## No Chance

The road wound along the brook, crossing it at intervals only to double back on itself again. The day had been hot and the air hung like a heavy blanket over the valley. Now and then the oppressive silence was broken by the caw of a weary crow winging its way across the meadows. Just as the sun, a ball of crimson fire, began to set, a car was seen travelling slowly over the road, stirring up a cloud of white dust behind it. The man behind the wheel wore a look of grim determination on his face as he eased his battered Ford over the bumps. Suddenly the car struck a large rock which lay unexpectedly in the middle of the road. With a sickening thud the Ford lurched to a stop. The driver stepped out, and crouching on the road looked under the car.

"Broken axle," he muttered to himself and wiping the perspiration from his brow, stood up and looked at the country side around him.

About a half a mile down the road stood a large farm. "Better go there,'he thought, 'and call a garage." In spite of the heat he walked quickly and with a light step towards his destination. The battered hat on the back of his head, which did not prevent a lock of brown hair from falling across his forehead, gave him the appearance of a reporter, which indeed he was.

As he neared the farm he thought it abandoned. The barns and numerous outbuildings looked silent and deserted. Only the rambling farmhouse showed signs of life. Some geraniums on the porch and yellow curtains in the windows were the two bright spots in that dreary setting. The windows on the right side were covered by some sort of black hangings on the inside.

The buildings were weather-beaten and needed several coats of paint. The barns, once red, were now a silvery lavender and their rusted tin roofs made a pleasant contrast with the green of the surrounding hills. As he turned in the gate an old dog limped painfully towards him on three legs, snapping his toothless jaws in a gesture of defiance.

The reporter stood gazing around him, un-

certain as to whether he should call or go to the door and knock. Looking at the porch he suddenly noticed that he was being watched. An old man with a bushy, grey mustache and a tanned face was staring at him from between partially closed eyelids. Over his shoulder peered the face of a woman, her wispy white hair gathered into a knot at the back of her head. They stood silently staring at each other. The old man broke the silence first.

"That yer car?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the reporter, taking off his hat. "My name's Joe Linsey - New York City Eagle. I think I broke my axle, and I was wondering if you could let me use your telephone - I mean, if it wouldn't put you to too much trouble."

"Phone's not runnin'. Ain't no garage fer 'bout fifteen miles neither."

"Well, uh - thank you, uh - well - yes. Goodbye, sorry to bother you," and so saying he turned away.

"Wait," said the woman. "Tain't no other farm fer miles around. What ya reckon to do?"

"You keep out o' this, Carolyn," said the man. "We ain't got no use fer them city folks."

"Yes, really," said the reporter. "I think I'd better be running along."

"Duane Stanton," said Carolyn, elbowing her way in front of her husband, "you've been agittin' very cranky lately. I ain't never seen the likes of it afore in ya. Young man, we'd be pleased to have ya stay to supper and the night too, as there'll be no one till mornin' acomin' by here to git word to the garage," Then smiling wistfully she added, "We don't see many city foks, much less git to chat wid 'em."

"Carolyn," said her husband, "you're bein" mighty friendly to this here man. We ain't runnin' no roomin' house."

"No, we ain't. But we kin be hospitablelike to strangers."

Joe Linsey, who had been mashing his hat in his hands and pretending not to notice the argument, stepped forward and said,

"Well, I am really very thankful and ...."

"Don't mention it. I presume yer mighty hot. I reckon the house'll be right cool."

Upon entering, the reporter, with his sharp eyes for noting details, saw a long spacious hall with a beautiful mahogany highboy on one side. On his right was the room with the black hangings. An old horsehair sofa and some stiff little chairs were partially covered by sheets. The pictures on the walls were hung wrong side out and the rug was covered with the Springfield Times.

As if in answer to his unspoken query, Mrs. Stanton turned and smiled apologetically, saying, "I ain't cleaned the parlour but once a year fer some time now. Jist seems as though I ain't got no courage left in me now."

