

THE

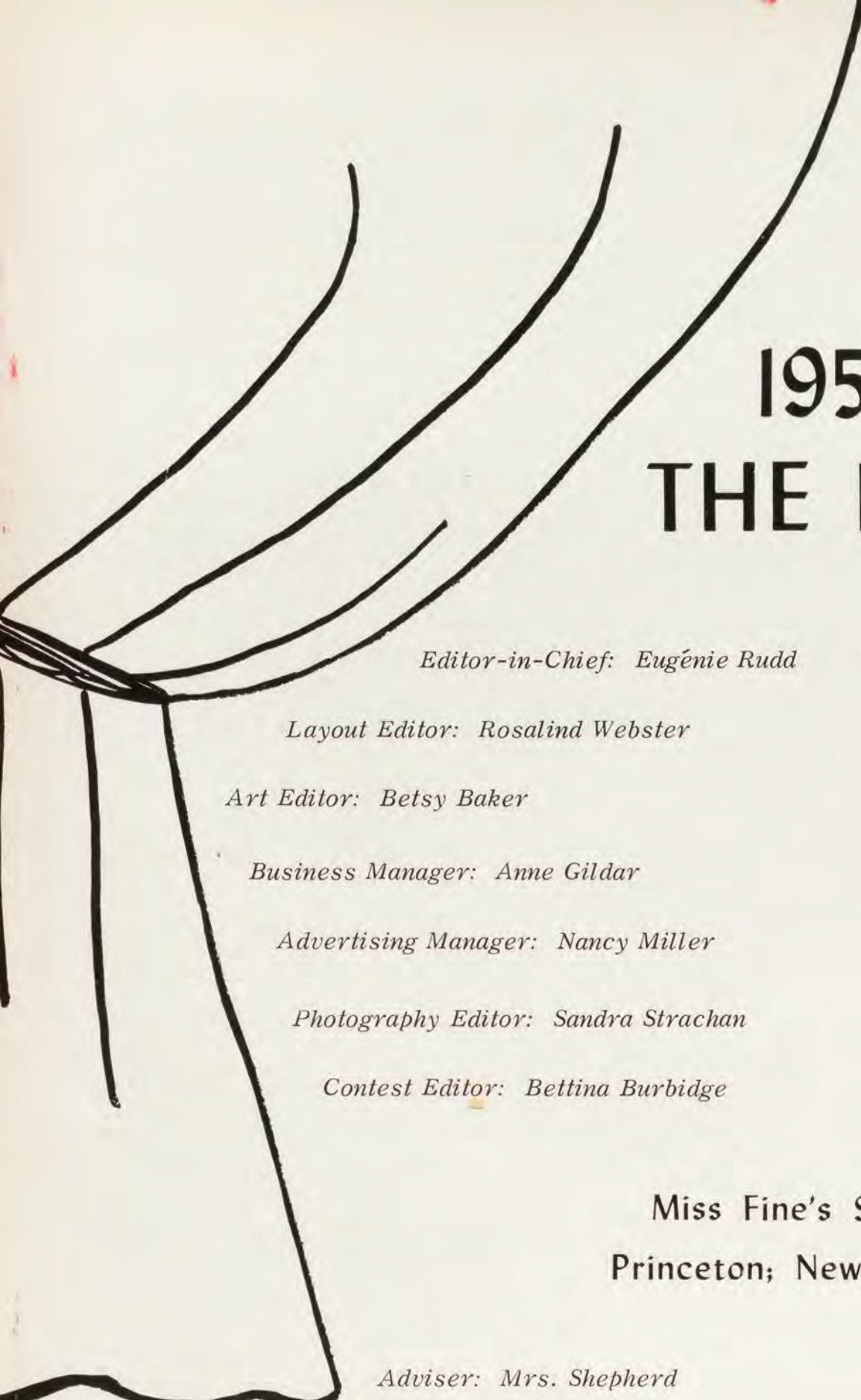
LINK

1957









# 1957 THE LINK

*Editor-in-Chief: Eugénie Rudd*

*Layout Editor: Rosalind Webster*

*Art Editor: Betsy Baker*

*Business Manager: Anne Gildar*

*Advertising Manager: Nancy Miller*

*Photography Editor: Sandra Strachan*

*Contest Editor: Bettina Burbidge*

Miss Fine's School  
Princeton; New Jersey

*Adviser: Mrs. Shepherd*







Shirley Davis  
Headmistress

Egregia ad vitam revocas et amica magistra,  
Nobis carior ipsis oculis nitidis,  
Historiam linguamque annorum praeteritorium.  
Donamus tibi nos qualemcumque librum.  
Docta, domum iucundam, te, et sponsum tuum amamus.  
Dicemus misere iam tibi, "Ave atque vale!"  
(S.B.S.)

*Literal translation: "Renowned teacher and friend, dearer to us than our shining eyes, you bring to life for us the history and language of the past. We dedicate to you our little book, slight as it is. Learned one, we love you, your happy family, and your husband. Sadly we shall now say to you, 'Hail and farewell'".*





Isabelle Kelly Raubitschek





*We have so few years.  
Let us make them doubly sweet, these years we have –  
Be gracious with each other – sway a little  
To left or right if we must to stay together –  
Never distrust each other – nay, distrust  
All others, when they whisper. Let us make this our pact  
Now, for the fates are desperate to part us.  
And the very gods envy this happiness  
We pluck out of loss and death.*

*Elizabeth The Queen, Maxwell Anderson*





- IX-X Princeton High School, Princeton, N. J.
- XI Assistant Editor of *The Finest Inkling* Staff  
Class Secretary  
Chairman of Invitations Committee for Spring Dance  
Chairman of Sound Effects Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Publicity Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Library Council
- XII Editor-in-Chief of *The Inkling*  
Art Editor of *The Link*  
Queen Elizabeth in *Dark Lady of the Sonnets*  
Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for Fall Dance

## Elizabeth Heard Baker

CELIA. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both, in an instant.

ROSALIND. Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak, sad brow and true maid.

CELIA. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*As You Like It*, William Shakespeare





- IX Social Service Committee Representative
- X Secretary of Social Service Committee  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee  
Chairman of Decorations Committee for  
Spring Dance  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- XII Chairman of Social Service Committee  
Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for  
Fall Dance  
Madrigal Group  
Instrumental Group



## Emma Susan Barclay



BASSANIO. And she is fair and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues . . .

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece . . .  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

*The Merchant of Venice, William Shakespeare*



- IX Social Service Committee Representative  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Social Service Committee Representative  
*Finest Board*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Chairman of Activities Committee  
Student Council Representative  
Chairman of Valentine Dance  
*Inkling Staff*  
Armande Mangebois in *The Enchanted*  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team and Manager  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
American Field Service Summer Scholarship
- XII Student Council Representative  
Class Secretary-Treasurer  
Mrs. Wadhurst in *Hands Across the Sea*  
Contest Editor of *The Link*  
Captain of Blue Team  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest

## Bettina Anne Burbidge

PATIENCE. Advance one step, and as I am a good and pure woman, I scream! (*Tenderly.*) Farewell, Archibald! (*Sternly.*) Stop there! (*Tenderly.*) Think of me sometimes! (*Angrily.*) Advance at your peril! Once more adieu! . . . I think he is the noblest, purest, and most perfect being I have ever met. But I don't love him. It is true that he is devotedly attached to me, but indeed I don't love *him*. Whenever he grows affectionate, I scream. It is my duty! (*Sighing*).

*Patience: or, Bunthorne's Bride, W. S. Gilbert*





- IX Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Social Service Committee Representative  
Production Staff of *The Finest*  
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team and Co-Manager  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Business Manager of *The Link*  
Athletic Association Representative  
Chairman of Ticket Committee for  
*Trio on the Thames*  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team



## Anne Rochelle Gildar



FELLOWSHIP. If any thing be amiss, I pray thee, me say,  
that I may help to remedy . . . my true friend show to me  
your mind; I will not forsake thee, unto my life's end, on  
the way of good company.

*Everyman*



- IX    Activities Committee Representative  
       *Inkling* Staff  
       Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
       Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
       Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X     Business Manager of *The Inkling*  
       Assistant Editor of *The Finest*  
       Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*  
       Publicity Committee for *Quality Street*  
       Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
       Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
       Tennis Squad
- XI    Editor-in-Chief of *The Inkling*  
       President of French Club  
       Production Staff of *The Finest*  
       Ticket Committee of *The Enchanted*  
       Library Council  
       Tennis Squad
- XII   Class President  
       Chairman of Fall Dance  
       Exchange Editor of *The Inkling*  
       Glee Club Representative  
       Chairman of Properties Committee for  
           *Trio on the Thames*

## Alissa Leighton Kramer

MASHA. I think a human being has got to have some faith, or at least he's got to seek faith. Otherwise his life will be empty, empty . . . How can you live and not know why the cranes fly, why children are born, why the stars shine in the sky! . . . You must either know why you live, or else . . . nothing matters . . . everything's just wild grass . . .

*The Three Sisters, Anton Chekhov*





- IX Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Athletic Association Representative  
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Lost and Found Chairman  
Glee Club Representative  
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Captain of Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
Athletic Pocket Award
- XII Advertising Manager of *The Link*  
Social Service Committee Representative  
Co-Chairman of Scenery Committee and  
Stage Crew for *Trio on the Thames*  
Madrigal Group  
Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Co-Manager Basketball Team



## Nancy Baylis Miller



MIRANDA. If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while; pray, give me that;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND. No, precious creature;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA. It would become me  
As well as it does you; and I should do it  
With more more ease, for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*The Tempest, William Shakespeare*



- IX Student Council Representative  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team  
Time Current Affairs Prize for Classes IX-X
- X Editor-in-Chief of *The Finest*  
Student Council Representative  
*Inkling* Staff  
Chairman of Programs for *Quality Street*  
Scenery Committee for *Quality Street*  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
First Prize for *The Link* Prose  
First Prize for the Shepherd Word Study
- XI Class President  
Assistant Editor of *The Inkling*  
Mama Tellier in *The Enchanted*  
Library Council  
Press Club  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team and Manager
- XII Editor-in-Chief of *The Link*  
Stage Manager for *Trio on the Thames*  
*Inkling* Staff

## Eugénie Dumaux Rudd

CLITANDRE. Je consens qu'une femme ait des clartés  
de tout;

Mais je ne lui veux point la passion choquante  
De se rendre savante afin d'être savante;  
Et j'aime que souvent, aux questions qu'on fait,  
Elle sache ignorer les choses qu'elle sait;  
De son étude enfin je veux qu'elle se cache,  
Et qu'elle ait du savoir sans vouloir qu'on le sache,  
Sans citer les auteurs, sans dire de grands mots,  
Et clouer de l'esprit à ses moindres propos.

