THE LINK

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Princeton Day School
Princeton, New Jersey
1967
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.

september 12, 1966.
Douglas O. McClure
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, Pheebs, 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 halfway 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.
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.
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...
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.
- 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...
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
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
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 tick-ets! 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
"...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 Masefield) 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.
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, parce qu'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
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 glazily 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.
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
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.
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
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...
another day, another song...
I absolutely refuse to strike the set.

anyone not on the Make-up committee, out!
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
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
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.
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.
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- Punctuation and formatting have been removed to improve readability.
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<td>getting &quot;in&quot;</td>
<td>tautology</td>
<td>without its sanity</td>
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FACULTY
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M.A. Columbia
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A. MUNROE WADE
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B.A. Princeton

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Professeurat et Directeurat des Colleges Modernes (Education Nationale)

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B.A. Wellesley

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French
B.A. Wilson
M.A. Middlebury
IX


VIII

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 Borgerhoff, 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.


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, Fanee Murray, Chris Reeve, Jane Borgerhoff, Bob Spears, John Claghorn, Sally Lane, David VanHouten, Debby Lawrence, Suzanne Blanchet, Gail Smith.

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.
Madrigals


Glee Club

American Field Service Committee

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

Athletic Association

Varsity Football


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 Pebluda, Clyde Measey, Dave Macleod, Bill Chalverus, Charlie Simmons, Bob Rathause (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**

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, Deebs 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

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
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
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."

"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, it's 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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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!"

"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 struggling 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!"

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 warm smile, her sympathetic ear, her keen mind, and her generous heart. We will always remember her with love.

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