



**THE
LINK
1964**

THE LINK 1964

Editor-in-Chief: Joanna Hornig

Assistant Editor: Dora Lange

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Contest Editor: Amy Lau

Contributing Editor: Susan Jamieson

Adviser: Anne B. Shepherd



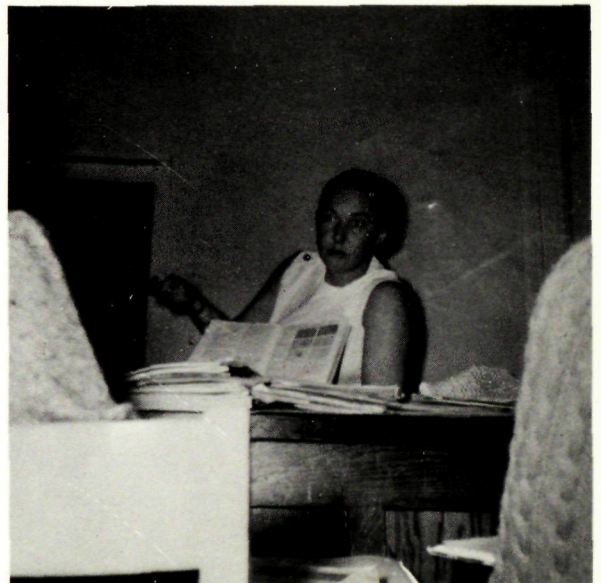
Barbara K. Schleyer

she demanded much
and asking, taught
she learned from us
and taking, gave.

she showed us the patterns in a varied
world
with natural candor and humor
and her reason roused us to under-
standing
she gathered the threads of our undefined
thoughts
into a definite whole
and her enthusiasm swept us to excite-
ment.

she forced us to think
and thinking, we grew
she inspired us to wonder
and wondering, we learned.

she introduced us to her world.









Jane Carolyn Budny



A measured concern
that weighs one's words
paces her life
and her deeds
there is no limit
to the force of the man
when the mind and heart
have a goal.

Practical

passionate purple and pink
with outspoken frankness
and candor

mature

moderate methods and mind
with active alertness
and spirit.



Linda Stuart Conroy



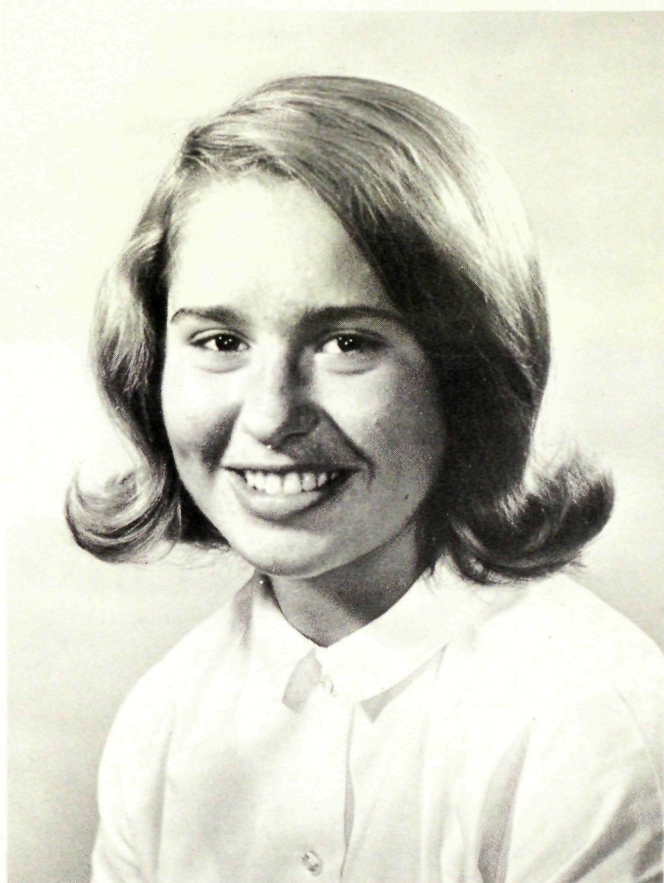
Clear dark eyes
in a sun browned face
silently show
the will to work
strongly mirror
the power to win.



Nancy Suzanne Davison



Joanna Gail Hornig



A spell-binding gesture
of mad imitation

A sun-freshened giggle
impulsive and free

A soul-deep idea
of artist's expression

A far-stretching knowledge
exciting and sure

Explorer of tide-pools and sand dunes
and life.



Susan Crawford Jamieson



Unbounded laughter
aids exuberant imagination
in the fun and love of life
she cares
and cares deeply
about the depths of thought
the truth of words
the rights of man
she cares
and cares deeply.

Romantic idealism

of the intellectual

and a complex contrast

of the naive and the

sophisticated

describe a circle of wild imagination.



Barbara Jean Kneubuhl



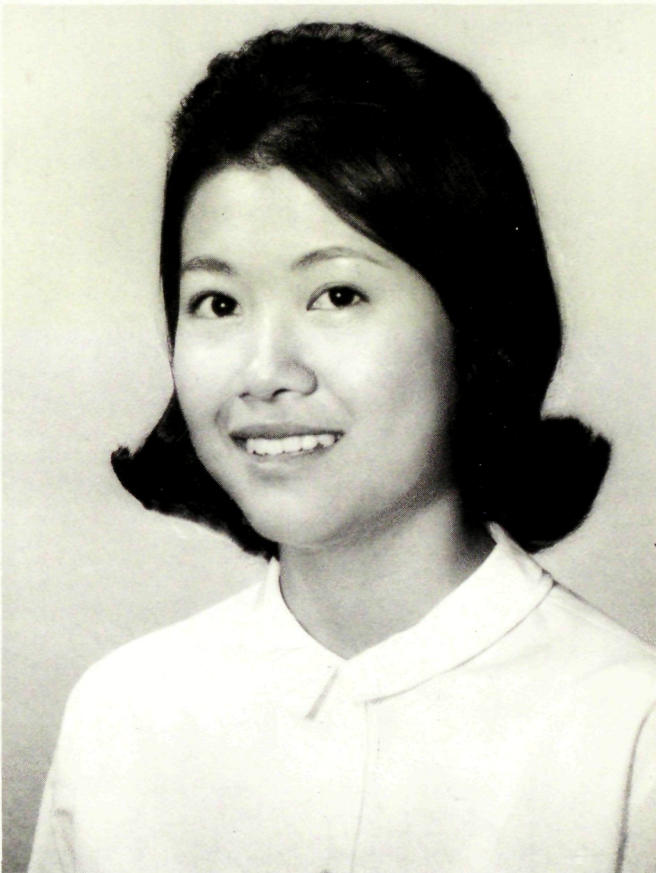
Care-free magician of subtle
merriment
nonsense inventor of phrase and
word
light-hearted cynic of whimsical humor
connoisseur of the real and absurd
natural creator of warm Pooh-bear
friendship
with deep understanding of people.



Dora Elizabeth Lange



Amy Lau



As still

as the sound of her voice

as shy

as the curl of her smile

as deep

as the black of her hair.



Priscilla Mark



hey!

congenial welcome

eager to meet

well!

voluble vigor

impatient to speak

what!

amazed mind

prone to surprise

whee!

tantalizing tartness

quick to bounce



Susan Karding Moulton

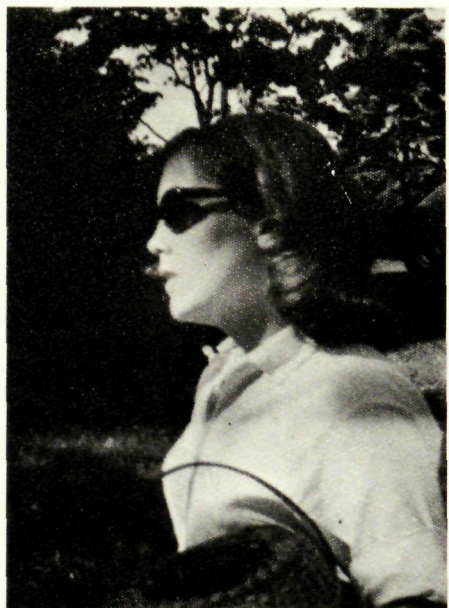
What is wrong
can never be right
she says and
her uncompromising integrity
weaves a melody
through her natural simplicity
and snub-nosed charm.



All that she says
has been thought in
her heart
all that she wants
has been planned in
her mind
all that she has
has been gained by
her self.



Penelope Sherwood Pettit



Gail Nelms Petty



Blasé blond of animated thought
freshly fun
blithely bright
efficient ease of common sense
calmly cool
smartly smooth
lively balance of spark and flame.



Barbara Bowne Rose



Waving hands and
rushing thoughts
in a tumbling torrent of words
crinkling freckles and
shining hair
in a laughing spreading smile
passionate feelings and
vigorous thoughts
in a zest and love for an active
life.

Uninhibited sparkle and twinkle

a wink and a flower

pigtailed good humor

warm eyes and shy

subtle and gay

refreshing concern for

the deep and the light .



