

THE LINK

1959





THE LINK

Miss Fine's School

Princeton, N.J.

1959

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Judith Levin

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Jennifer Dunning

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ART EDITOR

Gail Andrews

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Ann Kinczel

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Dana Conroy

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Wendy Yeaton

CONTEST EDITOR

Deborah Smith

ADVISER

Anne B. Shepherd





Because she is always willing to help whenever help is needed;
Because of the sincere interest she takes in each one of us;
Because of her graciousness, her charm, her great warmth,
and her never failing smile, which brightens the darkest of days,
We, the class of 1959, dedicate this book to

Janet Greenland Brown



with apologies to James Thurber

SENIORS —



- IX Properties Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Publicity Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
- X Properties Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XI Cartoonist for the INKLING
Art Editor for the FINEST
Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
Decorations Committee for Spring Dance
- XII Art Editor for THE LINK
Cartoonist for the INKLING
Chairman of Decorations Committee (for Fall Dance)
Art Editor for the FINEST

Gail Campbell Andrews

Once upon a time a filly lived in a very unhappy barnyard. All the animals were mean, selfish and jealous except the young horse. She was not only affable and generous but also understanding. She knew very well why the animals fought all the time and wanted to stop them. Finally she became just plain sick and tired and told them all off. Every single animal felt guilty when she explained their ills, and they all turned over new leaves. They were so happy that they elected her queen for a day. MORAL: It is better to have horse sense than no sense at all.



- IX Cheerleader
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
- X Varsity Tennis Team
INKLING Staff
Understudy to Mrs. Wadhurst in HANDS ACROSS THE SEA
- XI Secretary of Glee Club
Mrs. Purdie in DEAR BRUTUS
Manager of Varsity Tennis Team
Advertising Manager of INKLING
Chairman of Decorations Committee (for Spring Dance)
- XII Advertising Manager of LINK
Blue Team Captain
Madrigal Group
Porch Duty Chairman
Conveener in SKIN OF OUR TEETH



Dana Barclay Conroy

Once upon a time in the forest of hills there lived a pretty and very rare bird called a featherfoot. Everyone in the vast forest marveled at the featherfoot, and wondered what it could do besides sit on a limb and look beautiful. The featherfoot, hurt because everyone questioned her ability, challenged the greatest knight in the animal kingdom to a tennis match in order to prove her worthiness. Everyone was pleasantly surprised when the featherfoot scored a great victory.

MORAL: Don't underestimate the racket a featherfoot can make on a court.





- IX President of Class
Library Council
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Lacrosse
- X Instrumental Group
Library Council
Co-Manager of Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Lacrosse
- XI Social Service Representative
Instrumental Group
Chairman of Invitations Committee for Valentine Dance
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Chairman of Social Service Committee
Madrigal Group
Varsity Hockey Team

Marion Alice Dean

Little Boy Blue was tired, very tired, and he would have much preferred to lie under the haystack and go to sleep than work. But the sheep were in the meadow and whatnot, and there were lots of things to be done. So he just told himself that the nap under the haystack would have to wait and set about doing his chores. When his master came to make the daily check, he sure enough found Little Boy Blue working very hard.

MORAL: Young people are an awful lot more reliable these days.



- IX Honorable Mention LINK Upper School Prose
- X First Prize LINK Upper School Poetry
Library Council
Shepherd Word Study Prize
- XI INKLING Staff
Mrs. Coade in DEAR BRUTUS
Honorable Mention LINK Upper School Prose
- XII Assistant Editor of THE LINK
Ivy in SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Co-Chairman Poster Committee for SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest



Jennifer Dunning



Once upon a time in the land of elves there was an old elf who lived in the prettiest house of all. She had a mammoth library and she loved every single book which she read and re-read all day long. All the other elves looked up to her, for she was the very wisest. When they asked her advice on some very important matters she just talked to them about poems and the like, completely forgetting about the question at hand. All the young elves got carried away, and soon nothing got done in Elfland because everyone talked only of poetry.

MORAL: Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,
but what about today?



- IX Pelham Memorial High School,
Pelham, N. Y.
- X Shear Poetry Prize
Second Prize LINK Upper School Prose
Secretary-Treasurer of the Class
- XI Secretary of Student Council
Chairman of Publicity Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
FINEST Staff
- XII Layout Editor of THE LINK
Editor-in-Chief of THE FINEST
Chairman of Posters Committee for THE SKIN
OF OUR TEETH
Secretary of the Class.
INKLING Staff

Kristina Conrad Grondahl

A lovely, pert mermaid lived down in the deepest depth of the whole ocean. And she was so pretty that every octopus, whale, and shark was madly in love with her. But she much preferred lounging on her rock and playing with her silver cord to suffering their company. She was not content with her lot and would wish on her magic silver cord--or so she thought--for a handsome young man. One day when an ocean liner sank a nice, handsome, young man just happened to land right next to the young mermaid. And they lived happily ever after.

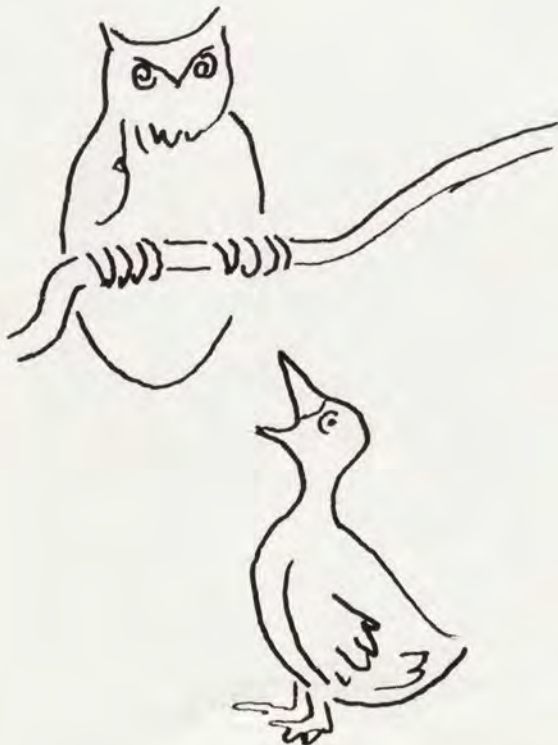
MORAL: If you pull hard enough on a silver cord, you will get your pot of gold.



