

THE
LINK
'68

Charles Delworth

THE LINK

Editor-in-Chief: Joan Wadelton

Assistant Editors: Kate Linker
Gail Smith

Layout Editors: Suzanne Blanchet
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Contributing Editors: Punky Brewster
Jerry Pitt
Connie Sayen

Contest Editor: Kate Linker

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Princeton Day School
Princeton, New Jersey
1968

Herbert McAneny

We were given newness at PDS, which we accepted, not knowing what to do with it. But he found us and helped us out of our confusion. The newness was forgotten. Although some of us had never known him before, he was our familiar face. He helped us with quiet wit and understanding when our worlds were at sixes and sevens. He was always there to pull us through our small floods and wars. And with him we came through, better than just by the skin of our teeth.

Fellow vertebrate, fellow mammal, fellow human, we thank you.





SENIORS







Suzanne Blanchet

"Following so closely upon her discovery of the one hundred thirtieth through one hundred fifty-fifth elements, this recent synthesis of Blanchonium has won Professor Blanchet the Nobel Prize. This young chemical wizard has astonished the entire scientific world with her continued brilliance and outstanding ability. Professor Blanchet, commenting on her latest triumph, said, "It was all a very simple application of the elliptical function of Avogadro's number."

The white-coated figure put down the newspaper with a satisfied sigh. "I knew I could do it!" she murmured.

..."Oh, Mrs. Schleyer! That chemistry lab at the University is so cool! Even though I do make a few mistakes...oh well, I'm learning!"

"Where would you like me to sit, Doctor?"

"Anywhere, except on the couch. That's for me." Dr. Simmons walked over to his upholstered couch and reclined with his pad. His patient sat down on the floor. There was no other furniture in the office.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Dr. Simmons.

"Ah, Doctor, I have a problem."

"That's obvious." Dr. Simmons looked down at his pad as he took notes.

"I can't seem to do anything right. Every time I do something it goes wrong." The patient looked up for a sign of approval.

"Continue." Dr. Simmons was disgusted. The case was too easy for him.

"Like yesterday, when the laundry man rang the back doorbell, I answered the front door. And last week I forgot what my name was! What's wrong with me, Doctor?"

"Well, you're just plain stupid." He rose from the couch and walked over to his patient. "Here, look at this. It's the answer to your problem." He placed his pad in front of her eyes.

"What is it, Doctor?"

..."See, Beth-you've been using the wrong formula. Miss Campbell said to solve it through integrals, not differentials, stupid."

Charles Simmons



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We are here at the Cannes Film Festival to witness the awarding of the Porfirio Rubirosa Award. This award is presented to the man who, in the opinion of the judges, has upheld the tradition of the greatest playboy of all times, in his personal life, and in his films."

A battleship grey Ferrari roared up to the curb. A tall, deeply tanned figure emerged from the car, accompanied by the luscious blonde who had been his passenger.

"And here he is, ladies and gentlemen! This year's recipient, the creator of what has been hailed as the greatest blue film ever produced! Mr. Taylor, congratulations. Not only have you upheld the tradition of Porfirio in your films, but," he motioned to the curvaceous girl on the handsome film-maker's arm, "you have lived as he did. Could you tell the world how you embarked on this career?"

"Certainly, my good man," John began. "It all started when I got my first motorcycle..."

John Taylor



Gail Smith



"Okay," the angry man said softly. "Who are you and what's going on?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered calmly.

"You don't get the message. Our agent from New York never got out of that fair city-somebody blew the whistle and she ended up in the clink." His eyes glittered coldly. "So you ain't her. Get it?"

"All right." The girl looked at him carefully, sizing up the situation. It didn't look good. "I took the job from her. She had an idea she was going to be picked up, and she knew it was important that you get the goods right away, so she sent me. There wasn't time to tell anybody to expect a different messenger, and we figured it'd be easier if I just took on her identity."

The man was still regarding her suspiciously. She hadn't really expected the ruse to work, but it had gained her some time. He was interested.

"Don't give me that," he said flatly. "You're a cop or a private eye of some kind, and I'm going to find out who you are and who you work for, and what you know—you look like an eye and you act like one and—"

She had moved swiftly, rising out of the chair and capturing his gun in one easy motion. After glancing quickly behind her to make sure of the distance to the door, she brought the gun down on his neck with a dull thud. He slumped to the floor as she backed out of the room and swung the door shut.

The Aston-Martin DB5 with the initials GAS on the New Jersey plates was still parked where she had left it, hidden in the woods. She slipped into the driver's seat, and pulled away, the boom of the twin exhausts echoing back from the border of the trees.

... "Hey, Gail! Take it easy—you almost ran down that little kid!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, but you know how it is; fast cars, fast living, danger at every turn..."



Sue Kleinberg

"No, there is nothing which the mind cannot imagine. Pensée numero 140."

The roomful of French philosophers sat dazed as they listened to the profound "Pensées de Kleinberg." This American girl had a mind which astounded all who heard her great thoughts, especially when they considered her youth and limited experience.

"But, Mademoiselle," objected one philosopher, "how can a man imagine something which is not built upon any previous experience?"

"The mind can do anything. Look at Da Vinci—he imagined the airplane, long before it was realistically possible even to build one." Mademoiselle Kleinberg sat back in her chair confidently.

"Ah, but this is invention, not imagination!"

"Well, in that case it only depends on your definition of imagination! It's pure semantics—what is your definition of imagination?"

..."Mademoiselle Kleinberg," commanded Mme. Whipple, "Voulez-vous écouter bien. Apprenez ces pensées de Pascal, le grand philosophe de l'existentialisme!"

"Listen people, stop the presses! Hold a column open on the first page for the coverage of the President's answer to my editorial. The headline reads: PRESIDENT ANSWERS TIMES EDITORIAL; then in small caps, LBJ to LAB. And hurry—we've got to meet a midnight deadline!"

NEW YORK TIMES editor-in-chief Linda Baker flicked the switch on the office intercom to "off", and tucked the letter with the heavy gold embossed seal into a nearby filing cabinet. Pushing her glasses up on her nose, she stood up and yelled for her personal secretary:

"David! The proposed merger between the GLOBE and the STAR REPORTER has got to be stopped. I'll go as high as ten million. Buy either one—it doesn't make any difference."

... "But, Linda, we can't POSSIBLY afford another page," said Mrs. Shepherd.

"Well, then, we'll have to cut out the junior soccer, if we want to have room for Mr. McClure's letter to the editor..."

Linda Baker





Connie Sayen

On another sunny day in the Forest, Christopher Robin and Winnie-the-Pooh were walking along as fast as they could.

"Hurry up, Pooh," said Christopher Robin. "I told her we'd be there by just about now, and we really don't want to be late!"

So Pooh walked along just a little bit faster, and soon they came to an open place in the Forest where the sunny day was a little bit shinier, and a tall, blue-jeaned girl with wheat-colored hair was standing there, chewing on a piece of grass."

"Oh, Christopher Robin," Connie said shyly, "I do want to thank you for coming today, and bringing Pooh-Bear!"

"Don't mention it!" said Christopher Robin in a not-quite-gruff voice, and Pooh gave a nod. They walked on together 'till the trees opened up more, and the little open place was a big open place, and right in the middle was a brand new house. It had four big windows and a skylight, and a small well outside for wishing or drinking or sitting and dreaming. In front of the house there were Eeyore and Piglet and Owl and Kanga with Roo in her pocket, and off to the side, because there wasn't room enough in front, there being so many of them, you see, there were Rabbit and Rabbit's Friends and Relations, all of them waiting.

"Hello, everyone!" Connie greeted them. "Thank you for coming to help with my house! It's almost finished now, and we're going to have a big Celebration in Honor of the Occasion!"

("What does that mean?" whispered Pooh to Christopher Robin.

"Silly old bear," said Christopher Robin. "That means a party."

"Oh!" said Pooh happily.)

So Connie went inside to make the Celebration, and meanwhile outside her friends painted and scrubbed and fixed up her house till it finally was finished. Christopher Robin came running inside.

"We're hanging the bell on the door! Come and see!" he said. "Go ahead, Pooh, let's hear how it sounds!"

..."There's the bell, Connie. What were you thinking about?"

"Hmmm? Oh, just daydreaming. Will you come for a walk with me after lunch? It's such a lovely day... Don't you just want to be out in it?"

"No, I don't like the quality of deez goods. Deez beans are very inferior," said El Exigente, whom they call the "Demanding One."

"But, Señor, this eez de finest we have."

"I'm sorry, but eet eez no good." El Exigente pushed out his collar and walked away. He heard the merchant talking to his worker.

"Dis El Exigente, he eez a hard man to please, amigo."

"Si, Señor," said the worker, "but he eez a great an' powerful man een our city."

Small boys ran up to El Exigente as he walked down the narrow street.

"Señor, can I polish your boots?"

