

the link

1965

May Margaret Fine Library
Princeton Day School

THE LINK

1965

Editor-in-Chief: Elise Rosenhaupt

Assistant Editor: Phoebe Russell

Layout Editors: Brigitte Hasenkamp
Peggy Woodbridge

Advertising Manager: Gretchen Taylor

Production Manager: Ellen Aronis

Photography Editor: Barbara Shaw

Business Manager: Alison Hubby

Contest Editor: Karen Fraser

Contributing Editors: Ophelia Benson
Sally Stewart

Adviser: Anne B. Shepherd

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



the
dis
bl
in
rese

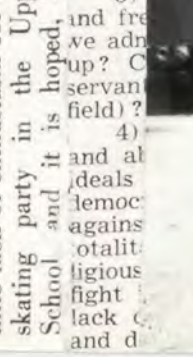
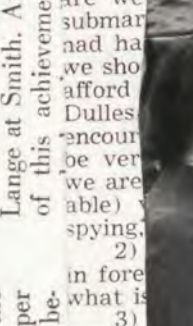
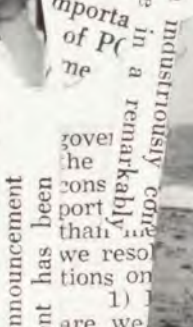
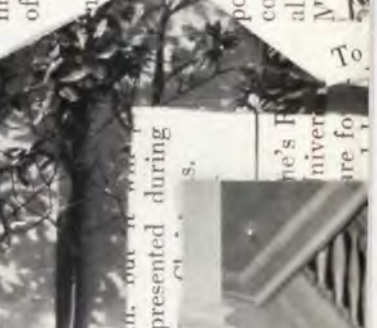
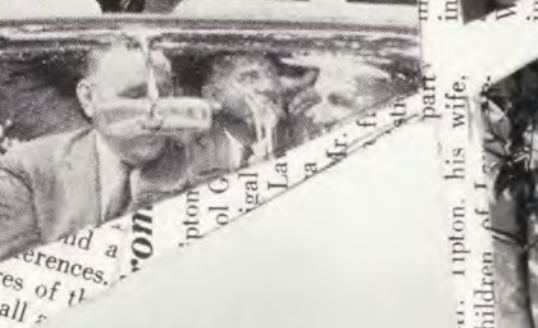
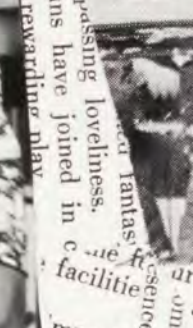
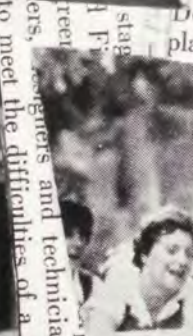
ch
e's
m.
ill

perhaps the performer with the
... with his

... school is
his year the
Douglas Pede
planning for

... school, with the
ded for bringi
They obvio
from more
and atten
Giraudoux
ing to cla
me Giraud
r maiden
allegories,
and unch
ie play ar
ns of the

... philosopher-prophet who speaks for
... and active Anti-Establishment



in the
Queen

ubart,
e. L.



and



...With Green Eyes tak

THE WILL GREEN EFFECT



Girl With Green Eyes takes

Girl With Green Eyes takes

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
quote lots of people
can blow their own
bubbles but
can t burst them
unquote 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



Ophelia Benson

sometimes boss i
wonder how many
pies dabby s fingers
are in because
she sings and dances
and rushes over
marquand field
allthewhile 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
chatterly 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



Karen M. Fraser

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



Blanche Goble

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



Laurie Vance Johnson

Martha Brainerd Gorman



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



Susan Child Howland



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

Alison Adams Hubby



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

Merethe Lange-Nielsen



Effie Lau

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

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



Elise Noel Rosenhaupt

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



Barbara Shaw

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



Susan Sichel



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



Jane Culver Strunsky

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



Gretchen Ann Taylor

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



Sarah Roberts Tomlinson

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

Ellen
 Sophia
 Dobby
 Annika
 Peter
 Molly
 Karen
 Blanche
 Gigi
 Lynn
 Martha
 Brig
 Susie
 Alison
 Meredith
 Effie
 Lise
 Phoebe
 Shaw
 Susie
 Sally
 Judy
 Gretchen
 tomato
 Woody
 class