- IX Madrigal Group
Cheerleader
Glee Club Representative
Make-up Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Usher for THE ENCHANGED
- X Madrigal Group
Glee Club Representative
Make-up Committee for
TRIO ON THE THAMES
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Library Council
- XI Madrigal Group
Lady Caroline in DEAR BRUTUS
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Chairman of Entertainment for
Spring Dance
- XII Class President
Chairman of Fall Dance Committee
Madrigal Group
Conveener in SKIN OF OUR TEETH



Lucy Ann James



Once upon a time a very happy goose came upon a wise old owl. The goose began to tell the owl about her many idiotic doings in the barnyard. The owl, who did not like the goose's loud and hurried manner, became very mad. The happy little goose was insulted, and, in her rage, she pecked the owl to death.

MORAL: When in the presence of a goose, don't get your dander up.



- IX Vice President of Class
INKLING Staff
Cheerleader
Little Girl in THE ENCHANTED
- X Student Council Representative
Cartoonist and Staff for INKLING
Kate in THE TWELVE POUND LOOK
Cheerleader
- XI Student Council Representative
INKLING Staff
Program Chairman for DEAR BRUTUS
Co-Chairman of Refreshment Committee
for Valentine Dance
- XII Business Manager of THE LINK
Chairman of American Field Service
Committee
Stage Manager of SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Program Chairman for SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Tremayne in SKIN OF OUR TEETH

Ann Stewart Kinczel

Once there was a handsome king who spent many of his green years in search of a wife. After scouring all the kingdom, he found a fair maid whom he asked, "Will you be mine in connubial bliss?" The poor maid, thinking connubial bliss was a kind of airplane, said she would not. When she found out what she had done, she hanged herself.
MORAL: Even in the language of love, it is best to speak the King's English.



- IX INKLING Staff
Library Council
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTEL
- X Business Manager of THE INKLING
Library Council
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- XI Editor-in-Chief of THE INKLING
Varsity Hockey Team
Co-Manager of Varsity Basketball Team
Honorary II Private School Hockey Team
New Jersey Field Hockey Association
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
- XII Editor-in-Chief of THE LINK
INKLING Staff
Chairman of Publicity Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Varsity Hockey Team



Judith Levin



There was once a smart and frisky young poodle who lived a life of luxury in a top-floor penthouse. But she longed to see the world and soon escaped from the penthouse. She roamed around to her heart's content, leading the most carefree existence until one day she heard the sound of music, and, being naturally curious, followed it until she found herself in a grand concert hall. The hall was full of noise and confusion. A stage manager ran by shouting that the famous singer who was to appear had broken her contract. But the poodle, entranced by the music of the musicians warming up, sat humming in a corner. When the musicians heard her, they begged her to take over for the absent singer, and so she did, and sang so beautifully that she was world famous by the next morning.

MORAL: Not all poodles lead dogs' lives.



- IX INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
- X Madrigal Group
INKLING Staff
Library Council
- XI Madrigal Group
Instrumental Group
Glee Club Representative
INKLING Staff
Head of Tables Committee for Dance
- XII Madrigal Group
Instrumental Group
Head of Tables Committee for Fall Dance
Props Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
INKLING Staff

Mary Amelia McMorris

Once there was a young squirrel who didn't want to gather nuts all day or play with his friends all the time. So he worked very, very hard every chance he had and fixed up a secret tree hollow very nicely. Every afternoon he would go to his hollow and listen for many hours to the bird's chirping, and these melodies made him ecstatically happy. There he would lie down and listen and think about all sorts of abstruse things, which he loved.

MORAL: Music hath charms to make an ivory tower.



- IX Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware
- X INKLING Staff
 - Properties Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
 - Cheerleader
 - Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 - Tennis Squad
- XI INKLING Staff
 - Madrigal Group
 - Costume Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Junior Varsity Basketball Team
 - Tennis Squad
- XII Class Representative to the Athletic Association
 - Class Representative to the American Field Service Committee
 - Madrigal Group
 - Co-Chairman of the Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 - Co-Manager of the Hockey Team
 - Captain of the Junior Varsity Hockey Team



Nancy Wescoat Nicholes

A very pretty and young turtle came north, having spent all her life in the South. She was an outgoing turtle and made her way quite nicely in the Yankee pond. Being suspicious of the Southern type, some of the other turtles were wary at first. They refused to let her do anything or even give her credit for what she did manage to do. But there was one turtle who saw through the others' folly and exclaimed to all Yankee turtledom that she was an honest and hardworking turtle.

MORAL: A Southern belle rings just as true as any other.





IX Library Council

X Library Council

XI Student Council Representative
Library Council

XII Student Council Representative
Gladys Antrobus in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Library Council
Cheerleader
Madrigal Group

Ruth Lyn Pessel

Once there was a shy canary who could sing better than any other canary, or parakeet, for that matter. But the shy little bird didn't think she could sing very well at all, and so she just sang little songs all to herself. One day a very influential canary overheard the shy one singing softly. He was so impressed with her lovely voice, that he insisted she sing a very beautiful song in front of all birdland. Every bird was moved by her voice, and they declared the modest canary the best singer of all birds.

MORAL: Sing a song of sixpence; there may be a future in it.



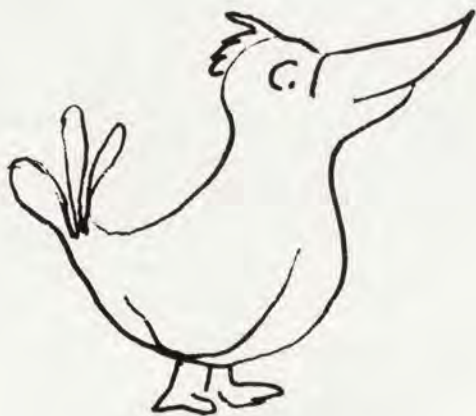
- IX Student Council Representative
INKLING Staff
Library Council
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
- X Class President
Literary Editor of THE INKLING
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Understudy for Piggy in TRIO ON THE THAMES
Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee
INKLING Staff
Lob in DEAR BRUTUS
Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team
American Field Service Summer Scholarship
- XII President of Student Council
American Field Service Committee
Mrs. Antrobus in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH



Edith Abigail Pollak

There was once a graceful swallow who lived with her followers in an airy cave. One year a troll came to warn them that the crows were preparing to take over the mossy dwelling for themselves. A few of the swallows flitted around in terror; others sulked. But the graceful leader set about the task of organizing the birds. When the great day came, she preened her long, silky feathers and led the swallows to victory. The news travelled quickly. The prince of the land was so impressed that he came on his white horse and carried the heroine off. His admiration and love for her grew, and he changed her into a human form so that she might remain happily and safely at his side.

MORAL: A head on the shoulders is better than a strong muscle any place.





