the link

1965
May Margaret Fine Library
Princeton Day School
THE LINK

1965

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Miss Fine's School, Princeton, N.J.
boss the other day
i heard a
young lady conversing
small talk i said
then i heard
she was admitting
what she did
not know
and pausing to
listen intently
trying to
understand
the world
of action
thought
and spirit
this spirit of hers
was not inherent
but received
from wise teachers
miss davis
and all miss fine s
not an institution
but a
community
which has given
knowledge
and love of meaning
for a world void of meaning
for many
for them is this book
and for mr hartmann
who is carrying
us on
from greatness
to greatness
will we say
this was our
finest hour
perhaps
Infinite lack of enthusiasm for the skating party in the Upper School and it is hoped, be
nounced of this achievement has been

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ellen has a sculptured look and fresh sophistication with a cynical wit. I just came from clubs where she sat with lovely sensitive hands challenging her enchanted friend. "Lots of people can blow their own bubbles but can't burst them," she said. It seems she can do both.

Ellen Jane Aronis
i ran into ophelia again
last evening
she is inhabiting
an abandoned bookshop
in an alley
in greenwich village
i was several
authors my dear
archy said she
being an angry was
only an incident
in my career
and i was always getting
judged by some
strait laced
prune faced bunch
of prissy mouthed
sisters of uncharity
exclamation point
sometimes boss i wonder how many pies dabby's fingers are in because she sings and dances and rushes over marquand field all the while maintaining a sophisticated dignity and kind concerned eyes that care about the way our pies turn out

Doritha Anne Ballard Bishop
doesn't that continual laugh indicate a sense of proportion interrogation point mehitabel i must tell you that annika with red hair steals cookies from the parent teas probably scandalizing the norwegian ambassador to whom she is always writing epistles i also hear she smokes a pipe

Annika Bugge
see here pêche 
i said i thought 
you told me that 
it was an african 
violet you used to be 
before you 
transmigrated into 
a creature of 
silent contemplation 
big ideas and 
chattery warmth 
but now i see 
you quickly create answers 
to lawful questions 
and moralize with 
laughing eyes and keep 
your home a haven 
for the downtrodden 
and the gai

Paula Cantor
i ran
into molly the
other day boss
i had heard
lotsa kids running
and having fun
and i saw there
in the midst
a character of
many friends
crickets spiders
and other insects
she has a gust
of wind kind of
warmth and
a huge humor
that takes us
off guard

Martha Dreier Dorf
karen the cat
has been wooing
the muse no pun please
and i am privileged
to present one of her more
frivolous songs just
as she sang it to
several of her dubious
feline friends in the
alley as follows
gai luv toujours gai i
have known some wild parades
in my time dearies
the town is painted pink my
dear archy
i met blanche
on an early
morning walking
with hair
straightening in
the wind
i met her
on a bright
noon working
hard
developing intelligent
conservative ideas
and challenging
hollow liberalism
i met blanche
on a late
evening sailing
under the moon

archy
well boss i saw
gigi just back
from crete
and she was
proving political policies
carefully shaping
theories and
framing goals and
boss i have to tell you
she has a
quiet humility
and a warmth
for all
archy

Georgiana Godfrey
lynn was in the coffee shop this afternoon laughing and giggling at obscurities and the world she left and drove off in her racy roadster cheering her low slung dachshund you'd never know how good she is at doing what needs doing never boss

Lynn Karen Goeller
martha was at the football game yesterday in a polo coat her eyes are so beautifully green like the hills of virginia oh such caprices i can understand why she has such a walletfull of pictures and why she sits crosslegged in fields and by hearths
can you imagine
brigitte was
reading a palm
with no thought
to her own in
which we find
such efficiency
and a kindness
which comes
out in
smiles subtly
wise and i must
tell you
warm in such
a feminine way

Brigitte Hasenkamp
speaking of daring things
as so many people are these
days
i met susie in
the alley last night
back from new york
horsing around
and stating
quote life's too dam funny
for me to explain
its c mon honey
life's too dam funny
it's one day sunny
the next day rain
life's too dam funny
for me to explain unquote
black point is where alison bronzes 
and plays a wild 
game of tennis 
with a lovely smile 
a diligent worker 
is alison with 
sometimes purple clothes and 
strangely blue eyes 
i talked to her on 
a bus going 
to the rink 
and realized 
how well she 
knows us 
archy
i hopped onto merethe's skis this afternoon boss and she said hi she managed to look elegant even in ski clothes so i asked her where she was going to dancing interrogation point no she said to a jazz session interrogation point no she was just going to the godfreys and gee she said was that great we talked seriously about the differences in american and norwegian philosophy and she amazed me with her profound perception then i hopped off her skis at the bottom of the hill boy do blondes ever have more fun too bad i never met a blond cockroach

archy
i couldn't tell
if effie was
watching or
chewing it over
she was quiet
anyway but
she knew what
was going on
interrogation point because
then she giggled
and ran down
the alley to her
bright red car
and zoomed off

archy

Effie Lau
there is a rumor boss that lisie herself denied at the swiss german embassy ball last night with a blush but anyway the story goes that lisie gave a speech at woodrow wilson and being so engagée in everything everywhere else read by mistake her address which she had presented in atlanta the week before then lisie just sang je suis intoxiquée but it’s only a rumor boss i have to admit that and besides does lisie get confused interrogation point
an optimist is a girl
who wears rosy
colored glasses
and polishes them
every morning when
she brushes her hair
in gentle sophistication
she keeps a string
with many knots
and i would also wish
to write for her an
ode to a child
dancing in the wind
when she gazes
at us with her
droopy blue eyes
we feel loved