*Les Femmes Savantes, Molière*





- IX Athletic Association Representative  
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Class Secretary  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Student Council Representative  
Sports Editor of *The Inkling*  
Chairman of Properties Committee for  
*The Enchanted*  
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team and Manager  
Honorary I Private School Hockey Team,  
New Jersey Field Hockey Association
- XII President of Athletic Association  
Student Council Representative  
Varsity Hockey Team



## Susan Baldwin Smith



BELMANN. You know the Countess has the qualities of true divinity.

For instance: how apparently undemandingly

She moves among us; and yet

Lives make and unmake themselves in her neighbourhood

As nowhere else. There are many names I could name

Who would have been remarkably otherwise

Except for her divine non-interference.

*The Dark Is Light Enough*, Christopher Fry

- IX Varsity Hockey Team  
Honorary I Private School Hockey Team,  
New Jersey Field Hockey Association  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
Athletic Pocket Award
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association  
Scenery Committee for *The Enchanted*  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Photography Editor of *The Link*  
Chairman of Program Committee for  
*Trio on the Thames*  
Madrigal Group  
Captain of Gray Team  
Varsity Hockey Team



## Sandra Wirth Strachan



CELIA.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*As You Like It*, William Shakespeare



- IX *Inkling* Staff  
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X *Inkling* Staff  
Madrigal Group
- XI Secretary of Glee Club  
Alternate in *The Enchanted*  
Madrigal Group
- XII President of Glee Club  
Alumnae Editor of *The Inkling*  
Clare in *Hands Across the Sea*  
Madrigal Group  
Chairman of Decorations for Valentine Dance



## Mary Culver Strunsky

MRS. MARWOOD. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweets of Life because they once must leave us is as preposterous as to wish to have been born Old, because we one Day must be Old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession.

*The Way of the World*, William Congreve



- IX Student Council Representative  
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Student Council Representative  
Assistant Director for *Quality Street*  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
Athletic Pocket Award
- XI Secretary of Student Council  
*Inkling* Staff  
Gilberte in *The Enchanted*  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Student Council  
Piggie in *Hands Across The Sea*  
Chairman of Invitations Committee for  
Fall Dance  
Madrigal Group  
Instrumental Group  
Varsity Hockey Team

## Helen Whittemore Turnbull

KITTY (to herself, dreaming). I like champagne, and everything that goes with it. Big houses with big porches, and big rooms with big windows, and big lawns, and big trees, and flowers growing everywhere, and big shepherd dogs sleeping in the shade . . . I'd walk out of the house, and stand on the porch, and look at the trees, and smell the flowers, and run across the lawn, and lie down under a tree, and read a book. (Pause) A book of poems, maybe.

*The Time Of Your Life*, William Saroyan





- IX Class President  
Scenery Committee for *The Rivals*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Class President  
Assistant Director for *Quality Street*  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club  
Chairman of Scenery Committee for  
*The Enchanted*  
Alternate in *The Enchanted*  
*Finest Staff*  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Dramatic Club  
Layout Editor of *The Link*  
Production Manager of *Trio on the Thames*  
Chairman of Invitations Committee for  
Valentine Dance  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Time Current Affairs Tests – School Prize



## Rosalind Webster



BURGHLEY. "Beautiful, in a grave way, somewhat game-  
some and given to lightness of manner among her lords as  
well as with other company, very quick-witted to answer  
back, and addicted to mirth and dancing, wherewith she  
hath made many converts . . ."

*Mary of Scotland, Maxwell Anderson*



## Theano Emmanuel Kelaiddi

LYSISTRATA. Bring those Laconians hither, not with rude  
Ungenial harshness hurrying them along,  
Not in the awkward style our husbands used,  
But with all tact, as only women can.  
So, so: now bring me those Athenians too.  
Now then, Laconians, stand beside me here,  
And you stand there, and listen to my words.  
I am a woman, but I don't lack sense;  
I'm of myself not badly off for brains,  
And often listening to my father's words  
And old men's talk, I've not been badly schooled.  
And now, dear friends, I wish to chide you both,  
That ye, all of one blood, all brethren sprinkling  
The selfsame altars from the selfsame laver, . . .  
That ye, Hellenes, with barbarian foes  
Armed, looking on — fight and destroy Hellenes! . . .  
Such friends aforetime, helping each the other,  
What is it makes you fight and bicker now?  
Why can't ye come to terms, why can't ye?

*Lysistrata*, Aristophanes





## Marianne Sonia Peskine



ARMANDE. Mon Dieu, que votre esprit est d'un étage bas!  
Que vous jouez au monde un petit personnage,  
De vous claquemurer aux choses du ménage,  
Et de n'entrevoir point de plaisirs plus touchants,  
Qu'un idole d'époux, et des marmots d'enfants!  
Laissez aux gens grossiers, aux personnes vulgaires,  
Les bas amusements de ces sortes d'affaires;  
A de plus hauts objets élevez vos désirs,  
Songez à prendre un goût des plus nobles plaisirs,  
Et traitant de mépris les sens et la matière,  
A l'esprit, comme nous, donnez-vous toute entière.  
Vous avez notre mère en exemple à vos yeux,  
Que du nom de savante on honore en tous lieux:

*Les Femmes Savantes, Molière*



Anne



Betty



Ros

Mary

Tina



Miss







*Sandy*



*Eupie*

*Nancy*



*Sue*

*Kinea*



*Susie*





	Most	Would have liked to live during:-	Consuming Passion	Saying
Baker	intense	French Revolution	Picasso + Brahma	"Where, where, where'd you see him?"
Barclay	sincere	Reign of Good Queen Anne	the harp	"Let's take the scenic route!"
Burbidge	dramatic	Elizabethan Period	million Dollar Movies	"I've got the car tonight - wheew!"
Gildar	thoughtful	Saxon England	classical music	"Could I ask a question?"
Kramer	adventurous	Emancipation of Women Era	finding out the truth	"Guess what I just did!"
Miller	warm-hearted	Chaucer's England	skiing	"Eh?"
Peskine	intellectual	First Years of Socialism	arguing	"It's absolutely ridiculous"
Rudd	entertaining	Victorian Era	books	"You know - I've got a cousin"
Smith	serene	Opening of the Great West	moderation	"Be quiet!"
Strachan	sensible	Gay Nineties	driving	"... You know... whosiploppit"
Strunsky	outgoing	Italian Renaissance	singing the blues	"Oh Snow!"
Turnbull	romantic	Golden Age in Athens	poetry	"Aren't boys neat?"
Webster	witty	Eighteenth Century in Paris	"Peanuts"	"But ... But ... Mrs. Burrill, that isn't the way I did it at all."
Class	high spirited	Twentieth Century Boom	shows	"All for one and one for all"



Portrait Type	Mentions	Bête Noire	Lost Without	Song
da Vinci	"tensions"	clouds	Lester	"Falling in love with love"
Ingonard	the Rotolacter	ambidextrous people	Bermuda bell	"Sweet Sue"
Van Gogh	"nuits" blanches"	other red-heads	an audience	"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag"
Whistler	New Brunswick	Anne without an <u>e</u>	a "tissue"	"Small town girl"
Gainsborough	Italy	the Armed Forces	her mother-in-law	"I want to be evil"
Franc Hals	sailing	sarcasm	the Bristols	"Everybody loves a baby - that's why I'm in love with you"
Toulouse-Lautrec	French literature	"social"	the latest fashion	"Mademoiselle de Paris"
Renoir	the New Yorker	Eugenie "A"	the English	"In old New York"
Boticelli	her new Bobbi	peas - & pumpkin pie	a rose	"Mountain Greenery"
Hogarth	Tigertones... at the moment.	Grey Team Posture	the M. G.	"Baby Face"
Reginald Marsh	"this weekend"	backseat drivers	Ella	"Just One of those things"
Modigliani	Bood, Babe, and Papa	Mexico	Tweeds	"I could have danced all night"
El Greco	everything once	people who don't like cats	the detail to correct	"Oh, No John, No John, no John, no"
Brueghel	the class	the chant	each other	"We're the Tops"





# On Tour

## Our Stars

Bonnie Campbell  
Thayer Clark  
Sandra Dixon  
Peggy Dodson  
Nancy Hagen  
Susan Kohler  
Molly Menard  
Abbie Rickert  
Ellie Smith  
Judy Vollbrecht  
Helen Wilmerding



*Left to right:*  
Miss Cashman  
Mrs. Gulick  
Mrs. Brown  
Miss Weigel  
Mrs. Brophy  
Miss Davis  
Mrs. Busselle



## Administration

## Faculty



*Front Row:*  
Miss Green  
Mrs. Shephard  
Mrs. Baird

*Second Row:*  
Miss Campbell  
Miss Blower  
Mrs. Peck  
Mrs. Fine

*Third Row:*  
Mrs. Goodchild  
Miss Lawrence  
Mrs. Wade  
Mrs. Burrill  
Miss Collins

*Top Row:*  
Mrs. Gordon  
Mrs. Raubitschek  
Mrs. Conroy  
Miss Davis

*Missing from picture:*  
Mme. Holenkoff  
Miss Kleckner  
Mr. Eddy  
Mr. Gordon



# IX

*Third Row:*  
Emi Vanderstucken  
Betsy Carter  
Marianne Peskine  
Suzy Scarff  
Sally Tomlinson  
(President)

