



Barbara Sullivan



Editor-in-Chief: Elise Chase Assistant Editor: Elise Bruml Layout Editor: Sheila Long Art Editor: Jane Rose Business Manager: Margaret Smith Advertising Manager: Sandra Sidford Photography Editor: Jean Shaw Contest Editor: Anne Tucker Ramus

Adviser: Anne B. Shepherd

Miss Fine's School, Princeton, New Jersey





William A. Eddy

- for his fine grasp of ideas and his ability to inflame the minds of others
- for his warm humor which makes the deep clear and the far close
- for his living mind open to all yet ever steadfast to its own ideals
- for demonstrating that religion in the deepest sense of the word is being as well as belief

and for his quiet strength . . .



with apologies to e.e. cummings (the verses in the senior section reflect certain of his poems)

·R S.

J.L. AOSE



- IX Library Council
- X FINEST Staff Tickets Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Madrigal Group Library Council Tennis Squad
- XI Editor of UNDERCOVER Library Council FINEST Staff Madrigal Group
- XII President of Library Council FINEST Staff Josephine in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group School Chorus American Field Service Committee

Carol Park Armstrong

Take for example this:

if to the dreaming of starlight to a more than cameo (which is herself and Cary and all feminine) the wild maine is felt deeply, beautifully

(just at the drift of light) she surely moulds an ivory poem which will evoke one of the thousand selves who round her shine.



- IX INKLING Staff Understudy for Margaret and Lob in DEAR BRUTUS Prompter for DEAR BRUTUS Instrumental Group Library Council
- X FINEST Staff INKLING Staff Telegraph Boy in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Instrumental Trio Instrumental Group Library Council First Prize LINK Upper School Prose Contest Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Editor-in-Chief of INKLING Penelope Sycamore in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Instrumental Trio Library Council Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Assistant Editor of LINK INKLING Staff Mlle. Gabrielle in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Instrumental Trio National Merit Scholarship Semi-Finalist Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team



Elise Kathe Bruml



spirit infectious (& moving to always laughter) you sparkling exuberant person

questing mind (& awareness delicately perceiving, magically fun in the theater

everyone marvels but chiefly the gift of making anywhere cozy even Olympus

give us a millionth part of original quietly modest, your shining courage



- IX Business Manager of FINEST INKLING Staff Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Advertising Editor of INKLING Alumnae Editor of INKLING Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Basketball Manager Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Class President Business Manager of INKLING Chairman of Ticket Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU American Field Service Committee Athletic Pocket Award Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary II Private School Lacrosse Team
- XII American Field Service Scholar Helsinki, Finland, First Semester Class President National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team

Mahala Lounsbury Busselle

if anything's pressing that can't be done (and everything's worser than folks could know) the beaniest polly will always set (with a fun laugh the blondest you've met) each problem as right as the sun

she's everything vineyard and sailing among (she's anything fluent in lan guages) she's everalways organized (with a hop skip basket and goal) she's wonderful young times young



- IX INKLING Staff Tickets and Programs Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Publicity Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Library Council
- X Assistant Editor of UNDERCOVER Library Council INKLING Staff Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Prompter for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Shepherd Word Study Prize
- XI Editor-in-Chief of FINEST Secretary of Class INKLING Staff
 Properties Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Poster Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Instrumental Group Library Council
 American Field Service Committee
 First Prize LINK Upper School Poetry Contest Honorable Mention LINK Upper School
 Prose Contest Tennis Squad
- XII Editor-in-Chief of LINK FINEST Staff INKLING Staff Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT National Merit Scholarship Semi-Finalist N.C.T.E. Award in English Tennis Squad



Elise Phillips Chase

because you hold peakhigh ideals (instead of being proud to write the noblest poem or catch winged ideas or be ahead in groves of Academe where others roam

because you love the rocks, the dunes, the sea (their mists, their moons, and moods, and depth-pulled tides) because your hands so slender-swift besides reveal emotion, sensitivity



- IX Costumes Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Library Council Cheerleader Badminton Manager Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Co-Chairman of Costumes Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Madrigal Group Library Council Cheerleader Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary II Private School Hockey Team
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club Madrigal Group Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Dramatic Club Madrigal Group School Choir Varsity Lacrosse Team

Julie Anne Cornforth

if there are any heavens julie will (with youall) have one. It will not be a thistle heaven but a southern heaven of honeysuckle and it will be a heaven of redred roses

julie will be (sweet like a rose gay like a rose) standing near stage organizing our fall play) with blossoming charm as she says Something with the voice of a belle really who is En-Tai-Sing and flows perfume moves wrists which jingle with many bracelets (suddenly in sunsets He will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)



- IX Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Junior Varsity Basketball Team
- X Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Costumes Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Basketball Manager Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Properties Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

5



Ruth Ann Davidson

Ann wears brightred lipstick & up collars she is altogether a striking girl as alive as she is quiet

when a dance comes, who puts on diamond black and moves down the room

with exoticness & mystery

-(and we wonder just how she is so nicely coy or we wonder what she is)



- IX Class Secretary Assistant Chairman of Costumes Committee for DEAR BRUTUS
- X Pantomimer in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Co-Chairman of Costumes Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Library Council Fire Warden Cheerleader
- XI Student Council Representative INKLING Staff Chairman of Costumes Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Chairman of Porch Duty
- XII Rotating Student Council Representative Advertising Manager of INKLING Chairman of Properties Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Lady in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT School Choir

Julia Pearce Fulper

julie lived close to yardly town (with up so driving a car pool down) spring summer autumn winter she smiled her sweetness she laughed her charm.

Sisters and friends (the class and more) rode with julie to the shore they swam their pleasure they tanned their side sun moon wave tide

when by now and gold by hair she graced her joy she gave her share dove by eyes and soft by doe julie's glow was warmth to all



- IX Moravian Preparatory School Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
- X Costumes Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Madrigal Group
- XI Poster Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Glee Club Representative Madrigal Group Fire Warden
- XII Layout Editor of LINK Glee Club Representative Madrigal Group School Choir Fire Warden National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation



Sheila Parsons Long

the loyalty of sheila is friendly,

and i have seen her sure alto voice which lies in a clearness of water . . .

i say that always beneath her love for precisely bach are laid boulders of strong sincerity



- IX Lawrence Junior High School Lawrence Township, Trenton, New Jersey
- X Costumes Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Library Council Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Rotating Student Council Representative INKLING Staff Costumes Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Junior Varsity Basketball Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Student Council Representative Chairman of American Field Service Committee
 Business Manager of INKLING
 Lady in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Co-Chairman of Tickets Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Junior Varsity Hockey Team
 Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

Deborah Amelia Moore

gee we like to think of deb she means nearer because realer cuter since funer than dancing the twist at one end of the floor she's too cool to be beat and she's too neat to be hard and she's sharp and open and she loves, every old thing such as treh-en and people and living

deb has the looks of the swingingest chick you've never met she maybe wears flats to everywhere and she means navy blue and really you do see and you are My how glad she's every's friend and she'll never change



- IX Social Service Representative Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Social Service Representative Representative to YMCA-YWCA Project Chairman of Tickets Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Pantomimer in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Madrigal Group Athletic Pocket Award Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary I Private School Hockey Team Honorary II Team Lacrosse Playday
- XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee Representative to YMCA-YWCA Assistant Stage Manager and Costumes Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Madrigal Group Chairman of Invitations Committee for Spring Dance Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Captain Honorary II Team Lacrosse Playday
- XII Chairman of Social Service Committee Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group School Choir Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Captain Honorary I Private School Hockey Team



Fiona Morgan

much she is able) accept the world: & bear always; and cause her ceaseless strength to richly grow

and, always know her helpfulness is more than most friendly (more than this

more than hearthfires of fall) strongly she drives breathlessly she laughs (like harvest fruit or earth warm leaves





Anne Tucker Ramus

- IX Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Glee Club Representative Instrumental Group Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Vice President and Secretary of Class Miss T. Muse in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Glee Club Representative Madrigal Group Instrumental Group Instrumental Trio Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Secretary of Glee Club Student Council Representative Madrigal Group Instrumental Trio Athletic Pocket Award Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Glee Club Contest Editor of LINK Irma in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group American Field Service Committee National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Varsity Hockey Captain Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team

and she is a Lady with calm golden hands (who

dreams) at sunset and who-tosses-her hair bowed down with laughter

"do not suppose she who runs wide the field and loves all that is swift different from the i whose hand wanders

imminently over the whispering guitar" to me said she being A lady with a deep mind, who; sings of: a dream (at sunset)



