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1958



Campbell



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Editor-in-Chief  
SALLY TOMLINSON  
Assistant Editor  
LINDA MULLALY  
Layout Editors  
MATHILDE BEDFORD  
ANNE PRATHER  
Art Editor  
SALLY TOMLINSON  
Photography Editor  
LINDA EWING  
Contest Editor  
NANCY HUDLER  
Business Manager  
SARAH ADAMS  
Advertising Manager  
ANN LEA  
Faculty Adviser  
ANNE B. SHEPHERD

1958

Miss Fine's School  
Princeton, New Jersey



Shirley Davis  
Headmistress

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懶

If the farmer is diligent the soil will not be lazy.



For her charm and humor;  
For the infectious enthusiasm she brings to history and to life;  
For her consideration and understanding;  
For awakening our minds to the excitement and importance of the  
past in relation to the present;  
And, especially, for stirring in each one of us an intellectual  
curiosity, a desire and a need to think for ourselves,  
We, the class of 1958, dedicate this book to

## Bettie Lawrence

The grass does not move when there is no wind.

無  
風  
草  
不  
動



每一根草有一棵露水珠兒

草一露



Each blade of grass has its own dewdrop



要知心腹事，但聽口中言。

To know a man's  
heart, listen to his  
word

## Sarah Quee Adams

IX and X St. Agnes School, Alexandria, Va.  
XI Entered Miss Fine's School January, 1957  
XII Business Manager of THE LINK  
Activities Chairman  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Athletic Association Representative  
Chairman of Decorations Committee  
for Fall Dance

一  
勤  
天  
下  
無  
難  
事

Diligence overcomes  
all challenges



## Mathilde Hamill Bedford

- X Decoration Committee for Christmas Dance
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Class
  - Scenery Committee and Stage Crew
  - for TRIO ON THE THAMES
  - Library Council
- XII Co-Layout Editor for THE LINK
  - President of Library Council
  - Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS



前有車  
後車  
轍

When there is a cart  
ahead, there is a track  
behind

## Elizabeth Alleyne Carter

IX and X Beaver Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

XI Chairman of Activities Committee

Library Council

Jazz Group

Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for

TRIO ON THE THAMES

Chairman of Valentine Dance

Varsity Hockey Team

Varsity Basketball Team

Tennis Squad

XII President of Athletic Association

INKLING Staff

Library Council

Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for

DEAR BRUTUS

Varsity Hockey Team

Varsity Basketball Team

有志者事竟成

Be resolute and the  
thing is done



## Linda King Ewing

- X Secretary of Class
- XI Co-Chairman of Invitations Committee  
for Spring Dance  
Library Council
- XII Photography Editor of THE LINK  
Inkling Staff: Photographer  
Chairman of Ticket and Program Committee  
for DEAR BRUTUS  
Chairman of Special Arrangements Committee  
for Fall Dance  
Porch Duty Chairman



一寸光陰一寸金

An inch of time is an  
inch of gold

## Adra Elissa Dusenberry Fairman

- |    |   |   |
|----|---|---|
| IX | Student Council Representative<br>Junior Varsity Hockey Team  | Co-Chairman of Invitations Comm.<br>for Spring Dance  |
| X  | Library Council<br>Chairman of Invitations Comm. for<br>Christmas Dance<br>Junior Varsity Hockey Team<br>Junior Varsity Basketball Team | Varsity Hockey Team<br>Varsity Basketball Team  |
| XI | Student Council Representative<br>President of Library Council<br>Chairman of Decoration Committee<br>for Valentine Dance               | XII President of Class<br>Chairman of Fall Dance Committee<br>Chairman of Costumes Committee<br>for DEAR BRUTUS<br>Varsity Hockey Team<br>Varsity Basketball Team and<br>Co-Manager |

禮  
多  
人  
不  
怪

Men are not offended  
by a little extra cour-  
tesy



## Susan Joan Frank

- IX Prospect Hill School, New Haven, Conn.
- X Glee Club Representative  
Co-Chairman of Entertainment Committee  
for Christmas Dance
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club  
Co-Captain of Cheerleaders
- XII Alumnae Editor of INKLING  
Glee Club Representative  
Madrigal Group  
Chairman of Invitations Committee  
for Fall Dance  
Captain of Gray Team



事  
怕  
有  
心  
人

For a drop of kindness  
return as overflowing  
spring of requital

## Ellen Freedman

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| IX | INKLING Staff                           | Madrigal Group                           |
|    | Junior Varsity Hockey Team              | Jazz Group                               |
|    | Junior Varsity Basketball Team          | Scenery Com. for TRIO ON THE THAMES      |
|    | Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team            | Varsity Hockey Team                      |
| X  | Social Service Representative           | Captain of Junior Varsity                |
|    | Chairman of Athletic Association        | Basketball Team                          |
|    | Madrigal Group                          | Varsity Lacrosse Team                    |
|    | Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED     | XII Chairman of Social Service Committee |
|    | Varsity Hockey Team                     | Madrigal Group                           |
|    | Junior Varsity Basketball Team          | Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS        |
|    | Captain of Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team | Varsity Hockey Team                      |
| XI | Treasurer of Social Service Committee   |  |

良言一句三冬暖

A kind word keeps  
warm for three winters



## Mary Gerada Fulper

- IX Student Council Representative  
INKLING Staff  
Scenery Committee for QUALITY STREET  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- X Editor-in-Chief of THE FINEST  
INKLING Staff  
Cheerleader
- XI Student Council Representative  
Assistant Editor of INKLING  
Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Jazz Group  
Co-Captain of Cheerleaders
- XII President of Student Council  
Chairman of Properties Comm. for DEAR BRUTUS  
Madrigal Group



問道不喫虧

One does not lose by asking his way

## Nancy Wikoff Hudler

- |    |   |     |  |
|----|---|-----|--|
| IX | Vice-President of Class<br>INKLING Staff<br>Press Club<br>Tennis Squad  |     | Tennis Team  |
| X  | Student Council Representative<br>Co-Chairman of Publicity Committee<br>for THE ENCHANTED<br>Co-Chairman of Refreshment Committee<br>for Christmas Dance<br>Co-Captain of Cheerleaders<br>Co-Manager of Tennis Team | XI  | INKLING Staff<br>Co-Chairman of Costumes Committee<br>for TRIO ON THE THAMES<br>Tennis Team  |
|    |   | XII | Student Council Representative<br>Contest Editor of THE LINK<br>Chairman of Refreshment Committee<br>for Fall Dance<br>House Manager for DEAR BRUTUS |

海不據細流所以成其深



The sea is deep because it never rejects the tiniest rivulet

## Ann Porter Lea

- |    |   |   |
|----|---|---|
| IX | President of Class<br>Scenery Committee for QUALITY STREET<br>Junior Varsity Hockey Team<br>Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team  | for TRIO ON THE THAMES<br>Varsity Hockey Team<br>Honorary I Private School Hockey Team<br>New Jersey Field Hockey Assn.   |
| X  | Secretary of Social Service Committee<br>President of Class<br>Viola in THE ENCHANTED<br>Madrigal Group<br>Chairman of Christmas Dance Committee<br>Co-Manager of Varsity Hockey Team<br>Varsity Hockey Team<br>Junior Varsity Basketball Team<br>Varsity Lacrosse Team | Athletic Pocket Emblem Award<br>Varsity Basketball Team<br>Varsity Lacrosse Team  |
| XI | Secretary of Athletic Association<br>Library Council<br>Madrigal Group<br>Jazz Group<br>Scenery Committee and Stage Crew  | XII Advertising Manager of THE LINK<br>Blue Team Captain<br>Social Service Representative<br>Madrigal Group<br>Scenery Committee and Stage Crew<br>for DEAR BRUTUS<br>Captain of Varsity Hockey Team<br>Honorary I Private School Hockey Team<br>New Jersey Field Hockey Assn.<br>Varsity Basketball Team |



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If you don't wonder at  
the wonderful, it  
ceases to be a wonder.

