

The Link

1956

Link

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SPANT Prize - best yearbook
Silver Cup -

The Link

1956

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Lucile Stafford

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Grace Morton

ART EDITOR

Pamela Thompson

LAYOUT EDITOR

Elizabeth MacNeil

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Patricia Henderson

CONTEST EDITOR

Hobart Alsop

BUSINESS MANAGER

Patricia Andrews

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Marina Turkevich

Adviser

Mrs. Shepherd

Miss Fine's School

Princeton, New Jersey



Shirley Davis
Headmistress



à "Madame"
Olga Holenkoff

Qui, par son amour pour la France, son imagination et sa vivacité, a créé notre intérêt à la langue française, et par ses conseils sincères et sa patience pendant les classes moyennes, est devenue notre amie . . .

Sa "première famille" lui dédie ce livre.



Prologue

Whan that Aprille, with hir shoures soote,
The droughte of March hath perced to the roote,
Whan College Boards are done, and gentil May
(With alle owre theses typed) has gone hir way,
Exams are passed, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe course yronne,
Than maketh us now in owre yonge ages
Ready to wenden off to colleges,
To train owre myndes and to seke new strondes
And mayhap spend some days in sundry londes.
Bifel that in this seson on a day
We came to write *The Link* and wished to say
Of scole, and eke you to describe, pardee,
The eyte and ten maydes of our compaignye.
So now, I wol, while I have tyme and space,
Er that I further in this yerebokke pace,
As it is welle acordaunt to resoum,
Telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,
And which they weren, and of all I see,
And even what array that they were inne,
And at the fyrste than wol I now bigynne.





- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Make-up Committee for *Patience*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball
- XI Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*
Costume Committee for *Quality Street*
Make-up Committee for *Quality Street*
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Tennis Squad
- XII Contest Editor of *The Link*
A girl in *The Enchanted*
Ticket Committee for *The Enchanted*
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Third prize in United Nations Poster Contest
Scholastic Magazine Gold Key Award
in New Jersey Art Contest

Elizabeth Hobart Alsop

A mayde ther was, that since she fyrst bigan
 To playen sports, she welle pitched balles and ran
 And scored swich verray parfait goals, I deme,
 She was moost welful to the hockey teame.
 But for to tellen yow of gay barn daunces
 And oncles at Pan Am., of cheerful glaunces,
 And love of yonge children in alle ages,
 Of being early brydde at colleges —
 For these she's knowne, yet the traits that most impress
 Are qualities of joye and friendliness.



- IX Costume Committee for *Patience*
Properties Committee for *Patience*
- X Costume Committee for *The Rivals*
Properties Committee for *The Rivals*
- XI Co-Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Spring Dance
Costume Committee for *Quality Street*
Library Council Representative
Archery Squad
Honorable Mention – Shepherd Word Study
Contest
- XII Business Manager of *The Link*
Library Council Representative
Archery Manager and Representative to
Athletic Association



Patricia Vauclain Andrews

She of our class ys mooste stedefast and stable,
 Of word and witte mooste quiet, yet mooste apt.
 She hunts and races in a mannere able,
 And whan shee bakes, then growe our faces rapt.
 And whan she metres wrote as oftne happed,
 (Or word studyes), then soothly for to telle
 Did we oft smile, and hear wise wordes as welle.
 And whan she sees this poem, she'll quod, I gesse
 "Good Lord", and slowly smile, then wol expresse
 Some phrase that wol th'entire poem assess!





- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
- X Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
The Finest Board
- XI Chairman of Refreshments Committee for
Spring Dance
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*
The Finest Board
Press Club
Tennis Squad
- XII Class Secretary
A girl in *The Enchanted*
Inkling Staff
The Finest Board
Press Club

Charlotte Harding Cook

Up roos the heat, and up roos Charlotte Cook
And to the classroom window herself betook,
And yn her forthright manner oped it wide
And lette the bracing snow-storms blowe inside.
Yet none minde that, for she has sparkil and wit,
Such tales of Wyoming infinite
That noon her laugh or humor can resist.
Her Skillman aide, her Brooklynese, I wiste
Are also famed, as wille, one day, be too
Her future, air-conditioned igloo.



- IX Make-up Committee for *Patience*
- X Kate in *The Rivals*
 Make-up Committee for *The Rivals*
 Inkling Staff
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club
 Miss Mary Willoughby in *Quality Street*
 Make-up Committee for *Quality Street*
 Exchange Editor of *Inkling*
- XII Glee Club Representative
 Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee
 for Hallowe'en Dance
 Marie-Louise in *The Enchanted*
 Fourth Prize in United Nations
 Poster Contest
 Scholastic Magazine Gold Key Award
 in New Jersey Art Contest



Hester Ludlow Delafield

A thousand times we have herd hir telle
 That ther ys joye in Norway and France as welle,
 But mooste of all we hear her cry, "Hey Fans!"
 Then tell the merits of the border clans.
 This mayde of stage and humor is a starre
 And has of songs a wondresse repertoire.
 Her skylle in art surprises oft, I trowe,
 As does her car which must be big enow
 To holde, withouten that the car wall gives,
 All hir fyrst generation relatives.





- IX Social Service Committee Representative
Scenery Committee for *Patience*
- X Secretary of Social Service Committee
Dancer the *The Rivals*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee
Student Council Representative
Dancer in *Quality Street*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XII Chairman of Social Service Committee
Irene in *The Enchanted*
Captain of Blue Team

Carol Underhill Harris

We hadde grete wondre at the sight
Of alle the wreaths at candlelighte
Ymade so painlessly; for shee
Combines work with efficiency,
And throug her paynes prevents the ache!
This with her spirit and her joie doth make
Ne her ne nothing better fitte
Than Social Service, well I witte.
Except mayhap a Buck Hill trip
Or subbing Latin teachership,
Or doing Blue Team Captaining,
Or else, it seems, mooste everything!



- IX Student Council Representative
Chairman of Decorations Committee for
Valentine Dance
Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
School Lacrosse Team
- X Class Secretary
Activities Committee Representative
Dancer in *The Rivals*
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Varsity Lacrosse Team
Athletic Pocket Award
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association
Student Council Representative
Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Valentine Dance
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Captain of Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Athletic Association
Student Council Representative
Chairman of Decorations Committee for
Valentine Dance
Captain of Gray Team
Captain of Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team



Anne Carter Harrison

Thou fiers head of teams, Anne the Greye,
Whose motor ability has litel flaw,
Art worthy as the leader of A.A.
And stroong defender of the Chippewa.
This organizing, too, keepes us in awe
Especially thi noteboke with space, I guesse,
For alle thinges from A.A. to zealousness,
And yif this did not make thi fame for goode,
Then alle owre posture-conscious students wolde.





- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
- X Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Ticket Committee for *The Rivals*
- XI Chairman of Entertainment Committee for
Spring Dance
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
Archery Squad
- XII Class Treasurer
Photography Editor of *The Link*
Chairman of Publicity Committee for
The Enchanted
Chairman of Entertainment Committee for
Hallowe'en Dance
Archery Manager and Representative to
Athletic Association
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Captain of Junior Varsity Basketball Team

Patricia Budrow Henderson

This mayde of Jazze, ah! what a devotee
Of this and bande-standes and hie-fy ys shee.
She'll oft be sene on Bay Head boats methinks,
Or els behind the wheele of an Hillman Minx,
But no mattre what she does or where she'll be,
For generousnesse and friendship she'll be known,
For cheering worddes whan we of scole did groan.
Alle these wol give her future a joieful stamp,
Whan doutles she wol either counsell camp
Or take up playing on the vibraphone.



- IX Time Current Affairs Test Prize for
Classes IX-X
- X Chorus in *The Rivals*
Madrigal Group
First Prize in Voice of Democracy
Contest - Princeton
- XI Glee Club Representative
Miss Fanny Willoughby in *Quality Street*
Madrigal Group
Archery Squad
- XII Layout Editor of *The Link*
Mme. Adrienne in *The Enchanted*
Costume Committee for *The Enchanted*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff



Elizabeth Chalfont MacNeil

At Murray in a lond McCartery
 Ther acted Beth, and eke at scole did shee
 Both act and sing, so well that we wolde bet
 That she wol merge the Buskins with the Met.
 Her word studyes have swich a skilful bent
 That she is certes rethor excellent.
 Hir songs and pleyes forecast a future choice
 When manye folk wol flock to hear hir voyce,
 And we wold, too, except the oonly catch is
 To hear her singe, we'll have to go to Natchez.