Judith Kathleen Scasserra



Strength to master

the world of logic

power to grasp

the world of reason

far reaching friendship

wide ranging interests

she wants

to see

to meet

and to learn.



Susan Helene Schildkraut





Cary Halsey Smith



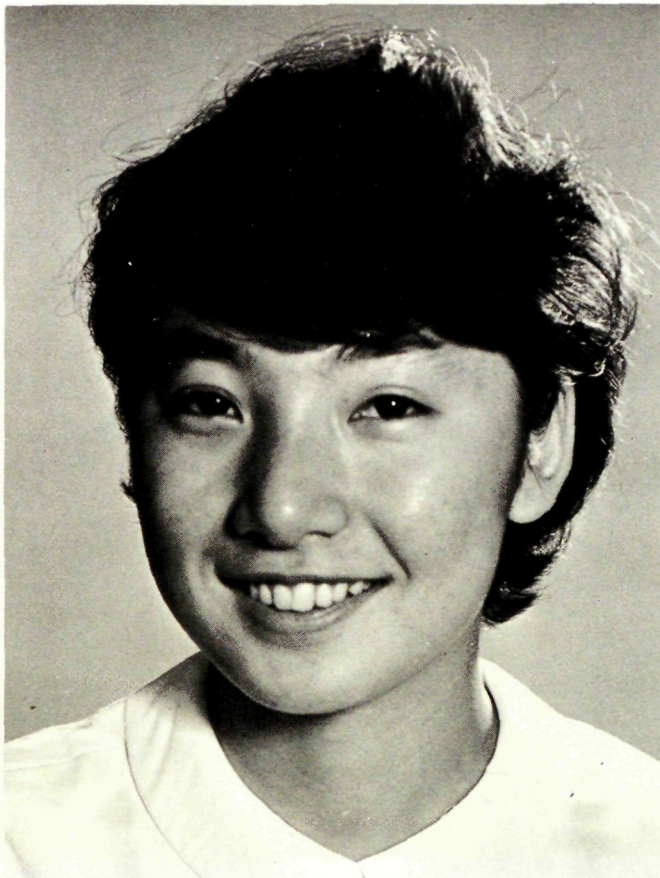
She stops
to lend a helping hand
with a thoughtful smile
of real friendliness
and quiet cooperation.
she walks
in an ordered life
with a dignified grace
of kind consideration
and cheerful words.



Frances Lylan Wolff



Enigmatic eyes of dark
questioning
drive her curiosity in
a searching desire to know
silent power of unique
ideas
mingles with
elfin charm and wit.



Eiko Shima

A shy
and merry
love
for the new
that catches people
in a web of color
on a canvas of life.





Nance

LC



Jane

Rose

Scatz



Susie





Penny



Pris



Fran

Schilk



Dorabus

Gail





Eiko

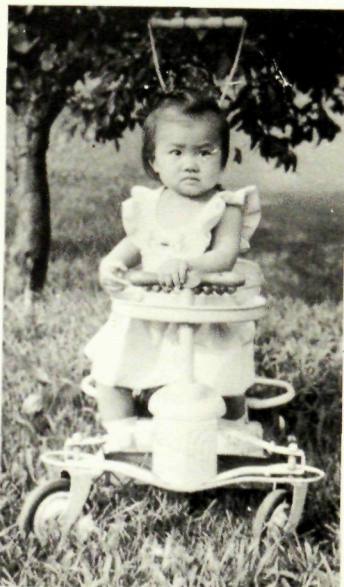
Cary



Sue J.

Amy

90



KNEUBS





	Famous For	Classic Quote	most
Janie B.	Kleenex	"I'm so tired"	organized
L. C.	curly hair	"Howdy Toots!"	noisy
Nance	her tan	"tut tut"	athletic
Jo	messy desk	"Hey, you guys!"	giddy
Jamieson	Life of Riley	CENSORED	nutty
Kneubs	food consumption	"use your head"	incredible
Dora bus	weekend quests	"BLICK!!!"	unpredictable
Amy	black loafers	福壽	quiet
Pris	Tulsa Uptown	"I'm so excited"	bewitching and bewildering
Susie	complexion	"Peachy!"	Naïve
Penel	laugh	"That cracks me up!"	"obese metropolitan"
Gail bus	goose pimples	"Babycakes."	hypo
Rosie	A.A. Announcements	"I know you'll think I'm dumb but..."	talkative
Scatz	Parties	"I don't believe it!"	romantic
Schilks	memory	"Listen, Kiddo!"	snowable
Eiko	paintings	"Hi" ("Yes" in Japanese)	bouncy
Cary	chocolate mousse	"OKAY, People!"	helpful
Fran	style	"What would happen if...?"	idealistic
CLASS	discussions	"What we like is either Immoral, Illegal or Fattening."	Cool-io

Intrigued By a he-man!	Found calling 924-9011	Lost Without notebooks	Detests grapefruit.
side burns	bulling	colors	fat ankles
mashed potatoes	being shocked	hard-boiled eggs	dirty hair
driver's licenses	disorganized	a way out!...	generalities
Pooh Bear	hacking	third gear	pessimists
A.B. - M.A. - Ph.D's	late	her ruler	girdles
mustaches	prospecting	grad students	uncouth humor
$C_6H_{12}O_6$	in m.f.s. libz	red Rambler	nothing
honor rolls	at Study Hall mirror	contacts	Bomber
misty brown eyes	telling in the tub	support	saddle shoes
love	never on Monday	dates	weenies
brother's friends	scheming	petti-pants	pseudo-cool boys
the male mind	planning	Pepper	being late
the underworld	bare footed	flowers	crew cuts
Turks	drawing elephants	psychology	cigars
people	in the Art room	music	Dance-Party
Siamese cats	at crew races	Jessie	wearing shoes
anything daring	in N.Y.C.	Minola Ham-fat	rules and regulations
BIO.	eating happiness pills	sign-out sheet	ETS PSATSAT CEEBCOLLEGE



Shirley Davis
Headmistress

B.A. Swarthmore, M. A. Middlebury

French



JANE J. S. BARR
Latin
M. A. (Hon.) Edinburgh.

JEANNE M. DUFF
Crafts
B. A. Sweet Briar,
M. A. New York
University.



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



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

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

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

MARCIA M. GREER
Science
B. A. Radcliffe.



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



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



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



ELIZABETH N.
COBB
Physical Education
B. S. Beaver.

VIRGINIA McN.
GRIFFITH
Music
B. A. Smith, M. A.
Columbia.





OLGA HOLENKOFF
French
License de Prof. de
Français à l'Étranger.

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



JOSEPH KOVACS
Instrumental music
B.M. Westminster
Choir College



BETTY W. LIU
History, Geography
B.A. Bryn Mawr
College, M. A.
Government, N. Y. U.



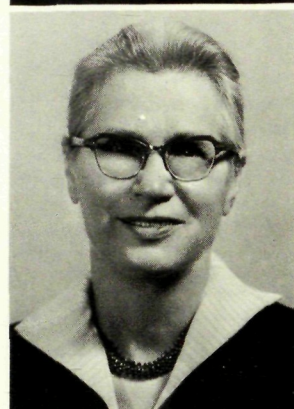
CARL D. REIMERS
Comparative
Religions
B.S. Northwestern,
B.D. Princeton
Theological Semi-
nary.



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

FRANÇOISE
MÉRCIER

French
Certificat d'Études
Littéraires Générales,
Sorbonne.



BARBARA K.
SCHLEYER
Science
B.A. Radcliffe.



DOROTHY C.
MEYERS
Librarian
B.A. Douglass

ALLISON M.
SHEHADI
Mathematics
B.Sc. McGill
University.



GINETTE MONTY
French
Lyceum, Normal
School, Diploma of
School Mistress,
Liège, Belgium

ANNE B. SHEPHERD
English
B.A. Vassar; Univer-
sity of London, M.A.
Columbia.





ARLENE H. SMITH
Art
Diploma, Newark
School of Fine and
Industrial Arts, Art
Students League.

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



WINIFRED S. VOGT
English, History
B.A. Wellesley.



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

A. MUNROE WADE
Dramatics
B.A. Princeton.



JOAN C. BAKER
Alumnae secretary
and Administrative
Assistant.

CATHERINE
CASHMAN
Financial Secretary.

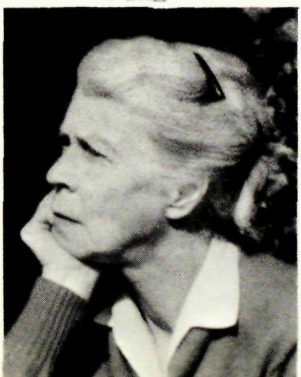


BEVERLY A.
WILLIAMS
Science and
Academic Secre-
tary
B.A. Randolph
Macon.



GERTRUDE D.
BROPHY
R.N.
School Nurse.