- IX Junior High School #3, Trenton, N. J.
- X Trenton Central High School, Trenton, N. J.
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of the Class
INKLING Staff
Calligrapher for THE FINEST
- XII Editor-in-Chief of THE INKLING
Chairman of Scenery Committee
for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

Susan Joan Robbins

The absent-minded rooster skittered swiftly down the barnyard road, leaving clouds of dust and flurries of feathers behind him. Actually, he had it in his mind to make an important call on Gladys at the edge of the thicket, and he was concentrating very hard on this purpose as he was apt to let his mind fly to other concerns. Suddenly, he saw the old slink-weasel slithering up to the root of the tree where Gladys sat. Horrified, he garbled forth his well-thought-up proverb--"When danger approaches, the rooster crows" and he let forth a magnificent, sonorous cry. Gladys hopped up her tree just before the weasel could close his waiting jaws upon her.

MORAL: A wagging tongue often brings forth much more than idle gossip.



- IX Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Library Council
- X Usher for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XI Library Council
Prompter for DEAR BRUTUS
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
Cheerleader
- XII President of the Library Council
Treasurer of Class
Co-Captain of Cheerleaders
Chairman of the Invitations Committee for Fall Dance



Jean Ellen Schettino

Once upon a time a little koala bear, who lived in a treetop, laughed too hard and fell out. She landed in a foreign country, where no one had ever seen a koala bear. Everyone stared at her and soon she burst into tears. When they saw her crying the strangers were no longer afraid, and began to love the little bear. They built her a house of her own, where she lived happily ever after.

MORAL: Grin and bear it.





Deborah Moyne Smith

- IX Student Council Representative
Library Council
FINEST Staff
INKLING Staff
Chairman of Make-up Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Costume Committee for THE ENCHANTED
First Prize LINK Upper School Poetry
- X Student Council Representative
Social Service Secretary
Library Council Member
INKLING Staff and INKLING literary staff
Chairman of Make-up Committee for TRIO on the THAMES
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
Madrigal Group
Properties Committee for TRIO on the THAMES
TIME Current Affairs Test Prize, IX-X
First Prize LINK Upper School Poetry
- XI Class President
Assistant Editor of INKLING
Chairman of the American Field Service Committee
Madrigal Group
FINEST Staff
Mrs. Dearth in DEAR BRUTUS
Chairman of Make-up Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
Chairman of Senior Dance
First Prize LINK Upper School Poetry
- XII American Field Service Scholar--Nice--First Semester
Contest Editor of THE LINK
National Merit Scholarship Certificate Winner

Once there was an extremely wise owl, who was supposed to have the power of magical words. One day one of the animals in the forest, in which the owl lived, proclaimed himself dictator of the forest. The owl, who loved freedom dearly, went into hiding and soon almost everyone forgot about him. Presently a green witch, who happened to be passing through, cast a spell upon the forest and marsh gasses permeated it. The animals, in a panic, began to flee. One field mouse, who remembered the owl, went to see him and found the wise bird silently meditating, unaware of the danger. The owl came out immediately to his familiar perch when he heard the news. The animals were no longer afraid because they trusted the owl. He uttered a strange, magical word, and in an instant the marsh gasses disappeared and sunshine flooded the forest.

MORAL: A word in time saves--



- IX Library Council
- X Social Service Representative
Chairman of AA Lost and Found
Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
Stage Crew for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XI Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS
"One Man" Art Exhibition
- XII Social Service Representative
Library Council
Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Stage Crew for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH



Alice Anne Stengel



There once was a cricket who lived smack in the center of a rush-grown, grass-blown jungle of the underbrush. And he sat plink in the middle and chirped and chirped. Then one morning, after he had sung all night, he looked up and found that all the beetles, grasshoppers, and moths had gathered round and were listening--or, at least, they were pretending to listen. Suddenly they all interrupted at once, and asked, "What are you doing? What, what, what?" And the cricket was so amazed that he stopped completely and said, "Why, can't you see? Can't you tell?" And they all chorused back, "No, no, no!" This so upset the cricket that he crouched down low, and with one curving leap, sprang out of the brush away from all the senseless bugs and landed on a lilac leaf. And there he stayed and sang, happy and quiet.

MORAL: It's quite cricket to hop out of the thicket.



- IX Stage Crew for THE ENCHANTED
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Vice-President of class
Sports Editor of INKLING
Co-Chairman Lights Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
Junior Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
Tennis Team
- XI Athletic Association Representative
Business Manager of INKLING
Co-Chairman Lights Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
Varsity Hockey Team
Varsity Basketball Team
Tennis Team
Chairman of Invitations Committee for Spring Dance
- XII President of Athletic Association
Library Council
Co-Chairman Lights Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Varsity Hockey Team
Chairman of Entertainment Committee for Fall Dance

Susan Stevenson

There was once a sprite who lived in a gloomy glen, and for some reason she stayed always out of sight, sitting under an apple basket. Morning came and the sun would glow upon the world--but not in the dark den, for the pines were so tall, the branches so thick and the vines so matted, that not a ray of light could pierce the shades of the forest. The creatures skittered around in the dark, remembering a time when life was less shadowy, and longing hopefully for a brighter future. Then one day in the midst of its dim scurryings, an animal bumped into the apple basket and knocked it right over. And suddenly the glen lit up in a dazzle, and everyone turned to the brilliance, amazed. For there, sitting delighted in an aura of brightness, was the sprite, shining out like a small sun.

MORAL: Don't hide your light under a bushel.



- IX Representative to Athletic Association
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Junior Varsity Basketball Team
 - Varsity Lacrosse Team
 - Lights Committee for THE ENCHANTED
- X Secretary of Activities Committee
 - Sports Editor of INKLING
 - Madrigal Group
 - Co-Chairman Lights Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
 - Manager of Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Manager of Tennis Team
 - Athletic Pocket Award
- XI Secretary of the Athletic Association
 - Sports Editor of INKLING
 - Madrigal Group
 - Instrumental Group
 - Co-Chairman Lights Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
 - Varsity Hockey Team
 - Varsity Basketball Team
 - Tennis Team
 - Honorary II Private School Hockey Team
 - North Jersey Field Hockey Association
- XII President of Glee Club
 - Exchange Editor of THE INKLING
 - Captain of Gray Team
 - Library Council
 - Madrigal Group
 - Instrumental Group
 - Co-Chairman of Lights Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 - Conveener in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 - Captain of Varsity Hockey Team
 - Co-Manager of Basketball Team
 - Honorary I Private School Hockey Team,
 - North Jersey Field Hockey Association



Martha Louise Strunsky

The kingdom was all excited about the treasure hunt. And they should have been, because it was no ordinary treasure hunt. Behind a great iron door was an enormous treasure, so far unattainable. The door was locked securely and there was no key in the whole land which could open it. The king, eager to lay his hands on the riches, offered a great reward to anyone who could make a key to open the door. Knights and nobles came to him with gold, silver, and even jeweled keys, but alas, not one could open it. One day a lovely yet simple maid appeared at the court with a very plain ivory key which, to everyone's amazement, fitted the lock perfectly and released the treasure at last.