- IX Make-up Committee for *Patience*
- X Servant boy in *The Rivals*
 The Finest Board
 Third Prize in Voice of Democracy Contest
 - Princeton
 Shepherd Word Study Prize
- XI Miss Henrietta Turnbull in *Quality Street*
 Inkling Staff
 The Finest Board
 Press Club
 President of Library Council
 Third Prize in Voice of Democracy Contest
 - Princeton
 Honorable Mention - *The Link* Poetry Prize
 Honorable Mention - Shepherd Word Study
- XII Assistant Editor of *The Link*
 Daisy in *The Enchanted*
 Inkling Staff
 President of Library Council
 First Prize in Voice of Democracy Contest
 - Princeton

Grace Mitchell Morton

A Grace there is, though not of Oxenford,
 Whose talent fine hath holpen ye *Link* Board.
 In music and in pleyes and physics she
 Shines like a star, and yet so modestly
 That few know alle she does. For Grace, pardee,
 Doth help whome'er she meet, whate'er she see.
 New hert into our team she puts, I trowe,
 With her fresshe songs; full many a furrowed brow
 Hath smoothed as Grace some puzzlement did clear.
 Our *Link* full dull would be, were she not here!



- IX Social Service Committee Representative
Make-up Committee for Patience
Madrigal Group
- X Dancer in *The Rivals*
Madrigal Group
Honorable Mention – *The Link* Prose
Prize
- XI Secretary of the Glee Club
Co-Chairman of Entertainment Committee
for Spring Dance
Miss Charlotte Parratt in *Quality Street*
Understudy for Phoebe in *Quality Street*
Make-up Committee for *Quality Street*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
- XII President of Dramatic Club
Isabel in *The Enchanted*
Make-up Committee for *The Enchanted*
President of Madrigal Group
Badminton Manager and Representative to
Athletic Association
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest



Margaret Gregory Pacsu

She wel koude act in maner of tragedy
And make us cry, "Allas and Weylaway!"
Or else laugh and smyle in heigh degree.
I wol not tell yow of her voyse, the way
It joynes the best of flutes and Mrs. A.
Ne her dramatic wit, unique concepts,
Or of her mood which varies as the day, –
Ne of her sparkle – like a glas of Schweppes,
But of her gentillesse and gaiety
And philosophical capacitee.





- IX-X Villa Victoria Academy, Trenton, N.J.
- XI Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for
Spring Dance
The Finest Board
Ticket Committee for *Quality Street*
- XII Class President
Chairman of Hallowe'en Dance
Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Valentine Dance
Executive Council of Activities Committee
Co-Chairman of Ticket Committee for
The Enchanted
Co-Chairman of Program Committee for
The Enchanted
Madrigal Group

Rosemarie Lucy Rubino

Now soothly what she hight I will rehearse,
 Hir name is beauty set in black and rose
 And leadershippe imbued with skilles diverse.
 In modeling she welle hir talent shows
 And eke in recess meetings when she stayed
 Opposing sides from coming up to blows.
 Tho her coffee is more oftne spilled than saved,
 We mynde not, but wol be her laugh and grace
 In our (and fifth grade) memories engraved.



- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
School Lacrosse Team
- X Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
- XI Athletic Association Representative
Manager of Hockey Team
Tennis Squad
Lost and Found Chairman
- XII Athletic Association Representative
Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for
Hallowe'en Dance
Co-Chairman of Ticket Committee for
The Enchanted
Co-Chairman of Program Committee for
The Enchanted
Alumnae and Exchange Editors of *The*
Inkling
Varsity Hockey Team
Honorary II Private School Hockey Team,
New Jersey Field Hockey Association
Junior Varsity Basketball Team



Sara Madsworth Sikes

O blissefulle joye, condicion of gay partie,
With dance, with japes, with Sally making snacks -
A blisse! So sports and music are, pardee,
For wel she pleyes both flutes and left fullbacks,
Eke from the Dec. room armed with crepe and tacks
Displays a mightee prowess in the gym
Adorning walls at risk of life and limb!
These talents joyned with mirth and social grace
Wol winne her freyns no mattre what the place.





- IX Class President
Make-up Committee for *Patience*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
- X Student Council Representative
Dancer in *The Rivals*
Make-up Committee for *The Rivals*
Madrigal Group
Business Manager of *Inkling*
- XI Editor of *Inkling*
Make-up Committee for *Quality Street*
Properties Committee for *Quality Street*
Madrigal Group
Tennis Squad
- XII Editor of *The Link*
Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Hallowe'en Dance
Chairman of Costumes Committee for
The Enchanted
Make-up Committee for *The Enchanted*
Inkling Staff
Madrigal Group
Tennis Manager and Representative to
Athletic Association

Lucille Hathaway Stafford

Experience and much auctoritee
In editing and ledership has shee;
She was, I wot, as *The Link* yere bokke head,
Mooste excellent, els I am dul as ded!
With poise and calm she handles muchel thing
From floutes and chevvies to Sheboyganing,
And yet excells in oother things she tries,
As tennis games (delayed or otherwise)
And trips — and else she knows besyde all that
How friends to make and deadlines to combat.



- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Ticket Committee for *Patience*
- X Ticket Committee for *The Rivals*
- XI Social Service Committee Representative
Ticket Committee for *Quality Street*
Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
Chairman of Clean-up Committee for
Spring Dance
- XII Social Service Committee Representative
Ticket Committee for *The Enchanted*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team



Elisa Fidler Strachan

Listeth alle in good entent
While I yow telle verrayment
Of joie from dawn to dawn.
Al from this mayde of gretest bent
In S.S. and in myriement,
Hir name's Elisa Strawn.

A perfect taste hir cloothes alle shew -
This taste is in hir cooking too,
From caviar to Spam,
She battles for the mightee Blue,
And wol impress bothe me and you
With hir badminton slam!





- IX Princeton High School, Princeton, N.J.
- X Class Treasurer
Inkling Staff
The Finest Board
 Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 Honorable Mention — Inter-scholastic Art
 Contest of Solebury School
- XI Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee
 for Spring Dance
 Cartoonist for *Inkling*
 Art Editor of *The Finest*
 Honorable Mention — *The Link* Prose
 Prize
- XII Art Editor of *The Link*
 Scenery designs for *The Enchanted*
 Cartoonist for *Inkling*
 Library Council Representative
 First Prize in United Nations Poster
 Contest

Pamela Paca Thompson

In art so skylled, in craft so quick to lerne,
 Each writing apt and posters in galoore;
 Alle these she does and runs a card concern
 And else cartoons of mottelee kinds in stoore
 Beside *The Link* she draws! I sey namoore.
 And wel ys known her smile and modesty,
 Her independent thoght and sensitivitee.
 She's fond of thoroughbred and bugle calle,
 But Canada than looves she mooste of all.



- IX Class Secretary
Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Make-up Committee for *Patience*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
- X Class President
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Make-up Committee for *The Rivals*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
The Finest Board
Press Club
- XI Secretary of Student Council
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
Tennis Squad
Honorable Mention – Shepherd Word
Study Contest
American Field Service Summer
Scholarship
- XII President of Student Council
Stage Manager for *The Enchanted*
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*
Madrigal Group



Elizabeth McClure Thomas

So wol owre hertes keep in remembraunce
Yowre probitee and stedfast governaunce
Of both the Council and the backstage crew.
The A.F.S. and school you do avaunce
And all this do with trew perseveraunce,
Yet also with swich joie that we to shew
Our friendship firm, to work camps all wol goo,
And even wol, whan that we gette the chaunce,
Buy you a brand-new paire of sneakers, too.