"Just like all these farmers here," thought Joe. "No get-up-and-go."

The kitchen, where supper was served, was a cool, pleasant room. It was large and airy with pink geraniums over the sink. Besides the oil stove, there was a bed and a dusty coal stove each in its respective corner. The table was covered with a red and white checked cloth, and walls were decorated with certificates stating that - Erastus Gorman Stanton had won First Prize in this County for having raised the strongest team of horses shown at the County Fair in the year 1887, and that Susan L. Stanton had been awarded a Blue Ribbon for making the best strawberry jam in the County in the year 1893, and the like.

While they were eating supper, Joe noticed that Mr. Stanton was very quiet and that he spoke only when necessity made it essential. During the course of the dinner, Mrs. Stanton turned to Joe and said, "We're very glad to have ya to supper an' we were wonderin' if ya knew a man by the name o' Jonathan Stanton?"

"You mean you were wonderin'," broke in Mr. Stanton. "I ain't aimin' te go an' mix up my troubles with any strangers, especially news men."

"Now Duane, don't take everythin' so hard." Turning to the reporter, "He don't mean nothin' personal. He just gits touchy. You see," straightening her back, "we used to have a right prosperous farm here. We had near two hundred cattle, not te mention our sheep, pigs, and chickens. Now Johnny, here, he was the oldest an' we was aimin' te have him take over the farm - but," she added with a sigh, "he went off to the city and we ain't seen him fer nigh te four years." Then looking out the window past the geraniums, she added, "You see this farm was built . . ."

"Carolyn," interrupted her husband, "you tend te the appetite of this here Joe, an' I'll do the talkin'."

"Now all you city foks, you jist don't understand what we New England farmers is up against. Now when my forebears came over from England, this here territory was as wild as you can imagine. That's why there is so many houses on the hills. You see, the Indians was mighty wild and the settlers had te build on the high places te protect themselves. Now it was Ebenezer Stanton who built the first farm in the valley, right on this here spot. He had the only farm in these here parts that ever made ends meet, each and every year. And so it was with each generation of Stantons. We always put all that we made back into the land. My grandfather, now he was the one who built this very house. It cost more in those days than the other villagers ever saw in their whole lifetime put together. But he knew that the only kind o' house that would last was them that was built right, from the start. I remember my grandpa well. He used to say that the only kind of people that ever gut their reward was them that stayed home an' worked hard an' didn't go galavantin' around te Hartford and them big cities. I told my Johnny - young whipper-snapper that he is - I told him, says I, 'Yer great-grandpa he didn't hold no truck wid them that goes off te the big towns, and look where he git te. Why yer great-grandpa,' I tells Johnny, 'was the richest man in this here County,' an' what does Johnny do but turn and laugh in my face. 'I bet I can make more money in one day than yer grandpa made in a year.' Them's the very words that he used."

"More stew, Mr. Linsey?" broke in Mrs. Stanton.

"Thank you, yes," replied Joe. "It's awfully good."

"Jonathan, he always liked it fine."

"Carolyn, now don't interrupt. As I was sayin' Mr. Joe, my grandpa now he was a smart man. As smart as they come, but not as sharp as my old pa. Why he could foretell the kind o' weather we'd be having' each summer by the feelin' in his bones. He was the one that really improved this here land. He planted alfalfa an' grew it good. Our milk, why it was the best in the County, in the whole State fer that matter. Pa taught me good about how te run a dairy farm. I learned everything I ever knowed from him. When I took over the runnin' o' this here farm, I worked hard. I rose wid the sun an' worked in the fields all day. Then each night I filled out the records an' did the books. I worked hard, mind you, no automobiles or milkin' machines fer me. The day I git my tractor, I nearly died o' pride - I thought life was easy then. 'Ye shall till the soil by the sweat o' yer brow.' That's what my pa said the Good Book says, an' I did jist that all my life. An' Johnny now, he goes off te them big cities an' he don't send us so much as a penny. An' I raised him up good - an' give him everythin'. My children ain't even loyal to the Stanton name, Mr. Joe . . ."