- IX Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Athletic Association Representative Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary I Private School Lacrosse Team
- X Madrigal Group Hockey Manager Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary II Private School Hockey Team Honorary I Private School Lacrosse Team
- XI Art Editor for Fall Issue of FINEST Scenery Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Madrigal Group Athletic Association Representative Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for Spring Dance Athletic Pocket Award Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Captain Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary I Private School Lacrosse Team Scholarship to Camp Merstead
- XII President of Athletic Association Art Editor for Spring Issue of FINEST Art Editor for UNDERCOVER Chairman of Scenery Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group School Choir Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team



Charlotte Ramsay Raymond

out of the mountain of her soul cornes a steady quietness) such legs can run a (who are like ocean strength) wind's

eternity (you see within her poetry earth's first sunrise) and her voice is deep like valley (is beautiful like evening) all around the self of her

soaring are growing trees (rooted firm surging with endurance) and she's young with mysteries (each of them truly hers





IX INKLING Staff Assistant Chairman of Scenery Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Co-Chairman of Stage Crew for DEAR BRUTUS

- X Scenery Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
- XI Art Editor of UNDERCOVER Library Council Chairman of Poster Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for Valentine Dance Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee for Spring Dance Tennis Squad
- XII Art Editor of LINK INKLING Staff Set Designer for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation

Jane Susan Rose

intelligence and

Here Is a jane rose whose most talented self creates Inspired art. (people admire scenery. people wonder at mobiles. people praise her link work) and

hErE iS a jane rose: with exotic connections intrigued by the unusual , designs on ice

and oh individualism-the yes of total modern sensitive, al,ways; differently:



- IX Costume Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Instrumental Group Library Council
- X Costume Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Tickets Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Library Council Cheerleader Tennis Squad
- XI Co-Chairman of Costume Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Library Council Chairman of Lost and Found Captain of Cheerleaders Tennis Squad
- XII Social Service Representative Paulette in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Co-Chairman of Tickets Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Costume Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT School Chorus Library Council Captain of Cheerleaders Tennis Squad



Linda Anne Scasserra



when linda comes into the room it's just a little like giggles, a little more like sophistication (say new york) with chic shoes and makeup . . .

the coming of linda recalls graceful ballet to my mind,

you should see when we sit and talk with her how our most worry becomes less. And then all her understanding is a black kid glove

whose calm grace reaches suddenly us



- X Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Tickets Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Cheerleader Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Chairman of Activities Committee Properties Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Chairman of Valentine Dance Cheerleader Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Class President, First Semester Class Secretary Captain of Blue Team Photography Editor of LINK Lady in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Chairman of Fall Dance National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Cheerleader Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team

Jean Tyrie Shaw

Bubbly-laugh joined with husky voice circle pin efficiency And resounding class meetings stage manager incomparable

with eyes a little impish Jeanie comes



- IX INKLING Staff Cheerleader Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Class President INKLING Staff Assistant Chairman of Lighting Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Chairman of Lost and Found Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team
- XI Secretary of Athletic Association Sports Editor for INKLING Advertising Manager for INKLING Chairman of Lighting Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Social Service Representative Advertising Manager for LINK Sports Editor for INKLING Constance in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Athletic Association Representative National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team



Sandra Clark Sidford



there (by yon windy hockey field she stands) this fine strong cheerful one, whose spirit has so oft revealed enthusiasm drive and fun.

-incalculable zest! Picture her as she'll rocket soar with an idea by far the best attaining heights not reached before



Margaret Petrikin Smith

- IX Class President Assistant Chairman of Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Social Service Representative Sports Editor of INKLING Assistant Chairman of Properties Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH American Field Service Committee Lacrosse Manager Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Social Service Representative INKLING Staff
 Co-Chairman of Lighting Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Madrigal Group
 American Field Service Committee
 Hockey Manager
 Athletic Pocket Award
 Varsity Hockey Team
 Varsity Basketball Team
 Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Student Council Representative Business Manager of LINK Captain of Gray Team Chairman of Lighting Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group School Choir American Field Service Committee Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team

it really must be Nice, always to

be dependable) or always always to be there when people need you (at those class meetings where next to nothing's been

done) steadfast (when someone has to fix lighting for the play and there's all sorts of Link business that

has to be settled) it Must be nice always to be ballet ing and to be utterly feminine (and wearing peasant blouses and full wide skirts)



- IX American Field Service Representative Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary II Team Lacrosse Playday
- X Drum Majorette in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Prompter for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Athletic Association Representative Junior Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team Honorary I Team Lacrosse Playday
- XI Tickets Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Usher for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Hockey Manager Athletic Pocket Award Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XII Properties Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Hockey Manager National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team



Nancy Read Smoyer



Nancy we like you because you would like to play a game of lacrosse as well as deck the halls with boughs of jolly

Nancy we like you because when we're hard up you lend us your house to give a party and you're always ready

to drive us places and because you are continually laughing with people and especially are fun



Cynthia Weinrich

- IX Make-up Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Instrumental Group TIME Current Affairs Test School Prize
- X Miss Bailey in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Glee Club Representative Madrigal Group Instrumental Group TIME Current Affairs Test School Prize
- XI Rotating Student Council Representative Exchange Editor of INKLING Grand Duchess Olga in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Madrigal Group Instrumental Trio American Field Service Committee School Winner Rutgers Poetry Reading Contest
- XII Co-Chairman of American Field Service Committee Countess Aurelia in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Madrigal Group School Choir Instrumental Trio National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation

conversation with my friend is particularly

to enjoy the deep insistent voice from which always resounds an intelligent Distinct opinion while a pencil's clutched in her hand of gestures

despite this aggressive tendency her hands are seen frequently

playing the stirring notes of a bach invention when swayingly walk with some trudging steps the a little marching middleandupper schools admiring

for my friend, excellence is a special and dominant possession in her abilities as a convincing actress student whose whitehot mind however suddenly challenged will always quite grasp the ideas which its keenness uncovers



IX INKLING Staff

Make-up Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Properties Committee for DEAR BRUTUS Instrumental Group Library Council HERALD TRIBUNE National Prize for Essay on HUCKLEBERRY FINN

- X INKLING Staff Miss M. Muse in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Instrumental Group Library Council Junior Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Assistant Editor of INKLING Dramatic Editor of INKLING Art Editor for Spring Issue of FINEST Posters Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Library Council Great Decisions Discussion Group Third Place SPANJ Feature Writing
- XII Editor-in-Chief of INKLING Publicity Manager for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT





Peggy Wilber

n(o)w the how sti(mulated cleverly) mind iS Struck: with; conVictioN ! at which (shall) burstforth essays (of) wit and STrong PO wER! iN -dividualism againstfleX (conformity cliques)

Toevery need allherHeartOpen



Joan Catherine Yeaton

- IX Student Council Representative INKLING Staff Typist for FINEST Library Council Junior Varsity Hockey Team Junior Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- X Student Council Representative Business Manager of INKLING Assistant Chairman of Program Committee for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH Co-manager of Lacrosse Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team
- XI Secretary of Student Council INKLING Staff
 Chairman of Program Committee for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Athletic Pocket Award
 Varsity Hockey Team
 Varsity Basketball Team
 Varsity Lacrosse Team
 Honorary I Private School Lacrosse Team
- XII President of Student Council INKLING Staff Therese in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT Chairman of Program Committee for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT National Merit Scholarship Letter of Commendation Varsity Hockey Team Varsity Basketball Team Varsity Lacrosse Team

she is a far girl (leader of council) inside the force and the bell of hurrying school -she is not daunted if harder work grows hardest, she is pleasant when drab and grey make winter

her life is the life of seventeen and ingénue; her mind is a mind of meticulous concentration (friendly and autumn and weekend and laughing) joanie whose poise or perfection is her nice and her natural



IX,X,XI,XII Lyd

Lycee de Jeunes Filles de Blois

premiere partie--section A deuxième partie--section

Baccalaureat

philosophie XII American Field Service student from France Student Council Representative American Field Service Committee School Choir

Costumes Committee for THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

Home Address: 30 Rue des Minimes Blois Loire et Cher France



Christine Durand



chris tine is pix ie jo vial candy cane striped gay francaise wonder fully y inqui sitive. ta king things as they come perk ing cof fee warm



Theodore Wood

Halleluiah . . . swinging cane . . . the bell . . . first row . . . dignified warmth . . . blue, twinkling eyes . . . the Nassau Club . . . deep, friendly voice . . . jaunty . . . kind smile . . . every game . . . for your loyalty, spirit and love, we thank you.