- IX Scenery Committee for *Patience*
Make-up Committee for *Patience*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Student Council Representative
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XI Class President
Chairman of Spring Dance
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*
Ticket Committee for *Quality Street*
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XII President of the Glee Club
Student Council Representative
Chairman of Refreshments for Hallowe'en
Dance
Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team

Cicely Kershaw Tomlinson

This wrecched worlde's transportacioun
Was helped from woe, by oone quite litel fordde.
From litel notes ther also comes renoun
Which make our eyes gin whirling up and down,
So much in swich a litel space ys stored!
But she is famed for greter qualitey;
For smile, chere, and wisdom in accord,
And for her way of maken melodye.
Her grace and quiet charm, pardee, to trye
To peynte them justly, Muse, I thee deffye!



- IX Properties Committee for *Patience*
- X Glee Club Representative
Properties Committee for *The Rivals*
Madrigal Group
Inkling Staff
- XI Class Vice-President and Secretary
Treasurer
Co-Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Spring Dance
Lights Committee for *Quality Street*
Inkling Staff
Press Club
- XII Advertising Manager of *The Link*
Chairman of Lights Committee for
The Enchanted
Inkling Staff
Press Club



Marina Grot Turkevich

Now I wol telle you, shortly in a clause,
Of oone who knits alle thyngs with scarce a pause.
This mayde for sundry cables is well known,
For press release and Russian talent, shown
Whan she reads types of bokkes mooste any day
By those whose names I couldn't even saye!
She ys full diligent and nothing slack
In seeing that *The Link* no ads wol lack.
She workes, piano playes, and then she smiles,
And sits and talks while knitting gaie argyles!





Inge Kirstine Birkholm

Our AFSer from Hans Christian Andersen's home town . . . that glorious red hair - but she has cut it short . . . her memorable smile . . . the class's biggest movie fan, especially of Marlon Brando . . . shyness and sweetness . . . always on a diet . . . now she is a secretary . . . wonderfully surprised at our two surprise parties for her . . . writes in green ink . . . delicate complexion . . . delightful sense of humor.





ΕΜΜΑΞ



Theano Emmanuel Kelaidi

Our present AFSer from the island of Theseus and the labyrinth . . . great understanding of English . . . vivacity . . . bilingual puns . . . chef d'oeuvre: English Idioms to be found in controversial arguments . . . theatre-lover . . . perceptive about people . . . classical profile and pony-tail . . . "In Greece, we . . ." teasing humor . . . independent convictions . . . invincible . . . badminton serve . . . future engineer.





P.



Lise



Patti



Holky

Margy



Rosemari



Lockie

Cicely



Tally





Pam



Carol

Marna



Corbie



Bobby



Anna



Boh

Grace



Kes



	SAYING	HAUNT	MENTIONS	MOST	BESETTING SIN
Honey	"No kidding"	Lincoln Hgwy	her brother	energetic	naivete
P.	"Grad" (with feeling)	Princeton Nursery	Rose Tree	calm	quietness
Charlotte	"HONestly"	N J N P I	Jackson Hole	forthright	candor
Hester	"Well, Fans"	art studio	"weeds"	MOST	losing things
Karl	"I'm so tired"	second desk to the left	drives	efficient	grinding
Anne	"Oh, Anne!"	PCD	Tecumseh and the Sorbonne	organized	perfectionism
Patti	"Oh, <u>dear</u> !"	Bay Head	J and J	warm-hearted	blushing
Beth	"You know what?"	Natchez	Buskins and Socks	versatile	Too many baskets for one egg
Karace	"I was just wondering..."	"B" floor	everything	imaginative	not using her driver's license
Margy	"Ok, you guys"	the "Peak"	Pseudo-Baroque-Neoplastic Surrealism	effervescent	being mercurial
Rosemary	"Morning there, you."	inside a band box	3 minute phone calls	conscientious	her age
Fally	"...so to speak..."	the "Dec" room	camping	understanding	procrastination
Hockie	"Judas Priest!"	the 4 winds and the 7 seas	Philadelphia dentist	out-going	illegible writing
Elisa	"tut, tut"	before the TV	household budget	bouncey	dieting
Betsy	"Hi, Fatty!"	in a snow-bank on a ski slope	her Belgian families	fair-minded	absent-mindedness
Pam	"Oh, I couldn't!"	"God's Country"	Vitamin B	creative	height
Nicely	"um...oh, yes!"	the "Bug"	Chatham	level-headed	giggles
Marina	"Come on, you kids!"	Long Island Sound	Russian classes	dependable	mild irritation
Klass	"Who's going to marry first?"	green sofa in the front hall.	sheer dialectic materialism	heterogeneously homogeneous	forgetting food for the S.S.R.

SAVING GRACE	BÊTE NOIRE	MOST LIKELY TO	LOST WITHOUT	CHEF D'OEUVRE	SONG
enthusiasm	hot dogs	Coach Nursing School Hockey Team	"Slave Quarters"	Barn Dances	"Someday my Prince will come"
apropos remarks	protozoa	buy the next million dollar race horse	smile	cupcakes	"If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake."
fair complexion	optimism	open the window	Sight Savers	typing ad infinitum	"Don't fence me in"
sense of humor	criticism	know the lyrics	a laugh	after the party parties	"The next time it happens"
freshness	cooking	take to the air	dancing	argyll socks	"Silk Stockings"
eyes	round shoulders	take to the woods	bruises	P. U. Hockey games	"Come to the Circus"
generosity	rock 'n roll	decorate a band stand	blue jeans and man's shirt	surprise party for Inge	"The Nearness of You" by the J. Eaton Quintet
voice	committee meetings	found a new Confederacy	long hair	5 1/2 by 16 1/2 in	"British Grenadiers"
helping everyone in everything	homework	compile a Chaucerian Dictionary	her Swiss music box	word studies	"Alisoun"
spontaneity	the old country	start a Socialist uprising	huge brown pocketbook	Isabel	"The Lady is a Tramp"
friendliness	New York taxis	have a perfect class meeting	pink and black	class presidency	"Moments to Remember"
social grace	photographers	be found eating	cat naps	NJ F H A	"Tiger Rag"
poise	"one club convention"	get an Italian sunburn	memories	meeting deadlines	"Sophisticated Lady"
spark	earliness	be found living in a fishbowl	her sunlamp	cooking	"The Girl that I Marry"
twinkle in her eye	parking the car on Nassau St.	climb the Matterhorn	green Harvard bag	Dramatic Club play and party afterwards	"The Things We Did Last Summer"
ideas	chicken wire rainbows	do the opposite	pencil and sketching paper	eclectic gym suit	"I get along without you very well."
sincerity	bêtes noires	forget what she was about to say	that pin	microscopic handwriting	"Horseless Carriage"
quiet capability	TURK-euich	stay home Tuesdays	Quadrangle	cable stitching	"Whispering"
verve	pressure	split hairs	a snowplow	you name it, we'll make it one.	"I got plenty o' Nothin'"



UPPER SCHOOL FACULTY: Second row: Miss N. Campbell, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. Raubitschek, Miss Haughton, Miss Davis, Mr. Eddy, Mme. Holenkoff, Mrs. Conroy, Miss K. Campbell, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Burrill. First row: Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Sortor, Miss Collins, Miss Lawrence. Missing from this picture: Mrs. Wade, Mr. Gordon.



Faculty



LOWER SCHOOL FACULTY: Standing: Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Weigel, Miss Howell, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Patterson. Seated: Miss Stewart, Mrs. Goodchild, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Dennison.



Mrs. Busselle
Miss Weigel
Mrs. Brown
Miss Davis
Miss Cashman
Mrs. Gulick
Missing:
Mrs. Brophy
Mrs. Snedecker

Administration



XI

Top:

Bettina Burbidge
Susan Smith

Third row:

Kinsa Turnbull
Eugenie Rudd

(President)

Betsy Baker
Rosalind Webster

Second row:

Alissa Kramer

Nancy Miller

Susan Barclay

Mary Strunsky

First row:

Anne Gildar

Peggy Dodson

Sandra Strachan



X

Standing:

Betsy Jean Urbaniak
Linda Ewing
Sally Tomlinson
Linda Mullaly
Lisa Fairman
Natalie Katzenbach

Second Row:

Susan Frank
Emily Vanderstucken
Ellen Freedman
Ann Lea

(President)

Anne Prather
Rada Fulper
Faith Wing

First Row:

Matsy Bedford
Suzy Scarff
Nancy Hudler





IX

Standing: Lucy Ann James, Alice Stengel, Dana Conroy, Susie Stevenson, Judy Levin, Debby Smith, Nancy McMorris, Marion Dean (President), Gail Andrews, Margi Snow, Jeff Dunning. Second Row: Camilla Turnbull, Nina Lapsley, Martha Strunsky. First Row: Abby Pollak, Ruth Lynn Pessel, Ann Kinczel, Wendy Yeaton, Jean Schettino.