quotes	lost without	drinks	bête noir	found
the truth of the matter is....	cynicism	scotch and water	men who would rather fight than switch	wondering why
bloody	Steve and roommates	ginger beer	gym	in the village
shh hhhhhh!	"the bat"	mint julep	vicious people	smoking
hey!	her dictionary	rum glogg	physics	smoking pipe
no lie!	words	gin and tonic	cops	on the telephone
my little chickadee	ideals	grape juice	neediness	where isn't she found?
can I just quickly tell you one thing	an audience	champagne	dirty hair	on stage
well, suppose....	wind	tea	gym	sailing
fiddlesticks	her bike	retsina	shoes	in Crete
exactly!	a laugh	gingerale with a twist of lemon	noise	in her car
hey, cool	frank	coke	being late	dating
who?	the mailbox	whiskey sour	ringo	on buses
well, I'll tell you	pills	gin	fravels	being the orange-juice machine
use your imagination	mulligan blowses	vodka collins	unpaid dues	in the sun
oh, really?	communication	cherry heering	blushing	sparkling
that's hysterical	her watch	tomato juice with a squirt of lemon	bananas	in the library
I just had a long talk with....	the blond and the blue-eyed	celery juice	the telephone	in the back of the bus
well, hi....	astrolabe	daiquiri	club meetings	surrounded
it's all right, ma	janie and bobby	and dreams on	motor psycho nitemures	newport
o, arikey	photographers	vin rouge	restrictions	dreaming
friends and gentle hearts	attention	bourbon and water	violence	impromptu
what am I going to do?	tobacco	coffee	corduroy	lost
snoopy says...	hiccups	sheery	j.t.	in a den of iniquity
keep your shirt on -	outside	dubonnet	the social register	at early-morning tea parties
if I have only one life -	her secret passion	strawberry soda	spelling	arguing
challa it up as experience	love	yes	gym	out

evokes	hero	passion	Can you imagine her	found singing
mystery	man in the XKE	getting away	a wasp	tenderly
la bohème	D.	england	as a wac	jerusalem
domesticity	rhet butler	love	single	chances are
laughter	tomten	skiing	no, I can't	That's why the lady is a tramp
gauguin	alexander beetle	fuzz	speechless	It might as well be spring
a colt	george	kids	lonely	home on the range
garbo	q. b.	Cats	a nun	nobody knows you when you're down and out
a moor	luther	kaleidoscopes	submissive	moonlight bay
blue hill	neptune	young life	land locked	row, row, row
smiles	gardner mackey	dachshunds	solemn	that's all
cheerfulness	in a military uniform	sailing	a socialist	moon river
a fresh carrot snapping	james bond	peanut butter and saltines	unorganized	stranger in paradise
delight	billy liar	baby seals	pregnant	sentimental journey
purple flair	paul newman	tall men	in the bowery	night and day
springtime	sidney poitier	goat - cheese	a hula dancer	stranger on the shore
the hands of the Mona Lisa	albert finney	running in the wind	a soap-box orator	16 trombones
flirtation	no definitive info. available at time of publication	atlanta	in suburbia	je suis intoxiquée
casaque	L.P. II and III	spring	in one piece	the wrong words
beavism	the ginger man	fair and tender ethnic creatures	a chorus girl	locaine olives
earth mother	phineas	little and big things	uninvolved	rambler-gambler
life	parts of everyone	dialectics	a deb	unflinchingly
warmth	you name it	passion	a private sec'y	Every little breeze seems to whisper Louise
the light under the bushel	jason rosend's jr.	the sea	preppy	codine
canoe	eugene	owls	a garbage collector	she's not there
prun roses	jean shephard	wilk-weed	as a brunette	move
reproof	t. h.	"The collective sot-weed factor"	with no dance in The old dame yet	plaisir d'amour



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



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



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



MARCIA M.
GEER
Science
B.A. Radcliffe



OLGA
HOLENKOFF
French, Russian
License de Prof.
de Français a
l'Etranger

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



DOROTHY C.
MEYERS
Librarian
B.A. Douglass



GINETTE MONTY
French
Certificat
d'études



MARY E. PECK
English
B.A. Syracuse



DOUGLAS O.
PEDERSEN
Introduction to
Aesthetics
B.A. Allegheny



CARL D.
REIMERS
Comparative Re-
ligions
B.S Northwestern
B.D. Princeton
Theological Sem-
inary

