





Sia Godfrey





# *THE LINK*

*Princeton Day School*

*Princeton, N.J.*

*1966*

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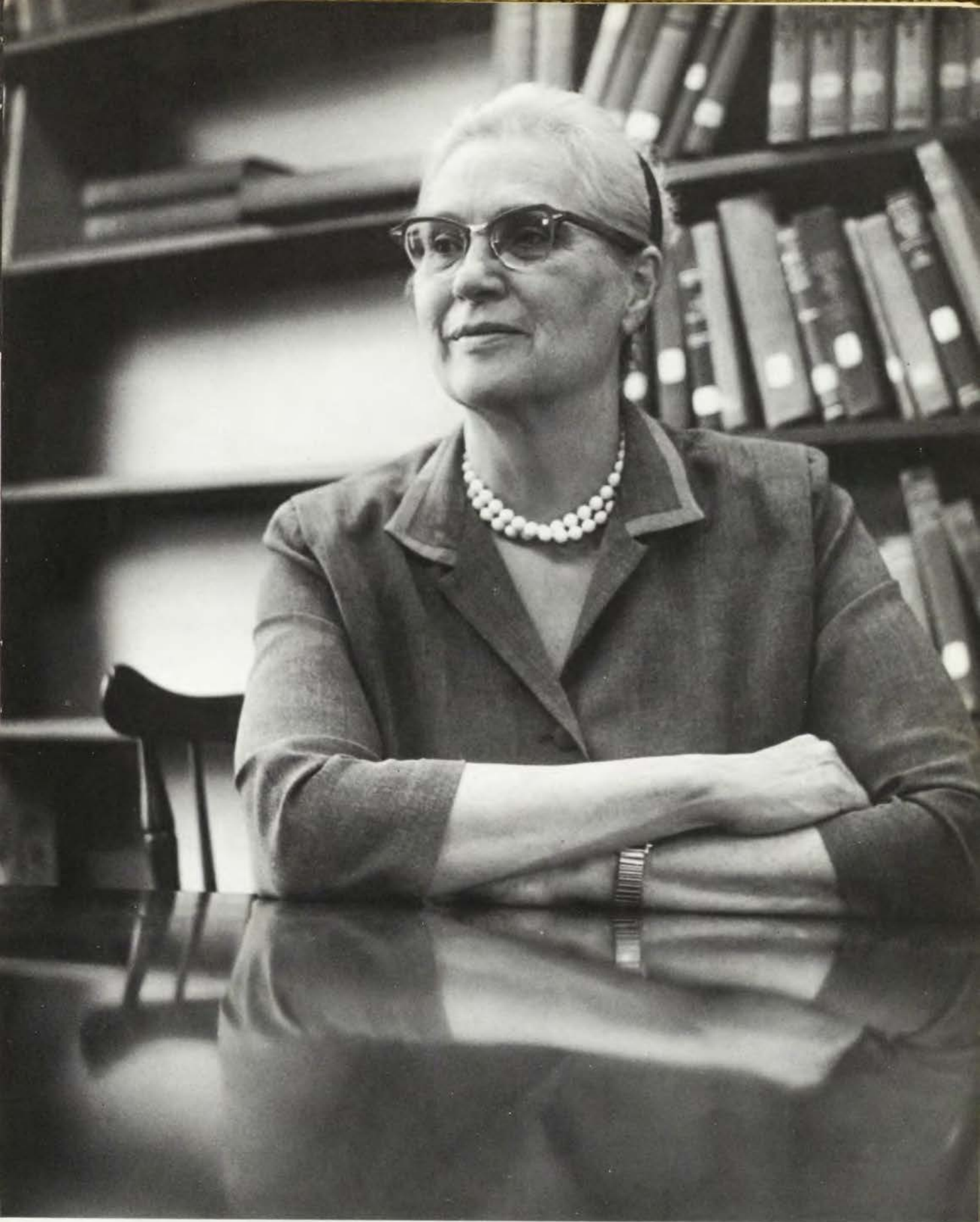
We thank

*Frances Markley Roberts*

for all she did for us when we were in eighth grade; for her uncompromising justice and objectivity, and for her human understanding and wisdom. Her own profound scholarship stimulated in us a love of learning, a knowledge of our government, and an interest in Far Eastern cultures. And finally, the gift that made the greatest difference was her sense of humor.

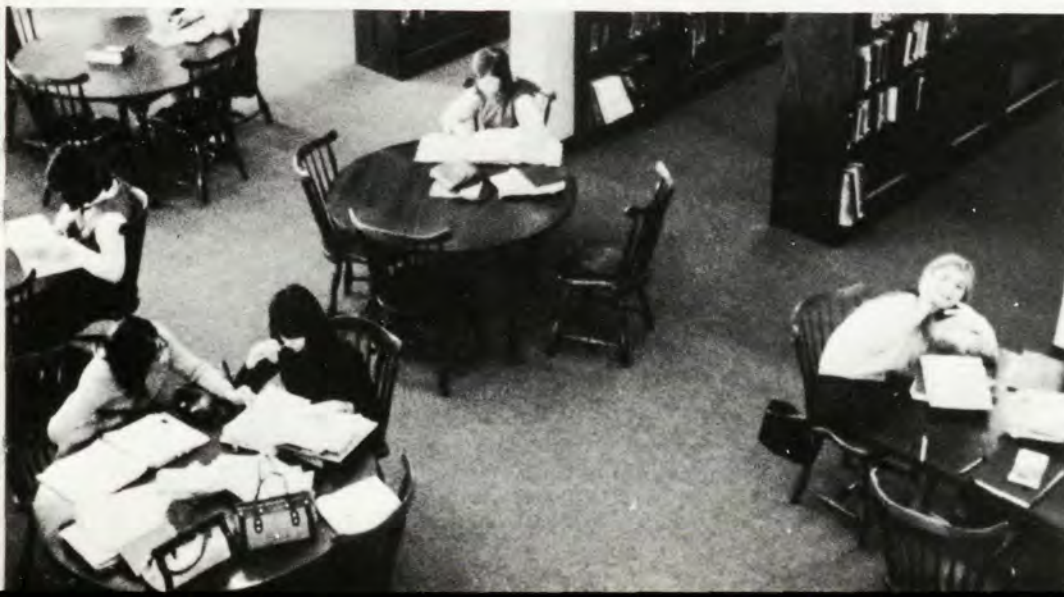
We think of her, teaching in that converted porch-homeroom with its leaking roof and spraying radiators, on the balconies of the Arva Motel, thwarting aspiring Juliets, and greeting briskly the many people she knows, as she strides along Nassau Street to school.























the  
seniors





## Class History

This is our story  
of stories of what we were  
and perhaps at times of what we still are  
but also of grand allusions to what  
we may someday be . . .  
Of our beginnings only Miss Weigel may know,  
though Patty and Sally vividly recall  
big paper and color charts.  
Ann and Kitzi arrived in first grade, and although the envious  
said Ann talked too much in "Show and Tell", they all  
played houses together under bushes  
until second grade when Sally spelled Czechoslovakia  
and we preferred horses and Patty blue jeans.



Spelling became a big thing (and long remained so)  
in third grade and  
Marianne came, and Ann went to Washington,  
which was only the beginning of our comings and goings.  
Webster Pierce hid in the mornings, causing posses  
of Big Girls and Teachers to organize and search . . .  
He also kicked his shoe through a window.  
We had gangs of sorts, with Copey leading upsy-downsies on  
the playground . . .  
"Pandora's Box opened in fourth grade and Hope and Hannah  
and Barbara came in.  
Then there were those political debates, which never seem  
to end. We listened for bells and changed classes  
in fifth grade, with Mrs. Peck, for the first time;  
and Linda came with two horses.

We rode onto sixth making silhouettes and paper roses,  
and writing ballads, which we still do . . .  
Crushes began in seventh grade with Mrs. Klein  
and Mr., too, who was a Nassoon!  
Ann came back to stay, at last.

Then Dibby was our leader and Sarah, Mary Carol and Leslie came.  
We wrote our play,  
"A Pause in the Progress",  
which had one queen, (Lindsley), two plots, three scenes and  
scores of courtiers, villagers, players --  
and forests of hawthorne trees, yards of garlands.  
The title was very fitting, everyone thought,  
remembering our Washington trip,  
especially the sixteen who came home early . . .