Pol

Jane





Cary



Jeanie



Kinda





Peggy





Gynthia



Ireks

Tucky





gulie





Jules

noney

Christine







Joanie

Tion

Debbie



Fio







Elise

Cherry

	IMMORTAL WORDS	MOST LIKELY TO	HERO
Cary	"Ciao"	have a blast	Satchmo
Elise	"Oooh-neat"	die of lead poisoning	Winniethe Pooh
Polly	"It's a little dearie"	translate Post stories into Finnish	Paul Newman
Tibby	"I mean - really"	strangle herself laughing	e.e.
Julie C.	"Darling sweetie honey"	be a speed-car racer	it varies
Ann	"Lotsa fun "	be Hamecaming Queen	louis Jourdan
Julie F.	"Quick"	qo uptown	Scer
Sheila	"Honestly, people "	convert Africa	Albert Schweitzer
Debbie	"This we can do without"	start a driving school	Southern Gentlemen
Fiona	"God bless it !"	have 12 children	Salvatore Dali
Tucky	"QUIET !!"	be a marriage counselor	Tarzan
Cherry	"Aw, shucks, Mr. Dillon "	race an Arabian steed	her Swede
Jane	"Oh, my "	marry a struggling ar- tist and live in a garret	Alcibiades
Linda	" What is this?"	open a charm school	the General - Lee
Jeanie	"Okay, people, this is really key"	bubble over	Rhett Butler
Sandy	" Now, ladies "	coach the Hun School field hockey team	Bret Maverick
Trika	"Cool as a moose"	teach at MFS	Gern, Gearge Gordon Meade
Nancy	"What a panic!"	live on a ranch	Frank Sinatra
Cynthia	"But but but "	be Secy. of State	Leonard Bernstein
Peggy	anything over four syllables	be the White House Press Secy.	Huck Finn
Joan	"Just FABULOUS !"	melt the slopes	Cary Grant
Christine	" Oh, zut ! "	be adopted by the Cooks	Peter Pan
Class	"Trauma by Trauma"	cry at graduation	Heathcliffe
FOUND	SONG	LOST WITHOUT	CAN YOU IMAGINE HEP
----------------------------	---	---------------------	---------------------------------------
sparkling	"Ebb Tide"	memories	a statistician
curled up	" A Foqqy Day in London Town"	Bubble	being a switchboard operator
messing around	"All the Things You Are"	Mahzie	a concert violinist
near food	"Manhattan"	and	a car-hop
backstage	"Get Me to the Church on Time"	Emily Post	not infatuated
under the sunlamp	"Running Bear *	valuminous wardrobe	a spinster
at 1937	"You, Me and the Sea"	Long Beach Island	in a professional roller derby
playing Bach	"There's Music in the Air"	the cropper	running a 'speak-easy'
reading "The Prince"	"Anything Goes"	people	majoring in Physics
in her Valiant	"Cockeyed Optimist"		with a pixie
humming "All My Trials"	"Mr. Sandman"	Squeak !	plucking chickens
outside	" I could Have Danced all Night"	the Charleston	working in a Detroit assembly line
at Wilson Lodge	"Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"	her '.8. '	teaching Hame Ec. at Podunk High
twisting	"Sophisticated Swing"	a 'depress'	a tom boy
at La Vake's	" Someday My Prince Will Come"	"the group"	singing at the Met
when needed	"Let's Do It"	her cousins	having breakfast in bed
pirouetting	"Happy Talk"	marble cakes	living in New Haven
in the SSR	"Most Amazın' Morning"	the car	Poet Laureate
chewing ice cream	"Bidin' My Time"	rope tows	on Bandstand
sitting in trees	"I Wonder as I Wander"	a cause	conforming
dood ling CIAIS	"Where The Boys Are"	sea, ski, sun	with Elise's notebook
at PU Hockey Games	"C'est Si Bon"	hair pins	an Indian scout
interrupting	" Fools Rush In "	Freshmen Heralds	nat hungry

Shirley Davis

Headmistress

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

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







JANICE P. CICERO Physical Education B.S. Wheaton.

SARA H. BOUTELLE History B.A. Mount Holyoke, Sorbonne.

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

CATHERINE CAMPBELL

B.A. Connecticut, M.A.

RUTH M. CHERNISS

A.B., M.A. University of California,

Mathematics

Columbia.

French

Ph.D. Cornell.

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

WILLIAM A. EDDY Introduction to Religion B.A. Princeton, S.T.B. New York General Theological Seminary.













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

ELIZABETH R FINE







ERNEST GORDON Bible M.A. St. Andrews, B.D. Edinburgh, S.T.M. Hartford. LAUDIF History B.A. Sw Harvard



DOROTHY C. MEYERS Librarian B.A. Douglass.

NANCI HAUGHTON Crafts B.S. New York University.

OLGA HOLENKOFF French License de Prof. de Français á l Etranger.

SUZANNE M. HUNT Geography, History

B.S. University of

Pennsylvania.

ISABELLE K. RAUBIT-SCHEK Latin B. A. Barnard, Ph. D. Columbia.

FRANCES M. ROBERTS Government B.A. Agnes Scott, M.A. St. John's, Shanghai.









MARY E. PECK English B.A. Syracuse University.

> BARBARA K. SCHLEYER Science B.A. Radcliffe.





ALISON M. 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.





ARLENE H. SMITH

Art Diploma, Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts, Art Students League. MABEL H. WADE French B.A. Marietta, M.A. Columbia.





Administration

MARTHA K. BUSSELLE Administrative Assistant. CATHERINE CASHMAN Financial Secretary.



MADELINE WEIGEL Head of the Lower School, Kindergarten.

THELMA C. YOUNG Business Manager.



G

JANET G. BROWN Academic Secretary. GERTRUDE D. BROPHY, R.N. School Nurse.

37





BACK ROW: Toni Oppenheimer, Marty Sichel, Sonia Bill, President; Tassie Turkevich, Cindy Brown, Carol Fried, Kitty Walker, Kate Sayen, Paula Cook. MIDDLE ROW: Mary Liz Keegin, Janice Millner, Sue West, Suzi Mathews, Gail Cotton, Kit Adams. FRONT ROW: Sandy Maxwell, Susan Shew, Judy Adams. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Carol Estey.

XI



BACK ROW: Bobbi Scheide, Kleia Raubitschek, Joan Knapp, Bonnie Strong, Bonnie Grad, Jane Aresty, Laura Rogers. MIDDLE ROW: Dianne Drake, Anne MacNeil, Sara Dreier, Sally Campbell (President), Kathy Kilgore, Ginny Elmer, Alice Jacobson, Prudie Morgan. FRONT ROW: Val Wicks, Andy Updike, Ellen Levy, Cindy Bull, Liza Maugham, Colleen Coffee. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Pam Sidford, Gretchen Southard.

X



BACK ROW: Cary Smith, Annie Clay Harris, Bev Wilson, Gail Petty. THIRD ROW: Dora Lange, Jane Budny, Nancy Davison, Fran Wolff, Barbara Rose, Penny Pettit, Susan Schildkraut. SECOND ROW: Jay Edwards, Judy Scasserra, Liz Aall, (President), Kathleen Kingsford, Linda Conroy, Priscilla Mark. FRONT ROW: Kathy Tomlinson, Amy Lau, Susan Jamieson, Barbara Tomor, Susie Moulton. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Stephanie Judson.

IX



VIII

BACK ROW: Wendy Baldridge, Barbara Shaw, Arden Green. SIXTH ROW: Kathie Boucher, Alison Hubby, Susan Sichel, Chris Foss, Paula Cantor, Ophie Benson. FIFTH ROW: Gretchen Taylor, Lisa Patton, Stephanie Ewing, Charlotte Conlin, Joanie Wicks, Bambi Woodward, Nan Carey. FOURTH ROW: Lynn Goeller, Tony Madeira, Carol Eddy, Molly Dorf, Blanche Goble. THIRD ROW: Susan Russell, Gigi Godfrey, Mary Clark, Martha Gorman, Lauren Adams, President. SECOND ROW: Janie Strunsky, Elise Rosenhaupt, Dabby Bishop, Jackie Hart. FRONT ROW: Peggy Woodward, Barbara Putnam, Sally Tomlinson, Penny Griswold, Marita Raubitschek, Barbie Brophy.



UPPER SCHOOL COUNCIL: Andy Updike, Stephanie Judson, Judy Adams, Trika Smith, Paula Cook (secretary), Joan Yeaton (president), Christine Durand, Debbie Moore, Cindy Brown, Jay Edwards, Cindy Bull.

Student Councils



MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL: BACK ROW: Kirsty Pollard, Gigi Godfrey, Nancy Carey (secretary), Paula Cantor (president), Lisa Patton (representative to Upper School Council), Sally Tomlinson, Linda Staniar. FRONT ROW: Sheila Hanan, Connie Sayen, Linda Baker, Liz Thayer.



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE: BACK ROW: Joan Knapp (secretary), Fiona Morgan (chairman), Suzi Mathews (treasurer), Marty Sichel. SECOND ROW: Ginny Elmer, Linda Scasserra, Nancy Davison, Jane Aresty, Toni Oppenheimer. FRONT ROW: Fran Wolff, Sia Godfrey, Joanie Wicks. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Sandy Sidford, Tootie Conlin, Dorothy Humphrey.