## Linda Susan Mullaly

- IX Lawrence Junior High School  
Lawrenceville, N. J.
- X Invitations Committee for Christmas Dance
- XI Lost and Found Chairman  
Chairman of Special Arrangements Com.  
for Spring Dance  
Co-Manager of Basketball Team  
American Field Service Summer Scholarship
- XII Vice-President of Class  
Assistant Editor of THE LINK  
Madrigal Group  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS

# 操 泥 匠 不 拜 佛

An image-maker  
never worships idols.



## Anne Prather

- IX Junior Varsity Hockey Team
- X Student Council Representative  
INKLING Staff Cartoonist  
Denise in THE ENCHANTED  
Co-Chairman of Decoration Committee  
for Christmas Dance  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Tennis Squad
- XI Secretary of Student Council  
INKLING Staff Cartoonist  
Maid in HANDS ACROSS THE SEA and  
THE TWELVE POUND LOOK
- Co-Chairman of Decoration Committee  
for Spring Dance  
Jazz Group  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Tennis Team  
Cheerleader
- XII Student Council Representative  
Co-Layout Editor for THE LINK  
Assistant Art Editor for THE LINK  
INKLING Staff Cartoonist  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Hockey Team



是非只因多開口

Mischief all comes of  
much opening of the  
mouth

## Suzy Gorton Scarff

- IX INKLING Staff  
FINEST Board  
Scenery Committee for QUALITY STREET
- X INKLING Staff  
FINEST Board  
Leonide in THE ENCHANTED  
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED  
Chairman of Refreshment Committee  
for Christmas Dance
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club  
Assistant Director for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XII President of Dramatic Club  
Stage Manager for DEAR BRUTUS  
Madrigal Group  
Co-Chairman of Decoration Committee  
for Valentine Dance

眞  
金  
不  
怕  
火  
煉

Pure gold does not fear  
the fire



## Sally Whiting Tomlinson

- IX Scenery Committee for QUALITY STREET  
Library Council  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Athletic Association Representative  
FINEST Board and Art Editor of FINEST  
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew  
for THE ENCHANTED  
First Prize LINK Upper School Prose  
Varsity Hockey Team and Co-Manager  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI President of Class  
Athletic Association Representative  
INKLING Staff  
Co-Chairman of Scenery Committee and  
Stage Crew for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Madrigal Group  
Jazz Group  
Athletic Association Pocket Emblem  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Captain of Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Editor-in-Chief of THE LINK  
Art Editor of THE LINK  
Chairman of Scenery Committee and  
Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Honorary I Private School Hockey Team  
New Jersey Field Hockey Association  
Varsity Basketball Team



君子點頭便知

A clever man understands a nod

## Betsy Jean Urbaniak

- IX Scenery Committee for QUALITY STREET
- X Vice-President of Class  
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED  
Decoration Com. for Christmas Dance.
- XI Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Manager of Badminton
- XII Secretary-Treasurer of Class  
Co-Chairman of Properties Committee  
for DEAR BRUTUS  
Library Council

當著矮子別說短話



In the presence of  
dwarfs, don't use short  
words

## Emily Frances Vanderstucken

- IX Secretary of Class  
Varsity Hockey Team
- X Co-Captain of Cheerleaders  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Social Service Representative  
Madrigal Group  
Ch. of Refreshment Com. for Dance  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Glee Club  
Madrigal Group  
Invitations Committee for Fall Dance  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Honorary I Private School Hockey Team, N.J.F.H.A.  
Cheerleader Captain



路遙知馬力，日久見人心

## Berit Jansen

Distance proved the horse's strength and time the heart of man.

American Field Service 1958



"Berit" . . . "Oh, golly" . . . loves Princeton . . . hairbands . . . Scandinavian travel poster looks . . . enthusiasm . . . secret sparkle . . . dream on skis . . .

道  
燄  
以  
可  
火  
之  
雷  
一

A single spark can burn  
a whole prairie.



## Marianne Sonia Peskine

American Field Service 1957

"Marianne" . . . long hair . . . expressive . . . intellectual . . . jaunts to N.Y. . . . Parisian . . . "the crazy year" . . . Daniel . . . wierd theater . . . shoes . . . chic . . .





A'Lea



Linda



Mariae



Jinx

Carter-bee



Nancy

Ellen



Suzzy





Berit



Lisa



Su

Sas



Sarah



Rada

Emi

B.J.



Moe





サラ  
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"Sarah" . . . blush  
. . . sparkle . . .  
frankness . . . willing  
listener . . . engaging  
grin . . . earmuffs  
. . . Digger O'Dell . . .



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"Matsie" . . . day-  
dreams . . . sincerity  
. . . mischievous eyes  
. . . bright red crinolines  
. . . movie stars-male  
. . . impish grin . . .  
whistles theme from  
THE GLASS SLIPPER  
. . .

"Carterbee" . . .  
Peanuts . . . teddy-  
bear cuffs . . .  
sheepish smile  
. . . elephants . . .  
POSTURE . . .  
(Physically Fit)  
. . . orange life-  
savers . . .



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"Linder" . . . Harry  
. . . term paper in  
early . . . passion for  
driving . . . R.C.A.  
. . . doctor on her  
mind . . . ablative  
absolute . . .



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"Lis" . . . Naushon  
. . . "The Lady Is a  
Tramp" . . . cor-  
respondence . . .  
bustling efficiency  
. . . Jacques Barzun  
lecture series . . .



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"Su" . . . "Gadsareen-  
see" . . . "Ner" . . .  
class chauffeur . . .  
perpetual diet . . .  
multi-colored hair  
. . . shaggy sweaters  
. . . nicely coy . . .  
Langrock's . . . Gray  
Team . . .

"Mellen" . . . "Hi,  
folks!" . . . Princeton  
scarf . . . "my shelf" . . .  
dimples . . . good moods  
. . . giggle . . . Mahzie  
and Pahzie . . . wreaths  
. . . little kids . . . French  
enthusiast . . .



メ  
レ  
ン

"Rada" . . . thoughtfulness . . .  
"Morning, gang!" . . .  
tweed . . . poise . . .  
figure . . . ice skating  
. . . movies . . . seashore  
. . . sisters . . .



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H  
U  
D

"Huds" . . . Confederate  
. . . hard-top convertible  
. . . a Ford, naturally . . .  
bedroom eyes . . . "I don't  
mimic you!" . . . Home-  
stead . . . "Vogue" . . .



L  
E  
A

"A 'Lea' . . . red cheeks  
and dark hair . . . "Hi,  
dear" . . . The General  
. . . "Togetherness" . . .  
Ivy . . . APL . . . Blue  
Team . . . fickle . . .  
teasing . . . imagina-  
tion . . .

"Moe" . . . impulsive  
. . . mad scientist . . .  
laugh . . . pony tail  
. . . parapsychology  
. . . "Neato" . . .  
Danish pastry . . .  
"Pas paa peops" . . .  
illegal parking . . .  
her pet crow . . .



J  
I  
N  
X

"Jinx" . . . Murray  
Theater . . . eyes . . .  
smoked fish . . .  
raccoon coat . . .  
poodles-especially  
Circe . . . Strauss  
waltzes . . . artistic  
. . .



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K



S  
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Y

"Suzy" . . . "The Theatah"  
. . . conversationalist . . .  
cub scouts . . . "late  
again?" . . . birthday and  
swimming parties . . .  
chic . . . Anglophile . . .



S  
A  
S

"Sas" . . . green  
ink . . . teeny  
handwriting . . .  
honest-to-goodness  
blond hair . . . The  
Bug . . . LINK  
deadlines . . .  
Chatham . . .  
butterscotch sun-  
daes . . . scenery  
. . . dragons . . .

"B.J." . . . pixie haircut  
. . . sly humor . . . shore  
parties . . . license plate  
. . . that leg . . . Uncle  
Fuddy Duddy . . . Mindy,  
Shatzky, and Penny . . .



B  
J

"Emi" . . . Texas . . .  
goalie . . . neatness . . .  
infectious laugh . . . stuffed  
animals . . . "Crikey" . . .  
Siamese cats . . .