Phoebe Russell
i saw shaw last night
having a passion
about dylan cycles
Colorado or beaujolais
bear we said no pun please
it's all right ma
she being kind
though witty and
wise with words
did not gather her
dissent into a wise crack
i say boss
i found susie in
france last week i did
amidst beaucoup de
fleurs jaunes and
shiny english
pebbles and green bottles
of wine
she was singing boss that
procrastination is the
art of keeping
up with yesterday
and she was posing as
the earthmother
for a gathering
of photographers
it was spring

archy
sally came swinging her arms open to us with great enthusiasm she sang call me irresponsible and that quote ours is the zest of the alley cat we caperly dance about from flat to flat what though your shoe should knock us down sally for us they praise the town unquote and then she stopped well my dear archy she began and we went and had a long talk and i left her feeling disconsolate but with a wild song dancing in us both

archy

Sally Pitcher Stewart
a friend
is an artist
who is not a
prima donna
i ran into janey
at the piano
and we went out
and crawled through
the tunnel of
raked leaves
i love someone
new my dear
archy said she
so we laughed and
hugged each other
well boss i met gretchen painting in her garret you know she has lovely hands boss and when i came in she turned the canvas to the wall we went out and had a helluva good time and said hi to the village scavenger but wotthehell archy wotthehell we said cheerio my deario
tomato i'll
have you know that
they breakfast in heaven
and all's well with the world
you have a heavy
weight here 'wot with
being responsible
but it's so gai
to walk with you
in spring through
yonder tall grass
there are more things
twixt those golden
locks than are dreamt of
in thy philosophy mehitabel
archy
the thing about woody whom I ran into in the forest in a peasant blouse and lumber jacket anyway the thing is boss that she enjoys her world of impeccable artistry and interest in the off-beat things that she amazes us with constantly like jean shepherd and needlework and her convictions on most of the things that matter

archy

Margaret de Forest
Woodbridge
Barbara Mackenzie Lawrence

September 19, 1947
November 23, 1964

If you swing on a swing
In the morning
By night you can hook
Your feet around a star
And spit on the moon.

-Buff Lawrence
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quotes</th>
<th>Lost Without</th>
<th>Drinks</th>
<th>也有一些</th>
<th>Found</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The truth of the matter is...</td>
<td>Cynicism</td>
<td>Scotch and water</td>
<td>Men who would rather die than switch</td>
<td>Wondering why</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bloody</td>
<td>Steve and roommates</td>
<td>Ginger beer</td>
<td>Gym</td>
<td>In the village</td>
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<td>Shhhhhhh!</td>
<td>&quot;the bat&quot;</td>
<td>Mint julep</td>
<td>Vicious people</td>
<td>Smoking</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hey!</td>
<td>Her dictionary</td>
<td>Rum and coke</td>
<td>Physics</td>
<td>Smoking pipe</td>
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<tr>
<td>No lie!</td>
<td>Words</td>
<td>Gin and tonic</td>
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<td>On the telephone</td>
</tr>
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<td>My little chickadee</td>
<td>Ideals</td>
<td>Grape juice</td>
<td>Neatness</td>
<td>Where isn’t she found?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Can I just quickly tell you one thing</td>
<td>An audience</td>
<td>Champagne</td>
<td>Dirty hair</td>
<td>On stage</td>
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<td>Well, suppose...</td>
<td>Wind</td>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>Gym</td>
<td>Sailing</td>
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<td>Fiddlers</td>
<td>Her bike</td>
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<td>Shoes</td>
<td>In Crete</td>
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<tr>
<td>Exactly!</td>
<td>A laugh</td>
<td>Gingerale with a twist of lemon</td>
<td>Noise</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hey, cool</td>
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<td>Coke</td>
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<td>Dating</td>
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<td>The mailbox</td>
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<td>Ringuo</td>
<td>In buses</td>
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<td>Well, I'll tell you</td>
<td>Pills</td>
<td>Gin</td>
<td>Franks</td>
<td>Being the orange juice machine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Use your imagination</td>
<td>Mulitique blonde</td>
<td>Vodka Collins</td>
<td>Expended dues</td>
<td>In the sun</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, really?</td>
<td>Communication</td>
<td>Cherry hearing</td>
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<tr>
<td>That's mystical</td>
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<td>Tomato juice with a twist of lemon</td>
<td>Bananas</td>
<td>In the library</td>
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<tr>
<td>I just had a long talk with...</td>
<td>The blood and the blue-eyed</td>
<td>Cereal juice</td>
<td>The telephone</td>
<td>In the back of the bus</td>
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<tr>
<td>Well, hi...</td>
<td>Astrologer</td>
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<tr>
<td>It's all right, ma.</td>
<td>Juvenile and Bobby</td>
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<td>Motorpsycho Niteowes</td>
<td>Newport</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, airkey</td>
<td>Photographers</td>
<td>Vin rouge</td>
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<tr>
<td>Friends and gentle hearts</td>
<td>Attention</td>
<td>Burbon and water</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>What am I going to do?</td>
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<td>Coffee</td>
<td>Corduroy</td>
<td>Lost</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snappy says...</td>
<td>Hiccups</td>
<td>Sheer</td>
<td>J. T.</td>
<td>In a den of iniquity</td>
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<tr>
<td>Keep your shirt on...</td>
<td>Outside</td>
<td>Dubonnet</td>
<td>The social register</td>
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<td>If I have only one life...</td>
<td>Her secret passion</td>
<td>Strawberry soda</td>
<td>Spellings</td>
<td>Anyways</td>
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<tr>
<td>chalk it up as experience</td>
<td>Love</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gym</td>
<td>Out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>evokes</td>
<td>hero</td>
<td>passion</td>
<td>can you imagine her</td>
<td>found singing</td>
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<tr>
<td>mystery</td>
<td>mom in the sky</td>
<td>going away</td>
<td>a wasp</td>
<td>tomorrow</td>
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<td>la bohème</td>
<td>d.</td>
<td>england</td>
<td>as a wac</td>
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<td>domesticity</td>
<td>meet butter</td>
<td>love</td>
<td>single</td>
<td>chances are</td>
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<td>laughter</td>
<td>tinten</td>
<td>skiing</td>
<td>no, i can’t</td>
<td>that’s why you say u a wasp</td>
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<td>gauguin</td>
<td>alexander beech</td>
<td>fuzz</td>
<td>speechless</td>
<td>it might as well be spring</td>
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<tr>
<td>a cat</td>
<td>george</td>
<td>kids</td>
<td>lonely</td>
<td>home on the range</td>
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<tr>
<td>garbo</td>
<td>g. b.</td>
<td>cats</td>
<td>a man</td>
<td>nobody knows you when you’re down and out</td>
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<td>a moor</td>
<td>luther</td>
<td>kaleidescopes</td>
<td>submissive</td>
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<td>blue hill</td>
<td>neptune</td>
<td>young life</td>
<td>land locked</td>
<td>row, row, row</td>
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<tr>
<td>smiles</td>
<td>gardner mackay</td>
<td>reckshunds</td>
<td>solemn</td>
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<td>a socialist</td>
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<td>peanut butter and axle</td>
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<td>billy har</td>
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<td>sentimental journey</td>
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<td>paul newman</td>
<td>tall man</td>
<td>in the coway</td>
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<tr>
<td>springtime</td>
<td>sidney poitier</td>
<td>goat cheese</td>
<td>a hula dancer</td>
<td>stranger on the shade</td>
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<td>the hands of the man who</td>
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<tr>
<td>wrote</td>
<td>albert finney</td>
<td>running in the wind</td>
<td>a soap - box maestro</td>
<td>16 trombones</td>
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<tr>
<td>flirtation</td>
<td>no definitive info, available at time of publication</td>
<td>atlanta</td>
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<td>jesus's interrogue</td>
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<tr>
<td>casaque</td>
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<td>beavisim</td>
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<td>fair and tender shock, screams</td>
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<td>earth mother</td>
<td>princess</td>
<td>little and by things</td>
<td>uninvolved</td>
<td>carlson - gambler</td>
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<tr>
<td>life</td>
<td>parts of everyone</td>
<td>dialectics</td>
<td>a deb</td>
<td>unflinchingly</td>
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<tr>
<td>warmth</td>
<td>you name it</td>
<td>passion</td>
<td>a private secy</td>
<td>every little breeze seems to whisper loose</td>
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<tr>
<td>the light under the brook</td>
<td>jason rosen Jr.</td>
<td>the sea</td>
<td>preppy</td>
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<td>cause</td>
<td>eugene</td>
<td>owls</td>
<td>a garbage canner</td>
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<td>pain roses</td>
<td>jean shepherd</td>
<td>milk-weed</td>
<td>as a brunette</td>
<td>move</td>
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<tr>
<td>reproof</td>
<td>t.h.</td>
<td>&quot;the collective set-weed factor&quot;</td>
<td>with no chance in</td>
<td>plaisir d’amour</td>
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<tr>
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<td></td>
<td>the old dance yet</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Thomas B. Hartmann
Principal of
Princeton Day Schools