"Now, Duane," broke in Mrs. Stanton, "Harriet, now she's a good girl You know that we'd have been in the poorhouse if in it hadn't abin fer Harriet. She sends us a check each month, Mr. Linsey. It's her that pays fer the meals here. She works at a big office in Worcester. She's a good girl . . ."

"Aiyah, aiyah," said Mr. Stanton testily. "We know, we know. You see Mr. Joe, that's jist what's the matter wid these young people. No family pride nor nothin'. Jist sendin' a check if an' when they feels like it, but never acomin' te see us at all. They thinks they own the world, but they don't. I had a dream when I was young te have this here farm stay in the Stanton family forever. It won't though. It's bein' et away little by little. It'll be gone before ya knows it - an' me along wid it. All my life's work - ," and Duane Stanton put his head in his hands and was silent.

Mrs. Stanton was the first to speak. "Well now, Mr. Linsey, guess yer wonderin' where the dessert is. I'll fetch it right out. Fresh apple pie made jist this very mornin'."

"Well, Mrs. Stanton, I sure hope you realize just how much I appreciate this. It's really wonderful."

"Well, my mother always said that apple pie was only fit to eat, if made the very day it was served. Now pass yer plate, Mr. Linsey, and you too, Duane. Have some cream, Mr. Linsey..."

"Oh, thank you, ma'm. My, but it's thick this isn't like any cream that you get in the city stores. Where did you get it? You don't own a cow anymore, do you?"

"Naw," replied Duane. "We ain't got no cow. It ain't half as good as the pan-set cream we used to have. This here comes all the way from Kansas. Them big dairy farms out there, they ship this East in tin cans. That's why this farm is the way it is. We ain't got any chance when competing with them big western farms."

"No," echoed Mrs. Stanton. "We ain't got no chance."

The next morning in his repaired Ford, Joe Linsey, New York City Eagle reporter, took leave of his host and hostess.

"Come back an' see us sometime if yer ever up this way again."

"Yes, son. It was a real nice pleasure seein' ya."

"So long," called Joe as his car bumped down the road. He waved goodbye to the two old people standing at the gate. Duane Stanton tipped his hat, and Carolyn fluttered an old lace handkerchief in answer to his salute. But although Joe tried to smile cheerfully, his heart was very sad. Somehow he knew that he was saying farewell, not only to a kind of people slowly dying out, but also to the way of life they lived.

The road wound along the brook, crossing it at intervals only to double back upon itself again. And with every turn of the car wheels, Joe seemed to hear Mrs. Stanton repeating, "No, we ain't got no chance."

> Eugenie Rudd X First Prize Upper School Prose

## Station New Brunswick

Everything was dark brown, not a clean, deep dark brown but a rusty ancient color. Here and there black flashed by, thin metal strips of black in skeleton structures that passed quickly, accented by the waving swamp grass, and I knew we were nearing the big city.

The train wheezed and lurched but pushed resolutely on in its own noisy manner. It braked itself, and its occupants automatically stiffened against the onrushing momentum. The car was not full, nor was it empty, but it vibrated with youthful giddiness bubbling from a group of young girls farther down the aisle.

The conductor broke into the coach leaning heavily forward, dragging the rush of air and wheels behind him. The door slammed as he passed my seat and the draft subsided.

". . .Sta-shun New Brunswick . . .New Brunswick!" was the call, and again a door was laboriously opened and easily shut at the other end of the coach.

I pulled my coat closer around me and prepared for the probable arrival of some fellow traveler.

Scratching and spitting, we slowed to a stop and in a split second the coach was invaded from either end. Doors swung determinedly shut and were pushed to even more emphatically. A fat woman, a child, and a handful of tall servicemen entered from my end of the car and numbers pressed to meet them from the opposite direction.

My fellow traveler, an Air Force boy, sat down and suddenly I was enveloped. Seats all around me filled and I felt comfortable and secure. My seatmate garbled a few words that I missed entirely. I was snug in my own little world, people about me were merely for my entertainment and enjoyment. But not for long...