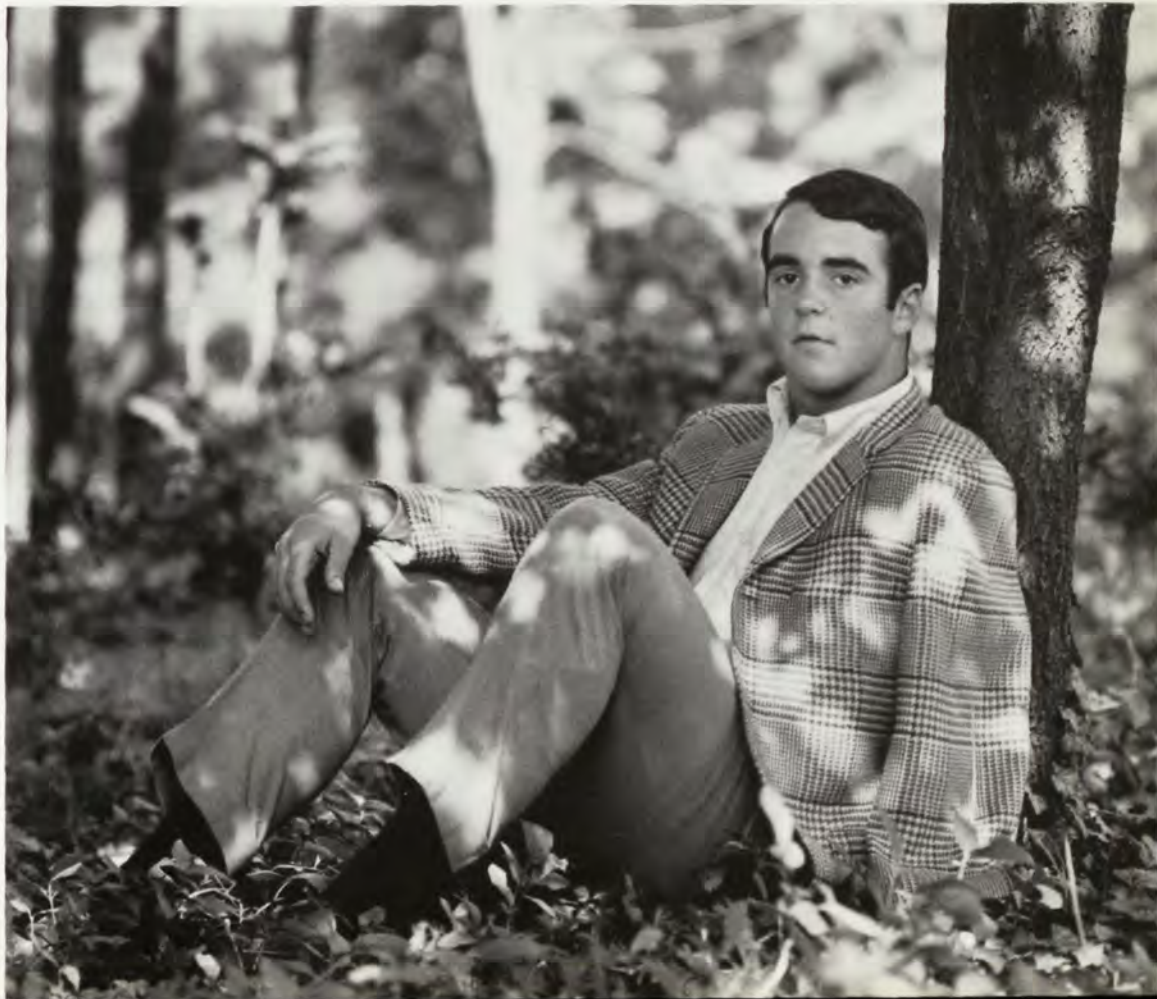
"Shine, Señor?"

El Exigente pushed them away, but they formed a line behind him and paraded down the street in his wake. Suddenly a man came rushing toward El Exigente from the market place. It was the merchant.

"Señor, señor, I have jus' received another shipment of coffee beans! Look at deez, señor!"

... "Vereen, I don't want any more of your sweatsuits." Sandy cleared his throat and pushed Jon away. "I already bought a dozen tee-shirts from your lousy A.A. Store."

Sandy Wandelt



Katie Ecroyd

"And now, we are fortunate to have with us tonight Miss Catherine Ecroyd of the United States, modeling number eighty-one of Oleg Cassini's latest collection..."

The announcer's voice echoed through the ballroom of the Georges Cinq in Paris, where the season's largest international fashion show was taking place. The velvet curtains of the stage opened, and the model stepped gracefully onto the platform. Buyers began to scribble notes and sketches on the backs of their programs.

"The smooth lines of Mr. Cassini's newest creation give it an almost child-like simplicity, which is negated by Miss Ecroyd's sophisticated coiffure, by Kenneth, and her sultry make-up, done by the House of Revlon. The fabric is a light crepe..."

The tall, slim girl floated down the long runway, and paused for a moment at the end to pose for the photographers.

"Look to your right, Miss Ecroyd!" called the fashion editor of the New York Times.

She smiled, then turned to retrace her steps along the strip of carpet which led to the stage. She would have to change quickly into her next outfit...

..."Katie! Where did you put Evan's knickers for the Second Act? And we can't find Wickie's navy blue tights..."

"I'll get them in a minute. Oh, if I'd only known being head of Costumes would be like THIS!"





Joe Chandler

Chips of rock were strewn about the studio. They flew in all directions as the artist worked on his new chef d'oeuvre. So far, it looked like a rather well-shaped mound of something. "But," he thought, "I can call it 'Where'er You Walk' and it won't matter."

The artist had reached fame for this very reason. He was uncommonly clever at making up titles for his works. He could sculpt a piece, and if it didn't look like anything, by giving it a well-thought-out name, it became perfectly recognizable.

"Ah," he thought as he ran his fingers over a newly chipped surface that resembled the back of a bald head, "I am so lucky to be an artist and to live the way I do—going and coming as I choose. I even have time to kick a soccer ball around a little, and to act sometimes. But most of all, I can talk to people." As Professor Chandler, he had acted as Sculptor in Residence at such places as Harvard, Princeton and Yale, and now he was tired of all that. He had come back to his home town of Hamilton Square to relax, to be himself, to work on his own. He was happy in his new life—even though he couldn't seem to avoid demands from all over the world for personal interviews, exhibits and speeches.

... "Jo-seph! You're LATE for class!"

"Gosh, Mrs. Smith! Some people were here for Social Service and Mr. Ivors had a soccer meeting and well—ha!—I'm late!"

"I've got sunshine on a cloudy day. When it's cold outside,
I've got the month of May..."

Holding the microphone in his left hand, the lead singer crooned his song while the rest of the group moved rhythmically in and out of formation. The stage lights reflected off the shiny surfaces of their pale blue suits, and the ruby ring on the soloist's left hand glowed a deep red.

"I know you want to leave me, but I refuse to let you go..."

They went into their next number, the beat and movement of their music reaching out to the audience, making the spectators sway and clap their hands in time, calling out their idols' names:

"Melvin! Hey, Otis!"

"Ray, JON!"

..."Hey, Vereen, quit that singing! You tryin' ta ruin the record?"

"Beauty's only skin deep, yeah, yeah, yeah!" sang Jon.

"Vereen, cool it!"

Jon Vereen





Nanda D'Agostino

"What in heaven's name are you doing?" a gentleman of the upper-middle class asked a girl sitting astride a café-au-lait colored pony.

"We're finding a country, my pony and I, where there aren't the likes of you. Where people can think and write and smoke without anyone saying, 'What in heaven's name are you doing?' and where kids like me don't have to mimic guys like you. So there!"

"A typical child—so I knew," sniffed the gentleman.

"Nothing is typical. Didn't you learn anything outside of prep school? You see? You're the reason I'm finding a country."

"You'll change when you're grown and can appreciate the finer things in life."

The girl and her pony of café-au-lait got out of that land fast, leaving the gentleman of the upper-middle class struck there, but happy-struck. They headed freely for the gentler drapery of the not too distant blue land that was their "to-be-found" country...

..."So what do you think, Nanda?"

"Yeah man, that's why I like Independent Writing—cause we can sit any way we like and say anything we like and we pay more attention that way. And learn."



Susan Koch

"...and this is why I believe in the work of the International Children's Agency. Thank you." Miss Susan Koch, Director of the Agency, sat down amidst enthusiastic applause. Suddenly, she was summoned from the speakers' table to answer the telephone. It was from Lima.

"Miss Koch, this is an emergency! We have just suffered the worst earthquake in Peruvian history. There are thousands of people homeless, and many lost, parentless children."

"I'll be right down. Just let me have the plane fueled and I should be there in eight hours. Until I get there, however, see if you can get some of the young women to round up the children and keep them busy. I'll bring supplies. Everything will be fine if we're practical about this."

"Thank you, thank you!"

"Don't waste time thanking me. We must save the children. This is my concern. Goodbye." She hung up and quickly, but with grace, excused herself from the benefit dinner, then rushed to the airport. On the way over, she thought of lullabies she could sing to the children. "'Hush little baby, don't you cry...'"

"...Hey, Punky! Hurry up, it's time to go help in the kindergarten. Hope that terror, Nicky, is better today. He'd BETTER be!"

The director was calling the actors over to his little office behind the dressing rooms.

"Tonight you were all fine, really fine. I just have a few comments and then we can all take off for the night." He was now surrounded by a circle of costumed actors. He looked down at his clipboard.

"Costumes? Where is Lady Macbeth's sleepwalking dress? She looked, to say the least, peculiar when she came in rubbing her hands, wearing her dagger scene thing. Come on, tech crews, let's get with it!" The director pushed his hair back and continued.

"Now, as for the dear Macbeth family and friends. Gloria and the rest of you witches, you were fantastic! Never better. Let's do the same thing tomorrow night. And, you, Mrs. Macbeth—even though you didn't have on the right costume, you did all right." He got up and leaned his shoulder on the wall.

"And—DONALDSON. I mean you know darn well what a picky guy I am. Just ask anyone who's worked with me. But, Evan, what can I say? God, I've never seem a better Macbeth—and you know how long I've been around!" Evan just looked down, more or less at his shoes. The group of actors began discussing among themselves his incredible performance.

... "Mais, certainement, M. Donaldson. Vous êtes un très beau D'Artagnan. Ah, oui, vous êtes formidable, magnifique!"

"Ho, ho, look who's pulling Brownie points today with Madame!"

"Just knock it off, Ramsey, or I'll put you under the shower in your pads after practice today!"

Evan Donaldson



A little boy was led by the blue-uniformed guide down a well-waxed corridor on the ground floor of the U.N. building.

"Boy, do you have long hair, lady! Where'd you get such long hair?" The boy ventured a question and his guide, straightening the scarf around her neck, smiled.

"Oh! You remind me so of my little brother, Vincente de Paulo, who's down in Rio! I am so glad to talk with you."

"Hey, you're not an American. How come you're here in the U.N.?"