B. A. Princeton
Shirley Davis
Headmistress

B.A. Swarthmore, M.A. Middlebury
French
MARGARET D. ALLEN
Science, Biology
B.A. Pembroke

ELIZABETH N. COBB
Physical Education
B.S. Beaver

JANE J. S. BARR
Latin
M.A. Edinburgh

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

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

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

MITCHELL H. BRONK
Science, Physics
B.A. Harvard

LEON DUBOIS
Accompanist
B.A. Amherst

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

JEANNE M. DUFF
Crafts
B.A. Sweet Briar
M.A. New York University
MARILYN FAGLES
English
B.A. Bryn Mawr

BETTY W. LIU
History
Geography
B.A. Bryn Mawr,
M.A. New York
University

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

DOROTHY C. MEYERS
Librarian
B.A. Douglass

JOSEPH KOVACS
Instrumental
Music
Diploma Royal
Hungarian School of Music
B.Mus., M.Mus.,
Westminster
Choir College

GINETTE MONTY
French
Certificat d'études

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Science
B.A. Radcliffe

MARY E. PECK
English
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OLGA HOLENKO
French, Russian License de Prof. de Français a l'Etranger

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Art
Diploma Newark
School of Fine and Industrial
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Art Students' League

FRANCES M. ROBERTS
English, History
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M.A. St. John's, Shanghai

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

ANNE B. SHEPHERD
English
B.A. Vassar
Univ. of London
M.A. Columbia

ELLEN CRONAN ROSE
English
B.A. Goucher
M.A. Univ. of Michigan

VIRGINIA TEIPEL
Music
B.A. Sweet Briar

MAGDA SCHWARZ
Intro. to Philosophy
Ph.D University of Vienna

SUZANNE THIBAULT
French
License ès Lettres,
Sorbonne, Univ of Paris

ALLISON M. SHEHADI
Mathematics
B.S. McGill

CLYDE B. TIPTON
Music
B. Mus, M. Mus.
Westminster Choir College
WINIFRED S. VOGT
English, History, Geography
B.A. Wellesly

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R.N.
School Nurse

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

CATHERINE CASHMAN
Financial Secretary

JOAN C. BAKER
Alumnae secretary and Administrative Assistant

A. MUNROE WADE
Dramatics
B.A. Princeton

MADELINE WEIGEL
Head of the Lower School; Kindergarten

DOROTHY H. WARREN
Mathematics
B.A. Vassar

BEVERLY A. WILLIAMS
Administrative Assistant

GEORGE U. WARREN
History
B.A. Yale
M.A. Columbia

THELMA C. YOUNG
Business Manager

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FIRST ROW: Jane Borgerhoff, Julia Lockwood, Marta Nussbaum, Laura Peterson, Deborah Seckel. SECOND ROW: Alexandra Dilworth, Mary Woodbridge, Faneen Murray, Martha Miller, (president), Pamela Erickson, Jo Schlossberg. THIRD ROW: Susan Fritsch, Frances Gorman, Mary Combs, Ruth Conover, Bree Rosi, Elena Zullo, Mary Young, Diane Willis, Linda Fox. MISSING FROM THE PICTURE: Karen Myers, Christine Otis, Phoebe Knapp.
Student Councils

Upper School Representatives

1961-62 Katherine Boucher
Gigi Godfrey
Effie Lau

1962-63 Paula Cantor
Barbara Lawrence
Sally Tomlinson

1963-64 Sally Tomlinson, Secretary
Paula Cantor
Phoebe Russell

MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL: FRONT ROW: Carol Spencer, Wistar Williams, Pat Liljelund, Cope Sawyer, Mary Bishop, Betsy Nicholes. BACK ROW: Derry Light, Pooh Holt, President; Cathy Morgan, Kitty Warren.
Social Service