The pause continued.  
 In nine Andrea, Debby, Diana, Margery, and Mary bop-she-bopped in.  
 We all got to know Miss Davis, and the lucky ones had her in French.  
 And there were cherry bombs (in the locker room  
 and Margery's "Magnificat" sneezes . . .  
 Happiness pills with Mrs. Brophy kept us smiling.  
 Our sophomore year the pipes burst.  
 Kathy and Enid arrived and Gail gilded a gorgeous dragon for LUTE SONG.  
 The fire trucks came while Hun burned.  
 We "responded" (as they say) to Burton's Hamlet and the  
 next year we bubbled, toiled, and troubled through MACBETH  
 with Mrs. Smith.  
 Barbara was still our president.  
 Mr. Hartmann came, and great new things  
 like aesthetics and philosophy classes.  
 Spring was skateboarding and flowers painted in the studyhall,  
 and travel (for some) in the sun to Greece.  
 Mrs. Boutelle took us on trips,  
 (Winterthur gardens in that wonderful wind!)  
 and brought speakers to Friday classes,  
 (Ashley Montagu, bolsterer of the female ego)  
 Yoko brought laughter and origami animals,  
 while Marianne smiled deliriously, dreaming of summer  
 in Thailand. Mary hired the Galaxies. She worked and  
 proved that an AFS benefit dance can be a riot.  
 (Oh, we almost forgot to say  
 that Hermine and Susie came Junior year --  
 That's because they never seemed new,  
 and no one had to "adjust" --)  
 So the last MFS Commencement came,  
 and a certain contingent began a new tradition,  
 but the police never understood what we were doing in school  
 at four a.m. . . .



There was another pause, though, that broke our joy --  
 but we have tried this year, in surrounding newness,  
 and found that lockers are for sitting.  
 There was something about French this year . . .  
 We have had myriad "firsts" -- and multiple problems --  
 but also mostly gladness.  
 Hamah was au go go, and smiled a lot,  
 and Kitzi fell in love with Quaker Work Camps and most of us  
 fell in love with one George or another.  
 Susie brought Emily to our town.  
 ("good-bye to clocks ticking . . . and Mama's sunflowers")  
 The song Hermine brought us is waiting wide-eyed.  
 We found a larger kind of leprachaun in Mary Carol  
 (who was really our class president) and  
 only Patty got drunk on bubble-gum . . .  
 Sally Harries hopped a boat from England and came  
 to cheer us up. Hope continued the A.A. dynasty  
 Ed was our friend, -- and some of us decorated the Christmas  
 tree  
 when Mrs. Shepherd gave us our wreath-making dinner.  
 Our thanks for her infinite patience and understanding;  
 and to Sarah, thanks for her never-failing liaison work  
 and sense of order amidst confusion. And thanks  
 to Leslie and Gail, whose time and care have given us this book.  
 And especially to Mr. Mac, because he cares and has made  
 us want to, also.  
 We leave in many ways,  
 Debbie to Australia, Enid and Barbara to France,  
 but we are all going  
 and leaving something behind.  
 But because of that something we can go on,  
 And, more important, perhaps, we want to.

















*Diana Lyness*

Come outside with  
me -- it's stopped  
snowing! I love winter,  
don't you? Everything's  
so . . . so clean and  
bright, especially when  
it snows.



*Kitzi Becker*

I worked at the Theater in the Park last summer . . . well, doing everything from painting scenery to running the sound equipment. I loved the people -- we had a 'healthy' group. I was even featured as a townspeople (along with forty others) in INHERIT THE WIND.



I burn my candle at both ends. Don't ask me to stop, because I'll stop when I'm ready, and then you'll know the reason why. If I thought you could understand, I'd ask you to tea -- we have it everyday, you know.

*Hannah Blakeman*



Have you ever wanted to  
paint yourself lost in a Scottish  
mist or walk down the sky on  
your back in a field and drift . . .

*Susan Bonthron*





Dear Sia,

Listen Kid.

I'm gonna miss  
you. Take care  
of Loy + Rog and  
have fun at school  
in spite of everything.

It's not worth it  
to quit now you  
got 2 more years  
to suffer through.

Have fun this  
summer + write  
me if you get a  
chance.

Bye



Luv,

Barb



### *Barbara Sullivan*

The great thing about Colorado and Young Life is  
that you meet so many different kinds of people  
there -- everyone -- Hell's Angels and preppies,  
and they're all so honest with each other.



Dear Sia,  
Best of luck  
next year. If you  
keep up your present  
rate of accomplishments  
you may have three or  
four pockets. Break  
in the new gym teachers  
gently. ha!  
Love,  
Andrea

### *Andrea Hicks*

As far as I can see, the individual is far more important than the group. If people could only meet on equal terms, without all this emphasis on who you are and what you do -- People ought to enjoy other people . . .



But I think a school editor must take a stand on current affairs. Students shouldn't be confined within a school -- there's a world we have to face.

*Sally Lane*



. . . when we finish this set, let's take that racket back to his room . . . I'm supposed to work at the hospital, and then I want to drop this money off at the Red Cross. Got to get home -- I have to make chocolate chip cookies to send to Andover!

*Debbie Hobler*







*Ann Hughey*

I'd love to take a year off and vegetate in a Crusader castle on the Bosphorus and do a bust of some devilishly attractive archaeologist who has an intellect with a sense of humor and who knows all about Byzantine mosaics and Arab politics . . . or I'd join a revolution . . . write a novel . . . or fall in love with that young archaeologist . . .



### *Mary Bilderback*

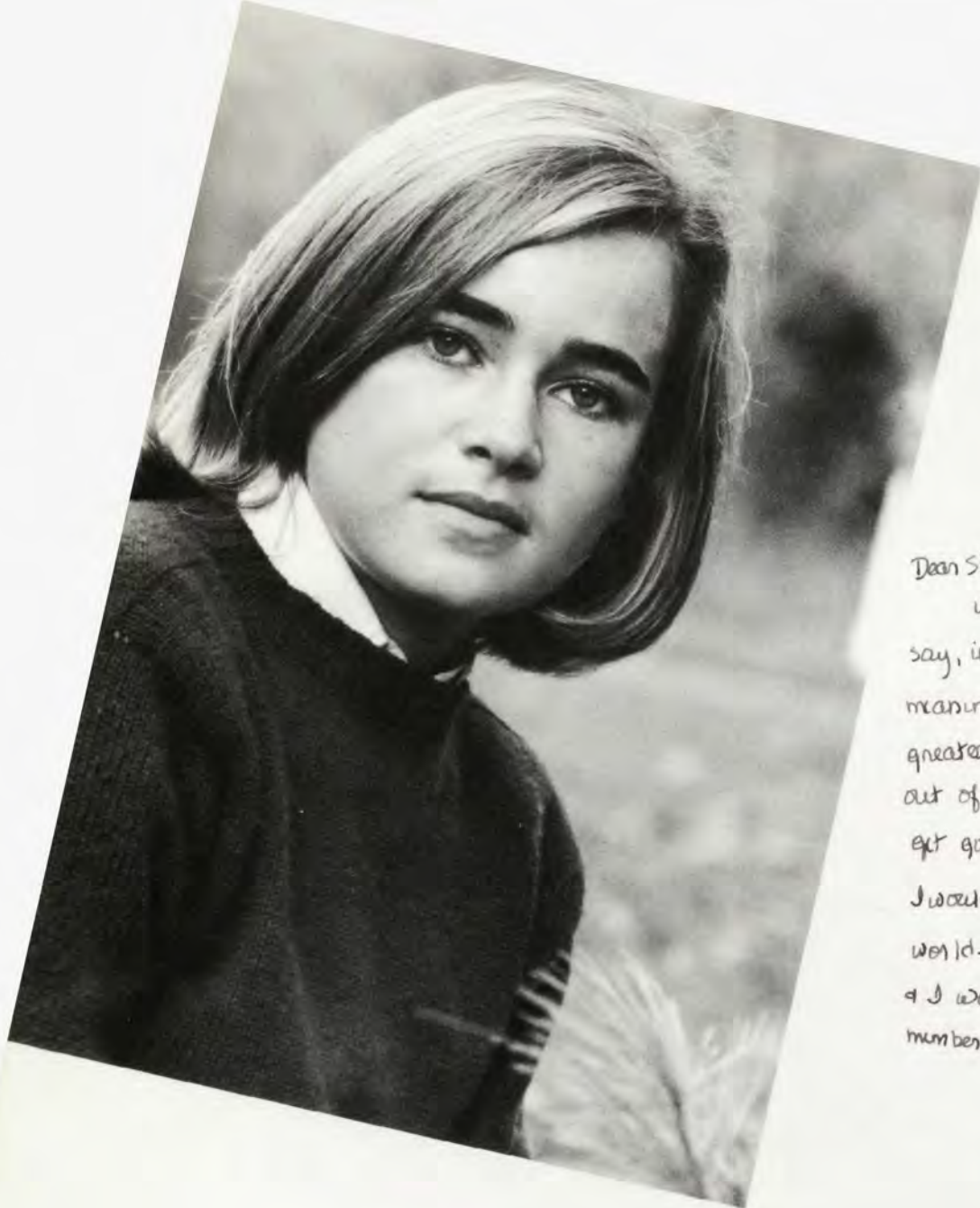
I found out something today; the wind  
will come and blow shy smiles away. I'm  
not as shocked as I pretend to be, but know  
I must hide to be seen. I run through fields  
with care.





