

THE LINK

1963



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Each day we climb aboard Mrs. Boutelle's Ark. We set sail in the morning and return laughing and happy and a little bit wiser than when we set out. And we know that, sad as we are to land at the end of a class, we shall sail away the next day on a wondrous journey of knowledge and adventure.

When our Noah came we were noisy sophomores. Our teachers tell us that we are still noisy, but we know that during the past three years Mrs. Boutelle has subtly molded us as people and has helped us to grow in every way. She cares about us not only as a history class but as individual students and friends. She understands each of us, our worries and our ambitions, and she is always eager to advise and to help us.

Noah invokes Thomas Jefferson, urges us to "Be specific!", and comes in each morning laden with magazines and paper-backs and suggestions for our reading. She is often found debating a point with her students long after a class has ended.

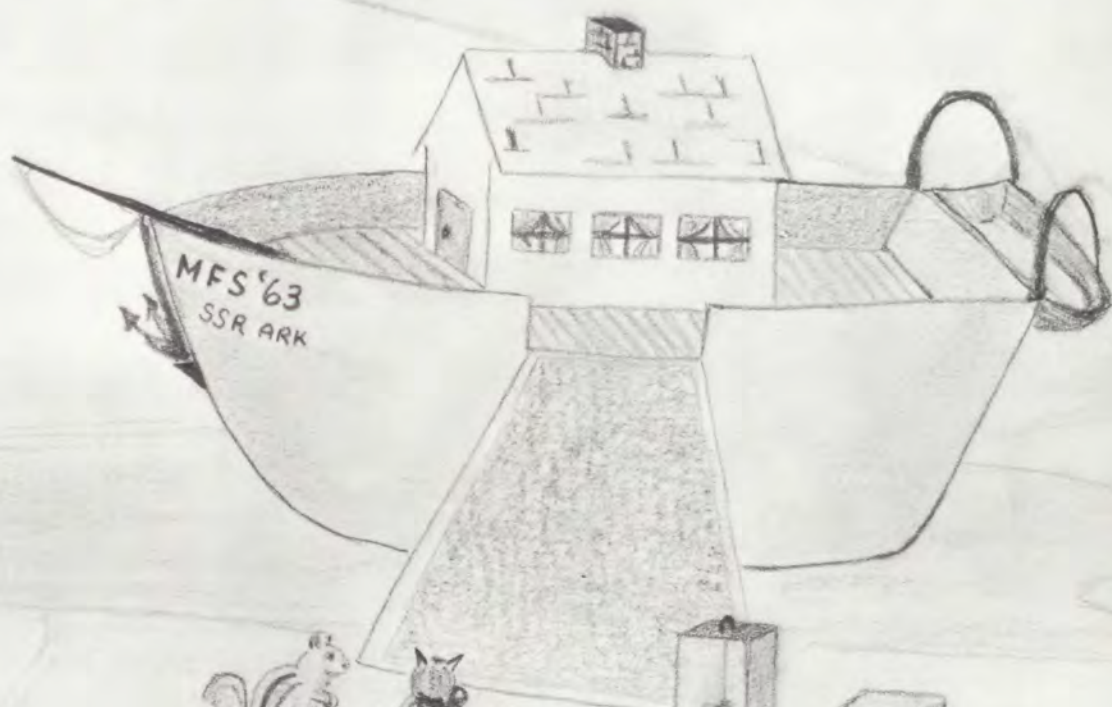
We know her as a friend who is gentle, kind and giving. She has made our three year voyage exciting and stimulating, and we shall be very sad to walk down the gang-plank of the Ark and wave good-bye to her. But we know that as long as our Noah is at Miss Fine's, she will bring other classes aboard the Ark, and all will know what we have known -- the joy in voyaging.



Ulli Steltzer

Sara Holmes Boutelle







Jane Aresty



"What a twister!" gasped Dove to Oriole, as a cyclone whirled across the deck of the Ark. "Hurricane Mineola must be passing through." She was almost right. The animal Fury suddenly came to a stop, revealing March Hare in a heap. Each of his hind feet was attached to a roller-skate with the wheels still spinning. Quel faux-ménage! March Hare grinned from his landing place and waved a paw to his friends. "Ciao! How was that for speed?"

Dove and Oriole collapsed in hysterics. "All right, Hare," Oriole sang out. "We want to know the missing Link."

March Hare giggled. "Well, to tell the truth -- I've got a secret. You see, I was just testing Calvin's theory of predestination. First I pick a place as my destination. Then I launch myself into motion . . . If I reach the proper place, that is "predestination" through Buddha, and if I goof, then it's due to obstruction by Boodleheimer." At this point, March Hare shot an indignant look towards the crow's nest. "What kind of reasoning is that?" asked the Hare.

"Well," said the scientific dove, "It isn't deductive or inductive reasoning, so it must be SEDUCTIVE reasoning!"

Hare laughed gaily. "Dove, you have betrayed your National Merit. Take care, or I shall make a scandal in the Crazy Column which Beagle has assigned me in the Ark's log."

The gong rang for tea, Hare jumped to his feet and dashed away on his winged sandals for a different kind of "predestination." "Where are you going?" sang Dove and Oriole.

"Oh dear! I forgot my four o'clock interview with the Mad Hatter. I hope the tea is ready!"

Oriole and Dove were suspicious -- they flew down the open galley hatch to food level and peaked under the door of the Senior Sittizens Room. "I don't see a thing," said Oriole, "but I could care -- this jazz really sends me." Both she and Dove jittersbugged outside the door. But Noah came along and broke up the party. Oriole sighed, "K.P. duty for a week -- what an anti-climax! All because of that Mad Hatter." And the wonderful piano music of the hare marched on . . .

"Phew!" said Raccoon, overladen with life-jackets, upon arriving on deck.

"Is that Raccoon?" Llama asked Shetland Pony.

"I think so," said Pony, "But I'm not sure. It just might be a life-preserver overladen with Raccoons! Shall we go find out?"

By the time they reached her, Raccoon was sitting in the middle of the deck, with the life preservers strewn around her. "I have dropped my life-preservers," she said matter-of-factly. "Would you mind helping me pick them up?"

"Not at all," said Pony.

"And when you're finished . . ." continued Raccoon.

"When we're finished . . ." said Llama suspiciously.

"You may be my first victims!" announced Raccoon.

"VICTIMS! Victims for what?" exclaimed both animals, as they quivered jokingly on their little hooves.

"Well, it's this way. Beaver said we must practice for the flood, and she has made me in charge of life-jackets, so I must fit each one of YOU in one of THESE." And she held up a life jacket -- size 59! "I shall start with you, Pony. You look like a good subject."

"Uh -- well, okay. But do you think you could start with a size that's a little smaller?"

"Hm. Of course. Here's one," said Raccoon, and she proceeded to incarcerate Pony in the life-jacket.

"Isn't it a little large?" asked Pony skeptically.

"Well, maybe," said Raccoon, "Seeing that it's a size 46, but it can always be altered. Let's see now. This ought to do it." And Raccoon seized a loose thread between her teeth and pulled and pulled on it. Then she tied it carefully with her dextrous paws. When she looked up she saw a slightly greener Shetland Pony.

"Well, it's smaller, anyway," said Llama.

"Not bad," said Raccoon. "Wasn't that the dinner bell, Llama?"

"I think so. Let's go. They're having cheese-cake for dessert!" And the two animals scooted off to dinner, leaving poor Pony to wrestle out of the life-jacket all by herself.



Cynthia Ann Bull





Sally Anne Campbell



Beaver dashed onto the Ark with a cheery "Hi, gang! It's me!" and a very warm smile. Immediately she went to Noah to see if everything was ship-shape. "Do you think we'll be able to have a dress rehearsal so that everyone will know what to do when the flood comes?" she asked.

"Heavens, what a marvelous idea!" said Noah, and they both went off to look at the weather report.

Soon Beaver was back. "Okay, gang, we've just got to get everything ship-shape so that we will have a terrifically run ship. This means a terrific deck crew."

Raccoon came rushing over. "Listen -- I've got my committee really working, and we have just about everyone fitted out in life-jackets."

"Good grief!" said Beaver, "How wonderful! But listen, I've got a fabulous idea, and I think we ought to have Dove call an Ark meeting really soon."

"Okay," said Raccoon, and she ran off and got Dove and all the animals.

"Listen, gang," Beaver began, "I think with all this rehearsing for the flood, we're a pretty efficient bunch, so why don't we put on a play!"

"How neat," said everyone.

"So gang, let's have some suggestions," said Beaver.

"Well -- we could do the GLASS MENAGERIE," suggested literary Shetland Pony, "but that wouldn't be too appropriate."

"Good grief! No, it wouldn't," replied Beaver.

"We could do an opera," suggested Nightingale.

"And I could be fifteenth bass," interjected Chipmunk.

"How about doing THE TEMPEST?" said sensible Koala Bear. "It's a really neat play. I know from experience."

"Now THAT'S a good idea," said Beaver, "and -- what's more, it's making the most of what we have -- RAIN!"

"I want to be Ariel! I want to be Ariel!" chirped Oriole, flying around Beaver's head. Soon all the animals started barking, meowing, growling, chirping, making suggestions for the play. Beaver couldn't attempt to keep them quiet. She just snuck out of the crowd, went to her cabin, and started making lists and plans of her own.

"Oh, misère!" cried the distraught March Hare, who was madly pulling out tufts of hair in grave distress. "We are cursed with the antediluvian blues." A large raindrop splashed onto the deck, and with a stroke of her powerful foot, Hare ground out the offensive blotch. "Out, out, damned spot!" she cried, and bumped straight into the quiet fawn and the eagle, who were erecting a volleyball net on the sports deck. All three fell down with a crash.

"Ouch!" exploded March Hare. Gentle Fawn got up laughingly and offered the hare a piece of her favorite cheese-cake. "Giving in to the temptation of food is the SYNDROME for being sin-prone, isn't it?" she said. March Hare looked quizzical. "Well, vice IS nice," she agreed. "What's on your mind, Hare?" added Fawn. "It isn't March yet, you know." Hare scratched her head with a sigh, contemplating the portion of manna from the moon in longing. "I fear the great flood, Fawn," she said. "Captain Noah is a marvelous sailor, but none of the other passengers know how to lash canvas or brace the masts of the Ark, except maybe the agile Colt. You never can tell what might happen. Either we shall complete the voyage, or go down with the ship. I feel like an Ancient Mariner . . . with lead weights in each foot!"

Fawn stared far into the distance, smoothed her sleek coat, and smiled. "You must not worry about the flood, Hare. Think of the fishes who live happily in the sea. I know a good book in the Ark's library, which explains about everything fishy, called THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. I believe Noah recommended it for our "super-fishal" collection. Just a sec'; I'll run and get it for you."

Away Fawn sped on her long, graceful legs. "What a DEER she is!" observed Eagle, perching on the head of our Hare. "We have the best arguments about everything!" Fawn returned, laden with a pile of appropriate literature in assorted sizes and colors for the other animals to read. All one could see of her, behind the stack of books, was a bobbing white tail, nose, and a pair of far-away blue eyes. Noah was thrilled to find such initiative in a passenger.



Colleen Coffee





Christine Mary Davies



"Lion, I have something to ask you," said Shetland Pony. "That Hare asked me a very strange question, and I haven't been able to answer it."

"Oh, Pony, don't worry about it! What did she ask you?"

"Well, she asked me if I had ever seen a pink elephant, and I said why no, of course not, there are no such things as Pink Elephants. They're mere PIGMENTS of our imaginations. But Hare said they really do exist, and that I ought to try and find one because no Ark is complete without a pink elephant."

"Well -- now that is odd," said Lion. "Did she give you any idea where you could find one?"

"Well, sort of. She said I could find them in AfriCAR."

"Hm, Afric AfriCAR, AfriCAST," mumbled Lion to herself. "That is a possibility. But have you asked Boodleheimer? Boodleheimer knows all, and what he doesn't know, AARDVARK knows."

"I never thought of that. Hare thought she had me outsmarted, she did, but Zounds, a plague on her! Intelligence-wise, Boodleheimer and Aardvark know ALL."

"That's quite right, Pony. But how did HARE ever see a Pink Elephant?"