*Second Row:*  
Betsy Jean Urbaniak  
Lisa Fairman  
Ellen Freedman  
Rada Fulper  
Sue Frank  
Jinx Prather  
Matsy Bedford

*First Row:*  
Linda Mullaly  
Linda Ewing  
Ann Lea

*Missing:*  
Nancy Hudler





# X

*Fourth Row:*  
Martha Strunsky  
Sue Stevenson  
Jeff Dunning  
Debby Smith  
Marion Dean  
Camilla Turnbull  
Nancy McMorris

*Third Row:*  
Tinka Grondahl  
Lucy Ann James  
Dana Conroy  
Alice Stengel

*Second Row:*  
Jean Schettino  
Wendy Yeaton  
Gail Andrews  
Judy Levin  
Cecilia Aall

*First Row:*  
Ann Kinzel  
Nan Nicholes  
Abby Pollak  
(President)  
Ruth Lynn Pessel





# IX

*Fourth Row:*

Sue Behr  
Anne Kales  
Liza Guttman

*Third Row:*

Sue Carter  
Sally Mullen  
(President)  
Louise Scheide  
Sally Hagen

*Second Row:*

Eileen Baker  
Susie Kassler  
Cathy Otis  
Amanda Maugham  
Pauline Mills

*First Row:*

Mary Liz Alexander  
Judy Taylor  
Nancy Davis  
Mary Lee Skinner  
Penny Hart





# VIII

## *Standing, Left:*

Trika Smith  
Jan Wilson  
Susan Lerner

## *Standing, Right:*

Melissa Dilworth  
Sandy Gartner  
Nancy Smoyer  
Carol Armstrong

## *Fourth Row:*

Joan Yeaton  
Polly Busselle  
Cherry Raymond  
Tibby Chase  
Julie Cornforth

## *Third Row:*

Lucia Norton  
Fiona Morgan  
Peggy Wilber

## *Second Row:*

Barbara Pearce  
Janie Smith  
(President)  
Tucky Ramus

## *First Row:*

Elise Bruml  
Linda Scassera  
Trish Ward  
Trudi Goheen







### Upper School

*Back row:*

Bettina Burbidge  
Rada Fulper  
Lisa Fairman  
Cathy Otis  
Susie Kassler  
Marianne Peskine

*Front row:*

Susie Smith  
Trudi Goheen  
Kinsa Turnbull (President)  
Anne Prather (Secretary)  
Ann Kinczel  
Debby Smith

## Student Council



Open Council Meeting

### Middle School

*Back row:* Joan Yeaton, Trika Smith (President), Trudi Goheen, Susan Lerner. *Second row:* Linda Conroy, Virginia Elmer, Pat Holcomb, Judy Adams. *First row:* Cary Smith, Paula Cook (Secretary), Cynthia Bull.





*Standing:*

Missy Tomlinson  
Penny Hart  
Nancy Miller  
Fiona Morgan  
Alice Stengel  
Emi Vanderstucken

*Sitting:*

Wendy Baldrige  
Ellen Freedman (Treasurer)  
Susan Barclay (President)  
Debby Smith (Secretary)  
Sally Anne Campbell



## SOCIAL SERVICE



### Press Notices

100 Neediest Cases  
Case 12 - Deserted Father  
and four children

### Hilarious Hockey

P. U. 1  
M.F.S. 0

Bring Clothing for  
Hungarian Refugees



Faculty-Student  
basketball game on  
Thursday, March 21<sup>st</sup>  
in the gym

❖ Wreaths ❖  
Work carefully, the  
wreath you make may  
be your own!

Pet  
Show







*The Twelve Pound Look* . . . . . Sir James Barrie  
 Lady Sims . . . . . Camilla Turnbull  
 Sir Harry Sims . . . . . William Boak  
 Kate . . . . . Ann Kinczel

Scene: Library of Sir Harry Sims, Kensington, London

*Hands Across the Sea* (from *Tonight at 8:30*) . . Noel Coward  
 Maid . . . . . Anne Prather  
 Lady Maureen Gilpin (Piggie) . . . . . Kinsa Turnbull  
 Commander Peter Gilpin, R.N. . . . . Richard Briggs  
 Lieut. Commander Alastair Corbett, R.N. . . . . Thomas Kerr  
 Mrs. Wadhurst . . . . . Bettina Burbidge  
 Mr. Wadhurst . . . . . Peter Specht  
 Clare Wedderburn . . . . . Mary Strunsky  
 Major Gosling (Bogey) . . . . . Thomas Rose

Scene: Drawing-room of the Gilpins' flat in London

Time: Present day.



*The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* . . . . . George Bernard Shaw  
 Beefeater . . . . . Charles Belvin  
 William Shakespeare . . . . . Richard Lyman, Jr.  
 Queen Elizabeth . . . . . Betsy Baker  
 The Dark Lady (Lady Mary Fitton) . . . . . Marianne Peskine

Scene: Fin de siecle 15-1600. Midsummer night on the terrace of the Palace at Whitehall, overlooking the Thames.







## DRAMATIC CLUB



### Production Staff

Director . . . . . Mrs. Frank Watson  
 Technical Assistant . . . . . Douglas Gates  
 President of the Dramatic Club . . . . . Rosalind Webster  
 Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . Suzy Scarff  
 Stage Manager . . . . . Eugenie Rudd  
 Faculty Advisers . . . . . Mrs. Ann Baird  
    Mrs. George Shepherd

Scenery: Nancy Miller, Sally Tomlinson (co-chairman), Mary Liz Alexander, Eileen Baker, Matsy Bedford, Sue Behr, Betsy Carter, Ellen Freedman, Rada Fulper, Sally Hagen, Anne Kales, Susie Kassler, Ann Lea, Cathy Otis, Louise Scheide, Alice Stengel, Judy Taylor, Betsy Jean Urbaniak.

Lights: Martha Strunsky, Susie Stevenson

The committee thanks Charles Stevenson '59 for his invaluable assistance.

Costumes: Lisa Fairman, Nancy Hudler

Stage Crew: Nancy Miller, Sally Tomlinson (co-chairman), Mary Liz Alexander, Eileen Baker, Matsy Bedford, Sue Behr, Ellen Freedman, Sally Hagen, Anne Kales, Susie Kassler, Ann Lea, Alice Stengel.

Tickets: Anne Gildar

Programs: Sandra Strachan

Poster Design: Suzy Scarff

Make-up: Debby Smith

Ushers: Anne Gildar (chairman), Sue Frank, Wendy Yeaton, Jean Schertino, Amanda Maugham, Cathy Otis, Alice Stengel, Sally Hagen, Abby Pollak, Cecilia Aall.





#### MADRIGAL GROUP

Susan Barclay  
Ellen Freedman  
Anne Gildar  
Lucy Ann James  
Ann Lea  
Nancy McMorris  
Nancy Miller  
Debby Smith  
Sandy Strachan  
Martha Strunsky  
Mary Strunsky  
Sally Tomlinson  
Camilla Turnbull  
Kinsa Turnbull  
Emily Vanderstucken  
Rosalind Webster



Glee Club Committee: *Left to right*, Marianne Peskine, XI, Mary Strunsky (President), Sue Frank (Secretary-treasurer), Amanda Maugham, IX. *Missing from the picture*, Alissa Kramer, XI, Lucy Ann James, X.

## GLEE CLUB

#### Instrumental Group

*Left to right*,  
Lucia Norton  
Susan Barclay (Harp)  
Kinsa Turnbull (Piano)  
Marion Dean  
Martha Strunsky  
Mr. Wells, director.





# THE INKLING

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

## Uproarious Reaction

Dr. Goheen Chosen

The Inkling staff would like to congratulate the next president of Princeton University, Dr. Robert F. Goheen, and his family.

The Goheens have six children, two of whom are now in Miss Fine's. Trudi is in the eighth grade and Megan is in Mrs. Paterson's first grade. Anne, who is presently a Sophomore at Noroton, formerly attended Miss Fine's.

Trudy said that she "smelled a rat" because there was an unusual number of closed-door conferences and telegrams at her home. She was officially informed on the day before the appointment was announced to the public. Trudi stayed home from school the next day, so she wouldn't have a chance to tell anyone before the proper moment. Anne was telephoned that night and, according to Trudi, she "raised the roof." Apparently Anne's roommates are very patient with her.

The main problem which the Goheen family face, according to Trudi, is not having enough furniture to fill "Prospect," the

## SPORTS

The hockey season at Miss Fine's came to a close with a few scattered class games. The teams have not had too much luck this year as they won only one game and lost three. The highscorers on the Varsity were

### Write For THE LINK!

Contest closes in February. Any poetry or prose, fiction or non-fiction, not previously submitted, will be accepted. Entries must be typed or written neatly in ink. All mechanical errors must be corrected. The winning compositions will be printed in *The Link* and prizes will be awarded at commencement. Address all inquiries to Tina Burbidge, '57.

## Plays, Punctual and Pleasant

### In Britain With Bacon

After reading Francis Bacon's essay "Of Travel," I decided to follow his suggestions while visiting his own country last summer. So I sat down and made a list of his main points (know the language, have a tutor and guide book, keep a diary, see "memorable" sights, and make acquaintances) and sailed for Liverpool.

Unfortunately my whole plan was doomed to fail because I did not know English. I had never been taught at my "pub-

### Mr. Light Reviews Plays

Punctuality is always a pleasure. Precisely at 8:30 p. m., Friday, November 30, the overture to *TRIO ON THE THAMES* got under way. And soon the curtain rose on the first of three one-act plays presented by the Dramatic Club of Miss Fine's. Quite naturally, this prejudiced me in favor of the evening to come.

James Barrie's *The Twelve Pound Look* led off the entertainment. The amusing story of the wife who leaves her husband's "fat dinners, fat jewelry

## Musical Outlook

The air at Miss Fine's School has been filled with music this fall since the music department launched its very busy and enthusiastic season. We can hear the Glee Club, Madrigal Group, music classes and last but not least our newly formed instrumental group practicing. The two teachers responsible for all this music are Miss Amy Kleckner and Mr. David Wells.

