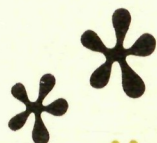


THE LINK

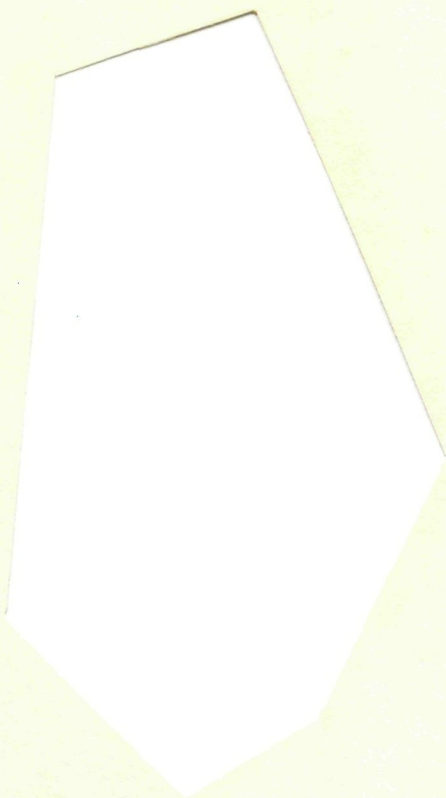
1962



To Professor Wade with many many thanks
for the interesting lectures
on Balzac, Camus and
Existentialism

the class of 1962





THE LINK

Miss Fine's School

Princeton, New Jersey

Editor-in-Chief: Judith Adams

Assistant Editor: Kate Sayen

Layout Editor: Janice Millner

Art Editor: Lucinda Brown

Business Manager: Paula Cook

Advertising Manager: Mary Elizabeth Keegin

Photography Editor: Toni Oppenheimer

Contest Editor: Susan Shew

Adviser: Anne B. Shepherd

1962

Oo oo, we just love Mrs. Smith

She's always happy
and ready to help us.
She explains difficult things
(such as transcendentalism)
and inspires us
with her vibrant enthusiasm and exuberant creativity
to love the exciting magic of literature
and to write poems and critical papers.
She acts Macbeth
(so well we are absolutely frightened!)
and reads from Osgood or Highet or VanDoren
and puts her feet up under her desk
and pushes her hair back
and giggles
and gets very excited about whatever we do.

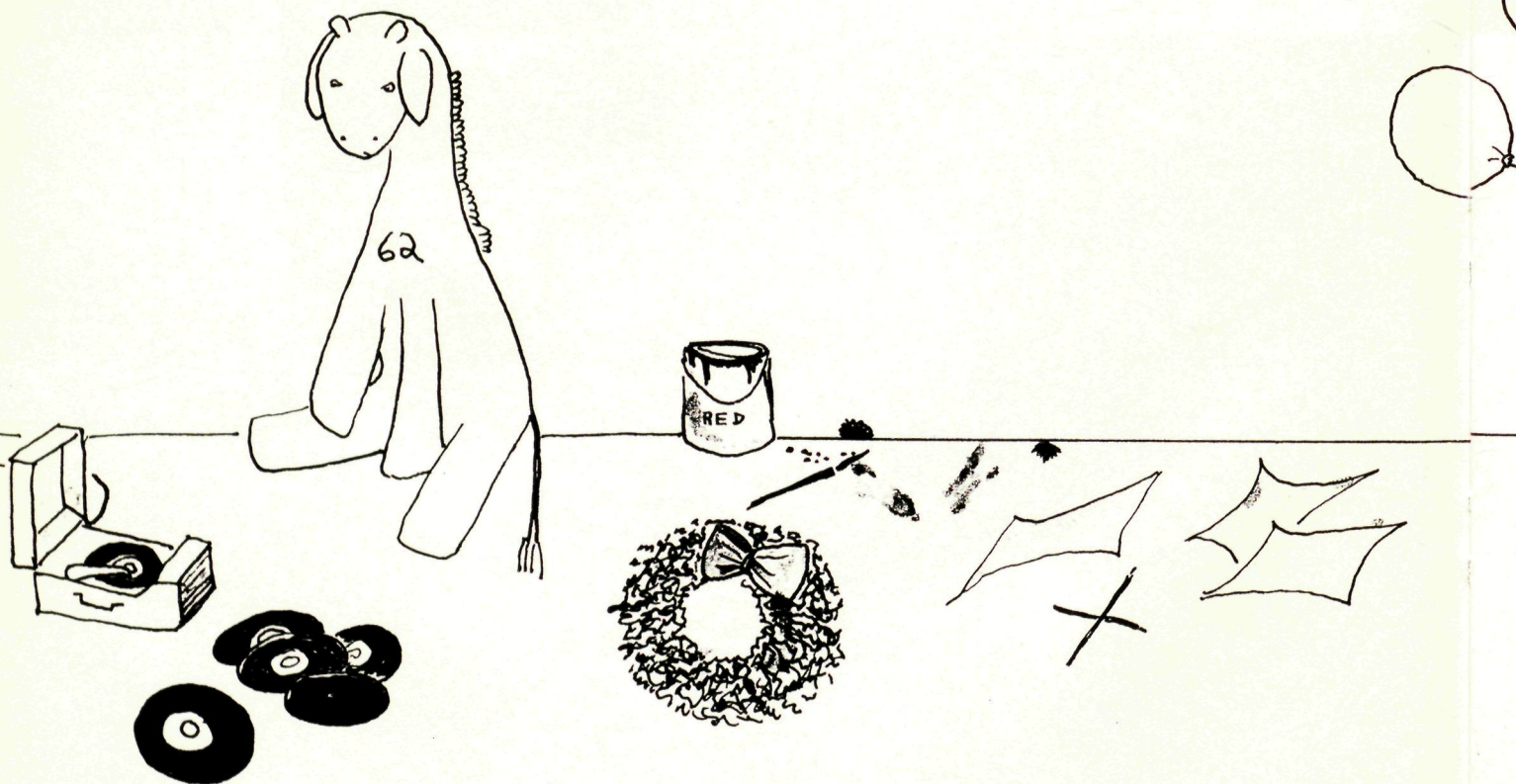
English class is absolutely wonderful!

so when we leave we say
"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote . . ."
and
thank you very much.

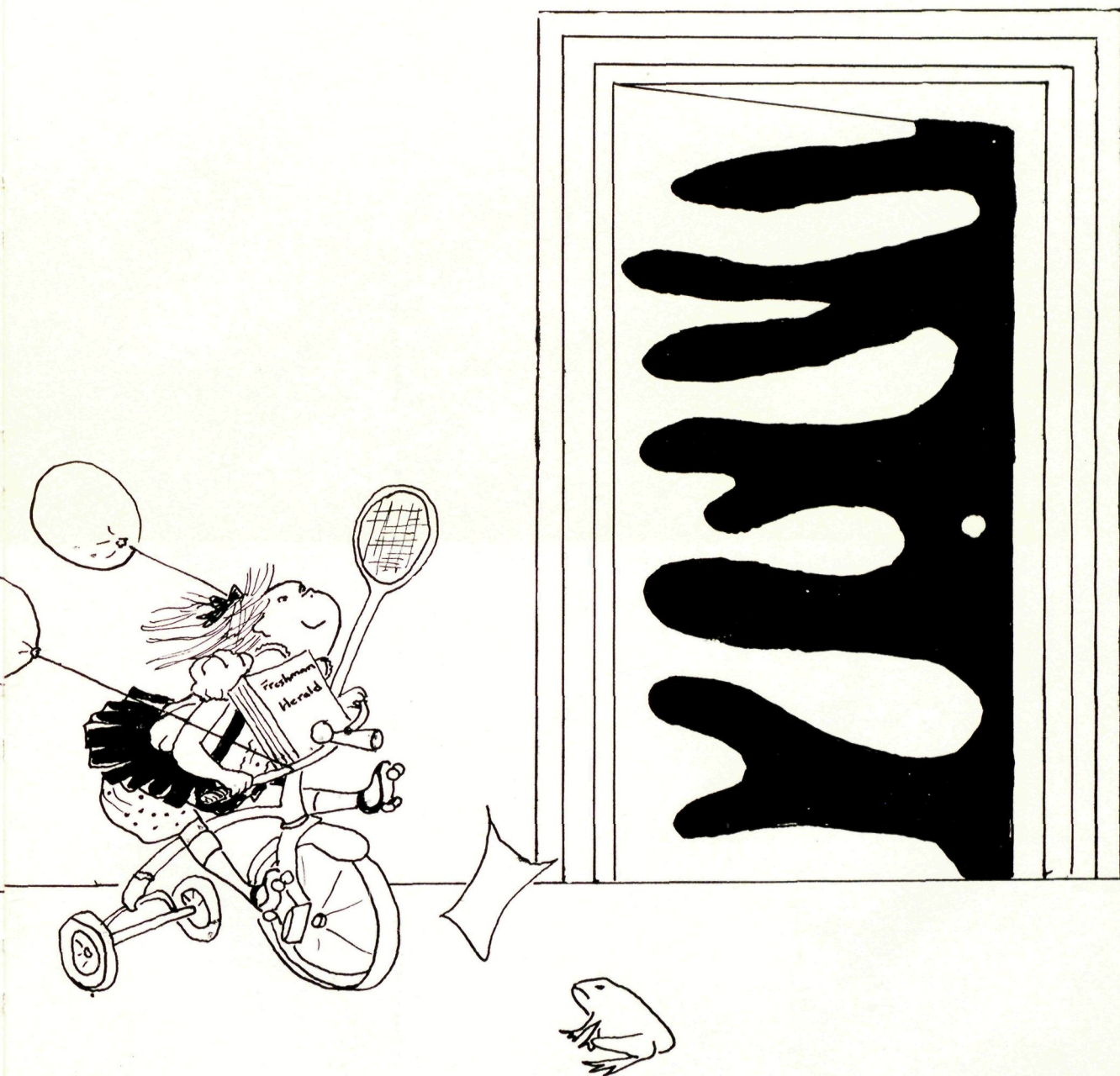


Moyne Rice Smith

THE SENIORS



ELGISE





Judith Adams

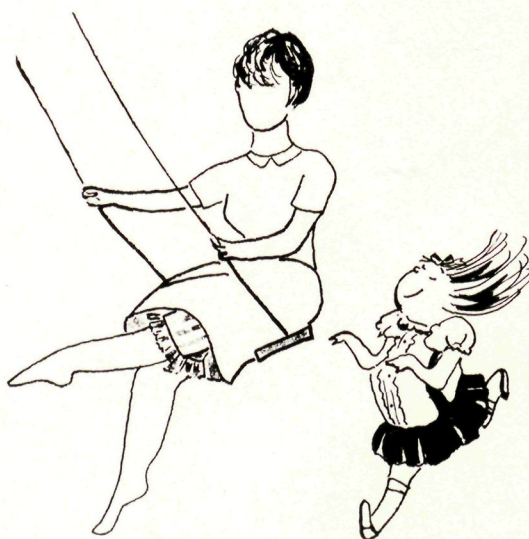
Ats is always rather positive
 (which is "J'ai dit.")
 and devoted to all kinds of things
 like scenery and Finest
 and absolutely never loses self control.
 You wouldn't suspect that she
 wears these pantaloons
 and does Russian dances.
 She has a friendly smile
 and this dog Charlot (who knows McGregor)
 and reminds us of
 poetry
 and old cars and Campo and bicycling.
 Most of all she wants to write.

IX Class Secretary-Treasurer
 Student Council Representative
 INKLING Staff
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 First Prize LINK Upper School
 Prose Contest

X Student Council Representative
 INKLING Staff
 FINEST Staff
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Shepherd Word Study Prize

XI Assistant Editor of INKLING
 Student Council Representative
 FINEST Staff
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 First Prize LINK Upper School
 Poetry Contest
 Shepherd Word Study Prize

XII Editor of LINK
 INKLING Staff
 FINEST Staff
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 LILIOM
 National Merit Scholarship
 Letter of Commendation
 National Council of Teachers
 of English Award



- IX American Field Service Committee
INKLING Staff
Assistant Chairman of Make-Up Committee
for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Miss T Muse in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Junior Varsity Basketball
- X American Field Service Committee
Alumnae Editor of INKLING
Assistant Editor of UNDERCOVER
Library Council
Madrigal Group
Costumes Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Rheba in YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Dramatic Club
Secretary of Library Council
INKLING Staff
Choir
Costumes Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
- XII President of Library Council
Advertising Manager of INKLING
Madrigal Group
Choir
Costumes Committee for LILIOM
Assistant Stage Manager for
LILIOM



Katherine Taylor Adams

Here is who is always working in the library Kit.