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



FRANCES M.
ROBERTS
English, His-
tory
B.A. Agnes Scott
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 Philos-
ophy
Ph.D University
of Vienna

SUZANNE
THIBAUT
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

GERTRUDE D.
BROPHY
R.N.
School Nurse



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

CATHERINE
CASHMAN
Financial Secre -
tary



JOAN C. BAKER
Alumnae secre -
tary and Admin -
istrative Assist -
ant



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





FIRST ROW: Enid Sackin, Ann Hughey, Mettie Whipple, Gail Hood. SECOND ROW: Hermine Delaney, Susan Bonthron, Hannah Blakeman, Margery Cuyler, Kitzi Becker. THIRD ROW: Mary Moore, Mary Bilderback, Sally Lane, Hope Rose, Debby Hobler, Patty Morgan, Lynn Wiley. FOURTH ROW: Kathy Boone, Leslie Loser, Andy Hicks, Marianne Hoffman, Linda Staniar. Missing from picture: Sarah Jaeger, Diane Lyness, Barbara Sullivan, (president).



X

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.



FIRST ROW: Frances Conover, Connie Sayen, Pamela Aall, Ann McClellan. SECOND ROW: Leigh Keyser, Susan Koch, Mary Hobler, Kate Linker, Wylie Aaron, Beth Schlossberg, Suzanne Blanchet, Joan Wadelton. THIRD ROW: Peyton Brewster, Catherine Barr, Linda Baker, Sophia Godfrey, Anne Fulper, Gillian Gordon. FOURTH ROW: Lisa Lawrence, Linda Hart, Helen Behr. Missing from picture: Diana Mackie, Ingrid Selberg, Gail Smith, Nancy Flagg.



CLASS EIGHT SEATED: Bev Bevis, Dianne Tyler, Molly Hall, Helen Bushnell, Dianna Eure, Elizabeth Rose, Julie Fox, Betsy Nicholes. SECOND ROW: Bertina Bleicher, Kay Lane, Debby Shoemaker, Bebe Ramus, Pooh Holt, Gail Colby, Nancy Spencer, Cope Sawyer, Donna Ganges, Betsy Bristol, Jean Gorman. THIRD ROW: Susan Schnur, Beth Borgerhoff, Abby Sheldon, Tracey Green, Betsy Hartmann, Beth Healy. UP LADDER: Jane Wiley, Sharon Abeel, Glenys Wolff, Karen Hoffman, Derry Light. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Kathleen Gorman, Margery Burt (president).



UPPER SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL: SEATED: Dabby Bishop, Sarah Jaeger, Secretary; Sally Tomlinson, President; Merethe Lange-Nielsen, Mary Hobler. STANDING: Brigitte Hasenkamp, Julia Lockwood, Linda Staniar, Sally Lane, Mary Young, Lynn Behr.

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.



COMMITTEE: FRONT ROW: Natalie Huston, Mary Johnson, Molly Dorf, chairman; Susie Sichel, Brita Light. SECOND ROW: Gail Colby, Debby Hobler, treasurer; Merethe Lange-Nielsen, Peggy Woodbridge, Alix Dilworth, Sec. THIRD ROW: Phoebe Knapp, Jane Borgerhoff. BACK ROW: Annika Bugge, Connie Sayen, Gillian Gordon, Patty Morgan, Margery Cuyler.

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

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE: Nursery Schools, Church Schools, Princeton Tutorial Service, Merwick Nursing Home, Princeton Hospital, New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Recording for the Blind, Princeton Freedom Center (S.N.C.C., P.A.H.R.) Quaker Work Camps, Trenton Home for Girls. FUND RAISING: Pet show, Wreaths, Talent Show, Various Class Projects.





BACK ROW: Peggy Woodbridge, Gillian Gordon (Properties), Ann Hughey, Molly Dorf, (Lighting), Gail Hood (Ass't. Scenery), Kitzie 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 (Ass't Costumes), Barbara Shaw (President of Dramatic Club), Sarah Jaeger (Stage Manager), Debbie Hobler (Ass't. Lighting) Mary Moore (House Committee). MISSING FROM PICTURE: Ellen Aronis (Ass't. Stage Manager), Paula Cantor (Ass't. Stage Manager), Jane Borgerhoff (Ass't. Properties), Marianne Hoffman (Tickets), Susan Sichel, Mettie Whipple (Ass't. 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 Peggy Woodbridge Gillian Gordon
Lord Chamberlain	Ed Keeble
Superintendent	John Gibbs
Trainer of Seals	James Mount
Bertha	Susan Sichel
Bertram	Jim Sisseron
Violante	Kitzi Becker
Angelique	Margery Cuyler
Salamambo	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)	David Bandler
1st Judge	Ed Keeble
2nd Judge	James Mount
Executioner	Rich Handelsman
Kitchen Maid	Barbara Sullivan