E  
M  
I



# 衆志成城

Men, not walls make a city



## J. H. Thomas

An honest heart begets an honest face

His bright smile. . .always cheerful. . .ready to help. . .dances. . .movies. . .snowstorms. . .policeman. . .always there to appeal to. . .milk lunches. . .that familiar pipe. . .

After fifteen years of service, these things bring to mind all that you have done for us. We want to thank you, Thomas.

誠於中形於外



(STANDING): Miss Hillman, Miss Cheston, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Conroy, Miss Davis, Miss Collins, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Burrill, Miss Campbell, Miss Haughton. (SEATED): Mrs. Fine, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Raubitschek, Mrs. Holenkoff, Mrs. Bodo, Miss Lawrence. (MISSING FROM PICTURE): Miss Blower, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Gordon.

## Faculty and Administration

Scholars are the nation's treasure

士  
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國  
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寶

(STANDING)  
Mrs. Brophy  
Miss Cashman  
Miss Weigel  
Mrs. Brown  
Mrs. Gulick  
(SEATED)  
Mrs. Busselle  
Miss Davis



# XI

BACK ROW:

Ann Kinzel  
Wendy Yeaton  
Jean Schettino  
Martha Strunsky  
Nancy McMorris  
Judy Levin  
Jennifer Dunning

MIDDLE ROW:

Lucy Ann James  
Dana Conroy  
Susie Stevenson  
Camilla Turnbull  
Marion Dean  
Debby Smith, President  
Gail Andrews

FRONT ROW:

Tinka Grondahl  
Nan Nicholes  
Abby Pollak  
Ruth Pessel  
Sue Robbins



# X

STANDING:

Joan Nadler  
Nancy Lavine

SECOND ROW:

Martha Thompson  
Judy Taylor  
Susan Carter  
Amanda Maugham  
Louise Scheide

Nancy Davis  
Sally Hagen  
Cathy Otis

FIRST ROW:

Pauline Mills  
Penny Hart

Liza Guttman  
MISSING FROM PIC-  
TURE:

Eileen Baker, President  
Susan Valentine



# IX

BACK ROW:  
Melissa Dilworth  
Cynthia Weinrich

THIRD ROW:  
Julie Cornforth  
Fiona Morgan  
Nancy Smoyer  
Ann Davidson  
Polly Busselle  
Cherry Raymond  
Peggy Wilber

SECOND ROW:  
Sandy Sidford  
Jean Shaw

Tucky Ramus  
Joan Yeaton  
Lucia Norton  
Julie Fulper  
Trish Ward  
Trika Smith, President

FIRST ROW:  
Tibby Chase  
Carol Armstrong  
Linda Scassera  
Elise Bruml  
Jane Rose  
Susan Lerner  
Jan Wilson



## VIII

### STANDING:

Susan Shea  
Judy Adams  
Wendy Coppedge  
Tassie Turkevich  
Claire Outerbridge  
Kit Adams  
Gail Cotton  
Mary Liz Keegin  
Charlotte Stetson  
Cindy Brown  
Win Dickey  
Susie Mathews  
Carol Estey

### SEATED:

Martha Sichel  
Kate Sayen  
Jane Scotese  
Paula Cook  
Toni Oppenheimer,  
President  
Kathie Elsasser  
Missy Tomlinson  
Barclay Baldrige  
Linda Maxwell  
MISSING FROM  
PICTURE:  
Sonia Bill  
Kitty Walker





UPPER SCHOOL, STANDING: Ann Kinczel, Anne Prather, Joan Yeaton. SEATED: Nancy Hudler, Susan Lerner, Ruth Pessel, Tinka Grondahl, (Secretary), Rada Fulper, (President), Nancy Davis, Berit Jansen, Louise Scheide.

## Student Council



MIDDLE SCHOOL  
 TOP ROW:  
 Missy Tomlinson  
 Cindy Brown  
 (President)  
 Anne MacNeil  
 Jay Edwards  
 MIDDLE ROW:  
 Sally Campbell  
 Linda Maxwell  
 Elizabeth Aall  
 BOTTOM ROW:  
 Cary Smith  
 (Secretary)  
 Cindy Bull

有理行遍天下，  
 無理寸步難行

With right on your side you can go to the ends of the earth; without it you cannot step an inch.

# 帮人帮到家 救人救到了



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE, STANDING: Stephanie Ewing, Jane Aresty, Cathy Otis, Kate Sayen, Frances Wolff. SEATED: Ann Lea, Abby Pollak, (Treasurer), Marion Dean, Ellen Freedman, (President), Penny Hart, (Secretary).

When you help, help effectively; when you rescue, make rescue real.

## Social Service

### VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE

Hospital  
Nursery School  
N.J. Neuro-Psychiatric Institute  
Church School  
Scouts

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Princeton Community Chest  
N.Y. Times' Hundred Neediest Cases  
Save the Children Federation  
World University Service  
United Negro College Fund  
American Field Service

### FUND-RAISING PROJECTS

Hockey game with Princeton University  
Pet Show  
Christmas Wreath-making  
Stationery Sale  
Faculty-Student Basketball Game  
Class Projects

### DRIVES

Red Cross Drive  
March of Dimes Campaign



INKLING, (STANDING): Liza Guttman, Susan Robbins, Joan Nadler, Peggy Wilber, Abby Pollak, Sandra Sidford, Sally Hagen, Polly Busselle, Elise Chase, Camilla Tumbull, Susan Carter, Gail Andrews, Nancy McMorris, Ruth Pessel, Jennifer Dunning, Melissa Dilworth. (SITTING): Nancy Nicholes, Anne Prather, Jane Rose, Elise Bruml, Judith Levin (Editor), Deborah Smith, Susan Stevenson, Dana Conroy, Martha Strunsky, Ann Kinzel. (SEATED): Jane Aresty, Jane Strunsky, Barbara Scheide. (MISSING): Susan Frank, Linda Ewing, Lydia Osborne, Susan Schildkraut, Lucinda Brown, Paula Cook, Joan Yeaton, Betsy Carter, Sally Tomlinson.

## Publications

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FINEST  
SITTING:  
Tinka Grondahl  
Debby Smith  
Eileen Baker  
Penny Hart  
Wendy Yeaton  
Gail Andrews  
STANDING:  
Polly Busselle  
Joan Yeaton

If you are near ink, you  
will become black.

精神一奮何事不成

An aroused spirit can do anything.



VARSITY BASKETBALL, BACK ROW: Betsy Carter, Martha Strunsky, Sally Hagen, Susan Carter, Nancy Davis. FRONT ROW: Susie Stevenson, Ann Lea, Sally Tomlinson, (captain), Lisa Fairman, (co-manager), Judy Levin, (co-manager).



## Athletic Association



VARSITY HOCKEY, BACK ROW: Judy Levin, Anne Prather, Susan Carter, (co-manager), Susie Stevenson, Nancy Davis, (co-manager), Marion Dean, Martha Strunsky, Sally Hagen. FRONT ROW: Betsy Carter, Nan Nicholes, Ann Lea, (captain), Lisa Fairman, Emily Vanderstucken, Sally Tomlinson.

### OFFICERS:

President, Betsy Carter  
Secretary, Martha Strunsky  
Representatives

Sarah Adams  
Susie Stevenson  
Sally Hagen  
Cherry Raymond  
Mary Liz Keegin

### MANAGERS:

Hockey: Susan Carter  
Nancy Davis  
Basketball: Lisa Fairman  
Judy Levin  
Badminton: Pauline Mills  
Tennis: Dana Conroy  
Lacrosse: Sally Tomlinson





## Library Council

SITTING: Win Dickey, Matsy Bedford, (President), Betsy Jean Urbaniak, Tibby Chase, Wendy Yeaton. STANDING: Joan Yeaton, Mrs. Roszak, (Librarian), Susan Carter. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Eileen Baker, Elise Bruml, Betsy Carter, Anne MacNeil, Ruth Pessel, Jean Schettino, Peggy Wilber.