Upper School

Top row:

Susie Smith
Abby Pollak
Deborah Smith
Anne Prather
Bertina Burbidge

Middle row:

Nancy Hudler
Betsy Thomas (*president*)
Theano Kelaidi
Kinsa Turnbull (*secretary*)

Bottom row:

Anne Harrison
Cicely Tomlinson



Student Council

This year the Student Council has had three objectives. First, to uphold the honor system and to increase individual understanding of the responsibilities as well as the privileges.

Secondly, we have tried to increase understanding and friendship between the Middle and Upper School. Student Councils met jointly and have developed an orientation program for the eighth grade. An elected Middle School representative attends Upper School Student Council meetings. In addition, the Athletic Association and the Student Council have co-sponsored sister class picnics and the skating party for the Middle and Upper Schools on January 26.

Our third aim has been to co-ordinate school activities and to provide an "airing-ground" for all student suggestions and projects. The Activities Committee, under the chairmanship of a Council member, has worked to avoid conflicts in schedules, and they also sponsored the Valentine Dance. The Council has arranged Thursday assemblies for the use of students and organizations. As a rule, Student Council meetings are open to all students. The revisions of the citizenship comment system and the method of reporting cheating are results of these open Council discussions.

Middle School

Top row:

Sharon Stevenson
Joan Yeaton
Nancy Davis (*president*)
Cathy Otis
Louise Scheide

Middle row:

Tibby Chase
Mary Liz Alexander
Cindy Brown (*secretary*)

Bottom row:

Jane Aresty
Melissa Tomlinson
Missing from picture:
Wendy Coppedge
Susan Kassler
Charlotte Raymond
Kate Sayen
Gretchen Southard





(Back row) Camilla Turnbull, Sue Barclay (Treasurer), Carol Harris (President), Ann Lea (Secretary), Ellen Freedman, Anne Gildar; (Front row) Susan Lillie, Barclay Baldrige, Penny Hart, Trudy Goheen.

Social Service

Social Service – the important word to remember in connection with this committee is "Service" – service towards others in our community, nation, and world. The aims of this committee are to make the school conscious of the needs of other people, to raise money for worthy organizations, and to interest others in participating in Social Service projects in the school and the community.

Upper School girls have worked in the Princeton Hospital, nursery schools, and the Quaker Work Camps. They also gave a concert at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, and participated in such school projects as the Dog Show and wreathmaking. Middle School projects this year have been decorating Christmas trees for Fort Dix, filling Christmas stockings, and making Easter baskets for the Junior Red Cross. In these ways we have tried to emphasize the importance of "service".

This year we raised money for donations to Save the Children Federation, the World University Service Fund, The Florence Crittenden Home, The United Negro College, the Hundred Neediest Cases, the Community Chest, the Quaker Work Camps, and the American Field Service. We also collected money for the Junior Red Cross and the March of Dimes, books for the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Kentucky, Thanksgiving dinners for the Florence Crittenden Home and the Family Service of Princeton, and nylon stockings to purchase a television set for the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute.

The members of the committee this year were: Chairman, Carol Harris; Treasurer, Susan Barclay; Secretary, Ann Lea. Representatives: Elisa Strachan, Anne Gildar, Ellen Freedman, Camilla Turnbull, Penny Hart, Trudy Goheen, Barclay Baldrige, and Susan Lillie.

The committee wishes to give special thanks to Mrs. Wade, our faculty advisor, Mrs. Thomas Cook, our parent advisor, Mrs. Conroy, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Campbell, and Miss Sortor, the Middle School homeroom teachers, and to all the other mothers and members of the faculty who did so much to help us make this year such a success.



Dramatic Club



THE ENCHANTED by Giraudoux

The mayor Leonard H. Epstein
The Doctor Thomas O. Rose
Isabel Margaret Pacsu

The Little Girls:

Gilberte Kinsa Turnbull
Daisy Grace Morton
Lucy Peggy Dodson
Viola Ann Lea
Denise Anne Prather
Irene Carol Harris
Marie-Louise Hester Delafield
The Inspector Ralph P. Hoagland, III
The Supervisor Reggie Zelnick
Armande Mangebois Tina Burbidge
Leonide Mangebois Suzy Scarff
The Ghost Bruce Nickerson
1st Executioner Fraser Baron
2nd Executioner Alan Routh
Madame Adrienne Elizabeth MacNeil
Mama Tellier Eugenie Rudd

Alternates: Hobey Alsop, Charlotte Cook, Ann Kinczel,
 Mary Strunsky, Camilla Turnbull, Rosalind
 Webster, Faith Wing.

Directed by Munroe Wade

Production Staff for the Dramatic Club

President Margaret Pacsu
Secretary-Treasurer Rosalind Webster
Director's Assistant Kinsa Turnbull
Stage Manager Elisabeth Thomas

Scenery designed by Pamela Thompson
 Original music by Elizabeth MacNeil
 Grace Morton
 Kinsa Turnbull

Committees: Chairmen: Scenery, Rosalind Webster
 Costumes, Lucile Stafford. Properties, Susie Smith.
 Music, Betsy Baker. Lights, Marina Turkevich.
 Publicity, Patti Henderson and Nancy Hudler.
 Tickets, Rosemarie Rubino and Sally Sikes.
 Make-up, Deborah Smith.
 Posters, Design, Gail Andrews and Jennifer Dunning.
 Ushers, Rosemarie Rubino and Sally Sikes.



Madrigal Group Margo Pacsu, Lockie Stafford, Sue Barclay, Ros Webster, Eugenie Rudd, Betsy Thomas, Ellen Freedman, Kinsa Turnbull, Lucy Ann James, Mary Strunsky, Ann Lea, Rosemarie Rubino, Bettina Burbidge, Beth MacNeil.



Glee Club

The year opened for the Glee Club with participation in the Thanksgiving Assembly, followed by Candlelight Service on Friday, December 16, the program of which included French, German, English and American Christmas music, ranging from Bach's "Von Himmel Hoch" to "Go Tell it on the Mountain", a Negro spiritual.

March was highlighted by a concert on the ninth with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club, which included "He Knows the Hour for Joy and Gladness" and "Now Thank We All Our God" by Bach, "Mein Herz ist Bereit" by Vierdanck, and an English "Alleluia-Psallat" from the late thirteenth century, and, with the University group, "Ave Verum Corpus" by Mozart and selections from the Brahms "Love Songs".

April 14 was the date of the concert with the Peddie School Glee Club, which featured a group of American contemporary songs by Irving Fine, Aaron Copland, and Rodgers and Hammerstein.

The Glee Club and Madrigal Group extend sincerest thanks to Miss Nancy Campbell for her fine direction and enthusiasm. We are also very grateful to Mrs. Marilyn Davidson, our accompanist.

The President of the Glee Club was Cicely Tomlinson, the Secretary, Mary Strunsky, and the class representatives Hester Delafield, XII, Nancy Miller, XI, Susan Frank, X, and Lucy Ann James, IX. Margo Pacsu was the President of the Madrigal Group.

Inkling

Standing:

Penny Hart
Charlotte Cook
Pam Thompson
Debby Smith
Beth MacNeil
Judy Levin
Nancy Davis
Nancy Hudler
Grace Morton
Jinx Prather
Marina Turkevich
Betsy Baker
Rada Fulper
Lockie Stafford
Faith Wing
Peggy Dodson
Ann Kinczel

Seated:

Suzy Scarff
Alissa Kramer (*Editor*)
Eugenie Rudd
Sally Sikes
Susie Smith



Publications



The Finest

Standing:

Charlotte Cook
Debby Smith
Mary Liz Alexander
Ros Webster
Sally Tomlinson

Seated:

Suzy Scarff
Rada Fulper (*Editor*)
Betsy Baker



(Standing) Caroline Godfrey, Carol Stockton, Pat Holcomb, Win Dickey, Alice Stengel, Judy Levin, Debby Smith, Lisa Fairman, Lucy Ann James; (Seated) Eileen Baker, Grace Morton (President), Eugenie Rudd, Elise Bruml, Barbara Pearce.