Social Service Representatives

1961-62  
Susie Sichel  
Elise Rosenhaupt

1962-63  
Barbara Shaw  
Susie Sichel, secretary  
Peggy Woodbridge

1963-64  
Elise Rosenhaupt  
Susie Sichel, treasurer  
Peggy Woodbridge

BACK ROW: Peggy Woodbridge, Gillian Gordon (Properties), Ann Hughey, Molly Dorf (Lighting), Gail Hood (Asst. Scenery), Kitzi Becker, (Make-Up) Julia Lockwood, Leslie Loser (Music), Linda Baker, Hope Rose (Costumes). FRONT ROW: Mary Young (Program), Dabby Bishop (Scenery), Karen Fraser, Margery Cuyler (Asst. Costumes), Barbara Shaw (President of Dramatic Club), Sarah Jaeger (Stage Manager), Debbie Hobler (Asst. Lighting) Mary Moore (House Committee). MISSING FROM PICTURE: Ellen Aronis (Asst. Stage Manager), Paula Cantor (Asst. Stage Manager), Jane Bergerhoff (Asst. Properties), Marianne Hoffman (Tickets), Susan Sichel, Mettie Whipple (Asst. Make-Up).

Dramatic Club
Ondine

Directed by
Munroe Wade

CAST

Auguste ................. Muir Atherton
Eugenie .................. Julia Lockwood
Ritter Hans .............. Bartow Farr
Ondine .................... Karen Fraser
The Ondines .............. Ann Hughey
Lord Chamberlain ...... Ed Keeble
Superintendent ........ John Gibbs
Trainer of Seals ....... James Mount
Bertha ..................... Susan Sichel
Bertram .................. Jim Sisseron
Violante .................. Kitzi Becker
Angelique ................. Margery Cuyler
Salammbô ................ Linda Baker
A Lady .................... Susan Bonthron
Illusionist .............. David Bandler
The King .................. Paul Rodzianko
A Servant ................ Rich Handelsman
1st Fisherman ........... John Gibbs
2nd Fisherman (King of the Sea) .
1st Judge .................. David Bandler
2nd Judge ................. Ed Keeble
Executioner .............. James Mount
Kitchen Maid ............. Rich Handelsman
Barbara Sullivan
Athletic Association

FIRST ROW: Sia Godfrey, Dabby Bishop, Mary Woodbridge.
SECOND ROW: Hope Rose, (secretary) Gigi Godfrey,

Lately, **Sports**

Well, at the end everyone is thoroughly exhausted with the M. F. S. team. The season has come to a close with a smashing victory over Bishop’s and the Mosquandy team.
FINEST BOARD: STANDING: Barbara Shaw, Elise Rosenhaupt (editor '63-'64), Kate Linker, Patty Morgan, Hilary Brown, Jackie Summerfield. SEATED: Leslie Loser, Leigh Keyser, Irene Smoluchowski, Ophie Benson, (Editor), Susan Hensler, Julie Fox, Beth Borgerhoff. Missing from picture: Karen Meyers, Martha Miller.

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Music

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1962-1963 Marita Raubitschek
1963-1964 Peggy Woodbridge
1964-1965 Karen Fraser (president)
    Sally Stewart (representative)
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Art
Girl with Grey Eyes

Joyce welcomed the winter when it came early in this part of the country. "Damn New England," she said, but at least she was grateful for the cold weather and the rain before the final entombment of winter.

In mucky weather she didn't have to excuse her silence, everyone was too cross to bother her.

"What's your name?" they all asked at the beginning, staring.

Joyce

"Joyce what?" but she wouldn't tell them. She would not listen to their laughter until classes started, when teachers would call the roll.

"Why have you come here?" They did not mean it the way it sounded; it's only unusual to change schools in one's junior year. But Joyce knew that.

Long story, she told them. And it was, really. But it could be summed up pretty briefly.

Broken home. She told them that much when they pressed. But she would not tell them her name.

On the train coming up she watched out of the window the whole four hours because it was raining. Rain made her happy.

"Good job something does," she muttered sullenly. She was sullen and depressed and frightened. Joyce was shy; the thought of all the new people panicked her, particularly since they knew their way around. She pulled her legs up like a child and shivered.

But she hadn't cried. She hadn't cried, except once at a movie, in over a year. She wished she could. She wished she could be totally miserable, and then get better; but instead she just had this sudden weight of fear and resentment pressing like a tumor on her heart. It was smothering her. She wished she could cry it off.

She was alone.

They found out that she was Joyce James when classes started, but they didn't laugh, they thought it was nice. They asked her if she was Irish and she had to say yes, she was born in Ireland.

You don't have an accent they said. Of course not she said impatiently, I've lived in New York since I was four.

"Oh, in the Village?" someone asked.

"No" she said coldly.

There was a loud silence.

"Well," a girl named Cynthia said kindly, "do you have any nicknames?"

"At my old school," Joyce said, "They sometimes called me Ulysses. But I prefer Joyce."

Everyone called her Joyce then, but Cynthia called her Ulysses, and they became friends.

Joyce had a small pale face under a short round haircut, with uneven bangs falling beyond her eyebrows. Her eyes were round and very large, but they were grey, not green. The rest of her features were very small, making her eyes seem even larger. She had long narrow hands and feet; she was awkward and unathletic. She was interesting, but she was also pretty. But not charming.

Joyce had been given a room of her own, a rare thing for a junior. "Probably the only good thing about this flaming school," Joyce said. At home, they
-- especially Eric -- had always been in her room. She hadn't minded Mick, because his soul was as solitary as hers, and they could be alone together. But her parents talked too much.

"Eric," she would say to her father, and sometimes he would listen, "get the hell OUT, will you?" But he never had. And it hadn't been a nice room anyway. But here there was a window seat and a narrow bookcase, and a lock on the door.

Mick had bright red hair, but, "no freckles," he said firmly. His skin was very pale and clear, and his eyes were as large and round as Joyce's, but his were a murky blue. He and Joyce were both very thin. Eric had said that he couldn't tell them apart from behind because Mick had the same round haircut as Joyce. "Too damn long," said Eric nastily, but Mick would never have it short. "I identify with him," said Joyce, and Mick laughed. But Eric looked angry. "He is too aggressively masculine," said Joyce later and Mick nodded solemnly.

"Do you have any siblings or anything?" Cynthia asked.
"Yeah, my brother Mick... he's four years younger."
"Oh, well."