他趕了一個散臺



PRODUCTION STAFF FOR THE DRAMATIC CLUB

<i>President</i> . . . . .	SUZY SCARFF
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> . . . . .	CAMILLA TURNBULL
<i>Stage Manager</i> . . . . .	SUZY SCARFF
<i>Faculty Advisers</i> . . . . .	MRS. JOHN BODO MRS. GEORGE SHEPHERD

CAST

(In Order of Appearance)

MRS. COADE . . . . .	JEFF DUNNING
MRS. PURDIE . . . . .	DANA CONROY
MRS. DEARTH . . . . .	DEBBY SMITH
JOANNA TROUT . . . . .	CAMILLA TURNBULL
LADY CAROLINE LANEY . . . . .	LUCY ANN JAMES
MATEY . . . . .	RICHARD BRIGGS
LOB . . . . .	ABBY POLLAK
MR. COADE . . . . .	THOMAS TRUMPY
MR. PURDIE . . . . .	HARVEY CLAPP
MR. DEARTH . . . . .	PETER RENKERT
MARGARET . . . . .	SUSAN LERNER

*Understudies:* Elise Bruml, Ann Kinzel, Sue Valentine,



He did not get to the theatre till the play was over.



Ice three feet deep is not frozen in a day



## Dramatic Club

*Prompters:* Julie Connforth, Nan Nicholes, Jean Schettino

*Scenery:* Sally Tomlinson (chairman), Jane Rose (assistant), Eileen Baker, Matsie Bedford, Betsy Carter, Sue Carter, Ellen Freedman, Sally Hagen, Nancy Lavine, Ann Lea, Pauline Mills, Linda Mullaly, Joan Nadler, Cathy Otis, Cherry Raymond, Louise Scheide, Jean Schettino, Alice Stengel, Judy Taylor

*Stage Crew:* Sally Tomlinson, Jane Rose (co-chairmen), Eileen Baker, Matsie Bedford, Sally Hagen, Nancy Lavine, Ann Lea, Pauline Mills, Louise Scheide, Judy Taylor

*Properties:* Rada Fulper (chairman), Betsy Jean Urbaniak (assistant), Polly Busselle, Ann Davidson, Penny Hart, Judy Levin, Trika Smith, Trish Ward, Peggy Wilber

*Lights:* Martha Strunsky, Susie Stevenson (co-chairmen), Sandy Sidford

*Costumes:* Lisa Fairman (chairman), Julie Fulper (assistant), Sarah Adams, Julie Cornforth, Nan Nicholes

*Music:* Sue Valentine, Emily Vanderstucken, Bill Michelson

*Make Up:* Debby Smith, Sue Valentine (co-chairmen)

*Tickets:* Linda Ewing

*Poster Design and Publicity:* Tinka Grondahl

*Programs:* Ann Kinzel



冰凍三尺不是一日之寒



## Music

MADRIGAL GROUP, STANDING: Emi Vanderstucken, Linda Mullaly, Jinx Prather, Lucy Ann James, Nancy McMorris, Ruth Lynn Pessel, Camilla Turnbull, Debby Smith, Sue Frank, Ann Lea, Martha Strunsky, Ellen Freedman, Sally Tomlinson, Rada Fulper, Nan Nicholes, Miss Hillman (at piano). MISSING from picture: Suzy Scarff.

# 背心上拉胡琴

To begin the study of music at eighty years of age is rather too late.



GLEE CLUB COMMITTEE: Emi Vanderstucken, president; Dana Conroy, secretary; Sue Frank, XII; Nancy McMorris, XI; Amanda Maugham, X; Tuckey Ramus, IX.

INSTRUMENTAL GROUP, STANDING: Sue Valentine, Nancy McMorris, Mr. Wells. SEATED: Lucia Norton, Cynthia Weinrich, Elise Bruml, Marion Dean, Martha Strunsky, Kathy Kilgore, Tuckey Ramus.





衣裳是新的  
好朋友是舊的好



New clothes but  
old friends are  
best



# The Rope

well. . .it's a rope  
just an ordinary rope that runs  
from the clouds to hell itself i'm sure  
and it's mine belongs to me  
and i've never let go of it yet.

you know i've even worked out  
a system where i can feed the baby  
and hold on to the rope  
at the same time  
would you believe it

i manage to set my hair too  
simply by hooking my elbow around  
this rope here  
see like this.

i remember a girl once  
who tried to tell me  
that her rope  
wasn't really a rope a-tall  
but a silver cord woven with cherry

blossoms can you imagine  
and in the spring she was forever  
running off to a garden leaving  
her rope behind to cut  
great long bows of this forsythia

which she held like this in her arms  
and danced around barefoot  
she was rather strange.

the last time i saw her she was  
running through the streets crying  
and looking for--well i guess  
she was looking for her rope.

i heard a while back that she'd  
died fallen from a cliff or a wall  
or something and that they'd  
buried her but no one seemed to know  
who she was so the children trained

ivy around the gravestone to hide  
its namelessness.

Sleep soundly, love, this night,  
Sleep, love, the whole night through.  
And may the moon's bright light  
And cricket's song  
Not waken you.

Tomorrow when you rise,  
Make haste and come to me.  
And under smiling skies  
I'll kiss you then  
Most tenderly.

I slept my last that night,  
I slept the whole night through,  
And with the dawn's soft light,  
And thrush's song  
I came to you.

You held me in your arms,  
Full sweet you gave a kiss.  
If only then your charms  
Had been less sweet  
I'd not have come to this.

Deborah Smith, XI  
First Prize  
Upper School Poetry

Kristina Grondahl, XI  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Poetry

## Lest We Forget to Love

"Captain Alberts, I'm Elizabeth Townsend. I'll be staying with the Gardners in the Main House. You may remember me. I was here with the Conrads many years ago. I was Elizabeth Dickey then. This is my daughter, Marianna."

"Yes, Mrs. Townsend, I do remember you. The island does not forget easily those who love her. We are glad to have you and your daughter with us."

Elizabeth looked at her daughter's very bored facial expression. Within herself, Elizabeth felt rather deflated. Gone was the happy part of anticipation. She had been looking forward to returning; returning to her "island home." Elizabeth had never been able to tell her fifteen-year-old and very lovely daughter of the love she held for this place. It was a love that was not even completely clear to herself, love that had many emotions in it. Elizabeth had hoped to have Marianna understand this love by living on the island.

As their baggage was brought down to the pier where the "Fawn" was tied up, Elizabeth began to worry more about Marianna and her attitude.

"Why, she wasn't even polite to Captain Alberts. She's making it as hard as she can for us both. Perhaps I was really wrong to bring her here when she was so against coming. We're so different. What was a very happy time for me at seventeen may be hell for her now."

Elizabeth guided her daughter through the "Fawn" out to the after-deck. There they sat down on the bench, familiar to Elizabeth, unknown, unloved by Marianna. As the "Fawn" left the pier, Elizabeth was momentarily overcome with nostalgia at returning to the place, the very house, where she had lived seventeen years before. For her, the island stay had been the happiest time of her young life.

"That happiness and sense of security and understanding went so quickly. Why was it all so brief and why did I lose all my values, my ideals? Those things that were so dear to me, the people who stood for my way of living, the ones I loved, I knew what I wanted, and I even knew what I needed, too. Why?"

These phrases went through her head as they had many times in the preceding years. Yet now, as she returned to the island, it seemed to her that she would

find her answer here, among those people she had loved then. Her purpose was twofold; something she had not realized until now. Elizabeth had suddenly realized that not only was Nashaweena meant to be discovery for Marianna, but also that it would be a time for healing and renewal of faith for herself.

Upon this discovery, Elizabeth lifted her head and looked toward the island. It grew larger in the distance. Unconsciously, Elizabeth smiled, and as she did, there seemed to lift from her face the worry that had plagued her for so long. Her face seemed softer than it had in years, and the traces of beauty seemed more pronounced. In her face there had been only the slightest traces of beauty, accentuated by the unhappiness reflected there. Now that unhappiness seemed vanished, and in its place was only the gentle sorrow that was always to be a part of Elizabeth. Sorrow that had come as the result of a bitter mistake at eighteen.

