

# THE LINK

1967



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# THE LINK

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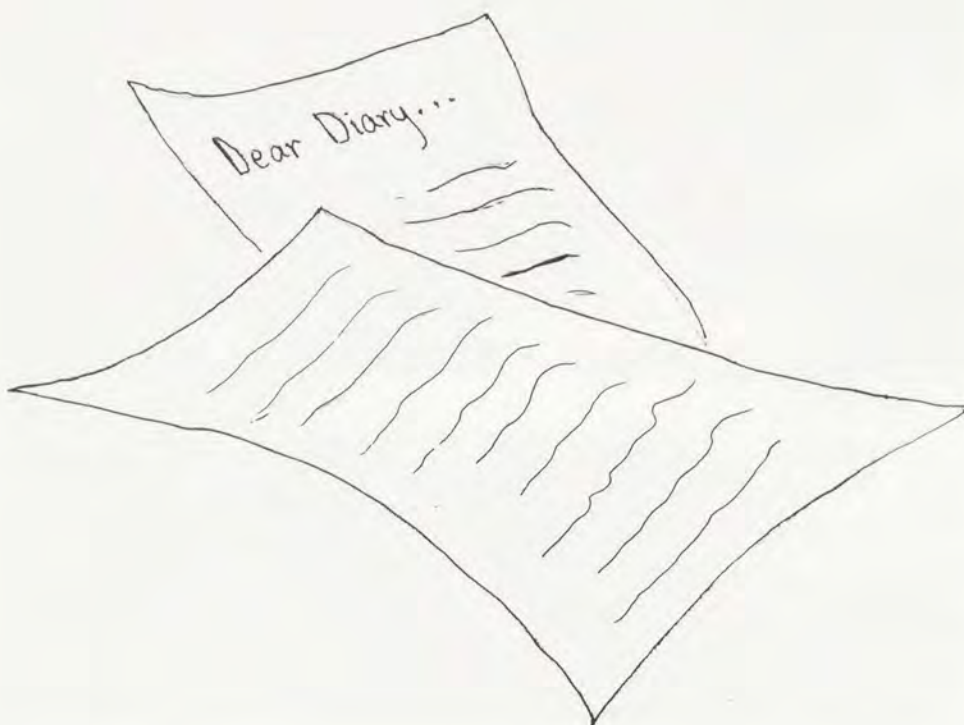
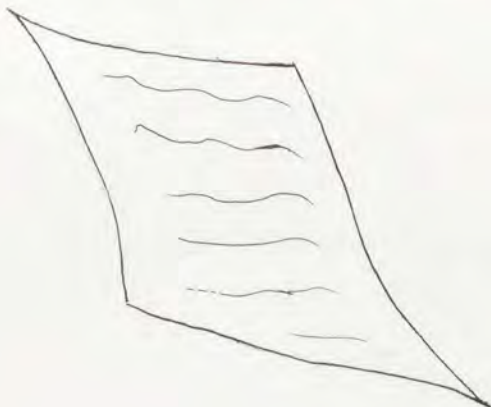
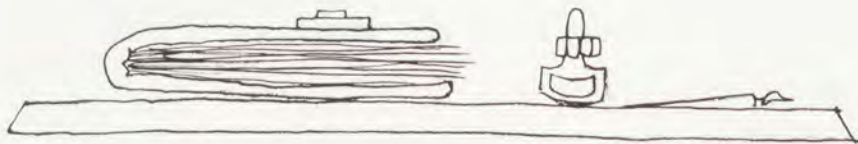
Princeton Day School  
Princeton, New Jersey  
1967

september 12, 1966.

the new headmaster. oh he walks down the hall with confidence and with friendliness as if he sees the good side of a school and of a person right from the start and works hard to develop it. he sits up there on the stage, then stands talking, making things as exciting as they should be, looking straight at me. oh i think that this is going to be a good year (his first and my last. a nice kind of overlap, don't you think?) and that i'd like to get to know him. it seems that he already knows my first name.



Douglas O. McClure







# SENIORS











## Diary Of A Class

### Monday

Our sixth grade homeroom was on the third floor. The paint on the walls was chipped and there was a leaky bathroom next door, but there was also a view of the cherry trees by the monument. Mrs. Conroy presided in the pink-blossomed atmosphere over the veterans -- Franny, Woody, and Mary Combs -- and the newcomers -- Linda, Martha, and Laura. We struggled with the rhyming of ballads and the pronunciation of "Bonjour, Tiki," watched the wasps in the ivy with some trepidation, and applauded chivalry when we went to see CAMELOT.

### Tuesday

Mary Young came in seventh grade, snapping her rubber bands, and we traveled to Winterthur. We showered Mrs. Flory with baby presents and, with Mrs. Liu, thought about dates in American history. Our dreams of becoming nurses were thwarted as we grappled with triangle bandages and tourniquets, yet we grew old and wise as we slumbered along with Rip van Winkle.

### Wednesday

We moved into the porch and into the special between year. The radiators clanked as Julia and Mary struggled with parliamentary procedure. Faneen came, and Chris, Jane, Julia, and Lisa from India. Miss Standing tried to draw us out of our slimy, primeval cells of ignorance (to no avail) and at the Arva Motel in Washington we held a witch trial. Mrs. Roberts broke her ankle and told fortunes with tea leaves, and we peered out the windows at the army camp across the street, and Julia and Jane sang all the way down the Washington monument. In the spring we produced the Forest of Arden with some help from Shakespeare (it seems many of us have come hither too soon).

### Thursday

Freshman year was the year of first times, so the sophomores initiated us in bathing caps and stockings. The first time we listened to announcements in study hall, our first Upper School play, LUTE SONG, our first Hill Concert, which was a sort of first for everybody, since our bus hit a car on the way. Our new accompanist for Choir was a starving grad student named Leon Dubois; Miss Davis taught us French, and the singing nun sang Dominique. That year marked the first time a rat had ever died in the study hall wall and the first time Mrs. Smith used her Rat Charm. Pam, Debbie, Ruth, Bree, Pheeb, Marta, and Karen were new that year, while Sue came from the Eternal City in the second semester. During April we brought the Beatles to MFS. In May the Hun school caught on fire but the fire trucks came to us instead, in the middle of our Bible exam. And at sister class picnics we were big sisters instead of little sisters.



### Friday

There is an indefinable difference in cool between freshmen and sophomores. Then it was that we received our class rings, studied ethics and aesthetics, went to Firestone, and switched from Renwick's to P.J.'s. Jo, Elena, Dianne, and Lindsley came, and half the class switched English teachers in the middle of the year. Mary Combs and Woody went to Greece, whence they brought us worry beads, but instead of worrying we cried to Baal at Lawrenceville. Mrs. Boutelle taught us history with art books and the round table, and took us to the Cloisters in the spring--Linda and Debbie went barefoot in the park. We painted flowers on the study hall walls for the Social Service dance, which was all very gay except that the rest of the year the flowers gave us sort of a queer feeling, because we knew we had been allowed to paint them only because the school was going to be torn down.

### Saturday

We made the big move and realized that we would be the last females-only class. Betsy, Jill, Kathe, Patty, Polly, and Carolyn came, Debbie went to India for a year, and Julia went to Japan for half a year and sent us a purple fish. We worried about unity and communication, built the lack of scenery for OUR TOWN, and tried to make elementary functions function. College Boards first reared their ugly heads at about the same time as THE FINEST changed its name to CYMBALS. And whan that Aprille with his shoures soote the droughte of March hath perced to the roote, we gave a concert with Lawrenceville to an audience of fifty. Then suddenly it was Commencement and we realized that this was the last time we would sit in the audience for it.

### Sunday

Then we were the big ones caught between wanting to leave and wanting to stay and show ourselves how big we were before we became little again. Our primeval cell of ignorance was renamed the Senior Slum; there we had long talks, lost important things, ate stolen brownies from merry un-bake sales, burned Marvin Meyers in effigy, and never began THE SECULAR CITY. Sally joined us, Francoise came, and Helen half-way through the year, and Ceridwen halfway through the second half, to see how much we all talked about how little we were doing. All of us were not there all of the time, but we all saw the standing ovation for Carmen, and Phoebe and her partner gyrating during the orgy at the Rosedale meat lockers (our lives are in the hands of our mothers). We were Mrs. Shepherd's wreath-makers, Mr. Packard's Lost Brains, Mr. Lott's human ice cubes, Mrs. Brophy's star boarders. There were games to watch, and music and coffee and announcements in the cafeteria. And in the end we saw that Anne Frank was right after all and began to realize that people really are good at heart.



## Mary Combs

December

And suddenly it was Christmas time, smelling of greens and spice and bayberry candles burning. . . We sang carols and skated and made wreaths. . . Then Candlelight - for the last time - and I cried. The snow was a bright crystal blanket over the world and icicles glistening from the eaves were like smooth sharp diamonds. . . and it was clear and cold. . . and I wondered as I wandered while the silent night blew across the stars.



midnight, Nov. 19

It was clear and cool today. This afternoon I took Blackmur for a walk after I finished some homework. Two other dogs found us. Exciting air always makes me feel hopeful, you know - last sun, and the twigs etched sharply against the sky. I thought about a lot of things... I wish we could go to Paris next summer. I mustn't forget to buy some new iced tea mix for the Props. Finish applications - what's important about me that they should know? My favorite colors are blue of sky and olive green as well as yellow n' orange, and I love Hamlet. I could reform, n'est-ce pas? Oh well... I imagined a discussion with Jean-Paul and John about an idea for Independent Writing...

## Jennie Borgerhoff



California, anyone? San Francisco's the greatest, especially the kids! We're off to ice-hockey, then 1901. Don't forget the S.T.P. decal. Sunday morning breakdowns. Hope you're not ticklish, you haven't got a chance!