"She didn't. She read about it in the Zoo Exchange Booklet and she thought that I would know all about it."

"Well, she may have something there. But Unicorn might know, too. She's been all over the world, and she knows about everything unreal."

"I beg your pardon, Lion. Pink Elephants ARE real." And Pony crinkled up her nose in mock disdain. "They are pink real, and cheery real. And their brightness will take the place of sunshine in all this BEASTLY rain. Therefore it is my moral obligation to find a Pink Elephant, and that's all there is to it."

"Hm -- Good thought, Pony, good thought." And they both went off in search of Pink Elephants.

One night as Noah sat in his deck chair, listening to the scalloped waves lap against his ship, he saw a nightingale gracefully balanced on the narrow rail. Her big dark eyes were looking far out to sea as if trying to decide where the oceans stop. The ship began to rock, and Father Noah, fearful for the gentle and pensive creature's safety, asked if it would not be better to perch on the arm of his deck chair to view the night. The nightingale explained with artistic pride that if she swayed when the ship did and moved one wing $2\frac{1}{4}$ times she would be fine. However, she thanked Noah very much, admiring him for his intelligent forethought. Then she neatly adjusted her smooth, dark wing to give weight to her decision.

A cool wind blew against her, and Noah, thinking his traveler very refreshing, found he wanted to talk to her.

"Did you happen to see my passenger list?" he asked. "It is becoming very difficult to remember the names of all my animals, and I do want to get to know them all as soon as possible."

"No, I have not seen it," said the perfect bird. "But I shall tell you a secret about ME: I am an enchanted Russian Princess who was changed into a nightingale to sing songs of the tender South." With that she flew off Noah's deck chair back to the railing and began singing, softly, melodiously. Noah was charmed. He quietly listened to her, and dozed off, dreaming of his enchanted nightingale and her soft song.



Dianne Elizabeth Drake





Sara K. Dreier



Captain Noah espied a green lifeboat on the horizon: a small sailor inside jumped up and down, rocking the vessel wildly. Even Boodleheimer in the crow's nest recognized that shrill monotone. "Ahoy! I've got SOMETHING to tell you!" It was Chipmunk. Noah giggled to see her scamper up a hawser. Her perky brown tail waved at the animals on deck in greeting. Everyone gathered around to hear her BIG ADVENTURE. Chip dimpled with glee, and out of one bursting cheek pouch fell a big furry animal! WAS that embarrassing! "Now Chipmunk, be specific!" said Noah.

"Okay," chuckled Chipmunk. "Aardvark, BE GOOD. Everybody, this is a friend for Boodleheimer! Is that cool, or is it cool?" It was WONDERFUL. Chip always accomplished her missions . . . She sailed up the Connecticut River to a large Indian D Poe where Aardvark happened to be sitting on the Raven, and stuffed him into her bottomless pouch. The Raven was so happy that he claimed to be Chip's blood brother from Gary, Indiana. But poor March Hare was just being sick in the fire-bucket. Chip jumped up in the nick of time with a Kleenex. Up in the crow's nest, Aardvark and Boodleheimer were clapping in unison.

Noah stood on the deck talking to several of the animals, when a small, neat dove suddenly flew out of the Ark and landed on the rail in their midst. Immediately they all stopped talking and looked at her attentively.

"We've just had an Ark meeting," she said quietly, "and decided that I should go check on the stadium, where all those humans are, pretty soon. Okay? We've really got to do something about it. We CAN'T miss that game, and they may start it any minute now. What do you think?" The dove preened her white feathers and looked quizzically at the group.

"I think it's a marvelous idea," said Noah, "but according to the weather bureau it's going to start raining right away."

"Oh, you're kidding!" the dove said disgustedly and looked at the sky. "But we're almost at Richmond, and it's always beautiful there. It can't rain! And according to mathematical calculations, it's only . . ." the dove frowned, concentrating, then quickly laughed. "I know, exactly 305 1/4 miles from Princeton, and that's not far, so it shouldn't be going to rain there either. Besides, I want to do something different. I'll fly to Princeton, and if it's raining I'll bring back Olive (whom I left in my VW rowboat). If it's not raining, I'll stay and watch the game, then bring you back the score. Okay?"

The animals chorused their approval.

"I'll be back as soon as possible," she said and, taking another quick look at the big dark clouds, added "Fruit!" disgustedly and flew off into the sky.



Virginia Mason Elmer





Brenda Sue Grad



All the animals had come aboard, evening was falling and clouds were beginning to obscure the setting sun. In the last golden light a swan sailed in and came to rest on the deck rail in the stern, where she commanded a view of all the Ark's passengers. Under one wing was tucked a silver flute, under another a paint brush, and a delicate, flowering vine wound around her neck and trailed gracefully behind her. Her mood of golden happiness matched the light, and she gazed benignly at the motley group crowding the deck. "Oh, wonder!" she quoted, "How many goodly creatures are there here! . . . O brave new world, that has such people in't."

"Beaver! Did you hear that?" exclaimed Lion excitedly. "Here's a Miranda for our play. Swan knows the lines already. I just heard her say some!"

"What are you talking about, Lion?" asked Swan.

"Why, we're putting on THE TEMPEST," explained Beaver, who joined them at this point. "We're looking for a Miranda. Do you know the part? Did you ever play it?"

"Oh, no, I've never been in the play before -- I just-er--er-know some of the lines."

"That means you know them all," said the sage beaver. "So you're our 'Admired Miranda'."

"No, no!" cried Swan in protest. "Really, I wouldn't be good enough, and besides I've planned other things for this voyage: I'm going to practice the flute and paint and write sonnets and learn German and --"

"Now, Swan, you can do all those things and still be in the play. You can play the flute when you're back stage -- in fact, it would be nice to have some background music for Ariel -- a little flute theme song, kind of . . . and Heaven knows we need scene painters. And you can do all that other stuff while you're waiting for your cues. Come on now and let's go below and tell the others." Beaver grasped Swan firmly by the wing.

"But, but -- who's my Ferdinand going to be?" wailed Swan.

"Oh, we haven't decided on him yet. You can help us choose. You come, too, Lion."

"I think," said Swan, with a bemused look in her eye, "the best way to find the actor who would be the best Ferdinand would be to have them all read Donne."

"Donne!" exclaimed Lion, "but it's Shakespeare we're doing."

Swan was oblivious to the interruption. "You know," she mused, dreamily "I think I shall marry the first swan who reads me John Donne."

One morning the animals awoke to find the decks and the railings covered with fluffy, white snow. Everyone jumped out of bed, put on woolly mittens and mufflers, and ran up on deck. Whom should they find but Reindeer, slipping and sliding on two long barrel staves.

"What on earth are you doing?" exclaimed Beaver.

"I'm skiing!" said Reindeer. "In Norway I always ski!"

"Well, how d'ya like that," said Beagle to Colt. "First we swim and now we ski!"

"Oh Beagle," said Reindeer. "Anybody can ski. It's really fun! Watch!" And Reindeer slid gracefully down the deck on her skis.

"Well," said Beaver skeptically, "it doesn't look too difficult. Do you have any more barrel staves?"

"Sure," said Reindeer. "They're down in the galley. And while you're down there, could you bring me that little vase of dandelions in my cabin?"

"Okay," said Beaver and away she went. Soon she was back, pulling a wheelbarrow loaded with barrel staves, with one solitary vase of dandelions on top.

"Ki-ki!" chuckled Reindeer, taking the dandelions. "They're not 'vegetables' but I love them."

"Oh no," said Beaver, laughing. "Come on! Teach us how to ski!"

"Okay," replied Reindeer. "But first -- Music! Jazz!" Sheepdog went below and brought up some Louis Armstrong records. When everyone had her skis fastened to her paws, Sheepdog turned on the records, and Reindeer started down the deck. The other animals followed, slushing and slipping and laughing gaily. "Oh boy!" cried Reindeer inevitably.

"Look at us snow-plow," exclaimed Koala Bear and March Hare, collapsing in a heap on top of Giraffe. They all looked up, and what should they see but Noah being hilariously steered along on the arms of Reindeer and Beaver.

"Get up," said Reindeer. "Come on and ski-twist!"

Everyone whizzed around the deck, and when they were thoroughly exhausted, they all went inside, where enterprising Siamese Cat and Scotty had made hot chocolate and delicious peach snow-cream.



Magnhild Turid Helland





Alice Jacobson



The jolly beagle rushed up the gang-plank with a long pink galley sheet and a new paper-back clenched in her teeth. She plunked these down on the deck at Noah's feet, and then, cocking her head, with her long ears flopping over to one side, called out to no one in particular, "Look, doll, I don't dig this rain!"

"Oh, Beagle," cried Noah, picking up the book, "How wonderful of you! The very latest thing on the NEWEST frontier. Now we have everything. What's a long voyage without something to read?"

"Well, Noah, I happened to be down in the Village, you know, that den, and I just happened to see this new title. But Noah -- would you please quickly proof-read this last galley for me? -- for the passenger list? I've misspelled pterodactyl twice already, and the printer's livid."

"I'll do it right away. We haven't much time. Look at the rain NOW."

"OH, and Noah! I've got a terrific idea. I think the ARK ought to have its own newspaper, and a swell name occurred to me: NO NEWS -- short for NOAH'S NEWS -- get it?"

"Well," said Noah dubiously, "it will probably be a fairly accurate name, but doesn't it -- uh -- seem a trifle negative to you?"

"Oh, you haven't heard it all yet. Our slogan would be 'No news is good news . . .

"I guess you're right," said Noah. "It's worth a try, anyway. Now how are you going to get your lists and menus printed up in time?"

"I'm going to send them out to my father right away, by the dove. He'll get it to us in no time. Oh, where's March Hare? I've got something terrific to tell her . . . HARE! Guess what! While I was down in the Village, I met this man who has found a lot of letters by Sophia Peabody, and he's doing a new book on her . . . Now, HOW d'ye like THAT?"

Giraffe was anxiously gazing out of a port-hole at the gloomy clouds which menaced the Ark. "Goodness!" she said, "I am so afraid that the Flood will make us all forgot Christmas."

"Oh, no," laughed the merry bunny, "The Animal Friendship Society would never allow that to happen. Beagle has already promised to print 'Auld Lang Syne' cards for our reunion."

But Giraffe was in a very blue mood. She shook her head sadly and would not cheer up. Just then somebody came to her rescue. Up bounded the happy tiger with a wonderful idea. "C'mon, you mournful creatures! We need some pep on this Ark, not sadness. How about a PARTY!"

"Marvelous!" agreed the Sheepdog, full of enthusiasm. Koala Bear bounced up to second the motion. "A bonne idée!" she said to March Hare and they danced a polka in anticipation.

Tiger was fast becoming the center of attention. Her eyes burned bright and her tail switched from side to side as plans grew fast and furious. "All right, gang -- let's have ideas! Everybody has to help

...

"That's right, Tiger," added Beagle, "the only good Party is Democratic!"

"A pooping party is the easiest, because all you have to do is be a party-pooper!" suggested the wry Siamese cat.

"I vote for a bridge party . . . Why not have a painting party for THE TEMPEST?"

"Wait a minute!" yelled Tiger putting a paw over each ear. "Beagle, you may print the invitations. Say: All cats called for a BIG SURPRISE tonight -- even poopers welcome! Unicorn, would you mind making the decorations with Colt? Siamese, you're

hep cat! I know you'd love to make a scrumptious concoction in the galley! I need a conference with you, Giraffe. Everybody brush up sweet and sharp for tonight. Tonight, tonight! . . . " And she danced off to buy streamers at the Ark Trading Post.

At seven bells, Captain Noah was making a routine tour of the Ark. He strode into the passengers' lounge and -- "Oh my word! What a transformation!" he exclaimed. All the animals confronted him with orange paper hats and gay bows on their tails. "Happy Birthday, dear Noah!" they cried and a flood of congratulations poured forth.

Giraffe giggled. "Who dare frame thy arful symmetry? Tiger, you're a social ospel!"



Kathryn Kilgore





Joan Merrill Knapp

The tall giraffe skipped gracefully onto the Ark, a purple bow flouncing gaily in her long, blond mane. She sat down in a deck chair, stretched out her long legs, and began a lively conversation with the captain, who was relaxing nearby.