Miss Kleckner graduated from Vassar, class of '56, and



*Standing:* Rada Fulper, Susie Stevenson, Nancy McMorris, Judy Levin, Eugenie Rudd, Kinsa Turnbull, Mary Strunsky, Debby Smith, Penny Hart, Polly Busselle, Tibby Chase, Louise Scheide, Melissa Dilworth, Alissa Kramer, Bettina Burbidge, Nancy Davis. *Sitting:* Betsy Baker (Editor), Martha Strunsky, Ann Kinczel, Elise Brum, Abby Pollak, Cecilia Aall, Jinx Prather. *Missing from this picture:* Mary Liz Alexander, Dana Conroy, Nancy Hudler, Marianne Peskine, Sally Tomlinson, Nancy Nicholes.

## Patronize Our Advertisers Inkblots

Reflections after "Bicker"  
Near the shores of Lake  
Carnegie,  
Near the busy street of  
Nassau  
Dwells the eager Princeton-  
charlie  
Dwells the student seeking  
knowledge  
From his window Princeton-  
charlie

## E. M. Forster

I first heard the name "E. M. Forster" nine years ago when my father told me that a great English author was going to hide for a week in our house in Massachusetts. My father

## The World of the "Metro"

From the exterior the Metro is anonymous, all the stations are the same: there is a little iron railing, two green trees,

## Editorial

It is a recognized fact that most of us have overloaded ourselves with the burden of extra-curricular activities. These symptoms of overwork are most prevalent when tests and papers loom on the near horizon. Perhaps there is one way to alleviate some of the strain. School dances entail a stupendous amount of preparation. I scarcely need point out that the results are worth

## Skits, Songs and Saddles

### Middle School Assemblies

The middle school has had several assemblies so far this year, each one original and different.

The first of the middle school assemblies was presented by the Student Council, on September 20. President Trika Smith gave a short talk on the purposes of the Council, after





Varsity Hockey  
*Back Row:*  
 Emily Vanderstucken  
 Betsy Carter  
 Ann Lea  
 Martha Strunsky  
 Kinsa Turnbull (captain)  
 Ellen Freedman  
 Susan Smith  
 Anne Prather  
*Front Row:*  
 Lisa Fairman  
 Sally Tomlinson  
 Sandra Strachan  
 Camilla Turnbull  
 Ros Webster  
 Tina Burbidge

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Cheer Leaders: *Back Row:* Ann Kinczel,  
 Nan Nicholes, Anne Prather. *Front Row:*  
 Sue Frank, Rada Fulper (co-captains)

*Officers:* President, Susan Smith; Secretary, Ann Lea. *Coaches:*  
 Miss Green, Miss Blower. *Representatives:* Anne Gildar, XII;  
 Sally Tomlinson, XI; Camilla Turnbull, X; Sally Hagen, IX;  
 Tucky Ramus, VIII. *Color Captains:* Bettina Burbidge (Blue);  
 Sandra Strachan (Gray).



### HOCKEY



J.V. Hockey  
 Nancy Miller (Captain)  
 Susan Carter  
 Sally Mullen  
 Anne Gildar  
 Judy Levin  
 Sally Hagen  
 Debby Smith  
 Lucy James  
 Anne Kales  
 Marion Dean  
 Nan Nicholes  
 Nancy Davis  
 Susie Stevenson

### ARCHERY



### Varsity Basketball

#### Back row:

Betsy Carter  
Martha Strunsky  
Nancy Miller (co-manager)  
Ros Webster  
Lisa Fairman (captain)

#### Front row:

Ann Lea  
Sandra Strachan  
Sally Tomlinson  
Tina Burbidge

#### Missing from picture

Linda Mullaly (co-manager)



### TENNIS



#### Managers

Hockey: Marion Dean  
Martha Strunsky  
Basketball: Nancy Miller  
Linda Mullaly  
Badminton: Betsy Jean Urbaniak  
Lacrosse: Eileen Baker  
Tennis: Martha Strunsky



### BADMINTON

### BASKETBALL



### LACROSSE



### BASEBALL



#### J. V. Basketball

Ellen Freedman  
Susan Carter  
Sally Mullen  
Camilla Turnbull  
Nancy Davis  
Anne Kales  
Susie Kassler  
Mary Liz Alexander  
Anne Gildar  
Debby Smith  
Judy Levin  
Susie Stevenson



# LIBRARY COUNCIL



*Back row:* Ruth Lynn Pessel, Nancy McMorris, Debby Smith, Matsy Bedford, Linda Ewing, Lisa Fairman (President), Ann Lea, Eileen Baker, Polly Busselle, Win Dickey, Betsy Carter, Mrs. Roszak (Librarian), Jeff Dunning. *Second row:* Katharine Muir, Barbara Scheide,

Liza Maugham, Cindy Brown, Alice Jacobson, Wendy Coppedge, Elise Bruml, Mary Liz Alexander. *Front row:* Jane Aresty, Tibby Chase, Anne MacNeil, Trudi Goheen.



# Literary Awards

## "THE TEAR THAT WOULD HAVE SOOTHED IT ALL"

"Mild is the parting year, and sweet  
The odour of the falling spray;  
Life passes on more rudely fleet,  
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,  
But mourn that never must there fall  
Or on my breast or on my tomb  
The tear that would have soothed it all."

Everyone in Cranston took autumn for granted, because to them it was only the season between summer and winter. Hardly anybody noticed the trees, now decked in crimsons, purples, golds and browns. The leaves lay deep under the trees and were so crisp that a squirrel made a great crackling if he skittered over them. Even the willows arching over the water had turned to pale yellow. When a rush of wind drove through the trees, it was as if a wave had swelled over their tops. The sycamore leaves flashed their silver sides and the quaking aspens uttered low whispering noises as the wind played through the dry leaves. The dead leaves on the ground scudded some distance and sometimes even were lifted into the air, swirling in circles. In a startling contrast to the vivid colors, the trunks of the white birches stood out, already naked prophets of the coming winter. But then there were always the stately green pines, gracefully swaying and roaring in their own mysterious way when a gust of wind passed among them.

Perhaps the townspeople caught the marked briskness in the fall breezes and silently cursed the smoke-filled air which made their eyes smart. Gleeful children heaped up tremendous piles of leaves and then jumped in them. The sky, filled with fluffy clouds, was blue and clear, and resembled a pool with little fat puffs of willow cotton floating on the placid surface.

Helen felt the fall as she stepped out on the stoop to dish up some cat food for Spotty. The screen door slammed with a creak and a bang behind her. A short-haired tabby cat with a striped and mottled coat bounded noiselessly on to a chair. He sat there on his haunches, large ears erect, long whiskers lying back against his cheeks, a busy tail curled around his feet, a tiny pink and brown nose, cold complacent eyes and a sleek body. He purred steadily and she talked to the ani-

mal as she spooned chunks of meat onto a plate.

"All right, Spotty, here you are. Eat that right up and then you and I'll go over and sit some with Maddy. Maybe have some coffee and talk over the old days a bit."

The cat leapt down silently and began tearing at the meat with tiny, sharp teeth. The woman stood over him and smiled slightly at the pleasure of watching the cat eat. She must have been about forty-five years of age, but who could tell for sure. Her hair was streaked blond and the roots were brown. She had lively blue eyes, a large nose, full lips and high cheek bones. Eyebrow pencil had made her eyebrows arched, mascara had colored her lashes, rouge had reddened her cheeks, and her lips were painted pink. She was large and buxom, but had small feet which she boxed into high-heeled shoes. Her arms were flabby and white, her hands tiny and quivering, her nails spoiled by brilliant polish. Age showed through this pitiful disguise. Little crows' feet appeared at the edge of her eyes, her chin sagged, her neck was fat and creased with folds of flesh. Her face was deeply lined with wrinkles that came not so much from age as from loneliness.

Helen hated filth of any kind and was an excellent housekeeper. One could often see her dressed in a large gingham apron, with a faded bandanna tied around her head, preparing to clean. It was sad to see the little house so spotless, so empty, and waiting for some caller who would never come. She had tried, she had given teas for the ladies her age, but it seemed she had nothing in common with mothers and club members. Her only friend was a childhood companion, Maddy Hopkins.

She had very few clothes, most of which were fancy dresses (now out of fashion), which she had no occasion to wear anyway. Whenever she went out, which was seldom, she always wore a pair of white gloves. Summer and winter she wore these gloves, whether she was doing the shopping or visiting Maddy. It was an obsession with her to keep the gloves. The folks who knew of her smiled to themselves when they saw her bright white gloves. The dresses were left over from her youth, for they say she was beautiful as a girl.

The cat had finished his meal now and



began to lick his paws with his sticky pink tongue. Helen bent down and started to lift the animal in order to fondle it. But he was apparently annoyed at being disturbed and screeched, scratching at the arms that reached to pick him up. He galloped off with stiff legs, into the yard. Helen uttered a cry of surprise and drew back. She looked at the blood that spurted from her forearm. Then she stretched her fingers out and examined her worn hands with their throbbing veins. She turned them to consider the palms. A frown appeared on her brow. She crossed her arms and shuddered as if a chill had passed through her body. What was she thinking of as she watched the fall leaves sail to the ground?

Helen felt almost completely at ease with Maddy. Maddy knew Helen better than Helen knew herself. They had been friends for a long while. Maddy was a slight woman with coarse grey hair and extremely expressive eyes. They sat at the big round kitchen table now and drank coffee out of china cups which were slightly chipped. Maddy was repairing a torn shirt.

"I was just thinkin' this mornin', Maddy, it's been a long time since we was kids. I can remember the days when I was goin' with Charlie Stevens. What a bundle of laughs, what crazy things we did together! Don't put much stock in the young set of today."

"Can't understand how Harry manages to rip these shirts," Maddy said in reply.

"For example, do you remember the time Harry Collins and Billy Carlson had that fight over who was to take me home right in in the middle of the dance at the MacBean's?"

Maddy remembered but remained silent and let Helen tell the story she had heard many times before.