*Margery Cuyler*

Have you ever felt like running in the rain or sliding down a waterfall at midnight? Or acting as if you're totally uninhibited? Like today, for instance. Today I think I'll be Lady Godiva.



Dean Sia -

It's so hard to know what to say, in the way of something that will be meaningful. However: Your class has the greatest chance really to make something out of this school, and you all just better get going & do it - see? It ~~was~~ hard, but I wouldn't have missed this year for the world. I'm coming back lots next year, & I want to be an ~~honorary~~ honorary member of your class - I'll miss you -

Love,

Sarah

*Sarah Jaeger*

Sailing . . . there's so much precision involved. You have to know just what to do at exactly the right moment, and yet you have so much independence and freedom.





### *Enid Sackin*

Can't wait to go to France this summer. Let's go now . . . and work camps and more travel and science and lighting candles and walking and climbing up and coming down. There are so many things to do!



*Kathy Boone*

I wish I could get away  
from here -- drive to Cali-  
fornia, get to the beach, and  
revel in the sun and the surf  
. . . But anyway, while I'm  
here, I've got a car -- and  
the party's next door!





### *Sally Harries*

Go on, get on with you. Let's go  
for a walk -- I feel alive today! And  
then how about a game of tennis?



### *Gail Hood*

$E = -\frac{1}{2}m \left( \frac{2\pi h q g^2}{nh} \right)^2$  . . . must get the lumber for the trellis. . . . Why is it that when I finally got to be head of the scenery committee, we did a play with no scenery? . . . And forty pages of the LINK due in a few days . . . Arlene will kill me if I don't get started on my rock . . . Oh, forget it, I'm going to Williams this weekend.





*Patience Morgan*

But how can you say that? Isn't it a matter of personal opinion? I write about what I feel; it may not be good, but I don't think you can say that it's wrong. I want to find answers to the unanswerable. You have to try.

Let's start a new custom.  
We'll have a day when we can  
just "take off for the hills" and  
do anything we want all day long.  
We never really have time to  
enjoy the spring.

*Marianne Hoffman*







### *Leslie Loser*

Bodoni, Baskerville or . . . shall I  
run that tape on the chickens ten sec-  
onds longer? . . . did you say Pete  
Seeger's coming to McCarter next  
week? Oh, I'd love to be in Greece  
right now . . .



*Hermine Delany*

A glass ball hangs  
from the ceiling on a  
long string above my  
bed. At night I push it  
and the green glass  
glitters and swings  
until it is dizzy. Some-  
times I look through it  
and everything is fat  
and green . . . like  
things underwater . . .



People shouldn't  
worry so much  
about the little  
things that don't  
matter. There's so  
much to be alive for  
-- so many good  
things to be happy  
about.

*Mary Moore*



I saw the first crocus  
this morning . . . I  
thought spring would never  
come! Did you know that  
I went swimming in the  
middle of February once?

*Hope Rose*







*Linda Staniar*

I want to do more with my life than that. I know it won't be easy, but it's what I want. You've got to stand up to things -- face them. And laugh, once in a while.









the

faculty







SEATED: Beverly A. Williams, (B.A. Randolph-Macon Women's College); Winfred S. Vogt, (B.A. Wellesley). STANDING: Fowler Merle-Smith, (A.B. Princeton, M.A.T. Columbia); Madeline Weigel, (B.A. Skidmore); Herbert McAneny, (B.A. Williams, B.A. Oxford).

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the

school









XI

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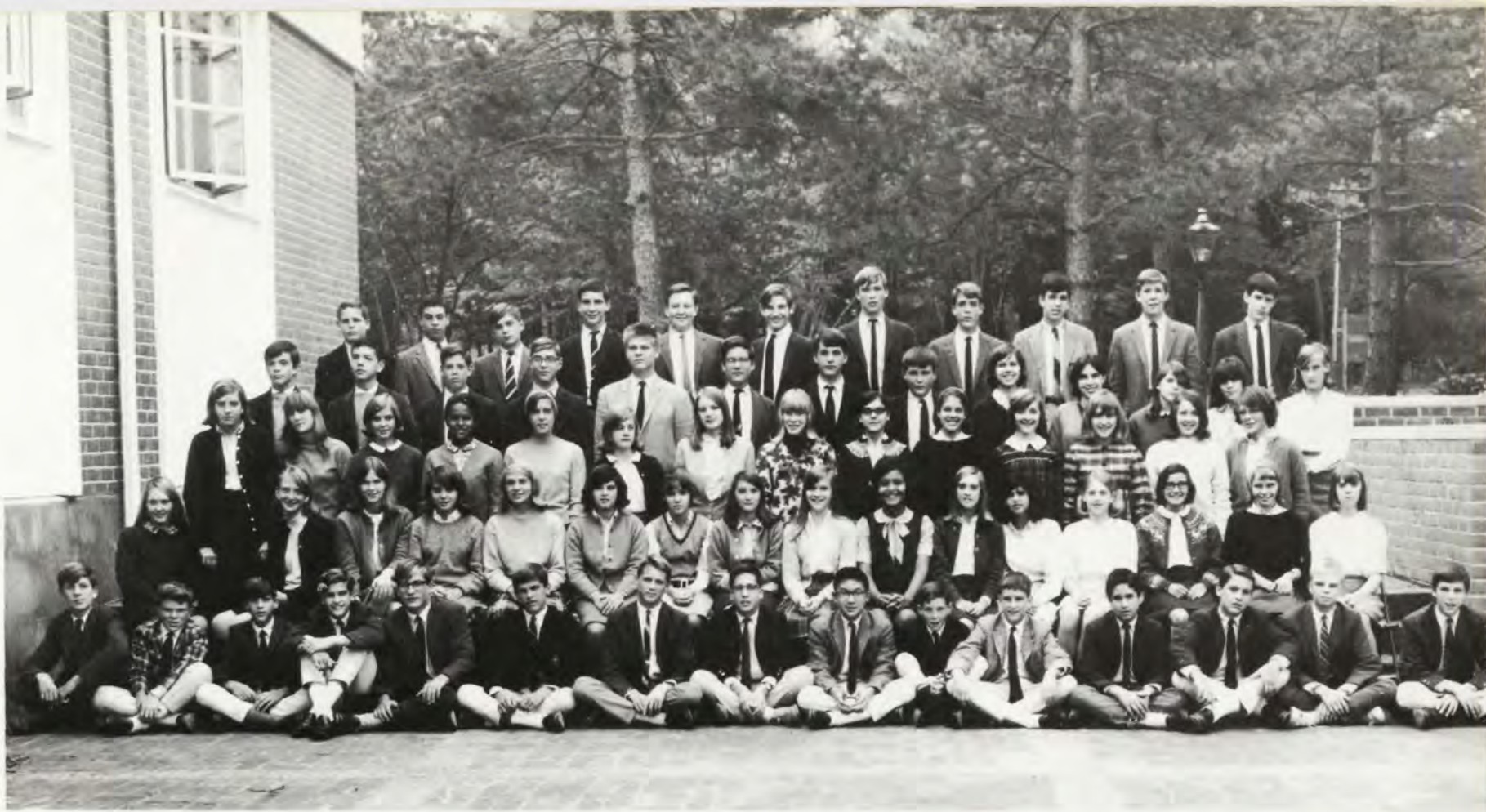




X

FIRST ROW: Ingrid Selberg, Gillian Gordon, Sia Godfrey, Linda Hart, Sue Kleinberg, Wylie Aaron, Susan Koch, Lisa Lawrence, Beth Schlossberg, President; Sherry Montgomery, Joan Wadelton, Ann McClellan. SECOND ROW: Punky Brewster, Mary Hobler, Gail Smith, Nancy Flagg, Linda Baker, Nanda D'Agostino, Kate Linker, Suzanne Blanchet, Connie Sayen. THIRD ROW: Bob Spears, John Claghorn, Jerome Pitt, Sandy Wandelt, Bill Rigot, John Taylor, Joe Chandler, Charles Simmons, Andy Fishmann. FOURTH ROW: Bob Ramsey, John Vereen, Richard Ross, Richard Raines.





