

# THE LINK

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To Mrs. Wade  
From the class of 1960



# THE LINK

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Editor in Chief

ELIZABETH GUTTMAN

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Miss Fine's School  
Princeton,  
New Jersey



You dreamed the voyage and saw the way  
For eager sailors, sheltered in the bay;  
With you we glimpsed the endless, shiny seas,  
The surface and the shoals, the mysteries.

Time and love surveyed the rough design  
Of smaller craft, distilled thoughts deepest wine  
For untried casks; such are we,  
You have prepared the Odyssey.

We lift hearts' heavy anchor as we say  
Farewell, to you who eased the way  
With spirits' stores, unstintingly,  
For us and for our Odyssey.



## Anne Barlow Shepherd

"The use of language, the wind-swift motion of the brain"

Sophocles, ANTIGONE



**Mrs. Augustus K. Mills**

"And what is noble every heart loves best"

Euripides, THE BACCHAE





## SENIORS

"May wide and towering heaven collapse upon me in all its bronze and terror, catastrophe to the people of earth, on that day when I no longer stand by my companions."

Theognis



## Eileen Elizabeth Baker

IX INKLING Staff  
Member of Library Council  
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for  
TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

X Class President  
INKLING Staff  
FINEST Staff  
Member of Library Council  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Secretary of the Student Council  
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
Honorary II Private School Lacrosse Team  
New Jersey Lacrosse Association  
American Field Service Summer Scholarship  
to Finland

XII President of the Student Council  
American Field Service Committee  
Understudy for Alice in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH  
YOU  
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Captain of Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team  
National Merit Scholarship  
Letter of Commendation

All have heard of the miraculous birth of Athena and how she sprang forth from the head of Zeus. But not many have been told about another birth of similar nature. It took place when a sage of a tiny Aegean island, who, while contemplating the great truths of the world, gave birth to a young maiden. From the very beginning it appeared that she was endowed with his great intelligence. A group of fun-loving nymphs soon heard of this marvelous creature and hurried to her, begging that she become their ruler. She agreed, and not long after, settled in the midst of their little city. Unfortunately, she began to find her duties unpleasant. For the spirits were rebellious young things who either forgot or refused to obey the simple laws she had set up for their benefit. They did not seem to understand how hard it was for her to scold them. But she was determined to continue in her position. At last she realized that her wisdom and perseverance had received their due reward. The nymphs were happier than ever before.





IX Member of Library Council  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

X INKLING Exchange Editor  
Member of Library Council  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Co-Manager of Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team

XI Athletic Association Representative  
Member of Library Council  
Activities Committee  
Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF  
OUR TEETH  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team

XII Captain of Blue Team  
Scenery Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Jazz Group  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Lacrosse Team



## Susan Gribbel Carter

Whenever Poseidon lost his temper, he would vent his anger by creating the most fearful tempests. One day he became so irate that for a week he swam the oceans, leaving no calm behind him. The eighth day found him near the island of Delos, where he suddenly bumped into a golden-haired sea nymph, who was gaily chatting with her younger sisters. Not recognizing Poseidon, she said, "Sir, please don't splash so much. You'll scare my sisters." Poseidon, amazed at this nymph's audacity, stared at her in wide-eyed surprise. He beheld a lovely creature with beautiful eyes. She looked at him and laughing coyly said, "Won't you come play with us?" Poseidon thanked the nymph and joined in her games, quickly forgetting his anger.





Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team

X Student Council Representative  
Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team

XI Chairman of Activities Committee  
Make-up Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team  
New Jersey Field Hockey Reserve Team  
Chairman of Valentine Dance

XII Student Council Representative  
Captain of Gray Team  
Madrigal Group  
Captain of Varsity Hockey Team  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team

## Nancy Carol Davis

Zeus was very depressed. For ages and ages he had been doing wonderful things for all the world. But why? No one seemed to be any happier for these gifts. So he decided to take a long vacation. He went to Mount Parnassus and watched the world. As he sat with his head in his hands, he saw a graceful wood nymph skipping up the mountainside. Zeus decided to ask this young nymph why she was so cheerful. Not recognizing Zeus, she replied, "Why shouldn't I be? The world is happy and gay, and all the gods do wondrous things for us. Aren't you happy too?" Zeus thought this over for a long time, and suddenly he realized his mistake; people were thankful for his gifts, and there was no reason for him to be unhappy.





IX INKLING Staff

X INKLING Staff

Make-up Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Varsity Tennis Team

XI Glee Club Representative

Conveener in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Make-up Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Varsity Tennis Team  
Chairman of Decorations Committee for  
Valentine Dance  
Chairman of Decorations Committee for  
Spring Dance

XII Editor-in-Chief of THE LINK

Make-up Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Varsity Tennis Team



## Elizabeth Guttman

There was once a charming, pug-nosed wood nymph. Even though she refused to fit into the myths of the time, all the nymphs loved and admired her for being different. She loved to study the habits of swans and never ceased talking about them. Only a few of her companions realized the true meaning behind her words. They sometimes laughed at her, not knowing that they were the real subjects of her conversation. One day she discovered a swan who bore a magnificent red crest on the top of his head. To her amazement the swan suddenly changed its form, and Apollo appeared. Apparently he, too, had become interested in swans. The two then began a fascinating intellectual discussion, and soon they realized that they were in love. To preserve the togetherness of their love, Apollo took his nymph up to Mount Parnassus, where they lived forever after.







## Sally Elizabeth Hagen

IX Athletic Association Representative  
 Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
 Stage Crew for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
 Junior Varsity Hockey Team  
 Varsity Basketball Team  
 Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

X Athletic Association Representative  
 INKLING Staff  
 Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
 Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS  
 Varsity Hockey Team  
 Varsity Basketball Team  
 Varsity Lacrosse Team  
 Honorary I Private School Hockey Team  
 North Jersey Field Hockey Association

XI Secretary of Athletic Association  
 Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
 Varsity Hockey Team  
 Varsity Basketball Team  
 Varsity Lacrosse Team  
 Reserve Private School Hockey Team  
 North Jersey Field Hockey Association

XII President of Athletic Association  
 Jazz Group  
 Scenery Committee for Play  
 Varsity Hockey Team  
 Varsity Basketball Team  
 Varsity Lacrosse Team

One evening Hermes and Hephaestus were seated on a lofty peak of Mount Olympus, discussing the news of the gods. Hermes told Hephaestus that he had just completed a record race. "There is no one, mortal or god, who can run faster than I," he said.

"I know someone who could beat you," said Hephaestus. "There is a Spartan maiden at the games. She runs as swiftly as the winds."

"Nonsense," replied Hermes. "A Spartan girl? Ha! Tomorrow I'll go, disguise myself, and enter the race with her." The next day as he lined up for the race, he beheld the most beguiling maiden he had even seen. He could scarcely take his eyes off her. As soon as the race began, he and the maiden found themselves far ahead of the other runners. It appeared to all that it would be a tie, but as they neared the finish line, Hermes could not resist giving his lovely opponent a last look. She took advantage of this and surged ahead, winning the race.



IX Social Service Representative  
Properties Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Varsity Tennis Team

X Editor-in-Chief of THE FINEST  
Secretary of the Social Service Committee  
First Prize Winner in the VOICE OF DEMOCRACY  
Contest of Princeton  
Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Varsity Tennis Team

XI Assistant Editor of THE INKLING  
FINEST Staff  
Conveener in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Varsity Tennis Team

XII Assistant Editor of THE LINK  
FINEST Staff  
Assistant Chairman of Properties Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Varsity Tennis Team  
National Merit Scholarship  
Letter of Commendation



## Penelope Patton Hart

All Mount Olympus was in a very worried state. Four years had elapsed since the writing of their last Code of Godly behavior, and it was high time for a new one to be written. Every god knew exactly what should be said, but alas no one knew how to say it. Finally Aphrodite had a wonderful idea. She knew a young maiden who was renowned for her grace and friendly spirit, as well as for an eloquence which surpassed that of all the gods. Aphrodite called upon this fair maiden to come to Mount Olympus and compose a new code. She agreed and wrote it in an amazingly short time. The gods were so pleased with it that they followed it from that day to this--and they have been a very well-behaved group of gods.