She is mostly smart in history
and has this huge shoe collection
and pills and Bills
and lavender clothes.

The thing of it is she's rather dramatic.
She can do this wild Charleston
and knows positively millions of handy facts
and she always tells a funny story or two
and is sympathetic and helpful
and sincere.

Kit's sugar cookies are the best, if you're
giving a dance.





Sonia Anne Bill

We have this mostly enthusiastic president.

Her name is Sonia.

She adores

Maine

and wild prints

and Blake

And climbing through windows.

She is always running.

When something is funny, Billy wrinkles her nose

and raises her eyebrows and roars with laughter.

Here is what she eats a lot of oranges.

Sonia is rather adventurous and likes to do unusual things.

IX Properties Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Prompter for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Junior Varsity Basketball
Junior Varsity Lacrosse

X INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Understudy for Rheba for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Junior Varsity Lacrosse

XI Class President
INKLING Staff
Assistant Stage Manager for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Lady in MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Choir
Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Junior Varsity Lacrosse
Honorary Reserve Private School
Hockey Team

XII President of Student Council
INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
LILIOM
Extra in LILIOM
Varsity Hockey
Basketball
Lacrosse



- IX Class President
American Field Service Committee
INKLING Staff
Publicity Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Costumes Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Junior Varsity Hockey
- X Secretary of Social Service Committee
American Field Service Committee
INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Varsity Tennis
Shepherd Word Study Prize
- XI Editor of FINEST
Alumnae Editor of INKLING
Student Council Representative
American Field Service Committee
Scenery Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Junior Varsity Hockey
Varsity Tennis
Shepherd Word Study Prize
- XII Student Council Representative
Art Editor of LINK
INKLING Staff
FINEST Staff
Choir
Chairman of Scenery Committee for
LILIOM
Stage Crew and Extra for
LILIOM
Varsity Hockey
Varsity Tennis Captain
National Merit Scholarship
Letter of Commendation



Lucinda Weston Brown

Cindy is quiet.
You can tell she knows
exotic colors and designs
and "Seventeen" clothes
and how to make scenery.
Always she has a new idea
and a kind smile.
She was first in the class to drive.
Quite often she goes to the theatre
in New York.
And here is another thing
she is so smart
and organized.

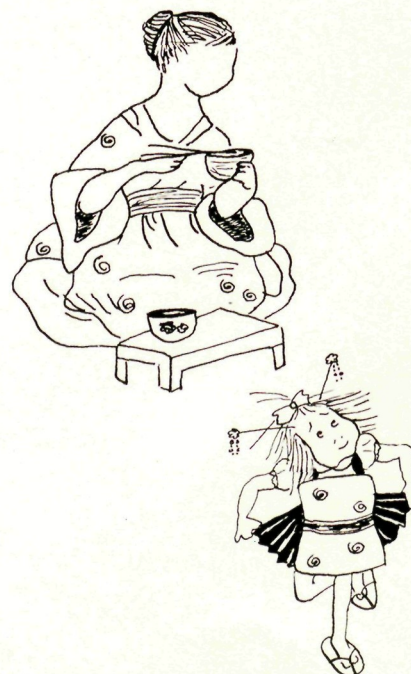




Paula Cook

Cook wears unusual hair clips.
 She is mostly efficient
 and organized.
 When she makes an announcement
 she says, "Altso" and "OK?"
 or something in Japanese.
 You can tell because she went there on the A. F. S.
 Usually Ponce likes tall boys
 also hockey
 and flowers on her desk.

- IX Student Council Representative
 "The Sun" in THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Varsity Lacrosse
 Honorary I Team Lacrosse Playday
- X Student Council Representative
 Business Manager of FINEST
 Library Council
 Madrigal Group
 Properties Committee and Prompter for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Varsity Lacrosse
 Honorary Private School Hockey Team
- XI Secretary of Student Council
 Madrigal Group
 Chbir
 Properties and Scenery Committees for
 MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Co-Chairman of Decorating Committee for
 Spring Dance
 Athletic Pocket Award
 Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Varsity Lacrosse
 American Field Service Summer
 Scholarship to Japan
 Honorary II Private School Hockey Team
- XII Class President
 Business Manager of LINK
 American Field Service Committee
 Madrigal Group
 Choir
 Marie in LILIOM
 Varsity Hockey Captain
 Varsity Lacrosse



- IX Costumes Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Make-up Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Junior Varsity Basketball
Junior Varsity Tennis
- X Costumes Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Junior Varsity Tennis
- XI Co-Chairman of Costumes Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Valentine Dance
Invitations Committee for Spring Dance
- XII Class Vice-President
Rotating Student Council Representative
Chairman of Costumes Committee for
LILIOM



Gail McClintock Cotton

Gail is usually the first to arrive at school.
She has absolutely curly hair
and long fingernails.
Here is what Gail is absolutely good at
Bio.
She wants to be a doctor.
Freud is her idol.
She drives people to tennis in her blue car
and makes dance announcements
and at lunch she takes the office.
Gail is a philosopher
and is friendly
and helpful.





Carol Ann Estey

Here is Carol.
 She is usually dancing
 or talking about dancing.
 Besides dancing
 she adores Vespas
 and music
 and driving with Max
 and strange stories.
 Carol has beautiful, long, blond hair.
 She is sensitive
 and creative
 and gay.
 Denmark is where she went to study ballet.
 Now she is often at the monument.



- IX Costumes Committee for
 THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Usher for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Lacrosse
- X Rotating Student Council Representative
 Properties Committee for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Junior Varsity Hockey
- XI Secretary of Glee Club
 Choir
 Junior Varsity Tennis
- XII President of Glee Club
 Choir
 Properties Committee for LILIOM
 Cheerleader

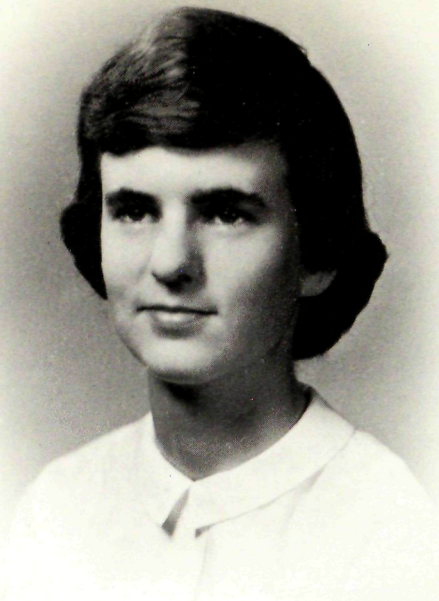
- IX Princeton High School
Princeton, New Jersey
- X Class Secretary
Costumes Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
- XI Costumes Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Choir
Chairman of Food Committee
for Spring Dance
- XII Class Secretary
Costumes Committee for LILIOM
Extra in LILIOM
Choir



Carol Frances Fried

Carol is very determined.
Mostly she wears Capezios
and her purple ring
and tweedy clothes.
She does the twist in recess.
It is her job to collect class dues.
And, oh my goodness, she takes Latin
and she is so intelligent
and intellectual.
Here is what Friedie likes to do
Discuss things.
She talks rather fast.





Mary Elizabeth Keegin

Mary Liz never uses a notebook.
 She signs things MLK.
 She absolutely loves
 Thurber
 Reston
 Stevenson.
 Here is what else she loves
 Democrats
 kilt pins
 English muffins.
 Mary Liz has a sailing-at-Blue-Hill bug
 which means that is what she likes best.
 She is mostly nice to everyone
 and especially is fun.

- IX Athletic Association Representative
 Library Council
 Properties Committee for
 THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Tickets Committee for
 THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Varsity Lacrosse
- X Athletic Association Representative
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Junior Varsity Lacrosse Captain
- XI Secretary-Treasurer of Athletic Association
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Junior Varsity Hockey Captain
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Varsity Lacrosse
- XII President of Athletic Association
 Advertising Manager of LINK
 Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
 LILIOM
 Extra in LILIOM
 Athletic Pocket Award
 Varsity Hockey
 Varsity Lacrosse Captain



IX Social Service Representative
Library Council
Costumes Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

X Library Council
Costumes Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Prompter for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Understudy for Penny in
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

XI Treasurer of Social Service Committee
Subscription Manager of INKLING
Co-Chairman of Costumes Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

XII President of Dramatic Club



Susan Dee Matthews

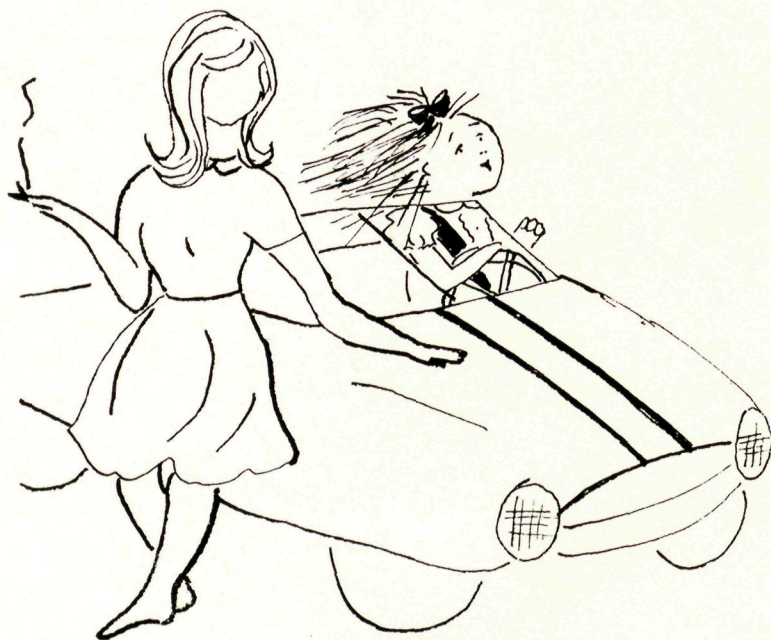
This is what Rox is mostly doing working on the play rushing around with things to do arranging blind dates. She is good-hearted and out-going. Her history notes are simply voluminous and she is always making announcements. Rox spends rather a lot of time knitting and if you meet her she says, "I've just got to talk to you!"





Linda Sanders Maxwell

Max has a Mercedes
with red racing stripes.
She likes going to the drags
also to parties
and Bay Head in the summer.
Usually she is dancing.
She is mostly exuberant
and gay.
And eats 3 rolls for lunch
and loves
smoking
and jazz.



- IX Usher for THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Varsity Lacrosse
Honorary I Private School Lacrosse Team
- X Class Vice-President
Athletic Association Lost and Found
Chairman
Make-up Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Junior Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Junior Varsity Lacrosse
- XI Lost and Found Chairman
Make-up Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Hockey Manager
Varsity Hockey
Junior Varsity Basketball
Varsity Lacrosse
- XII Athletic Association Representative
Servant Girl in LILIOM
Varsity Hockey
Varsity Lacrosse
Athletic Pocket Award
Honorary II Private School Hockey Team

IX Instrumental Music Group
Library Council

X INKLING Staff
Library Council
Scenery Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
Tickets Committee for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

XI Class Vice-President
Library Council
Prompter for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Junior Varsity Tennis

XII Student Council Representative
Lay-out Editor of LINK
Mother Hollunder in LILIOM



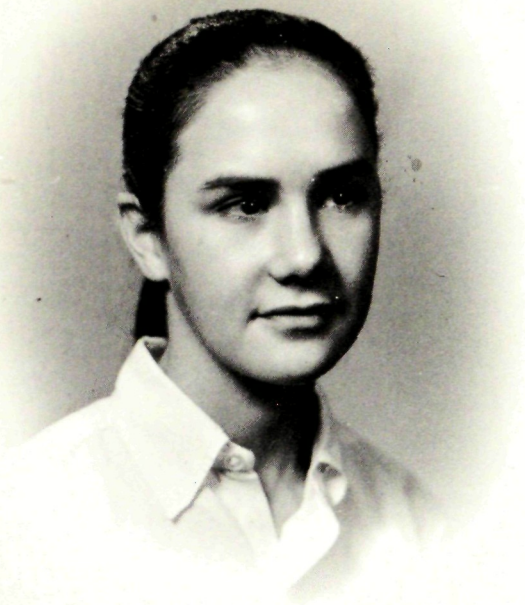
Janice Ruth Millner



Usually Janice takes the Tren'n Transit
so she tells funny stories
and at the end she says
"It was SO funny."