## IX

FIRST ROW: Charles Kennedy, Clyde Measey, Jeff Prebluda, David Macleod, Rob Reynolds, Fred Schluter, Robert Wilmot, Bruce Looloian, Lawrence Tan, Bob Salup, Austin Starkey, Philip Winder, Bob O'Connor, Monte Franklin, David Van Houten. SECOND ROW: Betsy Nicholes, Tracey Green, Bebe Ramus, Glenys Wolff, Debbie Shoemaker, Carol Bernstein, Mary Lou Delahanty, Sharon Abeel, Karen Hoffman, Donna Ganges, President; Jean Gorman, Ebbie Rose, Kathy Gorman, Jane Wiley, Bertina Bleicher, Barbara Thomsen. THIRD ROW: Beth Healy, Abby Sheldon, Dianna Eure, Pooh Holt, Nell Bushnell, Beth Bergerhoff, Molly Hall, Susie Schnur, Derry Light, Pat Niemtow, Gail Lyman, Cope Sawyer, Betsy Bristol. FOURTH ROW: Ashby Adams, Chris Collins, James Irish, Bob Rathauer, Doug Rieck, Tony Blair, Bill Bonthron, Chris Goble, Sue Bailey, Julie Fox, Gail Colby, Margery Burt. FIFTH ROW: Louis Levine, Craig Page, Bill Chalverus, Frank Andrews, Keith Bash, Ed Purcell, Jimmy Stover, Chris Sours, Tom Garland, David Vomacka, Tom Paine.



















SEATED: Mary Combs, Andrea Hicks, Martha Miller, Secretary; Sarah Jaeger, President; Bob Reynolds, Beth Borgerhoff, Austin Starkey. STANDING: Mary Young, Linda Staniar, Sandy Wandelt, Lisa Lawrence, Mary Hobler, Bill Rigot, Bebe Ramus.

## *Upper School Student Council*



## *Middle School Student Council*



SEATED: Mary Johnson, Roger Sherman, Joan Lewis, Kitty Warren, President; Kevin McCarthy, Secretary-Treasurer; Henry Sayen, Wistar Williams. STANDING: Russell Pyne, Elizabeth Hutner, Chris Smith, Erik Heggen, Stephen Vine, Hilary Brown, Lucien Yokana, John Gordon, Marion Houston.



FRONT ROW: Patience Morgan, Pam Erickson, Gillian Gordon, Debbie Hobler, President; Jane Bergerhoff, Secretary; Susie Schnur. BACK ROW: Elena Zullo, Bill Chalverus, John Claghorn, Chris Collins, Connie Sayen, Joe Chandler, John Taylor, Kitz Becker, Cope Sawyer.

## *Social Service*

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE:  
 Florence Crittenden Home, Church Schools,  
 Princeton Tutorial Service, Merwick Nur-  
 sing Home, Princeton Hospital, New Jersey  
 Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Princeton Free-  
 dom Center (S.N.C.C., P.A.H.R.), Quaker  
 Work Camps, Trenton Home for Girls,  
 FUND RAISING: Pet Show, Food Drives,  
 Wreaths, Talent Show, Various Class  
 Projects.





Pet Show -- Social Service Benefit, October 9.

Quaker Work Camp, Philadelphia. Friday night planning session.







FIRST ROW: Andrea Hicks, Betsy Nicholes, Sia Godfrey, Hope Rose, (President).  
SECOND ROW: Sandy Wandelt, Andy Fishmann, Jo Schlossberg, Mary Woodbridge,  
(Secretary); Mary Bilderback. MISSING: Marianne Hoffman.

## *Athletic Association*

FOOTBALL SQUAD: FIRST ROW: Jack Kilgore, Jeremy Pitt, John Claghorn, Bob Reynolds, (Co-Captain);  
Sandy Wandelt (Captain), Bill Rigot, (Co-Captain); Jimmy Stover, Craig Page, Lew Bowers. SECOND ROW:  
Mr. Barren, (Coach); John Taylor, James Irish, Ed Purcell, Richard Ross, Alastair Gordon, Keith Bash,  
Rich Raines, Doug Rieck, Andy Fishmann, Mr. Tibbals, (Coach). THIRD ROW: Dick Kane, Chris Goble,  
Chris Mislow, Bob O'Connor, Lew Lavine, Christ Sowers, Ashby Adams.







SOCCKER SQUAD: FIRST ROW: David Van Houten, Rich Raines, Monte Franklin, Bruce Looloian, John Varen, (Captain); Bob Wilmot, Charles Kennedy, David Macleod. SECOND ROW: Brooke Roberts, Freddy King, Austin Starkey, Clyde Measey, Bob Salup, Jeff Prebluda, Bill Chalverus, Fred Schluter. THIRD ROW: Frank Andrews, Bob Ramsey, Joe Chandler, Chris Collins, Tom Paine, David Vamacka, Bill Bonthron, Bob Rathausen, Bob Spears, Tony Blair.

BASKETBALL SQUAD: SEATED: John Vereen, Richard Ross, Craig Page, Bill Rigot, (Captain); Frank Andrews, Rich Raines, Clyde Measey. STANDING: Mr. Barren, (Coach); Bob Wilmot, Andy Fishmann, Bob Spears, Bob Rathausen, David Vamacka.







HOCKEY TEAM: FIRST ROW: Rob Reynolds, Sandy Wandelt, John Claghorn, Chris Reeves. SECOND ROW: Jimmy Rogers, Jimmy Stover, Freddie Schluter, Laddie Stetson, Tom Paine, Freddie King. THIRD ROW: John Taylor, Bob O'Connor, Mr. Tibbals, (Coach); Charles Kennedy, Chris Sowers, Chevy Chalverus.

WRESTLING TEAM: SEATED: Tony Blair, Tim Smith, Lew Bowers, Bob Worthington, Bruce Looloian, Chris Mislw. STANDING: Ashby Adams, Keith Bash, Jack Kilgore, Bob Ramsey.







FIELD HOCKEY TEAM: KNEELING: Andrea Hicks, Marianne Hoffman, (Captain); Sia Godfrey. STANDING: Karen Hoffman, Hope Rose, Debbie Hobler, Mary Hobler, Sally Harries, Mary Woodbridge, Laura Peterson, Mary Young.

BASKETBALL TEAM: SEATED: Jo Schlossberg, Sarah Jaeger, Mary Woodbridge, Andrea Hicks, (Captain); Marianne Hoffman, Sia Godfrey, Sally Harries. STANDING: Mary Young, Hope Rose, Gail Hood, Debbie Hobler, Mary Hobler.









# OUR TOWN

by

THORNTON WILDER

Directed by Munroe Wade

Music directed by Leon Du Bois

## CAST

(in the order in which they appear)

STAGE MANAGER	Arthur Lithgow
DR. GIBBS	John V McKenna
JOE CROWELL	William Flemer
HOWIE NEWSOME	Howard J. B. Pollack
MRS. GIBBS	Ann Hughey
MRS. WEBB	Mary Bilderback
GEORGE GIBBS	Jack Woodward
REBECCA GIBBS	Molly Hall
WALLY WEBB	Chris Reeve
EMILY WEBB	Susan Bonthron
PROFESSOR WILLARD	Herbert McAneny
MR. WEBB	Stuart Duncan
WOMAN IN THE BALCONY	Peyton Brewster
MAN IN THE AUDITORIUM	Eric Von Starck
LADY IN THE BOX	Barbara Sullivan
SIMON STIMSON	Serge Gleboff
ORGANIST	Mary Young
MRS. SOAMES	Margery Cuyler
CONSTABLE WARREN	Richard Handelsman
SI CROWELL	William Remsen
THREE BASEBALL PLAYERS	Joseph Chandler, Robert Wilmot, John Houston
SAM CRAIG	John McWilliams
JOE STODDARD	Paul Rodzianko
1ST DEAD MAN	Joseph Wandelt
2ND DEAD MAN	John Claghorn
1ST DEAD WOMAN	Derry Light
2ND DEAD WOMAN	Hermine Delaney
CHORUS:	Wylie Aaron, Hermine Delaney, Gillian Gordon, Marianne Hoffman, Hope Rose, Rett Campbell, John Huston, Richard Kane, Robert Wilmot.