IX Junior High School Number Three  
Trenton, New Jersey

X Secretary-Treasurer of Class  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Social Service Representative  
Member of Library Council  
Make-up Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Ticket Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Cheerleader

XII Social Service Representative  
Assistant Photography Editor of THE LINK  
Scenery Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH  
YOU  
Cheerleader

## Nancy Etta Lavine

Zeus and Hera often fought. One of their most famous battles concerned the way Zeus spent his time among mortals. Hera said he wasted time, and that there was not a mortal maiden who would not agree with her. Not knowing how to settle this argument, Zeus and his irate wife decided to ask Athena. Athena said that since this was a question that concerned mortals, a mortal should be asked. She suggested a lovely, dark-haired maiden who was known for her truthfulness. Zeus and Hera went in disguise to Delphi, where they found the girl seated on the steps of Apollo's temple. Hera asked the maiden if she knew of Zeus' visits among mortals. When the girl answered that she did, Hera asked, "What can you tell me about them?"

"I do not know what you wish me to answer," replied the girl. "I know him as a god to be revered and admired." This answer shamed Hera, for she realized that she had no right to question Zeus.



IX Glee Club Representative  
Usher for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Refreshment Committee for Valentine Dance

X Glee Club Representative  
Decorations Committee for Fall Dance

XI Secretary of Glee Club  
Madrigal Group  
Decorations Committee for Valentine Dance  
Decorations Committee for Spring Dance

XII President of Glee Club  
Advertising Editor of THE LINK  
Madrigal Group  
Jazz Group  
Decorations Committee for Fall Dance



## Amanda Belknap Maugham

A young maiden was driving the family chariot along a country road. She sped along, loving the wind in her hair and the warmth of the sun on her face. She was smiling to herself and to the trees as she passed them, and she even began to sing. Suddenly she caught sight of a fellow charioteer. Pulling her horses sharply aside, she tried to avoid a collision, but she was too late. When she could at last glance back, she saw to her consternation absolute chaos behind her: an overturned chariot, fallen horses and a mud-spattered young warrior. She ran back, murmuring broken phrases of dismay and apology. The young man, hero of many a bloody battle-field, strode toward her with clenched fists and tense face, but when he looked down into her soft eyes and heard her mellifluous tones, he fell, an easy captive. Relaxing his fists and allowing a smile to show through the whiteness of his face, he said quietly, "It's all right. I have another one at home."







X Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS  
Organizer of Badminton Games

XI Class President  
Assistant Chairman of scenery for  
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Stage Crew for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
American Field Service Scholar in  
New Zealand for second semester

XII Class President  
Art Editor of THE LINK  
Chairman of scenery for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Gay Wellington in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Junior Varsity Hockey

## Pauline Iselin Mills

Aphrodite was upset. Eros' birthday was in four days, and she had not yet thought of a gift for him. She decided to seek inspiration from the oracle at Delphi. After a long period of reflection, she suddenly envisioned the ideal present. She would have a glorious temple built for him, the most magnificent temple ever. But how? Who could design such a thing? She knew no god who could do this. As she passed the home of the oracle, she noticed a lovely maiden, who was sitting on the steps sketching a beautiful building. At once Aphrodite realized that this girl alone could design her temple. The goddess led the maiden up to Mount Olympus so that she could begin to make plans for the building.

On the morning of Eros' birthday, the temple was finished, and all the gods came to see the new building. It was so breathtakingly beautiful that everyone was awed by its splendor, and even to this day the gods go there to find peace of mind.





IX and X Princeton High School  
Princeton, New Jersey

XI Secretary of Class  
Madrigal Group  
Junior Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team  
Ticket Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Invitations Committee for Spring Dance

XII Business Manager of THE LINK  
Athletic Association Representative  
Chairman of Properties Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Madrigal Group  
Varsity Basketball Team  
Varsity Tennis Team  
National Merit Scholarship  
Letter of Commendation



## Wanda Jeanne Mills

Something was wrong. For fourteen days neither the sun nor the moon had risen at its appointed time. Often the moon would whirl across the sky in the middle of the day. The cause of this unusual phenomenon was that the master "sun and moon schedule" had fallen from Apollo's chariot into the deepest part of the ocean, and no one was able to find it. The Latonian twins, completely distraught, spent hours walking through the fields near Mount Olympus. One day they came upon a maiden who was sitting alone in the middle of a field writing mathematical calculations. They greeted her, and suddenly Artemis could not help but blurt out the truth. Upon hearing their predicament, the maiden only smiled and said, "I think if you could wait an hour or so, I could figure out another schedule for you." Within a half hour's time, the fair computer had completed her mathematical reckonings, and to this day, the sun and moon run on that schedule.





IX Junior High School Number Three  
Trenton, New Jersey

X INKLING Staff  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Student Council Representative  
Member of Library Council  
Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Make-up Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Junior Varsity Tennis Team  
Cheerleader

XII Layout Editor of THE LINK  
INKLING Staff  
Stage Manager of YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Make-up Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Junior Varsity Tennis Team  
Member of Library Council

## Joan Patricia Nadler

One morning Poseidon decided to challenge the famed wisdom of Athena. He remained alone, seated in the depths of his vast sea domain, and meditated. At last he fell upon a riddle which he thought unanswerable and immediately presented it to her. The goddess found herself in a dilemma. She had only seven days to discover a solution. For five of those days she wandered throughout Greece, trying to solve the riddle. On the sixth day she came upon a dryad, frolicking on the hills. The creature's very short, dark hair made her seem a bit different from others of her kind. Athena, taking on a mortal appearance, began to speak to the girl and soon found that this dryad was wondrously wise. The goddess revealed her identity and told the nymph her problem. When the young creature instantly supplied the answer, Athena was greatly impressed--so impressed that she took the dryad up to Zeus, in order that he too might admire her sagacity. The father of the gods showed approval by making this nymph a prophetess at Delphi.





IX Student Council Representative  
Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Varsity Tennis Team

X Social Service Representative  
American Field Service Committee  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Varsity Tennis Team

XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee  
Stage Crew for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Varsity Tennis Team  
American Field Service Summer Scholarship  
to Switzerland

XII President of Social Service Committee  
American Field Service Committee  
Jazz Group  
Alice in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Varsity Tennis Team



## Catherine Goodrich Otis

Apollo wandered through a deep forest in the land of Argos. He was wearied of men and the ways of their world. Seeking a laurel tree, he lay down to pluck his golden lyre. Unknown to him, these woods were the home of an engaging maiden, a happy creature to whom it seemed all the animals ran to be loved and encouraged. When she heard his beautiful music, she began to dance. The god caught sight of her gracefully weaving among the green of the forest and felt that here was the essence of poetry. He carried her up to Olympus, where even now she dances for her pleasure and that of the gods.