Janice is a Kennedy fan
also physics
also la France.

She can do the twist à la française.
Janice is nice
because she is easy-going
and happy.



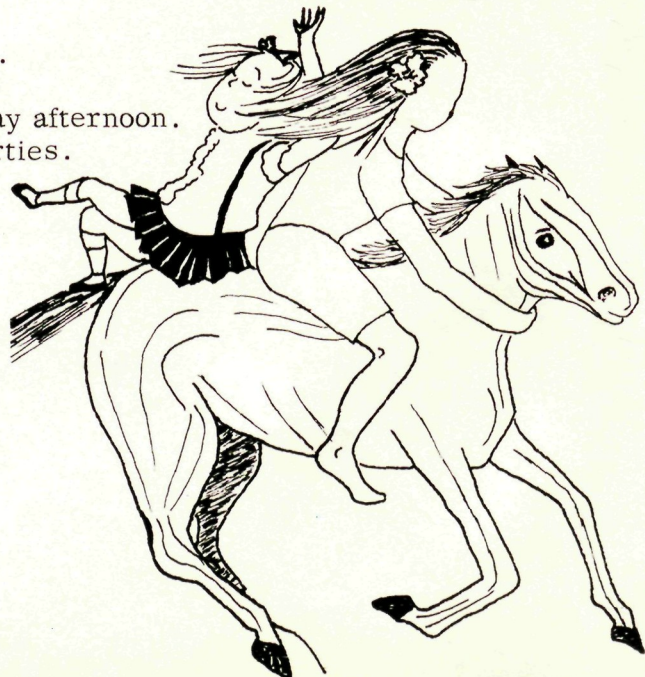
X American Field Service Committee

XI Class Secretary-Treasurer
Rotating School Social Service Representative
American Field Service Committee
Choir
Scenery Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

XII Co-Chairman of American Field Service
Committee
Social Service Committee
Photography Editor of LINK
Co-Chairman of Decorations Committee
for Fall Dance
Madrigal Group
Choir
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
LILIOM
Louise in LILIOM

Katherine Toni Oppenheimer

Toni is rather special.
And here is the thing of it
she is always running down to the Virgin Islands
which is partly why she is so natural and free.
Her hair is absolutely long and black and beautiful
in spring she wears a flower in it.
She has a lovely smile.
Here is what Toni is good at
dancing calypso
speaking French
drawing these wonderful pictures of her horses.
She has two.
Sometimes she rides over to see you on a Sunday afternoon.
And, oh my Lord, she gives the best dinner parties.



- IX Class Vice-President
Business Manager of FINEST
- X Student Council Representative
INKLING Staff
Madrigal Group
Properties Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
- XI Rotating Social Service Representative
INKLING Staff
Library Council
Madrigal Group
Choir
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Properties Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
- XII Assistant Editor of LINK
Alumnae Editor of INKLING
Rotating Social Service Representative
Madrigal Group
Choir
Library Council
Chairman of Properties Committee for
LILIOM
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
LILIOM
Lacrosse Manager



Kate Randolph Sayen

Kate is the authority on England
and Gone With the Wind.
She is always giggling
and waving her hands around.
In the winter she wears red gloves.
Kate adores
intellectual arguments
and root beer.
She is so helpful on
Social Service and Link and scenery.
Kate is nice
and so-o-o intelligent.

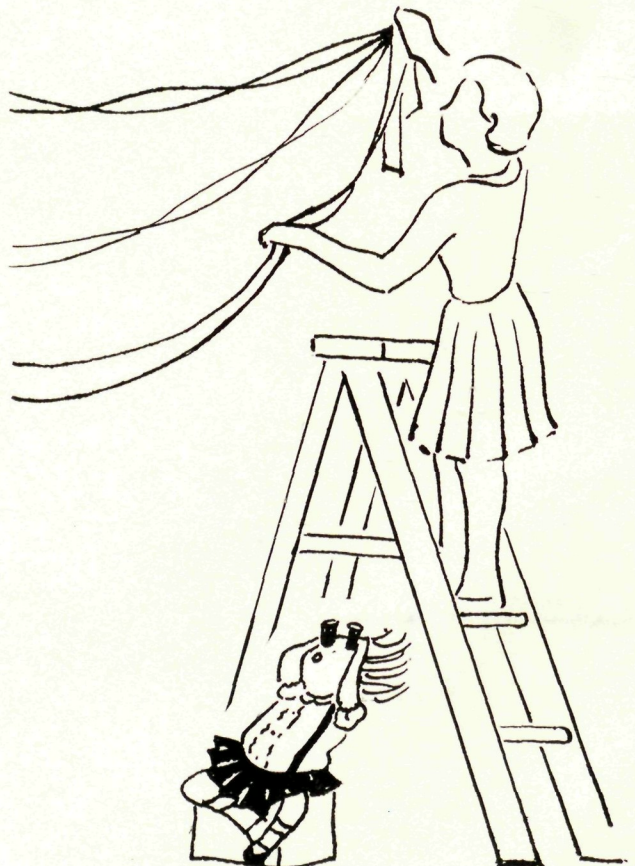




Susan Karen Shew

Shewy is artistic.
 She is usually drawing
 or helping with dance decorations.
 She reminds us of music
 and magic castles.
 Shewy is sympathetic
 and earnest
 and sincere.
 If there is a game she is scorer.
 We pretend she is gullible or naive.
 She has long fingernails
 and a mouse collection.

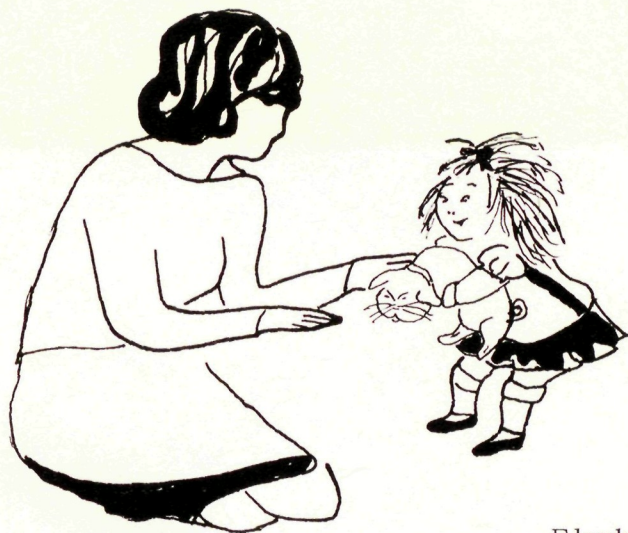
- IX American Field Service Committee
 Library Council
 Cheerleader
- X American Field Service Committee
 Cartoonist for INKLING
 Library Council
 Co-Chairman of Poster Committee for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Make-up Committee for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Cheerleader
- XI American Field Service Committee
 Rotating Student Council Representative
 Library Council
 Make-up Committee for
 MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Usher for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Co-Chairman Student Council Dance
 Co-Chairman Decorations Committee for
 Spring Dance
 Cheerleader
- XII Contest Editor of LINK
 Chairman of Dance Committee
 Choir
 Set Designer for LILIOM
 Make-up Committee for LILIOM
 Extra in LILIOM
 Hockey Manager



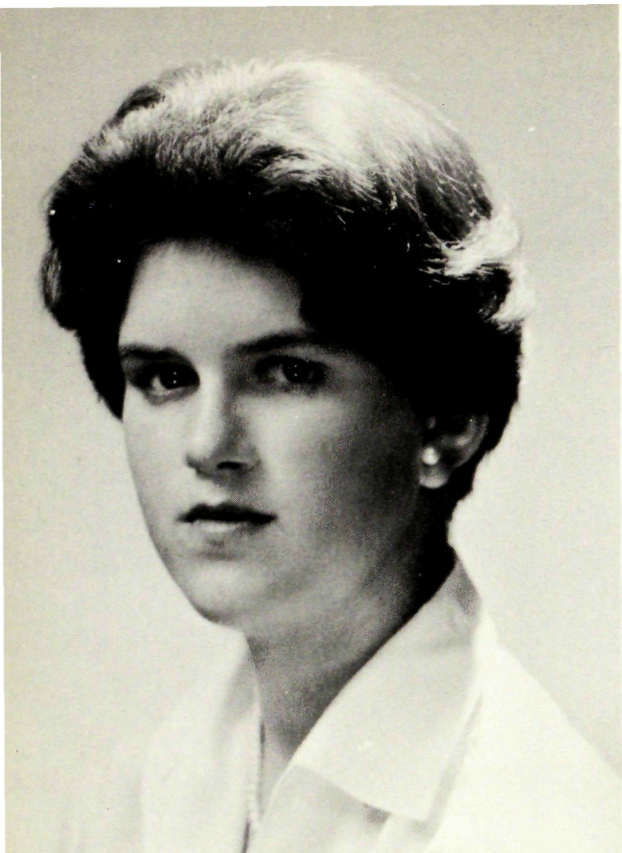
- IX Class Secretary
INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
- X Social Service Representative
INKLING Staff
Assistant Chairman of Scenery Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Stage Crew for YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Properties Committee for
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
- XI Social Service Representative
INKLING Staff
Assistant Chairman of Scenery Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Stage Crew for MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
- XII President of Social Service Committee
INKLING Staff
Scenery Committee and Stage Crew for
LILIOM
Extra in LILIOM



Martha Dunstan Sichel



Elephants are what Marty really likes.
Also old ladies and babies and small animals
and everything orange.
She is the authority on "eyes."
Sometimes you have to persuade her not to worry.
She always comes to cheer at games
or to say a nice word if you need it.
Often she takes walks at night,
especially after scenery.
Sichel is gay
and imaginative
and spur-of-the-moment-fun.



Tamara Grot Turkevich

Tassie is always doing posture charts.
 She is on all the teams.
 And if there is a game
 she makes all these points.
 Also she plays the piano and guitar.
 She is absolutely Russian.
 Tass loves football games
 and the Freshman Herald.
 And she likes to experiment with peroxide.
 She is so enthusiastic
 and nice to do things with
 and jolly.

- IX Scenery Committee for
 THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Junior Varsity Tennis
- X INKLING Staff
 Library Council
 Madrigal Group
 Scenery Committee for
 YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Junior Varsity Basketball
 Junior Varsity Lacrosse
- XI Athletic Association Representative
 American Field Service Committee
 Madrigal Group
 Choir
 Scenery Committee and Usher for
 MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
 Junior Varsity Hockey
 Varsity Basketball
 Varsity Tennis
 Basketball Manager
- XII Co-Chairman of American Field Service Committee
 Blue Team Captain
 INKLING Staff
 Madrigal Group
 Choir
 Properties Committee for LILIOM
 Co-Chairman of Refreshments Committee for
 Fall Dance
 Athletic Pocket Award
 Varsity Hockey
 Varsity Basketball Captain
 Varsity Tennis



IX Junior Varsity Hockey
Varsity Lacrosse

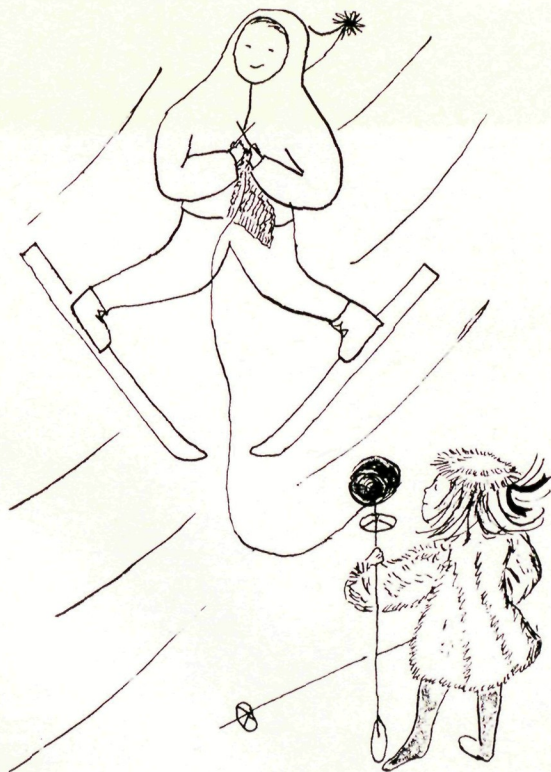
X Glee Club Representative
Madrigal Group
Varsity Hockey
Varsity Lacrosse

XI Glee Club Representative
Scenery Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT
Athletic Pocket Award
Varsity Hockey
Varsity Lacrosse

XII Gray Team Captain
Glee Club Representative
Madrigal Group
Choir
Understudy for Mrs. Muskat in
LILIOM
Varsity Hockey
Varsity Lacrosse
Co-Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Fall Dance



Katharine Miles Walker



Kitty is usually knitting.
And, oh my Lord, she is always helping
with food sales, or pet shows or at the hospital.
She is related to Ben Franklin
and has these most interesting pencils.
Kitty likes to sit near a window
and to ski at Stowe
and to sail at Duxbury.
She salts her bananas
and is the absolutely best goalie.
We love to hear her sing.