A throng had arisen, a hushed and curious throng had gathered by my seat and the nearby entrance. Suddenly there was a to-and-fro motion of people that grew and excited me and then I heard the words of my companion clearly for the first time.

The horror of the situation did not drop to the depths of my stomach at once. I could not explain my first thoughts in words. I felt numb and I could believe nothing for I wanted to believe nothing . . . and yet, it lay there beneath the window opposite my own. Between these two rows of dirty glass, standing stunned in the aisle, gaped a crowd, sad and worried. They talked excitedly and I felt as a part of them but I could not believe.

"...but how? ...I don't see how ..." I said over and over to my friend. But he shook his head and looked away and only said,

". . .stood too close to the tracks, that's all -"

"Oh God, but . . ."

"Go ahead, it's right there, take a look."

Instead I turned around in my seat and there was a soldier sitting behind me. He was looking straight ahead but seeing nothing and I turned away.

The train was making no motion to move forward. We were standing, standing there waiting . . . and right under our window he lay and we couldn't help him.

I watched a man jump to the edge of the swarming crowd in the aisle. He was eager to see for himself and when he did he turned from the window with an unforgettable wretchedness on his white face. He swore softly and reverently to himself and then sat quietly in the seat behind me with the soldier.

"... it was an express that passed through before us? Then you saw it happen!"

"What could you do? . . .Sad thing was, his company'd just come stateside . . .Had his girl with 'm too . . .''

"What happened to the girl?"

"I didn't stay to find out . . ."

My friend looked away from me again. He did not want to look out the window as the rest of the crowd did. He had seen, but I hadn't ...

Again the crowd rose in another wave. Everyone knew now. They were scared but still curious and they couldn't help it, and neither could I. I stood up with the throng and strained to see, so wanting to know . . . and so afraid that I would. I shall never forget that moment. In one movement I could have seen what the hungry mob saw. I could step to the other side of the car, just across the aisle. I could look out the window as so many others were doing. And yet I shall always hear the voice that held me.

"Don't look . . .you don't want to see." And I glanced up at a man standing in the seat before me. I sat down, reluctantly, and still, strangely triumphantly. The moment's decision had been painlessly decided for me. The fleeting curiosity, the fear and disbelief subsided and I was safe.

I don't remember the crowds dispersing. Just the conductor's shouts are still with me, instructions to someone, someplace, for something, and stiffly, painfully, the wheels under us turned once, twice, three times ...

The tops of a few heads looking down at their feet, began to float by the window. We moved away from them, from the people, from the station. We did not stay to help or watch. There was nothing to do but go on and in a few moments we were rushing through the same rusty brown and gray landscape, pushing forward as before in a hopeless, tesigned manner.

> Pam Thompson XI Honorable Mention Upper School Prose

## Mulch, The Egyptian Mouse

Mulch lived in a palace in Cairo, Egypt. Behind one of its large pillars was a little semi-circle which was his front door.

One day Mulch met a girl named Tawny. She was a very pretty mouse, and not too flirty.

One day Tawny discovered a pyramid that was not quite finished. She and her friend Valise played in it lots of times, but Mulch didn't like the idea. He was afraid they would get locked inside the pyramid.

One day, while Tawny and Valise were playing in the pyramid, they got locked in. Mulch was reading a book outside the pyramid. He looked up as they were shutting the door. He tried to save them, but there were guards at the door who wouldn't even let in a mouse. He went home to think of a way to save Tawny, because every time he looked at the pyramid he became broken-hearted.

Meanwhile, down in the pyramid, Tawny wastrying to get out with the help of her friend. When they got hungry they ate the food that was meant for the Pharaoh. It was all his favorite foods.