MORAL: An ivory key can unlock the door to many things.





- IX Social Service Representative
Alternate in *THE ENCHANTED*
Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Athletic Association Representative
Lady Sims in *THE TWELVE POUND LOOK*
Madrigal Group
Varsity Hockey Team
Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club
Dramatic Editor of *THE INKLING*
Joanna Trout in *DEAR BRUTUS*
Madrigal Group
Shear Poetry Prize
Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest, Second Place (in New Jersey)
- XII President of Dramatic Club
Dramatic Editor of *THE INKLING*
Fortune Teller in *THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH*
Madrigal Group

Camilla Turnbull

One summer, and not so long ago, there lived a katydid in a bright and silent garden. By day she sat beneath an awning of flowers in a pool of yellow, rose and amber light, but when it darkened, she flew to the top of a green tree and her evening song shimmered on the still air and into the warming night. But slowly it grew cooler, and looking around she saw that the leaves were blazing color and a hundred chestnuts had fallen. Then one night there was no singing. They found her pale shell in the corner of the garden, but it had no wings. Only a few could understand why she could not leave her wings behind, though no one knew where she had gone.

MORAL: The poet carries her fortune with her.



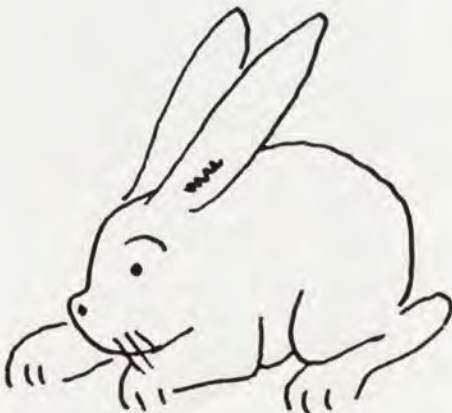
- IX Scenery Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Make-up Committee for THE ENCHANTED
Usher for THE ENCHANTED
- X Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES
Usher for TRIO ON THE THAMES
- XI Vice-President of Class
Chairman of AA Lost and Found
Library Council
Cheerleader
Typist for the FINEST
Chairman of the Refreshment Committee for the Spring Dance
Publicity Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
- XII Student Council Representative
Photography Editor for THE LINK
Co-Captain of Cheerleaders
Library Council
Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Stage Crew for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Chairman of Pictures, Proctor, and Chaperons for Fall Dance



Wendy Ann Yeaton

One cold day in autumn, a little boy came upon a rabbit and a squirrel, both preparing for the hard winter months ahead. The boy was sorry for them and offered to one of them the warmth and comfort of his house for the winter. Both animals, on hearing this, shook all over with eagerness. The squirrel fluffed his tail and chattered to the boy on and on about what a worthy creature he was, how he was the best and busiest squirrel in the neighborhood. Then the little grey beast began reciting numbers and difficult combination of numbers to impress the boy who offered his home. The rabbit made no move and no sound, but happily dreamed of a warm fireside and gazed at the little boy quietly. Looking apologetically at the squirrel, the boy picked up the rabbit and carried it home.

MORAL: Just because rabbits don't chatter, don't think they are not saying something.





TURKEY

Güliz Sarmat

Our AFS student from exotic Turkey . . . haunts the
gym piano and the third floor Music Listening Room . . .
interest in history . . . infrequent pony tail . . . lovely eyes
. . . graceful . . . good with children . . . understanding . . .
sudden smile . . . quick sense of humor . . . loyalty . . .
"Thank you so much" . . . future musician