Don't forget, I'm eloping tomorrow night. We'll be back soon. Riding lessons for the Scarlet Nite. Come on, you HAVE to play twister, you chicken. Let's go to the beach, now.

## Jill Cramer







## Ruth Conover

Oct. 18

Three accidents in four months isn't such a bad thing.  
I saw the CUTEST boy uptown today!  
All I have to do is sit there and give the right cues.  
Must we have Thanksgiving dinner at the shore?  
And besides, why can't Joan of Arc have long hair?  
Maybe I could be another Streisand.  
The name's Ruth, not Bree.  
What's a Fire Warden anyway?  
Why so many rings? - because I like 'em.



Linda Fox

-It's marvelous the way the pen glides over the paper at an obtuse angle to life.

-Dawn on the meadows merging with four legs through sunset.

-Harmonious madrigals in the institute wood punctuate the eerie silence of Einstein.

-Bach is magnetic, gravitational, fathomless.

-You know, it's not really what I say but how I say it.

-I'm eternally grateful to Mr. Whitlock for opening to me the world of architecture.

You can trail off if you want, but I'm going to end distinctly!



I have so much to do - brownies to make- but I'm really too tired- hey! we'd better get going on those Social Service projects- more work there than you think- isn't it funny how trees don't like me- well, you can't win 'em all- there's that football game this weekend and then... another "X" on the calendar- time goes so fast- I'll sleep after I write that letter- the world looks orange and yellow today...

Pam Erickson





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A winding staircase that one goes up or down after a reconciliation or at the end of a conflict. . . why is this my first idea of the house I would like? Then comes the fireside with its big cushions and books, lots of books that one never reads because they are well-ordered on the shelves, and one book, used, with torn pages and fingerprints, that one always takes again to enjoy its company like a friend. . . A friend - a real one - to talk with, somebody who makes you think you're worthy to be loved. I don't care about the outside of the house - just a staircase, a fireside and a friend--

## Francoise Foassier





## Susan Fritsch

I've just read over my diary - fascinating - should be published - glad to say that my outlook on life is much changed - listening to great song on the radio by Yardbirds - arabic style - since I've written, many firsts - driving, a blast (the only time that horrible word fits); still unsure of parking - feel literary - Fitzgerald - tragic, appealing creature - one thing in common - love of Princeton - got to enjoy it next year - last - can't believe it - time is weird - goes so slowly until you think backwards.



Today I'll decide about next summer. Perhaps I'll go to New York where I'll every night sleep in Radio City Music Hall and in the day encamp with a hookah on the main floor of Bonwit's. On second thought, maybe I should leave the country altogether. Yes, I'll go to Italy dressed in some voluminous costume - a nun's would be fine - and prove that the Sistine Chapel was actually painted by Sir Francis Bacon.

## Betsy Gilliam





## Frances Gorman

May 24,

Man, we really hacked today! We played tennis; Laura won, but that's not unusual. And we chased my ten-gallon down Nassau Street, making cat signs and singing "Dominique" all the way. And a Frenchman followed us. And we looked for a lost cat, and recited Latin poetry over the phone; I sang and she hung up. Funny, we should be friends so long. Were we ever hot tickets! and crazy! I didn't think much but I laughed all day... the kid is out of it!... I wonder who'll be at the Annex tonight?



Would you believe how busy I am?...It's unreal...I should work this weekend but Baker Rink will get cold...Chivalry will ride again...The horses need exercise...There's a party in the "All-American City" and one in Princeton and one in Lawrenceville...a basement no less...red, black, blue, yellow, and a variety of colors...Mermaids and Mermen...It was fantastic so we should do it again...same time, same people, different basement...J. B. will have to get along without me next year...No more dating service...I never liked tea too much anyway.

## Katherine Johnson







## Carolyn Johnson

January 21

"...And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds  
flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the  
seagulls crying..." (Sea Fever, " John Masfield)

As I read this I felt myself back in the place I

love most - with the ice-blue, green sea lapping the hull  
beneath me, the cool Maine air blowing around me, and the  
sun bathing all in its warmth. With a feeling of expectancy  
I hear the halyards rapping the mast and feel the boat rock  
with the waves. The loose, unraised sails flap in the gusty  
wind and in the distance across the water the wind rustles  
through the dark pines of the islands.



## Phoebe Knapp

November 18

There is a bamboo tree in my room which I keep forgetting to water. It is so huge that the ceiling stifles the top boughs and they fan out, in delicate, green, cramped profusion against the white.

Today I looked at the plant while languidly pouring water into its pot. Brown streaks and yellow stained the slender, notched trunk and some leaves were crinkled far and fell guiltily on my bed.

Someday, when I get out of here, I'll be able to walk down a street and condemn nobody... Maybe I'll take to the woods and hunt possums.



It always comes back to what Camus said: "Je continue de croire que le monde n'a pas de sens supérieur. Mais je sais que quelque chose en lui a de sens et c'est l'homme, parcequ'il est le seul être à exiger d'en avoir."

That's in *LETTRES À UN AMI ALLEMAND*, and the sentence before it is almost finer: "J'ai choisi la justice pour rester fidèle à la terre."

Sally Lane





## Karen Meyers

Thursday

Well, I got up this morning after around three and a half hours of sleep, thinking how coffee really does keep you awake and how I hadn't done my Russian; I kept asking myself, why do I go to school anyway. I stared glazedly at my books, wondering if I'd ever be able to lift them, somehow tore the sleeve of my jersey, swore. Then I looked out the window where the sun was just beginning to rise, and at my lute standing in the corner where it was still dark, and I decided I was going to make it after all.



Monday, the twenty-first of November, 1966

Oh Pim, I dreamed...  
that Mouschi turned into a panther. Someone turn off  
that omnipresent voice. Where's the Hannukah satchel?  
Who put the Star of David on with surgical adhesive?  
No one told me that the iced tea had fermented. The play's  
the thing...  
Oh Pim, I dreamed...  
that I lost my contact lenses. Come to the U. Store  
with Jane and Susie and me. P.J.'s is closed on Mondays.  
There's a movie at the Garden with Jean-Paul.  
Jane, Jane, acrimonious pain...  
Oh Pim, I dreamed...  
that I heard music. Beethoven, then Bach, then Chopin,  
then Josh White singing the Empty Bed Blues, then the  
sound of the street organ playing out there...  
Oh Pim, I dreamed...  
that I was spear-fishing off Miyako-Jima, teaching twenty-  
five Japanese girls to sing "500 miles." Benjo-wa doko  
deska? Nikongo zen-zen wakaranai...  
Oh Pim, I dreamed...  
that I was bored. It was a nightmare.

Julia Lockwood





## Martha Miller

sunday. december 19

is a good day. it has infinite possibilities, you know. right now it's frozen outside and the sun is pouring in my window. no snow yet, but yesterday the world was running down fifth avenue doing its christmas shopping.

did you know that i finished reading HERZOG this morning. i think i really like that man. twice he said, "If I'm out of my mind it's all right with me."

come on. what should i do today?

you know you would be infinitely more helpful if you would occasionally answer my questions. just a lazy book at heart, covered with flowers.

come on. stop clowning. we'll call ivy and kim and walk down to central park. there's skating.



It's been so long, I know, but I have so little thinking time anymore--this summer I could run away from my campers at least once a week, to the woods, and take fifteen minutes to think--I can't even do that now--Really it's not all that bad--I feel more or less needed by all those screaming people out there in the hall--it's far better than boredom, don't you think?

My only real complaint is in being so tired by the time I'm all done that I don't have energy for my friends--and besides I'd probably bore them--Hey! Snap out of it, curtain goes up in three minutes.

## Faneen Murray





Chris Otis

December 20

Skiing weather, HA! Of all the rotten luck, it's 60° below and snowing out. Well, the show must go on (to be quite common and vulgar). I must continue to fake courage and go blindly down the slopes, too fast for anyone to see my form (luckily!). Hope I don't get lost up there today.



May 26, 1967

memories:

green-roofed pagoda amid white-netted asphalt  
and sun-baked clay  
windswept, ice-clad lake traced with the spidery  
trails of laughing skaters  
buff-colored, porticoed Miss Fine's -- gone --  
no more noisy corridors or cherry-blossomed  
view from fireplaced classrooms  
the measured, muted lines of Horace and passionate  
poetry of Catullus  
lingering dreams of digging for the past at Cnossus  
or Mycenae or of arguing a case before nine  
somber, black-robed judges

Laura Peterson





Bree Rosi

I had the greatest summer...  
The Vineyard faded from view  
and Princeton came alive...  
a gnarled oak tree  
and the rock quarry...  
Laura lent me her  
tennis trophy and  
a cactus flower bloomed in N. Y.  
Beef stroganoff became  
my specialty and  
the odds on Roberta Captain  
were 6 to 1...  
tigers are so strong  
and free  
and spirited...  
next year will be  
even better.



India... Diwali...  
the maharajah wore a  
lumberjacket and  
eight sparkling rings  
to dinner...  
Christmas...  
I lay in bed with the flu  
while the family trooped off  
to see Everest...  
shock... grief...  
we went bird-hunting  
in the jungle...  
I remember  
his shock-orange sweatshirt  
with "I'm a YMCA good guy"  
on the front...  
Bombay...  
we were burned by the sun  
and cooled by the sea's breezes...  
and I had Delhi-belly  
all week...  
Kashmir...  
towering, glittering peaks  
and tulips in Shalimar...  
I miss... all of it.