IX, X, XI Goteborgs Hogre Samskolan

XII American Field Service Student
from Sweden
Student Council Representative
American Field Service
Committee
Scenery Committee for LILIOM

Home Address:
Fortgatan 19
Goteborg
Sverige

Inga-Beth Lillemor Warnhammar

Lillemor has a sweet tooth
and a nice smile
and a Mercury ring.
Here is what she loves
anything red, red, red!
She is absolutely friendly
and smiling and happy.
Also Lilli knows all these boys
and she goes out every weekend.
She speaks beautiful English
so she can discuss the difference
between Sweden and the U. S.
in the S. S. R.
Oooo, we like Lillemor.



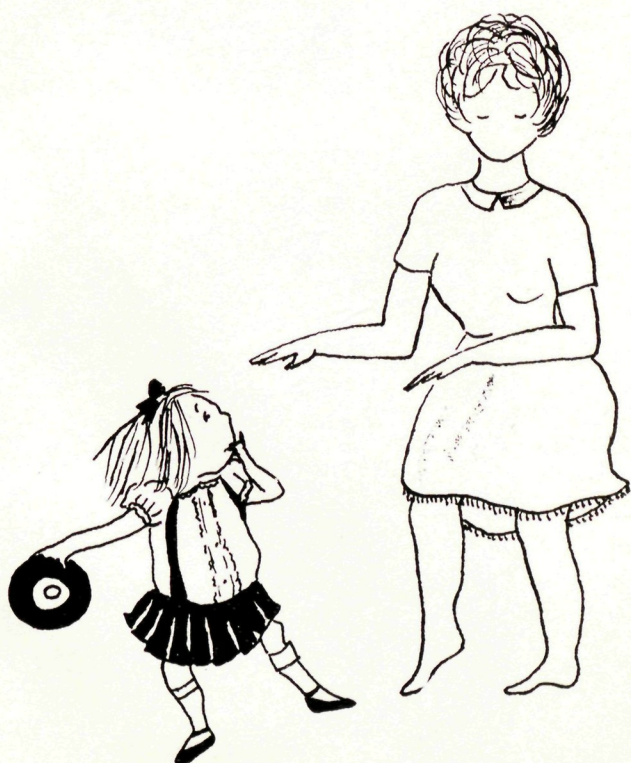
IX-X Princeton High School
Princeton, New Jersey

XI Library Council
Costumes Committee for
MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT

XII Co-Chairman of Invitations Committee for
Fall Dance
Costumes Committee for LILIOM
Extra in LILIOM



Emma Susan West



We call her "West."
She is rather social.
She has this passion for cutting hair
and making her own clothes.
You can tell she likes
swinging music
driving
Lawrenceville
anything "kinda wild."
Usually you can find her in the S. S. R.
She is mostly laughing
and kind and funny.



Carol



Lincoln



Cookie



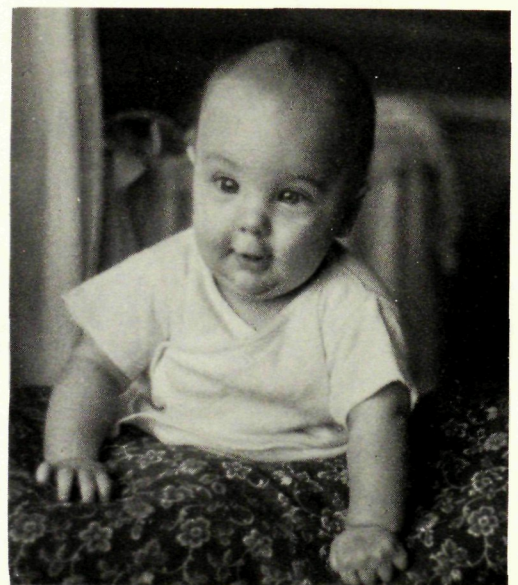
Kit



Frieda



Max



Alz



Monia



Cindy



Kate



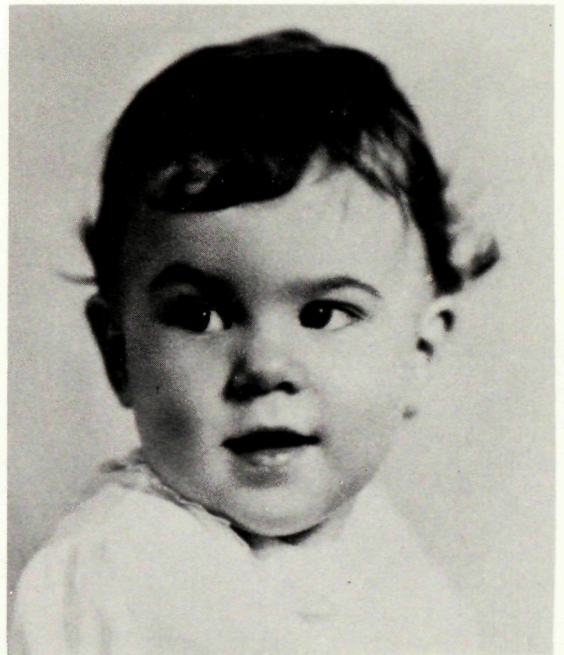
West



Shewy



Janice





Marty



Kitty



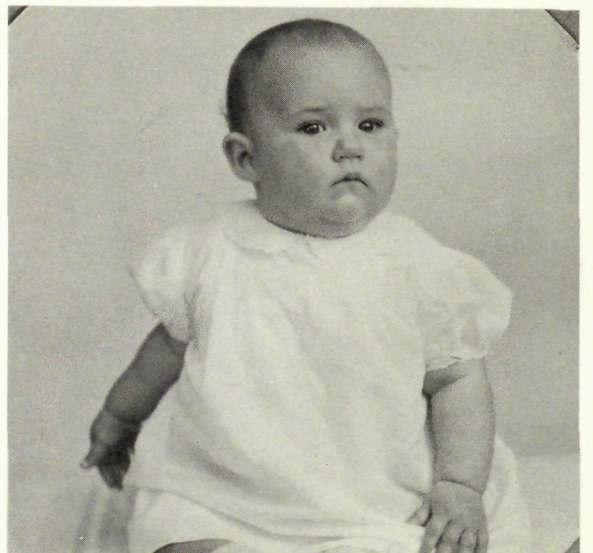
Tassie



Tony

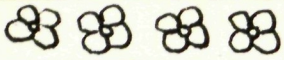




Suzi



Gail



	REMEMBERED FOR	IMMORTAL WORDS	BÊTE NOIRE
CLASS	rock'n roll from the S.S.F.	"I just can't push it"	Finks
ATS	insight	"How gail!"	"sophistication"
KIT	dramatics	"What I mean is..."	dense people
SONIA	enthusiasm	"This is ridiculous!"	jellyfish
CINDY	idealism	"Good heavens!"	people who have secrets they hint at
PAULA	sparkle		curlers
GAIL	practicality	"According to Freud..."	the State Department
CAROL E.	dancing	"I'm snowed"	biology
CAROL F.	scientific thinking	"Why, in heavens name?"	ignorance
MLK	sense of humor	"It's quite all right, anytime..."	phonics
SUZI	friendliness	"Oh! I'm <u>so</u> embarrassed!"	Republicans
MAX	her easygoing ways	"Let's go"	pseudo-intellectuals
JANICE	independence	"Don't Knock Kennedy"	pigeons
TONI	serenity	"I wish I were in the Islands"	arguments
KATE	romantic philosophy of life	"but really, but seriously"	the Union
SHEWY	sympathy	"really?"	bugs
MARTY	warmth	"offhand I'd say..."	"contrariwise"
TASSIE	energy	"We won!"	crooked pictures
KITTY	thoughtfulness	"Now look, people"	French
LILLI	charm	oh?	busybodies
WEST	her blonde beauty	"It was wild!"	intellectuals

CAN YOU IMAGINE HER	USUALLY FOUND	SONG	MOST LIKELY TO
governing the country	not pushing it	"Just You Wait"	surprise everyone
a bubble dancer	attaining wu wei	"Young at Heart"	be Editor of The Scientific American
a Japanese wife	in the library	"Anchors Aweigh"	Charleston down Fifth Avenue
a recluse	in her window	"Fie on Goodness"	come to a tragic end (giggling)
a mess	(disappeared)	"We'll Be Together Again"	do what she wants
in a harem	at the rink	"Thank Heaven for Little Girls"	leave
helpless	"Smiling in a Rambler"	"I Know Where I'm Going"	take the other side
an old maid	at McCarter	"Cigarettes et Whiskie"	live in Paris
climbing the Battle Monument	upholding the opposition	"I Believe"	discover basic math principle of love
a gospel singer	purple-izing	"I Want to Be Evil"	work in Washington
ringless	with someone else	"La Mer"	organize a school of home economics
a librarian	with 	"One Track Mind"	win the Grand Prix
a Republican	with Georgie	"C'est Si Bon"	fall in love in Montmartre
living in New York	outside	"Le Paradis"	live happily ever after
a charwoman	helping	"When Britain Really Ruled the Waves"	publish a revealing paper on a Roman scandal
a political debater	sketching	"Misty"	be a "happy huggy bear"
a UCLA cheerleader	by an open window	"Mood Indigo"	grow leopard spots
married to a Yalie	at the piano	Michael	meet Eloise in Moscow
a rock'n roll singer	cheering the Grays	"With a Song in My Heart"	knit a sail
antisocial	bubbling	"Lady of the Evening"	come back
a gym teacher	trying to become a champagne blonde	"Wild One"	elope



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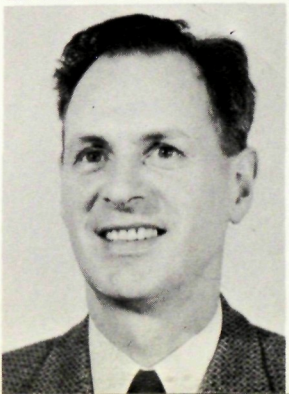


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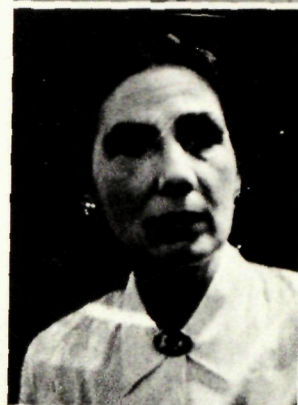
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by
Ferenc Molnar



Directed by
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Library Council

joy
streaming with early sunlight into my room

i run out, light with morning happiness, into the dew
wet sloping hay-meadow full of daisies, nodding to the
long grasses brushing my bare legs dance wet drops
(my sneakers sopped in three steps)
and fresh soft breeze from the ocean

run! fly! soar out to the morning!
i race down the field and along the ocean point
where the quiet water laps among the seaweed rocks
in the lazy freshness of early morning.
a gaunt tree twisted around its dancing leaves
and a tangle of stiff bushes (is a shelter from the house)
is sweet-smelling crushed underfoot and protecting
would be a good place to hide down here alone)

but now is bigger than hiding
and the sky ocean land are calling
exploding with my heart for glory
and here by the ocean summer will be happiness
(maybe alone) with the splendour of space

and how
i ask the clouds puffing together in the sky
can one person hold so much of beauty
together inside one heart and not burst
and how
can one person alone ever be big enough
to grasp the secret and belong to these elements
and how
can one person express in himself
the radiance he knows is there
of wonder, joy, and beauty.