To the outsider, Elizabeth seemed to be a graceful woman in her middle thirties, who had a charming, albeit spoiled, daughter and not a care in the world. Her blonde head did not show the troubles she had been through, and her brown eyes were soft with love. But to Erica Gardner, her only close friend, she was a woman who knew the bitterness of a short and desperately unhappy marriage. Only Erica knew that Elizabeth blamed herself completely for the failure of the marriage. It was Erica who knew that Elizabeth had devoted fifteen years to Marianna, trying to bring her up as she herself had been raised. Erica knew, too, the defeat Elizabeth now felt about Marianna, and the sense of failure and unfulfillment that continually pursued her.

The "Fawn" continued on her way to the island, but Elizabeth was unaware of the distance that was being covered. She was too deep in her thoughts.

"How can I possibly instill in Marianna all these things? How can I set for her standards and values by which to live when I lost them myself? When do I tell her about John's and my mistakes? If only she can learn here on the island the secret of happy living; the simplicity and the understanding that we need to have. If I have failed, it may only be this island that can do it. If Marianna will open her mind

to it. And her heart."

Elizabeth now looked across to her daughter, who was looking at a girl sitting near her. Interest and disgust were written across Marianna's face. The girl was perhaps sixteen but she appeared about fourteen. She wore no make-up and had on dirty jeans and a rumpled blouse. She was talking to a boy of about twenty-five who conducted himself as a nineteen-year-old would. He was similarly dressed. The ages Elizabeth guessed with her "Gardner eye," for these two were typical Gardner children. They could easily have been Erica Gardner's husband and his sister of seventeen years before. Elizabeth almost laughed aloud when she saw the shock on Marianna's face. These were the children with whom Marianna would associate for the summer.

To divert her daughter's attention, Elizabeth spoke: "Marianna, look! That is the Main House. The red one with the widow's walk. The smaller is the Lodge. You can see the wharf clearly now."

Marianna turned her head slowly, lazily, to regard the house of which her mother now spoke so excitedly.

"Oh, Mother, I don't like it. It's quite ugly."

But Elizabeth did not hear her daughter's words, as she rose to see better the outline of the house she so loved. It was just the same. Seventeen years had not changed it. The porches were the same, and even the not-so-sturdy widow's walk remained. Elizabeth didn't know why she expected it to be different. But loved things do not change as love changes. Elizabeth felt relief as she gazed on the island, rapidly appearing closer and closer. These last minutes of the familiar ride contained all the apprehension and fear and joy that had been collecting during seventeen years of waiting. Of waiting to return to the place she seemed to fear yet loved.

The "Fawn" came gently up against the wharf and here was Erica, waiting, her arms open to welcome. Before Elizabeth knew it, the boat was already on her way to the inner harbor.

As Erica led Elizabeth and Marianna up to the house, she did not notice, Marianna's boredom, but only Elizabeth's worried expression.

"Bets, I know that you're apprehensive; It's been

seventeen years since you've seen the island or Tom." She accentuated the word Tom. Elizabeth turned to Erica, reproach filling her eyes. "Eri! How can you?"

"I can very easily, Bets. It's better for you if you just realize that he'll be here, and that you'll have to act like decent people. Basically you're the same people, but time does take care of a lot of things. Even love." Erica could say no more for they had come to the house. She only patted Elizabeth's arm and murmured, "Please, Bets, it will all work out. Even Marianna's problems will be settled here, I'm sure."

The three women then entered the house. Erica had decided beforehand to take Bets straight upstairs rather than let her wander through the downstairs, remembering and trying not to remember all at once. She had known it would be hard enough for Elizabeth, just to go upstairs.

"Bets, you're in your same room. Marianna is out in the wing. I'll take her with me. Come, Marianna."

Elizabeth turned automatically at the top of the stairs to the right, past the stairs to the third floor. She paused on the threshold. She drew a deep breath, and quite unknowingly a sigh escaped her. It, too, was all the same. The same twin beds. The bay window and the little desk in front of it. The same. She did not go in, but just stood there.

Across the house, Elizabeth could hear Eri talking animatedly to Marianna. She could barely discern Marianna's answering voice.

"Mariann likes her. I know that. With Eri to help, it can be successful. I am lucky, I really am," thought Elizabeth to herself.

Quietly, Erica's voice inquired, "Aren't you going in, Bets? It's been waiting for you."

Elizabeth turned around and stepped toward Erica, holding out her arms. They stood there a moment, locked in each other's arms before they separated. Neither said a word, for there was no need for words. What went unsaid was understood.

Erica watched closely as Elizabeth entered the room. It was hard to tell where or exactly when the change had taken place. Elizabeth's face seemed to Erica to be radiant as it had not been since that happy summer long ago when they had first met. Her eyes

seemed as deep and wise and they had been when Bets was a vibrantly alive girl of seventeen. But today they were wise in a different, more sorrowful way than before. At seventeen the wisdom had been trust and understanding, perception and sense. There had been the expectation of the joy and fullness of the life ahead. In those eyes as Elizabeth turned to Erica there now glowed the trust of the child.

"Eri! I'm home. I've not felt this way since. . . But it's so childish to feel this way."

"No, Bets, it's not foolish for you to feel this way. It's good for you. But now I'm taking Marianna with me to the Main Dock. You stay here a bit and rest." She turned to leave but stopped. "And don't think it's foolish. You love this place. I can only hope that Marianna can come to love it as you do. Of course, it can never have the meaning for her that it has for you. We'll be back for lunch."

An hour later the house was quiet, for everyone was off sailing and swimming. As Elizabeth slipped down the stairs she decided not to look about the house but to go out and walk to the wharf. As she came out on the porch, she was struck, as always, by the beauty of the view. It included Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod and Vineyard Sound. The sweep was breathtaking; it had never failed to thrill her. As she stood gazing at it, suddenly from the inner harbor there appeared one small gaff-rigged boat. It was pursued by three similar craft. Elizabeth watched them proceed across the water in front of the Main House, but far out. Those little boats evoked for her many sails, many years before. It seemed that nothing on this island changed. It was comfortably familiar. But more than the memory of the happy sails was brought back by those Herreshoffs. They brought back, clearly and vividly, the person with whom this whole island was associated--the person who had come into her life so briefly and yet who had changed it so completely.

Elizabeth watched the boats as they made their way, and she wondered if there were some other dark-headed young man sailing with a group of young Gardners. Elizabeth could see that dark head low in the boat, she could imagine those gray-green eyes watching over small sailors. Those eyes that said so

much: "Come talk with me, understand me, even love me if you must."

He had been a boy who, when you met him, impressed you with the strength of his character and personality. One always noticed his way of speaking, his sincerity and his frankness, before one saw his physical features. And the recollection of Tom did not hurt Elizabeth as it always had in these past years, so desperately, so deeply. Rather it made her feel warm and happier, younger than she had felt. Just as Tom himself had made her feel.

Elizabeth stood a few moments more, watching the boats disappear behind the island. It seemed all too familiar and she bent her head to keep from watching them. To her, it symbolized the end of what had been her great love. The end of all the love she had had for Tom. Elizabeth sank down on one of the porch swings.

"That has got to be it. It has ended without my knowing it. It may have been today or it may have been the day I left the island--and Tom behind. It had been so perfect. We were happy companions. As I look about now, I can remember so many things, so many incidents, all involved with Tom. I will remember them for years to come, but they will not be regretful recollections. I know now that we were too young to realize what would come, eventually, the wonderful understanding that we shared--and we let it slip away from us. Once we left the island, we each went back and resumed lives that had no connection with the other. His world was no longer my world. And my biggest mistake was that I did not come back directly to the island. If I had, then maybe I would not have lost that understanding of love and all the other things that I found that one summer. So it was that, in the confusion of lost love, I was loved by another. How I thought I could help John. My great ideals were to help him. And yet it didn't work out that way. We only hurt each other. I have only loved once, that I know."