KNEELING: Gail Hood, Leslie Loser, Wylie Aaron, Martha Miller, Mary Bilderback, Pam Erickson, Bree Rosi, Jo Schlossberg. STANDING: Pat Morgan, Tom Paine, Diane Lyness, Kitzi Becker, Mary Moore, Hope Rose, Susie Bonthron, Andrea Hicks, Linda Hart, Margery Cuyler, (President); Karen Meyers, (Secretary); Bob Spears, Sarah Jaeger, John Taylor. Missing from Picture: Ann Hughey.

## *Dramatic Club*



FIRST ROW: Karen Meyers, Mary Combs, Susie Schnur, Hermine Delany, (President); Diana Eure, Sue Bailey, Julie Fox, Ruth Conover. SECOND ROW: Susan Koch, Bebe Ramus, Cope Sawyer, Mary Hobler, Ann McClellan, Nancy Flagg, Punky Brewster, Sue Kleinburg, Molly Hall, Abby Sheldon. THIRD ROW: Franny Gorman, Mary Young, Karen Hoffman, Patty Sly, Beth Borgerhoff, Wylie Aaron, Marianne Hoffman, Linda Fox, Dianne Willis, Derry Light. FOURTH ROW: Debbie Merrick, Pam Erickson, Bree Rosi, Polly Smock, Gail Smith, Phoebe Knapp, Jane Borgerhoff, Lindsley Field, Leslie Loser, Gail Hood.

## *Upper School Choir*





FRONT ROW: Marianne Hoffman, Linda Fox, Mary Combs, Wylie Aaron, Patty Sly, Leslie Loser, Karen Meyers. BACK ROW: Hermine Delany, Sue Kleinburg, Polly Smock, Mary Young.

## *Madrigals*



SPOKESMAN STAFF: FIRST ROW: Chris Reeve, Jack Kilgore, Rett Campbell, Bill Power. SECOND ROW: John Claghorn, Lisa Lawrence, Sally Lane, (Editor); Linda Baker, (Assistant Editor); Bob Ramsey, Richard Ross. THIRD ROW: Jeremy Pitt, Linda Staniar, Debbie Lawrence, Ann Hughey, Mary Woodbridge, Caroline Johnson, Bob Spears, (Business Manager).

## *Publications*

FINEST BOARD: SEATED: Linda Hart, Karen Meyers, (Editor); Linda Fox, Lisa Lawrence, Laura Peterson. STANDING: Andy Fishman, Margery Burt, Ingrid Selberg, Charles Kennedy, John Vereen, Ed Purcell, Susie Schnur. Missing from Picture: Susan Bonthron, Patience Morgan.







KNEELING: Debbie Merrick, Julie Fox, Joan Wadelton, Jane Wylie, Pam Orr, David Flagg, Gail Smith, Chris Otis. SEATED: Mary Combs, Elena Zullo, Louise Sayen, Stephen Vine, Ann Hughey, Susan Koch, Roger Kehoe, Pam Erickson, Diane Willis, Charles Kennedy.

## *Library Council*

## *American Field Service Committee*

FIRST ROW: Enid Sackin, Barbara Sullivan, Lindsley Field, (Secretary); Mary Moore, (Chairman); Sally Harries, (AFS Student from England); Ann McClellan. SECOND ROW: Bob Ramsey, Bree Rosi, Fred Schluter, Bill Rigot, Franny Gorman, David Vomacka, Margery Burt, Beth Schlossberg.



art

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writing





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## *Père Blanc*

Peter looked out of the third story apartment window onto the Avenue Foch and sighed impatiently fogging up the glass panes. The wide Paris street was cold and quiet, with the automobiles parked at its curbs huddled together as if for warmth, and the bare trees that lined it rigidly holding out their branches to the sharp breeze. The scattered street lights only illuminated small circles of grey pavement, but the bright moon in the cloudless night sky deepened the shadows and outlined the tall trees. Suddenly two bundled figures came out of the street door below him, got into one of the cars, and drove off towards l'Arc de Triomphe. Peter sighed again, but with relief this time, and while biting his lip excitedly, jumped down from the window seat and pressed a button on the wall next to the door of his bedroom. In two or three minutes the door was opened by his present nurse, the third that month, a young French girl who had been slightly afraid of him ever since he had caught her trying on one of his mother's dresses.

"Oh, Marie. Does Mother plan to be out very late tonight?" He stared at her coldly, and while she told herself to stop being silly, and not to be scared of a little nine year old boy, she answered him nervously.

"Quite late, I should imagine, sir. It's December twenty-fourth you know, and the Supreme Commander has invited all of the important members of the Party to a ball celebrating the anniversary of Victory Day. Everyone who's ANYONE is going! Why, I even heard the Count de -"

"Thank you, Marie," he interrupted, "That will be all. I believe I'll go to bed now, and you may do the same."

The girl nodded and backed awkwardly out of the room, closing the door after her. As soon as it was shut, excitement took hold of Peter again, and his eyes shone in anticipation. He didn't go to bed though, or even get undressed, but walked into the bathroom and ran the water for a while, then went back to his bed and shook it until the springs gave a few satisfactory creaks. Then he turned off his light and went back to the window seat in the dark to wait.

Peter didn't know very much about the history of his family. He was never allowed to talk about his father, but from odd bits of information he gathered that he had been killed during the War. Peter had been born five months after the end of the War, in the year 2010. Whatever disgrace his father had brought to the family had been made up by his mother, for ever since his birth she had been an active and important member of the Party. Peter didn't know his mother very well, for every day she was always away at club meetings and teas, and every night she was nightclubbing with some important count or other. He imagined that she must be one of the most prominent women of the time.

Not that it made any difference to him, though. Up until the time he had met Pere Blanc in the Bird Market he'd only been acquainted with the changing numbers of maids and nurses that appeared in the apartment. Pere Blanc! The thought of the name made him shiver with excitement and impatience again!

He glanced at the luminous hands of the clock on his bedside table and decided that he'd waited long enough. He slid down off the window seat, reached for the coat that lay ready on his bed, and tiptoed to the door. Cautiously he crept out of the apartment, down to the street, and with the assurance of one who had been through these same actions many times before, began to walk quickly towards the Champs Elysees.

The long avenue was gaily lit with colorful signs advertising theaters, nightclubs, and restaurants. The street and sidewalks were covered with moving throngs of laughing people walking arm in arm, and no one stopped to notice a small boy with piercing brown eyes who wound his way among them. Peter was a keen observer, and as he walked he watched the couples, drunken with laughter, who stumbled aimlessly forward, pretending. Pretending they didn't care, pretending this was a good life.

"Look," they said, "We do not work and yet we still get paid! The Party does everything for us, all we have to do is enjoy ourselves! This is good, with no work."

But Peter knew better, and turned away, pitying them. A frown crossed his forehead, but the thought of his destination cheered him reassuringly, and he quickened his pace. Soon he turned out of the noisy stream of people onto a small dingy side street. The hum of people talking was quiet in the background, and he could hear his footsteps echo as he approached a sagging old wooden door and knocked three times, softly. A crack appeared as the door was opened slightly from the inside. Peter bent closer to it and pressed his face against the crack.

"The Lord is my shepherd!" he whispered.

"I shall not want," came the reply, and the door opened farther so he could slip inside.

The narrow hallway was lit by a single candle, carried by a young woman dressed in white who looked fondly at Peter as she smoothed back his hair with a cool hand.

"Ah, Peter!" She smiled at him. "You've arrived just in time. He's about to begin."

She took his hand and led him down the hall and up a long flight of stairs, lighting the way with her candle. At the top of the stairs was another door, but already opened.

The small room was warm and cozy. It was filled with the soft light of a merrily burning fire and the glowing candles on the mantle, and the spicy smell of gingerbread. In one corner of the room there was a small fir tree, decorated with tinsel and strings



of popcorn. Peter held his breath and stared at it in amazement.