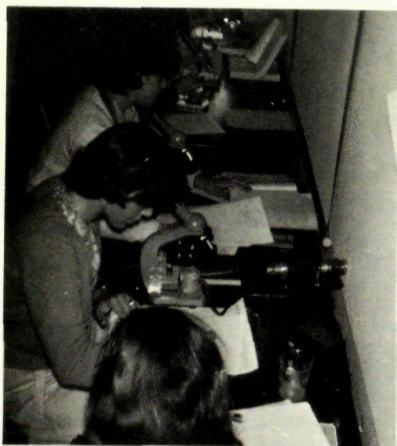
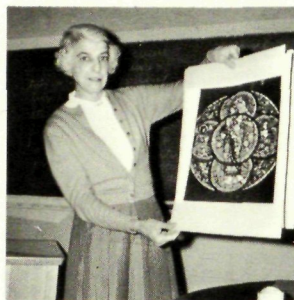
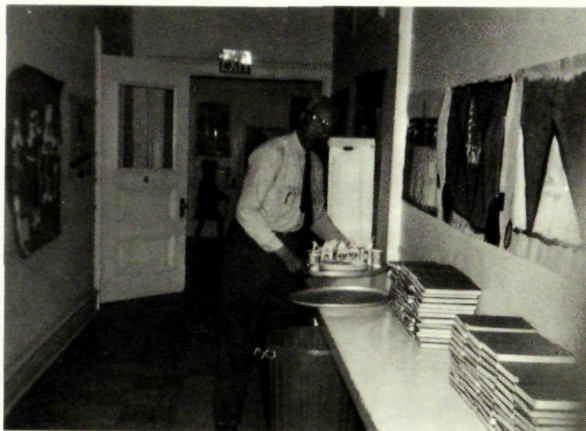
MADELINE WEIGEL
Head of the Lower
School, Kindergarten.



MARTHA K.
BUSELLE
Administrative Assist-
ant.

THELMA C. YOUNG
Business Manager.







XI

FIRST ROW: Alison Hubby, Phoebe Russell, Gretchen Taylor, Dabby Bishop (President) Martha Gorman, Elise Rosenhaupt, Susan Sichel, Barbara Shaw, MIDDLE ROW: Susan Howland, Effie Lau, Blanche Goble, Peggy Woodbridge, Lynn Goeller, Sally Stewart, Paula Cantor. BACK ROW: Sally Tomlinson, Brigitte Hasekamp, Ellen Aronis Karen Fraser, Molly Dorf, Gigi Godfrey. MISSING: Ophie Benson, Jane Strunsky.



X FIRST ROW: Margery Cuyler, Kitzi Becker, Leslie Loser, Barbara Sullivan (President), Pat Fairman, Hannah Blakeman, Sarah Jaeger. MIDDLE ROW: Diana Lyness, Ann Hughey, Andrea Hicks, Patty Morgan, Mary Bilderback, Linda Staniar, Gail Hood. BACK ROW: Kathy Boone, Enid Sackin, Lynn Wiley, Mary Moore, Sally Lane, Debby Hobler, Hope Rose. MISSING: Marianne Hoffman, Dale Marzoni, Mettie Whipple.



IX

FIRST ROW: Bree Rosi, Anne Morgan, Nancy King, Nancy Wise, Linda Fox. SECOND ROW: Lissy Stevenson, Ann Spanel, Julia Lockwood, Martha Miller, Lisa Gregg, Sheila Hanan, Mary Young, Jane Borgerhoff. THIRD ROW: Frances Gorman, Pam Erikson, Phoebe Knapp, Chris Otis, Faneen Murray, Mary Tower, Louisa Huntington. BACK ROW: MaryWoodbridge, Laura Peterson, Ruth Conover, Karen Meyers, Marta Nussbaum, Stacy Valdes, Debbie Seckel. MISSING: Alix Dilworth.



VIII

FIRST ROW: Holly Sidford, Lisa Ely, Betsy Gleysteen, Ingrid Selberg. SECOND ROW: Wylie Aaron, Pam Aall, Connie Sayen, Ariane Yokana (President), Anne Fulper, Nancy Flagg, Gillian Gordon, Kate Linker, Terry Sheehan. THIRD ROW: Ann McClellan, Lynn Behr, Linda Baker, Leigh Keyser, Gail Smith, Cindy Lund, Lisa Lawrence, Mazzie Madeira, Mary Hobler. BACK ROW: Susan Koch, Peyton Brewster, Sia Godfrey, Libet Johnson, Linda Hart, Ellen Spencer, Ellen Hornig, Diana Mackie, Cathy Barr.



UPPER SCHOOL COUNCIL: SEATED: Phoebe Russell, Jane Budny, Eiko Shima, Barbara Kneubuhl (President), Sally Tomlinson (Secretary), Dora Lange, Paula Cantor. STANDING: Sarah Jaeger, Linda Staniar, Sheila Hanan, Mary Young.

Student Councils



MIDDLE SCHOOL COUNCIL: Left to right: Irene Smoluchowski, Deborah Lawrence, Jean Gorman, Pam Aall, Lynn Behr (President), Lisa Lawrence (Secretary), Holly Sidford, Alexandra Holt, Allison Gilbert, Wendy Sarett.



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE: FIRST ROW: Peggy Woodbridge, Hannah Blakeman, Margery Cuyler, Debby Hobler (Treasurer), Susan Jamieson (President), Susan Sichel (Secretary), Elise Rosenhaupt, Amy Lau. BACK ROW: Ann Spanel, Priscilla Mark, Barbara Sturken, Betsy Gorman, Jane Borgerhoff, Gillian Gordon, Karen Hoffman.

Social Service

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE: Outgrown Shop; Nursery School; Church Schools; St. Michael's Children's Home; Merwick Nursing Home; Skillman Neuro-Psychiatric Institute; Princeton Hospital; Recording for the Blind; Florence Crittendon Home; Princeton Association for Human Rights; Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee-Princeton Chapter; Department of Public Welfare; Community Tutoring Service.

FUND RAISING PROJECTS: Fall Pet Show; Pumpkin-Carving Contest; Food Sales; Christmas Wreath-making; Talent Show; Senior-for-a-Day; Various Class and School Projects.

CONTRIBUTIONS: N.J. Association for Retarded Children-Mercer Unit; New York Times Neediest Cases Fund; American Field Service; World University Service; Save the Children Federation; UNICEF; PAHR; United Fund; Operation-Crossroads to Africa; Literacy Village; CARE; Quaker Work Camps.

DRIVES: Red Cross; March of Dimes; Negro College Book Drive; Migrant Workers' Clothes Drive.

琵琶記

The Lute Song

Directed by
MUNROE WADE



Musical Direction by
VIRGINIA GRIFFITH

Settings Designed by
JOANNA HORNIG

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

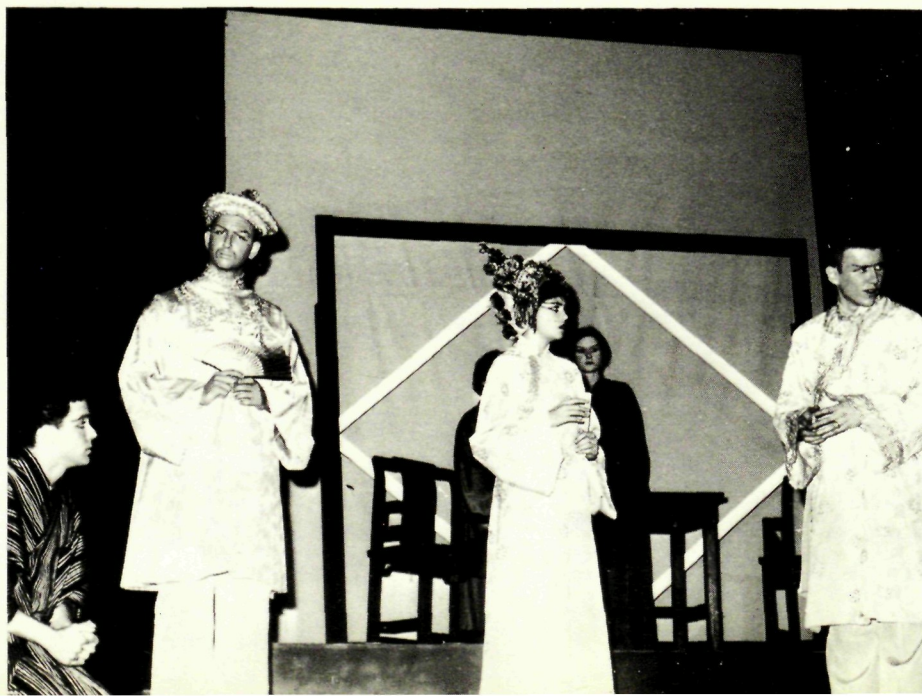
President Cary Smith
Secretary-Treasurer . . . Barbara Shaw
Stage Manager Susan Jamieson
Assistant Paula Cantor