Library Council

The newly-formed Library Council has been of great value to the school this year, and has aroused much interest and enthusiasm. A large group of students from both the Middle and Upper schools have assumed many responsibilities, and thus have helped Mrs. McDonough and also acquired real technical training. Two sub-committees have made it their aim to stimulate reading, one by displaying new books accompanied by student-written reviews, and the other by arranging special exhibits on bulletin-boards and tables. Eugenie Rudd headed the first committee, Peggy Dodson the second. The Council also sponsored a contest for book-jacket designs.

The members of the Council are: Class V – Anne Mac Neil, Jane Aresty, Alice Jacobson; Class VI – Jane Scotese, Win Dickey, Pat Halcomb, Gail Cotton, Barclay Baldrige, Linda Maxwell, Wendy Coppedge; Class VII – Elise Bruml, Barbara Pearce; Class VIII – Eileen Baker, Mary Liz Alexander, Caroline Godfrey, Carol Stockton; Class IX – Deborah Smith, Marion Dean, Alice Stengel, Judy Levin, Lucy Ann James, Jean Schettino; Class X – Lisa Fairman; Class XI – Eugenie Rudd; Class XII – Pat Andrews, Theano Kelaidi.



Back row: Kinsa Turnbull, Martha Strunsky, Marion Dean, Emily Vanderstucken, Sally Sikes, Faith Wing, Ellen Freedman, Sandy Strachan, Susie Smith, Camilla Turnbull. *Front row:* Hobey Alsop, Sally Tomlinson (*co-manager*), Anne Harrison (*captain*), Ann Lea (*co-manager*), Ann Prather.



A. A.

The Athletic Association has been a larger, more functional organization this year, and has had two main objectives: first, to unite the Middle and Upper Schools; second, to stimulate more school spirit. Working jointly with the Middle and Upper School Councils, we have tried to achieve the first aim by having class picnics between big-sister classes, and a skating party for the entire Middle and Upper School.

In trying to arouse more school spirit, we have adopted a new system for winning points toward the Blue-Gray banner. This plan, ingeniously devised by Miss Green, makes it possible for everyone to contribute points to her team, not only in posture and the regular sports – hockey, basketball, and lacrosse – but also in the more recently added sports – badminton, tennis, and archery. The latter two have now become letter sports. A new group, the cheer leaders, was formed to promote more school spirit, and they were received with much enthusiasm.

To Mrs. Cobb and Miss Green, we would like to pay special tribute for their patience and spirit in coaching us. Had it not been for their enthusiastic leadership, the athletic program would never have had such support and widespread interest.



Back row:
Sally Tomlinson
Sandy Strachan
Faith Wing
Bettina Burbidge (co-manager)
Front row:
Anne Gildar (co-manager)
Ros Webster
Kinsa Turnbull (captain)
Hobey Alsop
Anne Harrison

A.A.

Officers

President
Anne Harrison
Secretary
Sandy Strachan

Representatives

XII - Sally Sikes
XI - Molly Menand
X - Sally Tomlinson
IX - Martha Strunsky

Coaches

Miss Green
Mrs. Cobb

Managers

Hockey:
Ann Lea
Sally Tomlinson
Basketball:
Tina Burbidge
Anne Gildar
Lacrosse:
Eugenie Rudd
Susie Smith
Tennis:
Nancy Hudler
Lucile Stafford
Archery:
Patricia Andrews
Patricia Henderson
Badminton:
Marge Pacsu
Softball:
Ros Webster

Cheer Leaders

Nancy Hudler
Emily Vanderstucken
Ann Kinczel
Marge Snow
Lucy Ann James
Dana Conroy
Rada Fulper

Color Captains

Blue:
Carol Harris
Grey:
Anne Harrison

Inter-Class Game



Student-Faculty Game



Behind our house, in the woods, I used to have a little "island" where I would go to play and daydream. A stream wound its way through the woods there, in one place turning an almost complete circle. That was the site of My Island, composed of several beautiful, big trees, a sloping mossy bank on one side, and a rough mossy drop about two feet high on the other. On the side without a boundary by the stream was a thicket, which, with a little imagination, was an ample substitute. That was My Island; the trees, the bushes, even the moss were Mine, and I could do what I liked with them.

Behind the Island, I had built a dam. It was a beautiful dam, that lasted for years: I guess because I had used the clay along the sides of the stream to pack the foundation of sticks, stones, and leaves together. As a result, the stream was about three or four feet wide there, and about a foot deep. This was something to be proud of, I thought, for the stream itself was only a tiny trickle. That little pool was commonly known – by me, for no one else knew of the Island – as My Pool, although it had had several other names throughout its short history.

My favorite tree, which I called the Temple, was almost in the center, and was the only one I couldn't climb – its branches began too high off the ground. It was a big, thick, old tree, providing a good solid shade, and homes for three different animal families. High up, there was a hole, visible only in the winter when the leaves didn't hide it, and there, I always maintained, was a woodpecker's nest. I don't think there really was one, but I had seen both a ma and a pa woodpecker around quite a bit, so I *said* they lived there. Halfway down, was an honest-to-goodness squirrel's nest, with honest-to-goodness squirrels running in and out of it, chattering wildly. And at the bottom, in a hole burrowed in between the widespread roots, was

the cutest little rabbit family I had ever seen. Actually, there were several, for Ma Rabbit – as I called her – returned every year to have a new litter. Unfortunately, though, although I had readily accepted Ma Rabbit and family as a member of my Island population, and even helped her name her young, she never really accepted me. This I felt was somewhat unkind of her, for after all – it was My Island, and I hadn't asked HER to live in it. Just the same, I let her be for I didn't want her to leave permanently. A 'coon lived somewhere nearby, for I found its prints every day on the clay bank by the dam, where he went nightly to wash. It was my opinion that he slept on My Island every night, and left in the morning, and that he was a lonely bachelor, looking for a mate. I also found deer tracks around My Pool quite often – often enough to count them in the population – where they had come with their young ones to drink. I never did see them, but then that didn't matter: Most of my playmates were invisible, too.

On the side of the island where the moss bank sloped down to the stream, I had built a little 'shore resort' for my elves out of twigs, toothpicks, and a variety of leaves. We even built wharves for their many different types of ships and boats. This was my colony for Lake Dwelling Elves, of which I had quite a few. My Cliff Dwelling Elves, living on the other side, made up a large percent of the population, and were more warlike than the Lake Dwellers. Their means of transportation was damselflies, and their chief enemies were the dragonflies, for one had stung one of my elves to death. They had one big fort for fighting off the dragonflies, and on the other moss-covered outcroppings there were houses, fenced-in pastures, or stockades, depending upon the size. There were three different villages, or clusters of houses; one for each clan: the

IMAGINATION (Continued)

clans were a better way to protect them from dragonflies, and they also provided some excitement because of the rivalry between the three. When I was at school or busy, that was where they stayed; maybe they have reconstructed it and are living there now.

When television came along, I found myself going to My Island less and less – not because I enjoyed television more, but because it was something new and different. I began thinking of reasons for not going there as often, so that my Wiffle, my Wipple, and my Molix – constant companions of mine that only I could see – would not be insulted by my lack of enthusiasm. Then again, there was a greater amount of homework to be done, and that was one thing my three imaginary pals couldn't help me with.

Then, several years ago, a hurricane came inland, leaving a trail of wreckage behind. It made quick work of My Island, knock-

ing down the Temple, breaking the dam, and flooding the Lake Dwellers' village. I was heartbroken by the loss of the Temple, which inevitably meant the end of Cliff Dwellings, the Woodpeckers, the Squirrels, and the Rabbits. I never did find out what happened to them: I didn't look. The 'coon stopped coming down, for the pool was gone, and the deer did, too. At least I didn't have to worry about protecting them from hunters.