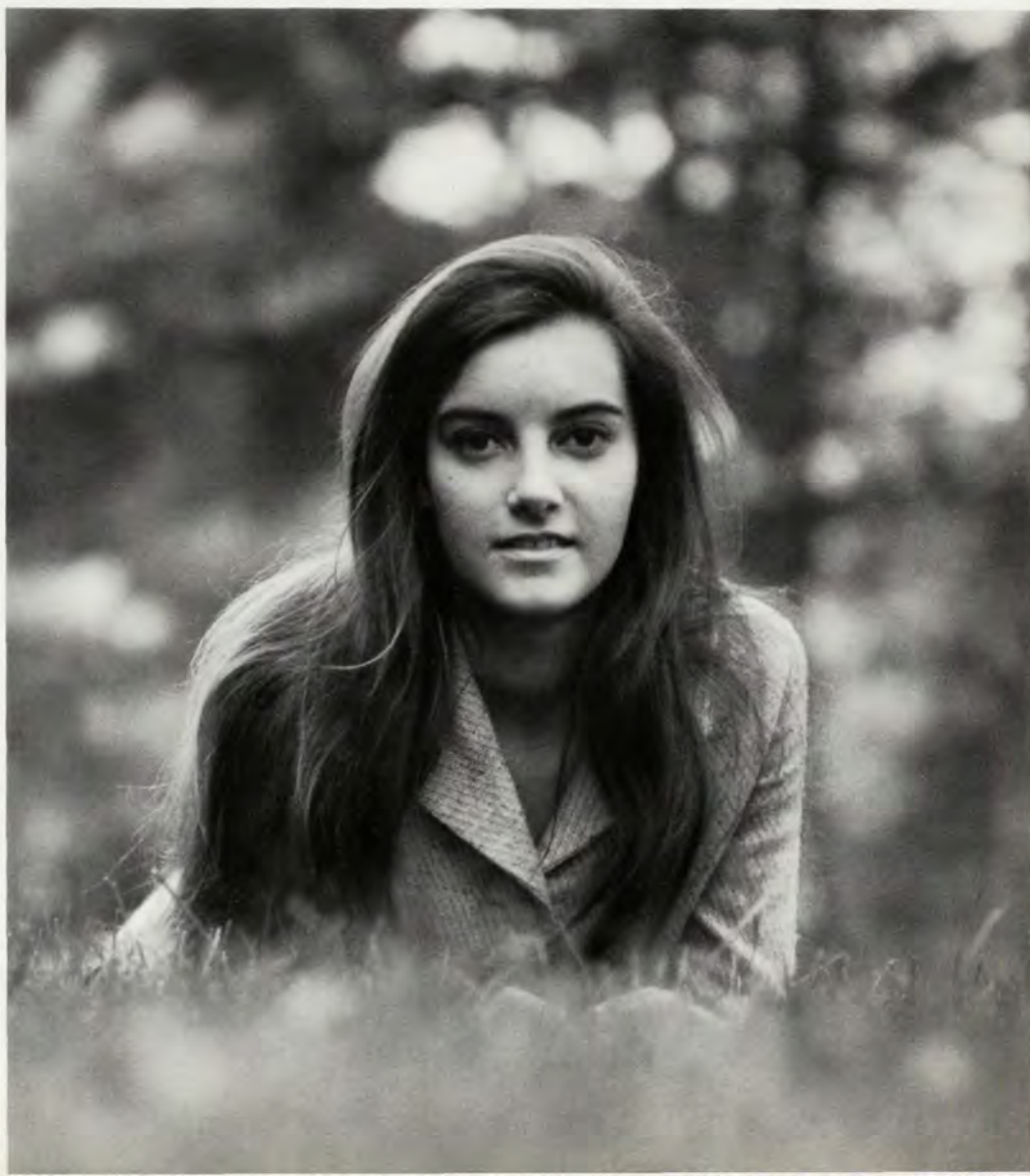
"Well, I work for my country, Brazil, and for the United Nations, to help make peace. I love to meet people, as I'm sure you do, and talk to people from all over the world." She helped seat the rest of her party in the visitors' gallery and showed them how to adjust their headphones to the proper language stations. She turned the dial to English for the little boy...

... "I love the way you say "The Great Hoad" and "hock 'n holl," Eliana."

"Yeah, Umbelino, it's funny!"

"But my dears—you are always teasing me! Tell me the truth—am I getting better?"

Eliana Umbelino de Souza





Rich Raines

"Yeah, man. But listen, Dino—I can't book your act till next season sometime! Frank and my main man, Sammy, have got the place packed right now, so I'm golden till the Globe Trotters come to town—I'm puttin' on a show for 'em. Keep cool, bud..."

The Las Vegas nightclub owner hung up the phone and walked out into the main room, and up onto the wide stage. The announcer stopped the show as cheers of recognition burst from the audience, and the line of scantily dressed chorus girls surged toward him.

"Hey, Rich!", "Cool, baby!", "There's my man!" they called.

The meticulously dressed figure stepped up to the microphone and said in flawless English:

"Drinks are on the house tonight, ladies and gentlemen."

A white coated bartender rushed up and tugged at his sleeve.

"But Boss, there are five hundred people out there!"

"Spare no expense, money is no object..."

..."Hey, Rich! You got thirty-five cents to buy another jar of instant coffee for the Senior Sitting Room?"

"I don't have that much, but I'll do you for a quarter..."

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are proud to have with us the world's leading authority on, and connoisseur of, kosher salami—Professor Orville Pitt."

The interviewer extended his hand to the Professor, who carefully inspected it.

"How are you, Professor?"

"Rather insipid."

"Fine, fine. Now, Professor, would you care to demonstrate your method of tasting salami to our audience?"

The interviewer handed the Professor a tray of sliced salami. The Professor snarked several times before he cleared his throat.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, sir, but why did you snark?"

"It was necessary."

"Oh, continue," said the interviewer, "please continue."

After selecting a slice of salami, the Professor bit off a morsel and rolled it around on his tongue before swallowing it.

"Is this some kind of joke?" he screamed in between chokes.

"What's wrong, Professor?"

"This salami is not kosher."

"But that's impossible!"

"I told you I preferred Isaac Gellis or Hebrew National, but that I would settle for Carmel, or 999. But non-kosher salami... that's ridiculous."

The Professor stood up and walked across the studio, then jerked the exit door open.

... "Hey, Pitt," yelled Ramsey. "Keep that locker door SHUT if you brought salami for lunch again!"

Jerry Pitt





Joan Wadelton

"Hai! Hai!"

With a flashing, quick-trip movement of her foot, the girl sent her opponent tumbling to the floor. She waited quietly at the side of the mat until he had risen, then graciously returned his bow. Tightening the black belt around her waist, she walked to a bench at the back of the room and sat down. In a few minutes her next opponent entered the room, accompanied by his trainer.

"O.K., Oddjob! This is it!" she heard him whisper to the white-robed Oriental, who was eying her suspiciously. "I've got ten thousand on this fight- so you'd better win. She hasn't been beaten yet, so don't think it'll be easy."

Smiling to herself, the girl stepped onto the mat and stood ready. Oddjob lumbered into position. After the traditional bowing, he tried to go in for a low throw over the shoulder, but the girl blocked it with the Chai-So underhand grip. Confident now, as always, she faked several times to the left, then-

..."Joan, how come you aren't taking judo anymore?"

"Oh, I just got too good for them. When I started throwing the teacher around, they decided I'd better graduate."



Sia Godfrey

Captain Godfrey wiped the moisture from her face. "Watch the jib! Watch the jib!...All right, ready about, hard alee!" The skipper spun the wheel and felt the rush of the boat as the rudder pulled it about. The crew dashed around the deck, securing lines and then hiking out as she heeled.

"Skipper, I think we've got the lead now!" The young member of the foredeck crew looked up hopefully.

"Well, we don't know yet." The skipper pulled the zipper on her slicker and looked off into the spray. "Actually I think we have a good chance for the Cup. The Intrepid's a good boat. She won last year and she's well manned. But we've got her wind now."

The air got chilly as the sun was covered by a bank of clouds, and the wind grew stronger.

"Weather's getting rough, Skipper!" the first mate called.

"I see," the skipper said quietly. "Secure everything movable on deck. We're in for it now! And somebody bring me some tea from the galley. It's getting awfully cold!" Her hands gripped the slippery wheel harder, the knuckles turning white. She squinted at the ocean ahead and shivered.

..."Man! It is SO cold in this place today! Is there any hot water for coffee?"

"Sure, Sia. I just filled the pot."

"Thank you!" Sia pulled the sleeves of her sweater down over her hands. "I'm just freezing. It reminds me of one time I was sailing up at Blue Hill..."

Punky and e.e. sat in a poetry-flown room, talking in lower case.

"it certainly is a mud-lusciously puddle-wonderful day," spoke e.e.

"yes," the poet-laureate of non-capitalized verse replied, "but that phrase is so hackneyed...i've expressed that feeling in a new way myself..."

e.e. smiled in a knowingly way:

"be promiseful, punky,

and tell me true

that you'll be not me

and me be un-you."

Punky looked back. "that's good..."

... There was an unusual silence in the Independent Writing class. Mr. Packard nodded.

"That was pretty good, Punk. I've only seen once where it's better said. That's in this story that I wrote about this-"

Punky Brewster



"Giggi, darling, this is positively the most divine little gathering I've ever been to. And your marvelous house. It's ever so much lovelier than the White House."

"Thank you, Jackie. The party just could not have gone on without you and your in-laws. Do drop by any time you happen to be in East Egg, won't you? Excuse me. Forbush!"

"Yes, Madam?"

"Will you please tell His Royal Highness I wish to speak with him?"

"Which one, Madam?"

"Oh, never mind. Good evening, General...or is it morning? So glad France could spare you this past week. I hope you've enjoyed the champagne. Don Perignon 1963 is your favorite, is it not?"

"Paul, dear, how are you? You look positively devastating, although a bit older than in your "Hud" days. Do stay. I should be lost the rest of the week if you should decide to leave. Excuse me. Higgensbottom!"

The butler appeared, carrying a silver tray and a few of the cups and saucers of the two-million dollar gold-inlaid tea service.

..."Here's your coffee, ugly."

"Thanks," said Gillian, flopping into a delapidated Senior Sitting Room chair. "God, I HATE instant coffee."

Gillian Gordon





Rick Ross

A voice over the loudspeaker announced the beginning of the race. "Drivers, man your cars!"

Ricky Ross strapped himself into his self-engineered, double-cam Lotus. He was feeling confident, although he knew that this first Grand Prix would be a crucial test for him.

The wheels squealed as Ross tore away from the starting line. He was concentrating solely on the road ahead of him as he approached 8000 r.p.m.'s on the straightaway. He downshifted before entering the first of a series of curves.

He could feel the tires gripping the road as he swung into a left-handed curve, then back the other way into a sharp right-handed bank. Looking into the mirror, he saw an empty road behind him. He felt elated, for he had never expected such a commanding lead so early in the race.

For ten days, Ross had studied the course. The road was completely familiar to him and he was up for the race. He felt safe and strong—just right—as he guided his car around and around the track. It seemed that there was no one on earth but him. He could drive and drive—just keep on going.

He would never stop...until he found himself pulling into the winner's circle. Letting his Lotus roll to a stop, he knew he was in the position desired by so many top-flight drivers. Fans were there to greet him, happy for him.

..."Well, Ricky? How did the test go? Did you get your driver's license?"

"Yeah, Jerry. But the guy said to practice backing up...What does he know?"



Nancy Flagg

"Hey, Nance, toss me my other drumstick!"

"O.K., Tony, here it is."

"Thanks," said the drummer. "Have you got the words to that new song memorized?"

"I think so. Let's try it, you guys." Nancy picked up her microphone and waited for the bass player to give her the opening run. After the amps had been adjusted, the lead guitar player set time by tapping his foot, and the music started to pulse through the empty discotheque.