Debby Seckel





Jo Schlossberg

smile  
 do hand-in  
 sharpen pencils  
 the play  
 organization schedules  
 list, notes to myself  
 Faneen, Debby, Jo...  
 crash  
 smile  
 The Diary of Anne Who?  
 class meetings  
 12 minutes  
 lights, set stage  
 5 minutes, please  
 Thank you  
 performance - 8:30 p. m.  
 Shh!  
 quiet  
 places  
 shut up  
 cue  
 subride  
 due Friday  
 done Wednesday  
 eat ice cream first  
 fun fur  
 Would you believe  
 basketball?  
 Would you believe  
 a guard?  
 Would you believe  
 captain?  
 sorority - sell candy  
 smile



another day, another cup of coffee...  
another day, another hand-in...  
anyone not on the Make-up committee, out!  
I absolutely refuse to strike the set.  
another day, another song...  
only two weeks until Maine!  
speak up - I can't see you.  
another day, another run in my stocking...  
another day, another...

## Patty Sly



I have an interview at N.Y.U. this weekend, and afterwards I want to walk all around New York, but I really don't have the time; I should study instead. I didn't have the time last night, but I went to McCarter anyway and saw a beautiful movie . . . Right now I can hold on to each second for an eternity, which is great when you're reading Ferlinghetti, because he says that a dog is a real realist with a real tale to tell and a real tail to tell it with, and that's pretty important, isn't it?

## Polly Smock







## Elena Zullo

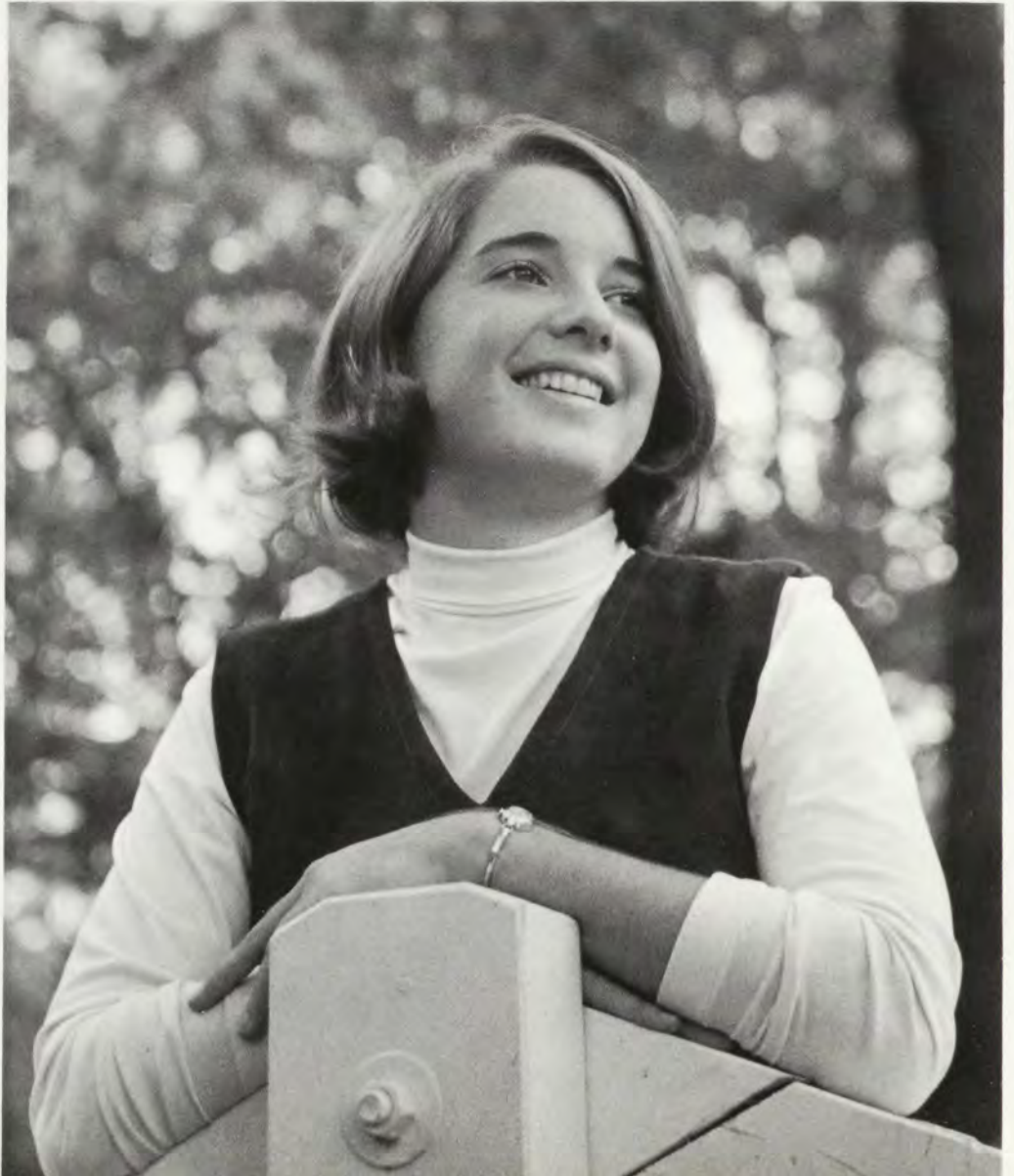
Sometimes I wish I could sleep all day but the carpets aren't as comfortable this year, and the atmosphere isn't as cozy... Couldn't I be on time just once... Really now, Rosencrantz or Voltemand, who cares, it's all over anyway... Elena, you've got that heart of stone, but you're in the breeze so don't get hung up... Why don't I ever have enough time?

November 13

This morning I made another list. I don't know what it proved except that it covered up my disorganization. Believe it or not I was able to cross some items off - made an announcement about the Constitution, wrote letters to Elsa and Meg, found a substitute for the hockey game.

Playing Bach today was an effort, both physically and mentally. I was more in the mood for Brahms. My mind kept wandering to the future and my fingers had no direction. . Why can't the present always be the most important concern? We seem to live for things to come.

## Mary Young







## Mary Woodbridge

On Friday we won the hockey game -- naturally, because I was playing fullback.

Who? Me? Conceited?

Saturday I babysat for Camie and Chris.

Now that I'm on lighting crew I know almost every line in the play.

Of course it's a camera... you didn't think it was a flashlight, did you?

There's nothing wrong with dissecting rats, honest!

I haven't decided whether or not to go out to Colorado again... but one thing's for sure, I am going on the ski trip.

## Dianne Willis

today we  
walked, skipped and ran  
                                around the racetrack  
beneath the purple mountains  
then the rain began and  
we stood under a sheltering, leafy-dome  
                                of frangipanis and  
scooped shining red seeds out of the mud  
under our sopped sandals - then it stopped  
                                and the sun was shining -  
we walked again and listened to the mossies hum in  
                                oneness.





Flying in at night over a glittering New York - a moment of panic as the plane touches down. I'm committed now; I'm here. Blank-faced, distrustful officials wearing guns - why? - visas, passports, questions - a final grudging acceptance.

Then meeting my family, coming to Princeton, and the strange faces are friendly and welcoming. Christmas vacation and learning to ski - impossible to feel homesick; this is home. School - new ideas, new friends, a new outlook - England is far away.

Helen Bennett











quotes found lost without hero goal wears evokes

jennie	exactly!	walking	a ride	hamlet	beachcomber	battered loafers	intelligentsia
helen	like an englishman	in gym classes	her boots	henry viii	american housewife	turtlenecks	oxford
mary c.	good grief	home	books	snoopy	on the "wanted" list	jumpers	serenity
ruth	hi, ugs!	flirting	her pipe	ed	race-track driver	tight skirts	mynah bird
jill	shut up, people	at ice-hockey practice	twister	harry the merman	find the perfect wave	yellow & orange	california
pam	can't win 'em all	in a corner	her coordination	winnie-the-pooh	10 children	low necks	wholesomeness
francoise	you kidding me?	Youngs'	her camera	jfk	etne philosophe	laced boots	snapshots
sue	oh well...	switching gears	contacts	herb alpert	drive a fire engine	bracelets	mademoiselle
linda	i know	art room	horses	schweitzer	jockey	what my mom tells me to	arguments
betsy	i'm so tired	more often than she likes	her life insurance	morpheus	waitress at the Ranch Room	out	grecian urn
franny	you got it, cakes	cutting study	telephone	visage the cat	another t. marci plauti	her ten gallon	eccentricity
carolyn	come on now	getting dues	her easel	wyeth	mistress hillebens	knee socks	the countryside
sally	camus	not yet	red licorice, con interp.	lenin	figure skater	glasses on head	madame térése
kathe	censored	in contortions of laughter	the del	paul newman	yole	fringe loafers	outdoors
phoebe	divine!	never	thumb	albert finney	matron	mini skirts	raised eyebrows
julia	relax.	on stage	something to do	jean-paul	the moon	hush puppies	renoir
karen	"dear..."	running off the road	her lute	S.B.	olympics	ben's child's department	the 16th century
martha	"once upon a time and a very good time it was"	-out	turr	julian bond	nirvana	fred braun	the village
faneen	i think i'm going to die!	at the tiger's paw	sleep	gary grant	cover girl	mummy originals	english leather
chris	strange...	observing	skis	richard burton	the met	piebald hand-me-downs	free living
laura	could be tense	playing tennis	chocolate chip cookies	007	lion tamer	tigress	felinity
bree	you owe me a beer	purring	tigers	the road-runner	puritanism	sweaters	intimate
jo	come on	everywhere	schedule	le petit prince	weight lifter	big furry coat	organization
debby	boy!	cackling	letters from india	farvel	win a camaro	mod fashions	fitzgerald
patty	people!	talking	optimism	dr. + j. eckleburg	el excelente	faded yellow dresses	self-assurance
polly	out of sight	lost	elena?	amory blaine	latin scholar	baubles, bangles + beads	hallucinations
dianne	ah-doi	writing editorials	history of music	long distance runner	daily news editor	sarong babushkas	the south sea
woody	clutz	flocking around in a fog	young life	charlie brown	rhodes scholar	bright patti pants	enthusiasm
mary y	any objections?	practicing	her constitution	bill bradley	carnegie hall	suede vest	vuv's
elena	great!	anywhere	happiness	jack the giant killer	to find that one true...	beads + boots	mystery
class	obscurities	out of school	gym excuses	marvin meyers	phi beta kappa	mélange	Pandemonium