(for no reason really but there must be something
i could do for love
of nothing concrete

as i walk slowly up the long grassy hill to the house

JUDITH ADAMS, XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

When Two Worlds Meet

Tokyo! The word, seen by chance in a newspaper or overheard on a crowded street, is enough to make my pulse quicken. My mind fills suddenly with a half-forgotten torrent of memories and sense impressions from the summer before last when I went to Tokyo as a graduation present from high school, and I stayed with Uncle Eddie and his young Japanese wife, Emikosan.

The plane came in low over Hokkaido and down the length of Japan. Rolling dark green hills and mountains, and the early-morning sunlight flashing, reflecting off the water in the neat, square rice fields, were my introduction to my new home. Circling over Tokyo Bay, down into Haneda Airport, papers checked, lost baggage found, customs passed, finally I was walking up the steps into the main room. I easily spotted my uncle, a tall, sandy-haired freckled man, and next to him his young wife, an exact opposite with her delicate little figure, black hair, and almond eyes. Dropping my bags, I bowed to them in my best Japanese style, embraced my uncle, and was introduced to Aunt Emi. Then we went outside, and trying to absorb everything at once, I sat next to the window in the taxi on the way to Shibuya, the part of Tokyo I was to live in for two and a half months. Nothing was the same, the smells, or humidity, smiling faces, or driving (on the "wrong side of the road.") Oh! the driving! I tried not to notice the quick and seemingly reckless pace, but couldn't help it.

A hectic and tiring week followed of general introduction to my new country, Tokyo, Japanese, and Emikosan, who stayed with me most of the day while Uncle Eddie was at work down at the Embassy. Also I was introduced to her younger brother. It happened one night after supper when we were sitting around in the front room looking at television, pretending July in Tokyo wasn't warm, to say the least. There was the sound of wooden "geta" being removed, and the barefeet on the "tatami" in the other room before he entered. Uncle Ed introduced him with a long speech as Emikosan's younger brother, therefore a relative of sorts of mine, etc., etc., presently living in another part of Shibuya for school terms and summer, etc., etc. When he finally stopped, everyone was laughing, and I tried to say hello in Japanese. It came out very mangled, and everyone laughed again, but kindly.

"That's OK," he said, "I can speak English. We study it a long time at school and Keio -- that's my university -- and besides, Eddiesan, he was my teacher." He laughed gently again, and sat down, evidently at home.

We spent the rest of the evening joking and talking, sometimes in Japanese, when I would get very suspicious, but more often in English for my benefit. After one of the Japanese outbursts, Aunt Emi turned to me and asked if I would like to have Toshisan as a teacher, maybe two, maybe three times a week. I was delighted, since I had already wanted Japanese

lessons to help me learn more quickly, and hadn't known how to bring the subject up. So, I agreed, and everyone seemed pleased that I wanted to learn.

Perhaps they had been wondering what to do with me, and decided Toshisan could help out, perhaps it was spontaneous. I didn't know, and really didn't care what the motives were if any. He came over the next day for my first lesson, and for a while I had one every other day. I worked hard, and found it gratifying to see a small shopkeeper light up with a smile, seeing "one of those Americans" try to struggle in Japanese. I found out quickly that the effort alone meant so much, and began to make several friends, the fishseller, postman, and other people near us. Tosh was impressed too, I think, when he saw how eagerly I was studying. We both had a feeling in the beginning, though neither ever mentioned it, that we had been forced together, and the other wasn't very interested in what each had to offer. He began to realize that I was not just another too wealthy, American tourist-snob, making no attempt to blend with my new home. On my part, I gradually found that delicate hands, and five feet five inches, typical of Japanese, did not make him any less a man, with good ideas and feelings. After a while, we began to feel more comfortable together. I discovered myself looking forward to the lessons, and noticed, too, that often the lessons were being extended to staying for dinner, and on into the evening. He would consciously sit on the opposite side of the room, though, and pay no special attention to me, somewhat as to say, no, you are all very wrong. I am staying because I often do anyway. But everyone noticed.

After three weeks of lessons, I came home late one morning from a little trip down to the post office, pleased that I had been able to order the stamps almost faultlessly from the teller. I went into the kitchen to tell Emikosan.

She greeted me in Japanese, made me try to relate my incident in my new language, then added in English, "Toshisan was in just now. He wants to know if you will go to a baseball game with him tonight. He was going to call, but then was shy because he was afraid I would answer and didn't want me to know he wanted to talk especially to you. Poor boy! So, he came here thinking I would be out shopping and you at home. Not at all, the other way around! Poor Tosh. He finally told me to tell you to be ready about four. Umm, that's life," and she shook her head in mock sympathy with her brother.

"Why, um, what would it be like?"

"Oh, baseball. If you like baseball, it will be O.K. But you will go, won't you? I think," she added after a pause, "he might be hurt if you say no. He hasn't asked you out before on what you Americans call a big date, isn't it? That's what Eddie used to say." She giggled, probably remembering some scene in the recent past with her handsome American prince. "Tosh is shy," she went on, "but he is proud and sensitive. He likes you, I think, but doesn't want any-

one to know it. Be careful, Ann, don't hurt him?" and her voice went up to make it seem a gentle hope.

That evening was wonderful. By then I was used to being stared at, for a blonde among so many dark heads easily stands out, and fascinates the Japanese. I was proud to be me, and different, but also partly Japanese, with a Tokyo boy, speaking a spattering of the language, and at a typically Japanese place, a ball park. Baseball as such didn't interest me too much, but the beauty of the clean hit balls going up into the late afternoon blue sky, the colorful teams and crowd, noise, excitement, and Toshisan on my right explaining all the player's histories, combined to make me feel delightfully suspended in time, in a wordly heaven.

The lights around the field came on, palely at first. "See, the cocktail lights just came on," Tosh pointed out.

"Hm? What's that?" I looked around, bewildered.

"The cocktail lights, over there."

"Oh. Why do you call them that?"

"I don't know. I always called them that because they are so pale and pretty . . . Well, that's sort of silly, isn't it?" he ended lamely.

I realized that he was a little confused at having been caught up, though not unkindly, and thought I would think he was stupid and unsophisticated, although he honestly did think they were pretty. Quickly I tried to smooth things over by mumbling that really, it was a good term. The more I thought about it, the more appealing his little confession became . . . The whole scene wrote itself into my heart, and even today whenever I see stadium or streetlamps come on, I think, look, the cocktail lights, and hear the same quiet voice saying it.

We stayed for the second game, since it was a double header, and came home about eleven. For the first time it was rather awkward to say goodnight. After that we went out more often and had the lessons, too.

A few weeks later in the afternoon, I was writing Jim, the senior at Harvard whom I had been seeing frequently for the last two years. We both told everyone that it was nothing serious, but Jim and I, we knew it really was something and he actually was just waiting to let me get through two years at Wellesley. I wrote Jim twice a week, and he did the same. Still, I had missed him. Now I couldn't decide whether to tell him about Toshisan, or not. I sat for two hours, first resolving to be honest, then rationalizing that he would never understand how I felt about Tosh, he would make more of it than it was. And then I began to wonder exactly how much "it" really was. Not love, not friendship -- English is so lacking in words of emotion! I settled on "deep fondness" and realized immediately that Jim would certainly not understand that, if anything. So I was just describing how I had met Aunt Emi's younger brother, when the "nice boy, that's all . . ." walked in.

"Hi, Ann," he announced his arrival. "Writing letters? Who to?"

"Just people." I answered. Then, deciding I should

at least be honest on this side of the Pacific, added, "Jim, if you must know."

"Oh, Jim? I suppose, I mean, is he . . . ?"

"Well, I've seen him for the last year or so. I guess, um, in a way we're sort of engaged."

"Really?" he replied somewhat nonchalantly. Then, "And this Jim, is he tall?"

"About six feet, maybe a little under," I chopped off two inches, wishing I could think of some way to end the whole conversation.

"What do your parents think?"

"They like him enough." Then I added hopefully, "Can I get you some ocha?"

"No, thanks . . . I wish I could be tall," he said bitterly. Then, a little annoyed, "You never told me."

"You didn't ask." I tried to be calm, but wished he would stop dragging Jim out.

"Why didn't you tell me? You little . . ."

"Oh, stop it. Please, Jim is my own affair. Let's talk about something else. How is your work going?"

"Yes, he is." He looked at me levelly, "I guess I'd better be going -- I'll let you finish your letter. Excuse me for interrupting." He got up coldly, went out, slipped into his geta.

"Really, be reasonable," I pleaded.

"O.K." he replied acidly and walked away.

I was damned if I would go after him. I mean, we hadn't even had a good fight, it had just been depressing. So, a bit proud, a little confused, I just went inside and knelt down at the desk to try and finish my letter. But it didn't write itself easily. I was still so mixed up, and finally I gave up. It was all different here. Why should I have told him earlier? Who was he to have to know? How much was there between us anyway? In America, it was easy. I dated Jim awhile, we started holding hands, and all the rest, openly admitting we liked each other, and making certain demands. But here I was, wandering in a bay of unspoken emotions and subtleness, without knowing what the channel markers meant. The rest of the day I was sullen and preoccupied, trying to figure out what to do, discouraged and frustrated at not having found a solution.

Two days later, when Emikosan and I were doing the lunch dishes, Tosh finally reappeared.

"Emikosan, do you mind if I take your helper out?" he asked in Japanese, coming in and surprising us.

"No, certainly," she replied, turning to me and smiling. We had just been talking about him.

"Konnichiwa," I ventured, drying my hands. I slipped on my zorii and we went out into the hot streets.

"Hey, I'm sorry about . . ." he began, his wooden geta clicking on the cement pavement.

"No, no, let's forget it, shall we?" I relied and was happy to be with him again. My zorii's pad-pad-pad and his geta's calunk-calick were the only sounds for awhile. Then we both looked at each other, laughed, and from then on were our old selves.

And really, what a wonderful day it was! Dusty and sticky, yes, but with a bright sky, crowded streets, dirty children and clean ones, all bright-eyed, some playing, some staring . . . workers in grubby clothes

tearing up the pavement . . . old ladies with stuffed shopping bags on the way home from the market . . . students in their black and white school uniforms and caps, despite summer recess . . . hundreds of tourists and thousands of Japanese . . . trees and parks . . . Toyopet cars honking and awful traffic jams . . . The nauseating aroma of kitchens at the back of restaurants . . . of corner stands selling anything and everything . . . gunpowder from a firecracker a child sets off on the corner . . . It was Tokyo with its unique combination of sounds, sights, and smells. And it was afternoon, and Tosh was right there again.

Without discussing it, we wandered down the streets to our favorite "Koochi shopu." When we stepped inside the coffee shop, closed the dark-glass door behind us, and went down the staircase, we were in another dark, air-conditioned world reserved for students and lovers, listening to classical music, smoking Peacu cigarettes, drinking black imported Brazilian coffee, and talking always with a low murmur, easy, comfortable, and cool despite August in Tokyo. Toshisan and I sat down at a table, and he asked the waiter if we could have Dvorak's Fifth--yes, Fifth -- "Brave New World" -- put on next. We saw some friends of his, classmates at Keio, and they came over. By now I was able to follow enough, and we spent hours that afternoon just sitting and talking in Japanese. Removed from the hot, humid and busy world on the other side of the door at the top of the stairs, the afternoon slid easily away in our special little underground world.

So, Tosh and I continued in our old ways, drifting along together, openly admitting nothing, but aware that we were getting closer. Suddenly it was the last week of my stay, and we still didn't believe that anything would have to change. Yet externally I complied and went shopping for things to take home with me.

We were at a shop and I was looking for hairclips to wear when my hair was up in a French twist. With my usual indecision, I turned to Toshisan.

"Let me get them both for you, Ann," he offered.

"Toshisan, you can't. Please," I protested genuinely, for I knew that as a student he couldn't afford many extras, and that he had already treated me to so much.