Social Service

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE: Princeton Hospital; Nursery School; Church Schools; Princeton Family Service; St. Michael's Orphanage; Merwick Nursing Home; Outgrown Shop; YWCA; Philadelphia Quaker Work Camps.

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

CONTRIBUTIONS: Princeton United Fund; NEW YORK 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.



INKLING STAFF: STANDING: Julie Fulper, Linda Scasserra, Pam Sidford, Sarah Dreier, Kleia Raubitschek, Laurie Rogers, Cindy Brown, Debbie Moore, Kate Sayen, Bonnie Grad, Joan Yeaton, Sandy Sidford, Sonia Bill, Tibby Chase, Marty Sichel, Suzi Mathews, Alice Jacobson. SEATED: Kit Adams, Judy Adams, Peggy Wilber (editor), Gail Marzoni, Barbara Sullivan, Priscilla Mark, Elise Bruml, Susan Schildkraut, Jane Rose.

Publications



FINEST BOARD: Jane Aresty, Alice Jacobson, Penny Pettit, Cindy Brown (editor), Tibby Chase, Bobbi Scheide, Judy Adams, Cary Armstrong. The Dramatic Club of Miss Fine's School

presents

The Madwoman of Chaillot

by

Jean Giraudoux

Adapted by

Maurice Valency

Miss Fine's School Auditorium

November 10 and 11, 1960 8:30 P.M.







The Waiter Franz R. Buse
The Little ManDavid McLean
The Prospector Squire Knox
The President Russ Tremaine
The Baron Bill Radebaugh
Therese Joan Yeaton
The Street Singer Carl Schieren
The Flower Girl Barbara Rose
The Ragpicker Lee Caldwell
PauletteLinda Scasserra
The Deaf-Mute George Blanchard
rma Tucky Ramus
The Shoelace Peddler Carl Schieren
The Broker Bill Rough
Dr. Jadin Dave Cain
Countess Aurelia, The Madwoman of Chaillot Cynthia Weinrich
The DoormanJohn Porter
The Policeman Mike Korman
Pierre David McLean
The Sergeant Bruce D. MacKenzie
The Sewer-manBruce D. MacKenzie
Mme. Constance, The Madwoman of Passy Sandy Sidford
Mlle. Gabrielle, The Madwoman of St. Sulpice Elise Bruml
Mme. Josephine, The Madwoman of La Concorde Cary Armstrong
The Presidents Russ Tremaine, Bill Rough, Bill Radebaugh
The Prospectors
The Press Agents Mike Korman, Chuck Bamford
The Ladies Debbie Moore, Sonia Bill, Julie Fulper, Jeanie Shaw
The Adolphe Bertauts Dave Cain
Voices

Cast



Production Staff



SCENERY: Cherry Raymond, Jane Rose (Co-chairmen), Marty Sichel (Asst. Chairman)

Dramatic Club



COSTUMES: Gail Cotton, Suzi Mathews (Co-chairmen)

MAKE-UP: Liza Maugham (Chairman), Bobbi Scheide (Asst. Chairman)

LIGHTING: Trika Smith, Pam Sidford (Co-chairmen)

PROGRAMS: Joan Yeaton (Chairman)

PUBLICITY: Peggy Wilber (Chairman)

PROMPTERS: Nancy Smoyer (Chairman)

POSTERS: Sandy Sidford (Chairman)

TICKETS: Linda Scasserra (Chairman)

Set Designs by Jane Rose





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION: FIRST ROW: Tassie Turkevich, Barbara Rose, SECOND ROW: Trika Smith, Mary Liz Keegin (secretary), Cherry Raymond (president), Sandy Sidford, Jeanie Shaw, MISSING FROM PICTURE: Pam Sidford.









CHEERLEADERS: FIRST ROW: Susan Schildkraut, Linda Scasserra (captain), Penny Pettit, SECOND ROW: Jeanie Shaw, Ellen Levy.



VARSITY HOCKEY: Paula Cook, Joan Yeaton, Trika Smith, Tassie Turkevich, Cherry Raymond, Tucky Ramus (captain), Fiona Morgan, Nancy Smoyer, Sonia Bill, Sandy Sidford, Sandy Maxwell.

Association





VARSITY BASKETBALL: FIRST ROW: Sandy Sidford, Cherry Raymond, Nancy Smoyer, Fiona Morgan, SECOND ROW: Tucky Ramus, Joan Yeaton, Ann Davidson, Polly Busselle.





MADRIGAL GROUP: Bobbi Scheide, Cary Armstrong, Julie Cornforth, Tucky Ramus, Paula Cook, Sheila Long, Kate Sayen, Cherry Raymond, Cynthia Weinrich, Trika Smith, Fiona Morgan, Tassie Turkevich, Miss Davidson at the piano.

Glee Club

OFFICERS

Tucky Ramus, President Carol Estey, Secretary Sheila Long, representative Kit Adams, representative Ellen Levy, representative Linda Conroy, representative CHOIR:

Kit Adams Jane Aresty Cary Armstrong Sonia Bill Jane Budny Cindy Bull Sally Campbell Linda Conroy Paula Cook Julie Cornforth Dianne Drake Christine Durand Ginny Elmer Carol Estey Carol Fried Julie Fulper Bonnie Grad Stephanie Judson Kathy Kilgore Joan Knapp Dora Lange Ellen Levy Sheila Long

Liza Maugham Fiona Morgan Susan Moulton Toni Oppenheimer Penny Pettit Gail Petty Tucky Ramus Cherry Raymond Laurie Rogers Barbara Rose Kate Sayen Judy Scasserra Linda Scasserra Bobbi Scheide Susan Schildkraut Pam Sidford Cary Smith Trika Smith Tassie Turkevich Andy Updike Cynthia Weinrich Val Wicks Bev Wilson



OFFICERS: Kit Adams (editor of UNDERCOVER), Cherry Raymond (art editor of UNDERCOVER), Kleia Raubitschek (assistant editor of UNDERCOVER), Cary Armstrong (president of Library Council), Mrs. Meyers (Librarian).

Library Council

Kit Adams Cary Armstrong Jane Budny Penny Griswold Sue Jamieson Amy Lau Anne MacNeil Janice Millner Gail Petty Kleia Raubitschek Marita Raubitschek Cherry Raymond Kate Sayen Judy Scasserra Linda Scasserra Susan Shew Gretchen Southard Gretchen Taylor Susan West Bey Wilson



Snow

Snow, White wonder, Glittering in the blue-black winter night.

When we were children . . . The snow was deep and soft, And in the intense silence of night, The snow sang high and clear.

And we laughed As we pulled the heavy sleds up the padded hill. Our breath

made steam-clouds in the cold.

The wind

blew powdered crystal at our faces, As we flew down the icy slopes of heaven And swirled among the stars. Faster! We sped in smooth confusion balanced on the narrow line between the white and black,

Until we glided to a frozen stop in a mound of sparkling snow,Cold, and sitting on the ground.The stars smiled down from far above.

It was so cold . . . Trudging home through moon-bright snowy streets to dry our mittens and warm our feet.

Late at night It snowed, And we tiptoed barefoot to the window to look out.

Snow. White wonder, Sifting through the blue-black winter night.

> Judy Adams, XI First Prize Upper School Poetry

Storm

He walked along the path by the lake. Dead leaves lay matted on the ground, wet from last night's rain. Wet chunks of wood soaked deep brown and rotting soft lay buried in the leaves. He picked up a stick from the path and felt it crumble wet and soft in his hand. The woods rose on one side of the path and the still brown water of the lake stretched far out on the other. In the water rippled green and brown and yellow from the trees on the shore, blending together like the dirty paint water in the glass when he used his watercolors. And on this side of the lake too the trees were green and brown and yellow with the leaves dropping wet and soft to the path. He looked up through the bare places where the leaves were gone. Through the empty branches the sky was dazzling blue and cloudless and huge. The wonderful clear blue of the sky in autumn, wide and windy looking and beautiful. And so bright where the sun was and bright where the sun streaked the leaves along the path with light and bright on the still ripple of the water. He walked slowly with the warmth of the autumn day wrapping itself about him and the soft crunching feeling of wet leaves wonderful beneath his feet and the sleepy peacefulness of the insects humming in the woods. Yes, and in a week his birthday was coming. He would be eight years old in a week. He was getting very old. He was growing up. He laughed out loud at the beauty of the day. The whole world was beautiful and right. Happiness filled his soul.