"Don't you want somebody to love..." she sang, harmonizing with the reverberating melody the lead guitar had taken up. The song finished with a build-up run on the fuzz bass, the last note echoing through the sound system a full thirty seconds after it was played.

"I think that'll be a good number," Nancy said enthusiastically. "I don't know, though—did I really sound all right?"

"Sure, Nance, you sounded good," said Tony.

Nancy smiled excitedly. "Oh, but I'm getting nervous already! I'll be a wreck by tonight."

"You know it's always like that, until you get up there in front of the audience. Then you forget to be nervous!"

"Yeah, I guess so. Well, are we through now? I've got to go over to Paraphernalia and pick up my new dress for tonight."

"What do you say, boys, is that it?"

..."Roving Kind" practice is now officially adjourned, friends. I, for one, have got to get home."

"Yeah," said Nancy, "Me too. Anybody need a ride? Gail?..."

"In this corner, weighing 135 pounds, the challenger from Trenton, New Jersey, the Golden Boy, Bob Golden." A roar went up in the crowd. "And in this corner, weighing 386 pounds, World Heavyweight Champion, The Manchurian Man-Mountain, Gorilla Monsoon." The Gorilla grunted as the crowd hissed at him.

The bell rang and the Golden Boy ripped off his gilded robe. Monsoon thumped across the ring and began raking Golden's eyes. Monsoon then went to a choke hold. The referee broke the illegal hold, and as he backed away, The Manchurian Man-Mountain brought a forearm into Golden's face. The fans began to appeal to Golden to punch the treacherous giant. Mustering his strength, Golden caught the Gorilla with a flying drop kick. Golden followed with a standing switch, and then whipped his opponent to the mat. The fans screamed wildly as Golden prepared to pin his opponent.

... "Aargh," said Jerry, turning green. "What are you doing, Golden?"

"Sorry, I guess I just got carried away."

Bob Golden



The star goalie of the Montreal Canadians stepped out onto the slick, hard ice and gave a powerful push with each heavily padded leg. He skated to the heavy red metal goal. The goalie got set in his crouch and watched the first shot go wide past the upper corner of the cage.

"Maurice," shouted the goal tender, "zat will nevaire do, keep ze shots lowaire."

The next shot was a hard slapshot. The goalie flicked out his right leg and heard the thud as the puck hit. He watched it carom wide to the right.

The goalie was giving advice to the young hopeful who had tried to replace the older, more experienced player.

"Alors, petit, you will learn, nevaire fear. Mais, c'est imperatif that you have ze reflexes."

..."Hey, Ramsey!"

Mr. Rulon-Miller skated in slowly, faked to the left with his head, swiftly drew the puck past the sprawling goalie and flipped it into the net.

"Well," thought Bob, "on ne peut pas gagner tout..." (sic)

Bob Ramsey





Anne Fulper

Galloping on horseback down the beach, she felt her hair blow in the wind, as sunlight reflected off the sand warmed her face... She reined in the horse and jumped off into the shallow water. Her bare feet sank as the tide washed in and ate away the shore. She tossed her head, and her golden hair shone in the sun.

"Tha'll be fine, Miss Fulper."

The camera crew started to pack up their equipment, and the trainer came over to rub down the horse.

The director walked over to where Anne was sitting on a sand dune. "I must say that was very satisfactory, Miss Fulper. Your skin tones and general coloring are perfect for a Breck Girl. I'm sure we'll be in touch with your agent soon about some other advertisements."

"Thank you."

"The crew will give you a ride back to the studio after they're through packing up, if you like."

"Oh, no, thank you," she said. "I think I'll stay here. My summer house is just down the beach..."

..."Anne! My God, are you going to Long Beach Island THIS weekend? Our English papers are due..."

"Oh, I know, but I just can't push it. I can probably work better out there with nobody to bother me, anyway."

"...Peel me another grape...and don't bruise the fruit this time, my dear..."

The sheik yawned and motioned a dancing girl over to his cushioned chaise. As she bent down he whispered, "Honey, fill the wine decanter, will ya?"

Obediently she picked it up and started for the wine cellar.

"Assa girl." He yawned. "This is the life, man."

The girls began a slow dance, weaving around his richly curtained dais. As the scent of their perfume wafted through the room, he closed his eyes.

"...Claghorn, will you get your feet off the table?"

"Cool it, bud."

John Claghorn





Mary Hobler

Mary, her hair neat even in the wind, peddled down the cobblestone street, with a lunch of bread, cheese and wine in her basket. She was heading for the country for an afternoon of running through fields, laughing, and sitting under shady trees, thinking about music and tennis. As she rode into the country, the scene changed from thatched Danish houses to fields of daffodils bent in the wind. Mary stopped for a minute to snap a picture.

"Danish daffodils," she thought. "Can hardly wait to show everyone back home."

She decided to stay in the acres of fields and spread her picnic out neatly by the side of the road. With organized fingers, she poured herself a glass of wine.

"The sky is bluer than it was back in Switzerland," she thought, "and the fields are yellower than in France."

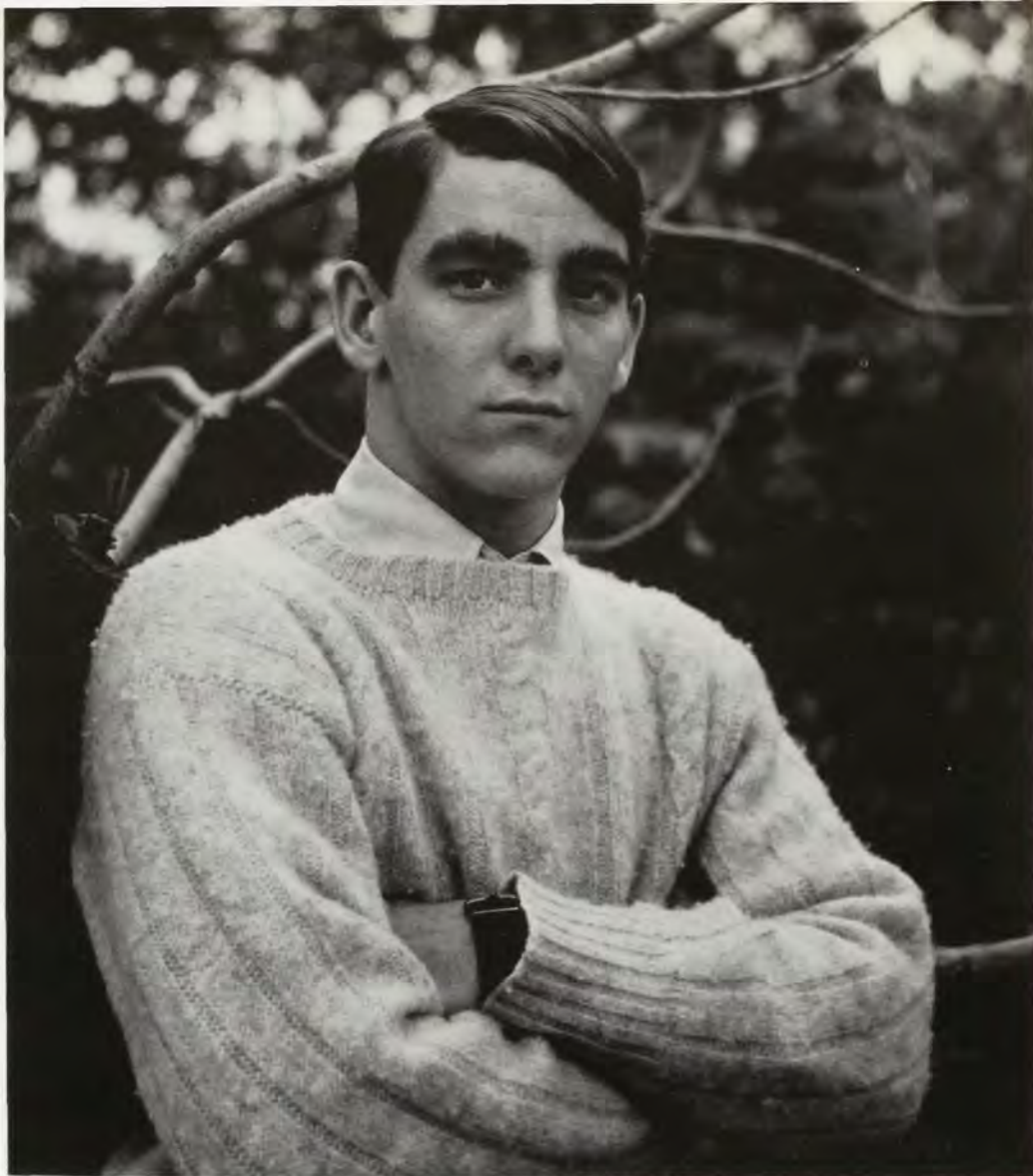
Although an all-the-time traveller, Mary always travelled light. She traversed the entire world, staying long enough to know the countries she visited, to know the people as friends close enough to be family. She never travelled to say she'd been there.

Chewing the last bit of Bel Paese bought in Italy, she thought of where she would go next...

..."Bassett! Bassett!"

"What is it?"

"We've got basketball practice now! Did you forget?"



Bill Rigot

A man in a suede vest and rolled-up shirt sleeves sat signing papers at his crescent-shaped desk. Behind him blinked a computer-controlled map of the United States, Canada and Mexico. On walls to the right and left were Africa and Eurasia. The man put his pen behind his ear, pushed his glasses down on his nose, and looked at the map sparkling directly across the room from him.

The telephone rang. It was the Minister of Defense saying that all was well. The Secretaries of the Interior and Health, Education and Welfare had called in earlier to say that their departments, too, were running smoothly.

The man was glad as he looked at his country, mapped on the wall across the room, for he knew the people were happy, plans were going through, bridges were being built. William Rigot, Prime Minister, knew that things were as they should be—not perfect, but good.

He unbuckled his shoes and stretched, relaxed.

... "So does everyone agree? This plan for the constitution may not be perfect, but let's show it to the school anyway. Now how about a motion to end this meeting—I've got to go sweat on the football field."

It was the Olympic Horse Trials. The cream of the horse world was at Gladstone, New Jersey, and the day was an evaporated grey. The bow-legged judges stood, discriminating.

"I'm so EMBARRASSED, Whitney. This is so embarrassing."

The judges stood embarrassed in a mud puddle. It was raining and mud flipped from the horses' hooves into the faces of the old hands.

"Yes, Bert. But it IS beautiful AND embarrassing. Oh, Bert—don't cry about it. Don't cry about it, Bert."