Pinka

Wendy



Robbie



Debby

Gayle



Sissy





Blonde



Judeo



Camilla



Nancy

Lince



Alice



Jeff





Jessy



Marta



Nau

Goosey



Poof



Dana



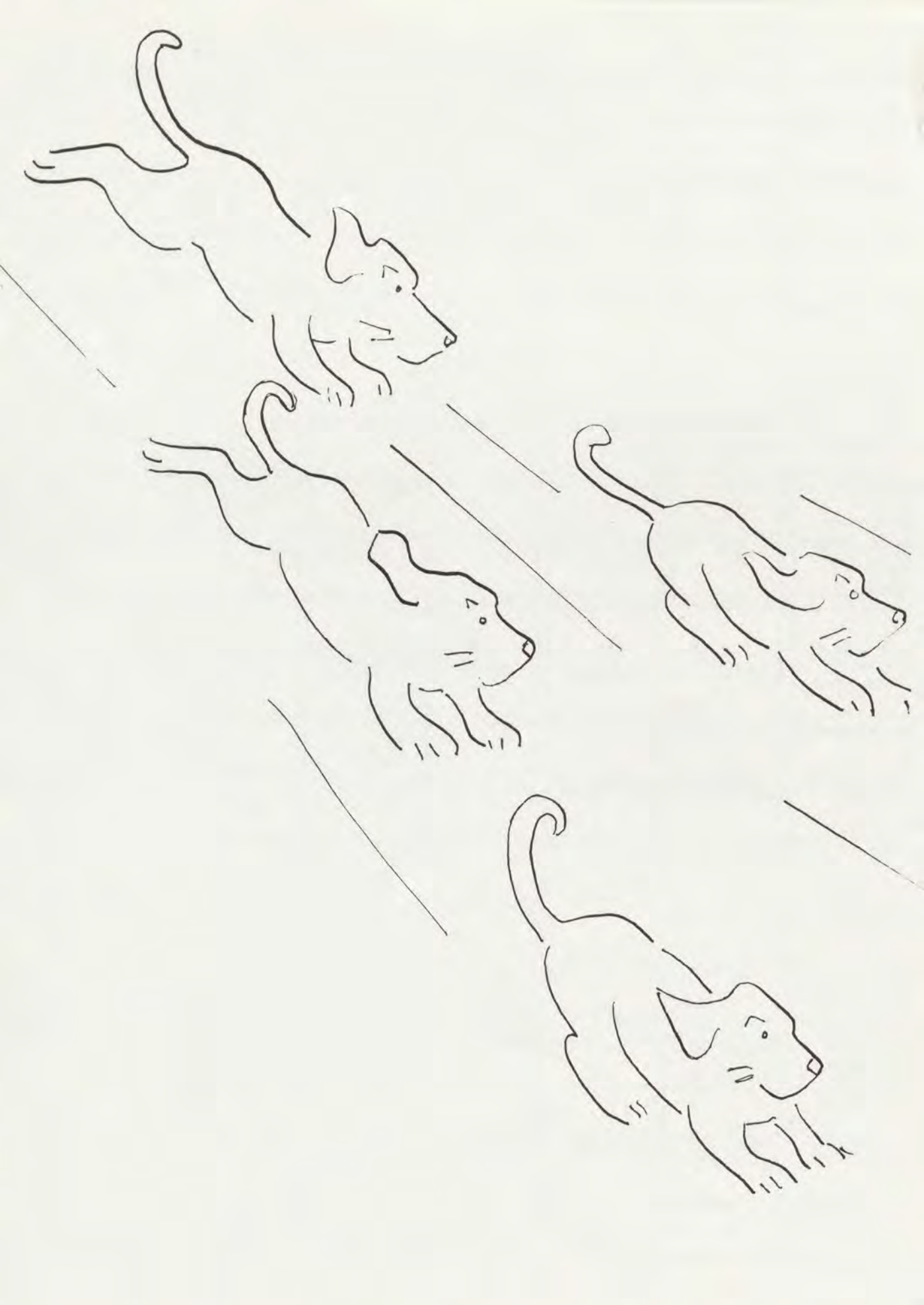
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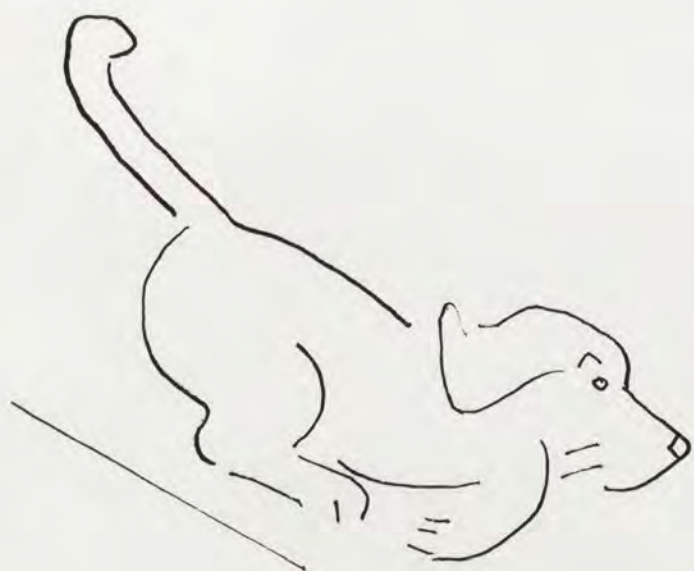


	Gayle	Dana	Sissy	Jeff	Tinka	Lucy
Mentions	flintrock	bee beep	TR-3	Jacques	pingle	carbon 14
Consuming Passion	Modigliani	dill pickles	monochords	peacock feathers	baths by candlelight	plie's
Besetting Sin	uranium ring	hair styles	swearing	rocking	crushing ladybugs	that 3 day white sweater
Saving Grace	Hamde'	twinkle	hair ←	consoling notes	grace	swing
Bête Noir	Glee Club	band-aid	washing	study hall	rungless ladders	ghouls
Lost Without	weeds	Maud	absolute rest	Emily		her ahnt
Most	nonchalant	swish	down to earth	special	pmm dle	most
Song	Anything Goes	Funeral March	Braid the Raven Hair	Now let me Fly	Catch a Falling Star	Mood Indigo
Immortal Words	dis...gusting	what does the A stand for?	-----!	well, dearies....	but I'm going to wear knee socks	cool rockin'
Most Likely To	get cut out of every will	just sit	climb Buckhill	go to heaven	float	marry Maverick

Ann	Judy	Nancy	Nan	Ruth	Abby	Sue	Güliz
HRC ^{III}	Uncle Burt	the tower room	Tower Hill	radio-activity	contourella	the B's	the Scheides
almond joy	Democrats	G. + S.	the South	Mexico	Japan	Brother Theodore	bridge
hitting doors	shaggy dogs	talking a mile a minute	vim	muscles	derrière	dimples	industry
arranging blind dates for other people	fuzz	that Ivory look	optimism	vocal chords	the Pollak eye brow	nuttiness	bright eyes
fruit for lunch	Foster D.	today	Nichols	men 1 year younger	Newton's laws	flecks	piano out of tune
the gold disk	wheels	her hands	mints	noxema	contact lenses	tights	pony tail
gullible	hysterical	British	gung-ho	3 D	go	un -	amazing
Can't Believe that You're in Love With Me	Hallelujah I'm a Bum	Beautiful Dreamer	Nothing Could be Finer than to be in Carolina	Hymn to Him	I know Where I'm Going	Mama Quitar	Getting to know You
oh, girls	have a chaise	you see	Well, I was just going to say...	My mother will kill me.... but	Hey, wee one	Oh, absolutely	yes, very much
reform the masses	triumph	have the Queen to tea	get an ulcer	cure the common cold	establish a Shinto shrine in Yardley	go down on all fours	see us as we really are

Jean	Debby	Alice	Susie	Marty	Camilla	Wendy	Class
the shore	the Boyers	her family	goalies	Colorado	J.D.	Sticky	Peter
Periwig	spring	wielding paint brushes	Existentialism	food	the big city	la France	getting away with it
her bellow	conscience	getting her papers in early	blushing	scrawl	class participation	neatness	our potential
her father	green eyes	creativity	her open house	her ins	stage presence	her years	
eggs	those wet sponges	hoagies	posture posters	stuffy rooms	agony suits	Math.	8:40
multi-colored socks	flower in her hair	giggle	The Big Dipper	a down-beat	Fowlett	pageboy	4:15
tailored	indispensable	arty	exhausted	expansive	far	unruffled	beat
They're Either Too Young or Too Old	A Wandering Minstrel I	Good-bye Old Paint	The Night They Invented Champagne	Stormy Weather	Somewhere	How're Ya Gonna Keep'em Down on the Farm after They've Seen Paree	Smoke Gets in Your Eyes
come on, people	I wish	Hi !	God no !	wella wella wella	vale !	What's for lunch?	Après nous le déluge
change her mind	find her way out of the Minotaur's labyrinth	re-do the Sistine Chapel	graduate from Princeton	be a Volga boatman	be heard from later	work at the A+P	go fly a kite