laughs at intrigued by found singing reads passion bete noire can you imagine her

ike	john lennon	rubber soul	camus	quartier latin	anne's pink shawl	a debutante
crew-cuts	p.d.s.	a foggy day in london town	anything & everything	backbags	michael caine	with short hair
slang	dreams	madrigals	constantly	reading	disorganization	a go-go girl
joan of arc	tall boys	mustang sally	when she has to	speed	a.i.	a nun
green refrigerators	uhm chi cheer	california dreamin'	dirty books	ju-jubes	ugly surfers	anywhere but santa barbara
puns	the opposite sex	world without love	letters	snuggling	fakes	not owing beers (to brea)
american ribaldry	older men	when d'fs goes marching in	match	travel	speaking french	not talking
lbj	coincidence	cruel war	time	Reese's peanut butter cups	cocconut	on lsd
people	work	silently	"literature"	food & sleep	discord	five-gaited
swinging liberals	senility	shake me, wake me	greek	lethargy	stolen gym bloomers	idealistic
chinese proverbs	the annex	dixie	dictionary	the cape	bean bags	a surgeon
the lunch table	the amish	rarely	wherever she isn't supposed to	maine	defaulters on dues	burning her draft card
frivolity	byronic heroes	in glee club!	four books	jacques bel	ice-skating	stupid
everything	foster children	that's life	short stories	most beef on rye	white socks	without freckles
depravity	the abnormal	theme from tom jones	vogue	yogurt	water	chairman of a women's club
t.v.	the japanese	here, there, & everywhere	ET	matzo's	peter	a stenographer
pseudo-intellectuals	vice	middle english ballads	les liaisons dangereuses	gym	cousin brucie	a gym teacher
politics	mcqueen	blues with a feelin'-butterfield	joyce	mexico	no	screamin'
anything when timed	accidents	where the boys are	reserve list	clothes	wctu	with shoes on
wit	armenian food	out of tune	the new yorker	salads	inertia	miss teenage america
witchcraft	espionage	soul	astullus	high surf	deadlines	a cashier in woolworth's
the wrong time	black lace	more	the call of the wild	peanut butter	little boys	a field mouse
the stupid chart	details	the blues at practice	dory of anne frank	basketball	tall boys	a giant
just about anything	british boys	you'll never walk alone	passage to india	navioli	drunk guys who make passes	with her mouth shut
going steady	maine - iacs	all the time	fitzgerald	maine	superficiality	off key
french	too much	while driving	with crystal spectacles	yes	preppies	a brunette
w.c. fields	hardy kruger	it ain't me babe.	gibran	durian	cotillion	a chemist
little children	babies	un homme et une femme	rarely	skiing	l'mo beans & liver	first lady
absurdity	harvard freshmen	italian	music	eating in the hall	apathy	expelled
polly	athletics	kind of a drag	rutgers phone directory	sometimes	immaturity	on the football team
stop signs	males	downtown	n.y. times book review	getting "in"	tautology	without its sanity









# **FACULTY**



## Administration

SEATED: Douglas O. McClure, (B. A. Yale, M. A. University of Connecticut). STANDING: Herbert McAneny, (B. A. Williams, B. A. Oxford); Beverly A. Williams, (B. A. Randolph-Macon Woman's College); Carl C. Storey, (B. S., M. A., University of Arkansas); Fowler Merle-Smith, (B. A. Princeton, M. A. T. Columbia); Madeline Weigel, (B. A. Skidmore, Child Education Foundation); Wesley A. McCaughan, Jr., (B. S. Trenton State College; M. S. Rutgers).





ALICE M. ARCHER  
French  
Lycée Fénelon  
Alliance  
Française  
Professorat



DEIRDRE BANNON  
Science  
B. A. Douglass



DANIEL J. BARREN  
Mathematics  
Director of  
Physical Education,  
Boys  
B. S. Gannon



MITCHELL H. BRONK  
Science  
B. A. Harvard



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Department  
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M. A. Columbia



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New Hampshire

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B. A. Princeton



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M. S. Catholic  
University



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M.F.A. Princeton

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M.A. Columbia



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M.A. New York  
University



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B.A. Roanoke



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Geography  
B.A. Wells  
M.A. T. Yale



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of Wisconsin  
Ph.D. Yale



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B.A. Princeton

ERNEST GORDON  
Religion  
M.A.  
St. Andrews  
B.D. Edinburgh  
S.T.N. Hartford







MARGARET GRAY  
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B.A. Wheaton

HUSON R. GREGORY  
B.A. Dartmouth



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B.A. Princeton



OLGA HOLENKOFF  
Russian  
Licence de Prof.  
de Français à  
L'Etranger



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B.A. Trenton State



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M.A. University  
of Pennsylvania



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Hungarian School  
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Choir College



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M. A. Radcliffe



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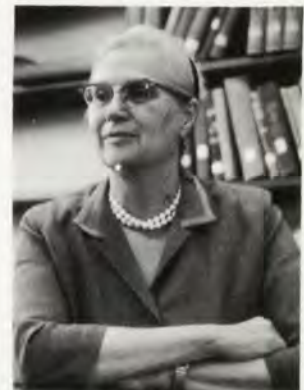


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B.A. Agnes  
Scott  
M.S. St. John's



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M.A. Columbia



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MILLER  
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B.A. Princeton





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B.A. Radcliffe

PRISCILLA SAVIDGE  
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B.A. Smith



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M.A. University  
of Maryland



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Art Students'  
League

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B.S. McGill



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London  
M.A. Columbia



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M.A. Western  
Reserve



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University





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B. A. Wellesley



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M. A. Princeton



RENÉE-PAULINE  
EXIGA WHIPPLE  
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Directorat des  
Colleges  
Modernes  
(Education  
Nationale)



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B. A. Princeton



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B. A., M. A.  
Oberlin  
M. A. Haverford



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B. A. Wilson  
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Registrar



VIRGINIA K. STEIN  
Consulting  
Psychologist  
B. A. Hunter  
O. T. R. Tufts  
M. A. San Francisco  
State College



JEAN O. SMYTH  
Admissions  
Secretary



GERTRUDE D.  
BROPHY  
R. N.  
School Nurse



EDWARD J.  
DOBKOWSKI  
Superintendent  
of Buildings and  
Grounds

HOWARD S. UNANGST  
School Physician  
B. S. Annapolis  
M. D. University of  
Pennsylvania











**XI** FIRST ROW: Connie Sayen, Punky Brewster, Ingrid Selberg, Suzanne Blanchet, Nancy Flagg, Fernanda D'Agostino, Beth Schlossberg, Linda Hart, Sia Godfrey, Linda Baker, Anne Fulper, Mary Hobler, Faron Daub. SECOND ROW: Gail Smith, Katie Ecroyd, Sue Kleinberg, Joan Wadelton, Kate Linker, Susan Koch, Gillian Gordon. THIRD ROW: Sandy Wandelt, Bill Rigot, John Claghorn, Robert Golden, Jerry Pitt, Jon Vereen, Rick Ross, Bob Ramsey, Bob Spears, John Taylor, Andy Fishmann, Rich Raines, Joe Chandler. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Wylie Aaron, Charles Simmons, Evan Donaldson.





**X** FIRST ROW: Barbara Thomsen, Andrea Fishman, Ronda Davis, Blair Lee, Bertina Bleicher, Candy Boyajian, Susan Schnur, Carol Bernstein, Karen Hoffman, Mary Lou Delahanty, Kathy Gorman, Debbie Shoemaker, Sue Denise, Beth Healy. SECOND ROW: Abby Sheldon, Margery Burt, Sharon Abeel, Dianna Eure, Sue Bailey, Pat Niemtzow, Gail Lyman, Bebe Ramus, Jean Gorman, Beverly Bevis, Jane Wiley, Ibbie Rose, Gail Colby, Pooh Holt, Debby Merrick, Betsy Nicholes. THIRD ROW: Beth Borgerhoff, Lucia Ballantine, Glenys Wolff, Molly Hall, David Macleod, Bill Chalverus, Louis Levine, Chester Cleaver, Edward Cole, Keith Bash, Ed Purcell, Frank Andrews, David Van Houten, Doug Rieck, Bob Wilmot. BACK ROW: Bob Rathouser, Tony Blair, Bob O'Connor, Ashby Adams, Craig Page, Larry Tan, Tom Spain, Philip Winder, Clyde Measey, Jeff Prebluda, Jerry King, Chris Goble, David Vomacka. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Nell Bushnell, Jeremy Dunning, Robert Korman, Derry Light, Richard Judge.





## IX

FIRST ROW: Robin Murray, Laurie D'Agostino, Heidi Flemer, Cindy Shoemaker, Linda Mihan, Linda McCandless, Susan Hughes, Debby Lawrence, Barbara Miller, Allison Gilbert, Hilary Martin, Jacqueline Summerfield, Marjorie Shaw, Wendy Lawson-Johnston. SECOND ROW: Diane Erickson, Peninah Chilton, Liz Hamid, Louise Sayen, Ann Wiley, Lucy Stover, Pam Woodworth, Naurene Donnelly, Pam Orr, Suzanne Fish, Joan Williams, Louise Hutner, Grace Taylor, Lindsey Hicks, Freddie Cagan, Barbara Sturken. THIRD ROW: Midge Valdes, Marion Stoltzfus, Hilary Brown, Brita Light, Shelby Brewster, Cathy Morgan, Gil Farr, Tim Medley, Bob Peck, Elin Graydon, Meg Brinster, Mary Lapidus, Tina Davies, Vicki Johnson, Francine Barlow. FOURTH ROW: Jonathan Paynter, Bill Power, Bob Sullivan, Porter Eubank, Taylor Chambers, Bob Salup, Freddie Erdman, John Parrott, Lewis Bowers, Erik Heggen, Jimmie Rodgers, Bill Schluter, Janet Masterton. BACK ROW: Deeks Young, Jack Kilgore, Allyn Love, Rett Campbell, Basil Stetson, Mark Lane. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Chris Mislów, Bruce Plapinger, Chris Reeve.