#### IX INKLING Staff

Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
 Stage Crew for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
 Properties Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES

#### X Student Council Representative

Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
 Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS

#### XI Student Council Representative

INKLING Photographer  
 American Field Service Committee  
 Member of Library Council  
 Madrigal Group  
 Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

#### XII Student Council Representative

Secretary of the Library Council  
 INKLING Photographer  
 American Field Service Committee  
 Madrigal Group  
 Jazz Group  
 Prompter for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
 Refreshment Committee for Fall Dance

## Louise Scheide

The day Aphrodite lost her temper, the heavens shook, and even the great Zeus trembled with fear. Jealousy of a lovely Athenian maiden was the cause of Aphrodite's anger. This mortal was said to be the most beautiful maiden in all of Greece. Both Hermes and Ares had fallen in love with the golden-haired beauty. Aphrodite asked Hermes who was more beautiful, she or this mortal maiden. Hermes, being truthful, said that the Athenian girl was the more lovely. This enraged Aphrodite, who then decided to go to Athens to meet her rival. Upon seeing the golden-haired beauty, she was amazed, for indeed the girl WAS lovely. Aphrodite revealed herself to the young maiden, who told her that her one wish was to dedicate her life to the care of Aphrodite's shrine. Upon hearing these gentle words, the goddess was so touched that she asked Zeus to transform her after death into a bright star.





IX Scenery Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Stage Crew for TRIO ON THE THAMES  
Make-up Committee for TRIO ON THE THAMES

X Member of Library Council  
Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS  
Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Secretary of Library Council  
Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Co-Chairman of Tables Committee for Spring Dance

XII President of Library Council  
Co-Chairman of Tables Committee for Fall Dance  
Co-Chairman of Refreshments Committee for Fall  
Dance



## Judith Hanson Taylor

It was well known to all that Zeus, becoming enraged with Hephaestus, had sent a bolt of lightning through his leg. As time went by, the wound became more and more painful. He could find no one, god or mortal, who could cure him. One day, while walking to Corinth, he heard a sweet melody. He followed the sounds and soon came upon a young maiden. She smiled, and noting his limp, asked what had caused it. He replied that this was the living proof of Zeus' ire, and that for the rest of his immortal years he was destined to live with this wound. The girl looked up at him and said, "I think perhaps I could help." Hephaestus, not really believing that she could cure his leg, was so enthralled with her charm, that he agreed to let her try. In a little while the maiden had so cured his leg that he no longer felt the pain, although he was still destined to limp. And today, as he limps through the heavens, he thinks of the maiden with the magical charms.







IX Hillsdale School  
Cincinnati, Ohio

X Costume Committee for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Class President for Second Semester  
Chairman of Lost and Found Committee  
Junior Varsity Tennis Team

XII Chairman of American Field Service Committee  
Rotating Member of Student Council  
Photography Editor of THE LINK  
Costume Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Jazz Group  
Junior Varsity Tennis Team  
Chairman of Decorations Committee for  
Fall Dance  
Chairman of Entertainment Committee for  
Fall Dance  
Co-Chairman of American Field Service  
Dance Committee

## Martha Eliza Thompson

All the animals in that little forest near Corinth gathered around the young maiden. They were not afraid of her because she always smiled, and it seemed that they had known her for a long time. Perhaps they felt this way because she had often visited them in their dreams; or perhaps, she herself often dreamed that she was among the lovely trees and flowers of that unknown wood. On this particular day she was singing to her animal friends. Her clear, natural voice drifted through the forest, until some of the inhabitants of Corinth heard the delightful song. They hurried to the scene of this wonder. When they at last reached the spot, they were stunned with the purity and simplicity of her voice. But these Corinthians were wise people, and they left the maiden and her creatures at peace, hoping they might always continue their happy existence.



IX Pennington Central High School  
Pennington, New Jersey

X Instrumental Group  
Understudy for Mrs. Coade in DEAR BRUTUS  
Co-Chairman of Make-up Committee for DEAR  
BRUTUS  
Prompter for DEAR BRUTUS

XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club  
Chairman of Make-up for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH  
Junior Varsity Tennis Team  
Decorations Committee for Valentine Dance  
Decorations Committee for Spring Dance  
Chairman of Invitations of Spring Dance

XII President of Dramatic Club  
Treasurer of Class  
Contest Editor of THE LINK  
Madrigal Group  
Jazz Group  
Mrs. Kirby in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
Chairman of Make-up Committee for  
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU  
National Merit Scholarship  
Letter of Commendation



## Susan Harvey Valentine

The heavens were in an uproar. This was the day Zeus had promised the people of Greece a magnificent thunderstorm. Unfortunately Hephaestus had gone away on vacation, and Zeus could not remember how to assemble a thunderbolt. He decided to vent his anger by pacing from mountain top to mountain top. Suddenly he stumbled upon a shepherd girl who was tending her flock. "By Saturn!", he exclaimed, "I'll never find anyone who can make thunderbolts."

"Excuse me, Sir," replied the fair-haired maiden, "but I think I could make you some." Within an hour's time the shepherdess had made enough thunderbolts to last Zeus through seven magnificent storms.







IX,X,XI Theresianum  
Ingenbohl ISZ  
Switzerland

XII American Field Service student  
from Switzerland  
Student Council Representative  
Assistant Art Editor of THE LINK  
American Field Service Committee  
Glee Club Representative  
Jazz Group  
Decorations Committee for Fall Dance

Home Address:  
Nelkenweg 5  
Oberwil / LB  
Switzerland

## Erika Antonia Bauer

Loneliness plagued Apollo as he drew the sun across the sky. But as his horses charged forward, he saw far across the sea a small golden light shining from the earth. He drew in the reins because the light was as bright as the rays he spread about him, and because he was mystified. Pulling the steeds from their course, he drove close enough to see that this brilliance came from the head of a young girl. Suddenly Apollo did not mind that he had been rivaled. He resolved to leave each day's final beam for this girl, that he might become a part of the brightness that was hers.





Penny



Haqie



Narcy

Val







Liza



Nads

Ei



Wandy

Carts

Nancy







Handy



Cathy

Judea



Louie



Marty



Pauline





**Shirley Davis**  
**Headmistress**

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





JEAN M. BURRILL  
Physics, Mathematics  
B.A. Smith, M.A. Columbia



CATHERINE CAMPBELL  
Mathematics  
B.A. Connecticut, M.A. Columbia



RUTH M. CHERNISS  
French  
A.B., M.A. University of California,  
Ph. D. Cornell



ELIZABETH N. COBB  
Physical Education  
B.S. Beaver



ELEANOR COLLINS  
Science  
B.A. Western Maryland,  
M.A. Columbia



IRENE C. CONROY  
Geography, Arithmetic  
B.A. University of New Hampshire



LINDA V. CORLETTE  
Physical Education  
B.S., M.S., University of  
Pennsylvania



ELIZABETH DAVIDSON  
Music  
B.A. Wellesley, M.A. University  
of California



WILLIAM A. EDDY  
Comparative Religions  
B.A. Princeton, S.T.B. New York  
General Theological Seminary



ELIZABETH B. FINE  
Latin  
B.A. University of Wisconsin  
Ph. D. Yale



MARCIA M. GEER  
Science  
B.A. Radcliffe

ERNEST GORDON  
Bible  
M.A. St. Andrews, B.D. Edinburgh, S.T.M. Hartford



NANCI HAUGHTON  
Crafts  
B.S. New York University

OLGA HOLENKOFF  
French  
License de Prof. de Francais  
a l'Etranger



MARY E. PECK  
English  
B.A. Syracuse University

LAUDIE D. PORTER  
English, History  
B.A. Swarthmore, M.A. Harvard  
School of Education



ISABELLE K. RAUBITSCHKE  
Latin  
B.A. Barnard, Ph. D. Columbia

ALISON B. SHEHADI  
Mathematics  
B. Sc. McGill University



ANNE B. SHEPHERD  
English, History  
B.A. Vassar; University of London,  
M.A. Columbia