"Did you hear, captain," began the giraffe in a British accent, "that the sky is going to fall?"

"No! How simply frightful!" said Noah.

"Oh, and do you know what is even more scandalous? I've left Koko at the queen-bee's house, and I've completely forgotten my happiness pills. How shall I ever cheer people up and keep them from getting depressed?"

"One can always smile," said Noah. "I think Jefferson said THAT."

"Why, smile! How super! What a terribly cute idea! It completely skipped my mind. I know everyone will be so unhappy that the sky is going to fall, so I must go cheer them up immediately. Well, I shall see you, captain." She hopped up from a deck chair and rushed over to a koala bear and a raccoon who were just coming onto the Ark. She began to cheer them up with her sunshine smile, and as she did, her purple bow flounced happily on top of her head.



A shining black oriole suddenly shot out of the Ark, and did several fast ballet turns in the air while singing loudly. She spotted Noah, and perched gracefully on the side rail next to him.

"Hey there, Noah!" she said. "It's RAINING again! Could 'ya die? Oh no, my orange and black feathers are going to fade. But I could care, my Yale friend doesn't like them anyway. Besides, I found this cowboy hat from Colorado. It's not purple, but I think it's cool. Let's all DO something. I know -- when we hit the City, we can all go to the theater! I just love the theater. That's where I'll be when I grow up. But, I won't grow up! I could care if I never do. I'd really rather just dance and sing forever. Would that be cool? . . . and go to France. But, if I HAVE to grow up, I'm going to do just what I want to. Watch! Like this!"

The oriole flew straight up, high into the air, and did three beautiful flips. She soared over Noah's head. "Noah!" she called, "WHEN are we getting to New York? This boat is slower than the Tre'n Transit!"



Ellen Ruth Levy





Marieluise Luckhardt



Hippity, hoppity, there went Kaninchal,* skipping down the deck, yelling after Koala Bear, "Gemeuse! What's with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said Koala Bear, stopping. "I just can't push this rain. But what's with YOU, Kaninchal?"

"Nothing's with me!" and she smiled one of her famous soft smiles, and wiggled her little pixie-like ears. "Arma virumque cano . . ." she began. "That's Latin, gemeuse. I've been studying it because they say it's the lost language, and I don't at all see why. I want to find it. Everyone speaks French, and some speak Russki, and Swan speaks German, which makes me feel quite at home, but I want to find someone who speaks Latin, besides 'Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres,' that is. There's some strange dialect called 'Pig Latin.' I wonder where that's spoken. Maybe in Provincia."

"Nope. I think they speak it in Tre-en," said Koala, "but don't sweat the small stuff -- Caesar hasn't hit Tre-en yet. But what's this big push for Latin?"

"Well, gemeuse -- As I said, it's lost, and I want to find it. Once I heard some people playing a record by some lady, Ella Fitzgerald, and it was coool, as you say over here. But I thought it would be even cooler if it were in Latin, and then Latin wouldn't be lost. Just listen, gemeuse: 'Arma virumque cano, be-bop a luba, Troiae qui primus ab oris, cha-cha-cha' or 'Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem, sha-boom.'"

"That's pretty cool, Kaninchal, but can you twist to it? Those humans won't even listen unless they can do the Twist."

"Oh, gemeuse," said Kaninchal, and she laughed and laughed and laughed. "Of course, you can do the Twist to it. You can do anything to it!" And with that, Kaninchal flew down the deck, pirouetting and twisting as she went. Koala looked at her, amazed, and shook her head quizzically. "Boy," she said. "She's sure gotten into the swing of things mighty quickly!"

* little bunny rabbit in German

Poor Scotty! She had come all the way to the United States from auld Edinburgh just to see her cousins in Natchez, and what happened? Noah said that they would have to sail up North because there were too many hurricanes down South. Scotty was so sad, but she decided that she had better do the best she could even if she weren't going down South. There were some animals on the Ark who were bored or sick, and Scotty knew just how to help them. For the bored ones she brought books, fascinating ones, difficult ones, hilarious ones. It seemed to the other animals that Scotty had read every book written, and in addition she always knew where they were and how to get them quickly. She brought out Samuel Pepys and *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* and for those intellectual ones, Palmer and Virgil. And for those sick animals, Scotty did something even better. She borrowed a wheel-barrow, heaped it with books and went from one bed to the next, giving all the sick animals books to read. And Scotty read too and made elaborate plans to organize libraries in zoos and jungles and forests, because she knew that animals are really very intellectual and they love to read. Why, she was so busy giving out books that she didn't care if she never got to Natchez at all.



**Anne Worthington
Surget MacNeil**





Liza Maugham



With a glance to either side, a petite Siamese cat jumped quickly out of the light shower which had just ended, on to the protection of the Ark. The drizzle had left tiny diamonds in her hair, upswept à la française. Straightening her long beads, and smoothing her silky fur, she stepped gingerly over a coil of rope and moved regally across the deck to where Noah was standing, studying the graying heavens.

"Hello, you weenie," she purred cheerily.

"Hello," replied Noah, returning her smile.

"Noah, why are you looking at the sky? Did you read that article in the Sunday NEW YORK TIMES -- the issue with such a good crossword puzzle -- that predicted a forty day rainstorm and flood unless the people of the world repent? Honestly! There's nothing wrong with the human race that Freud couldn't cure!"

Before Noah could answer, the Siamese cat darted across the deck to an unfortunate fellow-passenger, who had fallen and spilled the contents of his suitcase. Her consoling word and ready paw soon remedied everything, and satisfied for the moment that all was fine, she padded back to Noah. A bright flash of lightning streaked the sky. Noah looked up abruptly, and as he did, the cat noticed the deepening worry lines furrowing his face.

"You look tired," the cat said with maternal-like wisdom. "Why not let me make you a cup of hot jasmine tea?"

Noah said that he'd like that very much, but at the moment he had too much to do supervising the loading of the Ark. The rain drops were getting larger and falling a bit faster.

"Listen, Sweetie!" the Siamese cat interrupted suddenly, "I've just thought of the best way to ward off that big rain storm. What I'll do is write a poem . . ."

All eyes on the Ark turned toward the sky. Swooping and winging in the sky, an eagle flew. Proud and free, asserting her independence, the eagle finally landed on the highest peak of the Ark, her keen eye fixed on the menagerie below.

Far below, the fawn recognized her friend and called up in a gentle voice, "Why don't you come down?"

The eagle spoke rapidly but with a smile, "Oh, that's 'a right," she said. "I'm not sure I'd like all that 'wutter.'"

The dove knew how to entice her friend. "We're having a debate you would enjoy."

The eagle's interest mounted. "Rilly? In that case . . ." She swooped down amidst the crowd and joined the argument enthusiastically.

Someone suggested a game in which each participant should tell of her dream of an ideal voyage. The eagle quickly spoke up, and with a faraway look in her eye, she told of how she would wing her way across the sea, soar over the coastline and lift herself proudly to the highest pinnacle of the highest mountain. She would rest there, gazing over the whole world, and comment on it, flying off her pinnacle, soaring freely, proudly. As she described her voyage, the eagle talked faster and faster until the other animals could hardly understand her. Suddenly Eagle lifted her wings, and flew off of the deck, winging out over the sea. Farther and farther she went until the animals could hardly see her. Then, as suddenly as she had flown away, she returned, alighting in the crow's nest, gazing happily over the whole Ark.



Prudence Morgan





Agathokleia Raubitschek



One day as Noah stood surveying the sea, he saw the kindly Llama strolling around the deck. "Oh, I just thought," said Noah, "there's an excellent book out in paper now that should be in the library."

"Well . . . yes," said Llama, tilting her head, "I suppose so."

"You should look into it," said Noah.

"All right," replied the Llama, and she continued her walk. She stopped at the shetland pony to ask about the props for the play. When Llama was sure that they were coming along well, she went on to the beaver to turn in her report.

"The props are okay, and how is your cold?" asked Llama. "You probably wouldn't have it if it weren't for this terrible rainstorm. You really should go to Greece. It's sunnier there, you know."

The Llama went on to the next deck-chair to talk to the fawn. "We're having a meeting of the Friends of the Library of the Ark tomorrow at lunch -- Can you come, Fawn?" Without waiting for an answer, Llama continued, "And by the way, I finally got you a date for la grande soirée de l'arc. I'm sorry my brother, Juan, from Chile couldn't come, but work . . . uh, you understand. However, I know a terribly cute Elk, and he's dying to meet you."

When she finished everything that had to be done, Llama walked back over to Noah with her usual dignified air. "About that book," Llama inquired politely, "what was its title again?"

"Let's hear it for my team!" called Colt, smiling at all her friends. The crew had divided for an "inter-animal" basketball game. Colt's team, the Jets, had soared under her leadership and she was exuberant for all the members.

The ball swished through the basket again and Colt's blue eyes sparkled; the slight breeze winded her silky mane, and, as she tossed her head, the gold chain on her neck shone in the sunlight.

Noah blew his horn, and the game came to a close,

"That was neat," said Colt as she nudged her close friend Sheepdog. "Now you have to finish that #3 flat for Beaver's play."

Colt's face lit up like a light and she trotted off with easy co-ordination. The Ark lurched with a wave, but she didn't even notice. Colt eased herself into the hold, and searched out the blue paint she wanted. Mixing paint took forever, but she organized her helpers and then stood back and watched the work. Dove flicked on the radio just as March Hare splotted blue on the white frame. Twisting a cool twist and whistling with the song, Colt moved in to fix the mistake. There were nine flats and she had done most of the work herself because of such accidents, but she never got mad. Colt seemed amazing; she and Unicorn had designed the flats.

A faint whiff of food floated through the air. "Boy! Am I hungry!" and dancing around to see if everything was under control, Colt hit the galley. An apple?, a cookie?, or a piece of pie with a wish? Decisions, decisions, decisions! She took all three and trotted up on deck to find Sheepdog.

Beagle was near the railing with a football. Colt traded the cookie for the ball, and when Sheepdog came scampering on the spot, the three decided to have a game of toss. Sheepdog stepped on the ball and fell down. Beagle giggled, that effective giggle, which made the other two whinny and howl with laughter. Colt galloped away with her mane flying. Sheepdog said to Beagle: "She's off again . . . gone with the wind."



Laura Russell Rogers





Pamela Lee Sidford



The friendly, spunky Sheepdog, stretched out in the sun of the ship's deck, had just finished a story, a very involved story, about her favorite pal "Spook." Her glasses perched on top of her curly hair, her big brown eyes laughing, the smiling sheepdog raised one eyebrow, and spoke excitedly. "I hear we're putting on THE TEMPEST," she said. "Oh, I think that's so exciting! I've got the best idea for lights, and I can't wait to get backstage with that tape recorder for the sound effects." And Sheepdog started humming wild, Stravinsky-like music which she thought would be just great for THE TEMPEST. Then she went behind stage in the Ark's theater and began planning how to produce blue lightning for the second act.

But Dove and Colt wanted to play deck tennis, so Sheepdog organized a big inter-ark game between the two Ark teams, the purple and the violet. Unicorn had a special advantage because of her long silver horn. But Sheepdog, undaunted, loped up and down the court, scoring, until everyone was exhausted and had to stop. The animals sat on the deck, sipping lemonade and munching animal crackers, while Sheepdog told them one of her famous stories.

Her companions laughed over her happy, clowning face as they all joined in the infectious fun, and Sheepdog, seeing an animal in need, ran over to a friend who needed help in planning a shuffle-board tournament.

"It's about that tiger," said Kangaroo to Beagle. "She saw Chipmunk in my pouch and thought I was animal-sitting for her. Chip voted 'no' on that one, and jumped out of my pouch and told Tiger that I was not animal-sitting, but she was kangaroo-sitting, sitting in Kangaroo that is. Isn't that a laugh and a half?"

"How d'ya like that!" said Beagle. "What a panic!"

"I don't think Chip was too pleased, actually. I don't think she would like the idea of my cub-sitting for her, especially after the time that I gave those little otters a whole box of animal crackers to keep them quiet, and they had tummy aches for a week."

"Listen, that's too funny. I sure won't let you cub-sit for my little beagle puppies if that's what you're going to do to them."