"Regular fist fight, it was. And Mr. MacBean came up to me and said, 'If you were a mite older or me a mite younger, I'd have started a scrap myself!' And how Mrs. MacBean was furious at me." She gave a strained laugh.

"What was it they used to call me, Maddy?" she asked, but she knew the response perfectly well.

"'The Sweetheart of Tulane County'," Maddy answered automatically.

"'The Sweetheart of Tulane County'," Helen repeated softly as if the words held some magical charm. Unconsciously she ran one hand over her hair.

"Listen, honey," Maddy broke the spell,

"Harry'll be home for lunch soon, want to stay?"

Helen had come back to herself. "Don't want to be any trouble," she said emptily.

"No trouble at all. Here's Harry now."

Harry entered the back door and a cloud passed over his face when he recognized Helen. Maddy had seen it and shot a warning glance at her husband.

"Howdy, Helen," Harry said with a touch of sarcasm in his voice. Helen nodded to his greeting. Harry sat his big frame down in a chair.

"Can I have a word with you, dear?" said Harry in a tone which Maddy clearly understood.

"Excuse us, will you, Helen?"

The two stepped into the dining room. When the door was shut Harry began, "Now Maddy, I've told you before . . ."

"Look at it this way, Harry," she interrupted, and continued in an explanatory tone. "Her dancin' days was the big thing in her life. She was pretty, young and gay, and had most all the fellas in these parts crazy 'bout her. And when her youth began to give way, so did her life. It was the big thing to her, but it didn't last. It's as though she was made and set down here on this earth to do just that, and when it was over, there was nothing left for her to do but think about it and talk about it. All she has left are her memories, those white gloves, and Spotty. Least you can do is be patient and pretend to listen. She doesn't come often."

"O.K. But if it gets too bad, I'm goin' back to the office," he said and returned to the kitchen. Maddy followed him with a worried countenance.

"How's your boss, Harry?" asked Helen amiably.

"Fine."

"I ever tell you he was one of my beaux?" she questioned.

"Married and has three kids now," Harry said flatly. Helen ignored the remark.

"Yes, Winny Stetson sure went head over heels for me. One time . . ."

"How 'bout some coffee?" Harry interrupted cruelly. Maddy flashed a look of anger at him from the salad she was fixing, but he pretended not to see it.

"He could say the nicest things to a girl," her voice dropped to a curious, low, sing-songy tone. Harry was again at the table. His lips were pursed, his eyes stern, a frown upon



his forehead.

"Said I was the only one for him, said I was the best looker, the best dresser . . ." She had a concentrated look in her eyes, she placed her hand at her throat and then slowly moved it over her big breasts, down her body as a soft caress. Harry banged his coffee cup down on the table and the liquid sloshed over the sides. He rose abruptly from the table, and started towards the door.

"Yes, Winny was the one before Jamie Patterson and Herbie Morrison, and all the others you had in the good old days . . ." the slam of the door cut short the bitter remark. Helen had fully understood. There was pained confusion and bewilderment on her face, like a child who has been caught doing something he knows is wrong. Maddy looked frightened.

"Honey, he was just being . . ." the sentence trailed off into space.

Helen's face was an impassive blank. Then

all at once she looked older and more tired than Maddy had ever seen her look before. In a fighting attempt to regain some of her lost pride, she said woodenly, "Well, I'd better be on my way. I have gloves to wash and Spotty to feed."

"Please stay, Helen," Maddy's voice was pleading now.

"Bye, Maddy."

The screen door closed quietly. Maddy was frozen with a dish towel in her hand. Footsteps died away, but Helen's voice could still be heard softly calling Spotty. Soon it was lost in the rustle of leaves being whisked long the sidewalks by an autumn breeze.

Bettina Burbidge, XII

*First Prize*

Upper School Prose

## FOREBODING COMES

Foreboding comes  
The sudden gloom of winter night,  
Chimeric is  
The pallid moon, cloud-chased in flight.

A grasping tree  
Leans warped against the maelstrom sky.  
The earth is bound  
In chains the gnashing winds defy.

The turmoil ends  
In gentleness; the moon is still.  
A snowflake drops,  
And others, through the halcyon chill.

Snow-petals fall  
Like flowers from a shaken bough.  
The moon is gone,  
And all is gone, but whiteness now.

Deborah Smith, X  
*First Prize*  
Upper School Poetry

## TO PAUL ELUARD

We are the courageous;  
We have shaped a new day  
From shivering reality,  
Lavender dreams, and white hope.  
We have dared to thrust it  
Into a fiery kiln  
And not look back.

Again, and still again, we must create,  
Sometimes out of the blood, or the chill,  
dull vacancy death,  
Out of hot tears,  
Of agonized pain, and out of Love,  
Until the warm and urgent hands lie broken,  
The kiln lies cold and empty.  
There will be others, then, to make the days,

For we have made a Life.

Jennifer Dunning, X  
*First Prize*  
Upper School Poetry



## WHERE OCEAN MEETS HEAVEN

It was late October. The sky was a clear, cold blue and underneath, the earth was humped, the green of the hills touched with the brown of fall. The broad-rolling sweeps of the land were broken by occasional farm cottages with fields stretching in the back and now and then a woods, bright with autumn colors, would jab the smoothness of the hill-slopes. And through all this, a road, dry and dusty, wound its way along the land.

A boy, not more than eighteen, was following the road. One hand was in his pocket and over the other arm his coat was slung. He walked with the stride of one who cannot wait to climb the next hill or reach the next bend. He was tall, slim, his eyes blue-green like the sea, and his hair, rumpled by the wind, was a pale wheat color and his face was flushed with eagerness or excitement or impatience — it was hard to tell which. Perhaps it was all three.

Few people were on the road. It was high noon and the farmers were in their homes away from the fields for the while, enjoying their noon meal; but the people who did pass the boy on the road were so affected by his quick easy grace and eager face that they smiled at him spontaneously and then wondered, "Who is he, and what is his name? Where is he from and where is he going?"

And some would even stop and turn, only to see him disappear behind a hill-horizon, following the road that led north-west.

The sun was well past its zenith when he turned off the path, and after a little deliberation climbed a sharp rise and once at the top, stood at the edge of a rock promontory and looked out across the country. With his eyes he traced the rises and dips, bright on the sun-side and dark on the other, and longingly strained to see beyond the last ones.

"How much further?" he asked aloud to the wind or the grass or the rock below him.

"How much further?" And in reply, a thrush warbled quickly. He turned and spotting it in the branches of a high oak behind him, questioned, "Aren't you a little late? So nice to hear from you, but shouldn't you be on your way? Your friends are gone and there you are all alone. Lady Winter will be here and you'll freeze in her cold hands with no one to know and no one to care. What do you think of that?"

But the thrush took no notice of his admonisher or mournful doom and sang on the leafless branch, and sang.

The boy spread out his coat under the oak and sat down leaning against the rough trunk, and ate. Finishing, he clasped his hands behind his head and closed his eyes. The thrush was quiet and so was everything except for the whisper of the grass and the brush-rustle of a dry leaf, falling.

Out of the stillness of the present he could hear his mother's clear, light voice calling across the beach to him, the beach in Lower Bristol when he was little, when he was about seven. He had been far down along the shore up in the rough jagged ledges where he had found sea water trapped in rock crevices after the tide had slipped out. Working his way along a new path in the eroded boulder, he had come across a small high-filled pool and had stopped to look at it. And he heard the barnacles breathe; each small shell-mountain in the rock basin licked at the seawater with a thread tongue and sighed a tiny ocean sigh.

He heard his mother calling. "Stephan. . . O Stevie . . ." He could tell her his secret. She would love to hear about the barnacles. "Stevie!" He could see her now — small, delicate, walking barefoot across the sand toward the sea-cliffs.

Her long pale brown hair shone in the morning light and she was calling a little louder now, "Stevie — don't hide from me — where are you?"



"Up here on the rocks", he answered and jumped down from a low ledge and ran to meet her and tell her his discovery. And she didn't have the chance or the wish to scold him for being away so long. And they had raced back along the sand.

Something stirred above him. It was the thrush again, moving overhead, and in the spaces of the crossing branches, the interstices of twig-bases, Stephen would see the bright blue of a clear wide sky showing through. The same blue, he recalled, as that spread over the ocean. And looking up at the sky-patches, he remembered how the dark sea beyond the channel curved to meet the pale horizon and how the cloud wisps trailed above on a windy day and how wild and sharp was the smell of the salt spray on his face as he stood on the beach and watched his father's ship, full-rigged, sail out to the thin line where ocean meets heaven.

Some day, he had thought, I'll be old enough to go with him. And we'll sail together out past Ireland to America and Canada and the Indies, that he has told me so much about. And he had walked back to the house to comfort his mother in the long wait ahead, until his father would sail home again.

He could remember the home-coming, months later, when the clipper docked in the harbor and the crew, with their heavy sacks slung over their shoulders, filed quickly down the plank to their wives and children. His father was last. As the captain of the "Waverly-Dune", David Kent waited until the entire crew had disembarked before he finally left the clipper. The wait was agonizing and Stevie shifted from one foot to another, and suddenly there was father walking towards them through the crowd in his graceful stride.

With a cry of delight, mother was running to him and he picked her up effortlessly with one arm and kissed her there in front of everyone. Then he swung Stevie onto his shoulder with an easy motion, and they had walked

home together down the cobbled streets, laughing and happy.

The next day he went down to the docks with his father to see the "Waverly-Dune". He had always been too young to go before. He climbed aboard happily and proudly, trying hard to match his steps with his father's. And he met the crew and shook hands with Kirkpatrick, the first mate, a large stocky man with long blond hair and a thick beard and a big gruff laugh and a heart as big as his laugh. He reminded Stevie of a lion - his long shaggy mane, his roar laugh, but no lion had pale blue eyes or was as wonderful.

He stood beside his father on the stern and listened as he told him of the distant islands and strained to see as he pointed out across the waves. And when he glanced up at his father, and saw his hair the color of sand and his eyes, green as the sea-deeps, searching the far horizon, all at once Stevie realized that his father loved two things most in the world - his lovely mother, Melinda, and the wide ocean, and that he would be lost without them. And suddenly the boy loved the stinging salt air and golden beaches and the channel leading to the sea, even more than he had before, and he longed for the time when he could go with his father beyond the little line where ocean touches heaven.