FIRST ROW: Natalie Huston, Richard Bryant, Dore Levy, Chris Chambers, Terrie Fried, Alex Donaldson, Clifford Lamar, Rob Holt, John Battle, Jay Cruice, Debbie Huntington, Larry Levenson. SECOND ROW: Martha Feltenstein, Louise Broad, Joan Lewis, Chessye Hill, Barbara Bauer, Greacian Goeke, Robin Frey, Tania Lawson-Johnston, Diane Jass, Candie Brown. THIRD ROW: Laurie Bryant, Pat Liljelund, Margaret De Vries, Kristen Garver, Anne Healy, Susan Henssler, Betsy Gorman, Jane Cross, Kate Watson Erdman, Mary Bishop, Cathy Lane. FOURTH ROW: Bill Boone, Bill Flemer, Paul Lyman, Alfred Gardner, Jeremy Bonner, Crichton Adams, Carl Jacobelli, Terry Booth, Bill Remsen. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Sarah Brett-Smith.

## VIII



FIRST ROW: Mildred Sawyer, Evelyn Sherwood, Kristi Vaughan, Louise Peters, Georgia Myer, Elizabeth Meredith, Kathy McClure, Lisa Warren, Kathrin Poole, Jean Schluter. SECOND ROW: Ellen Stern, Elizabeth Tomlinson, Dede Pickering, Susie Waterman, Don Millner, Wendy Sarett, Betti Schleyer, Chris Smith, Paula Zaitz, Elizabeth Mills, Hope Pillsbury, Vicky Willock, George Treves, Samuel Tattersall. THIRD ROW: David Seckel, Scott Richardson, Bill Boone, Larry Rose, Henry Sayen, Mitchell Sussman, Sam Rodgers, David Samson, John Paine, Joe Punia, David Stark, Tommy Worthington. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Ben Reeve, Neil Rosenthal.













FRONT ROW: Mary Combs, Bill Rigot (Vice-President), Mary Young (President), Mary Hobler, Sia Godfrey. BACK ROW: Lindsey Hicks, Mark Lane, Jeff Prebluda, Linda Baker, Rich Raines, Betsy Nicholes, Richard Ross, Patty Sly.

Upper School

Student Council





FRONT ROW: Ellen Sussman, Ellen Prebluda, Tania Lawson-Johnston (Secretary), Don Millner (President), Karen Turner (Vice-President), Kristi Vaughan, Nancy Kendall, Camilla Carpenter. BACK ROW: Noah Levy, Jon Kraut, Bill Flemer, David Samson, Andrew Bonner, Kirk Moore, Andy Davies, Marion Huston, Julie Brewster.

## Middle School Student Council



FRONT ROW: Gillian Gordon, Jane Bergerhoff, Joe Chandler (Treasurer), Jill Cramer (Chairman), Bill Chalverus (Secretary), Carol Bernstein, Pam Erickson, Louis Levine. BACK ROW: Bill Schluter, Margery Burt, Chris Reeve, Bill Rigot, John Claghorn, Debby Lawrence, Meg Brinster, Connie Sayen, Larry Tan.

VOLUNTEER COMMUNITY SERVICE: Florence Crittenden Home, Fort Dix, Merwick Nursing Home, Princeton Hospital, New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Quaker Work Camps, Princeton Tutorial Service, Trenton Tutorial Service, Trenton Home for Girls. FUND RAISING: Dance, Pet Show, Wreaths, Various Class Projects.

## Social Service





# Dramatic Club

## The Diary of Anne Frank

dramatized by

FRANCES GOODRICH AND ALBERT HACKETT

directed by

MUNROE WADE



MR. FRANK  
MIEP  
MRS. VAN DAAN  
PETER  
MRS. FRANK  
MARGOT  
MR. KRALER  
MR. VAN DAAN  
MR. DUSSELL  
ANNE

Herbert McAneny  
Molly Hall  
Sue Kleinberg  
Chip Jerry  
Francine Barlow  
Gillian Gordon  
Chris Cairns  
Erich von Starck  
Stuart Duncan  
Julia Lockwood

Scenery-Faneen Murray  
Lighting-Bob Spears  
Properties-Jane Borgerhoff  
Costumes-Linda Hart  
Sound-Doug Rieck  
Make-Up-Patty Sly  
Program-Carolyn Johnson  
Public Relations-Sally Lane  
House Committee-Bree Rosi  
Tickets-Elena Zullo  
Publicity-Dianne Willis  
Transportation-Susan Fritsch

Sets Constructed under the Supervision of  
GARY LOTT AND FANEEN MURRAY

PRESIDENT..... Julia Lockwood  
SECRETARY-TREASURER Anne Fulper  
STAGE MANAGER..... Jo Schlossberg  
ASSISTANTS..... Linda Baker  
John Claghorn



## Dramatic Club

FIRST ROW: Sue Kleinberg, Linda Baker, Elena Zullo, Patty Sly, Mary Woodbridge, Francine Barlow, Dianne Willis. SECOND ROW: Susan Fritsch, Chia Ballantine, Linda Hart, Mary Combs, Julia Lockwood, Anne Fulper, Jo Schlossberg, Laura Peterson, Bree Rosi, Carolyn Johnson. THIRD ROW: Connie Sayen, Molly Hall, Gillian Gordon, Sue Koch, Faneen Murray, Chris Reeve, Jane Borgerhoff, Bob Spears, John Claghorn, Sally Lane, David VanHouten, Debby Lawrence, Suzanne Blanchet, Gail Smith.











FIRST ROW: Lizette Mills, Scott Richardson, Richard Albert, Ted Vogt, James Figg, Wistar Williams, Kenzie Carpenter, Cynthia Morgan, Carol Stephens, Gina Vogt, Livia Kuser. SECOND ROW: Sandy Wandelt, John Claghorn, Sally Lane, Ronda Davis, Linda Baker, Dianne Willis (Editor), Jerry Pitt, Derry Light, Karen Meyers, Joan Williams, Bree Rosi, Beth Healy, Bertina Bleicher, Doug Rieck, Bill Power, Gil Farr. BACK ROW: Gail Smith, Laura Peterson, Franny Gorman, Francoise Foassier, Elena Zullo, Polly Smock, Blair Lee, Pat Niemtzow, Gail Lyman, Sue Bailey, Connie Sayen. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Mary Combs, Gillian Gordon, Susan Schnur, Joan Wadelton.

## Spokesman

## Cymbals

FIRST ROW: Susan Fritsch, Karen Meyers, Betsy Gilliam (Editor), Linda Fox. BACK ROW: Susan Schnur, Punky Brewster, Chris Reeve, Beth Borgerhoff, Debby Lawrence.







Karen Meyers, Susan Fritsch, Susan Kleinberg, Mary Young, Wylie Aaron, Debby Seckel, Patty Sly, Punky Brewster, Susan Koch, Julia Lockwood. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Mary Combs, Phoebe Knapp, Linda Fox, Polly Smock.

## Madrigals

## Choir

FRONT ROW: Allison Gilbert, Jean Gorman, Derry Light, Debby Merrick, Sue Bailey, Pooh Holt, Ibbie Rose, Dianna Eure. SECOND ROW: Anne Fulper, Mary Hobler, Wylie Aaron, Helen Bennett, Susan Fritsch, Jane Borgerhoff, Francoise Foassier, Karen Meyers, Katie Ecroyd. THIRD ROW: Franny Gorman, Julia Lockwood, Betsy Nicholes, Karen Hoffman, Beth Borgerhoff, Abby Sheldon, Molly Hall, Sue Denise, Gail Smith, Sue Koch, Nancy Flagg. BACK ROW: Carolyn Johnson, Linda Baker, Faron Daub, Punky Brewster, Heidi Flemer, Mary Young, Patty Sly, Pam Erickson, Bree Rosi, Debby Seckel, Ruth Conover, Sue Kleinberg, Linda Mihan. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Mary Combs, Phoebe Knapp, Polly Smock, Linda Fox, Dianne Willis, Elena Zullo.







FRONT ROW: Mary Combs, Bertina Bleicher, Carol Bernstein, Sia Godfrey, Ruth Conover, Bree Rosi, Pam Erickson. SECOND ROW: Pat Niemtzow, Linda Mihan, Dianna Eure, Beverly Bevis, Beth Healy, Jane Wiley, Jean Gorman, Sue Kleinberg. BACK ROW: Gail Lyman, Susan Schnur, Edward Cole, Bob Rathouser, Joe Chandler, Ashby Adams, Jimmie Rodgers. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Bill Chalverus, Andy Fishmann, Franny Gorman, Sally Lane, Laura Peterson, Chris Reeve, Jon Vereen, Sandy Wandelt, Mary Woodbridge.

## Glee Club

## American Field Service Committee

FRONT ROW: Derry Light, Anne Fulper, Helen Bennett, Bree Rosi (Chairman), Punky Brewster (Secretary), Francoise Foassier, Polly Smock, Frances Gorman. BACK ROW: Glenys Wolff, Nanda D'Agostino, Craig Page, Cathy Morgan, David Van Houten, Allyn Love, Jerry Pitt, Robin Murray.







FIRST ROW: Dianna Eure, Barbara Thomsen, Mary Lou Delahanty, Naurene Donelly, Pam Orr, Beth Healy. SECOND ROW: Susan Schnur, Betsy Nicholes, Karen Hoffman, Carol Bernstein, Pat Niemtow, Jane Wiley, Gail Lyman. THIRD ROW: Bob Rathouser, Ed Cole, Bob Wilmot, Mary Combs.