The still figure seemed transfixed. Elizabeth was thinking, still, back over all the times she had spent with Tom. She thought of how they had learned all there was to learn about each other in that short time they had lived together. The one so blonde,

the other so dark. They had seemed to have no problems, no problems that youth and time and love couldn't straighten out. They shared so many ideas and ideals, all similar, on love and marriage, on religion, fidelity and all the others, yet they had never spoken of or to each other in terms of love; they knew that love would come to them when they needed it, when they would be ready for it, and when they wanted it. Elizabeth suddenly stood up and started walking into the house, almost unknowingly.

"I left this island, loving it and all that it stood for. The simplicity that I now want Marianna to find, the beauty of being able really to tell someone how you feel. Learning to share, but above all, learning to understand love and all that it can be. These are the things I learned here. And they are the same things that I lost when I married John. Marianna will never learn them, unless I tell her how I lost them. I will be able to tell her, at last, here on the island, of all I learned. I cannot keep from her any longer

the part of my life that is associated with Tom. It has been in such a short time that I have suddenly come to learn to live with what is past--or perhaps it has all been coming over me slowly. Oh, Eri, I can see it all now--how right you have been. I do not fear it any longer."

Elizabeth found herself sitting on the edge of the big wide couch in the living-room. Automatically she had come to the very room and the very couch where she had sat so many times that summer so long before. She had not realized that there were tears in her eyes. She, who never cried!

Outside, she heard footsteps approaching the house. She got up, her face stiff with the drying tears, and Elizabeth ran, lightly to the door. "Marianna, oh Marianna darling! Dear child, it's been so long!"

Elissa Fairman, XII  
First Prize  
Upper School Prose

## Hallowe'en

Do you hear those awful noises  
Around you in the night?  
The skeletons are clanking  
In the pumpkins' light.  
The witches on their broomsticks  
Curse as they go by,  
The bats with sticky wings  
Between the trees do fly.  
The ghosts are all out haunting  
While the goblins dance and howl,  
And in the trees above them  
Is the hooting owl.  
The devils with their horns and tails  
Are screeching all about;  
I don't know about you,  
But I'm not going out.

Jackie Hart, V  
Honorable Mention  
Middle School Poetry

## Joan of Arc the Maid of Orleans

Lads and Lassies, come and hark  
To my tale of Joan of Arc.  
In the little village of Domremy a peasant girl was  
born,  
At a time when the English swept over France and  
many a soul did mourn.  
She worked in the field and tended the sheep from  
the rise to the set of the sun.  
Alone in the forest her voices came and told her the  
task to be done.  
"To drive the English out of France,"  
"To crown the Dauphin King at Rheims,"  
This was the task the angels foretold,  
The task that made the maiden bold.

Lads and Lassies, come and hark  
To my tale of Joan of Arc  
The King of France was desperate, no stone would  
he leave unturned.  
He heard of Joan's visions and of her deep concern  
He gave her leave to lead his men, and dressed in  
coat of mail,  
She inspired new life in the fighting men as they  
followed in her trail.  
The Earl of Suffolk led the attack,  
With the sly Burgundians at his back,  
But the walls of Orleans did not give way,  
For the Maid of Orleans turned them away.

Lads and Lassies, come and hark  
To my tale of Joan of Arc.  
After the English defeated in battle, true to

her second command,  
She led the King in triumphant procession  
followed by all her band.  
There in the ancient cathedral of Rheims, the Dau-  
phin was crowned king,  
And softly the light from the colored glass glowed  
as the crowd did sing.  
History remembers not Charles the Seven,  
But Joan of Arc is remembered in Heaven.  
He was weak and blown by chance,  
But she was true and the pride of France.

Lads and Lassies, come and hark  
To my tale of Joan of Arc.  
Captured in battle by the English at last and  
carried away to prison,  
In the city of Rouen her trial was held, her trial  
by the Inquisition.  
The Church said Joan must take back the faith in  
her voices and vision;  
They were not from God, but the devil instead, was  
the verdict and their decision.  
Her faith in her voices she could not forsake,  
So for her belief she was burned at the stake.  
To make amends for the girl they slayed,  
Joan of Arc a saint was made.  
Lads and Lassies, come and hark  
To my tale of Joan of Arc.

Annie Clay Harris, VI  
First Prize  
Middle School Poetry

## THE OAK TREE

A light, dancing breeze played a game with a tiny lock of the brown hair above thirteen-year old Liz Ann's forehead. The warm moist spring air was laden with the fresh, green smell of budding trees, new grass and crocuses. A brief shower had just ended so the park was practically empty. A boy and girl were walking slowly toward the lake.

"Spring is the time for love," Liz Ann thought. "Wish I had a boy friend--or even a friend, for that matter."

Two girls strolled by, talking intently of those crucial matters about which only teen-agers know.

"I could be one of those girls," she thought. "I'm interested in boys, I'm not a bookworm. Everyone is just so interested in her best friend that she can't find time for me. Maybe I could go over and join them--get to know them--"

Suddenly one of the two girls pointed at the old blind man of 51st Street being attacked by a miniature poodle. They giggled and ran off.

"I don't think that's very funny," said Liz Ann, half hoping that someone would be there and agree. No one was, however, and a strange feeling came into the pit of her stomach. Oh, for someone to whisper those intimate thoughts to! Bubbling in her heart was that something that enables a person to fill in his share of a friendship; that trust, admiration, liking, that helps him to give of his thoughts and ideas to others--his friends. There was no one to give this "something" to, however, so Liz Ann went on.

Liz Ann made her way into the small wood at the side of the path, pushing wet branches aside, and brushing away the tiny drops of clear pearl which fell on her face. She found a riding path and walked along it, hoping that she could find comfort in nature--the nature that she had so loved and enjoyed before her family moved to the city.

When she stopped and listened, it almost sounded as if it were still raining. There was a quiet, hushed, peaceful sound of drops falling off glistening pine needles, buds and early leaves on to young, velvety green grass. Liz Ann stood and let the entrancing sound penetrate her whole body. It gave her a strange, uplifted sense of wonder; and when she went on, she was almost, almost walking on air.

As Liz Ann looked around her, though, she began to feel desolate, lonely again, for she noticed a strange thing. She looked at a glistening pine, and what was

near it, growing beside it? another pine. The fresh-smelling white dogwood had a pink one growing near it, even the honeysuckle vines grew two to a tree. Every plant seemingly had a friend, a companion to grow up with.

The sun drew itself behind a dark cloud, and the wood darkened, as if by magic. When the day darkens so, it always seemed as if God was displeased, as if he frowned, and thus overcast the world. Oh! to be able to tell a FRIEND all these ideas and dreams! Liz Ann turned, as if to tell Nature these sacred things, but each tree was beside one of its own, and the girl felt like a man in an alien country. Hers was not the hermit-like character of an old man, living in the woods; hers was that of a growing girl; one which thrived on friendship, confidence and understanding. She therefore could not be happy alone in the wood when she was alone everywhere else, anyway.

As she started to go back between the now somber trees, she spied a lone young oak in a clearing. Liz Ann felt a pang of friendship, pity for this young thing. "Ah, I know what you're thinking about, little oak," she said musingly. This tree was like herself; growing up outside private groups of friends, and having none itself.

Suddenly Liz Ann heard a noise behind her, and turned to see a girl of her own age moving shyly toward her. She had a look of friendship on her face, and was alone. Liz Ann felt hope, terror and happiness rise up in her heart. She suddenly heard herself saying, "Doesn't this oak seem lonely to you, standing alone in the forest?" Now that was a dumb thing to say! It was the sort of thing you would talk about only to your best friend.

"Isn't that funny!" the girl said. "I was thinking the same thing. There is a tiny oak over there that we could dig up and plant by it--that is, if you aren't in a hurry."

She understood! "How wonderful!" Liz Ann thought to herself. The oak would have a brother, she would have a friend, and everything would be perfect. "I have LOTS of time," she said happily. All of a sudden the sun slipped out again and a slight, warm breeze swished through the friendly looking trees. They walked off side by side--friends.