Back at Mulch's house, Mulch had figured a way to help Tawny and her friend. He walked over to the pyramid, and climbed up it, to the hole that was supposed to let out the bad spirits, and let in the good spirits. He was worried that he might run into a bad spirit coming out, but he would take that chance. So he let down a long thread, and slid down it. Mulch ran all through the pyramid looking for Tawny, but he couldn't find her. Then he looked on tables, and in mouse holes, too. Finally, on an old table, he found the bones of a whole turkey. Inside, where the stuffing belonged, he found the body of his girl friend. He gathered it up, and took it home, and mummified it. He put the mouse mummy in the Museum of Moustral History, so everybody could see her.

Then he went home. Mulch was very unhappy. He thought there was no use in living without his beloved girl. So a few minutes later he spread newspaper on the floor, and then he slit his throat.

The End!

Melissa Tomlinson, V First Prize Middle School Prose

## The Problems of Living in an Old House

Every time I see a modern home, I pity myself for living in an old-fashioned one. A modern "ranch" home for instance, is the height of convenience. Everything is planned with high-pressure efficiency in mind. Mechanical gadgets, room arrangements, dust-proof materials are all aimed at saving the family's, and especially, Mother's, footsteps, time, and temper.

My house differs from this. It is not efficient for modern housekeeping. I think sourly of its cleaning problems. Not only must we struggle with the every-day dust of each nook and cranny (and believe me there are many) but with the Everlasting Dust of Ages.

Our kitchen is awkward. It originally consisted of a room around a fireplace. So now, when the fireplace has lost its primary purpose, there is a stove in the middle of one wall, and a solitary sink in the middle of another wall. That is what we call a kitchen.

Stairs play an important part in our house. Our staircases are steep and narrow, and hinder the moving of elderly people and of furniture. We are completely stymied trying to get a 27" desk up a 25" staircase. In addition to the staircases, we have steps by ones and twos all over the house, placed strategically to trip people unfamiliar with them. All the ceilings and doorways are low. My 6'4" father must stoop as he walks through the house . . .or else.

It is impossible for anyone to walk unheard through our house, because of the Revolutionary floorboards: a robber could never get out of the house without our knowing it, even if he could get in. No guest can make his way to the bathroom in the middle of the night without rousing the entire household. There is one Civil War floorboard which doesn't creak, but only the inner circle knows how to find it in the dark. For instance, one night my visiting uncle, returning from a late night in New York City, abandoned all hope and said loudly at three a.m., 'I'll be damned if I can find that board that doesn't creak.''

Another impossible feat is for me to get from my room to the telephone before the fourth or fifth buzz. Not that the distance is great. The hazard is a series of sharp corners and irregular floor levels.

An additional slight problem is closet space, or lack of it. Two small closets to seven bedrooms is hardly an adequate ratio in terms of 1954 crinolines.

Less important to me, but very drastic to my parents, are the problems of noisy and unsightly plumbing and heating decorations, plus damp walls which are impervious to nails, thumbtacks, Scotch-tape, and even wallpaper.

Now that I have named so many faults of my house, I realize that most of them are caused by things I like and would not give up. One reason my house is so difficult to clean is that its fireplaces spread many ashes and much smoke. We use our fireplaces so often! We would not trade them for easier housekeeping. The reason our kitchen is so awkward is that it was built and changed to fit all the people who have used it. The fireplace crane and the gunrack are not needed now, but they add a sense of individuality to the kitchen. The house is full of such things which we dust and never use; they are part of the personality of our house. The staircases are steep and narrow, but they lead to attics and cellars which are exciting and mysterious. They make wonderful theatres, playrooms, workrooms, and hideaways. Where, in a "ranch" home would we put our old "Life" magazines, our costumes, our toys, our to-be-mended-someday furniture? The creaky floorboards, the wavy window glass, the different levels, all add to the feeling that our house is a person, or the history of a person.

I'd better stop now . . . now that I have succeeded in disproving all my ideas. I started to write an essay on the sorrows of an old house, but it's turning out to be an essay on the joys of an old house!

> Deborah Smith, VIII First Prize Middle School Prose .