Mud went splat, faces went wet.

"No—I'm brave, Whitney. I'll not cry. I will tell Miss Linker. I should be the one. She is SO exquisite; she and her horse are one. And her breeches stayed clean.

"Bert, you must continue to be brave. Remember. This does not mean that you are not a fine horseman. It is simply that there has never been any horseman, uh, horsewoman, like Miss Linker, ever. And that is why you must be replaced."

"I agree. The United States must have the finest trainer. And I will be the one to tell her—to offer her my job. To beg her to consider taking it."

The two horsemen tipped their hats, and, feeling better, departed.

... "Kate, doll, take my lemon meringue pie! It'll really strengthen you for riding."

"Oh, REALLY, Joan. It looks vile and, besides, I'm on a diet."

Kate Linker





Faron Daub

The skier tightened her bindings and adjusted the goggles which fitted snugly over her crash helmet.

"Okay. All set." She dug her poles into the snow to balance herself as she edged backwards. She moved cautiously until the attendant motioned her to stop. Then she handed him her poles. He turned to call down the jump.

"All clear?"

The man at the bottom of the jump waved his arm.

"All right, Miss Daub. Go ahead."

Faron took a deep breath and then gave herself a backward jerk. She took off. All too quickly she saw the jump whizz past her, and she was airborne. She prepared herself for a smooth landing, and in a few seconds executed it with complete grace and fine form.

The crowd roared. It was the largest ever to attend the Winter Olympics.

"Miss Daub, I understand that this is the premiere of your own creation, the Backward Jump. Do you have anything to say to the spectators here in Salzburg about this innovation in skiing?"

"Well," said Faron, "as a matter of fact it happened by mistake. One day I was--"

... "My God, Faron! How did it happen?"

"Well, everything was fine until my brother pushed me down the slope backwards. But it was REALLY great..."

Six silver-plated telephones glittered on the shiny expanse of the walnut desk top. One of them was ringing, and the man who sat behind the desk, business tycoon A.J. Fishmann, answered it.

"Hello? Yeah, A.J. here. Make it fast, pal, time is money."

"Hello, A.J. This is Rocky."

"Well, well, my boy. What can I do for you?" A.J. smiled.

"A.J., I'll get right to the point. That last campaign really finished me. I need money—and fast."

"Sure, Rocky, your credit's good. I think I can cover you. How much do you need?" The tycoon absentmindedly began to draw dollar signs on his note pad.

"Well, about seven million..."

A.J. sat forward suddenly, and sputtered into the phone, "SEVEN million? Come on, Rocky, you know how I operate! I won't handle anything under ten. Go for somethin', kid!"

"I'll have to think about it, A.J.. I'm in pretty deep already."

"O.K., tell ya what I'll do. I'll turn this over to my secretary now. You can call her back and tell her what you decided, and she'll let me know. I've got to go now—they need me downstairs." He abruptly broke the connection, and strode out of the elegant office. The elevator was waiting, and took him directly to the ground floor of the building, where A.J. alighted and made his way through the crowd of waiting office workers to a small card table, that was standing next to the main entrance of the lobby.

..."Andy, I'll have two glazed and one chocolate, please."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Gregory. Here you are." Andy held out his hand.

"Could I pay you for those tomorrow?"

"Well, sir, we try to work on a strictly cash basis..."

Andy Fishmann





Beth Schlossberg

"That's it! Right there! Beautiful... smile, smile—that's it! Ah, now—think of that great feeling you get when you brush your teeth with Brighto Toothpaste. That's my girl! Great! Hold that—oh, gorgeous. You're the best smile girl we've ever had. Okay, now right up against the backdrop. Mmm, that dark hair against the white satin—what a smile! Fine, Miss Schlossberg, fine. I think that will do for today."

"Do you think it went all right, Frederick? I can never tell, you know. Oh, if my high school friends could see me now...and to think that they made fun of my smile—THIS smile!"

She tossed her head and let her dark hair fall down her back.

"Well, Freddy, I've really got to run. Late, you know."

Freddy was beside himself. "Ah, Miss Schlossberg, are you—may I—would—are you busy tonight?"

"Oh, Freddy, you CUTE boy! Yes, I am. Seriously, though, never give up. Till tomorrow, Freddy."

..."Beth! Beth! You forgot your calculus book."

She rushed back in. "It's good you reminded me. I haven't done the hand-in yet. I swear, I didn't get ANYTHING done last night."

"Why the smile?"

"Oh, I don't know—why not?"

"...I'll never forget the time I was performing on the coast. I stayed at the Ye Olde Droppe Inn for a rest and a change—that is, the bellboy gets the change and the hotel gets the rest."

Spears looked at his audience for the response he sensed wasn't coming. Well gang, let's get with it, he thought.

"Okay, do any of you know the difference between a dog and a tongue? A tongue has a coat, but a dog only pants!"

"Oh. That's the worst joke I've ever heard," said a woman sitting at a ringside table.

"Hey lady, you ought to be on a parole board. You never let anybody finish a sentence!" Spears looked down; he couldn't understand why the crowd was fighting him.

... "Oh, Bob!"

"What, Mrs. Baker?" he said dejectedly.

"Did you hear about the three holes in the ground?"

"No..."

"Well, well, well."

Bob Spears



NAME	QUOTES	BÊTENDIREE	EVOKES	LAUGHS AT	BESETTING SIN
Linda	"Ta, Iuv."	pink curlers and pink bubble gum	London	Sia's laugh	her accent
Suzanne	"ROT!"	hockey sticks	happiness	physics, Gilbert University, etc.	flirting
Punky	"...only kidding"	being shunned	"pixie-like charm?"	pixie-like charm!	procrastination
Joe	"Tsk"	his neighborhood	meat ball sandwiches	KMRIA	eating
John C.	"Mutha"	celibacy	animal magnetism....	anything lower than lower middle class	his legs
Nanda	"Hey, ya wanna hear somethin' neat?"	SCHOOL	Morrisville	anything higher than lower middle class	heh heh heh
Faron	"You're awashin' for a brusin'!"	no show	blushes	her own funny faces	naiveté
Evan	"Ow!"	college	Brooks Brothers	Rat Patrol	his temper
Katie	"absolutely 33 nine..."	tall boys with short girls	an Amazon	college applications	disorganization
Andy	"Go for somethin'..."	BOURBON	Las Vegas	Claghorn	\$
Nancy	"Rats!"	dirty old men	summer blonde ads	Peyton Place	S.S.
Anne	"I beg your pardon"	crowded beaches	Glamour Magazine	trap doors	tantrums
Sia	"Are you kidding?"	tests and exams	enthusiasm	a lot of things	eating
Bob G.	"Have you done the French?"	Loaners	a "Hello!"	Ramsey's skating	not doing his homework
Gillian	"Hi, Doody!"	ankle bracelets + peddle-pushers	VOGUE	trolls	Laziness
Mary	"I'm so dumb..."	being sloppy	organized folders	Queen of the House	2 out of 4
Sue	"I take it with a grain of salt..."	gym!	an argument	her painting	indecision
Susan	"Hysterical!"	Red socks	Gabor	Gillian	flirting
Kate	"Oh, really..."	noise	intelligence	silly people	working too hard
Jerry	"Snark"	Howard Cosell	the Bowery Boys	Kafka	a non-paraphrasable content-free thing
Rich	"Low life..."	passiveness	3001	adversity	impatience
Bob R.	"Veni, Vidi, Fugi..."	Wandelt + G.B.S.	ICE HOCKEY	Mr. Gilbert HA! HA!	"Vot?"
Bill	"babe"	S.F.	trouble	imitation hard-heads	G.I.S.
Rick	"swingin'!"	Joe Kutharich	HARVARD	Steve Victor stories	New York Knicks
Connie	"I'm sorry..."	Quaker Work Camp movies	Bambi	Red Cross Buttons	apologies
Beth	"Come on!"	disorganization	outgoingness	"Abel my son, my son; Abel, my son!"	her Trenton accent
Charlie	"good day"	stupidity	knowledge	Beth	his genius
Gail	"Ha!"	myopia	a cat	Italian men	sadism
Bob S.	"Did you hear the one about..."	stupid posters I have to fill out	Punishment	sick puns	his jokes
John T.	"out of sight!"	Schaefer beer	generosity	Andy Warhol	you name it
Eliana	"Oh, but my dear..."	being misunderstood	the bossa nova	a lot	her accent
Jon	"Hi Ugly!"	Phony People	Sports Illustrated	Football players with skinny legs	Pork 'N' Beans
Joan	"a new low!"	YEARBOOK	Editorship	Everything	sarcasm
Sandy	"Oh, yeah"	spare tires	Ferdie	other girls	his body
CLASS	"Have they come yet?"	Responsibility	incoherency	dirty graffiti	cutting

HEROINE HERO	INTRIGUED BY	LOST WITHOUT	GOAL	CAN YOU IMAGINE THEM-
Winnie-the-Pooh	Mayne's House	skiing	disprove the periodic table	a member of Parliament
Stein Erickson	Southern accents	her hair	Twiggy	French teacher
Mighty Joe Young	lollipops	Kindergarten	Summerhill	a lady wrestler
Nicholas Adams	ski trips	Peanuts in Biology class	kitch-hike around the world	James Bond
Ralph Cramden	Beefeaters or J.W. Red	an excuse to leave school	Bachelor	Jewish
the man with the golden arm	Blue-eyed Italians	oldie goldies	organ grinder	first lady
Smokey the Bear	intelligence	skiing	to cut an "oldie but Goodie"	a Playboy bunny
Horatio Hornblower	the art of procrastination	One up-marship	A ALE	a Merit Scholar
Bonnie Parker	cowboys	something to laugh at	the Metropolitan Opera	a Deb
Moshe Dayan	a System	Lady Luck	the Big Time	poor
The Doors	Paris ↓	Excedrin	Rock 'n' Roll star	The Phantom
SOUPY	old Alfred Hitchcock movies	LBI	Never-Never Land	Nancy Drew
ELOISE	life	tea + chocolate	return to Afghanistan	an underground movie-star
Mr. Burnes	wrestling	a smile	to be a part of the all	a rock'n'roll star
F. Scott Fitzgerald	Dylan Thomas	P. U.	NIRVANA	bald
Tommy Smothers	Denmark	Him	get off a ski lift without falling	a hippie
Mr. Packard	discussion	her contacts	finish her painting	passive
Alan Burke	Hockey players	John!	Kindergarten	YES
Norman Thomas	middle age	a horse to ride	Voltaire II nd	an alcoholic
Yossarian	the Smith Brothers	Lerun II	to attain the clear	Naked
Hugh Hefner	short skirts	Ronnie	Men's Quarterly	a hermit
Steve Victor	Claghorn's toebels	Donaldson's ties	convert wandelt to Judaism!	with a tank of gas
Dustin Hoffman	Glenys	Glenys	happiness	not late
John Reed	Lenin	Trotsky the Younger	Platonic conception of self	a chimney sweep
Raggedy Andy	self-confidence	a field	PEACE	a city slicker
Benjamin Braddock	Mr. Packard	vocal chords	the convent	all booked up
a computer	Pascal's Triangle	Kleinberg	astro-physicist	a Flower Child
Modesty Blaise	Karate	Yogurt	FAME	Glinda the Good
COSBY	a Daffodil + California	his compass	California	a comedian
Clyde Barrow	Stephen Daedalus	a motorcycle	threat of the world	MARRIED
a snowman	Children	Friends	child psychologist	in a bad mood
Mohandas Gandhi	Death	athletics	Om	fat
Joe Namath	accomplishment	car insurance	Black belt	emotionally unstable
Mr. Barreri	his pop	Sue	to be kissed	in Love
Mr. Mac	Sex	Doughnuts	College	Chastized