Cast

The Manager	}	Bartow Farr
The Honorable Tchang			
Tsai-Yong, the Husband		Edward Nykwest
Tsai, the Father		Leonard Blanchard
Madame Tsai, the Mother		Susan Sichel
Tchao-ou-Niang, the Wife		Susan Moulton
Prince Nieou, the Imperial Preceptor		Peter Sandman
Princess Nieou-Chi, his Daughter		Karen Fraser
Si-Tchun, a Lady In Waiting		Elise Rosenhaupt
Governess		Susan Schildkraut
Youen-Kong, the Steward		George Blanchard
A Marriage Broker		Priscilla Mark
A Messenger		John Severinghaus
The Imperial Chamberlain		Leonard Blanchard
The Food Commissioner		Harlan Levy
Imperial Guards		Rick Bradstreet, Bud Corwith
Li-Wang		David Bandler
Holy Man		George Blanchard
Maimed Beggar Woman		Molly Dorf
Rich Merchant		Robin Clements
Children		Marianne Hoffman, Karen Meyers, Marta Nussbaum, Stacy Valdes
Priest-Bonze		David Bandler
Secretary		Gail Petty
Lutinst		Margaret Woodbridge

Committee Chairmen

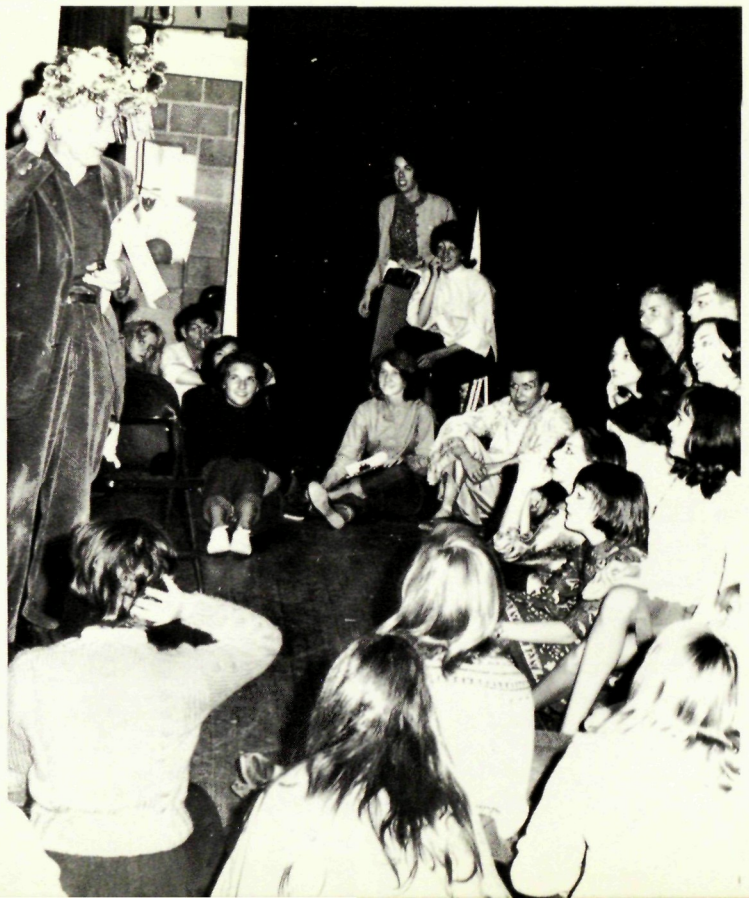
Scenery: Joanna Hornig, Gigi Godfrey
 Lighting: Barbara Shaw, Debby Hobler
 Costumes: Dora Lange, Amy Lau
 Properties: Fran Wolff, Effie Lau, Nancy Davison
 Make-up: Penny Pettit
 Tickets: Sarah Jaeger
 Programs and Publicity: Susan Schildkraut
 House Committee: Jane Budny





FIRST ROW: Paula Cantor, Molly Dorf, Susan Sichel, Barbara Shaw, (Sec. -Treas.), Cary Smith (President), Dora Lange, Margery Cuyler, Gigi Godfrey. MIDDLE ROW: Nancy Davison, Effie Lau, Frances Wolff, Jane Budny, Karen Fraser, Peggy Woodbridge, Sarah Jaeger. BACK ROW: Barbara Rose, Susan Jamieson, Susan Moulton, Elise Rosenhaupt, Amy Lau, Penny Pettit, Priscilla Mark, Joanna Hornig.
Other Members: Gail Petty, Susan Schildkraut, Dabby Bishop, Lynn Goeller, Alison Hubby, Phoebe Russell, Gretchen Taylor, Sally Tomlinson, Kitzi Becker, Hannah Blakeman, Andrea Hicks, Debby Hobler, Gail Hood, Ann Hughey, Dale Marzoni, Hope Rose, Jane Borgernof, Sheila Hanan, Karen Meyers, Faneen Murray, Mary Young.

Dramatic Club





INKLING EXECUTIVE STAFF: FIRST ROW: Leslie Loser, Penny Pettit, Judy Scasserra, Paula Cantor (Assistant Editor), Linda Baker. BACK ROW: Gail Petty, Dora Lange, Susan Schildkraut (Editor-in-Chief), Priscilla Mark, Barbara Shaw.

Publications

INKLING STAFF: Joan Lewis, Leslie Gregg, Deborah Lawrence, Derry Light, Nancy Flagg, Lisa Lawrence, Gail Smith, Ellen Spencer, Gail Hood, Ann Hughey, Sarah Jaeger, Sally Lane, Linda Staniar, Molly Dorf, Karen Fraser, Blanche Goble, Lynn Goeller, Barbara Shaw, Susan Sichel, Susan Moulton, Cary Smith.

FINEST BOARD: FIRST ROW: Susan Jamieson, Leslie Loser, Sarah Jaeger, Elise Rosenhaupt (Editor), Dora Lange, Martha Miller, Lisa Gregg. BACK ROW: Tina Davies, Jean Gorman, Ingrid Selberg, Linda Baker, Bebe Ramus, Pam Orr. MISSING: Jacqueline Sommerfield, Leigh Keyser, Ophie Benson.





MADRIGAL GROUP: Left to Right: Peggy Woodbridge, Barbara Kneubuhl, Dora Lange, Cary Smith, Barbara Rose, Sally Stewart, Susan Moulton, Susan Schildkraut, Martha Gorman, Molly Dorf, Joanna Hornig, Karen Fraser, Miss Griffith at the piano.

Glee Club

OFFICERS

Susan Moulton, President

Jane Budny, XII Representative

Peggy Woodbridge, XI Representative

Marianne Hoffman, X Representative

Julia Lockwood, IX Representative

CHOIR: Dabby Bishop, Hannah Blakeman, Jane Budny, Paula Cantor, Molly Dorf, Pat Fairman, Karen Fraser, Lynn Goeller, Frances Gorman, Martha Gorman, Sheila Hanan, Brigitte Hasenkamp, Marianne Hoffman, Gail Hood, Joanna Hornig, Alison Hubby, Ann Hughey, Louisa Huntington, Phoebe Knapp, Barbara Kneubuhl, Dora Lange, Amy Lau, Effie Lau, Julia Lockwood, Leslie Loser, Diane Lyness, Karen Meyers, Priscilla Mark, Susan Moulton, Gail Petty, Barbara Rose, Hope Rose, Elise Rosenhaupt, Phoebe Russell, Susan Schildkraut, Susan Sichel, Cary Smith, Sally Stewart, Jane Strunsky, Sally Tomlinson, Peggy Woodbridge, Mary Young.



FIRST ROW: Lissy Stevenson, Nancy Davison, Dabby Bishop, Hope Rose. BACK ROW: Judy Scasserra, Barbara Rose (President), Gigi Godfrey (Secretary), Linda Conroy.

Athletic Association



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM: Left to Right: Cary Smith, Gail Petty, Hope Rose, Debby Hobler, Gretchen Taylor, Barbara Rose, Linda Conroy, Nancy Davison, Alison Hubby, Judy Scasserra, Gigi Godfrey, (Captain), Andrea Hicks, Marianne Hoffman, Lynn Goeller (Manager).



BASKETBALL TEAM: BACK ROW: Alexandra Dilworth, Mary Woodbridge, Lissy Stevenson, Debbie Hobler, Nancy Davison (Captain), Faneen Murray, Cary Smith, Barbara Kneubuhl, Gail Hood. MIDDLE ROW: Mary Tower, Bree Rosi, Andrea Hicks, Mary Young, Marianne Hoffman, Hope Rose, Gretchen Taylor, Gigi Godfrey, Barbara Rose. FRONT ROW: Debbie Seckel, Lisa Gregg, Sheila Hanan, Nancy Wise, Ruth Conover, Sarah Jaeger, Laura Peterson.



CHEERLEADERS: Left to right: Ellen Aronis (Captain), Sally Tomlinson, Penny Pettit, Alison Hubby, Susan Schildkraut.



FIRST ROW: Amy Lau, Judy Scasserra, Jane Budny (President), Mrs. Meyers (Librarian), Barbara Shaw, Alison Hubby. MIDDLE ROW: Connie Sayen, Linda Baker, Gail Petty, Linda Conroy. BACK ROW: Mary Young, Sheila Hanan, Peggy Woodbridge, Sarah Jaeger, Effie Lau, Karen Fraser, Ann Hughey. MISSING: Barbara Sullivan.