## Library Council

FRONT ROW: Cathy Owens, Judy Kleinberg, Kathy Veeder, Wistar Williams, Martha Feltenstein, Laurie Bryant, Betti Schleyer, Locke Sharp, Susan Ross, Liz Hlavacek. BACK ROW: Bruce Cole, David Barach, Mark Ellsworth, Andrew Bonner, James Figg, Ted Vogt, George Treves, Mark Lawrence, Winn Thompson.







FIRST ROW: Jo Schlossberg, Mary Young, Mary Woodbridge (President), Suzanne Blanchet (Secretary), Ruth Conover, Sia Godfrey. BACK ROW: Jon Vereen, Craig Page, Sandy Wandelt, John Claghorn (President), Jimmy Rodgers, Wendy Lawson-Johnston, Deeks Young, Nell Bushnell.

## Athletic Association

### Varsity Football

FIRST ROW: Lewis Bowers, John Claghorn, Rick Ross, Sandy Wandelt and Bill Rigot (Co-Captains), Craig Page, Ed Purcell, Keith Bash, Rich Raines. SECOND ROW: Mr. Barren (Coach), Jon Vereen, Jack Kilgore, Chris Goble, Frank Andrews, David Vomacka, Bob Ramsey, Chris Mislow, Mr. Tibbals (Coach). BACK ROW: Erik Heggen, Deeks Young, Bob Wilmot, Ed Cole, Ashby Adams, Bob O'Connor, Bob Peck, Crichton Adams.







FIRST ROW: David Samson, Carl Jacobelli, Peter McCandless, Samuel Tattersall (Captain), John Kalpin, Ayres Browne, John Weber. SECOND ROW: Mr. Packard (Coach), John Moore, Andrew Houston, Thomas Meyers, Samuel Rodgers, Giovanni Ferrante, Michael Englander, Howe Constable. BACK ROW: Alfred Gardner, Lawrence Gubb, Bruce Cole, Henry Bristol, John Battle, Thomas Reynolds, Terry Booth, Mr. Gregory (Coach), James Figg. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Stephen Gorman.

## Junior Varsity Football







FIRST ROW: Jerry King, Jimmie Rodgers, Bill Schluter, Bob Sullivan, Porter Eubank, Fred Erdman, Taylor Chambers, Bruce Plapinger. SECOND ROW: Larry Tan, Jeff Prebluda, Clyde Measey, Dave Macleod, Bill Chalverus, Charlie Simmons, Bob Rathouser (Co-Captains), Tony Blair, David Van Houten, Bob Spears, Andy Fishmann, Philip Winder, Allyn Love. THIRD ROW: John Parrott, Mr. Miller (Coach), Bill Power, Tim Medley, John Taylor, Louis Levine, Basil Stetson, Bob Golden, Chooch Cleaver, Joe Chandler, Mark Lane, Jonathan Paynter, Mr. Rulon-Miller (Coach), Gil Farr.

## Varsity Soccer

## Junior Varsity Soccer

FIRST ROW: Jeremy Bonner, Alan Mills, Robert Holt, Richard Huber, Don Millner (Captain), Richard Bryant, Steven Bash, Bill Remsen. SECOND ROW: John Paine, Tom Worthington, Henry Sayen, Scott Richardson, Sam Lamar, Joe Punia, Ben Harvey, Pieter Fisher, Artie Mittnacht. THIRD ROW: Sam Starkey, Richard Shaffer, Richard Albert, John Gordon, John Lockette, Alex Laughlin, Larry Levenson, Mike Cagan, Jay Cruice. FOURTH ROW: George Treves, James Davey, Fred Dalrymple, Michael Claggett, Larry Brown, David Stark, Alex Donaldson, Lucien Yokana, Mitchell Sussman. BACK ROW: Mr. Hillman (Coach), Bill Flemer, Ted Vogt, Bill Boone, Robert Heiserman, Stephen Foss, Neil Rosenthal, John Coffee, Dylan Jones.







FRONT ROW: Bob Golden, Jack Kilgore, Lou Bowers, Ashby Adams, Erik Heggen, Bob Peck, Bob Salup. BACK ROW: Mr. McClure (Coach), Jeremy Dunning, Tony Blair, Bob Wilmot, Ed Purcell, Chris Mislow, Keith Bash.

## Wrestling

## Basketball

FRONT ROW: Frank Andrews, Jon Vereen, Craig Page and Bill Rigot (Co-Captains), Richard Ross, Richard Raines. BACK ROW: Mr. Barren (Coach), Clyde Measey, Charlie Simmons, Ed Cole, Tom Spain, Andy Fishmann, Doug Rieck (Manager). MISSING FROM PICTURE: Gil Farr (Manager).







## Ice Hockey Team

FRONT ROW: Bob Ramsey, John Taylor, John Claghorn and Sandy Wandelt (Co-Captains), Evan Donaldson, Chris Reeve. BACK ROW: Mr. Rulon-Miller (Coach), Mark Lane, Jimmy Rodgers, Basil Stetson, Bill Schluter, Bill Chalverus, Deeks Young, Bob Sullivan, Bob O'Connor, Mr. Tibbals and Mr. Vaughan (Assistant Coaches), John Parrott (Manager).

## Ice Hockey







Sia Godfrey, Faron Daub, Franny Gorman, Mary Woodbridge, Mary Young (Captain), Debby Seckel, Mary Hobler, Nancy Flagg, Carolyn Johnson, Laura Peterson. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Karen Hoffman.

## Varsity Field Hockey

### Junior Varsity Field Hockey

FIRST ROW: Ruth Conover, Cindy Shoemaker, Lindsey Hicks, Wendy Lawson-Johnston, Pam Woodworth. SECOND ROW: Suzanne Blanchet, Betsy Nicholes, Linda McCandless, Dianna Eure, Linda Baker, Jane Wiley.







FRONT ROW: Betsy Nicholes, Anne Fulper, Karen Hoffman, Jo Schlossberg (Captain), Lindsey Hicks, Sia Godfrey, Wendy Lawson-Johnston. BACK ROW: Nell Bushnell, Mary Hobler, Debby Seckel, Laura Peterson, Miss Penny (Coach).

## Varsity Basketball

### Junior Varsity Basketball



FRONT ROW: Naurene Donelly, Cindy Shoemaker, Mary Woodbridge (Captain), Blair Lee, Faron Daub. BACK ROW: Joan Williams, Franny Gorman, Beth Schlossberg, Miss Penny (Coach).





## Poem

What can you say  
when there is nothing there,  
no words and only thoughts  
that twist and lunge and weave  
a web inside your brain until  
you see the world through spider's eyes?

How can you think  
when webs have blown away  
and words rush forth  
in thundering waves from seas  
that rock and rise and never end--  
words you cannot hear until  
the spider spins and they become her flies?

Beth Borgerhoff, X  
First Prize  
Upper School Poetry

## All The Little Ladies

all the little ladies in their english suits  
holding hugely handsome alligator bags  
shove their way inside the pages of newspapers  
so the way-down world can see the wonder of their deeds.

(monthly ads for rummage sales, smash-up balls)

all the little ladies lunching at the plaza  
patting purple mouths with chalky pink napkins  
being intellectual over clear turtle soup  
powder turned-up noses for charles of the ritz.

(grab up kaplan furs, hurry from each other)

all the little ladies escaping to southampton  
fleeing as they say the stunning funning world  
lethargically draped over grand gold beach  
resting from the worthy partying of winter.

(wondering perhaps if they will ever be remembered)

Connie Sayen, XI  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Poetry



# The Party

She sat in the back seat and adjusted her hairband. She wished that she did not have to wear it; it was too childish for a party. "Still, that's the way things are," she thought. She wondered what they would be like, and her face went hot white while a cold clamminess settled on the palms of her hands. Even as the butterflies rose in her stomach, she knew it was silly to be nervous. She was acquainted with them all from school. It was just that she couldn't sit down in somebody's basement and laugh, talk, dance, or play with them. She was different, more restrained. "I'm just not the gay, shallow type," she thought. Just shy. But do you have to be noticed all the time? . . . I wonder . . .

Her thought came to a rambling halt as a car turned in the driveway.

"OK, now have a good time and give us a call when it's over," said her father, as she fumbled with the door-handle. "See ya later," and he gave her a wink as she stepped out into the all-embracing black. She felt idiotic.

"OK, Daddy, . . . It's almost as bad as having him walk me to the school door in second grade," she thought bitterly. She tiptoed slowly up the walk with a physical sense of her father's eyes boring into her helpless back, worrying, contemplating. She rang the doorbell with one last lingering thought about the sadness of leaving such a beautiful night to its own devices, and then was startled back to reality by a flood of white light from the open door, with Debbie's smiling face on the other side of the narrow threshold.

"Come in, you're early . . . "

"Here, let me take your coat . . . "

"Hi Mirror, where you been hiding yourself . . . "

"Right up the stairs and to the left, come on."

She was caught up in the swirl of unreal vitality surrounding these people as she was eagerly escorted up to Debbie's bedroom by her friends.

"You know C.K. was coming?" Giggles.

"Who's he," she wondered.

"Is he?"

"Can I borrow your lipstick?"

"Personally, I think he's a fairy .

"You do? I think he's cute . . . "

"Wow Maura, your hair looks just great!"

She laid her coat on the bed and opened up her purse. She touched up her lipstick and smoothed her hair. She glanced at her dress with worry, because she was afraid people would notice. It added to her feeling of inferiority. Maura, with her rich, chestnut hair gathered on top of her head: Cathy with her clear, English complexion: and Claire with her great blue eyes surrounded by thick, black lashes, they all made her . . . trite, that was it.