Cynthia and Joyce were in Joyce's room on a rainy Saturday afternoon in November, "studying." Cynthia was studying, Joyce was reading. They had decided not to have the "unfish or some bloody thing" they were having for lunch.

Cynthia looked up, bored. The rain was driving violently on the window. "Do you like rain?" she asked.
"Mmm."

Cynthia scowled; Joyce had said little in two months. What little she knew about her was from her expression.
"You never talk."
"Shut up, Sin, I told you I don't."
"But how do people know you?"
"Oh." Joyce closed her book and stretched. "Don't. People don't. I am in myself and it has to be that way. I can't let people know me or own me. I am introverted; but let's not, I don't like to explain myself."

Sin looked exasperated, but they went for a walk in the rain.

Mick
"Mick and I used to do this," Joyce said. "Whenever it rained we would run down to the park, or just walk in the streets. Funny."
"Mick is twelve?"
"Yeah."
"Where is he?"
"Oh, they put him in boarding school. He's a year ahead of himself though," she added. As though that did him any good.

Funny Mick
"All alone in a bloody kid's boarding school. It's bloody. Sodding Eric knew better, but he wouldn't do anything, the swine." Her voice trembled with love and hate.

"What's he like?" Cynthia asked.

Eric
"Oh, he's kind of tall flamboyant wild Irish. He's very anti-hero. But he's not very effective."
"Is he a good father?"
"I guess. If you don't mind being forced to be liberal and intellectual. But he's thick about people. And he drinks."
"What about your mother?"
"Puritan and conventional. She's half Welsh and a quarter Irish and a quarter Scottish, but somehow the Scottish prevailed. But she is kinder than me dad."
"Which do your prefer?"
Joyce did not answer.

They went back and Sin sprawled comfortably on the bed. Joyce sat on the floor and put her head on her knees, holding her hands tightly around them. She was lonely; she wished that Sin would leave her alone. She breathed slowly.

After a minute Sin understood her silence and got up. "See you," she said, and closed the door.

Joyce let out a trembling breath. There was a quick sketch Shelagh had done of Mick a year earlier in her desk somewhere. Gropping, she found it, and suddenly discovered she was crying.

Mick and Joyce should have known it was coming, but the drinking and the quarreling had been so bad for so long, and they had to live somehow, that they had pretended, and so the divorce took them unaware which made Eric furious.

He had crashed in on them one night at three o'clock in Joyce's room.

"Don't you ever go to bed?" he snapped. Mick looked cross; Eric never made them go to bed.

"What trash are you reading?" Eric went on. He was shrill, joking at their books. Joyce was reading OTHELLO; Mick, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. "Shoot," exploded Eric, hitting at Mick's book.

"Oh Eric, shut up," Joyce said.

He sank listlessly on the bed and sighed. Mick put his finger in his mouth and Joyce waited.

"Well, all right," Eric said, undramatically for once, "I'm sure you've been expecting it. Shelagh and I are getting a divorce. You will go to boarding school."

"Divorce!"
"Eric!"

"Oh stop it; you knew it was coming as well as we did. And you know it won't matter anyway, you're happier without us. No one has time for feeling sorry for you.

"I'll bet Mum has."

"Yes, Mum has." Eric was ugly; Joyce looked away. "What will happen?"

"I'm going to England. I can teach there. Shelagh will stay here. She will have you for vacations."

"Why not always?"

"Because she can't be bothered." Joyce and Mick were silent. Eric swore loudly and left, slamming the door.

Mick wrote her once a week. Shelagh wrote once a day for six days and then none for two weeks. Eric wrote about once every three weeks, but his were the ones she reread.

In the second letter, from London after the divorce, he wrote:

"Do your work, Joyce. You are a rotten student, and I have every confidence that you will be absolutely filthy now. Well, don't let yourself go, completely because you're unhappy. It's too good an excuse. Bury yourself in some bloody trash novel if you must, but do your work first, if you have to stay up til three. You may be flipping brilliant, those people say so, but you've never shown it.

It's simply ignorant to rebel in school, you're impotent. You must get your education, and then you have the right to kick if you still want to, which you may not. And besides, whether you think so or not, you can learn things at school just as well as by yourself. And if you write me your bloody trash about a bad teacher, I'll fly over there and kick you (I won't really so don't try it)."
I know you're there Joyce. Don't frown.
I did try, Joyce."
But not hard enough.

She did not obey Eric's letter. She did not do her
work, but read all the time. She dreamed during classes
Her mind was full of marvellous things for herself.
They made reality less sure of itself.

But one of her teachers spoke to her. She must
come down to earth, face reality.
Joyce ignored the fact that she was shy. "How can
I face reality when in reality there is no one to love
me anywhere. I am alone, and I don't like it. I
read and I make up things so that I'm not alone."
"Why don't you write stories then? You must be
talented."
"I can't. I can't get it out, I can't get it off."
She left and went to her room. Nothing did any
good, that weight was in her, and she couldn't get it
out. This too, too solid flesh would never melt.

Ophelia Benson, XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

What is this silent evening saying?
Brooding over my fading heart
It sinks upon me
And my silent soul offers empty resistance
As she folds in a death agony.
Over my heart's evening broods the night.
In the dimness of dawn, evening and my heart
Are one.
Man and wife on the bridal night.
She folds silent in a death agony.
He sinks upon her.
What is this silent evening saying?

Elise Rosenhaupt, XII
First Prize
Upper School Poetry
"Hey, Clod"

The air hung with afternoon stillness and the flag flapped aimlessly on its pole. The sun, piercing its last feeble rays through the window shutter, slowly sank in the sky until it hung precariously over the line of trees on the horizon. The sky was cloudless; a vast sheet of suffocating blue stretched over the earth on all sides, while the earth itself seemed to grasp for breath.

At that moment the bell rang and at last the dull drone of the schoolmaster ceased. The impatient boys, without waiting to say good-bye to the teacher, grabbed their tattered books and stumbled, shouting, over each other and out the door. The air was heavy with heat and a solitary sparrow chirped in the maple outside.