"The Doll" by Eileen Baker, VII, which appeared in *The Finest* in February, won Honorable Mention for Middle School Prose. *The Link* board regrets that lack of space prevents printing it here.

#### MOODS

I walked through cold dripping tombs, Wet with the cruel dew, in the black pit of night.

I gazed into the indifferent, ageless eyes of Stars, set in the dark shroud of heaven.

I walked on sharp knives of Hate, and ran from The claws of Death.

I traveled long passageways of Fear.

At last I cried to the Sky, "God, take me from This!"

The Stars stared down at me, Silent, Unapproachable.

But the claws of Death are sweet . . . .

are sweet.

\* \* \* \*

I watched spirals of smoke curl up around The air like young vines seeking the sun.

So do all things seek to rise. Vines and smoke.

But there is a difference: The twisting, quickly risen Smoke diffuses Into nothing in the Blue Air, While the Vine, (so long it takes) Grows into fulness and beauty.

The Smoke springs from the heart of Passion. And Destruction. Of crackling, dancing Rage. Of burning Fury. Born of such elements, it soon dies.

The Vine is the child of Earth. The warm, slow Earth. The deep, dark, loving Earth. Safe, soft, reclaiming. The eternal womb of Life. The Vine will never die.

> Viola Guinness, XII First Prize Upper School Poetry

#### THE POET (with apologies to Chaucer)

A poet there was, a man of wondrous rhyme, With only thoughts and words that were sublime. Great fasts and indigence could never faze (At least if under any person's gaze) This noble man, so slender, stern and proud, With mind in heaven, head in higher cloud. His eyes were cased in caves, like burning coals, With haunted looks like those of cursed souls, And ashy, sunken cheeks of pallid death, As from an ill increased by Bacchant breath. His hair was sleek and black, and hung unkempt, Because of earthly chaff he held contempt. He spent his day in some poor wretched hovel, Intent upon a mad poetic novel, And in the night in Hemingway's true style He stayed in cheap cafes, with such a smile Of hopeless bravo built of fear and rage, Much like a star upon a blazing stage, And said the usual brilliant, witty words That all such artists say to gaping herds, Of folk who don't know half as much as they, But whom they like to dumbfound, anyway. And some day, sure, his works will have great fame, Although, right now I can't recall his name.

> Grace Morton, XI Honorable Mention, Upper School Poetry

#### A DEWDROP

A dewdrop in the sunlight Is like a diamond rare, Shining with hundreds of colors, It is more than fair.

Like a little sunbeam, In itself it glows, Not with self-importance, Just with blue and rose.

Some people say it's just the sun, Each drop reflects a sunbeam. I think they're little suns themselves, And like a rainbow gleam.

In the sunlight they disappear, (Evaporate, most say) I think they grow until they burst, And make hundreds glow each day.

> Katherine Elsasser V First Prize Middle School Poetry

#### BESIDE THE OCE AN

Along the water, a shaft of sunlight glitters, Gay and bright, it dances on the sea. Through the grasses, a balmy breeze is blowing, Above the gulls are soaring, wild and free.

On the horizon, a giant lighthouse rises, Strong and bold, it reaches to the sky. Under pebbles, the tiny snails are hiding, Next door to them, the crabs and shellfish lie.

On the jagged rocks, the dashing waves are breaking, Foamy waves, that rush up on the land. Rolling in from the deep and lovely ocean, To their home, on the warm and sunny land.

Far out on the ocean, the whitecaps are floating, To the wind, the gulls are crying free. All this happening beside the lovely ocean, All this happening beside the lovely sea.

> Elise Chase, VI Honorable Mention Middle School Poetry

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# CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1955, having a weak character and too little mind to commit ourselves, maliciously bequeath the following to the class of 1956:

To Hobey Alsop, Julia Gallup leaves her arrows in the bushes - if she can find them.

To Pat Andrews, Barbara Benson leaves her house - for spongers.

To Inge Birkholm, Theo Stillwell leaves her back copies of "Modern Screen", "Silver Screen" and "Movie Life."