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Headmistress

B. A. Swarthmore, M. A. Middlebury
French



HELEN T. STOKES
History, Government
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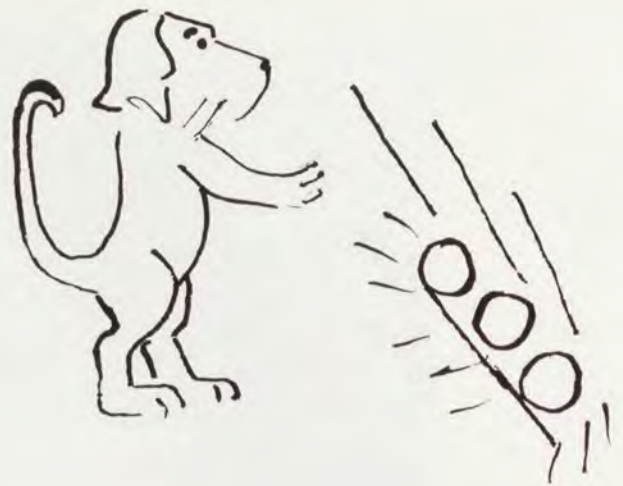
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Civilization

Many a year ago, 'tis said,
When the dew was new on the green,
A cloud rose up from the hills beyond,
A rose-dusted cloud that shone from the dawn,
And brought forth a fairy queen.

She touched each wisp of grass, 'tis said,
With the tip of her silver shoe;
Each leaf she beheld, her hand did caress,
And the deep-throated birds, still new from the nest,
Were awakened and pealed forth anew.

Faint spring-buds unfurled at her passing, 'tis said,
And each flower and bee were consoled;
The fresh, yellow sun shone out strong and alone;
Its rays spread forth grandly and followed her song,
As she garlanded new the old.

Yet on she moved, and on, 'tis said,
Till a shadow of grey touched her hair;
It twisted and curled through her shining lock,
And not till her body was drenched did it stop,
And her heart to its coils was laid bare.

Then great spired churches of iron, 'tis said,
Rose up from the hills of brown,
With doors of gnarled oak, emblazoned with gold,
And stark windows encrusted of demons black-bold,
Which clutched at her trailing gown.

And a roar; nay, even a groan, 'tis said,
Spread thick over heaven and earth;
And a voice rang clear from its stony core,
"Rise up, ye mortals; yea, seek and adore,
Passed ages have seen a new birth."

The fairy queen lay on the portal, 'tis said,
Of the breath-freezing, soul-chilling cave;
Her hands upraised as in prayer unheard;
From somewhere beyond broke the trill of a bird,
And the wise ocean rolled a new wave.

'Twas many a year ago, 'tis said,
When the snow lay thick on the green,
A cloud rose up from the hills beyond,
A star-dusted cloud that shone from the moon,
And took back its fairy queen.

Abigail Pollak, XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

Two Love Songs from the City

This night I would bring you something beautiful--
Lay at your feet
Or place in your hands
Some bright, clean thing out of Spring.

But walking here has been
Scuffing along cracked sidewalks
And sliding fingers over smooth wire fencing,
Neatly evading cement-bottomed puddles all the way.
And florescent-eyed spikes of steel have so com-
manded my way
With their vertical pride that I have forgotten
How the stars lean out and spray across the sky.

Would it not be better then,
Seeing how I spend my day--
Where I go, and how, and with what thoughts--
For me to bear you something
Unbreakable, plastic-immortal;
A thing which will
Prevent, be used, cover up, or put off.

But, be it wrong to will you the Spring,
Bought in bunches at the corner,
Then I will retain the right to take your hand
And walk with you down sleepless streets til morning,
Stopping long enough at each red light
To gaze at you wordlessly, silently,
And know the night beautiful.

"Lights on. There's somebody home,"
They say, driving at night through the winter.
Someone there, or something . . .

Lamp-light at home and streetlights for the
homeless,
Candles held in holy hands,
Matches to cigarettes all over the earth,
Stars for wandering,
Stars for losing the way.

We have it not. Not you, not I.
Not now in this our particular night.
Nor when it comes later with the determined dawn,
Will I even so much as turn to look on you.

But here. Now--
With minds cut off, forgotten in this room somewhere,
Without the tired image of what I am before me,
And what you are beside me--
I would not trade our utter darkness for the sun.
Or for candles,
Or a match,
Or even the stars . . .

Camilla Turnbull, XII
Second Prize
Upper School Poetry

impressions of winter

. . . a glass bottle slim as an icicle
water-clear and clean
crystal cool.

and down the transparent throat
she slipped a pale dried stalk
topped with a bristling head,
a spear of yellow wheat,
a stiff stem of queenanne's lace; the flower
brown and brittle but beautiful
even in its dessication.
she placed the glass
and the arrangement of winter flowers in the sun.

and as she walked away
the light flashed across the cold surface
but lingered on the intricate patterns
of the finger-prints
her warm touch had pressed.
. . . a pale beach and the wind
cold as the rushing numb water
whipping and chill.

down the hard stretch of winter sand
she walked, with her bare hands almost full
of dripping starfish; their spiny arms curled
slightly wishing towards the sea they'd lost, and
some were crusted with tiny gem-like pebbles.
the wind whipped at a broken stalk of grass
and made it trace circles in the sand.
she paused to sit on a log rolled up by the tide
under the shelter of a weathered pier.

the sun streamed down through the cracks
brightening upon the delicate graining of the wave-
washed
wood. it glowed on the warmth of her hair
and glanced across her smile and the wisps of vapour
her deep breathing made in the chill air.

Kristina Grondahl, XII
Third Prize
Upper School Poetry

Out

After that day Louie was never on the same footing with the rest of the gang. Somehow, they seemed to avoid him--to think of him in the same pitying way they thought of all the kids who weren't members--until soon he too was completely excluded and became, instead of the leader, a mere watcher.

It was funny how quickly it had all happened--not a gradual slow cooling but a quick break--all centering around that one incident: the death of the Dog.

When they heard the grinding of the truck's brakes, all the gang came running out to see what had happened. "Aw, it's just one of the Sanapellis' ol' dogs been run over," Tony said. "I thought it'd be something interesting." For a moment everyone looked down in silence at the brown and white spotted thing that lay limp in the street. Then Danny shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what are we waiting for? There's no use waiting all day just looking at a dead mutt. Come on, let's go." Everyone turned to leave, but suddenly Danny caught sight of Louie who, standing a little apart from the rest, was still looking at the dead animal. While he looked, Louie thought how the Sanapellis' dog had always run out to lick his hand when he saw him, and he saw with vivid clearness the tire mark where the baker's delivery truck had run over its back.