Class History

There must be a beginning, and
Gillian, Sia and Linda were the beginning of our class.
They came in Kindergarten, into that lemon-yellow basement room,
when first graders were fierce- until we too became
First Graders with Mrs. Patterson. Nancy came then in tomboy dress
and compositions were written for the first time.
Second grade equaled show and tell and Mrs. Finch-relay races-
across the playground, down the slide and, puff, back into the classroom.
By the time third grade came, we were all managed ladies
(that is, after Mrs. Dennison had Clean-out-the-Closet Day and
brought in old high heels for us to wear-only Linda B. couldn't
-her feet were too small).
Nobody's feet were too small the next year when we were the
Seniors of the Lower School-fourth graders.
(Gail and Connie joined the ranks then)
We wrote and put on our own original operetta,
"Miss Rule's School", we went for wild flower walks with Mrs. Barclay,
studied painters and birds and got ready for
fifth grade and gym suits and exams, and Mrs. Peck, who told us
we sounded like "a herd of wild elephants".
After that, we progressed to sixth grade with Mrs. Conroy on the third
floor. Kate and Susan climbed all those stairs to be in our class. There
was science-THE HUMAN BODY, and Medieval History with Mrs. Liu, plus
South American Geography.
In seventh grade Miss Standing came from across the sea and
really ruled the waves as she taught English and homeroom;
Punky came from Lawrenceville, and we all read
Dickens, Dickinson, Stephen Crane and THE FIRST AID HANDBOOK.
Our next door neighbor was the most hushed of places-
The Study Hall.
We were Seniors in the Middle School now-soon to be
Upper Schoolers with prestige, responsibility and honor.
Mrs. Shepherd was our scribe, advisor and critic as we wrote our eighth grade
play "The Willing Mind",
in honor of New Jersey's being three hundred years old.
(It became very famous and even Firestone Library has a copy in its stacks)
Anne and Mary joined us and helped make the Beatles famous at MFS.
Then we graduated, wearing corsages pinned to
those white dresses worn to every Candlelight and Commencement for
the past four years.
And finally, the September day came when we were
Upper School.
We took Bible and Art Studio,
took our last chance (or first one if you were
Beth, Suzanne or Joan) at climbing the mounument-as far as George Washington.
The cherry trees burst, the popsicleman came,
there were classes in the grass and sandaled feet on skateboards,
as we falled, wintered, springed our way up
in the fireplaced rooms
of the old Princeton Inn.

It never took Claghorn long to assess a situation. By 2nd Form he knew that the masters were really against us. Driven into secrecy by the oppressor, Clag formed the Burgy-Lour Club. Chandler and Taylor were charter members and made it their responsibility to spread the club "melge" throughout P.C.D. At the same time, Donaldson, who realized that the farmers were against us, led a movement to ostracize all farmers. Wandelt, often working under the pseudonyms of "Josey" and "Baby Face," was instrumental in effecting the early conspiracies, but to this day no one has any idea what his contributions were. However, it wasn't until the arrival of Simmons and Spears in the 4th Form that the conspearacy became publicly known. We were ruthless; we terrorized anyone or anything that got in our way. While Charlie was out blowing up tree stumps with his homemade bombs, Spears and Clag were slinking around as the Phantom Chalk Swipers. The class learned to disguise its intentions. One moment we would be walking through the halls in single file, and the next we would be chasing Battle past the baseball field and

over the fence. In 6th Form, Fishmann, Pitt, Raines, Rigot, and Ros-The Trenton Five-joined the class. "Trenton Makes-The World Takes," and for a while some of the Trenton guys really got taken. Fish quickly learned biological warfare at the expense of Mr. Hillman, and by the middle of the year The Trenton Five had become an integral part of the class and an elaborate group of subversives. In Ancient History we learned the power of the "x." X-ing Hutner was worth 3 x's against anyone else and action of this calibre generally merited a standing ovation. Unfortunately, we often found ourselves defenseless against Mr. Gorman and Mr. Smyth, who always had an adequate supply of French numbers to keep us in check. Even x's didn't work against them, so to overcome our frustrations we sabotaged the English Department by hiding 20 copies of ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT from Mr. Titus. We rarely got caught, and when we did the penalties were never severe-perhaps that was because Messrs. Robson, McCaughan, and McAneny were also involved in our conspiracies.

Then suddenly we were all together in this place called "Princeton Day School". It didn't mean much to us at first-the building and the people were new, strange. Mr. McAneny introduced himself to the girls, writing them all letters expressing his joy at gaining so many new daughters at once. Sue and Nanda were new to us; Bob Ramsey and another Jon joined us. As the year progressed we began to know each other and to relax in our unaccustomed "posh" surroundings.

The next year Mr. McClure came, plunged in, and kept us smiling. Classes became co-ed and we were united by all kinds of things like History class ("I'm talking, please".) the Junior Prom (with an all girl band) and Mme Whipple's French play (musketeers, dueling and a bouncing ballet). Faron, Katie and Bob Golden were new that year and Evan joined us mid-stream, so to speak. We worried about school spirit and class unity, realizing that as the upcoming Seniors and first co-ed class we would be responsible for creating spirit and establishing traditions. Mrs.

Smith's theatre workshop added a new dimension and sparked interest in drama. We produced "Anne Frank," "Hands across the Sea" and "Infancy" which, thanks to Mr. Mac's direction, swept in all the awards in the high school play competition.

We became Seniors at last, inheritors of the SSR and senior privileges, and the first participants in spring seminars. Bill Rigot was Council President and Andy led us to financial security with the Fishmann Enterprises' Doughnut Business. Gillian, Anne and Evan became our theatrical stars, while Joan, Linda and Punky ruled the presses. Eliana came from Brazil and Edouardo from Costa Rica to give his famous Banana speech. Most of us became involved as tutors or recreation leaders with children in Trenton, through Connie's successful UPI program. We adopted Tam in Saigon.

And so we passed our last year, with coffee parties in the SSR, to the sound of the Temptations, Spears' Cosbian humor, Claghorn's yelling, "Hey, Zeke," and "Why did Hamlet delay?" We'll miss it.



FACULTY



Douglas O. McClure
Headmaster



Administration

SEATED: Douglas O. McClure, (B.A. Yale, M.A. University of Connecticut) Headmaster and instructor in history. STANDING: Herbert McAneny, (B.A. Williams, B.A. Oxford) Assistant Headmaster and instructor in English; Madeline Weigel, (B.A. Skidmore, Child Education Foundation) Head of Lower School and kindergarten instructor; Charles A. Gillies, (A.B. George Washington University, LL. B. Harvard) Director of Development and instructor in mathematics; Carl C. Storey, (B.S., M.A., University of Arkansas) Business Manager; Beverley A. Williams, (B.A. Randolph-Macon Woman's College) Director of Studies; Wesley A. McCaughan, Jr., (B.S. Trenton State College, M.S. Rutgers) Director of Admissions and instructor in history; Joan C. Baker, (Chatelard School, Switzerland), Registrar; Fowler Merle-Smith, (B.A. Princeton, M.A.T. Columbia) Head of Junior School, instructor in history.



PAIGE E. AARON
French
B.A. University of
Denver.

RICHARD BURNES
Mathematics
B.A. Swarthmore.



ALICE M. ARCHER
French
Lycée Fénelon
Alliance Française
Professorat.

CATHERINE F.
CAMPBELL
Head of Mathematics
Department
B.A. Connecticut
M.A. Columbia.



DEIRDRE BANNON
Science
B.A. Douglass.

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



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

CARL W. COREY
History
B.A. Princeton.



MITCHELL H.
BRONK
Science
B.A. Harvard.

WALTER H. DAUB
Mathematics
B.A. Princeton.





ELEANOR L. DRANE
English
B. A. Bryn Mawr.

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



JEANNE M. DUFF
Fine Arts
B. A. Sweet Briar
M. A. New York Uni-
versity.

RITCHIE L. GEISEL
Mathematics
B. A. Princeton.



MARIAN P.
ERICKSON
Science
B. A. Roanoke.

STEVEN GILBERT
Mathematics
B. A. Princeton.



PAMELA H.
ESPENSHADE
Latin, History
B. A. Wells
M. A. T. Yale.

CHARLES GILLIES
Director of Develop-
ment,
Mathematics
B. A. George Wash-
ington
LL. B. Harvard
M. A. Northwestern.



BRUCE T. FIFER
Music
B. M. E. Westminster
Choir College.

THERESE A.
GLADSTONE
French
Certificat d'Etudes
Littéraires Generales
Sorbonne.





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

THOMAS D. JABOUR
Industrial Arts
B.A. Trenton State
College.



HUSON R.
GREGORY
English
B.A. Dartmouth.

FRANKLIN P.
JACOBSON
Music
B. Mus. Eastman
School of Music.



TATNALL L.
HILLMAN
Science
B.A. Princeton.

J. PARRY JONES
History
B.A. Swarthmore
M.A. University of
Pennsylvania.



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

FENELLA B. KIRMAN
Physical Education
Diploma
Bedford College of
Physical Education.



JOHN W. IVORS
Physical Education
B.A. Trenton State
College.

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





LANGDON LEA, JR.
Latin
B.A. Princeton.

SAMUEL A. OLSON
Spanish
B.A. Johns Hopkins
University
M.A. Middlebury.



GARY M. C. LOTT
History
B.A. Middlebury
M.A. Columbia.