"Oh, don't worry, Beagle. I'm really pretty good with kids, and I like to cub-sit."

"That's a relief, keed," said the beagle. "Listen, doll, what's this action with your pouch?"

"Oh, THAT," said Kangaroo. "Listen: when I was down in Australia I read this book about France, and in it they said that the French were really stylish, so I decided that I would start a French fad. I got this dye, and I tried to dye my pouch in an ancient Stuart plaid, but it didn't work, as you can see, and my pouch looks as if it has measles."

"It sure does," said Beagle. "I thought you might have berri-berri or something."

"Don't panic, dearie, but listen. I've really got to go. Noah asked me if I would cub-sit for those chicken kids, and I'd better hurry because I'm a half hour late, and I don't want them to clutch."

"Okay, doll, don't let the pouch scare them."

"Don't worry, I won't give them berri-berri, either."



Kathleen Watson Sittig





Gretchen Cheney Southard



When the rain began to pour from the rim of the sky, the unicorn galloped out of the mossy forest. Her journey took her over the winding road at the edge of the earth past dragons and giants until she came to the frothy lake where the Ark was moored.

"I am the unicorn of the silver horn," she said, "and I wish to make the voyage over the frothy lake with you."

The animals on the Ark were rather amazed, because they had never seen a unicorn before, and they all crowded on the railing to gaze at her. Noah had the greatest difficulty elbowing his way through all the animals to find out what the disturbance was. "What is it?" he said.

"It's a unicorn, whatever that is, with a silver horn," said Tiger.

"Well, if it wishes to come aboard, let it, so we can raise anchor and go before too much of this beastly rain falls."

"No, no, it can't come aboard," yelled all the animals. "It's not really real."

"I am real," said the unicorn softly. "Not the real that you know, but the real of the mossy forest and the edge of the world and dragons and giants. I capture the real that I know with the camera of the imagination and the paintbrush of poetry. I am the real of fantasy."

"How unusual," said Noah.

"How odd," said Raccoon.

"Can she swim?" asked Colt. "I think if she can't swim then we shouldn't let her on."

"What does it matter if she can swim or not?" said Noah. "I think she should come aboard anyway. We're all too real as it is, and soon it will be too late to be unreal. I think a touch of poetry would be very nice."

An excited group of animals clustered 'round the Ark's announcer to hear the program for the evening. Balanced on the rim of an open porthole, Beagle was bellowing through the foghorn: "Tonight, Strong Lion will perform a recital for us. Please, will all creatures, great and small, come to the Music Room promptly; this is paramount!!!"

But poor, gentle lion was softly crying into a fire-bucket on deck. Great tears rolled down her freckled nose. Her curly, carroty mane drooped sadly. "What's wrong, Champ?" asked Chipmunk. "Everybody can't wait for your concert tonight, besides which fact the ark docks at New Brunswick tomorrow just in time for us to hitch a ride to the football game on the Red Knight's steed! Cheer up and be good." Lion hiccuped: "Oh, Chip, I sent an invitation for the concert to my little sister and I forgot to send it to her by dove-post. Now it will never reach her in time . . . I had EVEN gone on a special diet for tonight!" Chipmunk sat on Lion's paw and wiped away a large tear with her French, scented handkerchief. "Never mind, Lion, I've got an idea! We'll go to a darling little restaurant I know as soon as we hit Paris. You shall have --

"French custard?" sighed Champ. "Of course; French custard and SNAILS!" announced Chip with a twinkle in her eye.

Lion beamed an enormous, wonderful smile. She jumped into the air and danced a merry jig. Then she dashed away to fetch her violin. Meanwhile, all the passengers aboard the Ark were pouring into the First Class Lounge. So many animals wanted to hear Lion's music that Giraffe stood outside on deck and poked her graceful neck through a porthole to make room for the others. Naughty Beagle and March Hare sang the "Hallelujah Chorus" together, pretending that they were supporting artists on the program. But soon the sheepdog dimmed the houselights and focused a blue spotlight on Strong Lion. My word, how sophisticated she looked! Her red mane was styled in a new coiffure, and an exotic olive crown (courtesy of Dove) crowned her auburn locks. Quelle chic lionesse! All the animals swooned as our gentle queen of the kind-hearted creatures played "Au Clair de la Lune" on the melodious cello played cross-ways. Everyone was spell-bound.



**Katharine Bayard
Bonsall Strong**





Anne Drake Updike



"Order! Now everyone be quiet! This is REALLY serious!" yelled Koala Bear, standing on top of two deck chairs piled on top of each other, so that she could be seen by all the animals. "We've just got to be quiet -- that's the word from Noah. We're making so much noise that we've broken the Ark's stabilizers, and as soon as we hit that hurricane, we're all going to be as seasick as green pickles."

"Good grief!" said Reindeer.

"Oh misère!" groaned Tiger.

"I feel sick already," said Siamese Cat.

"I think I'd better go have some jasmine tea."

At that point all the animals started moaning, and yelling, and Koala, newly installed President of the Society for the Prevention of Noise, Disturbances, and Seasicknesses, pounded on her bell with her feet, her hands, and finally her little button nose, before the animals would be quiet.

"Now, do you see what I mean?" she yelled. "I have to shout so much that I'm going to lose my voice, and furthermore, if you yell and scream, you're much more susceptible to seasickness. I know all about it because I'm going to be a doctor someday."

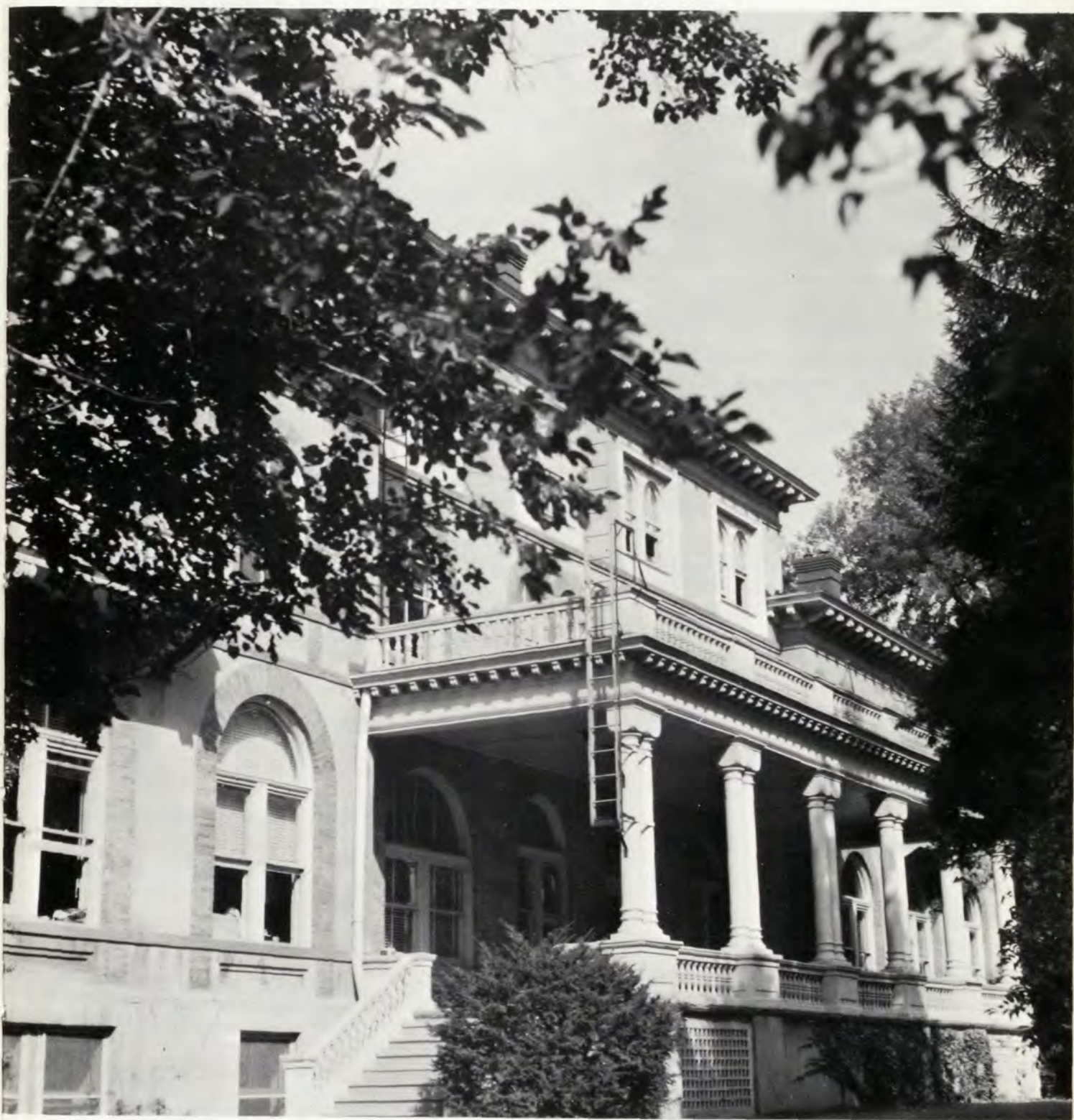
"Good for you," said Noah, poking her head out of a porthole.

"Now don't sweat the small stuff, you guys. Everything's going to be fine. I just said that jazz about the stabilizers to scare you, because they've been fixed, but they really were broken. It wouldn't matter that much because we all like noise, but that little rabbit, and the gazelle and the unicorn . . . well, they're not so used to us yet, and we have to break them in gently."

"Sixty-three cheers for our President," yelled our Colt and Sheep-dog in unison, and all the animals began to cheer, forgetting what Koala has said about noise for the moment.

"A stirring speech," crooned Swan above all the racket.

Koala was so moved that she turned around so everyone could see her back. What was she wearing? The Ark's leopard skin SOS pennant pinned across her tail at a ninety degree angle!



	WEARS	HERO	FOUND
JANE	pisces and porcellus	Calvin	at "The Face"
CINDY	home-made clothes	Mr. Monahan	in Canada
SALLY	Campbell plaid	Peter Rabbit	backstage
COLLEEN	hairbands	Freud	in Wonderland
CHRIS	white socks and black tights	Boodleheimer	A.F. S'ing
DIANNE	black hats	Napoleon	looking for what's lost
SARA	new stockings	Brutus	in that T-Bird
GINNY	pinks and print blouses	Peanuts	on Campus
BONNIE G.	all kinds of shoes	John Donne	acting
TURID	Norwegian sweaters	Tom Sawyer	outside
ALICE	matching socks and sweaters	rock-hard Democrats	any place but study hall
KATHY K.	turtle-necks	Monga	bombing around
JOANIE	wool scarves	Queen Elizabeth	shocked
ELLEN	her cowboy hat	the man in the moon	"somewhere"
MARIELOUISE	pullovers	Kafka	at the Smith's
ANNE	Paisley prints	Dr. Kildare	working at the hospital
LIZA	Continental clothes	her wombat	psychoanalyzing
PRUDIE	gym shirts	Al Tolson	on a horse
KLEIA	rings	Avogadro	with people
LAURIE	that gold medal around her neck	Clark Gable	in Acapulco
PAM	home-made sweaters	The Flying Dutchman	at the bakery
KATHIE S.	big pockets	Camus	chez les Doulat's
GRETCH	loafers	King Arthur	in the dark room
BONNIE S.	wild combinations	Francois	going to her piano lesson
ANDY	leopard petti-pants	Robert Frost	at the Dutch Doors
CLASS	some surprising things	James Reston	at the Del

IMMORTAL WORDS	LOST WITHOUT	CAN YOU IMAGINE HER	MOST LIKELY TO
"Hey, you guys"	hot jazz	without traumas	tip over The Ark
"Are you kidding?"	her uke	a spinster	bubble over
"I haven't the foggiest idea"	a hairdryer	with long hair	be a Norwegian
"Ooh, she makes me sooo mad"	Bartlett's	a door-to-door salesman	run a dunk'n donuts shop
"Gloriosky!"	the play	an Olympic cyclist	be an apple-picker
"What's your problem?"	music	with a license	win a Nobel prize
"Be good!"	her brother	a soprano at the Met	go to Dartmouth
"PEOPLE"	Richmond	a Playboy bunny	be a chauffeur
"What time does this period end?"	that flute	a Rock 'n' Roll singer	found Grad's College
"Oh my gosh!"	bluejeans	a hermit	trap a tiger
"What d'you think she'll ask us?"	paper-backs	re-writing Baker + Inglis	be editor of the Village Voice
"Zap!"	her spring-time tan	a type-setter	stop the world
"Super!"	her braid	teaching first-aid	live in England
"Forget it"	The Lively Ones	in the Victorian Era	be Peter Pan
"Shu-ah"	her painting	a debutante	make Latin "swing"
"Hmmm"	cats	without Natchez	be a History Teacher
"Sweetie"	dancing	at Vic Tanny's	Step into Vogue
"S'a'right"	her independence	a switch-board operator	be a lawyer
"I <u>don't</u> believe it"	an injury	working at Walker - Gordon	run the Princeton infirmary
"God bless it!"	Pam	Spazzing out	marry Rhett Butler
"Posture, people"	Laurie	with a family of brothers	captain the grandmothers hockey Team of 1999
"You just don't understand"	contacts	shorter than Cindy	start a baby-sitting agency
"Fun and games"	her camera	without an imagination	live at Pook Corner
"Oh, come on...."	diets	ferocious	come out
"Don't sweat the small stuff"		not in love	be a Teeny-Bikini
"You Never Can Tell"	Mrs. Shepherd	quiet	run the Central Park Zoo



Dianne



G.