MOYNE R. SMITH  
English  
B.A. University of Kansas  
M.A. Western Reserve







SUSAN N. SMITH  
Art  
A.A.S. Briarcliff, Carnegie Tech.  
Art Students League



ELIZABETH D. STEWARDSON  
Librarian  
B.A. Mount Holyoke



HELEN T. STOKES  
History, Government  
B.A. Smith



MABEL H. WADE  
French  
B.A. Marietta, M.A. Columbia

## Administration



MARTHA K. BUSELLE  
Administrative Assistant



MADELINE WEIGEL  
Head of the Lower School,  
Kindergarten



JANET G. BROWN  
Academic Secretary



CATHERINE CASHMAN  
Financial Secretary



THELMA C. YOUNG  
Business Manager



GERTRUDE D. BROPHY, R.N.  
School Nurse



# XI

FIRST ROW: Cary Armstrong, Elise Bruml, Sheila Long, Jeanie Shaw, Linda Scasserra. SECOND ROW: Tibby Chase, Trika Smith, Julie Cornforth, Jane Rose. THIRD ROW: Nancy Smoyer, Sandy Sidford, Joan Yeaton. FOURTH ROW: Julie Fulper, Tucky Ramus, Polly Busselle, Ann Davidson. FIFTH ROW: Cherry Raymond, Cynthia Weinrich, Debbie Moore. SIXTH ROW: Peggy Wilber, Fiona Morgan.





# X

FIRST ROW: Toni Oppenheimer, Carol Fried, Marty Sichel, Mary Liz Keegin, Sonia Bill, Tassie Turkevich, Cindy Brown. SECOND ROW: Susan Mathews, Judy Adams, Susan Shew, Linda Maxwell, Paula Cook, Jane Cormack (President). THIRD ROW: Kate Sayen, Kit Adams, Kitty Walker, Jan Millner, Gail Cotton. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Carol Estey.





## IX

FIRST ROW: Gretchen Southard, Laurie Rogers, Liza Maugham, Cindy Bull, Anne Updike. SECOND ROW: Polly Miller, Anne MacNeil, Ellen Levy, Susan West. THIRD ROW: Pat Outerbridge, Alice Jacobson, Lee Gardner. FOURTH ROW: Dianne Drake, Bobbi Scheide, Sally Campbell (President), Pam Sidford. FIFTH ROW: Kathy Kilgore, Kleia Raubitschek, Bonnie Strong, Sharon Stevenson. SIXTH ROW: Joan Knapp, Jane Aresty, Colleen Coffee. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Ginny Elmer, Prudence Morgan, Valerie Wicks.





## VIII

FIRST ROW: Kathie Tomlinson, Leslie duPont, Beirne Donaldson, Priscilla Mark, Fran Wolff. SECOND ROW: Ingrid Peterson, Stephanie Judson, Judy Scasserra, Wendy Fruland. THIRD ROW: Beverly Wilson, Cathy Sommer, Susan Schildkraut, Penny Pettit, Nancy Davidson. FOURTH ROW: Annie Harris, Jane Budny, Linda Conroy, Liz Aall. FIFTH ROW: Cary Smith, Sukey Pollard, Jay Edwards, Kathy Kingsford. BACK Barbara Rose.





MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL, SEATED: Anne Spanel, Priscilla Mark, Cary Smith (president), Sandy Potter (secretary). STANDING: Linda Staniar, Paula Cantor, Anne Morgan, Susan Schildkraut, Lynn Goeller, Marianne Hoffman.

## Student Councils



UPPER SCHOOL COUNCIL, SEATED: Louise Scheide, Nancy Davis, Erika Bauer, Eileen Baker (president), Joan Yeaton (secretary), Judy Adams, Kate Sayen. STANDING: Andy Updike, Martha Thompson, Joan Knapp, Cynthia Weinrich, Tucky Ramus, Julie Fulper, Liz Aall (Middle School Representative), Paula Cook.





SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE, **STANDING:** Alex Dilworth, Marty Sichel, Trika Smith, Jane Budney, Patty Morgan, Polly Miller. **SEATED:** Cindy Brown (secretary), Cathy Otis (chairman), Fiona Morgan (treasurer), Nancy Lavine.

## Social Service

**VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE:** Hospital; Nursery School; N. J. Neuro--Psychiatric Institute; Church Schools; Princeton Family Service--Thanksgiving; Recording for the Blind; St. Michael's Orphanage; Merwick Nursing Home.

**FUND-RAISING PROJECTS:** Fall Pet Show; Food Sales, Christmas Wreath-making; Stationery Sale; Faculty-Student Basketball Game; Class Projects.

**CONTRIBUTIONS:** Princeton United Fund; N.Y. TIMES Hundred Neediest Cases; Save the Children Federation; World University Service; United Negro College Fund; American Field Service; Quaker Work Camps.

**DRIVES:** Red Cross Drive; March of Dimes Campaign.





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## Publications

FINEST Board: Paula Cook, Penny Hart, Tibby Chase (editor), Bobbi Scheide, Judy Adams, Carrie Armstrong.







# You Can't Take It with You

by

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman

Penelope Sycamore . . . . .	Elise Bruml
Essie . . . . .	Nancy Davis
Rheba . . . . .	Kit Adams
Paul Sycamore . . . . .	Tom Trumpy
Mr. DePinna . . . . .	Jim Martin
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Martin Vanderhoff . . . . .	George Boolos
Alice . . . . .	Cathy Otis
Henderson . . . . .	Bill Venable
Tony Kirby . . . . .	Jeffrey Schevitz
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Gay Wellington . . . . .	Pauline Mills
Mr. Kirby . . . . .	Lou Versace
Mrs. Kirby . . . . .	Susan Valentine
Countess Olga . . . . .	Cynthia Weinrich
Three Men . . . . .	Ed Doughty, Mike Huberman, David Warner







## Dramatic Club

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 Stage Manager . . . . . Joan Nadler  
 Faculty Advisor . . . . . Mrs. Anne B. Shepherd

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Properties: Wandy Mills (chairman), Tibby Chase, Paula Cook, Penny Hart, Joan Knapp, Ellen Levy, Jeanie Shaw, Marty Sichel, Valerie Wicks

Lights: Sandy Sidford (chairman), Trika Smith (assistant), Prudy Morgan, Pam Sidford

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Make-up: Susan Valentine (chairman), Liza Maugham (assistant), Janie Cormack, Liza Guttman, Linda Maxwell, Joan Nadler, Bobbie Scheide, Susie Shew, Andy Updike

Prompters: Paula Cook, Susie Mathews, Fiona Morgan, Louise Scheide

Tickets: Polly Busselle (chairman), Alice Jacobson, Janice Millner, Kleia Raubitschek, Laurie Rogers

Posters: Jane Rose (chairman), Tibby Chase, Sheila Long, Wandy Mills, Susie Shew

Programs: Joan Yeaton







**VARSITY HOCKEY:** Paula Cook, Sue Carter, Nancy Davis, Sandy Sidford, Joan Yeaton, Sally Hagen, Trika Smith, Nancy Smoyer, Fiona Morgan, Tucky Ramus, Polly Busselle, Cherry Raymond.



**COACHES:** Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Corlette.

## Athletic Association

### OFFICERS:

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Secretary-Treasurer: Sandy Sidford

### Representatives:

XII Wandy Mills

XI Cherry Raymond

X Mary Liz Keegin

IX Pat Outerbridge

### COLOR CAPTAINS:

Blue Team: Susan Carter

Gray Team: Nancy Davis



**VARSITY BASKETBALL:** FIRST ROW: Trika Smith, Paula Cook, Tucky Ramus, Sally Hagen, Nancy Smoyer, Sue Carter, Nancy Davis, SECOND ROW: Fiona Morgan, Joan Yeaton, Cherry Raymond, Ann Davidson, Polly Busselle, Sandy Sidford, Wandy Mills.