"Yes, Ann, please let me. No, really, maybe you will wear them when you get back home, and think of me." He said it sincerely, but with the same lack of conviction that I felt, that the time would never come, but just in case. After all, it was still so far away. He paid, and then with a pleased look put it in my shopping bag with the cook book I had just also bought.

When we got home, I went right away to try the silver clip on for him. I let my hair down and was brushing it when Tosh asked if he could touch it. I laughed and said, yes, of course he could.

Gingerly he ran his hand down it. "Ann, your hair is so soft, and so long and light. You must be an angel. Are you?" He laughed as he said it, but gently and full of tenderness. I smiled in the mirror at him, finished putting it up, patted pin and stray ends in

place, and got the final pleased approval from him.

It was then that he looked at the calendar that I kept by my mirror, and seeing the date, turned to me. "Ann, is it true? One week?"

"No, it couldn't be." I refused to believe that he was right. "You don't think it's true, do you? I could never leave you, you know that. Arise, my prince, let's go have some ocha and celebrate.

"Celebrate?"

"My stay in a dream world . . ." I answered, not making much sense, and with that we had a reckless, nonsensical laughing, forgetful evening with Eddisan and Aunt Emi. But the shadow grew more real everyday. Tosh practically lived with us, and we all stayed up late every evening making the most of the time left.

Despite my hopes, the week passed and the last night came. In early September, we had some breezes now at night, and especially on this night which made it softer. Toshisan stayed on after supper and the party we had for some of my other friends. We were in the main room, when suddenly we heard the high-pitched eerie whistle of the ramen-seller coming down the street. We dashed out of the house and down to the corner to accost him. Tosh and I talked to him while he prepared the Chinese noodle dish in his cart. Toothless, old, and wrinkled, he smiled gaily up at us as we peered over into the bubbling pots. Then we took our steaming bowls over to the small wall to eat, and sat there watching the other people appear from nowhere and crowd around him. Some baseball players, a visiting high school team staying down the road, ran up in a group, laughing and jostling each other. They bought their bowls over and sat with us, slurping the noodles in the noisy Japanese way, and making loud humorous comments. After an hour or so, everyone began drifting away. The last two baseball players left, and we and the ramen seller moved off to a new position a few streets away, and we were alone in the void which settled in after the noisy scene.

"Shall I come tomorrow to see you off?" Toshisan broke into the tender silence of the cool night.

"Why, I don't know." I answered in Japanese.

Silence, moved in again. The street lights showed as pale yellow accents through the park on the other side of the avenue. A car approached, its headlights sweeping over us, then passing by as it rounded the corner.

"Maybe it would be hard on both of us . . ." He started again.

"Um . . . but at least I'd be seeing you once more . . ."

"Oh, my angel, you're never going to come back, I know it," Tosh mumbled desperately.

"Toshican, "I used the familiar, and gently took his hand in mine. "You know, don't you, I'll come back soon, maybe even next summer."

"No, Annachan," but he left his hand in mine. Silence was broken quietly by the mental confusion we both had. "You have a world of your own," he went on at last. "You will see Jim, and go to college. Maybe you will miss me very much the first

month, but then my world will fade, become a dream . . ."

"Tosh, never." I had conviction in my voice, but underneath, I sensed it might, horribly enough, be true. Our two worlds, how close when they touched, but how far apart in two days!

"Ann, shall I come, or not?"

"Toshisan, I don't know." I was miserable.

"I don't want to cry in front of all those people, and Eddiesan, and Emikosan especially," he finally confessed.

"Ummm . . . I know. I feel the same way. It'll be O.K., Tosh. You don't have to come. I'll be thinking of you anyway. I'd rather remember tonight than a final hour with you in a cold, busy, impersonal airport. I'll probably be a wreck anyhow."

"It's one o'clock." We got up and strolled over to the house.

"You have to get up at five, don't you?"

"I don't care. I want to stay up all night."

"You know we can't. I must go . . ."

"Toshi, you can't leave. Please stay."

"Ah, who's talking," he laughed gently, but his

eyes were glistening. "Annachan, just don't forget me completely. Maybe, wear those hair clips and scarf sometime, or look at my picture. You will write, won't you?"

He kissed me on the forehead and stroked my hair. "Ah, if only. Well, goodbye."

"No, good night," I corrected him, trying to be brave.

"Good night. Oh, my angel . . ." and he turned and walked down the street, his geta as always clicking on the pavement. At the corner he turned -- waved -- then went out of sight.

PAULA COOK, XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

How to Go Down in Mythology Without Really Trying.

Act I

The Minotaur's Labyrinth in ancient Crete. It is simply a bare-looking room, without a window, and with only a chair and a rustic table for furnishings, unless one includes the desolate young man seated in the chair. He is clad in a lightweight Spring toga, probably from Robert Hall, in a conservative color. He has perched upon his nose tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. He typifies the Ancient Athenian ad man. His hair is messy, but he is clean-shaven, and at the moment he is obviously continuing his brooding. Upon his head is an ice-pack, made from cloth of a bold pattern, which he holds on his head with one hand as he arises from the chair, which is at the left, crossing to the right. He begins to cross back to the left but stops as he sees his father, Daedalus, enter. Daedalus is an aging (now middle-aged), obese, and distraught-looking man. His is the evasive quality of pseudo-genius. He wears a white toga; on his greying hair there is a wreath of roses that have become quite withered, but were once pale pink. He is a self-appointed sage.

Daed: Ic, have you seen the drunks that are generally loitering around here? (Now he smiles knowingly as he adds) Cheer up, junior, look on the bright side.

Ic: Listen, Dad, it's all right for you to say that; you've lived your life, won your fame, and now you're imprisoned in your own trap. But it is your OWN: I'm just here wasting my time, and just when I had begun to rise in the world. Who knows, I might even have gotten the Hepheastus Ambrosia account! My only desire was to be a good advertising man. And now I wind up in this rotten hole, through NO FAULT OF MINE. Then, to be adding a ghastly last straw, I've lost my beer jacket. Oh, and by the way, I believe you asked, our intoxicated friends are probably yet recovering from last night.

Daed: Where were you last night, anyway? The last

time I remember seeing you, you were with some sweet young thing; one of the maidens left over from last year's sacrifice, wasn't she?

Ic: Yeah. Hey, listen, Pop, HAVE you seen my beer jacket? I mean, how's anyone to know I've taken the trouble to go to college -- just to be a GOOD advertising man -- if I don't wear it?

Daed: You have a point there, son. You really don't reflect education in your speech . . . Why -- didn't that girl have it on, though?

Ic: Oh, Zeus, yes!!! I forgot . . . Oh, Hades, now I have to get it back from her!

Daed: You can skip the blasphemy. I don't think recovery of your beer jacket will be particularly difficult.

Ic: Yeah, I guess not; but I said I'd give it to her, you see. But I'm sure she'll understand that I didn't mean it. I really couldn't be expected to be serious when I'm stewed, could I?

Daed: My son, my son, when will you learn temperance?

Ic: I wouldn't talk, Daddy-O. You weren't so sober yourself. Or do you usually sing the bawdiest songs of Aristophanes while dancing on the table, balancing your martini on the head of the nearest maiden?

Daed: Be respectful when addressing your father. Any more impertinence from you and I won't conjure one of my usual fabulously clever and wily ideas, and you will be left with no devilish schemes regarding the retrieval of your beer jacket, and with no capacity to devise your own.

(smiles maliciously) THEN who will know that you really do want to be a good ad man?

Ic: Zeus will. (He sullenly paces toward stage left, when the sound of seven off-key voices can be heard. Ic. pauses and, with Daed., listens to the song of the drunks.)

Distant Voices of Chorus of Drunks: If I had the wings of a turtledove . . . Turtledove . . . Hiccup . . . Back to old Olympus I'd fly . . . I'd fly, and there I would play with those immortals . . . Like Aphrodite? . . . I'll say! . . . And there I would play till I die. Sing too-ral-ay, too-ral-ay . . . (The drunks continue their song as they near the room where Daed. and Ic. are now resuming their conversation.)

Ic: Ahah! Our friends! Weren't you looking for them? Hey, Dad, what's up? (As he says the last sentence, he looks at Daed., who is staring, trance-like, in the direction of the singing.)

Daed: (very dreamily, yet inspired) If I had the wings, if I had the wings . . . oh, shut up, Iccy, let me think !!! . . . ICCY, I'VE GOT IT!!!

(As Daedalus yells his last remark, he hurriedly embraces his son and begins to whirl him madly about the stage, apparently attempting what appears to be what originated the waltz, but becomes faster and faster, and increasingly out of rhythm with the singing of the drunks, which is steadily enlarging in volume. The dance has developed into what seems to be the basis for the twist. Enter Chorus of Drunks, staggering and hiccupping. They enter on the left, and pause for an instant to stare at Daed. and Ic., who has by now joined his father in twisting, although his facial expression seems to denote that he thinks his father seized by a sudden fit of madness. The Drunks, singing continually, march in their disorganized manner and cross to stage right. Exeunt Drunks stage right. Daed. and Ic. stop their dance, panting, but Daed. continues to leap about the stage occasionally, snapping his fingers now and then.)

Ic: For the sake of Zeus, what has happened to you? (Ic. is staring, wide-eyed, apparently aghast at his father's performance.)

Daed: (singing with wild abandon) If we had the wings of a turtledove -- which we will, we will! Don't you see, Iccy my boy, we'll fly out of this rat trap. Not that it isn't a clever rat trap, of course; it is ingenious -- but the POINT is that we can fly out!

Ic: (stares doubtfully at Daed., then in dubious and sarcastic tones) Jetting there is half the fun.

Daed: Ic, my dear son, I am sorry that you do not take me seriously. Perhaps if you do not trust my plan, you would not care to try it. But I did think that we could make wings, out of feathers and wax, and fly to Sicily. Of course, we would recover your beer jacket first. It's not such a very rash idea, is it?

Ic: (tiredly suggesting, with the patient but resigned air of one who has become accustomed to immovable whims) It's SO much easier to take the bus . . .

Voice of Euclid: (Off stage, in bell-like tones) The shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

Ic: Who's that? Not one of the drunks?

Daed: (still carried away with his idea) Some kid . . . Euclid, I think his name is.

Voice of Sir Isaac Newton (in pear-shaped tones and

a ridiculously exaggerated British accent) Hwhat gews hup hmust cum da-youn.

Ic: And THAT? What's he?

Daed: I'm not sure of his name -- Fig Leaf Newton or something. He's from Britain, you know, where they're having all the silly fuss with the Picts and the Scots.

Ic: Hum . . . Well, I guess we can fly. I'm willing to try anything to get out of here. But I'm warning you, I'm not leaving without my beer jacket. (Exit, muttering and whining about only having wished to be a GOOD advertising man.)

Daed: (whistles "If I had the Wings of a Turtledove" which soon transits into "Going Back to Nassau Hall." He kneels, stage right, to pray.) Athene, sweetest, (in honeyed tones), did you think old Daeds was going to undertake any venture without consulting you first? Not on your life--er--immortality, Sweetie, good ol' patron of geniuses, friend. Thenie, remember that party just before that cursed old Minos locked me up here? Well, please forgive me. I was under the influences of one of Bacchus's better beverages. And, you know, you were so lovely . . . AND intelligent . . . well . . . (he continues as the curtain drops.)

Act II

Scene One: Olympus, in Zeus's living room. There is an informal gathering, composed of several couples and individuals who have just dropped over for a drink. Hera and Hephaestus are making eyes at each other, and edging closer together on the couch. At right, Artemis is talking to Psyche, advising her on some new wall-paper for her bedroom, while Vesta listens attentively. Cupid, Apollo, Pluto and Ares are seated, center, discussing a new brokerage firm on Mount Olympus, which advises Athens Colgate Palmolive, and A.T. and T.; Ares Terrible Tortures. These groups can be heard ad-libbing. The loudest talkers are Athene and Zeus, who stand near the door stage right.