Cindy



Monique

KAEIA



Jane

Joanie



Tired



Bonnie



Sige

Sara



Paudie



Kathie



Andy



Pam



Anne



Alice



Colleen



&



Bonnie



Sally



Ginny



Laurie



Chris

K.K.







Shirley Davis
Headmistress



UPPER SCHOOL FACULTY: BACK ROW: Mr. Wade, Mrs. Corlette, Mrs. Schleyer, Mr. Wells, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Boutelle, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Wade, Dean Gordon. FRONT ROW: Mrs. Burrill, Mrs. Raubitschek, Mrs. Cherniss, Miss Davis, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Shepherd. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Mr. Reimers, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Meyers.



MIDDLE SCHOOL FACULTY: BACK ROW: Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Roberts, Mme. Holenkoff, Mrs. Glaister, Mrs. Shehadi, Mrs. Fine, FRONT ROW: Mrs. Conroy, Mrs. Ager, Mme. Mercier, Mrs. Peck, Miss Standing. Missing from Picture: Mrs. Bannon, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Lockridge.



ADMINISTRATION: BACK ROW: Mrs. Baker, Miss Cashman, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Brophy.
FRONT ROW: Miss Weigel, Miss Davis, Mrs. Busselle. Missing from Picture: Mrs. Murdoch.







BACK ROW: Dora Lange, Nancy Dalsis, Barbara Rose, Sue Jamieson, Nancy Davidson, Linda Conroy. MIDDLE ROW: Cary Smith, Barbara Kneubuhl, Fran Wolff (President), Gail Petty, Jane Budny, Penny Pettit. FRONT ROW: Judy Scasserra, Priscilla Mark, Amy Lau, Susan Moulton, Joanna Hornig.



STANDING: Ellen Aronis, Barbara Shaw, Blanche Goble, Martha Gorman, Sally Stewart, Effie Lau, Paula Cantor, Molly Dorf, Alison Hubby, Barbara Lawrence, Susan Sichel, Ophie Benson, Gretchen Taylor, Elise Rosenhaupt. SEATED: Susan Howland, Lynn Goeller, Janey Strunsky, Gigi Godfrey (President), Dabby Bishop, Peggy Woodbridge, Sally Tomlinson, Karen Fraser, Marita Raubitschek.



IX

BACK ROW; Lynn Wiley, Diana Lyness, Mary Bilderback, Debbie Hobler, Mettie Whipple, Dale Marzoni, Sally Lane, Hope Rose, Carol Bonner. MIDDLE ROW: Kathy Blake, Kitzi Becker, Pat Fairman, Leslie Loser, Peggy Reber, Ann Hughey, Galey Bissell, Patty Morgan, Hilary Drorbaugh, Mary Moore, Gail Hood. FRONT ROW: Barbara Yard, Kirsty Pollard, Andrea Hicks, Sarah Jaeger (President), Sally Behr, Marianne Hoffman, Barbara Sullivan, Polly Dickey, Linda Staniar, Margery Cuyler. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Hannah Blakeman.



VIII

BACK ROW: Alix Dilworth, Anne Morgan, Mary Young, Claudia Dignan, Ann Spanel, Louise Morse, Karen Andresen, Jane Borgerhoff, Sheila Hanon, Mary Tower, Julia Lockwood (President), Faneen Murray, Diana Rubin, Lissy Stevenson, Christine Otis. MIDDLE ROW: Linda Fox, Mary Combs, Cindy Ziesing, Mary Woodbridge, Lisa Gregg, Martha Miller, Nancy King. FRONT ROW: Laura Peterson, Stacy Valdes, Elin Conlin, Nancy Wise, Frances Gorman, Louisa Huntington.



UPPER SCHOOL COUNCIL: STANDING: Turid Helland, Sara Dreier, Marieluise Luckhardt, Linda Staniar, Andy Hicks. SEATED: Dora Lange, Susan Moulton, Barbara Kneubuhl (Secretary), Andy Updike (President), Laurie Rogers, Paula Cantor, Sally Tomlinson.

Student Councils



MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL: STANDING: Megan Goheen, Marjorie Burt, Catherine Morgan, Linda Baker. SEATED: Ann Spanel, Jean Gorman, Mary Young (President), Karen Andreson (Secretary), Brita Light, Sheila Hanan.



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE: BACK ROW: Barbara Shaw, Cary Smith, Anne MacNeil, Susan Sichel (Secretary), Anne Morgan, Prudence Morgan, Sue Jamieson (Treasurer). MIDDLE ROW: Peggy Woodbridge, Louise Hutner, Joan Knapp (Chairman), Ariane Yokana, Sally Behr. FRONT ROW: Judy Seasserra, Elin Conlin, Polly Dickey. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Betsy Nicholes.

Social Service

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE: Princeton Hospital; Nursery School; Church Schools; Princeton Family Service; St. Michael's Orphanage; Merwick Nursing Home; Outgrown Shop; Philadelphia Quaker Work Camps; Valley Road School Craft Program; New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute; Recording for the Blind.

FUND RAISING PROJECTS: Fall Pet Show; Food Sales; Christmas Wreath-making; 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; Pine Mountain Settlement School; Stockings for Skillman; Thanksgiving Food.





INKLING BOARD: STANDING: Linda Baker, Joanna Hornig, Chris Davies, Colleen Coffee, Bonnie Strong, Marita Raubitschek, Kathy Kilgore, Laurie Rogers, Pam Sidford, Susie Moulton, SEATED: Susan Schildkraut (Assistant Editor), Alice Jacobson (Editor in Chief). MISSING FROM PICTURE: Gretchen Southard.

Publications

FINEST BOARD: BACK ROW: Sally Lane, Galey Bissell, Barbara Shaw, Susan Sichel, Elise Rosenhaupt. FRONT ROW: Susan Jamieson, Joanna Hornig (Editor), Cary Smith, Bonnie Grad. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Gretchen Southard.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL



by

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Directed by

MUNROE WADE

CAST

(in order of appearance)



VALENTINE George Blanchard
 DOLLY CLANDON Karen Fraser
 THE PARLOR MAID Anne Updike
 PHILIP CLANDON David Bandler
 MRS. CLANDON Joan Knapp
 GLORIA CLANDON Bonnie Grad
 CRAMPTON Michael Gillespie
 WAITER David Cain
 FINCH McCOMAS Robin Clements
 BOHUN Bart Farr
 WAITRESSES Joanna Hornig, Dianne Drake



Dramatic Club





DRAMATIC CLUB: BACK ROW: Liza Maugham, Alice Jacobson, Susan Schildkraut, Cindy Bull, Kleia Raubitschek, Dora Lange, Jane Budny, Susan Jamieson, Joanna Hornig. FRONT ROW: Pam Sidford, Laurie Rogers, Sally Campbell (President), Cary Smith (Secretary-Treasurer), Dianne Drake. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Gretchen Southard.





Athletic Association: BACK ROW: Laurie Rogers, Barbara Rose (Secretary), Pam Sidford (President), Colleen Coffee. FRONT ROW: Marianne Hoffman, Judy Scasserra, Gretchen Taylor, Ginny Elmer.

Athletic Association





Varsity Hockey: (Undefeated Team) Gigi Godfrey, Marita Raubitschek, Barbara Rose, Cary Smith, Linda Conroy, Nancy Davison (Captain), Laurie Rogers, Pam Sidford, Judy Scasserra, Gretchen Taylor.



CHEERLEADERS: l. to r.: Ellen Aronis, Fran Wolff, Ellen Levy (Captain), Alison Hubby, Penny Pettit, Susan Schildkraut, Sally Tomlinson.





MADRIGAL GROUP: Karen Fraser, Elise Rosenhaupt, Susan Moulton, Dora Lange, Andy Updike, Barbara Kneubuhl, Barbara Rose, Joan Knapp, Peggy Woodbridge, Chris Davies, Dianne Drake, Cindy Bull, Mrs. Elliot at the piano.

Glee Club

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

President, Cindy Bull
 Representatives:
 XII, Liza Maugham
 XI, Susie Moulton
 X, Marita Raubitschek
 IX, Hope Rose

CHOIR: Jane Aresty, Cindy Bull, Sally Campbell, Chris Davies, Dianne Drake, Bonnie Grad, Joan Knapp, Anne MacNeil, Ellen Levy, Kleia Raubitschek, Kathy Sittig, Andy Updike, Jane Budny, Nancy Dalsis, Joanna Hornig, Sue Jamieson, Barbara Kneubuhl, Dora Lange, Amy Lau, Sue Moulton, Gail Petty, Barbara Rose, Judy Scasserra, Susan Schildkraut, Cary Smith, Fran Wolff, Paula Cantor, Molly Dorf, Karen Fraser, Alison Hubby, Marita Raubitschek, Elise Rosenhaupt, Susan Sichel, Sally Stewart, Peggy Woodbridge, Janie Strunsky, Martha Gorman, Margerie Cuyler, Marianne Hoffman, Gail Hood, Leslie Loser.



LIBRARY COUNCIL: STANDING: Colleen Coffee, Anne MacNeil, Sally Lane, Kleia Raubitschek (President), Chris Davies, Ann Hughey, Judy Scasserra, Linda Conroy. SEATED: Karen Fraser, Peggy Woodbridge, Marita Raubitschek, Barbara Shaw, Mrs. Meyers (Librarian), Jane Budny (Secretary). KNEELING: Sarah Jaeger, Barbara Sullivan. Missing: Gail Petty, Gretchen Southard. (Read from right to left).

Library Council

American Field Service Committee



BACK ROW: Liza Maugham, Debby Hobler, Molly Dorf, Kathy Sittig, Penny Pettit, Lynn Goeller, Linda Conroy. FRONT ROW: Marieluise Luckhardt (AFS student from West Germany), Bonnie Grad, Chris Davies (Co-Chairmen), Kitzi Becker.

Blow-Daisy

"Sleep, little John, sleep till the birds sing. Sleep till the arrow of the Early Riser slips underneath your window shade and over your bed and implants itself over there in the corner by the mouse hole. Wait till Captain Mouse comes out and stands like magic with the arrow going right through him and blinks good morning to the Early Riser. Then you can open your eyes."

Little John could see his mother's face like a reflection in the Willow Pond, wavering and blurry. The face bent down and kissed him and he watched it disappear as he would watch a blow-daisy, floating upwards and slowly fading away.

When it had drifted out of sight he kept thinking about the Willow Pond and the millions of blow-daisies and Captain Mouse. At first he couldn't remember if there really were a Pond but if he lay absolutely still, almost stiff, and especially if he didn't move his head at all and get his brain confused or cloudy he began to remember things more clearly. He knew he hadn't seen the Pond, if there were one, for a long time. Somehow he felt that it must be quite far away. And suddenly he remembered "water drag." He even remembered that exact phrase, "water drag." His mind, now, was as cloudless as those Saturday afternoons when all the boys would be down at the Pond making last minute preparations for the drag.