GEORGE V.
PACKARD
Head of English De-
partment
B.A. Bowdoin
M.A. Columbia.



JACQUELINE I.
MARSHALL
French
B.Ed. University of
Alberta, Canada.

MARY E. PECK
English
History
B.A. Syracuse.



DOROTHY C.
MEYERS
Librarian
B.A. Douglass.

MARGARET ANN
PENNY
Physical Education
and Health
B.S. University of
North Carolina.



ROBERT C.
MILLER, JR.
English
B.A. Princeton.

RICHARD G.
POOLE
French
B.A. Princeton,
University of
Grenoble.





FRANCES M.
ROBERTS
History, Bible
B. A. Agnes Scott
M. S. St. John's.

BARBARA K.
SCHLEYER
Head of Science De-
partment
B. A. Radcliffe.



STUART ROBSON
Science
B. S. Springfield
M. A. Columbia.

ALISON M.
SHEHADI
Mathematics
B. S. McGill.



ANNE C.
ROTHROCK
English, History
B. A. Radcliffe
M. A. Boston Univer-
sity.

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



HAROLD RULON-
MILLER
Mathematics
B. A. Princeton.

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



DONALD A.
SAWYER
Science
B. S. University of
Denver
M. A. University of
Maryland.

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





ROBERT N. SMYTH
French
B.A. Williams
M.A. New York University.

RENEE-PAULINE
EXIGA WHIPPLE
French
Professorat et Direct-
orat des College
Modernes (Education
Nationale).



J. AMES THOMPSON
English
B.A. Yale
M.A. University of
Miami.

JEAN WHITALL
Mathematics
B.A., M.A., Oberlin
M.A. Haverford.



LESTER TIBBALS, JR.
History
B.S. Trinity
M.A. Princeton.

ROBERT C.
WHITLOCK
Industrial Arts
B.S., M.S. Trenton
State College.



WALTER L. TITUS
English
B.A. Princeton.

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



WINIFRED S. VOGT
English, History
B.A. Wellesley.

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





GERTRUDE D. BROPHY
R. N.
School Nurse



JEAN O. SMYTH
Admissions Secretary



EDWARD J.
DOBKOWSKI
Superintendent of
Buildings and Grounds



JANE WHITEHEAD
Receptionist







SCHOOL



XI FIRST ROW: Karen Hoffman, Marylou Delahanty, Susie Schnur, Beth Borgerhoff, Glenys Wolff, Sharon Abeel, Nell Bushnell, Debbie Shoemaker, David Vomacka, Jane Wiley, Jean Gorman, Derry Light, Bertina Bleicher, Shirley Duncan, Dianna Eure, Barbara Thomsen, Andrea Fishman. SECOND ROW: Gail Lyman, Patti Niemtow, Debbie Applegate, Beth Healy, Ebbie Rose, Sue Bailey, Laurie Lamar, Kathy Gorman, Larry Tan, Candy Boyajian, Robert O'Connor, David Macleod, Robert Rathouser. THIRD ROW: Beverly Bevis, Margery Burt, Bebe Ramus, Blair Lee, Debbie Merrick, Tony Blair, Robert Wilmot. FOURTH ROW: Jerry King, Gale Colby, Jeff Prebluda, David Van Houten, Frank Andrews, Clyde Measey. FIFTH ROW: Abby Sheldon, Jeremy Dunning, Ed Cole, Ed Purcell, Keith Bash, Craig Page. SIXTH ROW: Tom Spain, Chris Goble, Doug Reick, Chia Ballantine, Pooh Holt, Rick Judge, Ronda Davis, Ashby Adams, Betsy Nicholes. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Carol Bernstein, Sue Denise, Molly Hall, Robert Korman, Philip Winder, William Chalverus, Ed Purcell.



X FIRST ROW: Bruce Plapinger, Randall Martin, Bill Power, Robert Salup, John Parrot, Taylor Chambers, Freddy Erdman. SECOND ROW: Barbara Sturken, Allison Gilbert, Laurie D'Agostino, Cindy Shoemaker, Alice Holiman, Laurie Linowitz, Robin Murray, Barbara Miller, Susan Hughes, Brita Light, Mary Lapidus, Rebecca Bushnell, Lindsey Hicks, Freddi Cagan, Linda McCandless, Noreen Donnelly, Marjorie Shaw, Francine Barlow, Pam Orr, Diane Erickson. THIRD ROW: Hilary Martin, Louise Sayen, Liz Hamid, Linda Mihan, Peninah Chilton, Lucy Stover, Pam Woodworth, Ann Wiley, Leslie Grey, Janet Masterton, Midge Valdes, Margaret Meigs, Vicky Johnson, Harriet Sharlin. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Lew Bowers, Shelley Brewster, Meg Brinster, Gil Farr, Suzanne Fish, Heidi Flemer, Erik Heggen, Louise Hutner, Debbie Lawrence, Allyn Love, David Mack, Timothy Medley, Jonathan Paynter, Robert Peck, Chris Reeve, James Rodgers, Basil Stetson, Grace Taylor, Joan Williams, Donald Young, Jack Kilgore.



IX FRONT ROW: Greacian Goeke, Evelyn Sherwood, Chris Chambers, Sally Welling, Kristi Vaughan, Louise Peters, Candie Brown, Debbie McGill, Betsy Gorman. SECOND ROW: Dore Levy, Jodie Platt, Pat Liljelund, Natalie Huston, Lee Morgan, Katie Poole, Kathy McClure, Lisa Warren, Betsy Meredith, Mim Sawyer, Jean Ginsburgh, Chessye Hill, Joan Lewis, Jean Schluter, Terrie Fried, Robin Frey, Linda Gatchell, Pam Hughes, Cathy Lane, Barbara Bauer, Anne Healy. THIRD ROW: Kristen Garver, Louise Broad, Ellen Stern, Debbie Huntington, Vicki Willock, Lizette Mills, Susie Waterman, Jane Cross, Nan Karwan, Laurie Bryant, Arlene Opatut, Mary Bishop, Margaret DeVries, Sarah Brett-Smith, Chris Smith, Dede Pickering, Elizabeth Tomlinson, Betti Schleyer, Paula Zaitz. FOURTH ROW: Larry Boyer, Jim Black, Alec Donaldson, David Stark, Tim Smith, Danny Cantor, Joey Punia, Don Millner, Sam Rodgers, Tony Dale, Mitchell Sussman, George Treves, Paul Lyman, Tom Worthington, Ricky Bryant, Larry Levenson. FIFTH ROW: Ben Reeve, David Seckel, Larry Rose, Carl Jacobelli, Tom O'Connor, David Claghorn, John Battle, Terry Booth, Crichton Adams, John Paine, Jeremy Bonner, Robert Holt, Bill Flemer. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Martha Feltenstein, Diane Jass, Blythe Kropf, Tania Lawson-Johnston, Cathy Wadelton.





FIRST ROW: Linda Baker, Sia Godfrey, Freddi Cagan, Joan Lewis, Tania Lawson-Johnston, Betsy Nicholes,
 SECOND ROW: Freddy Erdman, Derry Light, Bill Rigot (president), Susie Schnur, Jeff Prebluda, Lindsey Hicks.
 THIRD ROW: Jerry Pitt, Bob O'Connor, Molly Hall, Chris Reeve, Alec Donaldson, Chessye Hill, Rick Ross,
 Bill Flemer.

Upper School

Student Council

Middle School

Student Council

FRONT ROW: Chris Miller, Susan Ross, Alexandra Shoemaker, Ellen Fisher, Charles Place, Roger Sherman.
SECOND ROW: Robert Andresen, Hope Miller, Jean Beckwith, Ayres Brown, Jeffrey Schuss, Pieter Fisher,
Evan Bash. THIRD ROW: Rebecca Borden, Randy Gulick, Thomas Reynolds, Arthur Mittnacht, Grayson
Ferrante, Mary Lane.





FIRST ROW: Robbie Holt, Gale Colby, Debbie Lawrence, Donald Millner. SECOND ROW: Beverly Bevis, Joe Chandler, Connie Sayen (chairman), Evan Donaldson, Nanda D'Agostino. THIRD ROW: Deebs Young, Bob O'Connor, Tom Spain, Cathy Lane, Natalie Huston, Jack Kilgore. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Francine Barlow, Carol Bernstein, John Claghorn, Gillian Gordon.

Social Service

Volunteer Community Services

United Progress Inc., Trenton Community Schools Program (Division of United Progress Inc.), East Trenton Civic Center, Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Recording for the Blind, Philadelphia Weekend Work Camps, Princeton Outgrown Shop

Contributions

The Foster Parents Plan (support of Tam), New York Times' One Hundred Neediest Cases, Philadelphia Weekend Work Camps, United Negro College Fund, The American Red Cross.





The Skin Of Our Teeth

By

Thornton Wilder

Directed By

Herbert McAneny

CAST

Announcer	Bob Ramsey
Sabina	Gillian Gordon
Mr. Fitzpatrick	Paul Lyman
Mrs. Antrobus	Anne Fulper
Dinosaur	Greacian Goeke
Mammoth	George Treves
Telegraph Boy	Bill Flemer
Gladys	Mary Bishop
Henry	Evan Donaldson
Mr. Antrobus	Christopher Reeve
Doctor	Basil Stetson
Professor	Jerry Pitt
Judge	Sandy Wandelt
Homer	David Macleod
Miss E. Muse	Sue Denise
Miss T. Muse	Pooh Holt
Miss M. Muse	Patti Niemtzw
Fortune Teller	Margery Burt
Drum Majorettes	Freddi Cagan, Betti Schleyer
Chair Pushers	George Treves, Alex Donaldson
Conveeners	Sarah Brett-Smith, Sue Denise, Heidi Flemer, Terrie Fried, Lizette Mills, Bill Flemer, Jerry Pitt, Basil Stetson, Sandy Wandelt, David Macleod
Bingo Caller	Alex Donaldson
Broadcast Official	John Taylor
Assistant	Paula Zaitz
Mr. Tremayne	Basil Stetson
Hester	Jane Wiley
Ivy	Alice Holiman
Fred Bailey	Tim Smith
Assistant Stage Manager	Terrie Fried



Officers and Production Staff of Drama Club

President: Gillian Gordon
 Secretary-Treasurer: Margery Burt
 Stage Manager: Beth Schlossberg
 Assistants: Andrea Fishman
 Bob O'Connor

Settings designed by Laurie Lamar
 Scene construction by Gary Lott
 Light design: Don Field

Committee Chairmen
 Lighting: Bob Spears

Sound: Doug Rieck
 Costumes: Katie Ecroyd
 Beth Healy
 Properties: Candy Boyajian
 Gale Colby
 Make-up: Susan Koch
 Joan Wadelton
 House: Punky Brewster
 Program: Bob Golden
 Publicity: Rich Raines
 Tickets: Andy Fishmann
 Jon Vereen





FRONT ROW: Chris Reeve, Beth Schlossberg, Margery Burt, Gillian Gordon (chairman), Anne Fulper, Punky Brewster, Evan Donaldson. BACK ROW: Bob O'Connor, Abby Sheldon, David Van Houten, Susan Koch, Bob Golden, Mary Bishop, Andy Fishmann, Joan Wadelton. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Suzanne Blanchet.