I never went back there to build it up again. Maybe I had outgrown the need for an Island, or maybe I just gave it up. But I still have my elves, my Wipple, my Wiffle, and my Molix stored away somewhere in the drawer of a cabinet in the back of my mind. Like all those imaginary things of the past, folded up neatly so they can be taken out now and then for remembrance: gone, but not dead and forgotten.

Sally Tomlinson, X
First Prize
Upper School Prose

And now it was time to leave. Betsy would drive him out to the station at 4:50, dissolve into tears because of a guilty conscience, put him on the train, and ask the conductor to help him out when the train got to Plumborough. His suitcase lay packed underneath his bed with the labels stuck on it and the black-and-white tag with "PLUMSBOROUGH OLD FOLKS HOME" tied on.

"Grandpa, come in. It's getting cold out there, and Mom says it's almost time."

"I'll be in soon, Billy," the old man said.

"O.K. . . . Grandpa - I'm sorry about when I got mad at you. I'll write a lot. O.K.?"

The old man laughed. "I'll get you some writing paper so's you can write me ALL the time!" He ran his hand through Billy's hair and slapped his rump. Billy ran into the house, giggling.

The yard was getting darker now, with dusk, and the pink, bold streaks across the sky had vanished. In the deepening shadows, the old man could see every detail of the yard though his eyes were closed. The plank-swing hanging motionless in the air; he remembered how often after they'd gotten married, he had pushed Annabelle high, high into the air, and how she'd laughed. And the gnarled old tree beside it, whose branches bent down to the ground from centuries of swinging on them. He remembered how he had sneaked up into the comfortable crotch of the tree, so often in the old days, and poured over love poems—those secret volumes of Ella Wheeler Wilcox!

"Grandpa! Grrrrrammmmmmpaaaaa! Mom wants you."

The old man got up. He had on a new suit which Betsy's husband had got for him, but it was wrinkled from sitting down, and very baggy. He went inside to his room. It was all empty and impersonal. He packed the only two things left - his wooden crucifix and a picture out of the newspaper of two children sledding down a hill, laughing gaily. Then he picked up his suitcase and walked slowly out.

Billy and his mother were waiting in the car. The old man frowned. "Where are the others?" he asked. Billy covered his face with his hands and giggled knowingly, but Betsy said, "Polly and Carol are at Janie's house for the day, Father, and David is at the library. They said to say goodbye for them, and they'd come to visit you at the Museum."

The Museum. That was what Betsy called the Home. He could imagine what it would be like. Dreaming, fragile, decrepit old people.

The nurses would be very understanding, and middle-aged, and motherly, and falsely cheerful; of course not like the young, pretty ones at the Hospital. The old man sighed. The Director would come around once a week and ask if all the folks were happy, if there were anything they wanted, or if they were being good, and he would pat them on the heads. Why am I going there? Am I like that? How terrible to be that way. If I were to open the car door. Betsy is going so fast — but his hand dropped.

After awhile, Betsy slowed down and the old man realized that Billy was saying something.

"Grandpa, please get out."

It wasn't the station though.

"I have to leave a package here, Father; please come in though."

Billy was giggling uncontrollably now.

"Billy, stop that giggling and carry this in for me. Come on, Father."

They walked up the path to the front door of the house. It was very small and pretty, with well-cared-for gardens, and lots of trees. Billy rang the door-bell impatiently. The door was opened.

"Surprise, surprise, surprise," Polly and Carol yelled, jumping up and down, while David stood laughing in the background.

"It's your new house," Betsy explained.

"Just for you. Aren't you happy?" Billy yelled.

Betsy's husband pulled him inside, with Billy clinging to his legs, his suitcase clasped tightly, and his mouth wide open.

"Take it easy, Father," Betsy's husband said. "Come into your new living room and have some tea."

The party was over now. The old man had been dragged around by the children to see the rest of the rooms and admire the furnishings, though his legs were so shaky and weak he could hardly stand up. But everyone had gone now, and everything was quiet. He went out and sat on the back porch steps. He thought everything over, digging his foot into the dust. It was such a lovely house and all his, but — .

He remembered a birthday party a long time ago — Billy's fifth, and how excited everyone had been. The same look had been on their faces then, as today. When Billy had opened his presents, it had been a look of love, excitement, but also of amusement.

THE MUSEUM (Continued)

because they were all older, and he was a child.

He remembered how they'd convinced him that he was going to the "Old Folks' Home" to make the surprise completely a secret — how he had worried and how unhappy he'd been all the time, although he had tried not to show it. The line in the dust got deeper

and deeper as his foot worked harder and harder.

Suddenly he was terribly, terribly tired. He stood up slowly and started up the stairs, then stopped.

"I guess I am an old man after all," he said to no one in particular, and went into the new house.

Jennifer Dunning, IX
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

The Board wishes to thank Mr. Saxe Commins of Random House, Mr. Case Morgan of the Lawrenceville School, and Mr. David Stern, editor of *The New Orleans Item*, for judging the literary contest.

The following has been stealthily inserted in the *Link* unbeknownst to the Editor, whose merit has inspired us to break precedent in this way.

To Lockie Stafford, the class of 1956 wishes to express our deepest appreciation for and admiration of the patience, competence and consideration she has shown as editor of our *Link*.

THE FUGITIVE DRAGON

Once upon a time in the land of Moment there was a terrible fear of dragons. Moment was the only place in the world where the beautiful Mot flowers could be grown. Besides being extremely beautiful it also bloomed one dollar bills instead of petals on the first day of spring. Every house in town had Mot flowers in the window boxes.

One morning the sun shone exceptionally bright on the castle in the far end of town and there was a calm stillness in the air. Mr. Pop, an ordinary business man, walked out on his porch for a breath of fresh air.

"Oh, what a beautiful day! What?!" he exclaimed as he glanced at his window box. "All the flowers gone? But who would want them? Couldn't be anyone in town. Oh dear!" Pop ran into his house and told his misfortune to his wife.

Others were making this same discovery and soon a group formed in the square.

"It's all because of the dragon."

"The King should never have let him come close."

These were some of the remarks made. The king had let a dragon stay on the edge of town and the people were mad because they thought he had eaten the flowers. They marched to where the dragon was taking a sun-bath and stopped.

Denwood was the dragon's name and he was bright red with pink stripes, but because he was just recovering from a bad case of chicken-pox he had red spots here and there. He had light gray spikes down his back and on his tail. He breathed green fire when he was mad.

It was soon decided to throw a rope around Denwood's neck and then take him to the gallows to be hanged. Denwood was big

and the first throw missed him. Knowing that he wasn't safe, he beat a hasty retreat to his cave in the interior of the gallows. Denwood went into a damp corner of his cave and began to sulk.

That night after his supper the dragon crept into town and to the hill on which the castle was built. Just as he was about to go inside he heard someone coming down the hall and hid. It was the guard! He looked around and then went back into the castle. The wind was coming from the west and a familiar smell reached Denwood. It was the smell of Mot flowers! Denwood knew that no one in the town, not even the king, had any left so he followed the smell.

Presently he came to a shack used for storing food in case the town ran out. Denwood looked in the window and saw Zacknis, the captain of the guard at the castle. He was counting one dollar bills greedily and what do you think he was surrounded by? Mot flowers. Millions and millions of Mot flowers.

Denwood bent over and went into the shack. Zacknis turned quickly and started to run out the door, when Denwood hit him with his strong tail. So this is where all the flowers had gone to. But how could Denwood tell the people? He went out of the shack and went to the castle, but the guards saw him and put him in the dungeon.

The next morning Denwood was taken back to the gallows where he was placed on the platform and a rope was put around his head. Suddenly a scream came from the road, and everyone turned around to find Princess Leona running towards them. She didn't like to see people or animals die, so she had stayed at the castle.

THE FUGITIVE DRAGON (Continued)

"Oh, Father," she said when she finally stopped running, "I had the most terrible experience!"

"I went to the store house to get some food for my parrot and there were all the Mot flowers."

A cry went up from the crowd and then the Princess continued.