"What are you guys waiting for?" Teddy was always ready and wanting to get started. His dinghy was usually freshly painted because Teddy's father was a painter and little John pictured it as sky-blue with striped blue and red oars. It was a nice ship.

"We're waiting for Judgment Day, ya jerk!" But pretty soon all the guys would start rowing over to the starting line and most would stop kidding around for a while and start thinking about winning the race.

It became more and more of an effort for John to lie still as he thought of the race about to start. The bigger guys were always nice to him and they didn't make fun and kick him around half so much as the little kids. And they allowed him a privilege that he would have endured all the shoving and bossing around in the world to keep. He was the one who shot off the cap gun to start the race. His hands shook now just the way they used to when he crouched down at the very edge of the Pond with the gun cocked and the boats all lined up -- a beautiful fleet of sky-blue and fire-red and bright yellows, greens, and orange. For an instant he was terrified by the momentous importance of his position, but then he pulled the trigger. Little

John heard the shot and unified shout of the oarsmen as they fought desperately to nose their dinghys to the fore. Feverishly he sat up in bed. Streaks of orange, sky-blue, and fire-red shot through his brain and mingled foggily. In an instant all was gone but that motley fog.

He lay still again until finally the mist began to clear and his mind wandered back to the blow-daisies. No matter how hard he tried he could not remember what a blow-daisy was although he could picture it perfectly. It was a little white puff sitting fragily on top of a bending green stem and tiny bits of it would fall off if you even so much as touched the stem. Each bit was a minute feather barely visible, and if you knocked it off the daisy it was reluctant to leave. It would float in the air very close by for as long as it could, and when a tiny breeze finally caught it up it would struggle for a minute, writhing and resisting. Exhausted, the sad feather would have to give in to the stubborn breeze and in ten seconds it would vanish. Little John strained his eyes to catch the last possible glimpse of the daisy. He tried to trap it in his thoughts but he could not. When the little white speck had disappeared his mind was empty and black.

His last thought before falling asleep or maybe it was after he had dropped into unconsciousness was of Captain Mouse. He really didn't know if the Captain had moved into a corner of his room as his mother said. John had never seen him and he didn't believe this room had corners anyway. But he did remember a Captain Mouse from somewhere, a small, plump, middle-aged mouse quite fuzzy and harmless and somehow a friend of his. He lived in the kitchen and none of the cats bothered him much. John could recall kicking one Tom cat that went too close to the hole. The Captain was a comfortable thought.

He never saw the arrow of the Early Riser shoot across his room and bury its head in Captain 'Mouse's corner. If the Captain had really stuck his head out and blinked good morning, John had seen nothing of it. The next thing he was aware of, after his happy remembrances of dinghys and blow-daisies and the plump Captain, was a gentle voice.

"Sleep, little John, sleep till the birds sing. Sleep till the Early Riser lights a tiny candle on each of the east side shingles -- just the very edge of every sleeping roof shingle that faces the Riser. Wait till the shingles blink good morning and catch fire all over like magic without burning. Then you can open your eyes."

As his mother's face bent towards him it blurred

into many faces. Each outline was a different face. After she had kissed him and the faces lifted, they merged into one again and melted into the air.

His mind was full of dancing roof shingles with no pattern or design. He kept his head tense and still till the little squares gradually settled into the shape of a familiar gray slanting roof. Many of the shingles did not fall completely in place but remained curling slightly from the roof. He knew he was not sleeping under the same shingles that formed this mental image. The gray, steeply slanting roof was somewhere far away like the Willow Pond and the blow-daisies and the Captain. Unexpectedly he saw himself on the roof, sitting unafraid on the very top and the different faces which had surrounded his mother's face were all around him. As the outlines became more distinct, more individual, he felt that he knew them even better than faces of Teddy and all the big guys on the Pond.

"Come on, Joey, don't be such a yellow chicken," little John was saying. "Anybody can sit on the edge of the roof. Come on up here. I can see all the way to town from here."

"I ain't chicken but my ma would kill me if she caught me up there. She's gonna kill me anyway if she finds out I was up here at all."

"Joey's a chicken, ain't he, Mat? An' I think his Ma's a yellow belly, too. Ma lets you an' me an' even Sarah an' Babbit come up here whenever we feels like it."

"I know it, little John. I guess Joey's Ma's ascares she's gonna have to come on up here an' fetch Joey down."

"Ya know what, Mat, you is sittin' right on top a me an' Luke's room an' ya better move 'cause if ya fall through I don't want no hole in my ceiling."

"Well, you and Sarah is sittin' right on top a the kitchen an' the roof almost burnt clean through there last winter so I expect you'll be sitting right atop the kitchen cook-stove in a shake or two."

In three seconds little John, Sarah, Luke, and Mat had slithered off the roof and were rolling on the ground convulsed with laughter. Joey was dangling from the edge, yelling at the top of his lungs. But almost in the same instant that John had landed, the impact of the fall had put his thoughts in a turmoil once more and the gay memories of the roof fled from his mind.

The figures on the roof, however, were still vivid. He could see his older brother, Mat. This time instead of the roof he was sitting in a big armchair with no

covering over the springs and he was talking seriously with someone across the room whose outline remained indistinguishable.

"We gotta get some more money, Pa. We can't grow nothin' on that lousy quarter acre anymore an' that lousy Mr. Culver keeps all of us even little John in his stinkin' fields till it's too dark to tell a tomato from a butter bean. An' they is all a them kids hungry an' lately little John is plenty tired mos' a the time. Ain't there somin' we can do, Pa?"

"Yes, son, I reckon there's somein' we can do. I jes been hopin' we wasn't gonna have to do it, tha's all. We can move up to the North an' I can get a job in a factory where they pay ya more than they do in any of the grit mills or turpentine plants put together down here. An' Luke an' little John can quit workin' so hard an' you too, I reckon." Little John could see his father's face, now, and it looked as sad and helpless as the tiny blow-daisy feather about to give in to the wind. The room with his father and Mat and the seatless armchair became completely visible.

It had a sort of cot in it for Babbit and Sarah to sleep in and a linoleum rug with one big hole by the sofa. There were lots of chairs in it, and everyone had his own chair when he sat in the room. Little John always sat right in the hole though, with his elbows on his knees. It was a friendly room.

Before he fell asleep, he remembered why he used to sit right in that hole. From that position he could see into the kitchen and keep an eye on the Captain's hole. If any cat got dangerously close he could have his foot in his belly in a second.

Of course he couldn't see the Early Riser start the little fires on the roof.

When his mother came in to say good night the next time he had forgotten about the shingles and the armchair and his father. He had even forgotten about Mat and Sarah and Luke and Babbit and poor little yellow Joey. He could barely hear his mother speak.

"Sleep, little john . . ."

Susan Jamieson, XI
First Prize
Upper School Prose

There is a hill on the farm where you can stand and look down at the horse-pasture and the pond and the edge of the woods where we have the tree-house. This hill is right behind the house and all the barns, right in plain view of everything, but there's this one spot where there's a tree with great big roots where you can sit and be out of sight. We all go there when we're depressed, or sometimes it's just a good place to go and think. I do that quite a lot because I want to be a writer, and this hill gives me the right feeling for writing.

Josh goes there quite a lot too, because he has problems sometimes. Josh is nineteen, the oldest in the family. So we all kind of look up to him to be kind of our protector, although I help him a lot, being just a year younger than he is and the only girl in the family. There are six of us kids: Josh, me, Marty, who's sixteen, Dave, twelve, Rich, eleven, and Pete, nine. And then there was Rod, but he's dead now, and that was a long time ago. Pete was only a month old when Rod died, and the other two little kids can't remember him. It was pretty hard on my mother, but she's a pretty great lady. She took it all right.

I think it was probably hardest on Josh, because it was more or less his fault. It was when he and Marty and Rod were hunting in the woods. Josh let Rod lean his gun against the fence while he climbed over, and the gun went off. It was pretty terrible for Josh because he had to carry Rod up to the house and everything, although it wasn't great for Marty either. But I guess we're pretty strong people, because none of us is queer or anything. After the accident, everyone made quite a bit of the baby, Pete, and we all still do. It probably would have spoiled him, but there are so many of us to pick on him that it really couldn't. He's a pretty nice kid.

Pete is really crazy about Josh. It almost hurts sometimes to watch him when Josh is coming home from school or something. And Josh really eats it up, because he's kind of going through a phase of feeling inferior, and gets awfully depressed and shy sometimes. Marty does too. He had his first year in boarding school this year and it was a pretty big shock. He's a very nice-looking guy, and nice and everything, but he gets awfully shy when he goes to parties and things. Sometimes when we're teasing

him he takes it seriously and gets all hurt. It's a problem.

Dave and Rich and Pete, of course, have no such inhibitions. Petie has gone up to some perfect stranger while we're at a clambake or something and said, "H'lo. I'm Pete, could I have a cookie?"

And whenever one of us is upset or in trouble or something, Josh takes the responsibility for it. Of course our parents do, but it's kind of better that Josh does it. There are so many of us kids that it really works better when Josh bosses us around.

Last fall, when Marty went away to boarding school for the first time, he was so lonely that he called home to speak to Josh. I followed Josh down to listen. He said, "Hello? Mart? Whassa matter?" He was kind of worried.

"Yes, Mart, it's me. What the hell is your problem? . . . Oh for Chrissake, Marty, come on. What's the matter? . . . Well, for Chrissake. Of course I remember. What are you talking about? . . . Oh . . ." He paused and sighed. "Ah, Buddy. I remember. That bad, is it? O.K., don't squawk at me, I'm trying to think." He paused again. "Well, I'll tell you, Buddy, there's nothing I can do. I guess you'll just have to live, the way I did. And incidentally, the way Kit is going to. Everybody goes through first night, I guess . . . Listen, Mart, is there anything I can do? I mean, did you have anything in mind when you called? . . . Yeah. Well, I tell you, Mart. God, I really had it bad. School seemed -- you know. Absolutely my enemy. I mean all those people -- my roommate and the teachers and the kids and everybody. They all seemed as far away from me as possible. And God! I couldn't think of anything but the farm for a week. Pedro was only four then, you know, and I kept thinking he'd get sick without me. It really worried me. You were -- let's see -- you were eleven then. Yeah, I was sure you and Kit were going to drown the little kids or something. And, oh God! Kit was going to be raped! She was all of fourteen. Wow! Well, don't feel too bad, kid, it's mostly over in a week, you're still in a sweat about Thanksgiving, of course. And then it comes, and it's great, and you go back, but school really seems all right then. It just takes a while . . . Now listen, Mart." He was suddenly stern. "You can't hang onto us for the rest of your life. Think what will happen when you get married.

You've got to be independent enough so that you can get along without us when you have to. It's a wrench for all of us; it'll happen to the little kids too, and I don't like to think about it. It doesn't mean that we all can't still be close, for crying out loud. It just means that when we have to, and we all will, that we'll be able to go. You understand that?"

I fled then. I couldn't stand it any more. After a few minutes, Josh came into my room and he was almost in tears. It killed me.

"God, Kit. God. I hope I never have to go through that again."

And I rubbed his back for about a half an hour, because it's my job to comfort Josh. We're a pretty close family really. That's why Mart and Josh and I all had such a hard time that first year at school, and why the little kids will.

Right now it seems kind of hard to believe that we will ever get married. Josh is nineteen, and he doesn't date anyone seriously. There are a few things that anyone he dates has to have, and the requirements are pretty stiff. The most important and probably the most difficult are that she has to be willing to live on a farm for the rest of her life and she has to like little kids, including ours. Josh is a dreamer. Marty kind of kids him about it sometimes, but he's really going to be the same way, and so are the little kids.

I think the farm is the center of our lives. That's why Josh wants his girl to be willing to live on a farm, I guess. It's a sheep farm, which is quite a bit of work, especially in the summer. Everybody in the family knows how to drive a tractor, although Pete is only allowed to drive the little one we use for mowing the lawn. Once he disobeyed and drove the big tractor, and he ran into a tree. We had to cut it down. Poor Pete.