Claude was still piling up his books on his desk when all the other boys had left, and finally, having dumped them all into his plaid schoolbag, he walked to the teacher's desk and shyly put out his hand. The schoolmaster lifted his head from his papers with a look of surprise on his face. Then, reluctantly, he shook the boy's hand and Claude said, reddening, "Good-bye, Sir. The lecture was very interesting." He turned and walked out the door into the playground. There were only a few boys left playing marbles in the thin layer of sand. They looked up as he came out and one of them said, "Hi, there, Clod -- enjoy the lecture?"

Claude reddened again and said nothing.

"Lord, what a clod. Can't ever answer when you ask him something. Clod's a clod." The boys laughed at his clever play on the French boy's name and his friends joined in the chant, "Clod's a clod, Clod's . . ."

Claude turned and walked off the playground -- away from the laughter and pointing fingers. He knew they didn't like him; he was different from them because he came from France. But then they didn't know about his secret -- his wonderful secret. Even his parents didn't know about his secret. It was something very special and important. He would only tell it to someone he trusted very much. He would probably never meet someone like that -- but then if he did, he would tell him the secret.

The sun had disappeared beneath the horizon, leaving a backdrop flaming red behind the trees. The air had cooled -- suddenly it seemed relieved of some enormous burden. Claude stopped and stared at the sunset for a long time, until the trees seemed on fire with leaping orange flames. He started, and coming back to his senses, walked on again into the little town, looking in the shop windows and thinking how much he would like to have one of those shiny red fire-engines . . . but then nothing was as nice as his secret. He wouldn't trade anything in the world for his secret.

Claude turned a corner, his schoolbag in his hand and his long knitted socks pulled up to his knees. Dusk was creeping slowly, very slowly over the town, but it was still far from dark. Claude began to think of all the things that had happened in the last year, all the changes which had come over his life. How his father had decided to take his family to America, and form a partnership with Claude's uncle in selling French wines in America. Claude saw his father very seldom -- he was always off to the city on business. But he loved his father, and his mother had often told him how much his father wanted him to have a good education, and be happy without too many toys, and especially to be polite to his elders.

And Claude had done all those things and he longed to have a father come home and see what a fine son he had, and what a happy son. Because he was happy, Claude thought; in fact, he couldn't be happier. And especially with his secret. His secret was extra -- something very special which made his life all the more perfect.

Suddenly Claude's thoughts were interrupted by a
voice and then a door slamming and footsteps on the street. Claude squinted ahead through the growing darkness and saw someone walking steadily towards him. He stopped for a moment and curiously watched the figure; it was obviously too small to be a man or woman... suddenly the thought that it might be a boy from his school sprang into Claude's mind. His heart sank and he walked slowly on. And then, it seemed, like a flash the face was there before him -- warm, glowing, friendly... the corners of the mouth turned shyly up -- and the face was smiling at him. Claude smiled slowly back and reddened. He felt suddenly wonderful all over; it was the way he felt whenever he thought about his secret. And then the face was gone and Claude was walking on again through the darkness, swinging his schoolbag and quickening his steps as he neared his house.

The next morning Claude wandered into the schoolyard -- alone, as usual, holding his schoolbag and scuffling clouds of sand with his feet. His mother had told him expressly not to do that, because, she said, it would make his sandals dirty. But he felt in a curiously revengeful mood. He was happy, though, happy deep down inside about something, and this time it wasn't just his secret. "Here comes Clod. Good morning, Clod." The speaker, who was older than Claude, grinned mockingly and then bowed solemnly as Claude entered the schoolyard. His companions laughed and one of them said, "Hey, clod. Where'd ya get the kooky schoolbag?"

Claude said nothing, and this time he didn't reddened. They could tease him all they wanted, he thought, but it wouldn't bother him. Today nothing would bother him -- he was too happy for that. And anyway, he was used to it.

When school began, Claude couldn't and didn't concentrate, and the other boys laughed when he couldn't answer a question he hadn't heard. He looked around for the boy who had smiled at him the day before, and finally he saw him sitting in the first row, his head bent over his math problems.

He was a good worker, Claude thought he answered well in class. Then his thoughts meandered back to the moment he had seen that friendly smile in the graying darkness, and he felt happy all over again. Then it didn't matter that the other boys hated him.

When the bell finally rang, and school ended for the day, Claude put his books into his schoolbag, buckling it securely, politely said good-bye to the teacher and went out into the playground. A group of boys stood under the maple tree, and as he shuffled by they looked up and scanned him critically, their eyes lingering on his long kneesocks and his "kooky" plaid schoolbag. And then they resumed their conversation.

Claude left the playground and walked along the shadowy street lined with maples. There was a little breeze, and it ruffled his hair as it floated by. Then Claude saw him -- the boy who had smiled at him. He was standing a good way ahead of the street, looking back at Claude. Suddenly, Claude knew he was waiting for him and he began to run. He ran until he caught up with the boy, and then the two walked silently on again.

"What's your name?" Claude asked shyly.
"Colin," the boy answered. "What's yours?" he asked, pretending he didn't know.
"Claude -- really Jean-Marie-Claude, but since it's so long they just call me Claude."
Silence for awhile.
"You don't have much homework, do you?" Claude asked.
"No -- why?"
"I just thought we could cut across that field there -- it's a short cut to my house. Anyway, it's fun to walk in the grass; it's so tall and it scratches your legs."
"O.K. Let's," Colin agreed enthusiastically, and they jumped over a ditch in the road and began running wildly through the grass.
"Wait," Colin panted, and Claude stopped while Colin tied his loose shoelace. Then they walked slowly on again while the breeze whispered through
the grass and the sun beat down.

"You like America?" Colin asked curiously.

"Oh, yes. I think it's fine. It's a lot different from France, though."

"How come?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's just different. It's bigger, anyway, and the boys don't wear knee-socks to school and they don't carry schoolbags. That's mainly how it's different."

"Oh," Colin said meditatively.

"Do you like secrets?" Claude asked slowly.

"Oh, yes! I've got a bunch of 'em which I'll never tell ANYbody. And I keep a lot from my mother, too. She never knows what I think, anyway," Colin grinned.

"I like them too, a lot," Claude said, smiling.

The breeze whispered again and the sun shone more intensely. Sparrows twittered and a squirrel leapt from tree to tree nearby. The tall grass made a wispy, swishing sound as the boys waded through it -- not harsh and scratchy, but soft and gentle . . . The boys neared a grove of trees and Claude ran to it and flung himself on the moist moss. Colin sat down beside him and began chewing a piece of grass.