He walked across the wide oak deck with the foremast, mainmast and mizzenmast, three spires towering upward, and ran his hand along the smooth wood. And he thought of the day when he would live on the ship for months at a time.

His mother seldom ran with him on the beach any more and she was much quieter, and often when he came home from school, she would be sitting by the window, knitting, smiling and humming to herself. She was going to have a baby soon.

A week before his father's ship was due to sail, Aunt Eleanora came up from her home in Devon and tidied the house and ordered



Stevie and his father here and there and back again, any place where they weren't, so that they were thankful just to get out of the house and stayed away and crept in only for meals. A few days later, Aunt Eleanora told them that labor had started and summoned a neighbor to help her. David Kent didn't go near the house. He went down to the beach with Stevie and walked the sand. Melinda, Melinda . . . And walked the sand till the stars came out.

That night, Melinda died giving birth to a baby girl. And the child died, too, within the hour.

Stevie didn't believe until he saw his father's eyes black with grief and pain. And he went into his room and threw himself on his bed and clenching and unclenching his hands, asked God why? Why? And then he thought of his father, and he tried to pray the way his mother had taught him, but all he could think of was Why? Why?

The next morning he ran down to the beach and could see far off a ship piercing the horizon line, and he knew it was the "Waverly-Dune." He never saw his father again.

Aunt Eleanora was very kind and sympathetic and never questioned him when he had kept away for a long time. She stayed long enough to take care of the burial, sell the house. Then she took Stevie to her home, far inland, away from the sea and sand. And he stayed with her a year.

Then she apprenticed him to a clerk in a neighboring town. For five years he worked, reading and copying and learning, and he was a credit to his aunt — he did well. But his heart and his mind were far away. He would look out at the countryside with its hills and gorges and long for the unbroken sweep of the bent horizon. And he would think of his father and wonder where he was now and on which sea he was sailing and what land he was passing.

Two months before his indenture was complete, he received word that his aunt had died, died peacefully in her sleep and willed

him what little she had. His apprenticeship over, he returned to his aunt's house, now his, and thought of what to do.

And suddenly he realized that now he could do what he had dreamed of doing for six years. He could try to find his father. He would go north-west to Bristol and from there it wouldn't be too hard; there were not many ships like the "Waverly-Dune" and not many men like his father and he would find him and stay with him and sail the high seas with him, as he had longed to do when he was small. Eagerly he set out the next day, following the road that lead north-west.

Stephen sat up with a start. He had rested under the oak much too long and the sun was sliding behind a hill and the sky had the queer brightness of a coming storm. The thrush had gone. He quickly put on his coat and slid down the rocky ledge and onto the road again.

It was dusk and the greyness that would soon be black began to shroud the countryside. Not far ahead he could see a forest, shadowy and gloomy in the approaching dark, and the road dwindled into a path to enter it. Just as he stepped between the trees, the first drops of rain fell and the night-curtain dropped suddenly.

He hoped to be out of the forest before the rain was too bad and perhaps find an inn. And he groped on in the dark, blindly following the path. The rain was falling harder and faster, slashing down through the naked branches of the tall heavy trees, and the kettle-drum roll of thunder rumbled overhead.

Suddenly the whole heavens blazed with brightness, as a silver vein of lightning crackled down and split the massive oak above him. And it fell before he could dodge. He thought he could hear the faint high warble of a lonely thrush and smell the wild, sharp salt spray in his face, and he knew that tomorrow he would be sailing the high, high seas with his father.

Kristina Grondahl, X  
*Second Prize*  
Upper School Prose

## PROGRESS NEAR THE WOODS

These are not my woods, I say –  
not this hole,  
nor that tree,  
nor this path;  
no, not mine. I've gone astray.

The mud that clings to my shoe, I cry –  
is too dirty,  
is too brown,  
is too mean,  
to come from my woods. But I lie.

The brambles that claw at my skirt, I yell –  
scratch my face,  
prick my hands,  
hurt me now,  
come not from my woods, but Hell.

The creatures that dart about, I state –  
know me not,  
trust me not,  
love me not,  
are spirits not from my woods. I'm late.

But where is the old pond, I query –  
which had fish,  
which had ice,  
which had ducks,  
where we skipped flat rocks. I'm weary.

I should see the roof of the barn, I wonder –  
with its haylofts,  
with its pigeons,  
with its cows;  
but it's nowhere. They've set it asunder.

Good God! My farmhouse, my well, I shriek –  
my corn crib,  
my icehouse,  
my free fields –  
they've not all gone! I can't speak.

And close to my wonderful woods they build –  
trim green lawns,  
new white houses,  
gray paved roads.  
It's the playground of youth they've killed.

Bettina Burbidge, XII  
*Second Prize*  
Upper School Poetry



## THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

He sits  
With dreaming eyes  
Staring past the professor.  
He listens to the never-ending drone,  
And yet his heart lies miles away.  
The challenge of the mountains,  
The drive to conquer  
Lofty peaks  
Where none have gone before;  
This the silent message which he feels.  
It is the call that fills his restless heart.  
He sees the snowy peaks rise high  
Above the clouds;  
Their calmness, their serenity.  
He hears the silent language of the mountain  
Calling from afar.  
The strength and beauty of the hills  
Lie deep within his soul.  
I like to think of him  
In the classroom,  
Dreaming of quiet mountains  
Far away.

Kinsa Turnbull, XII  
*Third Prize*  
Upper School Poetry

When someone dies his friends all gather near,  
To lay him gently under sod and stones,  
And (wond'ring if the dead can overhear)  
Sit lauding him in hushed, appropriate tones.  
Thus quietly presiding at his wake,  
Rememb'ring every virtue he possessed,  
And, grieving at their loss, all undertake  
To glorify the merits of their guest.  
But while they honour the deceased with hymns –  
And cause a gilt impression to survive,  
They're criticizing others' faults and whims,  
As they did his, when he was still alive.  
    Could men but leave their hateful thoughts unsaid,  
    And praise the living, as they praise the dead!

Eugénie Rudd, XII  
*Third Prize*  
Upper School Poetry

I stand beneath the shade of former years,  
And rest within the twilight of the past,  
Surrounded by a web of growing fears,  
Whose muted echoes always bind me fast.  
I dread the searing beams our modern sun  
Sends forth to pierce the veil of my repose,  
And seeking to preserve the past, I shun  
The light, and every change its rays expose.  
But to remain alone opposing time,  
To live in false and worn-out harmony  
Is just to dwell in an uncertain clime,  
Where grief becomes the sole reality.  
    So I must face the sun – and thus abide  
    The quiet of a future eventide.

Eugénie Rudd, XII  
*Fourth Prize*  
Upper School Poetry



A whir and rumble in the distance, the sudden torrent of wind from the tunnel, and the underground train swept into Victoria Station, glided to a stop, flung open its wide green doors to the mass of people waiting on the platform and swallowed them whole. Each face, with its own peculiar mark of time and anxiety, blended with the others into the anonymous flood of passengers.

Charlie slipped through the door of one bright red car, and checked to make sure there wasn't a "No Smoking" sign on the window, before taking one of the end seats and pulling out a pack of "Navy Cuts."

His appearance and manner were different from the others' in the train. He was obviously an American (he wore a tweed jacket left casually unbuttoned, and a pair of fairly well-worn khakis), and a tourist, for, although he did not have the traditional camera, he was laden down with guide books and maps.

As the train sped away from the platform into the endless night of the underground maze, it seemed strangely hushed inside the car, despite the deafening noise of the roaring engine and clacking wheels. He was engulfed in the heavy silence.

He stared out of the window at the darkness whizzing past, and illumined it for one instant with his cigarette butt, as he flung it from the open window against the tunnel wall. The sparks jumped back at him, and were gone.

Stops at St. James' Park and Westminster, indistinguishable except for the name on the red rectangle appearing at intervals the length of the spotlessly tiled white walls. "A Belmont Frock for only 7/6" read the billboard. And then again the rush and creak to the next station. Change at Charing Cross for Northern Line.

Only yesterday he had forgotten to change lines, with her pattering constantly into his ear. Those silly little remarks which always made him smile and laugh inside! Here they had sat, holding hands, ignoring the stony glares of respectable London matrons and umbrella-ad executives. Only yesterday they had "been in love," and now he could sit here, and think about her objectively, and feel absolutely no emotion whatsoever. Now she would be speeding toward Southampton on the boat-train. It was completely ended.

There would be no sequel, no reunions, and, he hoped, no letters. Boston was a long way from Oregon, and he hated sentiment.

How could it be so simple to accept this fact? He couldn't explain it. And as the train came into Leicester Square, he lit another cigarette. As usual, he pressed the end of it between his thumb and forefinger, until it was flat, and fitted comfortably into the corner of his lips.

The green door slid open and the passengers of the Picadilly Line stepped down onto the platform and were replaced by passengers for the Northern Line. He sat alone, and then started when he saw her face coming through the door. No, it couldn't be she! No, it wasn't she, it was someone else. But she was sitting down beside him.

Just how reserved are these English people, anyway? he asked himself. "Good morning," he said to the girl.

"Good morning," she replied curtly.

But he was a "typical" American, easy-going, and friendly, and she was soon drawn into conversation with him. As they rode by Tottenham Court Road they compared the customs of their respective countries and by Goodge Street, she was telling him about the sights of London that he must be sure not to miss: the Science Museum, the Tate Gallery ("There's a marvelous exhibit there now"), and Keats' House ("It's so lovely and peaceful there").

"I'm getting off at Mornington Crescent," she said. "That's the next stop. I'm terribly glad to have talked with you. You see, I've been rather low lately. My boyfriend, Mike, is in the Services, and I hadn't heard from him at all, and I kept writing him, of course. I wondered what was wrong, and then yesterday I got a letter, and I don't understand it. He said he just didn't feel the way he used to about me anymore, and he couldn't explain why. It seems that just as soon as he left it wasn't the same anymore. He says it's all finished between us."