Library Council

American Field Service Committee



Left to Right: Anne Morgan, Kitzi Becker, Mary Moore, Eiko Shima (AFS Student from Japan), Linda Conroy (Chairman), Molly Dorf (Co-Chairman), Lynn Goeller, Cary Smith.

It was
a long summer of
empty thoughts
when I did not speak to my heart
a lean beach of
desperation
when I did not feel the world.

The sea in its fullness lashed the rocks
and caressed the sand
but rare did its waves touch me.
The wind at its height lifted the skies
and kissed the trees
but scarce did its hands brush me.

It was
a low fog of comprehension
when I did not see the earth
It was a
wide meadow
of wasted time.

Joanna Hornig, XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

in a dingy and smelly barn
a peasant virgin became a mother
three powerful kings brought gifts
and a father who wasn't a father stood watching

this they say
is hard to comprehend
hard to explain
so rather than tell, they pretend

and generations of children
spend years believing
that christmas
is a special day

because in their bright, clean homes
an old fat man slides down a tiny chimney
brings them gifts he somehow knew they wanted
in a sleigh drawn in the air by flying deer

Sally Lane, X
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry

Blue Is Trees

"The blue is trees and the white things are cloud-flowers and that's an angel. I painted all of it by my very self except the teacher helped me put the wings on the angel. Do you like it, Jeanie?"

"Paul Lewis, there's no such thing as blue trees."

"They're sky-trees, Jeanie. It's a picture of a garden in the sky."

"Paul Lewis, I've never seen a green and purple angel."

"Have you ever seen a real angel, Jeanie?"

"No, Paul Lewis, of course not."

"Well, Jeanie, I thought a long time 'fore I put that angel in, an' I decided God might get tired a jus' plain white ones."

Jean Marie was fourteen and she had ironing to do and she still had to get that red cotton skirt hemmed. She couldn't waste all afternoon discussing purple angels and, besides, her young brother was such a child. It was time he learned that trees are brown and angels white. She must be getting off to work now.

Paul Lewis Thornton was six and his spirits were not easily dampened. Jeanie could iron if she wanted to but he thought it was senseless to push that steaming metal box back and forth over the same shirts and dresses every Wednesday. She must have figured out by now that they would be wrinkled again by next Wednesday. Anyway, Jeanie could iron if she wanted to but he was going eel fishing before the sun went down.

Jean Marie watched Paul hop on one foot twice and then the other down the dusty path toward the canal. Then she stared at the white polka-dots on the apron she was ironing and imagined that they were cloud-flowers. She sang a short Scottish ballad about a young peasant girl and watched the puffy white flowers bend and whisper to the melody. But she was fourteen and she had ironing to do before supper.

Paul Lewis hopped one-two, hopped one-two on down the path toward the canal. It was an old path that had born the care-free feet of youthful fishermen for generations. But Paul Lewis loved the path because it never really submitted to old age. Every Spring the undergrowth from the wood crawled across it with the audacity and perseverance of youth. If you didn't watch your step in the Spring a bold young monkey-vine would trip you and then laugh right in your face. But Paul Lewis would laugh back and shout, "That a way, ol' path! You've still got some pep in ya for an old fellow." And he would scramble to his feet.

Today he was looking at the sky as he hopped along, hoping to see a sky-garden or two and sure enough those monkey-vines grabbed his ankle and he found himself eye to eye with an ant. It was a small red one with minute waving arms. He would speak to that monkey-vine later but right now he would lie very still and see how the ant-prince was going to rescue the fair, young ant-maiden.

"Watch this," the red ant waved at Paul Lewis. "The fair, young maiden is stuck under that maple leaf and there isn't a single prince in the kingdom who has been able to budge it. But I am the wisest and the bravest and strongest of the ant-princes and I shall save the maiden."

Paul Lewis whispered, "I'm watching, Prince," and held his breath. There was no doubt that this was the wisest of the ant-princes. The Prince marched elegantly toward the leaf and stopped before it for a moment to clear his throat. Then he began to eat his way through, stopping occasionally to speak words of comfort to the fair young maiden.

Paul Lewis was six and he was pretty sure that everything would turn out happily. He got up his courage to kill the wicked spider-villain with his bare hand.

Suddenly the ant-prince disappeared under the maple leaf and reappeared, after a discreet second or two, with the flushed and beautiful ant-maiden. The Prince waved his tiny red arm at Paul Lewis and walked away proudly toward the King's Palace escorting the fair princess.

Jean Marie had finished her ironing and was setting the table for supper. In the middle of the kitchen table was Paul Lewis' picture. Someone had set a glass right on the green angel and it had left a ring like a halo around her head. Jean Marie set the forks down in a pile and picked up the picture. Perhaps angels were green. No, if they weren't white they must be blue -- soft, pale blue -- like the sky on an August afternoon. Or perhaps pink. The pink of a June sunset when the western sky is a thick blanket of pink wool. But it was six-thirty and the table was just half set. She had enough to do and now she had to start worrying about why that Paul Lewis wasn't home washing up for supper.

Paul Lewis was six and he seldom thought about what time it was. When the ant-maiden had been safely rescued, he continued his journey down the path toward the canal. His fishing-limb was behind the willow tree where he had left it in case a tramp had wanted to catch some dinner with it. He took the safety pin from his pocket and attached it skillfully to the string, cast it expertly into the brown, stagnant water, and lay on the bank to wait for an eel.

"If I ever catch one a you eels, I'm gonna grind you up into magic powder and sprinkle it on my pillow every night and dream about whatever I want to."

But, as usual, he spoke too loudly and the eels swam into their tunnels in the bottom of the canal and through into the sea till all was safe in the waters at home.

"I'll catch you some day, you stupid eels." Paul Lewis rolled over on his back and watched the sun go down behind the willow tree. The big round plate left a

strip of red clouds behind and Paul Lewis knew that it was a hedge to keep the young angels from trying to fly too far from heaven, especially at night. He used to think that God should let the young angels learn the hard way and if they flew too far and became too tired to find their way back . . . well, that was tough luck. But he had reconsidered. There was no sense in letting that beautiful red hedge go to waste. And also, young angels might be too full of energy and curiosity to know what was best for them. He watched the red line closely in case any delinquents were trying to fly over.

Jean Marie slammed the kitchen door and started to walk angrily down the dusty path. She was fourteen and too busy to be running after little brothers.

She squinted her eyes against the dust and kicked the brush and weeds out of her way. But the monkey-vine matched her determination. It wound around her toes and pitched her flat on the ground.

"This damn path! That impossible Paul Lewis! And this dress was just ironed."

She stood up and marched on, grabbing a pink and white dogwood flower from an overhanging branch. It was almost all white except for a perfect pink rim around each petal. Maybe there was a dogwood fairy who painted the edges of all the white blossoms every Spring. But that was ridiculous and it was getting dark.

Paul Lewis had not heard her approach. He was sadly trying to catch a last glimpse of the fading red angel-hedge.

"Paul Lewis!"

"Oh, Jeanie, it's all gone and there's nothing to keep the little angels in."

"Whatever are you talking about! It's dark and way past supper time!"

"But some little angel might venture out after supper for a bit of fresh air and before he knew it he would be too far and too tired to ever get back again."

"But, Paul Lewis, angels don't eat supper."

"Why not, Jeanie?"

"They don't have stomachs. They don't have lungs and hearts and livers for that matter."

"Oh."

"Don't worry, Paul Lewis, I once heard about an angel that went far, far away from heaven till he didn't know where he was or how to get back."

"Was it a young one?"

"Yes, a little boy about six."

"Oh, I'm six. Didn't he ever, ever find heaven again?"

"You know what happened, Paul Lewis? The stars saw that he was lost, so each one hid behind a cloud except the stars which led right from the little angel back to heaven."

"Oh, Jeanie, did he follow the star-path?"

"He hopped from one star to another until he was right back in his own bed."

"I'll bet the little angel was hungry when he got back -- stomach or no stomach."

"He was, Paul Lewis, and he had some angel-cake before he went to be . . . you know what?"

"What?"

"I made an angel-cake for dessert to-night."

"Let's go home an' eat, Jeanie."

"All right, Paul Lewis, let's pretend we're lost angels and this ol' path is a star path."

Susan Jamieson, XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

Wedding in Our Town

Cranbury is a quiet town. There are few cars on the street from the time school lets out until the time the fathers come home from work. There is little social life in Cranbury aside from school and church activities. Thus, it comes as no surprise that, in Cranbury, weddings are great events.

About a year ago a girl by the name of Sherry Kugler and a boy by the name of Chuck Weidner were married in the Presbyterian church. They grew up together in Cranbury, and were together during high school. Then Chuck went off to college and everyone thought that was that.

Here I might as well explain that we in Cranbury spend our leisure time in minding other people's business. Any romance and/or marriage is common property.