To Charlotte Cook, Alice Marie Nelson leaves her position as the baby of the class.

To Hester Delafield, Ann Freedman leaves her "When I was in France." - although she really doesn't need it.

To Carol Harris, Barbie Koblsaat leaves her poise and her ladylike bearing.

To Ann Harrison, Julia Gallup leaves her schedules, time-tables, and other paraphenalia of a well-ordered life.

To Patti Henderson, the Senior class leaves an endowment for the construction of a shelter at the bus stop.

To Beth MacNeil, Jeanie Crawford leaves her hair clippers - just in case.

To Grace Morton, Lucy Busselle leaves the members of her car-pool and challenges her mathematical ability to fit them into her station wagon.

To Margy Pacsu, Viola Guinness leaves a few new Hungarian swear words, as the old ones are worn out.

To Rosemarie Rubino, Ellen Jamieson leaves her defense of the "Fair City."

To Sally Sikes, *Elsa Johnson* leaves her nightly 'phone calls and her daily, ''Guess who called *me* last night?''.

To Lockie Stafford, *Laura Travers* leaves her love of Princeton Charlies and Brooks Brothers shells.

To Elise Strachan, Myrta Hammell leaves her intimate acquaintance with the vasty halls of Firestone and her deep attachment for the elevators.

To Betsy Thomas, Lucy Busselle leaves her six-by-one-and-a-half bunk on a student ship.

To Pam Thompson, Jo Cornforth finally surrenders her window seat in the Latin room.

To Cicely Tomlinson, *Chloe King* leaves her convertible in the hopes her beaux won't have to walk back to town so often.

To Marina Turkevich, Terry Beck leaves her yellow sweat shirt for the day Marina forgets how to cable stitch.

> Witnessed by: Pooh Albert archy





















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"And beyond the Wild Wood . . .where it's all blue and dim and one sees something like the smoke of towns, or is it only cloud-drift . . .Beyond the Wild Wood comes the Wide World . . . "\*

The fog swirled forlornly about the lifeboat. The five survivors sat huddled on the narrow thwarts.

"Look! " said Myrta, Jo, Viola, and Laura. Barbara B. said nothing; she was curled under a steamer rug, in a deck chair, asleep. A small sloop loomed up out of the fog.

"Ahoy!" cried the captain. "Where am I? I've lost my compass."

"My heavens!" said Laura. "It's Chloe."

"What are you all doing here?" said Chloe.

"Our ship was torpedoed," said Myrta. "Our ship went down an hour ago. Can you take us to Europe? I've got to get there tomorrow for the stock-car races."

Jo rose dramatically. "Oh, woe!" she said, with a flourish of her ostrich-fan. "I simply must get to the Palace for my command performance!"

"I'd take you if I could find Europe," said Chloe. "I'm going there myself to compete with the last member of the European Russian Roulette Team. I'm the only American survivor."

Viola, the eminent animal psychiatrist, and her dog, were talking together in the stern. She was busily trying to avert any possible psychic disturbances on his part. When he was calmed down, she looked up.

"I've got to get to Europe, too," she said. "There's a conference of animal doctors in Vienna tomorrow."

Laura was pacing up and down in a very limited space, rocking the boat violently.

"I must get to my orphanage," she wailed, wringing her hands. "I haven't visited my European branch for ages, and there's a reception tomorrow. What can we do? Heavens! Who's that?"

It was Elsa. Cheerful, not a diamond out of place, cigarette in hand, she floated up to the lifeboat on a spar.

"What strange accomodations for a millionairess," everybody muttered.

"Hello, people," shouted Elsa. "My steam yacht blew up. Who can take me to the Riviera? I'm meeting number twenty-two theretomorrow."

"Number twenty-two?" everybody said.

"Husbands. They're quite a lot of fun, really," replied Elsa.

There was a large splash off the starboard bow, and a long, menacing, dark shape appeared on the surface of the water. The hatch opened, and Alice clambered out.