Suddenly Claude said, "You know, I've got a very special secret all my own."

"What?" Colin asked. Claude looked steadily at Colin and said, "Did you ever tell a secret someone told you?"

"Nope. Never."

"And you promise never, never to tell mine?"

"Yup. I mean I do," Colin grinned. Claude looked around and leaned closer to Colin. He could feel his heart thumping . . . Suddenly he burst out, "You know I'm really a prince -- a real royal prince -- except nobody knows and when I get older I'm going to live in a castle with a tower and a stable with horses and steeds -- but right now nobody knows -- not even my PARENTS, and ever since I've known it I've kept it a secret and you must never tell anyone --"

Claude was panting for breath and his heart was beating faster and harder than ever before.

Colin looked dumbfounded -- half believing and half not.

"You . . . you're a PRINCE?" He seemed even bewildered at the sound of the words themselves.

"Yes -- I knew it ever since I read about English and the French kings, and then at the fair the fortuneteller told me I would be a prince and live in a castle and when I had a dream about it I knew it was true. You believe me . . . don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I believe you and I won't tell anyone . . ." Colin stopped and spat out his grass.

"Maybe we'd better go now; it's getting late," he said timidly, and the two boys got up and began their way home through the wispy grass as the sun slipped beneath the horizon and the dusk came on.

The following morning as the schoolyard filled with curious, talkative boys, there were murmurs and questions about where "Clod," the French boy, was. Stories went around that one boy had seen him with a pack on his back, walking away from town and another boy had seen him asking the grocer when the next train came through, and that maybe he had run away. The consensus was that he was only sick.

Colin, too, wondered where Claude was, and all through school he thought about the secret and his vow not to tell it. He thought about it yesterday -- the grove, the moss, the tall, wispy grass, and the hot sun, and he felt strangely uneasy. It was probably only the weather, he thought.

When the bell rang he ran with all his classmates out into the schoolyard. There was no homework and so they played marbles and held races. Colin bravely laid a bet that his friend Andrew would win over Dick Craven at marbles. Andrew won, and when Colin had collected his bet money he went over to sit in the shade of the maple tree. The playground was boiling hot.

"Hey, there, Colin," said a voice behind him. He whirled around and saw Dick Craven sauntering towards him.
"Hey, what's this little run on that French kid? What made you walk home with him yesterday, eh? What do you see in a kid like that?"

Colin reddened fiercely. He felt suddenly embarrassed, but he said nothing. By this time a crowd had gathered around Colin and they began to ask him why he walked home with "Clod" and was he going to carry a little schoolbag tomorrow? Colin's anger rose inside and he couldn't suppress it. His heart thumped faster and louder, and the blood rose to his face and suddenly he shouted, "Listen! There's a lot you don't know about Claude. And maybe if you knew he was a PRINCE -- and I mean a ROYAL prince -- you'd shut up and think about it."

There was dead silence and Colin gasped for breath. The sun shone brilliantly and the leaves of the maple tree stirred. Suddenly there was a snicker, and then another, and then the whole crowd broke into hilarious laughter.

"Listen to that! He says... oh!... he's a prince!! My foot, what next? Prince Clod! Ha!" Dick Craven choked with laughter over the words and they, all gasping for breath, slowly dispersed, leaving Colin under the maple tree, his eyes almost blinded with tears that wouldn't stop coming.

The next day Claude was back at school with his knee-socks and his plaid schoolbag. After school, in the playground, the boys began to ask where he had been and why he hadn't been there yesterday. He didn't answer when they asked him, but he thought to himself of how his mother had kept him from going because she thought he was sick with a fever. And just because he was unusually happy! Claude didn't understand his mother sometimes.

When he had gathered his books and buckled his schoolbag, Claude went out into the playground. The sun was sinking in the sky. There was no breeze at all -- just dead, dull heat.

Claude noticed a group of boys under the trees and when he came out, they turned and said, "Hi, there, Clod," and bowed mockingly.

And then suddenly, out of nowhere, the words came vibrating on the waves of heat. They sounded muffled -- strained and far away, but they were there:

"Hail Prince Clod!"
It was Dick Craven.

Claude gasped -- they know. They knew his secret.

All his thoughts rushed to one objective -- he whisked around, his eyes searching frantically for Colin. There he was, standing by the fence, staring blankly at Claude with an unreal, faraway look in his eyes.

"Colin!" Claude gasped, and then he looked again at the boys. They were all kneeling, bowing in mocking reverence, saying, "Hail, Prince Clod."

Then Dick got up and shouted to Colin, "C'mon Colin -- aren't you going to join the fun?" Colin didn't move. Then the boys stood up and shuffled off the playground, chanting, "Hail, Prince Clod! The Prince has come!"

Colin watched them go and then turned to Claude.

"I'm... sorry," he said hoarsely.

Claude looked at the ground and kicked a cloud of dust with his toe and suddenly the secret didn't matter any more -- suddenly it was meaningless, empty -- and there were other things instead. Claude said softly, "It's all right... I just didn't think you'd do it."

A breeze stirred the maple leaves again.

Colin looked at Claude for a moment, and then turned and walked away -- out the gate and down the road, Claude watched him disappear. He picked up his school bag and shuffled through the gate. His mother had told him not to shuffle but he didn't care. Mothers worried too much anyway. That was one thing about mothers -- they were always worrying.

And he disappeared into the flickering shadows of the maple trees that lined the street.

Elizabeth Borgerhoff, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Prose
A Song To Sing

Hot sun
Fresh air
Lods of fun
   and
Not a care --
Not a thing . . .
   That's spring.

   Rowboats
   Daffodils
   Love notes
       and
   Dentist bills
From Pickering . . .
   That's spring

   Wood ticks
   Lemonade
   Picnics
       and
   No shade --
   A bee sting . . .
   That's spring

   Italian ice
   Dirty knees
   A generous slice
       of
   Swiss cheese --
   A song to sing . . .
   That's spring.