To get back to my story, that definitely was not that. Sherry and Chuck continued seeing each other during vacations all through college, providing conversational material for the town as we speculated upon what would come of it. But we knew.

In due time we found out, or rather were proven right. Chuck graduated from college; their engagement was announced. They were to be married in May toward the end of Sherry's senior year. Chuck

meanwhile entered the Air Force.

The townspeople, happily satisfied, continued discussing other local romances while we sat back and waited for the wedding.

Finally the day dawned, bright and fresh and sunny. This was to be the first wedding since our new minister, Dr. Wolf, had come to Cranbury. The first funeral had been a week previous.

The rehearsal was the night before the wedding. An anecdote of the rehearsal was by morning common property. Just before they started down the aisle out of the church, Dr. Wolf said to Chuck, didn't he want to kiss the bride. No, said Chuck, he didn't. Well, it was customary, replied Dr. Wolf. Did he have to? asked Chuck. Sherry stood unconcernedly to one side, not seeming to care. Finally Chuck consented to kiss her, but his heart wasn't in it.

The morning of the wedding saw millions of frantic preparations. Dr. Wolf, beneficent, curly-haired, just starting to go gray, was seeing to it that everything was in its place while the local florist, with several enthusiastic onlookers, did everything possible towards arranging the flowers properly without taking the church apart. At the same time the choir

was attempting to practice Sunday's anthem.

Finally everyone left and chaos turned to calm. The church, except for the flowers, was just as usual -- big and gray and cool and quiet. It's over two hundred years old now, and peaceful as only an old church can be.

The wedding guests started arriving at one-thirty. It was to be a large wedding, for small weddings are taboo in Cranbury. People want to see the whole thing, not just read about it in the Cranbury Press. (Besides, the Press makes mistakes. Recently they published a picture of a bride with the caption "Plainsboro Post Office Dedicated Saturday.") Naturally everyone comes to the weddings.

Promptly at two o'clock the wedding march started. Sherry, smiling in a scared-stiff sort of way, came down the aisle on her father's arm. Chuck met her at the altar and they turned toward Dr. Wolf.

He began, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony . . ."

So we were, Dr. Wolf. So we were.

Karen Meyers, IX
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

The Forest

The forest was empty when I was there --
Not a chipmunk, a frog or a snail;
 Not even a toad
 In his spotted abode
Or a mouse with a knotted tail.

The forest was silent when I was there --
Not a hoot, or a grunt or a snort;
 Not a leap or a scutter
 A flit or a flutter --
Or anything of the sort.

But there must be an ant in a moss-covered stump,
Doing the daily chore --
 Or a speckled fawn
 Beginning to yawn --
Or a rabbit sweeping his floor.

Somewhere there must be a red-headed bird
Pecking away in the bark
 Or a curious frog
 Peeking out of a log;
Or an owl keeping watch after dark.

But the forest was empty when I was there --
Silent, and empty too --
 I heard not a sound --
 There was no one around
I think they were hiding, don't you?

Elizabeth Borgerhoff, VII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

The Labors of the Nurse of Hercules

In the beautiful country of Thebes, they say,
Where the brittle, brown olive trees rock and sway,
And the warm winter wind is a single puff,
Where silence is golden and noise kept to a hush,
There grew a handsome, magnificent lad,
As great to behold as a god armor-clad.
There grew fair Hercules, a fierce and bold one --
A boy whose renown no mortal could shun.
That is the lad who is known by all,
From coast to coast, from pole to pole.
Yet when I knew the brute, he was to me
As demanding and childish as a baby can be.
He was a cruel and malicious scamp,
And the fits he had! He would rave and stamp,
And cross his eyes till they almost stuck,
And to get him to bed -- even Zeus had no luck!

This lad was so strong that when only three months,
He had killed two snakes, even though quite a dunce.
Then he strangled a lion -- bare-handed, you see,
And everyone feared him -- except, of course, me!
I was his nurse, as I'm sure you can tell.
I've bought all the insurance a person can sell,
Since taking this terribly perilous job,
Being nurse, cook, and maid to an absolute slob.

Once when he was in a most horrible mood,
He flatly refused to eat any food!
No one could tell him he must eat to be strong,
Instead he began to hum a small song.
Then he held his breath, till he almost was blue
And opened his eyes till they nearly popped,
And then began to moo -- like a muscle-bound cow!
I thought, "That boy's gone insane, by now!"

The rippling muscles of this baboon
Made all the girls keel over and swoon.
It truly was a sickening sight,
And I held my breath with all my might
When I saw his ugly, hairy hands
Touch their soft skin and their hair of sand.
True, a lady-killer, that he was,
And the things he did, no gentleman does.

Connie Sayen, VIII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

All That Matters

I remember a lot of little things from my childhood, back down South. It was so different then -- I mean everything. Or maybe it just seemed different then -- 'cause I was only a little boy. The main thing I remember about the good times was the bigness of it all. And, of course, my mother. I can hardly think how to begin about my mother. She's one of the things I remember most perfectly from the good times. I guess even if I forget everythin' else I'll al'ays 'member her. She was beautiful and to me she seemed as tall as the sky, but of course I was only six or seven then. When I was just a baby she used to sit me on her knee and sing me the sweetest lullabies anybody up north or down south could ever hear. And at night she'd lay me on my bed and bend down and kiss me on my forehead. It was then she seemed the tallest, bendin' down over me. She had the finest southern accent I ever heard, too, an' all the other niggers used to tell how lucky I was to have such a beautiful, fine mother and I'd agree with them. I never saw my mother dressed up fancy -- she al'ays wore her working clothes, but anybody who ever met her loved her -- especially Pa.

In those days there was still cotton plantations, so us and a mess of other niggers lived about a mile away from the ones where my mother and Pa worked at. It was a huge plantation. I used to go with my mother a lot, and when you stood up by the barn and looked down over the cotton fields at about 6 p.m., after all the other niggers had left, all you could see was white all over, but when you went into the fields, like Ma and I did a lot at evenin', you could see the stalks and everything, so it wasn't the same. Behind the fields was a forest, but it wasn't like any woods up north. For one, it was much bigger and for another, there wasn't any briars and thorns, it

was just soft grass that felt good on barefeet, and a bunch of flowers here and there.

Like I said, Ma and I used to go down there a whole mess on these cool summer evenin's during the good time. We took long walks together through the huge fields and sometimes into the woods. We talked and had a good old time, and she used to tell me about up north, and how they paid niggers much better up north, and she could stay home with me while just Pa went to work, and I could go to school, and she could have nice clothes and a nice house and things. I guess it was so much her dream that I made it mine too, and that's why after the good times was over I was so glad when Pa said we were moving north. I never knew it would be like this.

Well, those are the things I 'member most about the good time, those cool breezes going through my clothes on our walks, and Ma and the plantation, and just the bigness of it all.

Then the bad times started and there weren't no more good memories. A while after my eighth birthday Pa saved enough money to buy off a little piece of land, so he could start his own little farm. All the niggers dreamed of some day owning their own farms and making them grow and grow 'til they got rich. A few other niggers had tried it, but they all gave up after a bit 'cause of the Ku-Klux-Klanners, who wanted all of us to keep workin' for practically nothing on their big plantations and farms. The ones around us weren't violent or nothing, but if you tried to buy food or grain or anything in one of their stores in Mayville, the small town near where us niggers lived, they'd say, "Aren't you one of them small farm niggers about one-two miles out?" And when you told 'em nobody 'd sell you anything, they sort of stared you out 'til you went back

to the plantation and got hired for even less pay. Well, Pa bought a whole mess of provisions before anyone knew we was planning a farm or anything, and he sort of slowly got all the stuff we needed -- I'm not sure just how. Anyways, we bought this little piece of land just a little ways off from our old house, with the help of the other niggers, and everything seemed fine. We left the plantation and moved in and everything was all right. But after a month or two the Ku-Klux-Klanners started coming around several nights. First they just put on masks and rode around and shot a few guns off in the air. We refused to come out, and they finally left. A while later they came again and shouted that they'd burn our house if we didn't leave, but Pa and Ma refused to leave. Then it came. They didn't burn our house, but when we woke up the morning after one of their night visits we found our small white cotton field burned to dust. That was the first time I ever saw my mother cry, and the only time, but we still didn't care. The next night Pa went to the other niggers and told 'em what'd happened and asked for seeds and more supplies. That night was the worst of my life, 'cause while he was gone they came again. They rode around out in front of our house, shoutin' "Dirty niggers! Go back where you belong!" "In the cotton fields" and "We ain't never gonna let no dumb niggers take over!" and "Hell'll rise tomorrow if you aren't gone!" My mother had a look in her eyes like I'd never seen -- as brave as a wolf and twice as strong. I knowed she was going to do something awful and just looking at her eyes scared me! She went outside in the dark and screamed "Get out of here! All of you or I'll kill you all!" It was so dark I couldn't see anything, but sure as I'm here now, I heard that gun

shot, and right then I knew that I'd never talk with Ma again. I could hear them shouting, all scared, before they left, "What have you done!" And "she's dead! You've killed her!" I ran outside and stayed with my mother 'til Pa got home.