Whir and rumble, Mornington Crescent. She smiled at him, but as she turned to go he saw a tear slowly sliding down her cheek.



"Coming Home" by Bettina Burbidge tied for third place in the Upper School Prose. The *Link* editors regret very much that lack of space prevents their printing it.

The *Link* Board wishes to thank Agnes Rogers Allen, Associate Editor of *The Reader's Digest*; Mary Elisabeth Edes, an editor of *Publishers' Weekly*; and Robert Barnes Rudd, Tompkins Professor of English Literature at Hamilton College, for judging the literary contest this year. All manuscripts were submitted anonymously, and the contestants' ages were considered.

The Advertising Editor wishes to thank Judy Levin for her enthusiastic assistance.

All through the pages of this book we know  
The spirit of one person sheds a glow.  
Behind each witty line and thoughtful phrase,  
Lies one to whom we all give highest praise.  
We give our thanks to her who through the year,  
Has worked so hard that this *Link* might appear.  
For you, Euge, whose patience failed us never,  
Have given us a book we'll keep forever.

— From the Class



## THE STORY ON A LAST BREATH

Inside a small Alaskan cabin there was a group of heavily dressed men gathering around a dark form. This form was a dying husky. The dog was a very large one with a very heavy coat of silky fur over an enormous husky body. The dog was at the moment very weak, and he somehow seemed to stare off into nowhere. The men around him were patting him gently, and speaking to him in cheerful tones, but the dog didn't hear them or make a sound. The husky had just regained consciousness. As he lay on the bare floor, he recalled everything which caused him to be in this strange place. He remembered all that had happened to him.

The wind was howling down on them from the North. All of the dogs were in an open shed on an old piece of burlap. Then, they were all called outside, and there was a rush from the shelter. The dogs were soon feeding greedily on the raw meat. The husky looked beside him. There was another dog snatching up his meat. A feeling of ownership came over him, and he began to growl. The other dog growled back, and snatched up more meat. The husky then leapt on the dog, and they began tumbling in the snow. There were a few loud barks at first, and then they softened to deep growls. The two dogs snapped back and forth at each other. The husky then felt a sharp pain at his throat. The snow was stained. The other dogs had moved away, and they stood barking on the sidelines. The husky was not much affected by the wound on his neck. He grabbed the other dog's ear with open jaws, but soon let go. The snow around them was flying up, and the other dogs backed further away. Soon rapid footsteps were heard on the nearby porch, and then suddenly the husky was whirled against the porch by the other dog. That was all he could remember, because everything had blackened and faded

away. Then he found himself in a strange cabin.

While he was lying there, he began to grab snatches of things from the past. He remembered the running through icy snow while he led the team, but now that he was older he was put back. A new leader that was younger was put in the lead. He recalled the cracking whip above his head, followed by a loud command. He knew no other life than the one of a sled dog. He knew of the soft touch, and the tone of voices of people whom he was fond of, and was used to. Then too, he knew of the shouting and temperament of others. The husky's hatred and fear of those who had been mean to him since he had been a puppy had grown. As he thought of the outside where he usually lived a chill came over him, and he shivered. He was then covered with a warm blanket, and he heard a lot of muffled shuffling of feet around him. He felt the touch of a hand on his head while his glossy fur was gently stroked. Then, too, he remembered his first time being harnessed to a dog sled. He remembered how uncomfortable it was, and how he had struggled to get it off. He remembered his first time in the snow. The baby husky wasn't used to it, but he thought it was fun to lick and chew the cool wetness. Before he had been put in the snow, he remembered the warm rug by the fireplace where he had played as a puppy. Then he recalled chewing and tearing at the soft rug. Then even earlier he remembered trying to walk, tumbling, wobbling, and ending up, lying on the floor.

Then there came a sharp pain at his neck, and he thought how he wished it was his first breath instead of his last.

Melissa Tomlinson, VII

*First Prize*

Middle School Prose



## V FOR VICTORY

My name is Joel. I just had such a victorious trip as I guess no one has ever had before. Of course, that is my opinion, and my opinion probably (munch, munch) doesn't count very much (mmm, this cheese is good) but I say it anyway. (munch, munch). Oh, and if anyone was wondering what I am, I'm a mouse and I'm eating (munch, munch) cheese in the quarters of the Hungarian Mouse Patrolters.

It all started in Bunknil, a small village here in Hungary. My beloved wife, Pauline, and I were eating the most delicious cheese we had ever eaten, when we heard the master of the house telling his wife to pack a few things quickly, for she and the younger children were going to flee to Austria, while he and the older boys stayed to fight for Hungary. It was the only thing to do, he said. This was because the Russians were out to put down the revolt against the Red government, which the Hungarians had just fought. Those Communists are almost as bad as cats.

Pauline and I had known this was coming, and had already decided that she would go with the family, and I would stay home to join our Mouse Patrolters against the Communist rodents. Tearfully she packed a few necessities, and we came out of our hole and started upstairs to get in the pocket of a jacket of one of the people who were fleeing.

It so happened, though I didn't know it at the time, that we chose one of the pockets of one of the older boys who wasn't supposed to go. He was such a coward, though, that he begged and begged to flee with the women and children, for he hated war and fighting. His father was disgusted and ashamed, but was letting Vot, the boy go. This boy was awful. I had heard him meditating once, and found that he hated the Russians, not because they took away our freedom, as we did,

but because they interfered with his prissy way of life by making war. Vot's life had been prissy because he had been sick for a few years and had had his parents and even brothers and sisters supporting him. He was a coward all the way, for he never wanted to get better, and I hated him.

Before I would let Pauline get into the pocket, I had to get in and examine it myself. I made my way into the pocket, and, to my joy, found a hole that Pauline could slip through to get into the lining. I was busy making the hole a bit bigger (Pauline is a bit stout) when I heard a voice say, "I'm sorry, Father, but I hate fighting and am too frightened to stay." Then I realized that the coat I was in was Vot's. I certainly couldn't let my beloved Pauline go with such a coward. Why, he might drown himself in a puddle! I had made my way to the top of the pocket, when I realized that Vot must have the jacket on. I scurried, hoping that Pauline had clung to the jacket. Alas, and alack, when I stuck my head out of the pocket I saw Pauline with tears in her eyes, on the floor, watching me be carried away. I tried to get out to her, but Vot all of a sudden zipped up the pocket.

I was struck dumb with horror to realize that I was being carried away from my beloved Pauline, and *leaving* her to a probable death by the Russian Mouse Patrolters. I realized that unless I got out of Vot's pocket before we passed the Iron Curtain I would never see Pauline again!

It was about three hours later when Vot unzipped his pocket to put in some food. Even if I had wanted to eat, I couldn't eat much, for I had to leave some for Vot. Vot had forgotten to zip up his pocket, so I looked out. All along the road I saw tired, depressed people plodding along. Most of the faith and courage had long since left their eyes, and



their only hope was to leave this tired, beaten country. It was a sickening sight to see those half-starved people fleeing their home country and an even more sickening feeling to be going with them, leaving my country and my beloved Pauline.

Then, fired with hope, I decided to drop out of the pocket and go back to Pauline, taking my chances of death or meeting up with a cat — I looked down, and horror of horrors, we were crossing a river. Not being able to swim is, was, and always will be my besetting sin, so I couldn't jump out then. There went my last chance!

I sobbed myself to sleep, and only hunger woke me. I ate a bit of cheese and poked my head out of the pocket. Suddenly I saw a boy with a brace on his leg come limping up and tell Vot that a Russian patrol was coming up from behind, and since Vot was one of the older boys, could he come back and help defend the group? Vot hesitated, and then I guess he saw the other boy's eyes, for I certainly did. They were burning with a fire, a fire not simmering and quiet, but a fire leaping and spitting, a fire that was started by the desire to be useful, and also by hope, and courage. I guess it was then Vot realized what a coward and an idiot he had been. He burst out to the boy and said, "Oh, thank you from the bottom of my selfish, hateful heart for asking me. I realize now that I have been a selfish coward, using my sickness as a pole to push away the responsibilities of being a boy of a country that is being tyrannized, and also to push away the responsibilities of just being a son to my father and mother. I could have stayed at home and fought with my father and brothers, but I was a coward. Well, if you still want a newly-changed coward, I am glad to come!"

The boy had the most understanding look on his face. His mere "Come on, Vot, let's go!" showed an air of self-containment such as I've never seen before. I knew that from

then on things would be different, but I didn't have much time for meditating, for we were getting back near the Russian patrol.

It was a tough fight from the start, and if it hadn't been for the three Russians who came over to fight with us, we would never have won. In the midst of it all I saw a familiar figure climbing out of one of the Russians' coats. The Russian went toward Vot to hit him and was just about to step on my beloved Pauline when I jumped down and bit him on the leg! Of course it was for Pauline mostly, but it also saved Vot. The Russian yelled and fled. Vot had taken six guns from the Russians, so the boys and the three "converted" Russians won and sent the others running. The Hungarian group were nearing the Iron Curtain, so there wasn't too much danger.

That night, when we stopped to rest, there was victory in everyone's eyes. There was victory in the women's and children's eyes, because we were almost to Austria; in the crippled and sick older boys' eyes, because they had proved themselves useful and had beaten off the Russians; in the three Russians' eyes, because they had finally realized what it's like to fight for something you believe in; in Vot's mother's eyes, because she knew her son was no longer a coward; in Vot's eyes whether he knew it or not, because he had proved himself no longer a coward and was going back to his father with the three Russians in the morning; and finally in Pauline's and my eyes because we were together to say good-by, for I was going back with Vot. And *that*, I say (although my opinion probably doesn't count very much, but I say it anyway) is truly a reason to say, "V for Victory!"

Wendy Coppedge, VII  
Second Prize  
Middle School Prose

## THE WHEEL

The prairie schooner jolted,  
And began to move,  
Over the hard packed road,  
With many a rut and groove.

The heavy wooden wheels,  
Made broad and strong,  
Turned and moved the wagon,  
Many miles along.