"Oh, yes, that's right!" the girl exclaimed. "You've never seen our Christmas decorations before! Look here!" She gestured to a holly wreath above the door.

"And here!" said a calm deep voice from in front of the fire.

Peter turned quickly toward it and spoke to the owner of the voice, a strong man with clear blue eyes and snow white beard and hair, dressed in white as the girl was, who was sitting in front of the fire on a stool, his long robe reaching the floor.

"Good evening, Pere Blanc."

"Merry Christmas, Peter." The old man smiled kindly at him.

"Yes, Peter, Merry Christmas!", "H'lo Peter!", "You're a bit late, aren't you?", "Isn't it wonderful?" came a chorus of greetings from the floor, where about fifteen children around Peter's age sat clustered around the fire at Pere Blanc's feet.

"Yes," he whispered, awed. "It is!"

A small, dark French boy who had been sitting in the front sprang to his feet.

"Come on up, Peter! I've saved you a place -- how do you like our stable with the baby Jesus?" He pointed to the mantle. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Peter looked and nodded, starry-eyed, as he picked his way to his friend's side and sat down. The girl softly set down her candle and shut the door as Pere Blanc took a worn old black book from the folds of his robe and put it on his lap. He began to open it, then stopped and seriously looked at the children.

"All of you are sure that you weren't followed?"

"Yes, sir," "Yes, Pere Blanc," they replied.

"You must be positive, for tonight is the most dangerous night of the year for you to come to visit me, as on Christmas Eve there is always plenty of evidence present for my enemies to find. You all understand that?" They nodded. "Good."

He looked down at the book in his hand and reverently opened it.

"Tonight I will read you the Christmas story as it is told by Luke in the Bible. You all remember who Luke was?" The children all nodded, intent on his words. Pere Blanc looked back at his Bible and began to read in a smooth voice.

"In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth . . ."

Peter sat in front of the fire with his hands clasped around his knees, blissfully listening to the magic story while the glowing warmth brought a pink flush to his cheeks. This was the time that he cherished most; the few stolen minutes in the week when he could be completely happy and free of worries. He loved Pere Blanc with all his heart, as did the other children, whose lives were all very similar to his. He was their teacher and their friend, their

father and their brother. He told them of the times before the War, before the Party began to run everything. He told them about the forbidden religions, and about Christ.

"You must never forget what I have taught you," he had once said. "For when Christ is forgotten, hope is forgotten, all is lost, and you will become like the rest of the people." And he had made them all promise that whatever the future brought they would never forget. Peter knew that he would keep his promise.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, --"

Suddenly there was the sound of wood splintering from below them, and as Pere Blanc and the girl sprang to their feet they could hear men running along the hall and up the stairs. The girl quickly crossed to hold the door as Pere Blanc swept back a curtain hanging on the wall to reveal another door. The children stood up, terrified, and clung to the skirt of his robe. Someone started to pound on the door outside, shouting to open it up, in the name of the Supreme Commander.

"Quickly, children, through here! When you reach the street scatter and try not to be seen. Back to your homes as quickly as possible -- and may God be with you!"

He opened the door behind the curtain and the children began to file through it, nervously starting at the sounds of the angry men who demanded to be let in. Peter had calmly remained sitting through all of this, only his eyes showing his fear. Now he rose and started through the door, but stopped to look back at the old man.

"Will we ever see you again?"

Pere Blanc looked down at him and placed a steady hand on his shoulder.

"I'm surprised at you, Peter, you know the answer to that." The old door creaked on its hinges as the men began to bash it in. Peter backed away, his lips trembling.

"I won't forget!" he shouted defiantly, his voice beginning to shake. "They can't make me forget!"

He turned and ran from the room, just as the door gave way.

The scene outside had not changed. The throngs of lost people laughed and walked, ate and drank. The cheap garish lights rudely blinked and glared. The street was a river of people, moving ceaselessly towards nowhere, and no one stopped to notice a small boy who wound his way among them, tears running down his face.

Gail Smith, X  
First Prize  
Upper School Prose



## *The Leader of the Pack*

Once upon a time in a far away land there was a king and his court. This land was full of kings and their courts which were full of knights and evil dragons and evil sorcerors and just plain evil, plus having ladies and wonderful horses and holy grails and the divine church, and last of all, elves and fairies and dwarves and goblins and other controversial issues. But this court was special for two reasons: one, it had tootsie roll lollipops; two, it was more advanced than the other courts because there was discrimination against somebody on the more modern basis of color. The court I am speaking of was full of knights; gallant knights, red knights, and black knights. There was one knight who was ostracized by the others, except the king who felt sorry for him, (there always has to be a sympathizer to the cause of the downtrodden). The reasons for this discrimination were: one, his unforgivable sin of wondering whether women were worth all the trouble of chivalry; and two, the color of his armor. (One can see that this was a backward society in the respect that it discriminated against people because of the color of their clothes. How superficial can one be? One cannot tell about a person from the color of his clothes. One must go deeper, to the color of his skin. Then, then is the true self revealed. In our modern society many men in high stations have been able to tell all sorts of things by the color of peoples skins. Even governors of certain states in the United States make general observations on the nature of the black race. One can see that the society in which the orange knight lived had a way to go before it matured intellectually to the level of modern society.)

One can also see that the orange knight was advanced for his times in that he had doubts about the merits of chivalry. In modern day society nobody wonders whether women are worth all the bother of chivalry. Everybody knows they aren't worth all of it, just some of it, now and then. This is an age of reality! (Chivalric romances are passe.)

As it was, the poor boy just had not been involved in a chivalric romance, he did not know what he was missing; the black night throbbing with mystery, rushing into the room through an open window, the soft whisperings of the gently swaying palm trees outside, intermingling with the murmured words of love and passionate sighs, the dimmed lights, and the soft strains of the "Strings of the Righteous Brothers" floating in the air and alighting on his ears. But what he also did not know was that he was in for it.

One day he went to the candy store to buy some Tootsie-roll lollipops. He looked and he knew then that women were worth all the trouble. The girl had tresses as black as mud, teeth as white as his refrigerator, skin as fresh and invigorating as a pack of Colt .45. She was wearing a black knit vest with rawhide lacing on the front, a black skirt and a thick black leather fighting belt. The tooth of the best buckle was filed to a nice sharp point. Also the girl was wearing black stockings and shiny patent leather boots. She wore black to bring out the black mascara around her eyes which brought out the bags underneath her eyes. She was as beautiful as a new Harley-Davidson.

"Ah sweet pain of love, thou striketh so quickly and thou revealest all", exclaimed the orange knight. Whereupon the girl turned around and looked at him. She flushed and it reminded the knight of red Tootsie-roll lollipops. The girl was so flustered that she dropped her orange Tootsie-roll lollipop. He quickly picked it up, and on bended knee he

returned it to her and he grasped her hand in his two hands. Then he vowed his services and his love to her forever. She was willing to challenge all society and be his lady no matter what color clothes he wore. She gave him a token, her black leather jacket. He clasped it to his heart and kissed it a thousand times. It was time that they parted and they vowed eternal love to each other forever. They both went their ways, glancing back now and then, dreaming of each other's kisses.

That night he was to participate in a cycle scramble and he tied her token onto the handlebars of his cycle. When he had eaten dinner he got his gear together and went to the course. After stripping the cycle of its eye and shields, he started tuning it up. As the melodic roar hit the groove he knew that that was it. The sweet roar reminded him of birds singing and the musical tones of her voice. Always thinking of her, he got ready for the start. If he could win this race he would have some money so he could marry her. As he drove along he thought of the coming night when he would be with her. Then as he came around a curve he saw her standing in the distance. His heart came into his throat. All of a sudden he saw a wolf behind her in the stalking position. He had to save her even if it meant his life, so he turned his cycle and headed for the wolf. When he hit the wolf the impact flipped the cycle (for it was a very big wolf, a petrified lobo). He was pinned underneath and somehow he unconsciously turned off the motor and then lay back. When she saw what had happened, the girl at first was rooted to the spot. Then with a sob in her throat she sat down and held his head in her lap. Tears ran down her cheeks and fell upon his face. He opened his eyes and smiled at her and told her that he loved her. She murmured to him all her thoughts and feelings and told him she would see him in heaven. Then he passed away and by then the ambulance had come.