During the summer Josh and Marty do most of the haying, but Mom does quite a bit. She's the best driver in the family, next to Pop, although Josh is quite a bit more reckless. Josh is often quite possessive about us. One of the things he likes to do best is take our old Ford truck and pile all the kids and the dogs in the back, and then go driving through the town. And whenever we see someone we know, he honks around fourteen times and we all shout hello and wave. And the dogs bark.

But sometimes he doesn't like to have us around. He might be terribly depressed

or something, and trying to take a walk, and one or two of us will come roaring up and start to pester. Once he was walking in the field behind the woods, and Petie went running up to him and yelled, "Hey, Josh, come on, we're all going swimming!" And Josh turned around and yelled, "God damn you, Peter, can't you ever leave me alone?" and he ran away. We thought Pete had broken his leg or something, the way he was crying when he came back, Josh almost killed himself about it later. He bought Pete this pocketknife to make up for it.

The other day I went out to the hill because I was kind of tired. The hill is a pretty good place to go to when you're tired. Anyway, I went out there, and I found Josh in the tree. I would have gone away without saying anything, but he looked down and said, "Hi, Kit. Sit down. Or did you want to be private or something?"

"No." I climbed up next to him. "I was just tired. How are you?"

"O.K. I just felt like coming out here. You know, it's kind of nice just to sit around and relax. I like to just sit and look at the farm. I put myself to sleep sometimes."

"Yeah, I know," I pointed at a spot down beyond the pond. "Look. See down there? It's Pete and Marty and the dogs. Playing war or something, I guess."

"Yeah." He smiled, kind of happily. He has a very nice smile, especially when he's happy about something. So do all the kids, really. I don't very much.

"Yeah, they are playing war," he said. "Marty just killed Pete, and Pete is dying."

"Yeah, and there come Rich and Dave."

"Bad guys."

"Mm."

We just sat there for a while and watched the kids playing war. It's the middle of September, almost school time, and it's pretty cold. The kids had sweat-shirts on, and I could imagine how red-cheeked they'd be when they got back. And Mom would make them wear wool pajamas when they went to bed.

After a while we went and joined them, and we all played war until dinner time.

Ophelia Benson, X
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

give, she said, give
 how can i when i've nothing to
love, he said, love
 how can i when i've nothing to
live, they say, live
 how can i when i've nothing to
 give and nothing to love

I'm running
 and trying to live
 by pretending
 to care

Sally Stewart, X
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

Spring's the Thing!

The air rebounds with rubber balls,
Birdsong, breeze and curtain calls
(For skirts fly up at every puff)
-- The wind is up to funny stuff!
Rude words identify the boys
Who tease to undermine the poise
Of damsels, warned by clucking nannies,
Never to reveal their fannies!

Things are humming in the park,
Busy-bodies: "What a lark!
That Larry Jones has pushed Tom in
the Lily Pond, but he can swim.
Boys, I hate them, mean baboons,
They always pop our best balloons.
EDDY MUELLER IS A BUM!
Go on, Baby, tell your mum."

"Wait for me, -- my shoe's undone."
So the others start to run
Till Wee Timothy is blind
With tears, because he's left behind.
A pale sun shyly tiddly winks
At Timmy, now he bravely blinks
Back, raindrops which ashame his eyes;
Here's an acorn for a prize.

All the world is in a muddle,
See the rainbow in this puddle --
Buds are bursting, girls are budding,
Adolescents out hotrodding.
Call it crazy, call it fine!
Will you be my Valentine?
What fever makes my temples sing?
Listen, Gasser, it's the Spring!

Christine Davies, XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

Ballad of Adam and Eve

Adam and Eve sat under a tree,
Made by God's hand before history.
They sat under a tree so free from guile,
While God looked on. On his face was a smile.

Adam and Eve were allowed to eat
All the fruit but the apple, the apple so sweet.
When Eve was at home all alone one day,
A snake came along and began to say,

"Fair maid, oh Eve, I give to you,
From my heart, my heart, my heart so true,
A piece of the fruit from the apple tree.
Give a piece, oh please, to Adam for me."

"But, snake, I was bade, I was bade not to eat
The fruit from the apple tree so sweet.
And I will be punished by God's great hand,
Oh, please, I would have to flee from the land."

"I'm sure you will like it. Adam will, too."
"All right," said she, "but that's all I'll do."
When Adam came home, quite free of guile,
In came Eve. She did not smile.

She said to Adam, "Oh, Adam, my dear,
Eat this fruit." In her eye was a tear.
Adam was tempted. He took a bite.
And sin came to earth that very night.

Julie Fox, VI
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

The Emperor's Cat

He walks down the street with an elegant
air.

They say he acts as if no one were there

But himself and his silky long tail,

Which he holds like a full-blown sail --

But I myself saw him the other day,
In the loft with the barn-cats jumping
in the hay.

He has pages and servants and soldiers
galore,

Beside him and by him, behind and before.

He lifts his feet to keep them neat;

He cleans his paws and preens his claws,

And they say he's not allowed to play with
anyone at all --

But yesterday I saw him
By the hole of the Water Rat,
Chasing a butterfly
With a dusty tabby cat.

Elizabeth Borgerhoff, VI
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

All of Proctor and Gamble's was in a tizzy, in fact an uproar. Everyone was rushing to and fro, hurriedly passing a word or two to his neighbor. The clerks were all of a twitter, and everybody became suddenly disorganized and flustered. "Have you heard about Mr. Simmons' sensational idea?" was being passed from lip to lip. "You haven't? Well, then, I must tell you. Mr. Simmons of the Advertising Department has been working on a new gimmick. He's in talking to the Manager right now."

"Well, now, out with it, man! What is this gimmick?"

"Floating soap!"

"What?"

"Isn't it amazing? Well, I'll see you later. Got to pass the news."

The news passed like wildfire. Even the watchman and the janitor heard about it. The janitor got so excited that he stoked twice as much coal as he should have done, so that the building suffered a severe heat-wave. And no wonder it spread! It was the most sensational idea since Harry Bowman thought of the dumb waiter.

In the Board Room, the fat old members of the Board were discussing the matter.

"Sensational!"

"Fantastic!"

"Terrific!"

"Stupefying!"

"We must give the man a raise."

"A raise? Let's do more than that for Simmons. Let's make him Head of the Advertising Department."

"Just what I was going to say, precisely what I was going to say."

"Good, then it's settled. I will inform him immediately," said the Chairman of the Board, and he promptly adjourned the meeting.

In the experiment lab, the scientists were busy testing, re-testing and even improving the formula for floating soap. It would soon be ready for public try-out. The date was set for Wednesday, October 28th, two weeks hence. There was a lot of work going on both in and outside the lab. A special room had been cleared out, and right now Sullivan Pools, Inc. was busy building a swimming pool for the sole purpose of floating a cake of soap in it.

The big day had finally arrived. People were already pouring into the

natatorium to get a good place. The Manager was pacing nervously up and down, and kept telling Mr. Simmons, who was perfectly calm and level-headed, to calm down, stop being so nervous and shaky, that everything would be fine and by all means not to worry. Then suddenly a hush came over the crowd and all became tense. The soap had been launched. Would it work? Yes, it was actually floating! A loud cheer went up, and then, after ten minutes of anxious watching, the crowd slowly dispersed. Soon everyone had left, except the guard who was stationed to watch the soap for the next five hours. Besides the sound of the guard pacing up and down, all else in the building was quiet.

"It's sunk, sir!" yelled the guard, as he burst rudely into the Manager's office some hours later. "It's sunk!"

"What? What's that you say?" said the Manager, hurriedly taking his feet off his desk.

"It's sunk! Just went glub, sir! Come see for yourself!"

When the two arrived at the natatorium, the room was a fluster of confusion. The Vice-President held a life ring in his hand, ready to let fly at a moment's notice. One of the clerks was scooping at the water with a net, and another was desperately trying to stop an elderly member of the Board from jumping in after the soap. The rest of the Board were in a corner, arguing about what to do in this crisis. The Manager started pacing up and down, telling the clerks to hurry up and get Jones into his skin-diving suit and aqua-lungs, and impatiently told Jones to stop fumbling and hurry up with tying the strings of the life jacket. Then came the reporters and photographers, and away rushed the Manager. He slammed the natatorium doors on them, refused to tell them anything, and denied everything. From then on no one but himself and the Board was allowed in the natatorium, and not a word was spoken about the floating soap ever again.

Linda Baker, VII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

Linda Hart, VII, was awarded Honorable Mention on her story, "The Boy Who Wasn't a Jew," which appeared in the January issue of the *FINEST*.

Acknowledgements

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The LINK Board would like to thank Mrs. Stuart Dreier, Molly Dorf and Susan Sichel for their generous help in typing material for the contest.

To Mrs. Shepherd --

Whose patient and giving heart has guided us, consoled us, and helped us to produce a book which we shall keep as long as there are Arks to be launched and helmsmen to steer them.

With love --
from '63

To our March Hare, without whose wit, enthusiasm, patience and hard work this record of our voyage could never have gone to press.

-- From her Arkmates



For forty days and thirty-nine nights
 my faith tossed in the bottom of the ark.
 The fortieth night
 it came up on the deck to wonder where we were.
 Was the storm over and did God forget us . . .
 Panicked
 And was knocked into the sea by a
 raindrop.

(This poem was written by Buff for one of her friends long before the theme of the LINK was decided, but it therefore carries unusual meaning for our class.)



(This symbol Buff often used as a signature, or, as she said, "my sign")

From a Chainless Prisoner

I am happy since you came;
 before I never felt bubbles of happiness
 in my heart
 nor joy
 wrapped around me like a cloak.
 Did you know gaiety is a glove?
 Nice to hold hands with

but you are nicer.

I am carefree since you came;
 before I never ran through clover-green
 meadows
 without worry
 for fear I'd stub my toe.
 Did you notice the sunshine wink at me?
 Sundrops are in my heart, too

for you are here.

I am invincible since you came;
 before I never went outside without wool
 warmth

now I've
 you to keep me warm.
 Did you know I used to fear the dark?
 No more -- now you're my candle

never go out.

I am blessed since you came;
 before I never saw God's miracles
 nor lifted
 a rock and found elusive specks of truth.
 Did you know how wide you've opened up my eyes?
 Your love has brought me sight

and I am blind.



Barbara MacKenzie Lawrence

In loving remembrance of Buff,
whose laughter and smile were sunlight to us each
day. Her love of freedom and her gift for friendship
signified an unusual concern for humanity and a spon-
taneous kindness.

She was a writer of signal promise, and she com-
bined in all her work imagination, a fresh use of
language and an artistic purpose. She could sketch a
person or a feeling with a few charming phrases, and
she would often leave a delightful poem or drawing on
the desk of a classmate just because she "felt like it."

The flame of her spirit continues to kindle crea-
tivity and warmth in her classmates. Buff seems to
us to be the embodiment of all that we mean by
"SEMPER LUCEAT."