**CHEERLEADERS:** Linda Scasserra, Jane Cormack, Bobbie Scheide, Jean Shaw, Ellen Levy, Susie Shew.





OFFICERS: Kit Adams, Judy Taylor, Louise Scheide, Cary Armstrong.

## Library Council

### Upper School Library Council

Kit Adams  
Cary Armstrong  
Elise Bruml  
Paula Cook  
Alice Jacobson  
Susie Mathews  
Janice Millner  
Joan Nadler  
Kleia Raubitschek  
Jane Rose  
Linda Scasserra  
Louise Scheide  
Susan Shew  
Judy Taylor  
Tassie Turkevich  
Susan West  
Peggy Wilber

### Middle School Library Council

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Barbara Short  
Cathy Sommer  
Gretchen Taylor  
Sally Tomlinson  
Bev Wilson





Madrigal Group: FRONT ROW around piano: Susan Valentine, Louise Scheide, Tassie Turkevich, Wandy Mills, Julie Cornforth, Trika Smith, Fiona Morgan, Tucky Ramus, Cynthia Weinrich, Kitty Walker, Kit Adams, Sheila Long. SECOND ROW: Kate Sayen, Carol Armstrong, Nancy Davis, Amanda Maugham, Cherry Raymond, Jane Cormack, Paula Cook.



## Glee Club

### Officers

Amanda Maugham, President  
 Tucky Ramus, Secretary  
 Erika Bauer, representative  
 Sheila Long, representative  
 Katherine Walker, representative  
 Cynthia Bull, representative







# Class Prophecy

The night was clear and starless. Below, blue lights illuminated the restored stoa at the foot of the Agora. Off to the right could be heard the sound of digging. Marty stumbled across the market place, camera in hand. "Oh, where are the clouds?" she sighed. "I need them in the picture."

"Darn it, look where you're going!"

Marty halted at the sound of a familiar voice. "Liza, is that you?"

A fuzzy head appeared from a big hole. "Of course. Now who did you think it was? Martha, please look out for my excavations!"

Just then three figures rose from a second hole. "Hi, Marts!" Eileen, Louie and Joanie scrambled up. Joan brushed the dirt from her khakis and added, "How're you doin' kid?"

Louie coughed and launched a heated argument as the dirt fell on her page boy below. "Oh, now I have to go home and wash my hair."

"Will you people, please be quiet!" Ei banged on her miniature bell, usually used as a dinner gong (first call to dinner). "I think I hear someone coming."

"Well, guess who's here," Joanie called as

Carts appeared with a beaming Erika. "Look what we have." Erika drew out the new plan they had drawn up for a restored monument in the middle of the Agora.

"Oh, how divine! At last a monument!" gasped Cathy, dashing off to the proposed site.

"All right, all right," put in Liza. "Let's get on with it."

All at once Ei yelled, "Hey, people! Look what I've dug up. Do you suppose it's petrified? Bring me the formaldehyde quick, Lou!"

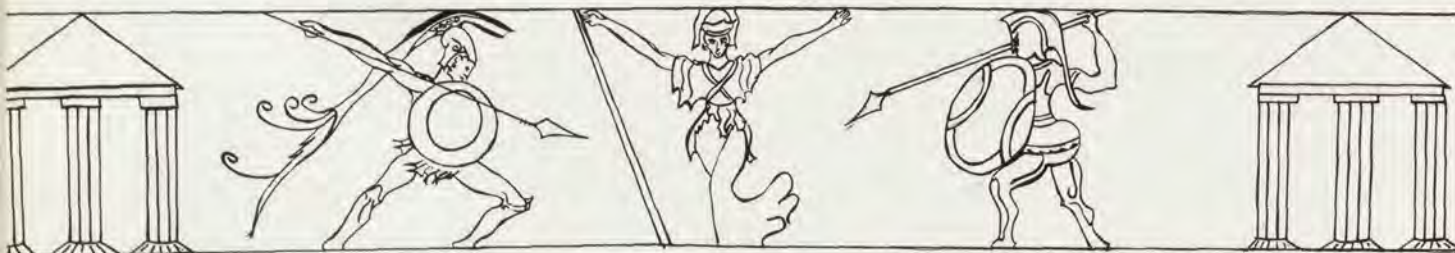
"Just a minute. I have to take out the baby guinea pigs first."

"Never mind. It's just me," and Hagie crawled out onto the ground. "I was merely following those roots for biology class. Miss Collins said I could finally pass that way." She burst into gales of laughter.

In the ensuing silence there came the roar of a Volkswagen bus. Through the sound of grinding gears and the smoky air, giggles were heard rippling through the air.

"Good grief. That must be Penny."

"Never fear. I am here," she called as she





jumped from the driver's seat. "Have you seen Mandy? We're going sightseeing tonight."

"Help, get me out of here!" From one of the excavations was a cry. As everyone pulled her out, Mandy sputtered, "Cripes, why can't I watch where I'm going? But the guide book said . . . Oh, well . . . Anyway, I heard you all were here so I came to invite you to the Glee Club reunion." To the resulting groans she exclaimed, "Don't tell me you're not going! Well, that's O.K. 'cause neither am I. What are you weenies doing here anyway?"

There followed an explanation of the excavation.

"You see, Val knew this Princeton guy who was forming an expedition to restore the ancient wine cellars and we volunteered. Right now she's off exploring Mars with her new husband. He's a scientist, you know. But we expect her any minute."

Wooosh! A rocket suddenly landed right beside the stoa. Sue popped out, followed by Nancy Davis.

"Look who I found up among the stars!"

"I was lost," said Nancy.

"Wait a minute," Liza said. "I hear a noise behind excavation 1960. Isn't that Lavine's dig?"

"Wait, wait. I just have one more drawing to do for the LINK and I'm sure there must be a good frieze here somewhere," Nancy Lavine dragged someone with a flashlight out from behind the ruins.

"Oh, it's just Pauline."

"Hi, gang! I missed my boat to New Zealand and I was just crying alone, when Nancy found me and told me I could help you guys and that I could catch another ship from Athens."

Judy rushed up. "GUESS whom I just saw! Wandy!! She's been pacing the stoa and here she comes now."

"Hi, keeds. They say those old philosophers got their great ideas while pacing that stoa. Well, I paced and paced and didn't get a single idea . . . but I sure did get sore feet."

"Hev look," Mandy explained, holding the flashlight over the guide book. "It says that the Acropolis is lit tonight. Why not excavate some boys and have a party in the Parthenon?"

"Oh, God!" said Liza.