Athletic Association

FIRST ROW: Sia Godfrey, Dabby Bishop, Mary Woodbridge.
SECOND ROW: Hope Rose, (secretary) Gigi Godfrey.
(president; secretary, 1963-64). THIRD ROW: Karen
Hoffman, Gretchen Taylor.



will get more
his year beginning



great banging and exciting game

he dawned
rightly for
Marquand
MFS



Lately, **Sports** The Varsity

Well, at the end of the year everyone is thoroughly exhausted w/ M. F. S. team came through with a smashing victory noises from the gym





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 Henssler, Julie Fox, Beth Borgerhoff. Missing from picture: Karen Meyers, Martha Miller.

INKLING REPORTORIAL STAFF: Linda Staniar, Ann Hughey, Pamela Erickson, Marta Nussbaum, Linda Baker, Nancy Flagg, Betsy Hartmann, Barbara Sturken, Felicity Brock, Cathy Lane, Cynthia Morgan. **FEATURE WRITERS:** Barbara Shaw, Sally Stewart.

Publications

INKLING EXECUTIVE STAFF: Karen Fraser, Lynn Goeller, Gretchen Taylor, Susan Sichel, Paula Cantor (editor), Sally Lane (asst. editor), Leslie Loser, Blanche Goble, Derry Light. Missing from Picture: Lisa Lawrence, Debbie Lawrence.





MADRIGAL GROUP: UPPER ROW: Sally Stewart, Alison Hubby, Molly Dorf, Karen Fraser (president), Elise Rosenhaupt, Phoebe Russell, Hermine Delaney. LOWER ROW: Peggy Woodbridge, Dabby Bishop, Martha Gorman, Mary Young, Leslie Loser, Mary Combs.

Music

GLEE CLUB OFFICERS:

1961-1962 Peggy Woodbridge
 1962-1963 Marita Raubitschek
 1963-1964 Peggy Woodbridge
 1964-1965 Karen Fraser (president)
 Sally Stewart (representative)





LIBRARY COUNCIL: STANDING: Mrs. Meyers (librarian), Alison Hubby (president), Marta Nussbaum, Chris Otis, Connie Sayen, Effie Lau. SEATED: Linda Baker, Nancy Flagg, Peggy Woodbridge, Ann Hughey, Alix Dilworth. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Diane Lyness, Hannah Blakeman, Pam Erickson, Gail Smith.

Library Council

STANDING: Blanche Goble, Dianne Willis, Kitzi Becker, Chris Otis, Nancy Flagg, Ann McClellan, Gigi Godfrey. SEATED: Effie Lau, Andrea Hicks, Lynn Goeller (chairman), Mary Moore (secretary), Merethe Lange-Nielsen (AFS student from Norway).



American Field Service Committee

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 sodden 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

-- espically 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 "tunafish 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 you 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. Groping, 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, poking at their books. Joyce was reading O'HELLO; 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 gasp 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 redden. 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 knee-socks 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 on 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 fortune-teller 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 whirled 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.

Illustrations by Don Herriman from ARCHY AND MEHITABEL by Don Marquis.
Copyright 1930 by Doubleday and Co. Inc. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday and Co. Inc.

from those whom it
concerns
we editors thank
brigitte who has
done a great
deal more than
her share
without whom
despair

to mrs shepherd
who has helped
us through the mill
of life and link
we thank you
all of us

well, boss

what we all want to say now is what cannot be said
enough: the LINK has come to be through the toujours
able effort of Lisie and Phoebe. We the class wish to
thank them for so many months of late-nightly valour
and long daily dedication. The chain of their being is
completed at last.