Wendy Coppedge, VIII  
First Prize,  
Middle School Prose

## Escape

The kitchen in Paula's Restaurant was hot and smelly. It rang with the clatter of dishes and silverware. A waitress yelled, "Two more burgers, Joe," and hurried out the swinging doors with her tray. Joe muttered something under his breath. "This is a stinkin' dirty place," he thought, "Stinkin' dirty." He looked over to the corner of the kitchen where his girl was drying dishes. She looked tired and her red hair was damp and straight from the heat. "Hey, Ellie," he called, "How long until quitting time?" The girl looked down at her watch and answered, "Four and a half minutes."

Joe wiped a trickle of perspiration from his brow and threw two more hamburgers on the grill. He was a tall, thin boy with dark curly hair which fell in his eyes. He was only seventeen and too young to be working full time. He hated every minute of it, and he hated the proprietor, Mr. Martinson. But tonight Joe would be free. Tonight he was getting out for good. He heard Mr. Martinson's hoarse voice, "O.K., that's it. No, sorry, we're closing up." Joey fixed the last hamburgers and removed his spattered apron. He walked through the back door, away from the heavy odors of food, grease and smoke. The night air felt good. He pulled out a cigarette and turned around in time to see Ellie bring in her last tray. She looked very thin and pale. Joey knew what she went through at home. He knew why she was tired. Who wouldn't be with a lousy uncle like hers. Poor kid! She really worked hard. But he would make it up to her. From now on he would make it up to her.

Ellie smiled weakly at him, wiped her hands on her soiled pink skirt. Brushing back a lock of red hair from her face, she walked over to Joey and said in a whisper, "I've got my bag; what time do we leave?" Her face held an anxious expression. Joey didn't look at her.

"As soon as we can get out."

"Nobody knows, do they? I mean you didn't tell anyone."

"Sure."

"Sure what?"

"Sure, I didn't tell anyone. What do you think I am, nuts?"

Ellie shrugged and picked up a dishrag. Slowly she started wiping the table tops. "Joey, you aren't mad at me, are you? You still want me to go with you?"

Joe nodded. "Of course I do. You think I'm goin' to sit in this stinkin' place all my life?" He flicked his cigarette on the ground. Mr. Martinson's voice resounded through the kitchen. "When are you two lovebirds going to do something? Get in here--we haven't all night. Come on, Joey, Let's see a little action." Joe's face burned with anger as he re-entered the kitchen. Slowly he turned, picked up a stack of dishes, and carried them to the washer. God, how he hated Martinson. He was glad he was getting out. He was doing the right thing. They would be married the next day in some little town. They would make reservations to stay somewhere tonight, and be married in the morning. Joe trembled with anticipation. He wanted the time to go faster. He wanted to get out. But it scared him. He couldn't believe that this was the night.

The waitresses were all leaving now. They laughed and talked among themselves. Joe watched Ellie mopping up the floor. He sensed that she was nervous, too. Mr. Martinson was leaving. "Lock up, will you, Joe?" Joe nodded and continued to stack the dishwasher. Mr. Martinson slammed the door, and they were alone.

Joe listened to the car pull out. His muscles twitched from the tension. He heard Ellie's mop bang to the floor. She was running for her coat. "Hurry, Joe, Come on. Joe swallowed hard and grabbed his leather jacket from the hook. He took her by the arm and ran to the light switch. He snapped it off abruptly and ran out to the parking lot. Joe whispered hoarsely. "Where in the hell's your bag?" Ellie pulled it out of the bushes. "Here. It's light. I didn't bring much."

Joe took the bag and they ran to the car. He backed out of the lot and put his foot down

hard on the accelerator. Ellie breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, Joe, Just think tomorrow. . ."

"Shut up, until we get out of here, will ya?"

Ellie laughed. "Joey, you nervous or somethin'?"

"Shut up, I said."

Joey was very nervous. His hands clenched the wheel so hard that his knuckles were white. He fumbled for a cigarette and finding one, lit it. The car rattled a lot. They were going very fast. Joe felt sick at his stomach. He turned the car down the side street, drove to a dead end, and made a left turn. They were on the open road. The car lights were dim, but Joe could see clearly. He sat back against the seat and relaxed a little. He noticed Ellie's silence and reached over to take her hand. She gave it willingly and smiled. "We're free," she said. "We're free from that stinkin' place." Joey laughed; his voice trembled. "Looks that way." There was another silence.

Joey started to think of Mr. Martinson. He wondered what old Martinson's reaction would be to it all. He'd miss having someone to pick on. Joey smiled inwardly. He thought of his mother. She'd be worried. But that would do her good. She'd appreciate him when there was no money coming in for her every week. Joey decided to send her some money when he got his new job. That's what he'd do.

Ellie looked out the window and yawned. "Joey, where are we going to be married?" Joey looked at her. "I don't know. We'll find some place. Are you sure you want to go through with this?" She put her hand on the back of his neck and scratched it a little. "Wait'll old Uncle hears of it. He'll be glad to be rid of me." She laughed. Joey looked away because it was true. "I think we'll do fine married," he said.

They drove on. Joey was scared deep down. He didn't want Ellie to know he was scared. Every time a car passed him, his heart thumped. He didn't want to be caught.

He knew he wouldn't be. Nobody knew about them and nobody would care. He thought about his mother and how she'd worry. So what? They were going to elope and be happy. Joey slowed the car down. They were coming to a turn.

Ellie turned on the radio. "What place is this, Joe?"

"I don't know."

They pulled up to a traffic light and stopped. Joe's head ached. He didn't know where he was, and he didn't care. He was scared and thought of turning back but he looked at Ellie. She was happy. The traffic light turned green. Joe ran his hands through his hair. He didn't press the accelerator. Ellie giggled, "The light's green, you idiot." Joe didn't move. Cars were honking behind him. He snapped back to reality and pulled over to the side of the road.

"Ellie," he said, "we're going back. We could never go through with it. I'm going back."

Ellie stared in amazement. "Joey, you promised. This is crazy. What's got into you?" She began to whine. "You don't want to go back to that stinkin' hole any more than I do, Joey."

Joe, no longer trembling, took her hand and said steadily, "Ellie, I know what's right. We're going back!"

Ellie started to cry. Joe was embarrassed. He backed the car around and started back down the street. Ellie pleaded, "Oh, Joe, I thought you'd grown up! I thought you were a man instead of a little kid."

Joe leaned over and patted her shoulder. "Look, Ellie, we'll get married some day soon. You're right. I am just a little kid. That's why I'm turning back." He pressed the accelerator hard. After a short silence Joey laughed. "You know what? We forgot to lock the doors of the restaurant."

Rada Fulper, XII  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Prose

## Honorable Mentions

Katharine Elsasser, VIII, is awarded Honorable Mention in the Middle School Prose. The LINK Board regrets that lack of space prevents their including it, but the story, "The Tunnel," appeared in the January issue of the *FINEST*.

Jennifer Dunning XI, tied for Honorable Mention in the Upper School Prose, and her story, "Jamie and the Pixies," will appear in the June *FINEST*.

### JUDGES of Literary Contest

The LINK Board wishes to thank the following persons for judging the literary contest: Mr. Gerrish Thurber, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roszak, Mrs. David Gordon, Mrs. William Lockwood, Mrs. Karl Illava, Mrs. Donald Peck.

The golden dragonne quietly yawns and goes  
Back to the lovely world from whence it came.  
The LINK is done, and, as the class well knows,  
Behind the LINK stands one particular name:  
The dragonne's keeper, the creator, Sas,  
Who has the thanks and love of all the class.

### In Memoriam: Katharine Metlar Gulick

For she has been a friend of friends - constant,  
cheerful and always kind. And while the many facts  
and theories we have learned these years may fade,  
we can never forget the warmth, the sympathy and  
the friendship we knew with her.

## Class Will

We, the Class of 1958, daughters of the dynasty of Chang, being of questionably oriented minds, do malevolently bequeath the following to the Class of 1959:

To Gail: Jinx leaves a treasury of captions for Inklings cartoons.

To Dana: Sarah leaves that incomparable French accent.