He was buried, and all told of his chivalric deed and of his love for his lady. There is even a story told that a year from the day he died he came to her in the night and they went out for a walk. He was cold so she lent him her sweater but forgot to ask for it back when he left her that night. The warmth of his love drove the chill away. The next morning she, thinking she had dreamed all that, went to his grave to place Tootsie-roll lollipops on it. There, to her great wonder, was her sweater.

In school his lady walked down the hall, singing of her loss of the leader of the pack, as she called him. She finished that year at school and would have gone into a nunnery but she was Jewish. So she went to college and then she joined the women marines (which is the next to the last resort, the first being going into a nunnery). Throughout this period she always remembered her orange knight and looked forward to seeing him again. She was later killed fighting in Vietnam and went to heaven. The orange knight was waiting for her and they were eternally united.

Hannah Blakeman, XII  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Prose



## *Inception*

While all about the air is light  
Young new leaves and waking seeds,  
Water, clear and crystal bright --  
Flow the river, blow the breeze,  
Here am I to watch go by  
The growing grass and shifting sky.

While all about the earth is light,  
Spotted fawn and woolly lamb,  
Fish that swim and birds in flight --  
Sing the cricket, hiss the snake,  
So here am I to watch and see  
The good in life and harmony.

While all about the world is light,  
Here the sea and there the shore,  
Sunshine day and darkness night --  
Name the beasts and rule the land;  
Here am I, to judge and smile --  
For man is good, my work worthwhile.

Gail Smith, X  
First Prize  
Upper School Poetry

## *Tryst*

After rain . . .

the leftover drops  
follow themselves down the windshield  
leaving beaded tracks  
and the wet off the asphalt  
sticks to the wheels of the car  
and is sucked off again  
in endless circles

we dodged new york  
in the frame of a  
racing green morgan

while i cried a little  
because the rain had washed away  
the possibility of love

a sort of beauty  
tears have

Ann Hughey, XII  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Poetry

. . . After rain.

## *The Stream*

He threw a stone into the water and watched the ripples gently flow away from it in perfect, endless circles. He watched patiently as the first one lapped silently at his ankles that were dangled in the cold spring water. His toe touched the rocky bottom and he could see perfectly through the green water and look at the tiny fish that gathered in bunches around his feet and then darted away in unison when he moved his big toe. He delighted quietly in this peaceful serenity as a slow smile climbed his face to defy the salty tear that slid down his red cheeks.

His eyes were watery from crying; droopy from lack of sleep; deep and wise with having heard and seen things a nine year old boy should not have known, but now, beside the gay stream, and slippery fish, they were blue and happy. Yet they were restless with an only temporary content.

Tom was glad that no one else knew of his little spring that wound from a big pipe down into a marsh where mosquitoes flourished and hid in the summer. It was only a couple of blocks down from the tenement where he lived and yet nobody had thrown rotten food, papers, beer cans, and other trash into it, as they had done to those smelly sewer streams that went by his building. Tom hoped that one would ever find his stream, because there was no place else where he could go when his parents fought or his eight brothers and sisters shouted and screamed like maniacs.

He loved the stillness of the stream and the quivering fish that swam in it. Somehow all noise stopped her by his stream. No loud screechings of a woman overburdened by the thought of her overburdening tasks of being chief-cook and bottle-washer to a filthy drunk, who had never kept a job till payday, no snoring and bellowing, car horns nor boat whistles, just the tranquil gurgle of the stream as it bounced over the rocks and pebbles.

Tom never expected it to last more than ten minutes, and instinctively he pulled on his battered sneakers and slowly climbed the bank onto the road, where butchers and fishmongers threw their wastes and walked home with his hands in his back pockets and his mind temporarily at rest.

He climbed the rusty fire escape to his bedroom window. Jimmy and Bethie were fighting over a bubble gum wrapper and Ethel lay in bed, sucking her thumb and drooling. She muttered a "hello" to Tom as he entered the six by nine room. Billy stopped coloring the picture of Lassie which Sue, Mary and Chris had colored at least a dozen times before, only long enough to stick out his tongue at his brother.

Mike, his elder brother, was off somewhere with the group of hoods he liked to hang around with, and his father was at the neighborhood bar, playing pinball and drinking.

His mother only snorted as he entered the shabby old kitchen with its termite-stricken walls and penetrating smell of gas and cold grease.

Tom sat on a stool and patted Toughy, a slow, skinny old hound, the gentlest on the block. Tom nibbled a piece of bread and was feeding some to Toughy when his older sister (by ten months) said in an arrogant way, "Hey Ma! Tom's been at that place agin, an' he's got all muddy!"

Ma turned around and looked at Tom with a mean look in her eyes, "Thomas Henry! If I've told you once I've told you a dozen times! You stay away from this mud hole of yours or I'm gonna whip you good!" and she threatened with the belt tied round her thick waist.

Ma definitely had favorites. They were Mike, Mary and Billy. She always picked on Jimmy and Bethie, the five year old twins, and Ethel the baby who just turned red and cried whenever Ma got mad. She and Chris adored Tom and she always stopped crying for him.

Sue, Tom's twelve year old sister, was a beautiful young girl herself but delighted in Bethie's golden hair. She was quiet and reserved and always hung her head the humblest and lowest of all, when her thunderous mother shouted a brutal scolding. She was very slow in school and so never wished to learn and soon became the center of Ma's abuse, because Ma felt her own stupidity reflected in her child.

Chris, Tom's loyal and handsome younger brother, was a fierce fighter and loud talker. It was on him that Ma often laid her whip, for his fighting spirit always annoyed her. Chris took some things seriously, and one was his brother.

Ma scolded Tom as she did all the others, but his big wise eyes seemed to discourage her furious whipping, though Tom was unaware of this.

The evenings were all the same. Slowly the family, all except Mike, who seldom came home at night, would gather round the table when Pap came home from the bar. There would be laughing and fighting and grabbing each others' food until Ma or Pap found something to fight over. Then a full-scale war was carried on over the table, to the delight of the children who imitated their parents' language and actions.

Finally, when watching the argument grow more dangerous than funny, the children dispersed to the two other rooms to giggle, fight and finally fall asleep anywhere and any way possible. Often the oldest would stay awake until their father, smelling of alcohol, would shove them in bed and growl, "Shut up or else."

After his father staggered out the door Tom looked out of the window at the night and said, "Some-where out there is my stream." Then he smiled and fell asleep.



The days ran on like this until one fall afternoon when Tom and his classmates were playing baseball on the small diamond behind the public school. Tom was an average student in school. He was smart in Math and English, and excelled most in French. But he was not much of an athlete and was especially uncoordinated in baseball.

He fumbled with the ball as short stop and fielder, threw the ball at the wrong person when he DID catch it, and struck out every time he was up at bat.

After school a group of boys saw him and came over.

"Boy! What a lousy player you are, Fillmore!"

"You made us lose the whole game just cause YOU missed the ball!"

"Anybody could have hit the balls YOU missed!"

"Yeah!"

"Nobody ruins our game and isn't sorry, huh, fellas?" said the bully of a captain.

They started shoving him around and teasing him. They would have gotten rougher if they hadn't seen Chris coming near.

Shouts of "I never want YOU on MY team again" and "What a stupid clod" or "Hey, Finky Fillmore, don't trip and hurt yourself, sissy", were echoing in his ears as the mocking group went on its way.

Tom was close to tears as he and his brother walked home. At the fishmonger street, he said, "I'll see ya later, Chris", and turned to go to the stream.

"Uhm, Tom, Ma says if you don't come straight home, you're REALLY gonna get it this time," said Chris in a tone of warning.

"Yeah, OK," said Tom and he shuffled back home.

Had Tom gone to the stream he would have seen that someone else had discovered his secret place.

Around 7:30 Pap came home and sat down at the table. Everyone filed in as usual, waiting for their share of dinner.

The sound of chomping and slurping, laughing and fighting filled the room. Mary grabbed a round piece of Ethel's meat and proceeded to chew on it. Ethel, screaming, flung forward, grabbing her meat from Mary's mouth! Ma pounced on Ethel and slapped her silly, throwing the gnawed beef to Mary.

"You greedy wretch!" she shouted as the frightened Ethel shook with fear. She grabbed her and whipped her three times with her leather belt and sent her hobbling off to her room, practically chewing her thumb to bits.

"You call yourself a mother! You're nothing but a bunch of dirty rags and smelly fat! You call that a way to raise kids! Why, any fool . . .," roared Sam Fillmore, more sober now than usual.