Since Ma died, Pa hasn't never been the same. He ain't happy no more, and you can see it in his eyes. Sometimes I'm talking to him an' he suddenly don't answer no more and looks far away, and I know enough not to bother him 'cause he's thinkin' about Ma. I always had Ma's fine accent an' I guess sometimes it hurts him to listen to me too much.

We stayed on for a few weeks at our farm an' we didn't hear no more from the Ku-Kluxers, but I know who shot her, though I ain't never gonna tell Pa, 'cause he'd probably go shoot him and then he'd get hanged and I wouldn't have no one. Anyway, after a while Pa told me we was gonna move up north where we could live happily and no-one'd hate us no more. An' I was glad.

Well, now we live in a town called Broad Ridge out in Illinois but I don't see as it's no different. I'm eleven now, and I can go to school if I feel like it, and I usually do -- just 'cause I know Ma would've wanted me to. But my school ain't very good, and it's all niggers, and the white kids still mock us, and especially me, 'cause of my accent so it really ain't no different. Pa says maybe we'll go back to the South, but we don't know yet, and it costs more money nowadays, an' Pa really don't earn no more than he used to, so we don't know. But there's just one more thing I want to say, and that is that I don't care how much the white kids laugh at my good Southern accent. I don't care 'cause I know it's good, and so does Ma, wherever she is, and that's all that matters to me.

Linda Hart, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

The Little Witch

I have known Minnie, the little witch, since I was seven, and now I love her very much. Despite this, I must admit that she is very ugly. She has long, stringy, purple hair with occasional streaks of yellow, blue, green, orange and red. Her nose is long and crooked and reaches down to her sharp red chin. She has a humped back and one very small foot. Although she is taller than I, Minnie appears much shorter because of her twisted body.

Minnie is a wonderful pal. When Joan is late picking me up from school, Minnie rides me home on her broom. She is invisible to everybody except me and when I touch her broom, I, too, am invisible. On moonlit nights, Minnie takes me for a ride on her broom. However, Minnie plays pranks also. One day, Minnie heard me telling Mommy about a picture in our living room which I didn't like. Minnie knocked it down, breaking two vases as well as ruining the picture. I

had to laugh when I saw Minnie doing this. Mommy, poor Mommy, couldn't for the life of her figure out why I was laughing.

Boasting is not usually considered a pleasant trait of character with humans. But, with witches, it is quite normal. Minnie has this trait and of this I am glad. Through Minnie's boasting, I have learned some of the top secrets of the witches. I am not permitted to tell you these, but they are horrible, distasteful, ghastly, ghostly, and very often bloody.

Do you know that witches live forever? Minnie was alive before our solar system was formed. It was she who told me about early history and science. When I read about them in school, it was old stuff. Whenever a new subject comes up in school I can count on Minnie to tell me her personal experiences. And so, besides being a wonderful playmate, Minnie is my delightful teacher.

Susan Henssler, V
Honorable Mention
Middle School Prize

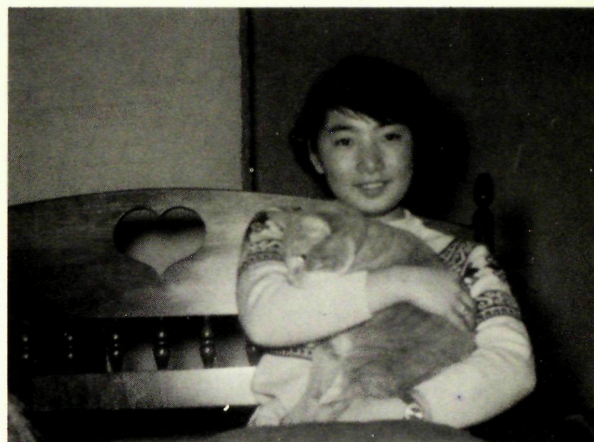
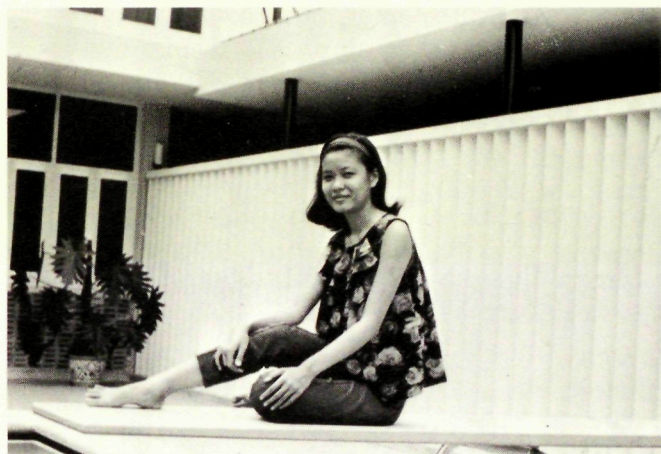
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To Jo and Dora, who guided our Expedition with Rabbit's wisdom and Pooh's gaiety, thankibus! -- Class of '64



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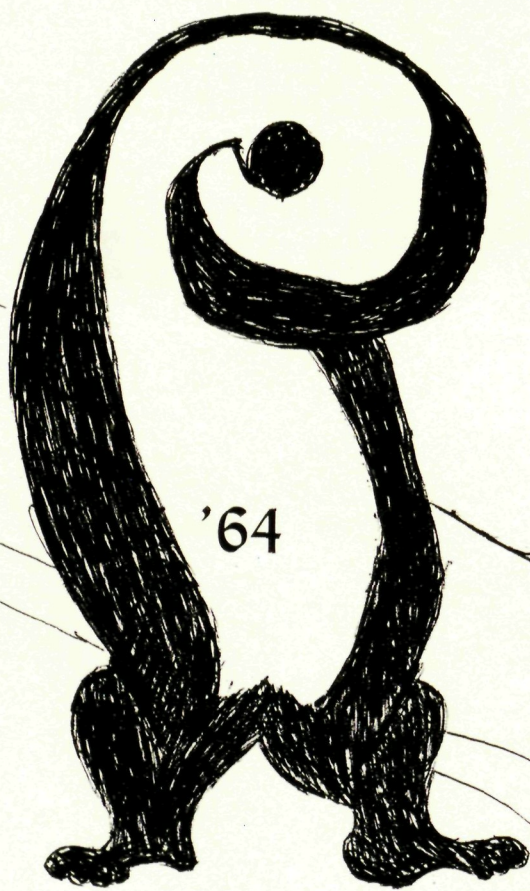