Athene: I just can't help it, I know it's been in his family for years -- the trait of becoming intoxicated and endeavoring to take liberties with any convenient female -- and he is so absurdly insincere, pompous, self-confident, and above all so conceited for no reason at all that I can see . . . Somehow, I find that lovable because I find it humorous, and in my amusement I forgive him; I just can't seem to prevent it. Please, Zeusie, give the poor slob a chance. Do whatever you will to that nasty boy, Icarus -- I know he exasperates his father to tears -- but DO look after Daedalus . . . for ME. (Here the great and wise maiden goddess looks at Zeus, the Thunderer, with her great emerald pools of vision that reflect knowledge of all things, including the weakness of the King of Gods, and does so with such eloquent but tacit pleading that Zeus is beyond hope as she irresistibly bats her mascaraed eyelashes)

Zeus: (dreamily) Yeah. Sure. Anything, darling, anything. And if you might just pay me a little for the favor -- I mean I'm not supposed to interfere, and my stupid, shrewish wife might get mad and . . .

Athene: Come outside, and I might pay you with a kiss. You don't have to be evasive with me. I know what you want. (at her flirtiest) I'm no foolish mortal. I prefer you in your handsome true form to any golden rain. If I were you, I would prefer to collect payment now, instead of waiting and stalling for an I.O.U.

(Zeus is delighted because his love is so seldom requited. He smiles smugly as he escorts Athene out the

door. Poseidon continues to distribute drinks among the holy guests, as the curtain falls.)

Scene Two: The Minotaur's Labyrinth in Crete, same as Act One, but several weeks later. Daedalus and Icarus stand stage center, as Daedalus repairs Icarus's wings with some ancient-looking Scotch tape and safety pins. Under Icarus's wings can be seen his beer jacket.

Ic: You know, I was in one of these contraptions once, when I was in college learning to write copy. My roommate wanted me to pose for an illustration he was doing. He was advertising some Trojan War surplus junk, and I had to wear wings and stand by the window to give him an inspiration. He had some sort of a THING about wings, if you know what I mean. And he was a real nut for transportation advancement. You would have loved him. Bellerophon, we called him. I wonder whatever happened to him? Probably wound up in the looney bin.

Daed: (who has not been listening at all, but adjusting the wings with some mouldy glue) Umm, certainly, I suppose so, but you've got to remember not to fly too near the sun, or you'll melt your glue, and the wax. O.K.?

Ic: (who hasn't been listening either) I feel RIDICULOUS, really. But it's probably fun. Once I escape I can really become a successful ad man. What do you think of this jingle? "Ambrosia refreshes you best! What do you hear in the best of circles? Bacchus' Nectar all around!"

Daed: But remember, you can concentrate on making mistakes when you escape; NOW you must remember not to fly too close to the sun!

Ic: "Bacchus Nectar hits the spot!"

(The curtain falls as Icarus continues to sing)

Scene Three: The stage is divided by a counter, stage right; behind it sit several prosperous-looking citizens. Daedalus is in a booth, wearing a basic black toga. This is a Sicilian Quiz Show. The Emcee, a man with slick hair and an undertaker's smile, confronts Daedalus. Beside the booth, to the right, is a platform. At the top of it there is a place to stand on, but otherwise it is merely stairs leading up. At the top are Zeus and Athene. They both look nervous; but Athene looks radiant in a lavender pastel toga, her hair arranged becomingly. Zeus looks strong and happy. His arm is around Athene. She smiles, but there is anxiety in her face as she regards Daedalus.

Emcee: And now, Mr. Daedalus, the sixty-four thousand dollar question. But first a word from our sponsor.

(Two statues are wheeled in and begin to revolve on pedestals. Suddenly, as the Emcee brings forth a jar of deodorant, one of the statues gets off the pedestal and speaks.

Galatea: What are you trying to do to me?

Emcee: Miss? I hate to tell you this, but you can get the sponsor sued! They can't do this to us! It's not in the contract!

Gal: Just because Pygmalion is mad at me is no reason for him to make me the laughing stock! Oh, just wait until I get my hands on him!

Emcee: Miss, you can't . . . (Exit Galatea, loudly threatening Pygmalion) Never mind the word from

our sponsor. Here is the question. How would one pass a thread through this elaborately spiralled conch shell?

(The other statue is wheeled out as Emcee hands Daedalus an elaborately spiralled conch shell. Daedalus looks utterly stumped.)

Athene (on platform, nudging Zeus) Zeus, you must know. They're asking him now. Come on, what's the answer?

Zeus: Search me. You're supposed to be the WISE one. I don't know; I forgot to ask the Furies.

Athene: Oh, you-you-you-dunderhead! How could you do this to me? It's one thing being intelligent, but another entirely to use your brains! (The seconds of time allotted to Daedalus tick away on a loud metronome.) Oh, I've got it! An ant. An ant . . . Oh, Zeus, how VILE! He can't hear me! Oh, his time'll be up -- what'll I do?

(Zeus absent-mindedly hurls a thunderbolt at the booth. Daedalus turns around and sees the immortals. He hears Athene as she repeats the answer.)

Daed: (facing the platform) An aunt?

Athene: No, and ant?

Daed: What about an ant?

Athene: Oh, why can I never meet anyone intelligent? Tie a string around an ant, -- though how you're going to do THAT I don't know -- and let it walk through a hole at the beginning of the spiral, through it, and out another hole at the end.

(Daed. repeats this to the Emcee, who is scandalized.)

Emcee: Why -- that's right! But it couldn't be, but -- but it is. This is absurd! We always ask impossible questions with no answers because we don't HAVE sixty-four thousand dollars. Where would a poor Sicilian quiz show get that kind of money? This is impossible! (Turns to a man behind the counter among the prosperous-looking citizens. The man is dressed more richly than any other citizen.) Van Doren, are you behind this? You seemed quite friendly with this gentleman at rehearsal. I just don't understand it. It wasn't in the script! We don't have any money . . .

(Zeus and Athene flirt on the platform, and below them Daedalus shrugs.)

Daed: Oh, well, I guess it doesn't matter; easy come, easy go. My son Icarus will go down in mythology for generations to come; but he wasn't really trying. All he ever wanted was to be a good advertising man. And all I wanted was the wings of a turtledove.

Curtain

LINDSLEY CAMERON, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

Secret

Have you ever noticed,
Have you ever seen--
Underneath the winter's snow,
Spring is turning green?

In the shoots of springtime,
Close-curved in their hearts,
All the flowery fragrance
Of midsummer starts.

In the full of summer,
One bright leaf's turned red.
In the greenest forest,
Autumn lies ahead.

Have you ever noticed,
Did you ever know,
All the year is hidden
Under winter's snow?

SUSAN COMBS, VI
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

Japanese Haikkus

Tired day
Hung the moon
On my bare apple bough.
This way, traveler.

Come, drowsy thrush,
From dark woods.
You've never seen
How exquisite the stars.

White sails of lonely sloops,
Silly fisherman,
You cannot catch the moon.

"To a Child"

. . . and the world is
round
and
there
(look)
are the stars
(of heaven) wide
and
beauty is nature
and
life is love
and everywhere
there is heart
and gladness.
. . . yes
i remember
when
eternity
was now
and
then
was forever
and
bonds
were of oblivion.
. . . once
i too
was free.

MARTHA SICHEL, XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

Winter builds a pinnacle of ice
Despair . . . my
Candle sinks . . . and d

i
e
s.

NANCY DAILEY, VIII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

Honorable Mention for Upper School Prose was awarded to Jane Aresty, XI, for "Side Show, " which appeared in the June 1961 issue of THE FINEST. Honorable Mentions for Middle School Prose was awarded to Sarah Jaeger, VIII, For "Two Girls and a Flat Calm, " which was published in the January 1962 edition of THE FINEST. Honorable Mention for Middle School Poetry was awarded to Leslie Loser, VIII, for "The Pasture, " which appears in the June 1962 issue of THE FINEST. The LINK Board regrets very much that they were unable to print this material (because of lack of space.)

The Editorial Board of the LINK wishes to extend warmest thanks and appreciation to the following judges of the literary contest: Mrs. Frederick B. Adams, Miss Helen Adams, Mrs. William Boutelle, Mrs. Mark Hanshka, Mr. Geoffrey Hellman, Mr. Herbert McAneny, Professor Dudley Johnson, and Mrs. Blackwell Smith.

Judy thought
and planned
and wrote
and made it all most terribly, terribly fun,
And the thing of it is, the class is awfully grateful

And here is who has been the
absolutely best help
Mrs. Shepherd.
Also she cheers us up
and guides us.

Mrs. Shepherd, we thank you.

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Thus slowly, one by one,

Its quaint events were hammered out—

And now the Tale is done,

And home we steer, a merry crew,

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--Pascal

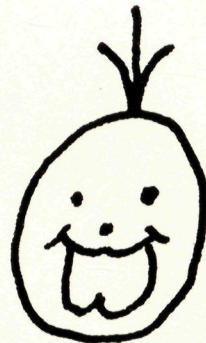
"I have sworn upon the altar of Liberty eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

--Jefferson

"I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination."

--Keats

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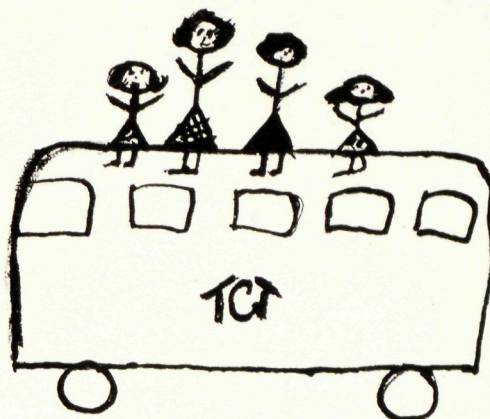
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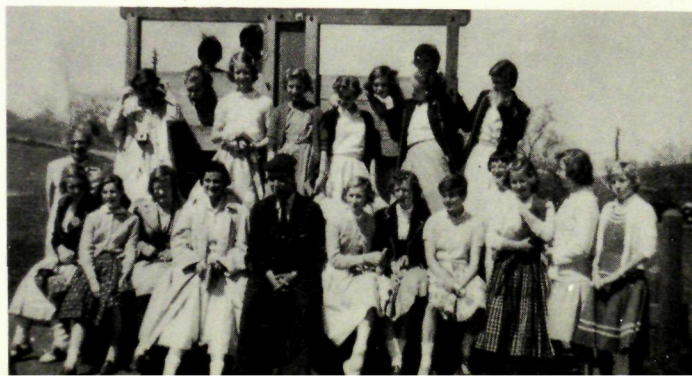
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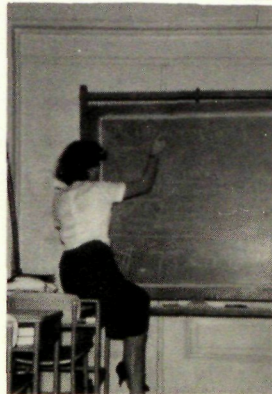
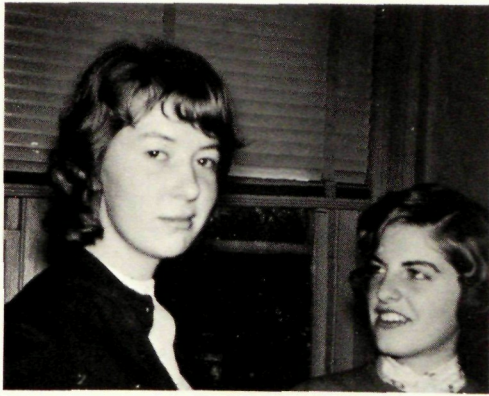
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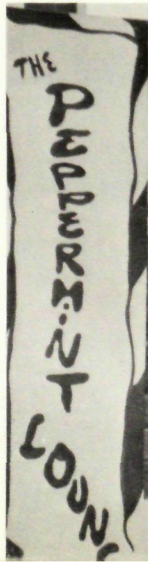
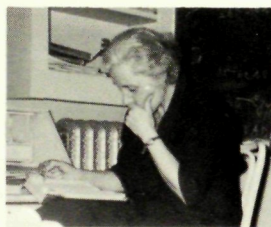
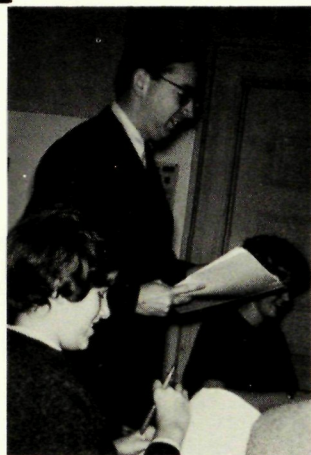
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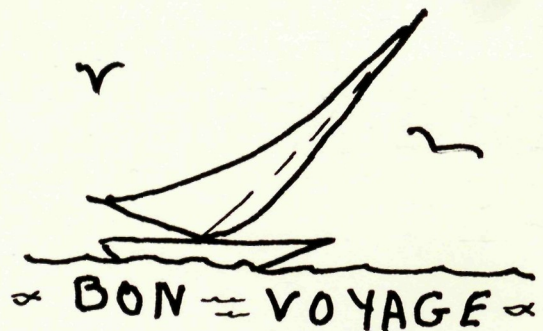
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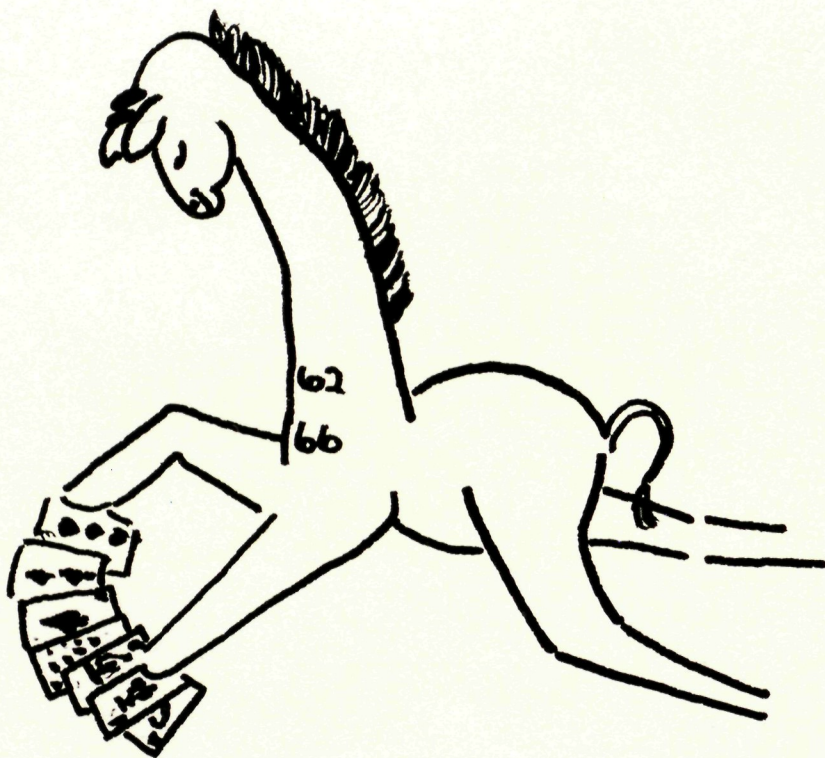
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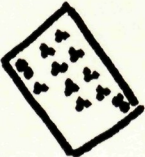
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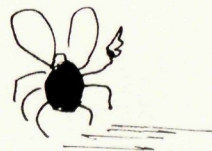