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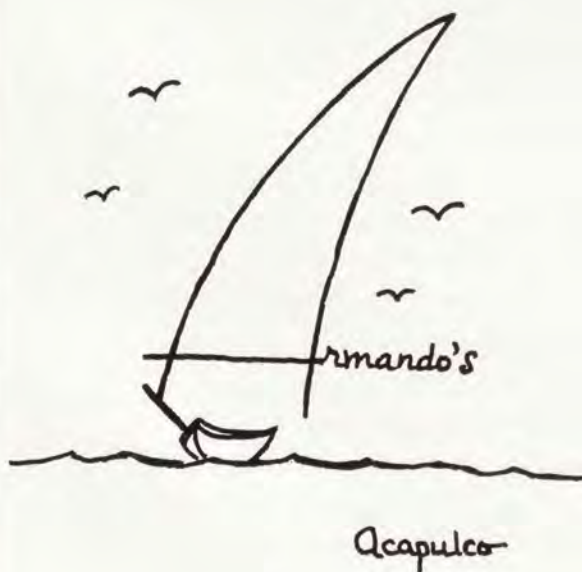
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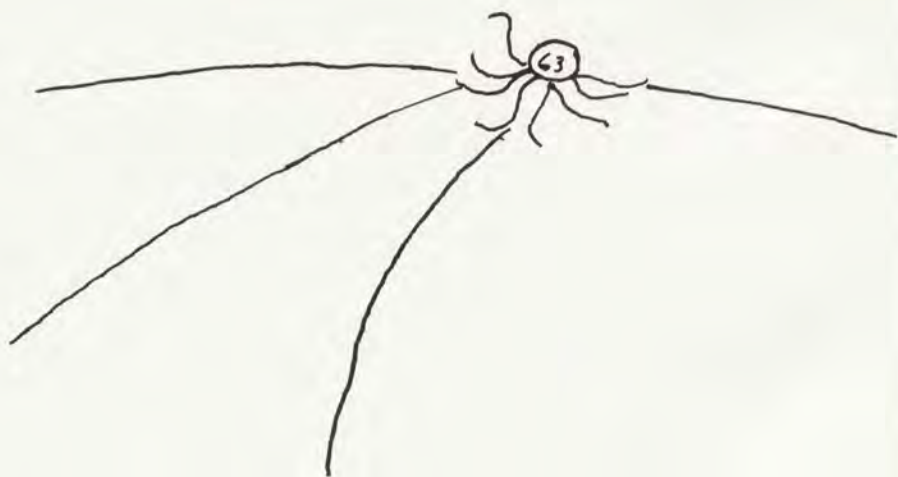
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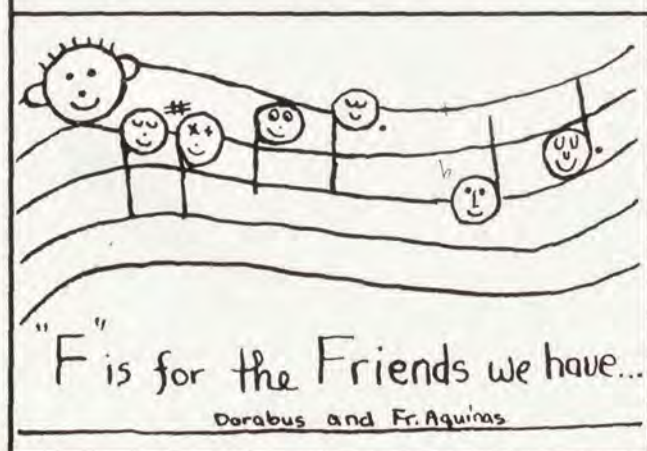
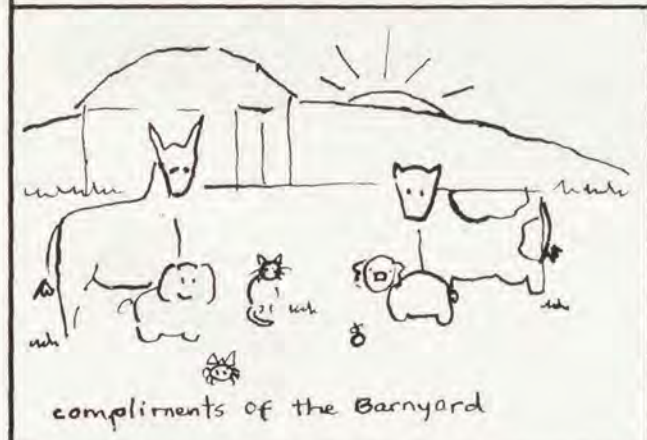
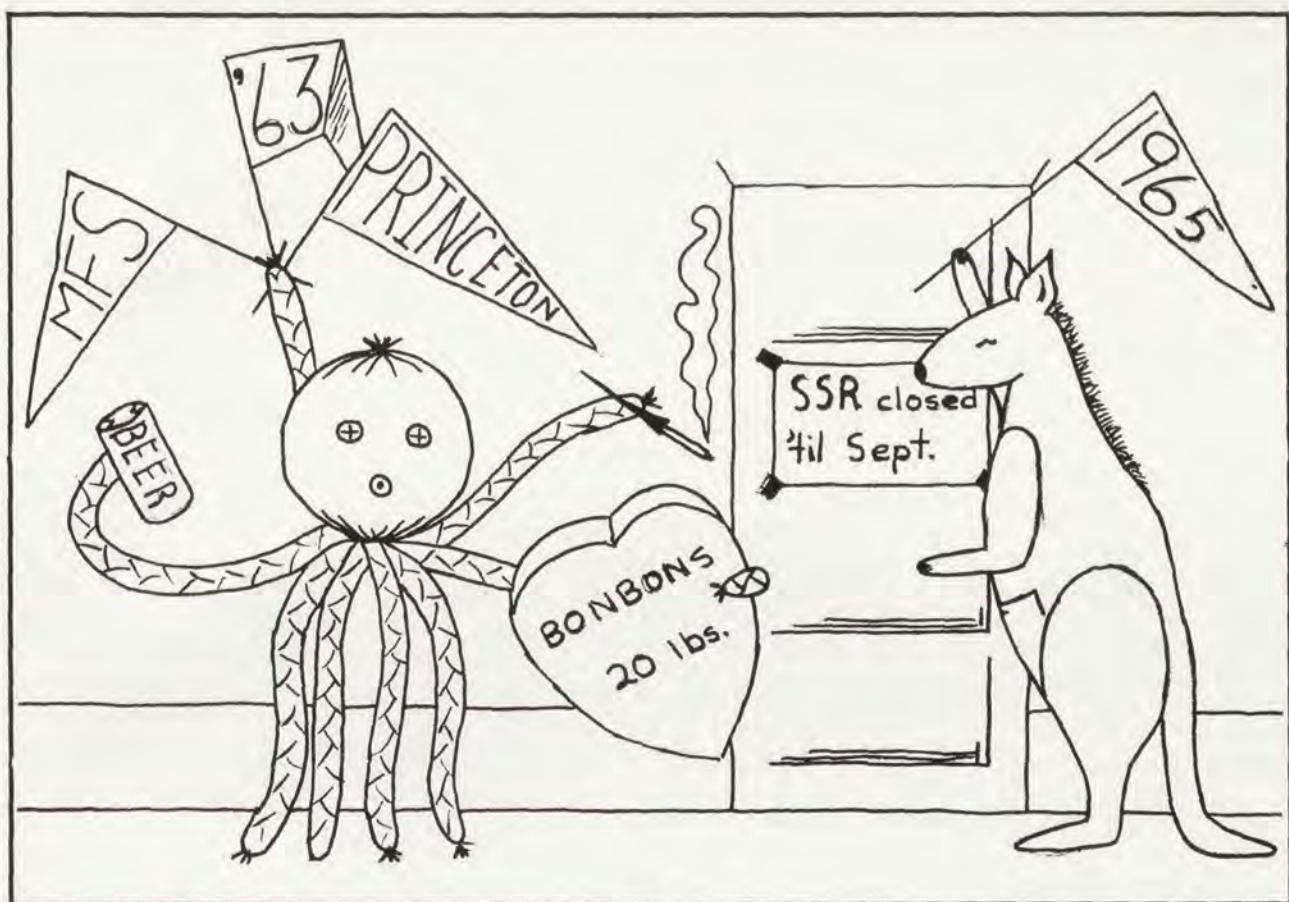
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Has kept us always smiling
That's Molly and Tommy.

From Calvin to the HG
Who both died serving you,
Forever let us hold our flag
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We'll keep that oily lamp
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COMPLIMENTS



FROM



THE



JUNIORS



Class History

Our Ark was launched on a wondrous voyage thirteen years ago with exuberance and spirit and a distinctive youthfulness which we still have.

We set out in kindergarten as angels in the Christmas pageant, and Prudy thrived on apricot juice and wore blue-jeans. In first grade Peter Katzenbach built a house of wooden blocks with a real, electric door-bell, but the truly eventful year was second grade. That was the year that Sally was editor of the class newspaper, and we read about TWIG and Centerville with Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Wallace. It was also the year of the second grade "zoo" and reform legislation on the playground. Bloxy Baker brought a rooster which actually flew, and someone else brought a praying mantise which hatched all over the room. (We stepped on the off-spring!) Because of accidents on the playground, a new law was enacted: only "two for the see-saw."



In third grade we had spelling bees. We were either helmsmen for good performance or our ships sank, and Bobbie wrote her wonderful stories. In fourth grade we began dancing school, and it was our first year with Madame Holenkoff. We will never forget "Amahl and the Night Visitors," our great production at Christmas time. Sally and Wylie were kings, and Mary Miller was Amahl. She carried real licorice in her box, and at the end of the play we all ate it.

Jane and Sherry and Alice came in fifth grade, and Anne started her annual swimming parties. We had Miss Sortor for homeroom, and she drew Egbert pictures on all our papers, and Alice gave a "red party" where everyone wore guess what? -- RED!

The next year Mary Miller left for California, and we made silhouettes with Mrs.



Conroy in homeroom. We started wearing lipstick -- nothing very conspicuous, just Tangee. And we had Mrs. Peck for English. It was her first year, and we just loved her.

Seventh grade was the year of "Short Shorts" and the Civil War between the Snobs and the Slobs. It was a big year at dancing school, and although the boys were rather wild we had fun, and Sherry gave our first boy-girl party at Christmas. It was in seventh grade that many of us were started on our Math careers. The school launched us on its new program of Modern Math and S.M.S.G.

We were the first to use the new It used to be a teacher's bedroom, and which leaked. Suzie Morgenthau came, and Val. We kept diaries in our assign- we met our first loves, the P.C.D. boys. That was the year we had THREE Eng- Miss Holmes, who wore a shoe-string in her hair and read to us from THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Mrs. Bannard, and finally, Mrs. Cherniss who taught us all about words and their derivations. We started the jazz band, and we all wore Princeton reunion jackets, and the class went to Washington with Miss Stokes, whom we all adored.



eighth grade room. it had a bath-tub and so did Andy ment pads, and at the monument. lish teachers:



We had parties in our motel rooms, Ellen dropped her shoe in the tidal basin, and we left Dianne at the Lincoln Memorial. And we were so sad to sing "Good-bye Washington, Good-bye." We gave "Toad of Toad Hall" in the Spring, and Alice was Toady. And then we graduated . . . wearing orange roses.

There we were in the Upper School on honor rules, and we made the "huge" study hall our home for four years. And we had our great exchange of population. We lost four and gained six: Joanie, Pam, Laurie, Kleia, Lee, and Bonnie Strong. We held a political rally where we all voted for the dark horse, Huey Long (Andy and Alice were the horse!) and our campaign slogan was "Don't be caught short -- vote for Long!" Our eighth grade bathtub leaked on Miss Cashman after the class of '64 had filled it with goldfish, and our class journeyed to New York to see Henry IV, Part I. That was the first of many times that we cheered at Gorny and Gorny. And we mustn't forget Mrs. Smith and the PEABODY SISTERS -- it was certainly a grand year for Alice in English!

In tenth grade B.G. and Sara came, and Noah joined our Ark. We had Mrs. Wade and MacGregor for the first time, and we sold Christmas decorations, and started a penny jar for nasty remarks. And we had our second Civil War when we read JULIUS CAESAR with Mrs. Shepherd: the Brutus faction wouldn't talk to the Cassius faction for weeks!

We were initiated in the eleventh grade, and we had our first Twist Dance. Chris and Kathy Sittig came, and Andy was the May Queen. When we went to the Metropolitan Museum, Jane spoke to Titov in Russian, and that was the year we gave LILIOM. Bonnie had the lead, and Alice, as Mrs. Muskat, got to fling her feather boa across the stage. Ginny was the first to get her permit, but Andy was the first to get her driver's license. The Seniors danced in a gym decorated with our masterful mural, and we cried so hard at the Junior-Senior picnic.

And suddenly we were writing theses and critical papers, and we were Seniors. Marieluise and Turid came, and Val left. We gave our play YOU NEVER CAN TELL, and Joanie was for twentieth century everything. The pipes froze and cracked, deluging Mrs. Busselle's office so badly that it was almost an Ark itself. And the Balt was buried, and Calvin died, and the snows melted, and it was Spring. And before we knew it we were walking off the gang-plank of the Ark, and Noah and all our other friends were waving good-bye to us as we went ashore.