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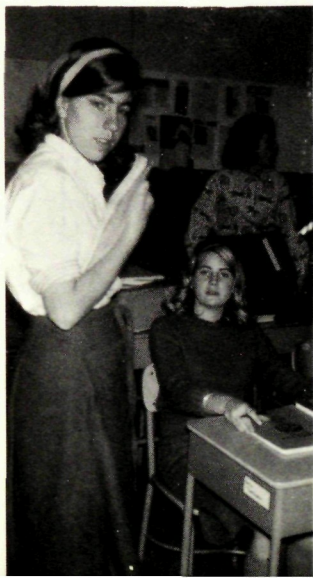
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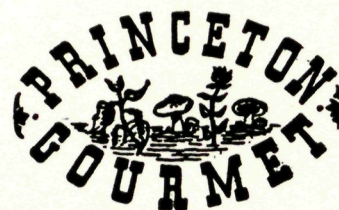
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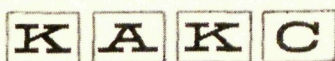
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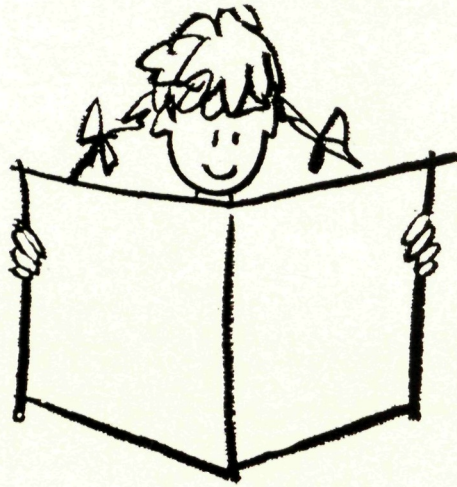
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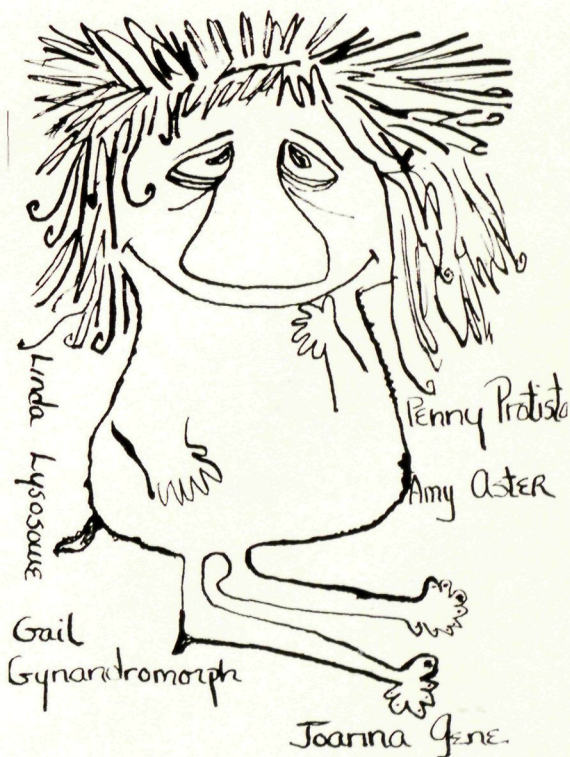
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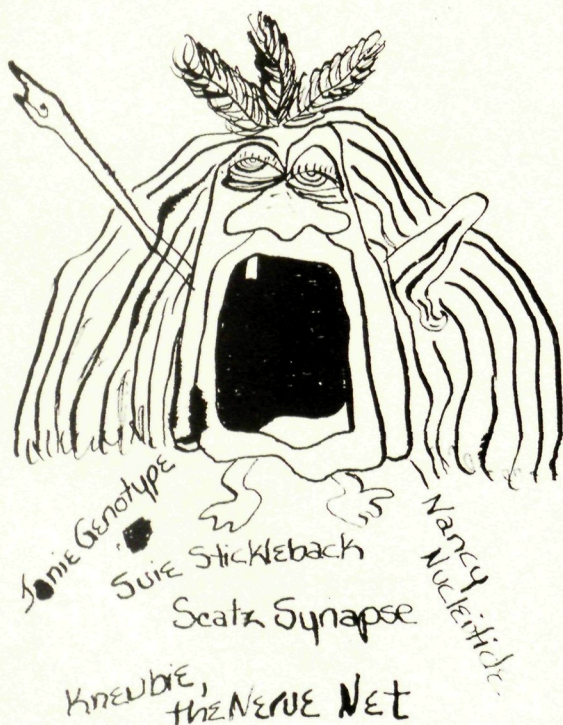
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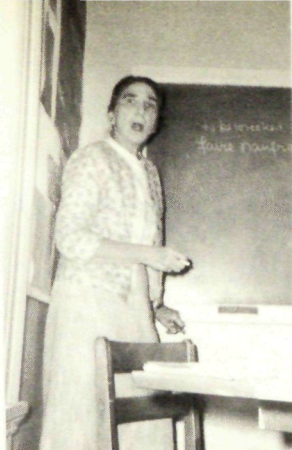
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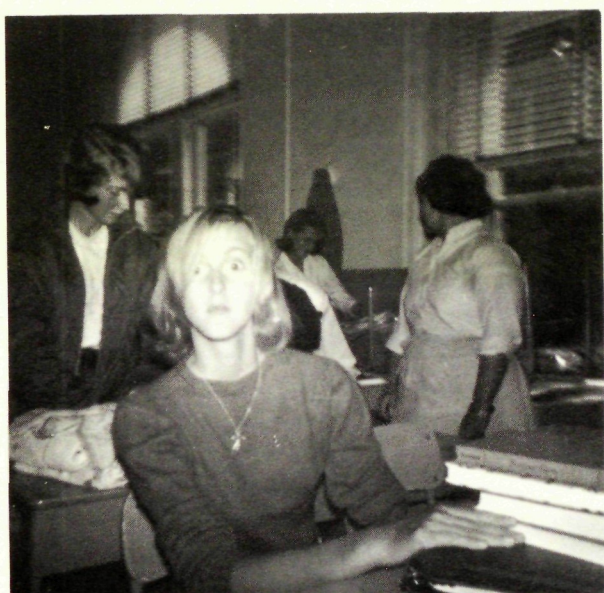
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"If you print this . . . I'll fail you."



Just wait 'till next year."



"My WHAT'S are showing?"



"I've run out of ATP!"



"I'm tough."



"Dear Linda"

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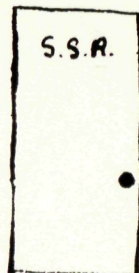
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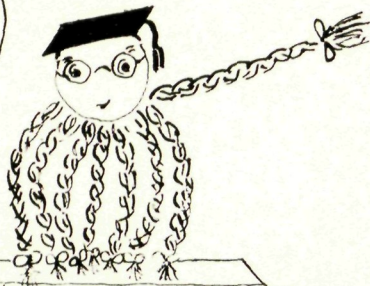
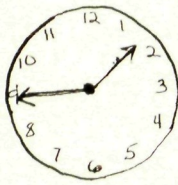
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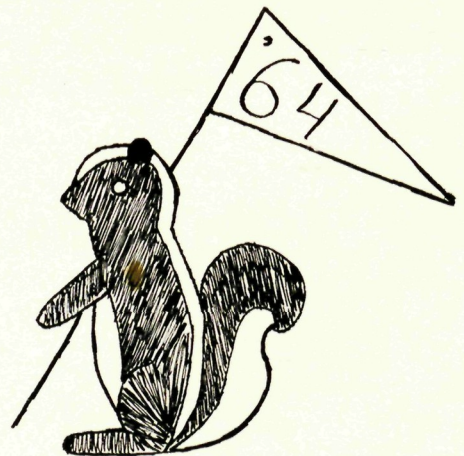
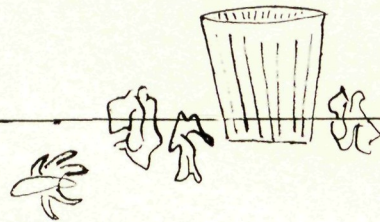




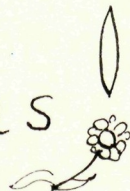
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From:

The Studios Nines !!



Congratulations!



CLASS HISTORY

We were architects of strong two-story buildings,
painters of great brown trees
and the turtle toddled in with Cary,
trailing clouds of cookie crumbs.
Red light, green light, stop and go -- we were sign obeyers
and wonderful runners; boys after girls
and Janie was the bravest warrior.
We were sailors and captains, skillful and strong,
if we got a hundred, but sometimes we sank.
Mrs. Dennison's class had too many boys;
ratio 9:5.
We were spaghetti slurpers and great musicians
Christina Rossini and squeaky recorders
and some of us had poison ivy.
We were puppet makers par excellence, archers too
Tiki and Taki and Robin Hood
and we had gym every day.
Scatz had a hay ride and got millions of presents
and Schilks was new and commuted.
Pris was to be a ballet dancer
And we made our own silhouettes.
We could canter and gallop and Kathie was horse
and Penny fell off one and broke her arm.
We all reported on Johnny Tremain
and smoked at Mrs. Porter's.
We were big wheels with Miss Stokes and Teph came
and the bathtub of fish dripped down on Miss Cashman.
Our burlesque mural was quite risqué
so we gave it to Mrs. Peck.
Annie Clay Harris had rum birthday cake
and the Washington trip was rather wild --
But we were Tamed and Rosie was the Shrew.
Some went away but six of us came,
and there was a hurricane the first day of school
(any connection?) and we were
Upper School! The seniors were so OLD
and the Honor System was SCARY.
We learned; about Hill Concerts and Tea Dances --
Our energetic new science teacher was Mrs. Schleyer and
we wrote our papers half for her and half for "Smitty"
and had Partners in Dissection Frogs.
"Who called you last night?" were our immortal words.
More of us left and Jo and Kneubs came
so finally there were eighteen
Sunbathing sops on the front porch roof
Susie was snowed and we did the TWIST,
Venus smoked at the head of the aisle
while Macgregor miaowed at Oedipus Rex.
Prissy tumbled down the stairs
so Sue J. fainted and four of us went to Greece.

Linda collected football clippings --
 we were the "most social class" and got lectured.
 Mrs. Boutelle introduced us to Roger Glass
 so we "debated" Lawrenceville on the merits of
 co-education.
 Dalsis blew in, laugh and a half,
 Grendel growled and Rabbit left.
 The pipes popped and the ceiling peeled,
 cauldrons bubbled, and the grass hut fell,
 We lugged heating pads and Brophs slipped us coffee --
 "You Never Can Tell"
 In junior year we learned of the "Know Nothing" party
 and in senior year we joined them.
 Fiery dragons flew on walls
 in our noisy third floor lair
 Chaotic class meetings with torrents of words
 and Franny was pres once again.
 Dora held an open house
 week in, week out, week round about.
 Quivering chromosomes and Eiko came,
 Tulsa uptown, Rachanee from Thailand,
 Mme. Nhu in town, Ross Barnett too.
 We met with Crick and Blick and Snick
 and everyone died in the Hamlet flick.
 Pounds of good advice poured upon us
 weekend quotes and flying angels.
 Pounds of good food consumed by us,
 breaking diets and decisions.
 "Give a man an inch and he'll take a yard . . ."
 we learned all sorts of things in bio.
 After thirteen years we left,
 glad and sad,
 trailing clouds of cookie crumbs.