With Love from the Animals

Briquette
Bichet
Tom
Heidi Heuck
Cindy
Daisy Miller
Prince
Fancy
Roscoe
Posy
Cicero
Cinnamon
Oliver
Otto
Riley
MahJong
Caesar
Pinkerton Melbrook
Sarchie
Raffles
Penelope
Bonnie of Briar Brae
Chawa Maria
Jim Kweskin
Vala
Setsero
Jason
Tam O'Shanter
George
Tumbleweed
Fritz

Jenny
Prissy Pringle
Black Jack
Kopper
Chak-Mool
Mrs. Cat
Obny
Lubinda
Bogan
Candy
Booster
Payload
Christopher
Pussywillow
Kansas
Saltevan
Tippy
Coco
Mela
Mitzi
Danny
Whoopie
Chi Chi Costa Nongo
Cleo
Blackie
Branislau
Teddy
Twinkle
Dolce
Frisky

In Memoriam: Donatello





Congratulations To The
Members of The Graduating Class

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF
PRINCETON

Hulit's

Shoes, INC.

140 NASSAU STREET

WA 4-1952



GALLERY 100

HINKSON'S

Office and School Supplies

Cards and Gifts

82 Nassau St., WA 4-0112



FINE FOODS
FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Pietrinferno's

84 NASSAU ST.

PRINCETON, N. J.



"not bloody likely"



less bloody likely



"this goes on every day"



"WHO is a flirt?"

"i can't get used to teaching girls"



"boy, do I ever love fire drills"

in the alley last night . . .



Be Knowy—
SUBSCRIBE
NOW
TO...



Princeton's award winning weekly newspaper

THE PRINCETON PACKET
New Jersey's Oldest Weekly Newspaper

You are invited to receive all news of Princeton -- each week -- accurately, completely and attractively presented.

- . . . latest doings of Princeton people .
- . . . latest developments in municipal government dealing with local issues.
- . . . latest activities in our schools, churches, clubs, associations, etc.
- . . . latest cultural and recreational opportunities and events.
- . . . in general, latest newsworthy happenings of every kind, throughout the community.

The Packet published good pictures, too -- lots of them. Pictures which will make you an eyewitness to the major news events of a busy, growing town.

Nowhere else will you find so much Princeton news, so fully and well reported.

You may receive The Princeton Packet by mail each week for only \$5 a year.

SENIORS going away to college next fall can keep in touch with all of the home-town news with a School Subscription for just \$3. To subscribe send your name and address, your home or school address to The Princeton Packet, 300 Witherspoon St., Princeton, N.J. You will be billed later.

Princeton prefers The Packet!







TIGER BUS LINE



CHARTER BUSES

OUT OF STATE TRIPS
CONVENTIONS

SCHOOL TRIPS AND EXCURSIONS
CHURCH GROUPS

AIR CONDITIONED 41 and 45 PASSENGER BUSES

WA 4-1008

285 JOHN STREET

PRINCETON

SAFE, COURTEOUS DRIVERS



PRINCETON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

season 1965-1966

Student series tickets give you one
concert for one dollar.

Add your name
to our mailing list -- write to

P. O. Box 455
Princeton, N. J.



no comment



"stayed up all night with a paper"



roll over, roll over



let's put you in the driver's seat

wot?



**Bucks County and Princeton
Shopping Center**

Ann Stanley

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Sportswear
and Accessories

Best Wishes
To Miss Fine's Class
Of '65
BILL WHITE
P.H.S. '65

Compliments
of

EDITH'S
CORSET & LINGERIE SHOP

10 Chambers Street Walnut 1-6059



JR. MISS AND PETITE
Sportswear

114 Nassau Street, WA 4-3494

"Something for the Girls"

Girls sizes 7-14

Pre-Teen sizes 6-14

Junior Sizes 5-15

Princess Shop

Compliments of
THE FABRIC SHOP
14 Chamber St.
Princeton, N.J.

Palmer Square Princeton, N. J.

FOR SIXTY YEARS, THE QUALITY, INTEGRITY AND SERVICE

OF THE "U" STORE

REMAIN THE SAME . . .

YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT!

You're always welcome at



the

PRINCETON

University Store



where?



"how was the weekend?"



"no gym -- sunken cheeks." gdb



g is for george

"behold historic m.f.s."



"chalk it up as experience"



tgif

"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

LOUISE MAAS -- Fine Candy
52 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J.
Candy From Many Countries

LAHIERE'S RESTAURANT

Est. 1919

French Cuisine

5 & 7 Witherspoon St.