She had no more time to dwell on herself, for they were all going downstairs to greet a new arrival. She followed, taking a last glance in the mirror and plastering a smile on her face.

It was the rest of the party arriving in one group. As this realization struck her, her heartbeat began to fill her whole chest cavity, giving her a feeling of floating on air. Her face went hot again, and the familiar chill rose as if on bidding to her fingertips. She had a wild urge to turn and run; there was an animal in her, telling her to hide and protect herself. She stopped on the stairs for a moment, almost turning back, and then resumed her descent in a panic, rebuking herself for having yielded "if only a little", as she said.

She came to the bottom of the stairs and went to meet the group. She shoved herself forward and almost forcibly opened her mouth.

"Hi, Trev and Jon, good to see you after the long, hot drag . . . Hi Mike, thought for a moment there you weren't going to make it . . . "

There were other greetings, some better, some worse, but she had stopped talking out of sheer amazement at herself. It was as if the challenge of so many people had suddenly inspired her to hide in a different way. It had worked; her new armor of gayness had held up to the attack. She felt so happy that a



small grin crept around her mouth, and she had to turn her head so that no one would see.

They had been downstairs for an hour now. She stood over in a darkish corner, munching a potato chip, listening to the pulsing record being blared out by the phonograph. Trev came over to her and plunged his fist into the potato chips.

"You self-appointed guardian over the food or something?"

She laughed. "No, not really . . ." She paused, trying to think of something to say, and when she couldn't, panic came once more in the familiar waves. Trev came to help pull her out of her whirlpool of emotions.

"Hey, how'd you come by a name like Mirror anyhow?"

"Um . . . well, see my real name is Miranda, and my little cousin could get only as far as Mira so I came to be known as Mirror. That's the big story . . ."

"Hey, Trev!"

She was alone once more. She wandered out of her olive green corner and over to the ping-pong table. It was so bright over there that her eyes hurt. A blue fluorescent light hung over the table, and the yellow walls reflected its rays. She couldn't stand it and moved back into the semi-darkness.

"Mirror, why don't you start somebody dancing?" It was Debbie, and Mirror couldn't understand the smirk and the faint gleam in her eye.

"Me?"

"Sure, why not?"

"But . . . I can't . . . who could I ask?"

"Oh anybody — Trev perhaps?"

"Debbie, telephone . . ."

"Thank God," thought Mirror.

"Time to retreat to the bathroom." She climbed up, out of the inferno, and into the cooler kitchen. Quickly going upstairs and turning into the bathroom, she switched on the light and closed the door all in one fluid, frightened motion. She sat down on the slippery alabaster rim of the bathtub; it was then she discovered she was shaking.

"Whew," she breathed.

"That was rather close," remarked a voice inside.

"Close to what?" said she.

"I don't really know," said the other, "but it touched a sore spot."

"What sore spot?"

"Where your armor got too thin, and Debbie poked her finger through . . ."

"Shut up."

"Why up in the bathroom then?"

"Shut up I said!"

"It's your hiding from . . . if they got through, so can you . . . you'll have to face your —"

"Shut up! Shut up for Chrissake!"

"You, you, you, you . . ."

She felt a sudden urge never to see herself again, and she switched off the light. Again the warm and musky black rushed up and embraced her, welcoming her into a land where all was mysterious and unknown and the voices were crushed by the heavy silence. She floated on her private cloud, oblivious to the noise from below and the ascending footsteps on the stairs.

The door to the bathroom opened, and the flood of light that thrust itself on her eyeballs reminded her so of the light by the ping-pong table in the basement that the whole scene projected itself on her brain, and the unbearable pressure of persecution returned. In the split second that followed, rebellious thought filled her being.

"They're just forcing me to look at myself in the light they want me to. But I'm not like them, nor will I ever be. They want to conform me . . ." Her armor hardened, the threshold widened, and Debbie's voice came from far away.

"Mirror! What are you doing up here in the dark all by yourself? You've been gone so long that I decided to come look for you. Come on down, everyone's dancing and having a great time. Come on . . ."

She took Mirror by the arm and led her out into the hall and downstairs.

"Damn you," thought Mirror as the music crescendoed.

Alexandra Holt, X  
First Prize  
Upper School Prose



## The Ride

Paul thought maybe he could just walk along the road and no one would bother to stop and pick him up. But it was cold and he knew he should try to get a ride. Getting a ride, that's all he was really doing. Hitchhiking was something you do far away. But Paul was only trying to get a ride home, as he did with Bill Kraft's sister after basketball practice.

Then Paul heard the soft growling of an engine behind him and felt the headlights creep up his back and he turned. His thumb stuck out timidly by his side as the car jumped past him, its engine sighing as it disappeared down the road. He thought about it a moment. He could go the whole five miles home without anybody stopping. His mother had never picked up anybody because she said it might be an ex-convict or something. Maybe that's what that driver had thought—that he was a criminal. Why not? For all they knew he could be a jailbird, trying to hitchhike across the border. But the only border he could think of was in Mexico and that was a long way from Taldenville.

The crunching of his sneakers on the gravel was broken by the noise of another engine. He turned and stuck his arm and thumb out so straight that they ached. He couldn't see anything but lights until the car passed. Paul blinked. It had pulled over and stopped. He walked over to the car, thumping his book against his side. The book, that's what made the car stop, the book Pete had given him on the way out. Pete said it was a useful thing to carry because it made you look like a student and cars didn't mind picking up students. Paul hadn't really understood why, but he figured it had worked.

He opened the car door, got in and closed it again. It was dark inside and smelled funny, kind of stale. He knew the smell but he couldn't remember.

"Thank you for stopping," he said politely, but his voice was hoarse.

"You're quite welcome. And where are you on your way to?" It was a lady's voice, very soft and low, like a whisper. Paul turned. Then he saw the black veil and black robe, falling very long and melting in with the darkness of the car floor and he realized the smell of church surrounding him. The nun repeated softly, "Where are you going?"

Paul looked up shyly. "To Warwell Street in Taldenville."

"Oh, that's fine. I'm going around that way too." She was smiling. Paul found that rather funny. She was smiling a church smile while her hands were holding a steering wheel and one square, black shoe was pressing a gas pedal. He didn't know what to say and he hoped she wouldn't ask him any more questions. "Do you go to the church in Taldenville, or Sunday School? I don't remember ever seeing you."

"I go sometimes." Paul could see her eyebrows were raised even though they were covered.

"Sometimes?"

"Yes, Ma'am. You see my cousins go and I sometimes go with them."

"I see." She smiled at him again. He hoped she wouldn't ask him any Sunday School questions like "Who is God?", so he opened his book. "Ah, JULIUS CAESAR! I read that when I was a young girl. In fact, I used to study Shakespeare in college."

Paul looked up at her. "College?" he thought. That was funny. He tried to picture her cheering at a football game.

She spoke again. "How do you like it so far?" and she nodded toward his book.

Paul hesitated . . . "Oh, its very good."

"Yes. And what do you think of Caesar?"

Paul looked down at the book, hoping to find something, but it was too dark. "Oh . . . he's very nice."

She laughed. "Yes, he is . . . I turn left up here, isn't that right?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Paul watched the green light of the turn signal blink on



her white bib.

The nun looked down at him and under the street lights Paul saw her soft brown eyes and small oval mouth. "I don't think you ever told me your name," she said.

"Oh, it's Paul Thorsen."

"Paul. That's a good name. Paul was one of Jesus' apostles. And I am Sister Gabrielle."

"Oh," Paul said, "like the angel."

Sister Gabrielle smiled . . . "Now, Paul, I think we're coming to Warwell Street."

"Yes, this is it. My house is right on the corner there."

"Oh, good. Well, we'll let you off right here then." She stopped the car and Paul got out.

"Thank you very much and it was

very nice meeting you."

"You're welcome, and it was very nice to meet you. God bless you, Paul."

"Oh, and you too." And Paul closed the door behind him. He walked slowly toward the house, watching the car pull away and go quietly down the road, probably, Paul decided, to the church.

When he opened the front door, the noise and bright lights made everything that had happened seem dull and far away. Paul put his coat on the chair and his mother came out into the hall.

"Well, Paul! You're fairly late. Did Pete's mother bring you home?"

"No, I got a ride home with someone else." Paul climbed the stairs, balancing the JULIUS CAESAR on his head.

Anne Fulper, XI  
Honorable Mention  
Upper School Prose

## Acknowledgements

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Finally, we would like to express special appreciation to Franny and Faneen for their work above and beyond the call of duty.



# Emanuel

The day was glorious when Emanuel awoke. The sea glittered in the morning sun, as if someone had strewn diamonds on it. The cloudless blue sky overhead and the shimmering sea hurt his eyes. He fell back against his pillow and sighed. The clatter and noise in the cobblestone streets below could already be heard. A few late fishermen were struggling out to sea in their old boats. It was almost like a dream.

Emanuel shook himself. "I must get up," he mumbled. "Father has already left, and Mother probably needs me."

He arose and stretched. After dressing, he ran down the stairs.

His mother greeted him with, "Emanuel! You are late. Oh la-la!" She threw her hands in the air.

"Sorry," he replied.

He ate his breakfast alone and in silence. After breakfast he went upstairs and did his chores. Coming down again, he was stopped by his mother. "Chores all done?" she asked, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Yes, Mother," he replied.

He walked briskly in the streets to keep up with the traffic. There he bumped into his best friend, Juan. "Hey, Juan!" he cried above the crescendo. "Let's buy some flowers for our mothers. They will like it."

"Naw," said Juan, who was always interested in other things.

"But my mother wasn't pleased with me this morning," pleaded Emanuel.

"Okay," agreed Juan. "No wonder you want to buy the flowers!"

They spent the rest of the morning in this manner, jostling and being jostled in the streets.