"Whodo you think was in there surrounded with all the money?" And then without giving them time to answer, "Zaknis! So he wasn't the one who did it at all, it was Zacknis!"

"But how do you know the dragon didn't hit him when Zacknis tried to stop him?" asked an elderly man.

"Well," said the Princess, "when he came to he confessed."

That night, with Zacknis in jail, an enormous banquet was held in honor of Denwood. A new captain of the guard was needed and Denwood was appointed.

If you go to Moment today you will see all the window boxes filled with the Mots, and you might even see Denwood at the castle.

Linda Maxwell, VI

First Prize

Middle School Prose

"The Dragon Killers" by Paula Cook, V, won Honorable Mention for Middle School Prose. The Link Board regrets that lack of space prevents printing it here, but it has appeared in the Spring issue of The Finest.

THE CASTLE STEPS

Beyond Nature's rolling hill,
There loomed
An obscure, forbidding castle,
Yet curiously enchanting
To the innocent mind of the small boy,
So new in life,
So believing in the "perfect world."
That was his dream.
It was as if there stood beside him
A freshly baked pie,
The delicious aroma flowing into his nostrils,
Magnetizing him.
Not seeing any hurdles in his path,
His skinny legs raced up the hill,
His eyes fixed on his castle only.

Reading his monstrous goal,
He did not pause for breath.
But with caution,
Yet with determined boldness, for one so young,
Forced open his gateway to adventure.
It was heavy,
Not an easy task,
But once it was done, his way was unhampered.
Inside the haunting castle,
He spied a staircase,
Leading up eerily out of the barren hall.
He wondered,
Where would it lead him?

Above the tree tops?
As high as a skyscraper?
Possibly to Heaven.

Stopping but an instant to think over the question,
He tiptoed up the winding stairs,
The tortured ladder,
Leading to Heaven,
His Heaven,
The steps creaked as he placed his tender foot on them.
He shivered slightly.
Not from cold.
It seemed as if he were under a spell.
Perhaps woven by a witch.
Vicious and toothless.

During his climb up the first flight of stairs, though,
His thoughts,
His feelings,
These seemed to change,
Like a lovely day,
Suddenly clouded over by forth-coming showers.

He discovered that he no longer believed in witches,
Flying about on their broomsticks,
It was different now.
He felt a want of love.
Yet he didn't wish as usual to have his mother there
beside him.
What was wrong that he no longer needed her?
Was he a bear cub leaving the outstretched arms of his
mother,
To venture out in the world,
To fight alone through the prevailing winds,
Of hardship and cruelty?
What had this castle done to him?

During the next narrow flight of stairs,
The black, unkempt walls of the castle,
No longer appealed to him.
The excitement,
His curiosity,
These, too, seemed to be dulled.
His breath quickened, the pumping of his heart.
He felt tired, wistful,
He longed to be out in the meadow,
Under his friend, the sky,
Lying there,
Enjoying the simplicity of life.
In horror he asked himself,
What were these thoughts?
The thoughts of one,
Who, having lived, reached back.
He looked down at his dimpled hands.

They were rough,
His fingernails bitten.

His face was changed also,
His cheeks cross-hatched with horrid lines.
The scars of life lived long and hard.
His hair,
His soft, velvety hair,
It was now coarse and gray.
What had happened to him?
Was he no longer a child?
Innocent and free,
A lovely, confident baby?
His broad shoulders shook with sobs of bewilderment.
Why had he been tempted to enter this castle of maturity,
This stairway of age?
Why had he climbed this treacherous path,
A path for one so young?

Why?

Penny Hart, VIII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

SNOWFLAKE

Does a tiny snowflake,
Flirting with a breeze,
Ever go to a party
Or cough or sneeze?

Does one have a mind,
One that's really working?
And does it have memories,
In its mind lurking?

Is a twirling snowflake,
Landing on a hayloft,
Able to feel objects,
Either hard or soft?

Are dances ever held,
Called snowflake balls,
During a snowflake's life,
As to the ground it falls?

Do snowflakes ever play
Jumping rope or teacher?
Do they ever see movies,
The latest cartoon feature?

Are snowflakes ever funny,
Inquisitive or curious?
Do redhead snowflakes ever
Get angry and very furious?

The answer is, of course,
A true and honest "no".
But I always love to think
They aren't just flakes of snow!

Paula Cook, VI
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

THE MONEY BOX

A noisy tour of foreigners had come.
They gazed a moment on the famed bronze doors
Depicting the creation and the flood.
They passed an ugly iron money box
And dirty card which said "Please Give".
They knew the rest, for every church they'd seen
Was full of windows without glass and gaunt
With scaffolding — the wretched souvenirs
Of one grim night — one second which meant death,
Destruction, years and years of loving work
Destroyed; of never-ending years to come
Of placing stone on ancient stone to build
Again the glory wrecked by cruel war.
The foreign tour knew all this well and yet
They walked right past the humble money box
With nothing more than apathetic glance.
How could they donate money to each church
In every town they'd visit on this trip?
And so, with conscience now appeased, the tour
Saw one more church and checked it off their list.

Deborah Smith, IX
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

SEA VOYAGE

I have come
An eternity of time
Across the sea of darkness
And of light.
And I have come
An infinity of space
Across the place
Whose surface seethes and writhes.
And I have seen the eyes,
The thousand, staring eyes
That watch
And wait.

Elizabeth MacNeil, XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

Class Will

We, the class of 1956, having most mercifully and incredibly arrived at the brink of graduation, in mind questionably sound and in body rather exhausted, do hereby dubiously bequeath the following to the class of 1957:

To Betsy, *Marina* leaves "Are you the professor's daughter?"

To Sue, *Cicely* leaves an angelic expression crowned with a halo to set the mood for her harp playing.

To Tina, *Tbeano* leaves the green paint she collected in her hair in Quaker workcamp, in hopes that it will harmonize nicely with the red of her hair.

To Peggy, *Anne* leaves a maroon and grey polo coat to complete the color scheme.

To Anne, *Lockie* leaves a truckload of pre-sliced, Sunkist oranges to renovate the basketball team, in hopes enough will be left over to revive the tennis team.

To Alissa, *Carol* leaves 5,000 acres of scenic Wyoming for an experimental ranch which will feature

Chow

Health

Air

Komfort

To Molly, *Pam* leaves her different hair lengths.

To Nancy, *Rosemari* leaves a First Aid kit from the Newark Hospital so that she will be able to repair her own fingers in the future.

To Eugie, *Beth* leaves a year's supply of Bulletin Board captions in Coptic, Sanskrit, Punjabi, Tagalog, Swahili, Gaelic, and Brooklineese.

To Susie, *Charlotte* leaves the pituitary gland of the crayfish that everybody else missed.

To Sandy, *Sally* leaves the ability to produce a rafter-rocking whistle, to use when refereeing.

To Mary, *Patti* leaves a pair of gilded drumsticks for her rendition of "Babbitry".

To Kinsa, *Margy* leaves a pile of "potahtoes" to hide behind when they call the whole thing off.

To Ros, *the class* donates an aerial tramway over the Boudinot Street alley, so that she need not fight the crowds who now invade her formerly private route.

To the future news editors of the *Inkling*, *Grace* leaves her great sleuthing ability, with best wishes for achieving more great faculty scoops!

To some poor soul who will use magazines for thesis research, *Betsy* leaves Firestone's peripatetic periodical section, in hopes it will soon settle down.

To Mrs. Snedeker, *Elisa*, with her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, leaves her offer to be next year's Santa Claus.

To next year's senior French class, *P* leaves a package of unassigned days tied up with a red ribbon.

To the whole class, *Hester* leaves her vast store of popular lyrics, just in case they ever run out of inspiration for writing their own.

To the whole class, *Hobey* leaves her connections with her uncle at Pan-Am, for all sorts of useful purposes – decorating dances, adorning the SSR, free flights around the world, etc.

To the Juniors, the *Seniors* leave;

The SSR, with the requirement that they either fix it up or donate it to the next campus bonfire.

14 shoulder braces to keep them from slumping under the Senior Burden and thus jeopardize their teams' posture records.

A charge account at Wilcox's with which to furnish the SSR larder.