Princeton

N. J.

FARE WITH A FLAIR
Custom Cocktail Comestibles
Jane S. Griswold
WA 1-7034

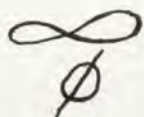


344 Nassau Street
Princeton, N. J.
We Extend Our
Congratulations to the
June Graduates of
1965 and to their Mothers

"The Place to Get a Square Deal"
THE FRIENDLY FOOD MART
Witherspoon Street

344 Nassau St. WA 4-4427
(at Harrison) Park in Rear

A WISE MAN
SENDS HIS
DAUGHTER



WINE AND GAME SHOP

6 Nassau St.
Tel 924-2468

Walnut 4-0089 — 4-2488

LYONS MARKET

Finest Prime Meats for Over 50 Years
Fresh Killed Poultry and Game in Season
Frozen Foods and Dairy Products
8 NASSAU STREET PRINCETON, N. J.
FREE DELIVERY

SMOKERS' SUPPLIES

and

MAGAZINES

SKIRM'S SMOKE SHOP

THE ESTABLISHMENT



REDDING'S

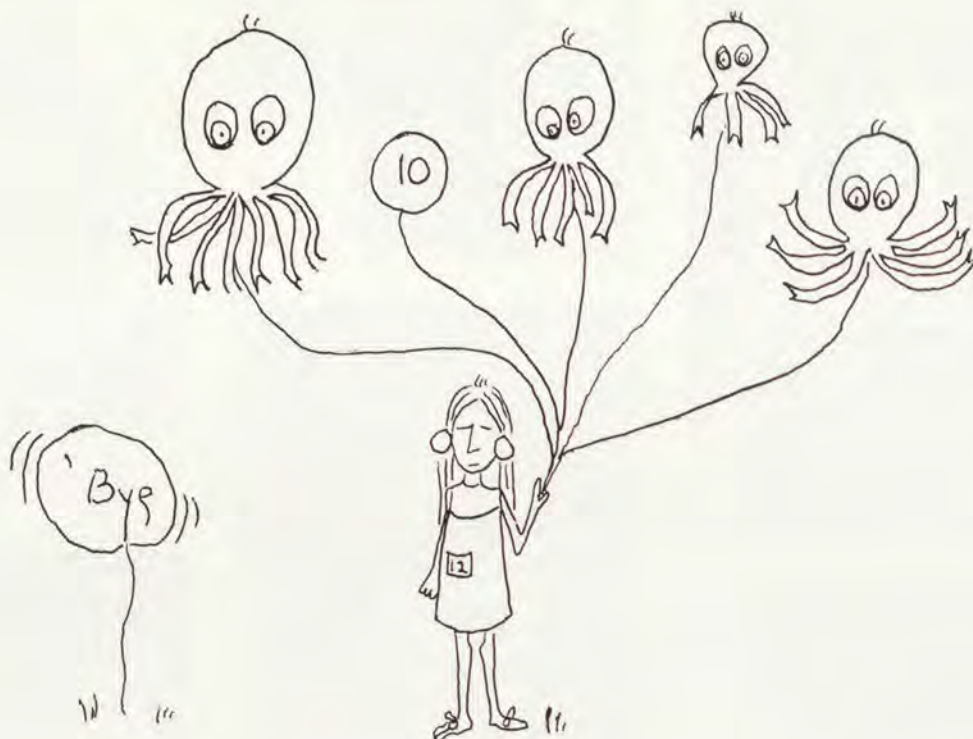
For
Prompt
Service
Call

924-0166

Plumbing
Heating
Roofing
Air Conditioning
Modernization

234 Nassau St.
Princeton, N. J.





THE THORNE PHARMACY
E.E. Campbell, R.P.
P.A. Ashton, R.P.
168 Nassau St., Princeton, N.J.
Tel. WA 4-0077

From: Those 2 Sagacious and Irreputable Mentors
To Whom We All Laughingly

Refer As Hermine/Bonthron

To: EVERYONE

We Just Wanted To Say That This Year
HAS BEEN a Very Unforgettable One,
And Our Candid Opinion Of This School
Is That It's

MARVELOUS!