That evening the rain came. It rained all night, and he lay awake for hours listening to the water pounding on the roof. It hammered the roof, steady and hard. The thunder rumbled in the night, and he saw the flash of lightning through the darkness outside his window. He shivered in the cold even though his window was only open a crack. He shivered against the coolness of the sheets and squirmed deeper down under the covers. It was exciting to hear the pounding water on the roof and to hear the leaves being torn from the trees and whipped by the winds through the air. The winds blew wildly, swirling the water and racing through the blackness. And then he saw a bright jagged gash of lightning in the sky, and the thunder came with it, loud and deep, tore the sky open and shook the house. It was closer and louder than he had ever heard it before, and a sudden sense of helplessness swept over him. He curled himself up tight in a little ball and huddled there alone in the big bed with the rain still coming and the lightning, and he could feel the world swaying and shaken with darkness and thunder and winds, and there was nothing he could do . . .

They had lost several trees. He saw them when he woke up the next morning. They lay, there away from the house near the place where the woods began, their roots torn up with earth still clinging to them. And the ground was strewn with leaves. Leaves lay everywhere in patches of wet color.

The doorbell rang that afternoon, and he went to answer it. A man stood there in rough workclothes, his shirt open at the neck and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. His hair was dark and curly. He was a large man, not fat, but very large, and there was something strange in his eyes. His voice when he spoke was rough sounding as though he lived in the country.

"Is your mom home?" he said. "Tell her I'd like to see her."

He went and told his mother, and she came to the door. The man was smoking a cigar, and his hands were all rough and stained from the tobacco. He drew the smoke deep down into his lungs and then let it out in puffs as he talked. The smoke puffed out with the shape of the words.

"I'm Wilbur Dufur," he said. "I see you lost some trees last night. I can get rid of them for you and do a damn good job, too. And you won't get a better price anywhere. Tell you what I'll do. I'll get rid of the lot of them for sixty dollars. And you can bet you won't find anyone who'll do it for less than twice that. The lot of them for sixty dollars." He leaned back against the side of the house and puffed away at the cigar. His hands were very rough and stained and dirt was imbedded deep in his fingernails. His arms below the roll of the sleeves were dark and hairy.

"Well, I don't know," he heard his mother say. "I'll tell you, Mr. Dufur, we ordinarily have the same man take care of this sort of thing, and I imagine my husband was planning to have him do this too." She was very smiling and pleasant, but there was something stiff about the sound of her voice. He tugged at her sleeve.

"Mom, have him do it. Have him do it, Mom."

"Jimmy, hush," she said. "Let me take care of this,"

"Tell you one thing," said the hairy man. "Whoever you're thinking of, he won't give you as good a price. I can tell you right off, before you even ask him, that he won't. You know why that is? It's because these people have to use a lot of equipment to do a job that doesn't really need all that." He lowered 54 his voice and looked down at her. "You know what?" he said. "I can do that in half the time by myself, I can saw right through those trees and it won't take a bit of fancy power equipment, I can tell you that." And then he turned to Jimmy, grinned at him, the cigar stuck in one corner of his mouth. "I bet you'd like to watch that, wouldn't you, kid? I'd have that done in no time. And I'll tell you why. I grew up in New Hampshire, and when I was just about your age, I could fell a tree better'n anyone around. I grew up with a saw and ax. Me and my dad and my grandfather. And let me tell you this, ma'am," and he turned back to Jimmy's mother, "you won't find anyone around here who'll do a better job for you and do it as cheap. If you can't do your job without a lot of expensive power stuff you can't do it without a lot of high prices. And you'll never know how good I can do that job if you haven't seen me."

She was still smiling that coldly pleasant smile. And her voice was pleasant too, but it was not real. "I'm sure that's so, Mr. Dufur. But I really think my husband is planning to have someone else. I want to thank you very much for coming, though. Perhaps we can use you some other time."

"Tell me one thing," the hairy man said to her. "Just one thing. You've had him before, you know how much he charges. Will he give you as good a price?"

She was looking at him and smiling. "No, I don't imagine he will," she said. "But as I told you, I think my husband is expecting to use him, and I don't think I better confuse things on the chance he's spoken to him already."

"That's all I wanted to know," said the man. "I could've told you that anyway." He took a puff on the cigar. "Look, I'll give you my address and you can keep it in case you ever want to get in touch with me. I live just a few miles out of town. R.D. 1. And the name's spelled D-u-f-u-r. Wilbur Dufur."

"Fine, Mr. Dufur. Thank you very much. I'll write it down as soon as I go inside, Thank you very much for coming."

Jimmy saw him walk down the driveway and out into the road. He turned back once more before he left, big and tall and rough, and even that distance away there was the strange look in the eyes. Almost like an old man . . . But when he was young in the mountains. Jimmy could imagine the mountains and the way he must have been when he was a boy. Strong, and he could feel the strength and the swing of the ax and the power in his arms. Growning up in the mountains and strong and alive and wonderful! "Mom," he said, "Mom, why didn't you let him do it? He was so nice, Mom. He was so nice, and you know you don't have to have Mr, Davis. You only had him once before, and you know there's no reason why Dad wants you to have him this time. And he wasn't nearly as nice as this man, you know he wasn't. Mom, why didn't you let him do it?"

His mother laughed. "Don't be silly, dear. You don't know anything about this sort of thing. Why, he probably hasn't even any insurance. If he had an accident or something, he might sue us and take everything we own. You can't just trust everyone you see that way." She laughed again and went back into the kitchen.

"But, Mom," he called after her, "Mom, why can't you? He's a nice man. You could tell that. And there's nothing phony about him, either, he's real . . . Mom, don't forget to write down his name like you said you would."

But the water was running loudly out in the kitchen, and she probably hadn't even heard him.

That night after dinner his mother and father were sitting in the living room. He was about to go in, but he heard them talking and waited out in the hall for a moment.

"Such a strange man," his mother was saying. "Completely rough and uneducated. From New Hampshire, I think he said. Really, I can't imagine what he's doing around here. His name sounded French . . . Probably French-Canadian. I think there are a lot of them up around there. I can't remember what it was exactly. Something like Druer, although that's not it." There was a silence, then she laughed. "Needless to say, Jimmy loved him and couldn't understand why I wouldn't have him for the job." She laughed again. Her voice sounded very light and amused.

He turned away and tiptoed back to his room so that they wouldn't know he had been going to come in . . .

> Elise Chase, XII First Prize Upper School Prose

Last night Strangely to destroy sleep And forgetting came the winds: stormwinds trailing leaves of swirling water, Strangling winds of cold dark

(Wide awake now . . . the window's open)

Invading comfortable warmth came winds, And though you're unable to see them really You know and feel for one moment (through the window left slenderly open)

when we were young we thought we would harness the winds, and riding chariots all afire race wild leaves of storming water, we thought we would conquer the night with our bare hands and light finally for the world

Candles of Day

Somewhere Now beyond the window Stormwinds are loud with contempt And laughing at you

(they know you won't answer)

Quickly, now, Let's step out on the cold floor (it'll only take a minute) And close the window so they can't come near . . . You want nothing to do with them . . .

Under the covers again now All warm and cozy and shut off from things Like storms and winds and rain

Sleep in secure comfort; Be careful to forget you ever knew.

> Elise Chase, XII Honorable Mention Upper School Poetry

Incident on a Bus

I could still hear the shouts of victory coming from Palmer Stadium, as the four o'clock bus pulled away from the Miss Fine's bus stop. It was raining, and the regular drip of the rain blended well with the loud hurrahs. It was a powerful thing--this Princeton victory--that could make people so happy in such fatiguing weather. But when I could no longer hear the cheering, I remembered the rain and prepared myself for a long thirty minutes before I reached the Trenton bus terminal.

I usually amuse myself on bus rides by trying to spell words out of the letters on the license plates of the cars that pass the bus, but the little rivulets of rain on my window made it impossible to see either the license plates or the cars today. I had to occupy myself with the people on the bus, and this made perhaps the best amusement of all.

The lady next to me on the aisle was what I would describe as an "apple dumpling lady." Not only did she have the shape of an apple dumpling, but I also thought of her as the flaky crust with the delicious apple hidden way, way beneath it all.

There were two Negro ladies back of me who said a few friendly words to each other and then sat silently staring around at everyone. The rest of the bus was almost entirely Negro, too, except for one rather stringy looking man who sat in the back of the bus, the apple-dumpling lady, and myself. When I looked back at the stringy man and saw all the dark faces seated around him, I thought grimly of the Belgians in the Congo, For once we didn't have the upper hand, and I honestly feit a little uneasy about it.

It seemed as if all these people were the chorus of a play, and soon the principal characters would come on the bus and take the few remaining seats. I was the audience waiting anxiously for the curtains to open.