To Sissy: Emi leaves a pair of scissors and a three cent stamp, hoping she will someday tire of her tresses and leave them to an envious senior.

To Jeff: The class leaves an ivory tower at the end of a labyrinth, so that her wanderings during study hall may come to a good end.

To Tinka: The Senior Savoyards leave a correspondence course for her to give to her next P. U. flame, so that he won't flunk out.

To Lucy Ann: Nancy leaves a treatise on the Power of Negative Thinking.

To Kinca: B. J. leaves a specially printed Trenton bus schedule to help convince her mother that she really DID miss those busses.

To Judy: Lis leaves an abundant supply of Democratic spirit and energy, so that she may have better luck getting a Democrat into the White House.

To Nancy: Moe leaves a newly-invented, elevated piano stool to give a new lift to her practicing.

To Nan: Carterbee leaves a copy of her thesis and a battery of junior hockey sticks to ameliorate the Physical Fitness of American Children.

To Ruth: Matsie leaves her grandmother's house as a hotel for those big nights when it's too late to drive home.

To Abby: Ellen leaves a companion ticket to the Folies Bergeres for some night this summer, when they can meet for a social worker's convention.

To Susie: Ellen leaves her Princeton scarf and Lisa her Brown one, to complete the collection.

To Jeanie: Rada leaves a private railroad, so she can make it by the first bell.

To Debby: Sas leaves a bookshelf for her literary prizes.

To Alice: Su leaves a map of the Metropolitan Museum, so that she won't get lost among the murmies.

To Blonde: A'Lea leaves the management of the Princeton Field Hockey Touring Team.

To Marty: Lis leaves a pamphlet on Pomfret Pointers.

To Camilla: Suzy leaves the privilege of choosing plays without love scenes.

To Wendy: Linda leaves the presidency of the Early Morning Club with the suggestion that the club expand its activities to include serving coffee to somnolent third floor residents.

To the Class of 1959: The Seniors leave these words of advice:

"Don't walk on a tiger hill."

"On the eastern mountain tigers eat men; on the western mountain tigers eat men, too."  
Please tend our garden and feed our animals.

Written in the year of the Dog, 4056

Witnessed by: Garibaldi

Kubla Khan

(Golden Fly)

Mike and Liz

## Class Prophecy

The sun of the Orient, which has seen the rise and fall of many empires, now lends its rays to the dawn of a new day. The swift current of the Hwang Ho River, continuing on its aged and lonely journey, brings with it the beautiful strains of the theme from "The Glass Slipper." Can it be a nightingale? No - it's Matsie! A weathered raft with a sail of red crinolines gently carries the two young adventurers to the sun-warmed banks. Bump! Matsie's whistling comes to an abrupt stop, and Berit, awakening from her daydreams, exclaims, "Oh gee? we're here!"

The majestic Wall of China looms before them as they both hop ashore, and on top, balancing precariously up-side-down, is a curious little figure. The two climb up to investigate and are greeted by, "Idges, don't you know a yogi when you see one? It's me, Moe! C'mon, hurry up, we'll be late!" Unquestioningly they follow. The mad race comes to a halt as Matsie trips over a heaving mound of dirt. Puzzled, they turn to see a shiny shovel appear. As A'Lea erupts from the soil she says, "Well, I guess I shoveled too much in Princeton!"

"Gosh, the snow must have been awfully deep?" Berit remarks.

"That's true," A'Lea agrees, adding that, since she is here, she might as well stay a while and broaden her outlook.

A flurry of white cards floats past them at that moment, and they encounter Linda, madly trying to recover her notes for a survey of passers-by along the Wall. The cards fly out of sight, so she joins the small party. She explains that she would have offered them

a ride in her little car, but that she had parked it illegally on the Wall, and it had been towed away.

There is a sudden bend of their pathway into a shadowy forest, and a furious snort is heard. A furry dragon leaps onto the wall! He's lovely. Embedded cozily in his fuzz is Sas. "Hey, people! Help me hide him--a toreador is chasing him! Suzy charges from the forest flapping a scarlet cape and stamping her feet in frustration. "C'mon, Charge! Charge!" she challenges. The dragon whimpers nervously, while Sally tries to soothe him. "Cecil's afraid of red," she whispers, "he only likes blue. That's why he loves to fly." Rada then emerges, her skirts laden with flowers which she has gathered in the wood. She gently persuades Cecil to taste them, and peace thus re-established, they hurry on their way.

Approaching them in a mist of dreams is Jinx, waltzing gracefully before her prince, who pipes a wistful tune on a silver flute. "You're going the wrong way!" everybody exclaims. "But I'm going to my castle in the sky," she protests. "There's no time for that--we're late!" So Jinx is swept along with the crowd. Soon the gay procession is forced to halt, for confronting them is a great gap in the wall. But the gods are kind, for who should be there but Lisa, resembling a rather lady-like tramp and busily working on her task as Chairman of the Society for the Restoration of the Great Wall. She informs the group that she has just returned from a trip around the world, getting different postmarks to decorate all her letters. Deep down in the gap, two figures can be seen--Sarah and

her protege, Digger O'Dell. With blushing modesty, Sarah confesses that since she has become his manager, Digger has dug deeper than ever before. Linda congratulates her, saying "Oh, neat!" But the group cannot stay, and Sarah leaves her activities to join them.

Soon they are out in open country. The way seems clear--but, no, for on the horizon is visible a swirling mass of arms and legs. Their curiosity aroused, the gathering runs ahead to find Ellen and Emi surrounded by a crowd of shrill-voiced children whose kite-strings and pigtailshave become entangled. Ellen is patiently untying the knot, while Emi, standing on a stool so she can be seen, is determinedly teaching the children to sing "MoodIndigo" in Chinese. Rada finally calms the riotous proceedings by ringing her gong. With Emi and Ellen again in control of their charges, and Lisa insisting that the boys should be dressed in short pants and knee-socks, everyone hastens onward, in particular Emi, who is mumbling something about having a letter to mail.

All at once Suzy, practicing a new toreador step, falls from the wall. She plunges through the fragile roof of a tiny, perfumed pagoda. The cries of "I don't understand!" and "Gadsareenee, look what's happened to my house!" are followed by a sudden exodus of three distraught figures from the ruins. Suzy scrambles back up the wall, apologizing profusely, with Su Frank and Nany behind her. As they hurriedly journey on, Su proudly displays a lovely long black pigtail, which she has borrowed from Marianne to wear on a rendez-vous with the Emperor's son. Apparently Marianne has gone

into seclusion to get away from Society, and is studying foreign diplomacy and journalism techniques at the same time. Nancy trails behind the assemblage, gathering Dixie cups and sunbeams for her tan.

After a while Su screeches, "Oh, no, I smell food!-- There goes my diet!" Betsy pops up, exclaiming, "Of course you do--I'm growing my own PRIVATE garden-- smoked fish, pears, chocolate fudge cookies, Danish pastry, chile con carne, butterscotch sundaes--" everyone groans as she recognizes her favorite foods,--"And of course cigarettes and coffee beans," adds Carterbee. "And it's all mine! Now, Rada, about those flowers. . ." Her bargaining is broken off by the sharp yapping of a swarm of little dachshunds, with BJ in tow. "Look!", she exclaims, "they all have slanted eyes and braided tails, BUT they STILL bark in German!"

"No poodles?" asks Jinx wistfully.

"They ought to sit up straighter, at least," grumbles Carterbee and she is joined by an emphatic "Yes, it's absolutely disgusting." BJ aims a kick in the direction of her offenders, but her leg doesn't seem to be in kicking condition; she laughs gamely, and the group immediately picks up this mirthful attitude.

They then come to an understood stop, for the sun is now sinking behind the Great Wall. The beauty of the scene around them is overwhelming, and Moe sighs with relief, "I'm so glad we're not late." Berit expresses the feeling of everyone with her "Oh, Golly, isn't it wonderful?" But the last words come from A'Lea, who sums up the warmth and joy of the class spirit in reunion, with her toast: "To togetherness, gang. . ."



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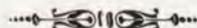
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