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



THE FARR HARDWARE COMPANY
Hardware and House Furnishings
Telephone 924-0066 138 Nassau Street



*den feinen damen
die so oft zu ihnen kamen
wünschen von Herzen Segen
auf allen ihren wegen
ein deutscher archibald
und seine weltche mehitabel*

160 Witherspoon St., Princeton, N.J.
Phone: 921-7287



THE
FORER
PHARMACY

Wheel Chairs • Commodes • Hospital
Beds • Surgical Supplies

CARNEGIE REALTY, INC.
238 Nassau St.
921-6177



Telephone:
896-0200

LAWRENCEVILLE
HARDWARE COMPANY

Hardware, Paints, Housewares, Garden
Supplies, Appliances

Pittsburgh, Scotts, Agrico, Rubbermaid,
STANLEY
Lawrenceville, New Jersey

All's Well
That Ends
Well

APARRI School of Dance
Ballet with Mila Gibbons
217 Nassau St.
Princeton, N.J.

Chase Your Highest Thought

Compliments
of
K. M. LIGHT REAL ESTATE

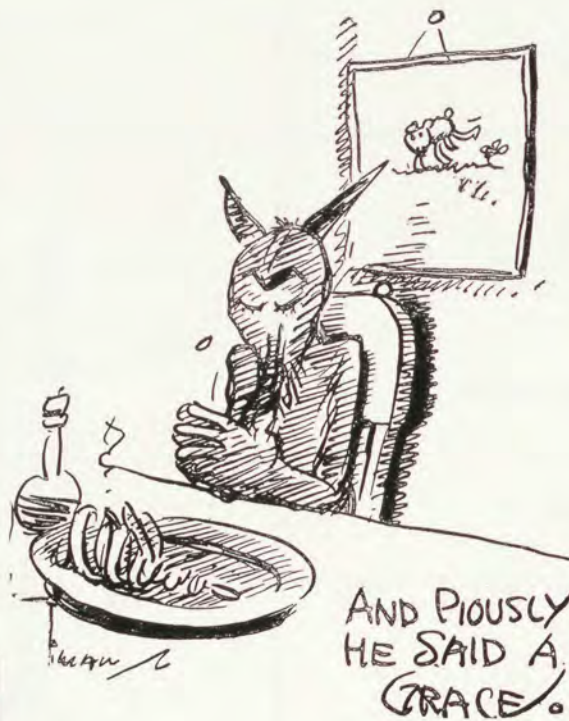
Compliments
of
GEORGE WARREN



RESTAURANT
Fine Sandwiches
Superb Coffee

Always A Good Shake





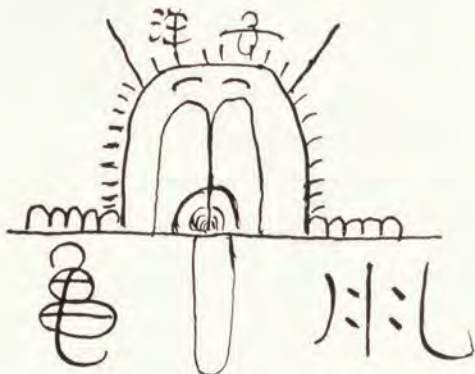
Carry on with
a
Smile

With Love From
Peter Piper
Chippy -choo-choo
Speedy Steve
Quicky Ricky
and
Little Behr

To Help The Seniors
Down The
Rocky Road

LAWRENCE NORRIS KERR
Real Estate
32 Chambers St.
924-1414

Saleswomen: Cornelia Diehlenn '33
Ann Stockton



Custom Framing



The
Frame Shoppe

All work done on
premises

72 Witherspoon Street
Princeton 924-2306

The Daily PRINCETONIAN

36 University Place, Princeton, N. J.

Subscribe to the Prince

Princeton's Only Daily Newspaper

KEEP TABS ON THE
LARGEST LOCAL SUPPLY OF

MEN

Subscription Length

Two Terms
Town \$13.50
Delivery

One Term
Town \$7.50
Delivery

The vanilla flavor of this spot
has been donated by

The Princeton Tiger,

the world's oldest and funniest
college humour magazine. If the
flavor has faded by the time this
reaches you, look for the straw-
berry spot in the next Tiger.
Only .25 cents.

ONWARD
MILTON EISENHOWER!

S M
K C
L B

Congratulations
to those who made it
from two shut-ins

F R E E D O M

We Are Poor Little Lambs
Who Have Lost
Our Way

Janey + Gretchen

Andrew Says Farewell



JOY



LES CHÂLETS

FRANÇAIS

French Summer Camp for Girls 6-18

Deer Isle, Maine

Salt and fresh water swimming,
Riding, sailing, tennis; all other sports.

Ballet, music, dramatics, art.

French conversation encouraged, not forced.