	MOST	IMMORTAL WORDS	BESETTING SIN	SAVING GRACE
EILEEN	tactful	people - will you <u>please</u> be quiet!	worrying	serenity
ERIKA	special	really?	American slang	sparkle
SUSAN	flirtatious	darn it!	calories	domesticity
NANCY D.	misty	Lawdy on a bicycle	pigeon-toes	common sense
LIZA	impulsive	Freud says....	fingernails	organization
SALLY	good humored	yeh...yeh...yeh	laughing at her own jokes	social grace
PENNY	unpredictable	I've never been so embarrassed in my life!	fatal imagination	originality
NANCY L.	enigmatic	hi!	perfectionism	wit
AMANDA	effervescent	you weenie	helter-skelter-ness	poise
PAM	fun	"neat"	not getting her driving permit	humour
WANDY	adaptable	are you going uptown?	munching	versatility
JOAN	candid	don't sweat it	outbursts	laugh
CATHY	ethereal	have a blast!	long toes	that wink
LOUIE	magnifique	you're kidding	nail-biting	chortle
JUDY	talkative	I've <u>got</u> to talk to you	curiosity	generosity
MARTY	interested	I don't get it...	naïveté	helpfulness
SUE	reasonable	people...really	understanding the physics	understanding
CLASS	social	It's Greek to me	not cleaning the S.S.R.	conscientiousness



BETE NOIRE	IDEAL MAN	LOST WITHOUT	WHERE OR WHEN	MOST LIKELY TO
insincerity	Heathcliff	McMullen blouses	the present	ho-a-gung
unnatural people	"Le Petit Prince"	the Nortons	on his little star → 	form a Swiss-American Union
Roux	Jerry Lewis	my minipoo	Moscow with Eloise	manufacture her own champagne
note-taking	a Quad. guy	that pin	France during the reign of Louis XIV	be forced to buy new sneakers
circle pins	Apollo	aspergum	the age before man	save the Kleenex Co. from bankruptcy
people who laugh at their own jokes	Shelley Berman	History C.O.S.	the future	be a champion hula dancer
Martha's camera	beachcomber		the spring	lose her head
the laws of motion	The Duke of Durham	minute handwriting	the Sorbonne	open the window
worriers	Snoopy	Capezios	the Roaring 20's	be a hockey referee
being rushed	Gauguin	yogurt	Tahiti with a grass skirt	write a new New Zealand encyclopaedia
class meets	Charlie Brown	Lindy pens	the Dark Ages	sing with Elvis
homework	Spinoza	khaki pants	Paradise with Adam	become layout editor for <u>Life</u> !
school margarine	Cary Grant	toe-shoes	Ancient Egypt under Tutankhamen	live in a Swiss chalet
dog catchers	Li'l Abner	that little dictionary	The Wild and Woolly West	inhabit a tepee
no social cuts	Tony Perkins	an art paper due	China during the Ming Dynasty	invent plaid scotch
people who won't explain	a certain Russian	that camera!	the Hairin Quarter	have a happy...
that stage!	the Phantom	Canada-Dry crate	Hanging Gardens with Nebuchadnezzar	organize the organized people of the world.
competition	Adonis	men!!	The Golden Days of Greece	forget each other



## I Forgot Where I Was

When Fanny opened her eyes the world was rocking softly like a huge cradle. It swung and rocked and hummed in the half darkness.

Mama was still asleep, her profile calm and distant; her hand, palm upward, on the green plush, with fingers slightly curled. Fanny wished she had something to put in it; a little surprise for Mama to find when she woke up: a ring with a big shiny stone in it, or a piece of candy or a very small doll.

She turned to the window and carefully holding her breath, pinched the shade and lifted it a crack.

It was morning, all right, but early. The whole marching world was purple and blue and pink, and a big white star ran along the sky beside the train. Planted fields opened out like fans one after the other and beyond them the tall woods flowed swiftly sideways.

Fanny noticed with pride the leaves and grass and flowering weeds. It took bears and snakes many months to sleep away the winter, but they, she and her mother and the other people on the train, had slept it away in a single night.

Some of the passengers were awake now, straightening out their creased clothes and faces, stretching and yawning in the unpleasant waking of those who have slept sitting up all night in the stale air. Women in housecoats made their staggering way to the ladies' room, hair wound up on curlers and arms full of corsets, coldcream jars, stockings and toothbrushes.

Mama slept on. Fanny stood up and peered down the aisle. Peggy Madison, the little girl she had played with yesterday, must still be asleep too. All Fanny could see of her was the soles of her shoes and the back of her mother's blond head. Peggy, though better than nothing, had not been a very interesting playmate. She thought the CINDERELLA story was "silly," she thought all fairy tales were "silly;" all she cared about was paper dolls and her constantly quoted older sister Mary-Jane, an experienced girl of nine, grown important with absence.

The porter snapped on the overhead light with cruel suddenness. "First call for breakfast! Breakfast first call!" Mama winced out of sleep frowning, but when she saw Fanny she smiled and curved her hand around the back of her daughter's neck.

"When did you wake up, little one?"

"Long time ago. When I woke up there was still a star in the sky."

Carrying their toothbrushes, they, too, went to the ladies' room. It was full of stout women and smelled of hair and face powder. Nobody spoke to anyone else. Jiggling and lurching in furious silence, they spat water in the basin, worked on sleepwarped faces and puffed clouds of powder in their armpits. Their necks and arms had the damp, puffed look of bread dough rising in a warm place. Big people are horrid, thought Fanny. I'm never going to be big like that, with all my fatness shaking when I ride on trains.

When she and her mother went into the closet where the toilet was, suddenly through the door they heard the voices of women speaking together, and a single high sharp laugh. Yet when they came out all was suddenly as silent as before. One of them pushed Mama, giving her a strange colorless look. "Pardon ME," and vanished through the waving green curtains.

"Come, Fanny, wash your hands," Mama said. "First push the button that says 'Drain' and then the one that says 'Hot!'"

Fanny hoped that these ladies realized from her mother's words that she could read. She remembered with pleasure what her teacher had said to Mama, "Well, Mrs. Wellington, you've got a bright one there. Only six years old and already she can read better than the girls in second grade."

She read aloud the names on the buttons, "Hot. Cold. Drain. Ice Water. Soap."

"Don't fill it too full. Watch what you're doing," said Mama around the toothbrush.

Fanny wahsed her hands carefully with the soap that squirted from the soap machine.

They didn't go to the dining car, but stayed in their seat and ate a breakfast of crackers and milk and oranges. The flat country fled by the window all soft and green and brownish-red. In the forests, veils of small white flowers floated from the trees.

"Are we at the South now, Mama?"

"Yes, honey. Look, see the plamettos?"

"Those things like flat green hands with a lot of fingers?"

"Yes, those. When you see them it means you're in the South."

Later the train went over a trestle.



"See, Fanny, cypress trees. It's a cypress forest."

Tall trees growing out of black water. Thin trees that rose from swollen bases, hundreds and hundreds of them. It looked still out there, and old and lonesome. Among the farthest trees there was a white flickering of wings. A swan's wings, maybe?

"Cypress," chanted Fanny, loving the sound, "cypress, cypress, cypress, cypress."

"Wipe the milk off your mouth," Mama said.

Peggy Madison came over and leaned her fat stomach against the arm of the seat.

"I was to the dining car already. Why wasn't you, Fanny?"

"We thought we'd have to wait too long," Mama told her. "We don't like waiting for our breakfast, Fanny and I."

"I had sliced bananas to begin," Peggy said reminiscently. "Then I had a egg, some toast and jam, strawberry, and a whole lot of bacon. I bet I had ten pieces of bacon."

"Didn't you have any milk?" questioned Fanny haughtily, knowing better than to put crackers and oranges up for competition.

"I had milk with coffee in it. Real. My mother put it in for me just like she does for Mary-Jane, My sister Mary-Jane always--"

"Listen, Peggy," Fanny interrupted. "Let's go out between the cars."

It was exciting to stand in that passageway. There was a thrilling bang and clatter out there, and up through the cracks, stronger than the smell of iron and cinders, came a warm fragrance of leaves and earth.

"It smells of down South," Fanny said drawing in her breath so hard she choked.

"It smells like a train to me," Peggy said. "You're silly."

"I am not," retorted Fanny, but with no heart for battle.

"Who do you like best, your father or your mother?" Fanny asked after a while. It was a stock question like how old are you, when is your birthday, and do you like school?

"MY father."

"I like my father and mother the same," said Fanny.

"MY father's a soldier."

"So's mine."

"MY father's stationed in Miami."

"Mine was in France killing Germans. We don't know when he'll be back," said Fanny proudly. THAT was better than sliced bananas for breakfast. "We're going to live with my Grandma till he comes home."