I was suddenly severed from my thoughts when the driver stepped on his brakes, and the bus stopped. Two Negro boys, about seventeen or eighteen, got on the bus, dropped their thirty cents in the box and swaggered cockily down the aisle to the two seats behind the two ladies who were sitting back of me and the apple-dumpling lady. The apple-dumpling lady cringed slightly and clasped her purse tightly against her stomach as they went by, I, by some unknown instinct, moved a little closer toward the window.

The bus stopped again, and this time a short, shriveled, grubby-looking man, who had obviously tipped the bottle a few too many times that morning, climbed through the door and was swung toward the driver as the bus started moving. The man pulled two quarters from a ragged pocket and dropped them into the fare box.

"Why did ya do that, buddy," said the driver. "The fare's only thirty cents."

"I won't need it," said the drunk. "Keep it for a tip." $% \mathcal{T}_{\mathrm{r}}$

"You might want it some day," said the driver, and he handed the man twenty cents. The man didn't say anything. He just turned and swerved down the aisle, grasping the seats for support. He sat down on the seat across from the two Negro boys. For a while he just sat there, staring at his feet and picking at his fingers, but then he looked over at the two boys. The rain stopped, as if by some unseen order, and it was very calm and silent outside and in the bus. But suddenly the drunk stood up unsteadily and lurched across the aisle. He stood over the two Negroes for a moment and then opened his month as if he were going to take a giant swig.

"You boys think you're pretty hot, don't ya," he said. "You sitting here with all your kind. But I know what you really are, You're BLACK, and I'm WHITE." He stopped for a minute to let the sharp edge of his stabbing contrast dig in deeply. I was getting scared, having never witnessed anything like this before, and my first instinct was to go stand at the front of the bus where I could get off quickly, but I was curious, and I wanted to see what was going to happen next. The drunk continue. "You're black, and I'm white, Yeah, I'm good, and you're back, I'm clean, and you're dirty, I'm right, and you're wrong."

"Don't rub us," said one of the boys. "We can punch real hard."

The drunk stopped for a second in his speech, but the liquor had given him too much strength. His whiskers moved dangerously up and down as he said, "You think you can fight," but no dirty nigger can hit like a good white."

The boys didn't say anything, but they both got up together and began viciously beating the drunk. The man tried to fight back, but his liquot weighed him down. The two ladies back of me grabbed the boys and pulled them off the man.

"You leave him alone," one of the ladies said. "Don't bother yourself with his kind, Let someone else kill him. He'll get it someday."

The drunk and the two boys sat down in their seats. They glared at each other maliciously. The drunk pulled the cord, and, when the bus stopped, he swerved back down the aisle and off the bus. At the next stop the two boys got off. Only then did I notice that it had begun to rain again.

What was left of the trip was uneventful. Nothing could have been more potent than the past incident, and everyone seemed to be thinking about it to himself. The full power of the incideat didn't get to me until I got off the bus and felt the cold air. But then the whole thing reached out and hit me hard in in face. I knew I wanted to forget everything that had happened, but I couldn't. Only then did I realize how foolish I really was, how little about the world and people I really knew, how prejudiced my unprejudiced ideas were. The thought of all these things scared me terrifically. I hurried for a cab, I wanted to get home quickly and gulp down a whole quart of cold milk. It seemed to be the only thing that could save me from a life-long depression.

> Jane Aresty, X Honorable Mention Upper School Prose

The Ripest Peach Grows Highest on the Tree

"Awake, thou image of idleness, or thou shalt be late."

"Aye, Mistress Grimes, The porridge shan't steam long ere I descend."

"I would you were . . ."

"Have cheer, mistress, for today is a holiday. Make not so much ado over trifles, but be gay!"

"Enough of your impudent retorts. Make haste, for there is much to be done." With that the sharp scolding ceased, and the sounds of a meal in the making recommenced. The sun streamed in through the tiny window at the far end of the attic, transforming the ordinarily gray specks of dust into minute golden particles that danced and flitted through the air. The familiar sounds of the blazing hearth and boiling kettle combined with the contented scratching of chickens in the yard to form a melody worthy of only the finest May Day, Monica lay in the little cot thinking of the day that was yet to be. "There will be feasting, and dancing, and even a May pole," she thought to herself. "EVEN A MAY POLE! How gay! HOW I wish that I had been chosen as Queen of the May. But when the Earl's son sees me, and requests a dance of me, they shall know. THEY shall know that I was meant to be the May Queen, then how sorry they shall be that they picked Eliza Valery. They'll call her Queen Eliza. How very pleased I shall be if her nose turns bright crimson right before the Earl." With these last thoughts she arose, and made her way to the old oaken chest where she kept her clothes.

In the kitchen the huge fire roared and crackled, the pot of porridge sent up clouds of fragrant steam, and above all came the odor of freshly baked bread. The board was spread with clean crisp linen at the far end of the room, and already seated before it were Master Grimes and his two apprentices, Edward and William. Old Mistress Grimes hurried back and forth fetching food and drink, and muttering the while.

Monica descended the ladder into the kitchen, smiling, but wishing that she could have slept ten minutes longer. "Good day, Master. Good day Mistress. Hast seen the skies this morn? They be certainly bluer than usual," she said as she took her place at the table.

"Aye, they be very blue," agreed Master Grimes. "But not as blue as your hide shall be if you do not do your work as should be," scolded Mistress Grimes.

"Yes, Mistress," Monica answered. As she sat eating her porridge and bread she watched the lines on Master Grimes' face move methodically up and down as he talked of the morning chores. He was a spindly little man, but he had a kind face and gentle ways. He could read, add sums, and weave better than any other man on Weavers Street. He had many fine patrons, for he never overcharged, and his wares

were of the finest quality, William and Edward took great pride in learning from him, but who wouldn't? To be able to weave like Master Grimes would give you the power to put the fields of rippling wheat, the blue skies, the songs of the thrush, the gushing brooklets, and the tiny crickets into one skein of cloth. Monica had often wished she were a boy, so she could learn to weave. "The closest I ever get to weaving," she thought, "is darning holes in the heels of stockings, and how very dull that is." Monica was working for the Grimes as a hired girl. Not because she liked working, but because her family needed extra money for food and rent. With her three or four shillings a week they could buy more food for her five brothers and sisters. She was proud to be able to help support them, but she detested the continual badgering and bickering that issued forth daily from Mistress Grimes. "She's such an old shrew today," thought Monica as she finished her bread. She awoke from her daydreams to hear the scolding voice of Mistress Grimes calling to her from the yard.

"Monica . . . Monica! Come here at once and feed the chickens."

"Yes, Mistress," Monica replied, and went to the woodshed to fetch the grain. Feeding the chickens was fun on nice days. The warm sun filtered down through the leaves of the solitary old oak and sent splotches of light dancing across the ground. The grain felt velvety soft as it sifted through her fingers and fell like rain to the ground. Today she hurried with the feeding though, for she wished to start off to the festivities before the others. She wanted to go to the meadow and make a wreath of daisies. "After all," she thought, "an attendant to the May Queen really ought to wear a wreath. Especially if the Earl's son is to be there." She returned the bag of feed to the woodshed, and started toward the house. "Mistress, if it please you, might I be excused now?" she asked.

"And why should ye be? There is yet much work to be done. You may take this bit of cake to Dame Towers, but make haste."

"Yes, Mistress," she replied with a sinking heart. "Now I will have no time to go to the meadow," she though reproachfully. "No, if I hurry I might," With this last thought she quickened her pace and in no time at all she was knocking at the door of Dame Towers. Dame Towers was a pleasant woman, not at all like Mistress Grimes. She was a little plump and always had a good word for everyone. "Dame Towers, my mistress sends you a piece of nut cake to help you celebrate the holiday," said Monica when the good dame appeared at the door.

"Why, thank ye, thank ye kindly indeed! How very good of Dame Grimes. Ah! It be a piece of goodly size too! Be you going to the festivities today?" asked Dame Towers. "Oh yes! I am to be an attendant of the May Queen,"

"An attendant! 'Tis a worthy position for one as pretty as you,"

"Thank ye, Dame Towers. I had best be going now. I was hoping to start early."

"Oh yes, yes indeed! An attendant must start early," replied the kindly dame. "Godspeed!"

With these last words she hurried off. She returned to the shop, and entered the kitchen. Mistress Grimes was bending over a caldron of hot soup, and muttering to herself.

"Mistress Grimes, may I be excused now?" she asked.

"Monica Brinkly! We pay your father four shillings a week so that you can live under our roof, eat our bread, and ne'er do enough work to be worth your board. Nay, ye'll stay and work, and ye'll leave when we leave, nor before!"

"Good wife Grimes," said Master Grimes who had been quietly mending a loom up to this time. "Let the child go if she wants. It be a holiday that cometh but once a year. Let her have her fun."

"Good man! She does nought but have fun every day of the Lord's year."