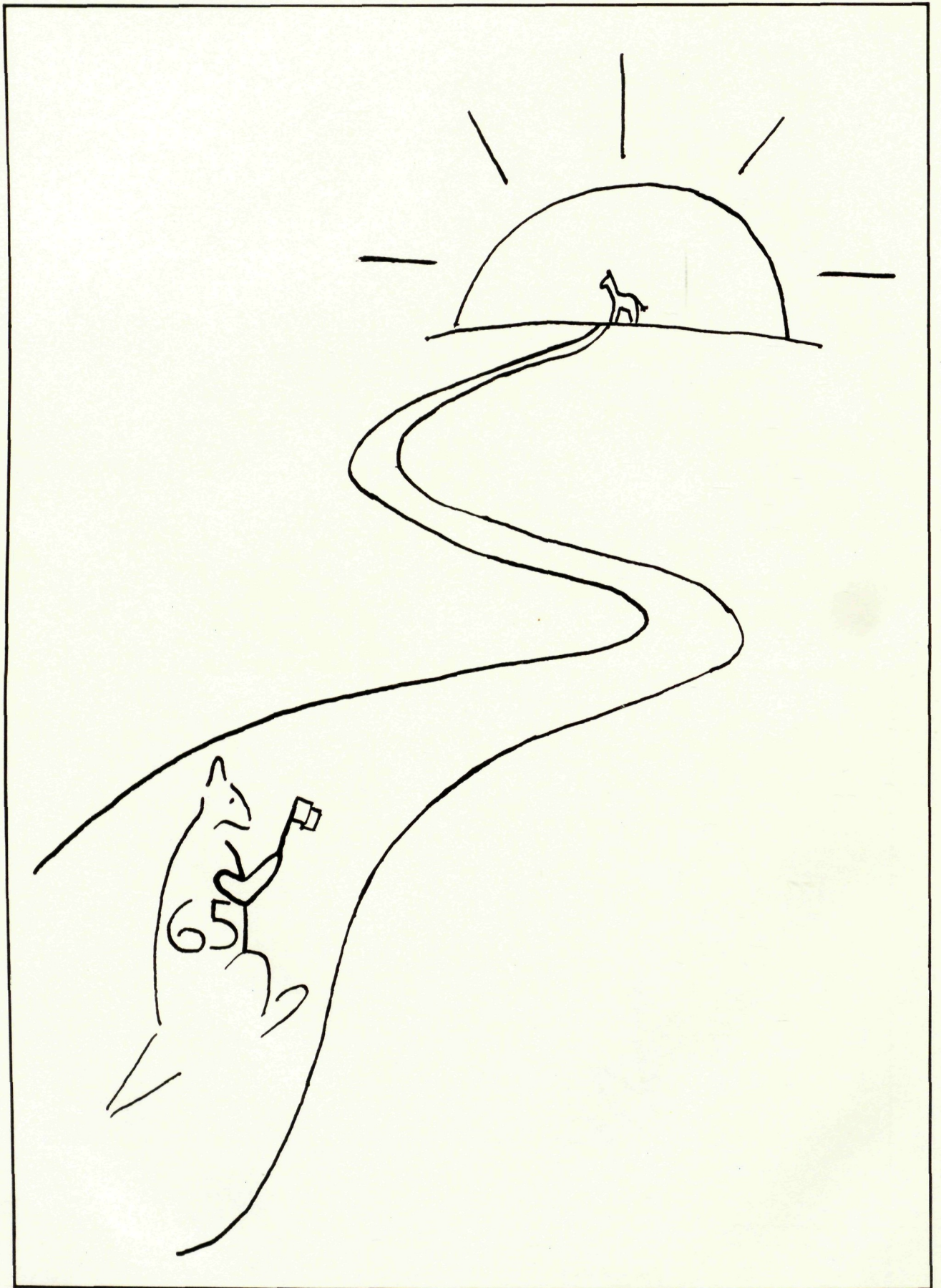
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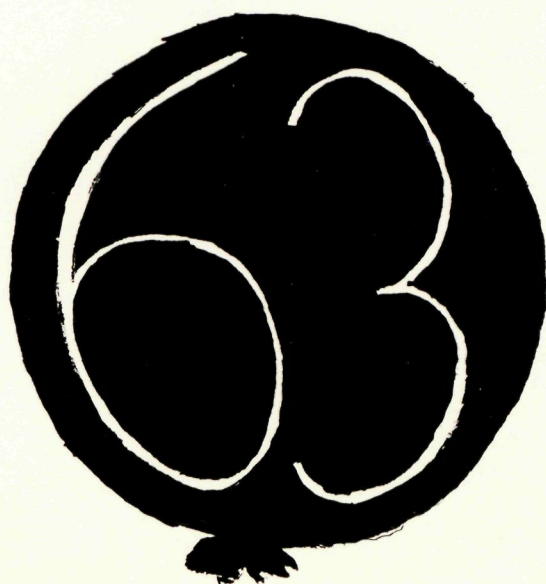


from

Small and Pooh







CONGRATULATIONS
62 FROM

The teachers say
our class is rather wild wild wild

Flowers that squirt
were what we liked best in kindergarten
Here's what we didn't like
naps
Miss Wiggle-Waggle was our teacher

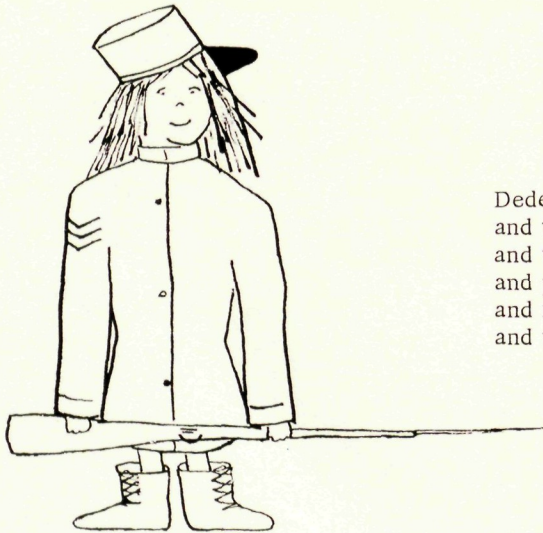
When you are in first grade
you can learn to read in a circle
and when you are in second grade
you can play horses and prison
and build sandbox rivers
and have this picnic on May Day and weave pastel streamers

We had to chase those third grade boys
around the playground, for the Lord's sake

David Cedar's cocoon produced larvae
and they got loose all over the room.
We visited Walker Gordon.

In Mrs. Homer Smith's class
we usually played recorders
and the boys left.
Barclay was the Star in the Christmas play
and we wore these white dresses for graduation on
the stage.

Oh, my goodness, we were in Middle School
with exams
and morning assemblies and the shimmering Candlelight
tree
at first we were awed but



Dede had an Army Club
and there was the Bubble Gum club too
and we did History Projects
and played football on the hockey field
and made pyramids
and were absolutely naughty most of the time.

Here's what we made in Mrs. Conroy's class
handprints and silhouettes in homeroom

In seventh grade we practiced Second Aid
and put people in the closet and in the shower.
Miss Davis said you cawn't cawn't cawn't.
We fell in love with PCD at dancing class,
where Mr. Sawyer taught us to be ladies.
Our friend was the popsicleman at the monument.

You usually take Latin In VIII.
We went to Washington and it snowed.
We stayed up all night at the Arva.
Our play was Japanese
and Mary Liz said, "Make way for the Marquis Terachi, make way!"
Miss Hillman was engaged to Froggy and we had a shower for her
(we planned it in an honor study)
We had a special graduation dance.

When you are a Freshman you are in Upper School
which means honor rules and the study hall
and lipstick
and real studying

We played junior varsity
and sang with Hill
and hula-hooped
and Bruce always drove the bus.
We all got sunburned at the AA picnic

and, oh my Lord we had these slumber
parties
They were wild.

eight people left for boarding
school
and Mrs. Smith came.

In Sophomore year you are farther back in the study hall
and are on the varsity

We were bridge fans
and discussed religion at lunch.
Here's what else we did
term papers
admired Frost
skinny-dipped at Toni's
skated at the AA party.



Junior year is busy busy busy.
We absolutely studied Napoleon and Jefferson
and took SAT's at the High School
and social-serviced at the hospital
and ate delicatessen sandwiches before games
and made Key announcements
and were initiated (we made the scene!)

It positively snowed all winter
and we threw snowballs
it was absolutely gay

and then we sunned on the porch.
Sonia was May Queen
The Seniors invited us to a picnic at Cherry's
Paula left for Japan
and we wondered what it would be like to be
Seniors

It was fun

We sat in the back of study hall
and studied traffic rules for our permits
Thomas directed traffic in the snow

Senior privileges mean you can use the SSR
(ours was the Senior Fallout Shelter)
We used it rather a lot
especially for twisting and knitting and Link charts

We gave Liliom, and Paula was for "ideal love"
When there is a play
here's what we have to do
paint scenery
sew costumes
act
prompt
flirt
and run around frantically

We mostly depend on paperbacks
and weekends
and Mrs. Shepherd

We wrote these theses
Afterward Mrs. Brophy had to give us happiness pills

We had philosophical discussions
and decided about college

Oh, my Lord, we turned around
and it was absolutely spring
with flowers in our hair
and warm sun
and lacrosse
and tennis too, Cindy adds

and then we graduated (!!!)