Houses appeared on the flat land and now more and more sprang up till there were enough to make a town. The train slowed down and the conductor came bursting out of the door. "Skedaddle kids! I gotta get them steps down."

Back in the seat, Fanny looked out at the station with its red flowered bushes. She looked at the people greeting each other, at the tall, dark man leaning against the wall with his foot tucked up behind him like a stork. She read the names above the two entrances.

"W-H-I-T-E. White," spelled Fanny.

"C-O-L-O-R-E-D. Colo-red, Mama, what does colo-red mean?"

"Not colo-red, Fanny. Colored."

"Why? Why does it say colored?"

"It means that the door is for colored people to use, honey."

"Colored people? Like you and me, Mama?"

"Yes, little one."

The train came to life again. A quiver ran through it and slowly, very slowly, the station, the dark man and the red bushes slid away.

"Why do they have different doors for different colored people, Mama?"

"I don't know, honey. They just do, that's all. They just always have. It's a--It's a custom in this part of the country."

"Oh. And what were those bushes with the red flowers on them?"

"I'm not sure of the name. But Grandma has some in her backyard. Did you like them?"

Yes. I think I'm going to be hungry again pretty soon."

"We'll get to Hamilton about noon. We'll take a bus into town, but I guess there'll be a counter at the station where we can get a bite first."

It was a long morning. Heat pressed against the windows and the plush was full of soot and crumbs. The grown people were aware of the bones in their necks and backs. Fanny and Peggy Madison played,



grew tired of each other, fought and separated and then repeated the process all the weary morning.

"I can read and I bet you can't," said Fanny.

"I can too, I read my father's newspaper every day. All of them."

"Liar, liar, pants on fire, Hang them on a telephone wire."

"Anyhow, I'm not black."

"Anyhow, I'm not white," retorted Fanny. "So!"

But when the time came they departed as friends and with some reluctance. Peggy's mother smiled a wide, easy smile and spoke to Fanny's. "You sure got a bright girl there . . ."

Fanny carried a small suitcase, a present for Grandma and her doll. Mama carried the two big suitcases, lurching from side to side under their uneven weight. The strap of her shoulder bag kept slipping down her arm causing the bag to knock against her ankles.

"Pull my bag up, noney."

And Fanny would put the suitcase and the present and the doll down and push the strap back up over Mama's shoulder.

The station was big and new with push-open glass doors, tiles on the floor, huge pictures on the wall and a big glassed-in lunchroom at the end.

Is this what Southern food smells like? Fanny wondered: she lagged behind her mother's heels and looked at the food on people's plates; mashed potatoes and meat in swimmy brown gravv, scraps of lettuce and bread, cake crumbs, and ice cream. One little boy was eating ice cream.

There was a sharp rapping suddenly and a voice called, "Just a minute!"

The cashier was leaning forward in her narrow glass case, a dime between her fingers. Rouge was scrubbed into her long cheeks and above them the eyes had the colorless, flat look that Fanny remembered in the eyes of the woman on the train.

As they approached, her little pale-pink mouth seemed to quiver with uncontrollable wrath. "This restrant ain't open to anyone. It's reserved for white folks only. We don't cater to niggers here. If you're hungry you'll find a lunch wagon out back across the street."

"I see," said Mama, cold and quiet. "For a minute or two I forgot where I was . . . Come on, Fanny. Let's go find the lunch wagon." She stooped

for the suitcases again.

"Pull up my bag, will you, honey?"

They went out of the lunchroom and through the station and out into the warm street. There were more bushes with red flowers and some with yellow ones. A very delicate clattering sound came from the palm trees overhead. Fanny walked behind her mother. A dog looked up at her and wagged its tail, but she did not put out her hand to pat it. Three pigeons dropped out of the air and walked beside her on pink cross-stitched feet, but she didn't speak to them.

Something queer was happening everywhere, something she had known about long ago and had forgotten about and was now remembering. The world seemed to have slid a little; each object, each tree, house, face had slid slightly to one side showing the edge of what it had been concealing. Once on Hallowe'en, when Fanny had been walking with her aunt, a big boy about twelve years old had come toward them holding a mask over his face; a clown mask with a round red nose and a red crescent mouth. She had laughed to see it, and then, just as he was passing her, the boy had snatched the mask away to give a glimpse of white eyeballs and red skin. That's what was happening to the world. But Fanny couldn't see the whole face behind the mask, only the queer beginning of it.

Something pressed and swelled, a tide rose inside her. Something pushed and struggled to be let loose. Was it a going-to-be-sick feeling? Was it a going-to-cry?

It was a going-to-cry.

Fanny stood still and refused to more. Her mouth opened wide showing its whole interior, tongue, white baby teeth, even her quivering palate. Her eyes closed, and out from between squeezed lids the tears came darting like minnows.

"Fanny, what's the matter? cried her mother. "What is it, honey? Do you feel sick? Did something scare you? Are you hurt?"

"Don't want to g-go to Grandm-ma's," wailed Fanny, in shaking sobs. "I want to go h-home!"

I hate it here, I hate it! I want to g-go h-home!"

Her mother set the suitcases down and knelt beside her. She put her arms around her and kissed the wet cheeks.



"Listen, darling. Now listen to Mama a minute. Why, you're going to live it down here, little one! Grandma's got the cutest little house with a palm tree in front and a yard in back with those red flowers and a swing . . ."

Fanny drew deep trembling breath and paid attention to Mama.

"She's got chickens and a rooster and--and an old-fashioned music box; she's got long skirts for you to dress up in, and--no, honey, listen, don't cry--you know what else she's got? She's got a cat with three new kittens, she wanted to surprise you, she's going to let you name them . . ."

But none of this was what Fanny was crying to hear. This did not change the newly emerging

queerness of the world. Her mouth was open again to its limit and again the hot tears scurried down her cheeks like rain.

Fanny's mother knelt beside her, rocking her in a close embrace. Rocking her back and forth, back and forth, and knowing that the things she had to offer in the way of comfort weren't good enough, or even any good at all. But they were all she had at her disposal: only these kisses, only these words about kittens and trifles, and a clean handkerchief to blow on.

Wanda Mills, XII  
First Prize,  
Upper School Poetry

## A Storm

It was still, The water sat, still, without a ripple on its black surface. It was water shadowed with the dark glows of the angry eye above.

Becalmed, a small vessel drifted with its rigging slapping the deck and its booms very undecidedly going from side to side. The great face above stared down upon the tiny vessel with black eyes.

The water was silently disturbed by little ripples appearing on the black surface. They soon turned to white caps, standing out on the black deep.

The eyes were becoming darker and angrier. Why had it become so angry? No-one knew, but this time the dark pupils were infuriated.

The little caps became larger, as the face became darker. The caps became rolling boulders. The boulders became larger as if they were swelling from a hard blow.

The little vessel, with its little white sails, on its straight mahogany masts rocked as its booms swayed. The vessel tossed and swayed as it rode the great swells with trouble. It bobbed and bobbed as the black eyes watched it with anger.

With great strength the wind came. I came with its silent strength and stirred the air. The crew fought it as they struggled to hold the tugging halyards. It rustled their hair. The mainsail tore with a ripping sound that rang in the crew's ears.

The next step, the rain, came as a shy dog, but became mad as it grew stronger. It sprinkled the sails with a damp coating as the wind seemed to

tug it down, pulling it with great strength. The rain slapped the decks as the sea seemed to cover them.

Was the vessel losing the pressing battle? Were the angry eyes winning? But wait, what was this? What was this thing trying to push its way through the tar black pupils? This thing trying to peek through the black eyes. What was it?