At noon they separated for their mid-day meal. By now the sky was grey, and the sea was choppy with whitecaps. Instead of the frolicking morning breeze, there was a brisk and heavy wind. It was getting cold, so Emanuel hurried home through the streets with the flowers in his hand.

He gave the flowers to his mother at lunch.

"Thank you," she beamed. She took some out of the bunch and gave them to Emanuel. He put them into a vase and took them up to his room. When he came down, lunch was on the table. He ate lunch and chatted with his mother about the morning's adventures. After lunch he said goodbye to his mother and once more ventured out into the streets. He wandered all around the small fishing village, but nowhere did he find Juan. As the day went on, and as it got

colder and colder, Emanuel watched the street vendors close up early, one by one, and go home. Already fishermen were coming into port, laden low with all the fish they could get. He went down to the docks to help unload. He heard the fishermen say to one another: "Boy, it's wicked out there!"

"You bet!"

"Man, comin' home, six waves washed completely over our decks. Six! Would you believe it?"

"Nope!"

"Aw, you wouldn't."

"We almost capsized."

"All our fish on deck were washed overboard!"

"I bet there's a big storm coming up from the south."

Emanuel loved to listen to the tales of the fishermen, as he helped to unload the cargo, but he was worried by the way the sea and weather were acting, and by the worried looks etched on the faces of the fishermen. By five o'clock, everyone was in the sheltering harbor, each with his own tale. Everyone that is, except his father. This didn't bother Emanuel too much, because his father was just about always the last one in, but still, he wasn't happy about the fact. He asked the other fishermen if they had seen his father, but they all said they were too busy trying to get home to notice anything. They said not to worry, he had probably put into another port for the night. He knew what he was doing.

Emanuel went home, puzzled. He told his mother, "I just don't know, Mom. Something is wrong. I feel it in my bones."

"Don't worry," she comforted him. "Your father knows what he's doing. Besides, you know how strong his boat is. THE SPANISH LADY will not give out under him."

"Yes," he meekly replied. They both ate their dinner in silence.

After washing the dishes, Emanuel went upstairs and fell asleep. The storm crescendoed.

\* \* \* \*

When he awoke, the day was not glorious. He could not see out his window. The rain was drumming furiously on the window, as if it wanted to get in. He got up and dressed quickly. Running downstairs, he met his mother setting the table. She shook her head. Emanuel finished setting the table, and then they ate breakfast in silence. All morning they sat at the table, trying to look out the windows. At noon they ate lunch, not saying a word, for they each knew



what the other was thinking. All afternoon the rain didn't cease to drum furiously on the windows, although occasionally there were gaps. When the gaps appeared they both rushed to the windows. All they could see were desolate, flooded streets, and waves breaking and sloshing around the rocks that lined the shore on either side of the harbor. Then the gaps would close, and he and his mother would return to their seats. Supper was also eaten in silence. His mother said goodnight to him, as he trundled upstairs with a heavy heart. He fell asleep, wishing he were dead.

\* \* \* \*

When he awoke on the third day, the sky was grey and it was raining, but not so hard. "At least I can see out the windows," he said.

He went downstairs and again his mother shook her head. Breakfast was eaten in silence, and afterwards the dishes were done. At noon it had cleared enough for him to go outside.

"Mother, may I go out?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

He wandered along the desolate streets where, oddly enough he met

Juan.

"Hey, Emanuel, let's go search among the rocks!"

Emanuel was looking out to sea.

"Hey, Emanuel!"

"Yes — oh, O.K.!"

They gingerly picked their way on top of the rocks.

"Hey, Emanuel, look what I found!"

Juan picked up a board and handed it to Emanuel. He then disappeared behind a rock after something. When Emanuel turned the board over, his heart skipped a beat. On the board were inscribed the words: SPANISH LADY.

\* \* \* \*

The day was glorious when Emanuel awoke. The sea glittered in the morning sun, as if someone had strewn diamonds on it. The cloudless blue sky and the shimmering sea hurt his eyes. He fell back against his pillow and sighed. The clatter and noise in the cobblestone streets below could already be heard. A few late fisherman were straggling out to sea in their old boats. It was almost like a dream, except that the flowers had wilted.

Robert Holt, VIII  
First Prize  
Middle School Prose

## "The Wild Mouse"

One bright, sunny afternoon at River Side Park in Massachusetts, I begged and begged my mother to let me go on a miniature roller coaster. After a while my mother gave in. The name of the roller coaster was an odd one — "The Wild Mouse."

The tracks wound up and down, and the metal scaffolding looked rickety. I ran over and gave the ticket to the man. Each car held one person. There was a large ramp up which the car was hauled by a hook on a moving chain. On the way up the ramp the car jerked, kicked, stopped, and shot ahead again.

At the top of the ramp, I had a perfect view of the big, white roller coaster, which reflected the sunlight. There had been a short rain, and a vast rainbow stretched across the sky. The merry-go-round was turning about with little children who sat riding the horses.

Clang! I was pushed ahead by a sudden jerk. Down I went almost vertically! I felt as though I were flying off the track. I went around curves with one wheel going off the track. I yelled, "H-E-L-P, S-T-O-P, H-E-L-P!" at the top of my lungs. Up I zoomed, and my stomach slurred up into my throat. Down I sped, and my stomach fell down into my legs.

The ride lasted a little over three minutes. When I got off, everything spun in circles. Round and round the people went. I couldn't see anything straight. I walked slowly back to the car and rested for the rest of the afternoon.

Alexander Lamar, V  
Honorable Mention  
Middle School Prose



## The Lazy Dog

The lazy dog lay in the summer's sun,  
Trying to catch flies with his tongue.

Dreaming that he was a lizard or frog,  
Happily lying upon a log.

He scratched the ground, dreaming of bones,  
And a bird went making beautiful tones.

He awoke with a start, alas, alack,  
A cat ran by that he must track.  
Did he catch it; I'll not tell.  
For this is the truth you know full well.

The cat always runs; the dog always chases.  
For this, in the world, is their two places.

Evelyn Payne, VI  
First Prize  
Middle School Poetry

## Brown

Brown is the color of the leaves in Fall.  
Brown is the color of the trees so tall.  
Brown is the color of the jacket I wear.  
Brown is the color of a hibernating bear.  
Brown is the color of flowers that wilt.  
Brown is the color of a house that was built.  
Brown is the color of a rusty old car.  
Brown is the color of a burnt out star.

Christopher Luth, V  
Honorable Mention  
Middle School Poetry

To

Mrs. Shepherd

who has always given us her  
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generous heart. We will always  
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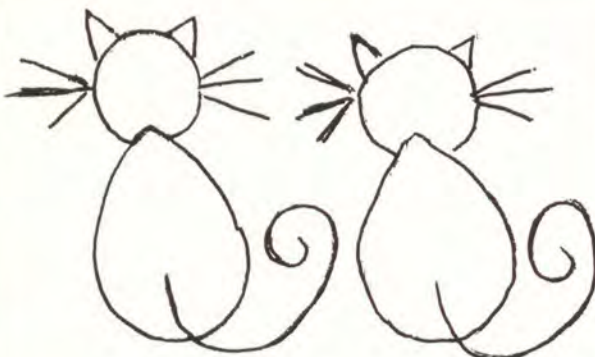
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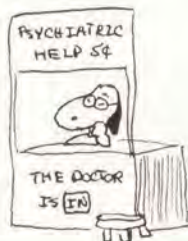
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And walked into the Strand,  
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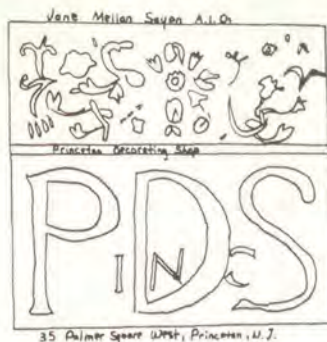
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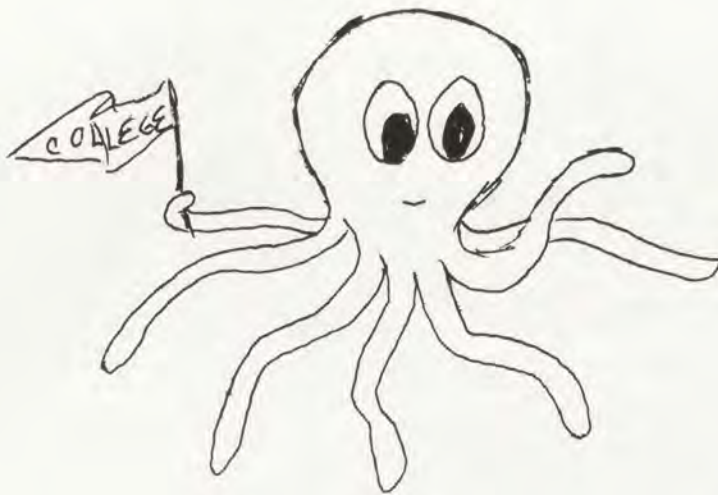


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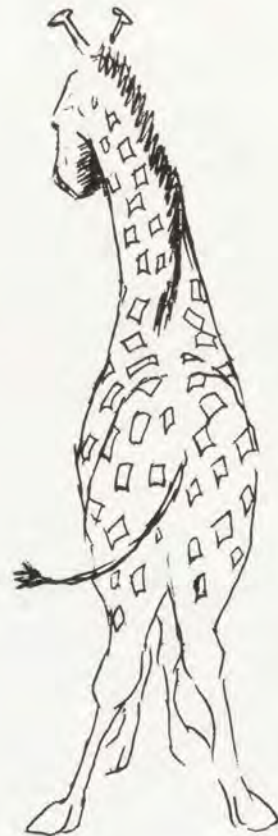


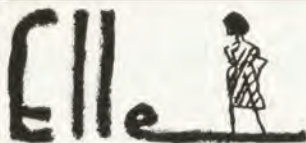
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