"Ne'er the less, 'tis a holiday. Let her go," he said, dismissing her with a nod.

"Thank ye, Master Grimes," she said with a curtsey. "Good day, Mistress Grimes." With that she ran out of the door, through the village, and down to the meadow.

The village common was a sight to behold that day. In the center a small platform had been erected, and bedecked with gay streamers and flags. A huge May pole had been placed directly before the platform, and dancing about it were the village folk. Everyone wore his best clothes and brightest smiles, for today was the first time in over twenty years that their May Day revels were to be visited by the Earl. What was even more exciting was the well known fact that he was to be accompanied by his young son. Every young girl had taken great pains in dressing that morning, for each secretly hoped that the Earl's son might make it her good fortune to be smiled upon.

Monica wandered through the rows of booths. Each sold something different, meat pies, little cakes, toys, pipes, ribbons, laces, sweetmeats or lemonade. She sighted two of her friends at the side of the common, and hurried over to greet them. "Good day, Cherry. Good day, Alice. When didst you arrive?"

"Only a minute ago," said Alice, the tallest of the threesome.

"Hast heard of the Earl and his son yet?" asked Monica.

"Nay, what of them?"

"They be on their way right now!" she replied knowingly.

"Heavens!"

"So soon?"

"Aye," said Monica with a pert nod of her head.

"Hast seen Eliza Valery yet?" asked Cherry.

"Aye, she be passing fair. I should not wonder if the Earl's son requests a dance of her," replied Monica.

"And the attendants?" asked Alice.

"I be one of them," said Monica proudly.

"Oh, Monica! How very exciting!" gasped Cherry: but before their girlish chatter could continue a fanfare of trumpets rent the air, and all eyes were turned toward the dusty highway.

"The Earl! It is he!" whispered one lady to another,

"I must go to the tent and help with the preparations for the crowning," said Monica to her friends, and walked off toward the tent from which the May Queen would make her entry.

A cavalcade was beheld coming over the rise to the north of the village, a mass of streamers, banners, flags, gay costumes, and bright silver trappings which advanced rapidly toward the common. The horses' coats shone in the warm sun, and the tiny silver bells jingled from their reins. The bright armor glittered and sparkled. The party dismounted at the gate of the common, and the villagers stood back to make way for the Earl and his son. The man and the youth whose names had been spoken of so much in the last two weeks strode down the path cleared for them, and took their places on the platform.

The crowd held its breath as a second fanfare was sounded. The flaps of the white and gold tent parted, and the May Queen stepped forth. Followed by her six attendants, she walked to the platform and took her place between the two noblemen.

A third fanfare was sounded as a little page boy bravely walked up to the Earl, and presented him with a crown of rose buds. Not a sound was to be heard as the Earl stepped forth, and pronounced her "Queen of the May." A great shout arose from the crowd, and the music and dancing recommenced. Monica watched with envy as the Earl's son offered his arm to Eliza, and the two went off to join the dancers. She was still staring at his empty chair when a voice startled her.

"Miss Monica, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

"Oh . . . why yes . . . of course you may, Giles."

Peggy Woodbridge, VIII First Prize Middle School Prose

Visions

Sometimes they come to me as in a dream, Floating on clouds they look, oh, so supreme. They come to me sometimes in one long parade, And when I wake up, I wish that I'd stayed. They come to me when I do dream in the day, At night when I'm sleepy I chase them away. They sometimes have voices and sometimes have not. When my spirit is down why they "just hit the spot." They sometimes will say to me, "be good, my dear," And sometimes they are just a bad thing to fear. Sometimes they're lovely and often quite bright. Oh, my visions are gone and I sleep through the night. Katherine Hall, V Honorable Mention Middle School Poetry

The Sunrise

It was dark in the heavens Except for the moon and the stars That God had set there the night before. Then in the east A little ray of light appeared, And the moon and stars slowly sank As though they feared The gleam. The light grew bigger, And the sky was pink and blue. Then, as an orange ball, The sun came through. Pamela Aall, V Eirct Prize

First Prize Middle School Poetry

Congratulations to the Class of 1961

Dr. Henry Abrams Dr. William V. Abrams Dr. John R. Burbidge Dr. William P. Constable Dr. G. Edwin Manser Dr. Louis Rampona Dr. J. Mercer Rampona Dr. David J. Rose Dr. Benedict B. Scasserra Dr. Alfred D. Summers Dr. Seth Welling "A Friend"

The

First National Bank of Princeton

Main Office

90 NASSAU STREET

West Windsor Office

40 WASHINGTON ROAD

"THE BANK OF FRIENDLY SERVICE"

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

LAIDLAW & CO.

Established 1842

Personalized Investment Services Advisory, Custodian and Brokerage Accounts

> 10 NASSAU STREET Princeton, New Jersey WAlnut 4-4212

Members New York and Other U.S. and Canadian Exchanges Private Wires to New York



MIDDLE EAST RESEARCH ASSOCIATES

Donald N. Wilber, Director 140 Quaker Road

Princeton

N.J.





Telephones WA 4-0166 and WA 4-0169

Princeton, N.J.

J. B. REDDING - SON, INC.

PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS

234 Nassau Street

OIL BURNER SALES AND SERVICE

PRINCETON PHOTO PROCESS CO.

11 Witherspoon Street

Princeton, New Jersey

PHOTOSTATS, BLUE PRINTS, WHITE PRINTS

OFFSET PRINTING

SHELTON MOTOR COMPANY, INC.

"The House Behind the Car"

PLYMOUTH-VALIANT

P.O. Box 335

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

FINE ANTIQUES

Bought and Sold * Appraisals



LEOPARD'S

300 Witherspoon St.

HEAD

12 Chambers St.

WA 4-3228

THE DIELHENN MUSIC SCHOOL

Piano Instruction in the Classics, Popular Music and Improvisation

> Beginning and Advanced Students Practice Rooms Day or Night, Weekends

18 Nassau Street

Princeton, N.J.

Carnegie Hall, N.Y.C. WA 4-0238

WE SALUTE THE CLASS OF 1961

We are proud of their Achievements:

Academic, Artistic, Athletic.

We love them all for their

Grace, Good humour, Gaiety and Generosity.

We wish them Success and Happiness

in the

WIDE, WIDE, WORLD.

Compliments of Two fond parents Honorable Mention for Middle School Poetry was awarded to Christine Foss, V111, for "The Wind," and Honorable Mention for Middle School Prose to Ophelia Benson, V111, for "Adam Come Back." The LINK regrets that because of lack of space we are unable to print these entries. However, both have appeared in issues of the FINEST.

The Editorial Board of the LINK extends their warmest thanks to the following judges of the literary contest: Mrs. William Boutelle, Mr. Nathaniel Burt, Miss Elizabeth Davidson, Mrs. Clare Guttman, Professor Dudley Johnson, Mrs. David Porter, Mrs. Arthur Sherwood and Mrs. Blackwell Smith.

The LINK wishes to thank Cherry Raymond for drawing the class history's illustrations and Joan Yeaton for doing all calligraphy.

We will always be indebted to tibby and elise for their patience unfailing spirit and Hard Work in soldering our link . . .

And now we too are privileged to know why each senior class has felt a special bond with Mrs. Shepherd.

Audrée Estey -

director of ballet

LES CHALETS

FRANCAIS

French Summer Camp for Girls 6-18

Deer Isle, Maine Salt and fresh water swimming, Riding, sailing, tennis; all other sports. Ballet, music, dramatics, art. French conversation encouraged, not forced.

MRS. GEORGE F. BUSH

391 Nassau St. Walnut 4-5045

HINKSON'S

School Stationery

Office Supplies

Kodaks

74 Nassau Street

WA 4-0112

THE CLOTHES LINE

ON

THE

SQUARE

MARSH & COMPANY

PHARMACISTS

Over 100 Years of Service

30 Nassau Street

WA 4-4000

Wm. H. FULPER, INC.

REALTORS IN REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE BANKERS INSURANCE

Distinctive Town and Country Homes in Historic Mercer and Bucks Counties

> INDUSTRIAL SITES COMMERCIAL LOCATIONS

> > 300 W. State Street Export 4-5341

LaVake-Reid's

Jewelers to Princetonians

54 Nassau Street

Princeton, N. J.
COMPLIMENTS OF

Artistic Hairdressers





"Here We Go Again"

E.L.

B.S.

HERE'S TO '61

Systematic

Saving

Insures

Success

Open YOUR Account NOW!