"Hey, Louie, didn't ya hear me? We're going now. If we hurry we can still--" But something in Louie's expression stopped him in mid-sentence. Then he said in an incredulous tone, "Hey, fellows--look at Louie. He's--I think he's crying!"

The rest of the gang stopped in their tracks. Slowly they wheeled around and walked up to Louie, forming an awed circle around him. They stood and watched. Then Tony broke into a loud laugh.

"Gee, he's crying--over the Sanapellis' ol' pooch. Look at that."

"Louie, can I get ya a hankerchief?" a sneering voice came from the back of the group.

"Louie, what's wrong? Why ya crying, Louie, hunh?"

Danny had been standing looking from Louie to the Dog. Finally, light dawned on his face. "I know what it is, guys," he said in childish wonderment. "Louie's a cry-baby, that's what it is. The head of our gang's a cry-baby!"

There was a gasp from the rest of the group, then a slow, low murmur of assent.

"Louie's a crybaby," that same sneering voice came again from the back of the crowd. Others took up the sing-song chant until it seemed that the whole street echoed with the sound of the shrill twelve-year-old voices.

"Louie's a cry-baby, Louie's a cry-baby."

The gang moved closer and closer around him, until he felt that there were hundreds of boys all pressing in on him and all chanting that same phrase. He wanted to stop crying--to tell them that they were all wrong and that he didn't care a bit about the Dog. But he could feel the tears rolling down his face. Now they were crowding around him even more--around him and the Dog. Suddenly he could bear it no longer. He took a deep breath and kicked the Dog as hard as he could.

"I hate it," he heard himself screaming--only somehow it didn't seem like his voice but like one he had never heard before this. "I hate the dopey dog, and I hate everything!" Then he blindly lunged, fighting and kicking, until he was, somehow, out of the crowd and in an open space. He rushed across the street, up the stairs, and into his house.

Louie couldn't sleep that night. As he tossed in his bed he kept hearing that chant ringing in his ears over and over. It seemed to come from everywhere--from the bed, from the closet, from the window, and from inside himself. Finally, a long time after midnight, he got out of bed and silently slipped on his clothes. He quietly groped his way down the stairs and out of the door. Then, as if in a dream but with a determined look on his face, he walked over to the gutter where It lay, just where he had kicked it that afternoon. The street light shone down, and by its rays the boy could see on the Dog's back, right next to the tire mark of the baker's delivery truck, a fresher mark--the imprint of his own foot. Slowly, he picked up the limp animal. It felt cold and heavy. His feet made empty sounds on the sidewalk

as he carried it up the quiet deserted street. When he got to the playground he carefully deposited it beside the sandbox. He stood looking at it for a moment in fascination. But suddenly his manner changed--he quickly raised his foot and kicked the dog again and again, sobbing in short jerky sobs as he did it. Then he ran over to the swing at the other end of the playground, which was as far as he could get from the Dog, and sat there, huddled up and numbly rocking back and forth, until the dawn came . . .

Elise Bruml, X
First Prize
Upper School Prose

I've Been Here Before — Haven't You?

I've been here before. You remember the place; you've been here, and you, too, will return.

Once you came rushing, stumbling down this little path, tripping over roots, blinded by your fury. You flung yourself down here on the moss and cried in the indulgent self-pity of childhood. Finally you realized that your head ached, your legs were cramped, and the ugly, red toadstool was staring at you. Spitefully you knocked off the top with a stick which had been jabbing you in the side, and cried afresh with remorse. Warm, deliciously wet, salty tears poured down your cheeks. One rolled down to the tip of your nose, and you put out your tongue to taste it. This is the sweet melancholy of youth!

You left this place then because you were sure of yourself and thought it silly. But I knew that you'd come back.

The next time you came bouncing, whistling down the path. You stopped at the burbling little brook, threw a pebble into a shallow pool, and counted the rings. A mosquito landed on your long, brown arm; you dismissed it with one wave of the

crisp, cool white envelope, your name in a neat, round hand on the front. You ran quickly to this secret place. It didn't take as long as last time. Your legs were longer, you were older. You hurried to read the letter and then tore it into a million tiny strips to furnish some grateful animal's nest. You sat here a long, long time, thinking thoughts too beautiful even to be whispered. Perhaps you were crying, but you weren't sad.

You left again. You don't think you'll come back, but you will. You'll come, with your haggard face and cracked city shoes, softly, so as not to disturb any half-forgotten dream that may be lurking here like an undiscovered cobweb, growing and sparkling in the morning dew.

Yes, I've been here before, Haven't you?

Judith Adams, IX
First Prize
Upper School Prose

That Eerie Feeling

The stream went gliding gently by me. As it slid along, winding in and out, it seemed to be the most quiet, most peaceful stream in the world. It didn't babble, it didn't tinkle, it just went along without the slightest murmur. The only reason I knew it was moving at all was because occasionally a little piece of grass or a branch would go slowly, lazily by.

In places the trees that overhung were so close together that the sunlight was blocked, and the stream seemed greenish. In some places the light filtered through, and dappled the green with brownish spots. Where the sun could shine on larger areas, I could see the sandy bottom which gave the water a brownish-yellow appearance. There wasn't the slightest ripple to catch the highlights made by the sun; in fact, the whole surface was glassily smooth.

It was a sticky-hot day, so I was sitting under one of the oaks on the bank trying to be refreshed by the shade. What I really wanted was a swim, but I didn't want to break that glassy surface--it was just too smooth. And I'd probably make a lot of noise if I swam.

I'd break that quiet. It was terribly quiet. The whole world seemed to be listening for something, waiting suspensefully for something or someone to make a noise. If only a bird would sing, a fly buzz, the leaves shiver in a breeze that would come from somewhere to cool everything off, then this awful spell would be broken and I could swim. Ah, swim . . . If only a dog would bark, a child laugh in the distance, or a plane pass overhead; for I had to cool off.

I took one look around me, at the rows of corn, blue sky unbroken by clouds, the oak trees, the un-

dergrowth, the mossy stones, and finally the stream. That smooth, unbroken stream with its stealthy flow, creeping along silently, was my trial, my temptation, the Devil itself.

Suddenly an inspiration came to me. "Throw in a pebble first, break the spell, and then you'll be able to splash all you want." So I seized a pebble, and it plopped as it hit the water and sank slowly to the sand.