"We had to surface because the submarine was damaged when we hit a boat a while back. Was it yours, Jo?" asked Alice, who was rather hard to recognize because she had let her hair grow. "Can one of you lend me a boat? I'm due at the Tanganyikan Symphony to lead Ubangi war chants for an RCA recording."

A joyous shout rang out through the dripping fog.

"Hey, look what I got!" yelled Barbara K., climbing up on the deck of the submarine, waving a souffle.

"Oh, no!" said Alice, and explained that since Barbara K. had become chef on the submarine, all the crew had jumped ship.

A loud spluttering roar from the dense fog overhead ended with a splash. There was a confused mutter, and a long pause. Then Lucy, Ellen and Jeanie materialized at the side of the boat. They hung there, dripping, for there was no more room inside.

"Can someone give me a lift home?" asked Luce wetly. "I am on my way to New York for an AFS meeting. I have just come from Lower Slobbovia. Gee, I'm tired! I ran all the time. They're cannibals. But I did organize, in a cursory way, an AFS program."

"I just came from there, too," exclaimed Jeanie. "I was a clown there, but my humor didn't appeal to them. Their taste doesn't run to comedy. I am going to try for a job at Barnum's. My tryout's tomorrow."

Ellen sneezed. "This climate doesn't agree with me," she said. "I've come from the banks of the Great Gray Green Greasy Limpopo. I would be there now, if it weren't for the crocodiles. I'm bound for Oke-Fenokee Land. The 'gators may be more hospitable than the crocs, but I do love those torrid climates!"

Everyone jumped as a huge transport plane hit the water and skidded up to them. The wash nearly swamped the lifeboat. A surprised face looked out of a port-hole and a minute later Ann appeared at a hatch and jumped onto the sailboat. The plane sank with a gurgle.

"It's much too foggy to fly," Ann said. "I had to land. I thought this was the Azores. Oh dear, I've lost such a valuable cargo!"

"What was it?" everybody inquired.

"Plumbing equipment to install in every Breton home, and two bicycles."

"Bicycles?" asked Luce.

"They're for my husband and me to travel on our honeymoon. We're going all around France."

"But where's your husband?" asked Chloe, looking for him.

"Oh, I haven't gotten one yet. There just aren't any men that are athletic enough. They all seem to shy off when I mention bicycles."

There was a sudden bump. The exclamations, "Oh, snarg!" and "Oops!" issued from the fog. Julia and Terry, respectively, climbed into the lifeboat, and upset it. It was righted, and Terry and Julia were advised to repair to their own boat. They did.

"What are you doing?" said everybody.

"Nothing," Terry said. "Just drifting in "Graham, Kenneth. The Wind in the Willows.

circles. Why are you all so fidgety?"

"We have to get rescued," everybody replied.

"But why?" said Terry.

"Where are you leaping?" said Julia.

Before anyone could answer, Theo swam up, and clung to Elsa's spar, panting.

"I've swum all the way from Casco Bay," she said. "Am I headed right for Europe?"

"Why are you swimming?" asked Myrta.

"I'm an unemployed, poverty-stricken armorer. Nobody in America wants that sort of thing. They're too unimaginative. I want to go to to Europe to start tournaments there, so I can sell armor. I can't afford to do anything but swim. I think I'd rather stay here, though."

"But shouldn't we get somewhere?" said everybody.

Barbara B. woke up and looked around.

"Want to get somewhere?" she said. "But why? This is the first time since Junior year at MFS that I've been able to sleep. This is the best moment of my life."

"That's right," said Barbara K. "Now I won't have to cook anymore."

"You know, not having a husband is rather fun, too," said Elsa.

"My dog doesn't want to go anywhere," said Viola, "so I bave to stay."

"FAMOUS ACTRESS LOST IN FOG. What headlines!" exclaimed Jo.

There was a silence in the small fleet, and the boats drifted on into the encircling fog . . .

"Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all . . . You're always busy, and you never do anything in particular."\*

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