Elizabeth Borgerhoff, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry
Acknowledgements

The honorable mention for Upper School Prose is awarded to Karen Fraser, XII, for "The Red Bike." The honorable mention for Upper School Poetry is a double award this year: to Pamela Aall, IX, for "He said" and to Elise Rosenhaupt, XII, for her translation of Horace's Ode, IV, vii. Mary Bishop, V, is awarded honorable mention for Middle School Poetry for "If I had the powers." The LINK Board regrets that lack of space prevents printing them, but they have all appeared in the February FINEST. "Africa" by Betsy Hartmann, VIII, in the June issue of the FINEST, is awarded honorable mention for Middle School Prose.

We wish to thank the following for judging the literary contest: Mrs. James Barr, Mrs. Elmer A. Beller, Mrs. Edward G. Benson, Prof. Gerald E. Bentley, Mrs. Alfred Busselle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fussell, Mrs. E. Harris Harbison, Mrs. William P. Jacobs, Prof. Edmund J. Keeley, Mrs. A. Walton Litz, Prof. Richard M. Ludwig, Prof. Thomas P. Roche.

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With Love from the Animals

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Heidi Heuck
Cindy
Daisy Miller
Prince
Fancy
Roscoe
Posy
Cicero
Cinnamon
Oliver
Otto
Riley
MahJonq
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"i can't get used to teaching girls"

"not bloody likely"

less bloody likely

"this goes on every day"

"mmmm -- it's carbonated"

"boy, do I ever love fire drills"

in the alley last night . . .
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"stayed up all night with a paper"

roll over, roll over

let's put you in the driver's seat

wot?
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"no gym -- sunken cheeks," gdb

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"chalk it up as experience"

"i got my job through the daily news"
"I only speak to you in words, . . .
And what is word knowledge
but a shadow
of worldless knowledge?"

THE PROPHET by
Kahlil Gibran

— Two Parents

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To: EVERYONE
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(If You Squint Your Eyes and Read This Again You'll Get The Picture)

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WE WISH THAT YOU'D STAY LONGER!
BUT IF WE WANT TO KEEP YOU HERE,
WE'LL HAVE TO BE MUCH STRONGER!

The "EIGHTS"

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joanie says hello
(well it ain't no use to sit and wonder why babe if you don't know by now)

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this is the song of sixty five of sixty five the ones who jive for mehitabel has politely as is her wont inquired as to our past we mehitabel were not cleopatra nor do we wholly believe in the pythagorean theory of the transmigration be that as it may we have a past for twelve years ago with gretch and janey who must have been tiny and lynn and dabby whose full name i have been told is a terrifying doritha and gigi that long ago we belonged to miss warden the last class utterly hers and the next year mehitabel we had hamsters which are untransmigrated creatures then in second grade we were a ship sailing around the world under various captains and mates it appears to me boss that the third grade was almost entirely war games with the girls escaping from the oaktree and dabby was gretel there s a dance in the old dame yet and then the boys departed and thomas was called upon to build boxes that the fourth grade toes might touch the floor and we learned how properly to open books a lost art in these sad times in fifth grade mrs peck mitigated the system with canaries which were thirds of warnings and there was miss cheston who didn't return having married a baby doctor in philadelphia also from fifth to sixth grades miss hillman became mrs gill and screamed when wrongly addressed which though perhaps arrogant was understandable and beginning at sixth grade we were destined to a life of being guinea pigs untransmigrated creatures quite similar to hamsters caged in room one with banging radiators and dripping ceiling in mrs. convey's home room we were flowers with quatrains long to learn oh yes mehitabel we had our ups and downs ups were home rooms and downs were no more canaries then mrs porter ladle her name was boss taught an excruciating history and we suffered through parliamentary home room and for nine months we planned a medieval banquet with stuffed pigs and apples unfortunately it never came off a heluva come down romance archy romance was the word the next year in washington d c when we arrived from the arva at the recruits at fort myer barbie brophy wore black lace and petch hit the ceiling when dabby woke the wench with washcloth wet i was a vers libre poet once mehitabel we gave midsummer night's dream with peggy a prancing puck when we entered the study hall and went up to read reports miss davis was understanding and with her we studied the santons de provence four new girls were left handed then punchy and buff enacted the glass menagerie for mrs smith the next year the glass unicorn's horn broke with buff's death sally brought in the long hair bit and gai toujours gai susie h came with tales of new york and her brother speaking of men the next year was brigette and jim and molly always going out west and there was andrew also hardenburgh played by blanche at mrs. boutelle's vienna against lisl who was metternich and susie's hunger pains started again in the lute song ellen is still to burn her chemistry book and janie was on a special music schedule went out to aspen in the summer when gigi went to crete arriving home to merethe shaw was at newport and is now the class archivist of bobby n joanie whom susie resembles though she can't drive effie however bombs around in her red rambler and lynn in sven the vw and tomato administers the study hall saying you know i could graph the noise it's taken you two whole minutes gretch always looked sick when she made her announcements ophelia stated that there was a finest meeting today and everyone was expected to come the big jazz was sally stewart's the astronauts annika hated physics for nobody wants you when you're down and out and graphing acceleration and there was the week that was which we politely refer to as senior squash week when everybody wept and fainted even phoebe mr hartmann spoke at our stiffs sessions speaking of stuffing which i suppose i wasn't alison stuffed herself on grapes and cottage cheese while karen practiced yoga the feline position thank heavens the building survived the 500 blows for martha was our efficient though incongruous firewarden it was gai toujours gai with many men but still we returned the prodigal daughters to mrs. shepherd we dance till the sun comes up
To The Class of 65... Miss Fourm

We are writing to you who aren't
going away
We are writing to you and trying
to say:
In fifth grade we all met
And were led by Mrs. Peck
Our fifth grade skills learned
Sixth grade was soon earned.
With barons in castles
to Mrs. Conray we were vessels.
In seventh we found the best
Mrs. Porter was her name.
She made us very happy
but we acted just the same
very noisy,
but very gay.
In eighth we got excited
and Mrs. Ames made us delighted
(Ha Ha)
We're upper schoolers now—Wow
and all of those who are playing
old faithful
We would like to say we love you all
and are mighty grateful
So with lumps in our throats and
hearts like pumps
We say good-bye
Expecting to return every often
to say hi!

From those who are going away:
Pooh, Kath, Han, Charlotte, Arden,
Penny, Jocky, Brigitte, Tanny, Lisa, and
Joah.