He kept the oxen going.  
Leading his family west.  
Sturdy and determined  
Looking for the best.

She stood behind him,  
Firm, tall and thin,  
Smiling at her children,  
Who played within.

Through wind-blown grass,  
These wheels rolled on,  
The canvas covered wagon,  
Pushing ever on.

Rolling through flowing rivers,  
Carrying these pioneers,  
Who felt free as the water  
They crossed without fears.

The peaceful rumbling wagon  
Was disturbed by shouts,  
Flashing bright colors, screams,  
Then silence reigned throughout.

The wagon on its side,  
The wheel spun 'round and 'round,  
That carried them so far . . .  
No, not a single sound.

Lucinda Brown, VII  
*First Prize*  
Middle School Poetry



## IT'S COMING, ISN'T IT?

The sweet smelling breeze  
Floats through the valley,  
Where snows are melting.  
The snowdrops brush off  
Their winter drowsiness  
And struggle upward toward  
The warming sun.  
"It's coming, isn't it?"  
They cry to the first robin.  
In the forest the pine  
Needles give up a new,  
Fresh smell, and the  
Soft twittering of birds  
Fills the air,  
In the farmhouse the  
Music of the children's  
Laughter merges into the  
Whirring of the pigeons' wings.  
"It's coming, isn't it?"  
They all seem to ask.

Anne Tucker Ramus, VIII  
*Second Prize*  
Middle School Poetry

## MY WORLD

I have a little world all to myself,  
Where the grass grows high,  
Right up to my thigh.  
I have a little world to myself,  
Where the sun shines bright,  
The birds are graceful in their flight.  
As I sit under my maple tree,  
I watch, and I see a bee  
Gathering nectar from a flower,  
And then it sometimes starts to shower.  
And when it's time to leave,  
I do not grieve,  
For I know I have wealth  
In this little world all to myself.

Priscilla Mark, V  
*Third Prize*  
Middle School Poetry





# CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1957, being of our usual distracted minds and unco-ordinated bodies, whose songs and shows have given us renown, and whose laughter will forever echo through the halls of M.F.S., do hereby affectionately bequeath the following to our successors, the fabulous class of 1958.

To Sarah: The whole class leaves an anchor in hopes that she can weather the storms of M.F.S. longer than our other sea-faring friend.

To Matsy: Eugé leaves uncles, aunts, cousins and second cousins once removed, in case she tires of her own.

To Betsy: Nancy leaves a pair of high heels so she can be seen under the flats in the basement next year.

To Linda E.: Ros leaves a Univac chronological computer to keep track of the seconds before those University functions.

To Lisa: Sandy leaves a Princeton muffler to keep her foreign car warm when there's snow on Rosedale Lane.

To Sue: Susie leaves a terrific "Toni" Doll to try out her fab formulas before taking the big step.

To Ellen: Betsy leaves Shakespeare's Works to put on the shelf.

To Rada: Tina leaves the last dance note – to the "I-told-you-so's" of her class-mates.

To Nancy: The class leaves the Lawrenceville pond, trusting that she will have more luck in making a good catch than we did.

To Ann: Kinsa leaves her "Tweed Creed" and cravings for a "Bermuda Buggy Ride".

To Linda M.: The physics class leaves a movable pulley for a quick get-away from the S.S.R. window.

To Jinx: The class leaves Down-stage Left, in hopes that she will make as much of it as Tina did.

To Suzy: Eugé leaves a Lark for her aviary.

To Sally: Marianne leaves a Yale lock and a golden dragon to guard the door of her little world.

To B.J.: Sue leaves her broken harp strings for emergency repairs on her badminton racquet.

To Emi: Anne leaves a broom to make a clean sweep with her dirty boogie.

To the whole class: Mary leaves her car, to be used as a trolley when going up and down our scenic route.

To the whole class: Susie leaves the Flower Basket, trusting that they will keep the store in business.

To one daring Junior: Alissa leaves two square feet in cubicle 203.

To the unmathematically minded: Kinsa and Mary leave their astounding numerical prowess.

Witnessed by:



THE TWEED RING

Lester

THE PIKE GANG

BACCHANTES

CHARLIE BROWN





# PROPHECY

## A Play in One Act

### Scene I

SCENE: *The stage is bare except for a grand piano, a table with a telephone, and a few chairs. A door is indicated downstage right, a large window upstage centre.*

KINSA. I know what let's do! Let's give a show!

ROS. Great idea! You can write the score, and we'll try to get a hold of Eugé –

KINSA. And Mary can sing a solo –

ROS. And Susie can play the ukelele and sing – *(The telephone rings.)*

KINSA. *(answering)* Hello . . . Hi Eugé – listen – Ros and I have got a neat idea . . . it's really good!

### Scene II

SCENE: *The same as Scene I. As the lights come up KINSA is seen and heard picking out a tune on the piano. ROS is leaning over the piano, writing and thinking hard.*

KINSA. Dum – dah – no – We used that in "Brooklyn Babes," or was it . . . *(The door bell rings and ROS answers it. ALISSA enters, beautifully dressed as usual, and carrying a large, flat package.)*

ALISSA. Hello Ros! Hi Kinsa! *(She puts down the package and lights a cigarette.)* I was talking to Mary the other day and she said you were writing a show.

KINSA. We are! And we need your help. This is just going to be the best revue ever, and we want the *whole* class –

ALISSA. Sure, I'd be glad to help. I'm in sort of a hurry now though . . . When I was in Florence I got this print and I was just taking it to be framed . . . *(The telephone rings, ROS answers it.)* But you just let me know *(picks up package and opens the door)*. Good-bye – *(EUGE rushes in, glasses off, slightly haggard, carrying a large envelope.)*

EUGE. Hello, Kinny *(crashing into ALISSA)* – Alissa! I haven't seen you since the bon Voyage party – I hardly recognized you without my glasses! You know it was so funny – I was tearing down 43rd Street yesterday – You know I've got so much to do I'm absolutely going *wild* – and whom –

ROS. Hi, Eugé –

EUGE. Oh, hi Ros! Gosh, I didn't see you – I think this is the most wonderful –

ROS. That was Sue. She said she'd drive right over and would bring Anne, too.

ALISSA. Golly! I better stay *(Doorbell, ROS answers it.)*

ROS. Sue! Anne! and Nancy! Welcome one and all to the abode of the Muses!

SUE. Hi-i-i everybody. Practically everyone's here. Alissa!

NANCY. Isn't the snow great! I met Sandy on her way to the rink with Lilian, and if this cold weather keeps up –

KINSA. Well, Anne. How do you like your new job?

ANNE. *(blushing slightly)* I really love it – it's hard work, but it makes me so happy to know –



ROS. Sue! It's so good to see you!

SUE. I know — you look so well — (*and ROS does, of course, but blushes and tries not to . . .*) I was wondering if we might have one of your kittens, when they come, for the children — EUGE. Nancy, can you come to a rehearsal Sunday afternoon?

NANCY. (*looking doubtful*) Gosh Eugé — I'd love to, but I'll have to see if I can get Betsy Bristol to babysit for me.

ALISSA. (*looking out the window*) Here comes Sandy with — (*Doorbell, ANNE answers it.*)

ANNE. Betsy — when did you get here? This morning?

BETSY. Yes, as a matter of fact. I was so surprised when I got Kinsa's cable . . . I had just returned from tea at the Mitre where I'd been talking to H. L. Sawbridge. He's quite nice, actually, although his last book was terribly gross —

KINSA. Hi Bets! We're giving this show — (*Doorbell, SUE answers it.*)

SUE. Susie's here! (*SUSIE enters poised, smiling, hair impeccably arranged.*)

SUSIE. Hello, everybody. Sandy's parking the car.

NANCY. Hi Susie! Bobby said that Nat said — ROS. Would anybody like anything to eat? (*KINSA, EUGE, and NANCY try not to look famished but fail. SANDY enters.*)

SANDY. Did you all realize you left the door open? I could hear Kinsa's voice out in the street!

ROS. (*passing food*) Don't you think we better

get started, even if everyone's not here?

MARIANNE. Well, please don't start without me! (*MARIANNE, THEANO, and TINA have entered through the still open door.*)

BETSY. Our three A.F.S.-ers!

TINA. "Three little maids from the — American-Field-Service-Annual-Paris-Meeting are we. . ."

ALISSA. Bonjour, Marianne! Kalimera, Theano! Hi Tina!

NANCY. Eg! When did you get back from France?

TINA. "Filled to the brim with girlishglee. . ."

THEANO. Ros, I heard you were giving a play. May I usher?

ROS. Usher! You've got to design the sets! You see, we're doing a take-off —

MARIANNE. Oh, this is an absolutely mahvel-lous idea! Do-o-o let me do an imitation of — THEANO. Well, in Greece we —

TINA. Be a non-conformist, I always say! —

MARY. Girls! I'm here! (*She enters with several anonymous but attractive young men in tow.*) I was on my way to the Met when I got wind of this plan. I think it's great, and I only wish I could be in it.

ANNE. Oh Mary! You can't be in it?

MARY. I've got to go to Milan to sing at La Scala —

KINSA. But Mary! It's for the Class . . .

MARY. In that case, I'll stay! (*The Class cheers, the young men murmur.*)

MARY. Hush up, boys! We've got to rehearse!

KINSA. (*sits at the piano. The lights dim.*) One, two, three, four . . .

ALL. "Throw out your high-class music . . ."



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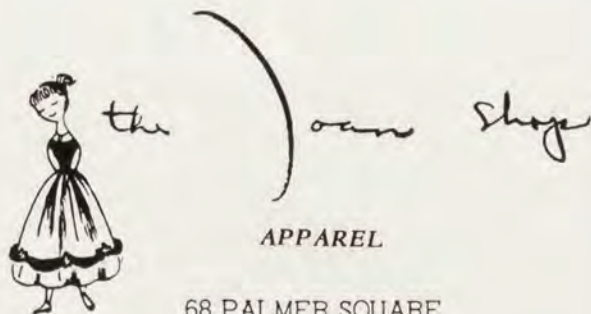
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