MRS. GEORGE F. BUSH

391 Nassau St.

Walnut 4-5045

AUDREE ESTEY —

director of ballet



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

The "EIGHTS"

CONGRATULATIONS!



M.F.S.

My

GOOD LUCK

Congratulations and Best Wishes to

the Class of 1965



RADIO CORPORATION OF

AMERICA

RCA LABORATORIES

David Sarnoff Research Center

Princeton, New Jersey



Town and Country Properties

9 Mercer Street

Tel. WA 4-0284

H. P. CLAYTON

Dry Goods - Notions

Sportswear - Accessories

Palmer Square, Princeton

KULLER TRAVEL



AIR • SHIP • RAIL

TOUR • CRUISE

924-2550

599-2623

108 NASSAU ST.

The Gallup Organization, Inc.

MARKETING RESEARCH

OPINION AND ATTITUDE STUDIES

CORPORATION PROFILES

BEHAVIORAL ANALYSIS

CONSUMER SURVEYS

MEDIA AND AUDIENCE RESEARCH

53 Bank Street • Princeton, New Jersey • WAInut 4-9600

G. R. MURRAY, Inc.

SPECIALISTS IN INSURANCE

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

NASSAU SHOE TREE
Shoes of Quality
for the discriminatory matron
and miss
27 Palmer Square West, 921-7298

High Fashion Styling -- Margret Jeffries
ARTISTIC HAIRDRESSERS
38 Witherspoon, 924-4875
Elizabeth Arden Department

Compliments of
THOMPSON REALTY



Compliments to The Senior Class

*DynaPlex
Corporation*

Aerospace Solid State Electronics

P. O. Box 341
Princeton, N. J. 08540

Compliments to the Class of 1965
from

Cascade Pools

287-1000 Area Code 201

**PRINCETON
TOWNE & COUNTRY
Real Estate**

CONGRATULATES THE CLASS OF 1965

Mr. & Mrs. Joseph A. Goeller
20 Nassau St., Princeton, New Jersey

THE PRINCETON HERALD
Published Wednesday and Friday

Job Printing, Too.

Congratulations To
The Class of 1965

PRINCETON MUSIC CENTER

Compliments of

APPLEGATE'S FLORAL SHOP
Flowers For All Occasions
47 Palmer Square West
Phone WA 4-0121
F.T.D. Member

Since 1885
"There has been no substitute for
Personalized Service"

Walter B. Howe Inc.

70 Nassau Street
(ground floor -
Opposite the Post Office)
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY
924-0095

Princeton's Oldest Established
Real Estate and Insurance Firm

MILHOLLAND & OLSON

8 Stockton Street
PRINCETON NEW JERSEY
INTERIORS-ANTIQUES

MILADY

45 Palmer Square West
Princeton, New Jersey

Elite Furs Estate Jewelry Gems

Hours: 10 - 6
And by Appointment

Carol Allen
Phone: 924-7450

ROSETTE PENNINGTON
20 E. 56 St., N.Y.C., 22
Also Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, N. J.



TAVERNWOOD
BEAUTY MANOR & COSMETIC SHOP
69 Palmer Square West
Princeton, N. J.
924-3983

THE CLOTHES LINE

ON

THE

SQUARE

BELLOWS

IMPORTERS

210 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J.

Walnut 4-3221

Specialists in
Women's and Children's Apparel

joanie says hello

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

NASSAU INTERIORS

Fine Furniture
Interior Decorating

162 Nassau Street

FROM THE FIVE
OF THE MICHIGAN
CONTINGENT



Jewelers to Princetonians
54 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.
Miss Fine's charms available
in gold and silver

MARSH & COMPANY
Pharmacists

Over 100 Years of Service
30 Nassau Street WA 4-4000

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 weigel
 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. conroy 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
 laudie 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 comedown romance
 archy romance was the word
 the next year in washington d c
 when we waved from the arva
 at the recruits at fort myer
 barbie brophy wore black lace
 and peche 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 buffs 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 brigitte and jim
 and molly always going out west
 and there was andrew also
 hardenburgh played by blanche
 at mrs. boutelle s vienna
 against lisie 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 s 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
 gretchen 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 stuffs
 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 Ames

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 vassals.
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~~ to return every often
to say hi!

From those who are going away,
Pooh, Kath, Nan, Charlotte, Arden,
Penny, Joak, Brigitte, Tanny, Lisa, and
Joan