Struggling, the bright light pushed its way through. Looking down on the shattered vessel with great compassion, the bright light blinded the exhausted crew. The black eyes seemed to melt away with the light from the burning ball. The wind seemed to lose its strength and stop tugging the rain, which seemed to shy away and just leave the sails with the coating it had left in the beginning. The boulders began to lose their majestic fierceness and the white caps became little ripples on the dark water.

It was beautiful. It appeared in the north, with many colors, as it always had. As it had been promised years before, the crew received their reward after their challenge. It curved across the sky with great beauty. It was something the crew and the little vessel would never forget.

Nan Carey, VII  
First Prize  
Middle School Prose

## A Second Spring

The sky's flung wide above my head,  
A pale blue curtain, softly spread  
To shield this tiny world below  
From cares the heavens only know.  
The earth is bathed in peace today:  
Beside my cheek a yellow spray  
Of Blossom whispers in the breeze  
And nods to leafy, new-born trees.  
And life is such a precious thing  
This moment, in the calm of spring.

Perhaps the sun will always bless  
The earth with warmth and happiness  
As she is doing now--and yet  
My heart is doubtful, and a threat  
So ominous I seem to hear,  
That suddenly I'm filled with fear!

And even as I stand and gaze  
Upon the sky, a burning haze  
Of cloud descends, envelopes me,  
Till nothing's left to feel or see  
But swirling heat and smokey gray,  
Hiding the beauty of the day.

I close my eyes against the sting,  
Praying that some god may bring  
Relief from troubles such as these,  
And calling, sink upon my knees,  
But all is flame and clouds of dust,  
And learn to bear life's care's I must.

To bear them--yes! But not to stand  
And suffer, never lifting hand  
To help myself! And so I rise,  
And raising arm to shield my eyes,  
I blindly run--no matter where--  
To leave this place is all I care,

And now, with passing of the years,  
My flight continues. Oft' the tears  
Refuse to stay within my eyes  
But overflow. My courage dies  
So many times, but always then  
Returns to me just once again.



How long can such a life as this  
Endure? Oh, God, to know that bliss  
Which once I knew in days of spring  
When suffering was a distant thing!

To feel the swaying grasses sweep  
Cool and green beneath my feet,  
To watch the veils of evening fall,  
Casting their shadows over all  
The world and painting brilliant red  
The darkening sky above my head.

Such joys as these can never be  
Completely separate from me!  
Although the road I travel now  
Is one of pain, perhaps somehow  
In days to come I shall behold  
Once more life's beauties manifold.

And thus renewed with faith, I know  
That this is truth. Where e'er I go  
From this day forth, my soul shall be  
So strong and brave that I shall see  
Beyond a moment's cares and strife  
To glorious joys of future life.

The sunlight danching on the grass  
And sparkling over bounding stream,  
As clear to me as in the dream  
I carried always in my heart  
Through troubled days is now a part  
Of all which is reality!  
And all is given unto me.

Elise Chase, XI  
(written in Class X)  
First Prize  
Upper School Poetry

## Ballad of Spring, Summer and Fall Flowers

Spring is a season in the year.  
Spring is the time the flowers appear.  
The daffodil in her blue-green gown  
Wears a yellow bonnet when she goes to town.

Lady Snowdrop and her pet pussy-willow,  
With smooth gray fur as soft as a pillow.  
Her sons and daughters and closest kin  
Go down to the brook by way of the wind.

Young Spring Beauty with her pale pink skin  
Goes to get married, her life--long whim,  
She wears a long and leafy dress,  
And the groom is forsythia, as you might guess.

Jack-in-the-pulpit is glued to his chair.  
He has no eyes, nor mouth, nor hair.  
He's a bundle of seeds wrapped up in a leaf--  
His pulpit is green with a stem underneath.

Summer is long and dry and hot.  
A cool, shady pool is what I sought.  
The grassy meadows looked cool and lush,  
In the afternoon the birds would hush.

Fall was short and pleasantly cool.  
The wild asters grew 'round a pool.  
Their purple bonnets swayed in the breeze,  
Their green arms reached each other with ease.

The Golden rod was the highlight of fall  
Their starry blossoms and stalk were tall.  
Golden rod's the most beautiful of all,  
But then cold winter seemed to call.

The flowers curled and writhed with pain,  
From winter's cold and freezing rain;  
The robins and sparrows ceased to sing;  
The winter, the winter now is king.

Sally Behr, VI  
First Prize  
Middle School Poetry



## Siegfried

There once was a dragon, Siegfried by name,  
Who loved to set houses and country aflame.  
He was brave, young and handsome, or so he did think,  
Till one day he saw, while taking a drink . . . A Monster.

This monster was green, this monster was hairy,  
This monster had teeth that looked pretty scary.  
Then Siegfried he quickly peeked over his shoulder  
But all he did spy was a mouldy old boulder.

Every bush this old dragon carefully eyed,  
But nary a monster did he ever spy.  
By this time our dragon was nothing but nerves,  
He was running in circles, he was running in curves.

He went to the pool and there he did spy  
The horrible monster with only one eye.  
He hopped up with fright and the monster hopped. too,  
And then our old Siegfried the truth now he knew.

No long he thought himself brave, young and handsome,  
No longer he held pretty girls for a ransom,  
For this dragon a lesson he had now learned  
Never think yourself handsome till a mirror confirms . . .  
That you are.

Annie Clay Harris, VIII  
Honorable Mention  
Middle School Poetry

Honorable Mention for Upper School Prose was awarded to Elise Chase, XI, for "Somewhere" and Penelope Hart, XIII for "Wave to Me." Both these stories appeared in the February issue of the FINEST.

Honorable Mention for Upper School Poetry was awarded to Wanda Mills, XII, for "Frozen Fire" which appeared in the February FINEST and December INKLING.

The Editorial Board of the LINK extends their warmest thanks and deepest appreciation to the following judges of the literary contest: Mrs. Harold Cherniss, Professor George H. Ford, Mrs. Samuel H. Guttman, Mrs. Felix Oppenheimer, Mrs. David Porter and Mrs. Robert Whitman.

The class of 1960 thanks Susie Matthews of Class X for her most generous, voluntary help in their advertizing campaign for the LINK.

### Tribute

To Liza and Joanie, without whose energy,  
enthusiasm and patience, this book would  
CERTAINLY never have gotten to Hannibal!  
--From their class.



There is one story  
that Virtue has her dwelling place above rock walls  
hard to climb  
with a grave chorus of light-footed nymphs attendant  
about her,  
and she is not to be looked upon by the eyes  
of every mortal,  
only by one who with sweat, with clenched concentration  
and courage, climbs to the peak.

Simonides



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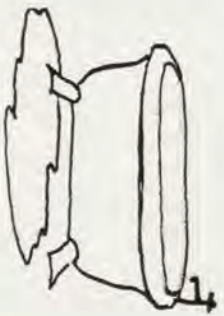


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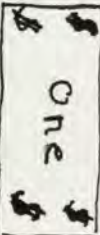

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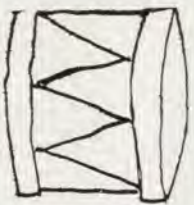


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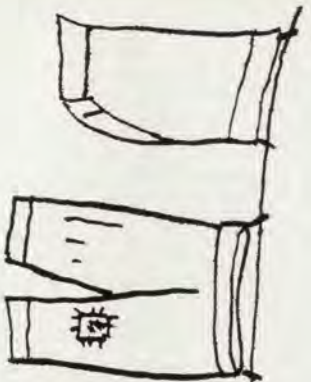


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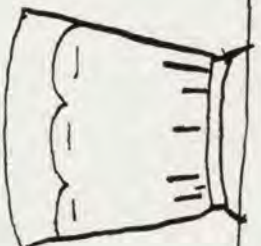
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