Witnessed by:

Feedeepeedees

The Wyf of Bath

me

ELOISE

Prophecy

It is such a fine April morning that the whole world seems to have gathered at Canterbury. The sun shines down upon the road from Southwerk; the street seems peaceful and quiet where small groups of tourists have gathered to visit the great cathedral. Suddenly far down the road, there rises a small, dark cloud of dust. Hoofbeats are heard; the cloud grows larger, and eventually, through the dust shapes are visible. About a third of a mile away, the little group comes to an abrupt halt; Elisa has fallen off her horse again.

Charlotte, Lockie, and Betsy climb off their horses to help her up, but Rosemarie, seizing the opportunity, decides to call a class meeting. "Look, fellas," she announces, "we have to wait for the rest of the class, so why don't we discuss . . ."

"Well —," interrupts Beth, who is still sitting side-saddle on her horse, as she adjusts her hoop skirt and broad brim hat. She takes a peaceful sip of her mint julep. "Just so I can get to D'Oyley Carte for my command performance of *Iolanthe*."

Marina collapses, saying, "I don't care if we never get there, I'm so tired!", while Dr. Pat Henderson, discoverer of Pee and Dee Wrinkle-Resistant, Vibrophonic Gauze in rainbow colors, shakes her head sadly, and Grace goes off to be sure there aren't any spies from Columbia around.

Lockie, wife to the Minister Plenipotentiary of San Pietro, rides hurriedly up beside Charlotte, who cries, "Ye Gods! Watch the puddle!"

"Oh Zilch!" mutters Lockie as she steers her horse around the puddle to keep his white-walled hoofs clean.

"Well, anyway . . .", begins Rosemarie,

but Elisa, the famous T.V. cooking expert, is memorizing her lines and putting mud pies in her portable, prophylactic, caloric oven and thus drowns her out. However, Rosemarie is used to this sort of thing, being Prime Minister of England, and doesn't mind particularly.

Meanwhile Pam has ridden off on her Shetland pony to talk with Betsy, who has just recently been elected Chairman of the United Universes, Head of the Interplanetary A.F.S. and President of the Untied States, about the merits of France and Belgium, when suddenly a figure comes galloping down the road. It is P., who has just come from Epsom Downs where she has tied with herself for first place by riding Roman style. Behind her Hobey, Cicely, and Sally come plodding on a Belgium draft horse. Sally looks to see if the pilgrims are co-ed; they aren't, so she goes off to play a bridge game with Lockie, the undefeated champion of Hurlingham Club. Hobey also goes off to practice for the P.U. branch of the Victoria Cougars' hockey team.

Rosemarie starts to call the group together, when suddenly Dr. Henderson, who is also a bandleader, begins a drum roll on the snares, hanging from the sides of her horse, to herald four figures coming down the road. The steed, however, joggles and Patti slips, busting the drums with a loud crack. This embarrasses the horse, who blushes from forelock to hoof.

The first to arrive is Theano Kelaidi on her recently patented mechanical horse. She sets down her latest book, "Thermionic Waves in the Electromagnetic Spectrum and their Relation to Decorating Gyms," and smilingly greets the pilgrims. Carolovna

Harriski, the great prima-ballerina at Sadler's Wells, is next to appear, riding bareback on a Valley Ranch cowpony. "I would have come sooner," she exclaims, "but I had to finish my studies in experimental efficiency." Sally, the renowned hostess of the Lake Region and leader of the British set at the exclusive Outing Club, comes over and sympathizes, remarking, "Oh, I know — when I was at Ojibway . . ."

"Did someone say Chippewa?" cries a newly arrived pilgrim. It is Anne Harrison, head of the Chippewa Work Camps, and now touring on the U.S. lacrosse team.

Rosemarie starts to speak, "Now — how many have we to go to Canterbury . . ."

"Oh darn!" interrupts Anne, "I've got the wrong road. I thought this was the way to Tecumseh's shrine!" Gravely she pulls a feather from her warbonnet and sits stroking her chin.

At that moment there is a loud shout and all look up to see Hester disguised as a 60-foot Oxford muffler. "Shh!" she yells, and whispers at 130 decibels, "I'm hiding out because my cigarette set fire and melted all the wax at Mme. Toussaud's when I was getting ideas for my ultra-Byzantine paraffin and dixie cup abstraction. Oh darn!" she adds, "I forgot my class dues! oh FANS!"

Charlotte Cook, head of the Jackson Hole Air-Conditioning Corporation and the only millionaire left in the U.S., shakes her head and whispers, "Honestly! Class dues are a waste of money anyway!"

Pam, now a French singer on the Clavin and Finch Club in her spare time, suddenly asks Cicely, "Have you seen Margy?"

Cicely, innovator of the great new hobby that is threatening to become even more

popular than photography, Glee Club music collecting, shakes her head. Marina, now revived by a cup of coffee, comes over saying, "Yes, I need her to argue over Dostoyevski and my latest Russian translation of Jabberwocky."

"Well," says Rosemarie patiently, "Let's have our class meeting, anyway, since everyone else is . . ."

Grace suddenly yells from behind her latest invention, a combination sound synthesizer, proton dessicator and hi-fi coke machine in one, "Look!"

Sure enough, it is the great Old Vic actress and President of the Union of National Non-Conformists, Margy Pacsu. She is coming on foot, however.

Pam waves her beret, "Where's your horse?" she cries. Margy replies, "We of the proletariat walk! Are you all ready to go?"

"Well," says Rosemarie, "I'd like to have a class meeting . . .", but Beth sighs, boredly, in high E flat and says, "Don't you think we should go since everyone is here?" The others agree, so everyone climbs on her horse, except Margy, and Charlotte, who is afraid to exercise her horse too much for fear he would eat an expensive dinner. Soon all the pilgrims are ready.

Rosemarie pats Chanel for luck and leads the group slowly down the lane, saying, "Now shall we have our class meeting?" P., trailing the group, watches as Elisa falls off her horse now and then, and smiles to herself.

"What a perfectly delightful day for a visit to Canterbury!" and P. looks up to see a black-haired figure, struggling with a green Harvard bag, pass by and join the little band of pilgrims, as they ride slowly down the road to Canterbury.





Envoi

L'ENVOY de Seniors à Chaucer

Owre maistre Chaucer, whom of verse is Kyng,
Who kan rimes make and well endite,
And goodely did answer to owre axing,
We thank thi wit renouned for vers juste ryghte,
And certes for thi Muse of swich grete might,
That we might muse alle time and stille do less
And alle hem whos taskes boothe much and lite
Hath holpen ye yerebook to goon to press.

This lytel writte, in prose and poesie,
We send yow eche, take kepe of hit I rede!
For Rocky, Paul, assistance Shepherdlie,
And alle the classe wyth Chaucer doth succeed
So well, that tho the fyrst virtue we rede
Is to restreyne and kepe owre tong, we think
The second is to use a pen more freed
From silence (and dull prose); and so agreeede,
We wrote and now take leave of this owre *Link*.





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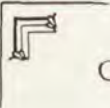
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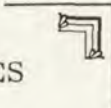
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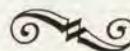
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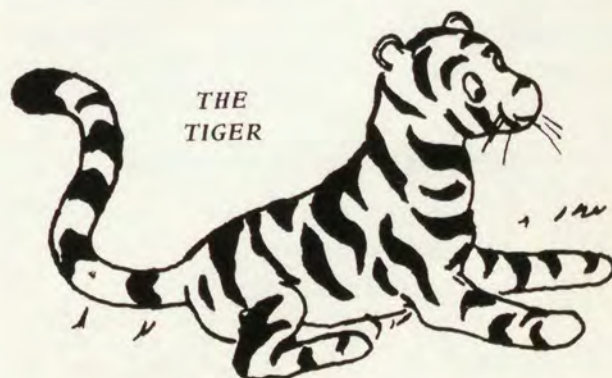


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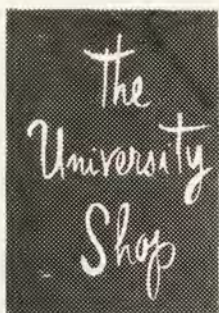
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