It was then that disquieting feeling came to me, "I have done this before." I had broken the quiet before, and seen the pebble sinking to the sand before. I had seen the ripples spreading from the "plopping place" to the shore before. And yet, I had never spent the summer in the country before; I had never spent a summer in the country in England before; and while in England this was the first time that I had seen that stream . . . And that quiet, one would never forget a quiet like that, and I had never not heard any noise before. There had always been SOMETHING. Hadn't there?

I got up feeling very uneasy, forgot about wading, and started, as if in a dream or as someone else, towards home. That incident remained to haunt me all the rest of my life . . . I think my fourth.

Paula Cook,
Second Prize
Upper School Prose

"Rain" by Kristina Grondahl, XII,
tied for second prize in Upper
School Prose.

Sur la Terrace

My mother and father had been in Germany for a vacation. One day, to my great surprise, a package came addressed to me. I eagerly opened it, and there was a picture called SUR LA TERRACE by Renoir.

It is a picture of a little girl and her mother sitting on a terrace in France. The mother is dressed in a dark blue dress and a vivid red hat. She looks beautiful, gay and wistful. The little girl looks very bright with sparkling brown eyes and red hair. She is wearing a blue and white apron dress with a dark blue hat with old-world flowers on it. Around them are trees and bushes all different colors for it is Autumn. In the background, there is a blue shimmering lake

with little white sailboats all along it. Behind the lake are some beautiful blue hills which can be seen through the graceful tree trunks.

To me, the picture often seems real. As I sit at my daily piano practice, I sometimes feel that the little girl and her mother are listening to me. It looks especially beautiful hanging on the wall with a pewter jug next to it, full of Autumn flowers.

Rachel Davies, V
First Prize
Middle School Prose

The Beggar Boy of Saint Peter's Square

Shoes rapping, tapping by,
As the little one looks up--
The little one with face so fair,
Eyes like the sky, and that lovely hair,
Hair that is golden,
Blown by the wind,
Bleached by the sun,
Wavy and curly, tumbled and rumpled,
Till it looks like the stormy sea.

Here he stands in a sea of legs,
Hoping, waiting, praying for a penny
From some kind soul who has so many.
He is one of the many little boys
With griefs, woes and bewildered joys,
Who stood in that sea of people
In Rome, Saint Peter's Square.
He's the little beggar boy,
The boy for whom no one cares.

Perry Woodbridge, VI
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

Molly Pitcher

A girl as brave as Molly
Was surely hard to find,
There were few as gay and jolly,
In such a trying time.

When she was only ten years old,
The Indian Wars began;
Soldiers marching by were told
She'd fill their water can.

They asked for cures for little ills,
For blisters, corns and warts:
They thanked her as they marched downhill
To man the distant forts.

Now Revolution swept the land,
And soldiers came to town,
With cannons, swords, and guns in hand
To fight against the crown.

Her husband was a cannoneer,
And into battle went;
And Molly brave without a fear
Followed where he'd been sent.

The scorching sun beat on the ground,
The men with thirst did cry
"Hey Molly! Pitcher! pass it 'round,
Keep us from getting dry!"

Her husband, overcome by heat
Beside his cannon lay;
The order came "We can't retreat;
Cannons must fire today."

So brave and fearless Molly said,
"I'll swab and load and fire,
I'll save this land from British Red,
I'll swab and load and fire."

The battle won, the soldiers came
To the General jolly,
For his praise the only name
Was Molly! Molly! Molly!

He said she was courageous,
The bravest woman yet,
It wasn't at all outrageous
A medal she should get.

With sergeant's pin they honored her;
The soldiers said "HORRAY."
We still remember brave Molly
Down to this very day.

Doritha Bishop, VI
Second Prize
Middle School Poetry

Thoughts

Thoughts are everywhere:
under a chair,
under my bed,
in my hair,
in my head.

Some are red,
some are blue.
Some like me.
and some like you.

Some are loud,
some are mute,
Some are ugly,
most are cute.

Most are secret,
some are told;
they can be new,
and also old.

Galey Bissel, V.
Third Prize
Middle School Poetry.

Judges of Literary Contest

The LINK Board wishes to thank the following persons for judging the literary contest: Mr. and Mrs. W. Darby Bannard, Prof. Robert Gorham Davis, Mrs. Stuart Duncan, Mrs. Donald Goodchild, Mr. Hubert Kay, Mr. John O'Hara, Mrs. David Porter, Mrs. Arthur Sherwood, Mrs. Richard Stoddard.

To Judy from the Class:
"On l'admirait, et cependant on l'aimait."
--Voltaire, ZADIG

Class Will

We, the Class of 1959, being of unexpectedly sound minds and all too sound bodies, do bequeath the following to our heirs-presumptive:

To Eileen (who doesn't need them): Jeanie leaves schedules, outlines, and cross reference file cabinets.

To Susie: Nancy leaves a reserved seat at the Monument.

To Nancy D.: Martha leaves a kitchen sink for her bedroom, because she has everything else but.

To Liza: Jeff leaves her habit of biting her fingernails.

To Sally: Debby leaves her false tooth in case she knocks one out playing hockey.

To Penny: Tinka leaves a silver thread from the rope to lasso any elusive imagery.

To Nancy L: Nan leaves a round-trip ticket to Philadelphia and two passes to Bandstand.

To Amanda: Wendy leaves a charge account at every name store in New York City.

To Pauline: Gayle leaves her ski-jump nose in case she can't get back to the slopes of New Zealand.

To Wandy: Ruthie leaves her voice lessons and a giant-size bottle of Listerine to keep her in shape.

To Joanie: Abby leaves a hand of thirteen spades so she can bid seven no-trump.

To Cathy: Dana and Susie leave a complete list of

worthy causes, so that she will not run out of excuses to give benefit dances.

To Louie: Guliz leaves her home in Turkey in case she is ever in that neck of the woods.

To Judy: Camilla leaves her infallible spy network.

To Marty: Robbie leaves a supply of bats for her beflry.

To Sue: Kince leaves a booth and loud speaker at the U Store, so that she can break her own ticket-selling record.

To the Glee Club: Judy leaves her mezzo-soprano voice for next year's Candlelight solo.

To Mrs. Gill: Lucy leaves her three-day white sweater, so she can get in the swing.

To the Junior Class: Alice leaves an easel, paint, and brushes in hopes that someone will pick up where she left off, and Sissy leaves wind for their mills.

In parting, the Seniors leave these words of advice to the Class of 1960:

*"Don't get it right; just get it written."

*"Run, don't walk, to the nearest desert island."

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