PRINCETON BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

Hopewell

Princeton

Princeton Junction

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE PRINCETON HERALD

Published Wednesday and Friday

Job Printing, Too.



for

FINE FOODS

and WA-1-9820 COCKTAILS

Congratulations to the

Graduating Class

from

THE NASSAU OIL CO.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

Two Bank Place

Hopewell, N.J.

for

Antiques

Glass

China

Christmas Shop

Open Daily 12 to 5

Walter B. Howe

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE

94 Nassau Street

Telephone: 1-0096

1-0095

WA 1-2468 & WA 1-3748



WINE & GAME SHOP

ROGERS PEET CLOTHES

Exclusive with

DOUGLAS MacDAID

20 Nassau Street

Princeton

New Jersey

PRINCETON, N.J.

6 Nassau Street

THE PRINCETON

PACKET

New Jersey's Oldest Weekly Newspaper

More Princeton families buy and read the Packet than any other newspaper published anywhere.

HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES

the finest in

ACAPULCO

Mexico

LAWRENCEVILLE HARDWARE COMPANY

Hardware, Paints, Housewares, Garden Supplies, Appliances, Pittsburgh, Scotts, Agrico, Rubbermaid, Stanley

Lawrenceville, New Jersey

Telephone: Twin Oaks 6-0200

MILHOLLAND & OLSON

8 Stockton Street

PRINCETON

NEW JERSEY

INTERIORS-ANTIQUES

Compliments of

EDITH'S

10 Chambers Street

Walnut 1-6059

PRINCE CHEVROLET

Compliments of

APPLEGATE'S FLORAL SHOP

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

47 Palmer Square West Phone WA 4-0121

F.T.D. Member

362 NASSAU STREET

PRINCETON

NEW JERSEY

















BAKER PROCESS COMPANY





















Dine & Lodge IN PRINCETON

Visit the rambling country Inn adjoining the scenic Princeton University campus. Charming atmosphere, delicious meals and comfortable accommodations. 100 attractive guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms.

Quiet, gracious, friendly.



"The place to get a square deal"

THE FOOD MART

But Wieler Bret Maverick



THE READER'S DIGEST

ASSOCIATION

Sends

Best Wishes to the CLASS of 1961 of Miss Fine's School



























YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME AT

Whether you enjoy spending your money foolishly, or for something that even Great-Aunt Agatha will approveyou can be sure it will be in impeccable taste if you buy it at the University Store!

THE THORNE SMOKERS' SUPPLIES PHARMACY and MAGAZINES E. E. Campbell, R.P. P. A. Ashton, R.P. SKIRM'S SMOKE SHOP 168 Nassau Street Cranbury Road Princeton, N.J. Princeton Jct. SW 9-1232 Tel. WAlnut 4-0077 **BELLOWS** Compliments of IMPORTERS 210 Nassau Street PENNINGTON Princeton, N.J. Walnut 4-3221 PHARMACY

Specialists in Women's and Children's Apparel

NOTIONS - DRY GOODS

H. P. Clayton

Lingerie-Sweaters Gloves-Jewelry

Hulit's

SHOE STORE

140 Nassau Street

Phone WAlnut 4-0086

Palmer Square

Over Fifty Years of Continuous Building Service to Princeton and Its Environs

We are proud to have participated as builders in the construction of so many of Princeton's enduring buildings:

Enduring Construction Quality at the Most Economical Commensurate Cost

MATTHEWS CONSTRUCTION CONPANY

296 ALEXANDER STREET

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

DOROTHY LEE

FLOWER SHOP

601 EDGEWOOD AVENUE

TRENTON 8, N.J.

MRS. EVA R. BLAKE President Telephone EXport 2-5116 Phone WA 4-0899

Est. 1899

Princeton's First and Finest Dry Cleaner

Delivery erbey Service

Storage Facilities

FRENCH DRY CLEANING Sanitary Sponging and Pressing

Tulane St.

Princeton, N.J.

Carrier

Weathermakers Air Purifiers Humidifiers

PRINCETON FUEL OIL CO.

216-220 Alexander Street WA 4-1100

WATCH FOR THE ORANGE TRUCKS

Air Conditioning

Heating Installations

COMPLIMENTS OF

FARR HARDWARE

LAHIERE'S HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

French Cuisine

5 & 7 WITHERSPOON ST. PRINCETON

N.J.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to

the Class of 1961



RADIO CORPORATION OF

AMERICA

RCA LABORATORIES

David Sarnoff Research Center

Princeton, New Jersey





























LOUISE MAAS-FINE CANDY

52 Nassau Street

Rosemarie de Paris Imports Novelties

Packages Mailed

WAlnut 4-0089-4-2488

LYONS MARKET

Finest Prime Meats for Over 50 Years Fresh Killed Poultry and Game in Season Frozen Foods and Dairy Products

8 Nassau Street

Princeton, N.J.

Free Delivery

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1961

BUDNY'S TIRE SERVICE

1920 Brunswick Avenue

Trenton

New Jersey

Phone EXport 4-3143

Compliments of GROVER LUMBER CO. th **194 ALEXANDER STREET** FINE APPAREL N.J. PRINCETON **PHONE WA 4-0041** 73 Palmer Square



You Got Somebody You Want To Send to the Moon?

ARAP

AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATES OF PRINCETON, INC.

50 Washington Road-Princeton, N.J.

Compliments of

RENWICK'S

A PRINCETON LANDMARK

Best of Luck

to '61

Compliments of

PRINCETON RESEARCH SERVICE

240 Nassau Street

Tel. WA 4-3178

LAWRENCE NORRIS KERR

REAL ESTATE

32 Chambers Street

Telephone WAlnut 4-1416

LATIN AMERICAN TOURS S. A.

Avenida de Las Americas No. 6-19

Zona 14, Guatamala

Guatamala, C.A.

Saleswomen

Cornelia Dielhenn

Marjorie Ensminger

Sarah Griswold

Ethel Shelburne

Ann Stockton

The KING'S COURT

In the Court At Number 28-30 Witherspoon Street in Princeton, New Jersey For Your Reservations Call Walnut 4-5555 Compliments of the

NELSON GLASS COMPANY







Compliments of

CASCADE POOLS

TOWER CONSTRUCTION

COMPANY

*

90 Nassau Street • Princeton • New Jersey

A NEW YOU

DOLORES - HAIR STYLIST

230 Nassau Street WA 4-5667

Open Thursday Nights-Closed Monday

G. R. MURRAY, INC.

Specialists in Insurance

29 Palmer Square W.

Princeton

New Jersey

Walnut 4-5000

COMPLIMENTS OF

JAMES R. PIETRINFERNO

ACCOUNTANT

With love from: Ar Percival Dent The Date of Rothchild Brannell Myra and Simon Dettele and gueak Jolly good show, old chaps! Pip; pip...

SCHAFER'S MARKET

Phone WA 4-3130

350 Nassau Street

Princeton

N.J.

Compliments of

KINGSTON FOOD MARKET

TIGER BUS LINE INC.

CHARTER BUSES

OUT OF STATE TRIPS CONVENTIONS SCHOOL TRIPS AND EXCURSIONS CHURCH GROUPS

AIR CONDITIONED 41 AND 45 PASSENGER BUSES

WA 4-1008

285 JOHN STREET

PRINCETON

SAFE, COURTEOUS DRIVERS

BEST WISHES OF A FRIEND



at Spring noon the macadam was sunbaked (& pre qym) and barbieandfia ran 1-2-3-4 fivesix seveneight nineten REDLIGHT !!! and the sandpile was full of castlebuilding and faucet water as we skipped dotted eight notes (thomas brought milkandcrackers)

trishandtrika put on paper-gold halos to be christmas angels miss weigel read st luke

then

allofasuaden

we were fourthgradetogether and it was amahl and polly had a Box

(my box, my box, my beautiful box) full of licorice and stones.

we shook graduation hands with miss davis . . .

and then it was wednesday afternoon white gloves and doe line (trudi brought a waterpistol)

jacksandiariesand

CODES

"bonjour tikiniki je suis taki qui es tu? allons ensemble

cherry ran horsewild around the tree and

WHOOSH

melissa and nancy jumproped

dutch brought us arva and fort meyer and carefree and senate and the icecreaman came when PCD was at the monument and it was Spring....

candlelight was hush (and there were) white dresses and tucky's voice soaring as silver-lovely as the free silent night suie was irving foam and

cary peterpumpkinned Springs were termpapers wintermelting by firestone and filecards and magnolias and falls were football (mixers and pennants and windy novembering sky) fridays were marguand and buses and appleturnovers (once there were lilacs and our maydaying and joan was queen)

and then it was now

debbieandlinda jazzed in the SSR while christine and jane giggled french and cynthia found her feather boa

then it was fir-snow and hemlockspruce pine

(mrs busselle with icecream and

mrs shepherd with cake & warmful) then

WHOOSH

allofasudden studying was sunbathing

in the last Spring