"Well! Look who's talking!" interrupted Ma, infuriated and ready for a fight. "A drunk who ain't got a smart bone in his body! Why, you ain't never been to school and ain't never been able to hold a job for more than three days! And YOU

think YOU can tell me how to raise MY kids. Why I do declare, I never thought I'd see the day when my sloppy husband would start caring for his children and his hard-working wife! You stupid, illiterate fool! You forget how lucky you are to have me here . . .," Mrs. Fillmore's voice rambled on and on.

Tom's father sat in his chair, breathing shortly but with a distinct gurgling sound that rose with the odorous smell of alcohol. He picked up a half empty bottle of whiskey but put it down and looked blankly at a week old newspaper, which lay tattered and thumbed on the table.

Tom, who had stayed on when the others left, seemed to detect a look of longing in his father's bloodshot eyes. His father rose suddenly as his loud mother rambled on, and stomped out the door.

Tom stood for a moment watching where his father had been. He felt something new in his heart for his father -- for once he understood what his father felt, and he himself was comforted. Then, hearing Ethel's sobs, and knowing that when Ma realized her husband had left and she had wasted her breath, she would take it out on him, he went into the other room.

Soon he had Ethel settled down and sleeping softly. But he himself was restless. The tensions of the day began to build and he determined to go to the stream.

He walked through the streets slowly. He did not run with tears streaming down his face as he had done before. He was thinking now. Of his mother, Chris, Ethel and Mary, but mostly he thought about his father.

When he reached his old beloved stream bed, he found no stream! Instead of the shimmering fish and cool, gentle water, he saw only hard cement. Workmen had been there that afternoon and the day before, and had drained his beautiful spring. He smiled faintly and turned around and walked back home, hoping his father would be there.

Deborah Lawrence, VIII  
First Prize  
Middle School Prose

Honorable Mention in  
Middle School Prose is  
awarded to "The Great  
Fire" by Hallett Johnson, VIII,  
The editors regret that lack  
of space prevents its publication.



## *The Sky*

Higher than the high of a tossed-up ball,  
Bluer than the blue of the sea,  
Angry at times, gray and drear,  
It has the moods of me.

Dressed in a silvery gown at dawn,  
Decked with the lace of the trees,  
Scarlet and gold when the Sun steps  
down,  
It dresses just like me.

Tumbling and pushing on windy days,  
Playful and rough it can be.  
Quiet and calm when it wishes to be,  
It often plays like me.

Katharine Warren, VIII  
First Prize  
Middle School Poetry

## *Alone*

One time I went with the setting sun  
To take a walk when our work was done,  
The beach was empty, not a soul in  
sight;  
The shadows lengthened with the dying  
light.

The sand grew cold beneath my feet;  
The tired waves slackened their heart-  
less beat.  
The teased, rippled water glistened  
bright  
With the sun's last rays, before the  
night.

Tall and slender, perched up there,  
Unmoved on the gentle, evening air,  
No longer waving, but quiet and still,  
The dune grass slept upon its hill.

The seagulls cried, their last goodbye,  
And set off to sleep, wing to eye.  
They nestled together near a sheltering  
dune;  
Amongst their feathers is the wind's  
last tune.

Sadly I turned and went my way;  
My footprints beside the driftwood lay.  
Yet I wasn't alone, and this comforted  
me,  
As I longingly looked at the vast, open  
sea.

Robert Holt, VIII  
Honorable Mention  
Middle School Poetry



S<sub>K</sub>L

"Speak what you think today in words as  
as hard as cannon-balls, and tomorrow  
thinks in hard words again, though it con-  
tradict everything you said today.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

"We're anything brighter than even the sun  
(We're everything greater  
than books  
might mean)  
We're every anything more than believe  
(with a spin  
leap  
alive we're alive)  
We're wonderful one times one"  
from Ann and Margery

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## *Acknowledgements*

The Editorial Board of the Link would like to express appreciation to the following people for judging the literary contest: Mr. Lewis B. Cuyler, Mrs. John Davidson, Mr. Norman O. Hood, Mrs. Herbert Kendall, Mr. Hilary Masters, Prof. William Meredith and Mrs. Robert M. Meyers.

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They would also like to thank Dr. Unangst and Mr. Robson for assisting with the photography of the faculty, and Liza Maugham, '63, for typing the manuscripts for the literary contest.

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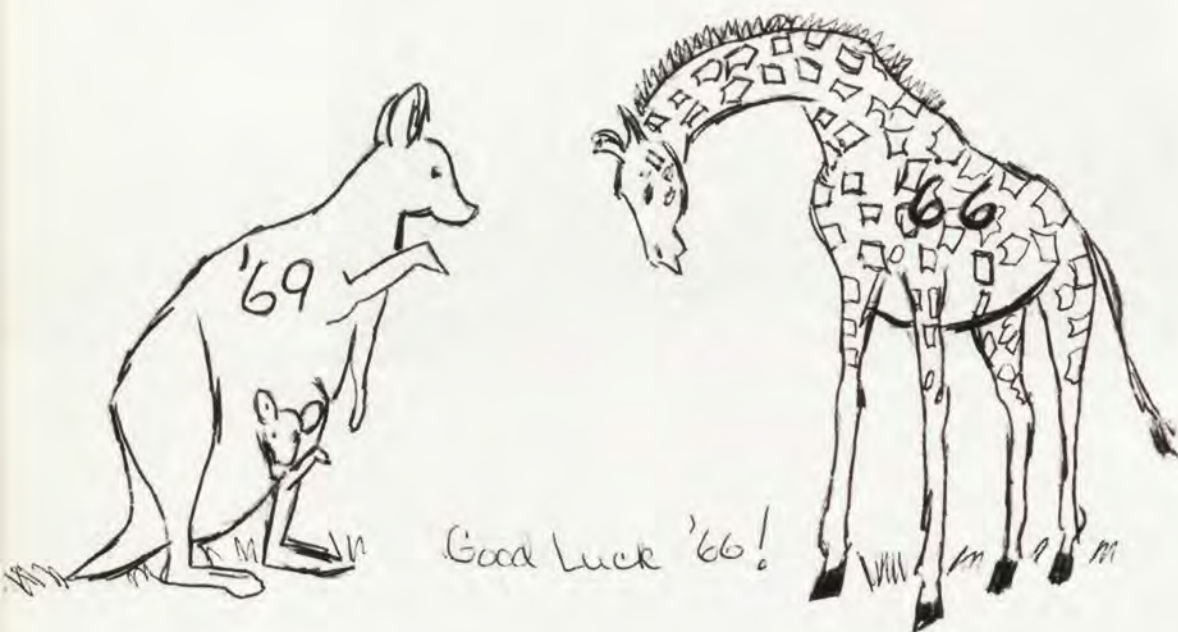


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## *Mabel Hamilton Wade*

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"Un professeur sans pareil qui apporte  
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connaissance profonde, mais aussi l'âme même  
de la France; qui nous a montré chaque  
jour, dans son enseignement et par ses  
conseils, sa largeur d'esprit, son sens  
de justice et d'humour, et qui a été surtout  
pour chacune d'entre nous une sincère  
amie, et qui le restera toujours . . ."







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## *A Pause in the Progress*

*written and produced by the class of 1966  
May Day, 1962*



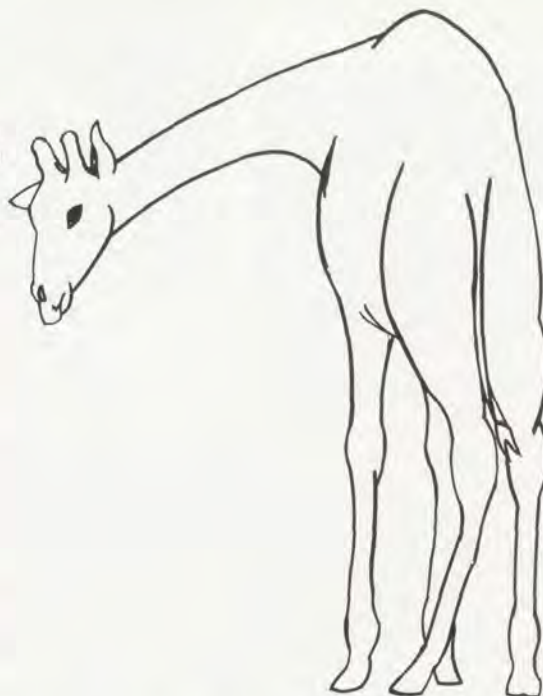
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