Dramatic Club







FIRST ROW: Robin Kraut, Robin Frey, Carol Stephens, Kathy Veeder, Karen Turner, Ginna Vogt, Anne Bishop. SECOND ROW: Gillian Gordon, Bob Spears, Linda Baker (editor), Susie Schnur, Betsy Nicholes, Anne Williams. THIRD ROW: George Treves, Doug Rieck, Lizette Mills, Rebecca Bushnell, Ebbie Rose, Linda McCandless, Debbie Lawrence, Richard Albert. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Tony Blair, John Claghorn, Ronda Davis, Jeremy Dunning, Gil Farr, Andy Fishmann, Bob Golden, Beth Healy, Kate Linker, Paul Lyman, Rich Raines, Connie Sayen, Joan Williams.

Spokesman

Cymbals

FIRST ROW: Chris Reeve, Bebe Ramus, Punky Brewster (Editor), Beth Borgerhoff, Jerry Pitt. BACK ROW: Alex Donaldson, Susie Schnur, Debbie Lawrence, Bill Flemer.





Doug Rieck, Larry Boyer, Paul Lyman, George Treves, Larry Tan, Tony Blair, Freddy Erdman, Basil Stetson.

Photography Club





FIRST ROW: Mary Hobler, Beth Borgerhoff, Pooh Holt. SECOND ROW: Susan Koch, Punky Brewster, Debbie Merrick, Laurie Bryant, Kristen Garver, Louise Broad, Katie Ecroyd. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Kristi Vaughan, Sue Bailey, Sue Kleinberg, Margaret DeVries.

Madrigals

Choir

FIRST ROW: Kristen Garver, Laurie Bryant, Louise Broad, Dore Levy. SECOND ROW: Patti Niemtzow, Derry Light, Blair Lee, Dianna Eure, Greacian Goeke, Pooh Holt, Francine Barlow. THIRD ROW: Linda Mihan, Allison Gilbert, Heidi Flemer, Ebbie Rose, Jean Gorman, Katie Ecroyd, Punky Brewster, Mary Hobler. FOURTH ROW: Beth Borgerhoff, Debbie Merrick, Linda Baker, Vicki Willock, Pat Liljelund, Faron Daub, Betsy Nicholes, Susan Koch, Karen Hoffman, Molly Hall. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Sue Bailey, Sue Denise, Diane Erickson, Kristi Vaughan, Sue Kleinberg, Abby Sheldon, Barbara Sturken, Paula Zaitz, Margaret DeVries.





FIRST ROW: Louise Broad, Natalie Huston, Nan Karwan, Jodie Platt, Pat Liljelund, Robin Frey, Jean Schluter, Diane Jass. SECOND ROW: Bertina Bleicher, Kristen Garver, Laurie Bryant, Diane Erickson, Greacian Goeke, Betsy Gorman, Candie Brown. THIRD ROW: Sue Kleinberg, Blythe Kropf, Jean Gorman, Jane Wiley, Pooh Holt, Dianna Eure, Laurie Lamar. FOURTH ROW: Mr. Jacobson (director), James Rodgers, Bob O'Connor, David Van Houten, Bob Korman, Ed Cole, Chris Reeve, Danny Cantor, Jon Vereen, Joe Chandler. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Ronda Davis, Katie Ecroyd.

Glee Club

American Field Service Committee

FIRST ROW: Bob Ramsey, Beth Schlossberg, Punky Brewster (chairman), Eliana Umbelino de Souza (AFS STUDENT), Anne Fulper, Evan Donaldson. SECOND ROW: Bill Chalverus, Jane Wiley, Glenys Wolff, Larry Tan, Meg Brinster, Chessye Hill, Allyn Love. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Terry Booth, Louise Broad, Joseph Punia.





FIRST ROW: Pam Orr, Diane Erickson, Dianna Eure, Laurie Linowitz, Betti Schleyer. SECOND ROW: Barbara Thomsen, David Macleod, Ed Cole, Susie Schnur. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Bob Wilmot, Laurie Bryant, Ronda Davis, Dore Levy, Martha Feltenstein.

Library Council

FIRST ROW: Noah Levy, Liz Pratt, Michelle Pitt, Kathy Kane, Lisa Bennett, Katherine Barry, Lisa Parsons, Beth Ross, Loreen Volpe. SECOND ROW: Hattie Gault, Didi Magers, Carol Lifland, Emily Roberts, Gina Vogt, Mary Fike, Marion Houston, Kathy Veeder, Susan Heyniger, Page McInnis, Debra Dobkowski. THIRD ROW: Sandy Buck, Chris Aall, Mary-Lynne Lavine, Helena Brett-Smith, Tina Pritchard, Glen Ely, Anne Williams, Phillip Shehadi, Reid Peters, David Straut. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Anne Russell, Alex Shoemaker, Alexandra Smith, Shawn Ellsworth, Curtis Webster, Carol Stephens, Arthur Kravitz, Gary Salup, Mike Shillaber, Peter Chalverus, Michael Clagett, Chris Miller, Grayson Ferrante, Tommy Henry.





FRONT ROW: Mary Hobler, John Claghorn, Faron Daub (chairman-girls), Jon Vereen (chairman-boys), Karen Hoffman, Nell Bushnell. BACK ROW: Deeks Young, Jim Rodgers, Linda McCandless, Sia Godfrey, Suzanne Blanchet, Tom Spain. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Terry Booth, Dede Pickering.

Athletic Association





FRONT ROW: Philip Winder, Joe Chandler, Allyn Love, David Macleod, Bob Rathouser, Andy Fishmann, Jeff Prebluda, Jimmy Rodgers. SECOND ROW: Mr. Ivors and Mr. Miller (coaches), Tony Blair, Bob Salup, Bill Chalverus, Clyde Measey, David Mack, Larry Tan, John Paine, David Van Houten.

Varsity Soccer

Varsity Football

FIRST ROW: Lew Bowers, Craig Page, Jon Vereen, Rick Ross, John Claghorn (co-captain), Bill Rigot (co-captain), Sandy Wandelt (co-captain), Rich Raines, Bob Ramsey. SECOND ROW: Tom O'Connor (manager), Crichton Adams, Rick Judge, Jack Kilgore, Frank Andrews, David Vomacka, Tom Spain, Ed Cole, Keith Bash, Ashby Adams. THIRD ROW: Mr. Barren (coach), Jeremy Dunning, Chris Goble, John Battle, Terry Booth, David Claghorn, Bob Wilmot, Bob Peck, Carl Jacobelli, Mr. Tibbals (coach).





FRONT ROW: Rick Ross, Jon Vereen, Bill Rigot and Craig Page (co-captains), Rich Raines.
 SECOND ROW: Gil Farr (manager), Tom Spain, Ed Cole, Frank Andrews, Mr. Jones (coach).

Basketball





FRONT ROW: John Kalpin, Bob Wilmot, Bob Salup, Ashby Adams (captain), Dave Stark, Bob Peck, Lew Bowers. SECOND ROW: Jeremy Dunning, Jack Kilgore, Keith Bash, Crichton Adams, Erik Heggen, Jerry King, Hank Bristol, Mr. Burnes (coach).

Wrestling

Ice Hockey

FRONT ROW: John Taylor, John Claghorn, Sandy Wandelt, Evan Donaldson, Bob O'Connor. SECOND ROW: Basil Stetson, Deeks Young, Jimmy Rodgers, Bill Chalverus, John Battle, Chris Reeve. THIRD ROW: Mr. Tibbals (coach), Terry Booth, Sam Rodgers, Fred Erdman, Tom O'Connor, Mr. Rulon-Miller (coach), Robbie Holt.





Cheerleaders

Freddi Cagan, Candy Boyajian, Ebbie Rose, Jane Wiley, Ronda Davis, Harriet Sharlin, Beth Healy. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Bev Bevis, Susie Schnur.





FRONT ROW: Molly Hall, Sia Godfrey, Mary Hobler (captain), Betsy Nicholes. SECOND ROW: Cindy Shoemaker, Nell Bushnell, Miss Penny (coach), Karen Hoffman, Beth Schlossberg.

Varsity Basketball

Varsity Field Hockey

FIRST ROW: Pam Woodworth, Nell Bushnell, Lindsey Hicks, Sia Godfrey (captain), Karen Hoffman, Faron Daub. SECOND ROW: Suzanne Blanchet, Nancy Flagg, Linda Baker, Betsy Nicholes, Mary Hobler.











BAND: FIRST ROW: Tina Pritchard, Ellen Albert, Yuki Moore, Peter Chalverus, Chris Fraker, Kip Herrick, Elizabeth Pratt, Harriet Gault. SECOND ROW: Jonathan Stein, Amy Ahrens, David Barach, Gar Waterman, Greg Bash, Richard Gordon, Ted Brown, Peter Stern, Ronald Manguba, Lunn Sawyer. THIRD ROW: Mr. Fifer, Randy Gulick, Douglas Sharp, Curtis Webster, Evan Bash, Charles Goheen, Roger Williams, Keith Plapinger, Billy Plapinger, Douglas Robinson, Charles Lifland, William McCandless, Mr. Jacobson.

Middle School Music



GLEE CLUB: FIRST ROW: Cindy Hill, Jean Schreiber, Kathy Burks, Alex Shoemaker. SECOND ROW: Anne Altmaier, Ruth Barach, Diana Lewis, Lisa Bennett, Mary Lane, Amy Ahrens, Jane Farley, Suzanne Bishop. THIRD ROW: Bonnie Taylor, Sarah Strong, Vicki Austin, Elizabeth Hutner, Anne Gilliam, Anne Bishop, Laura Kaysen, Laura Schleyer. FOURTH ROW: Helen Langewiesche, Wendy Haynes, Karen Turner, Kathy Veeder, Charlotta Bishop, Randy Gulick, Emily Roberts. FIFTH ROW: Andy Bonner, Bob Rosenthal, Chris Aall, Glenn Burke, Gregory Stoka, Cam Ferrante, George Lee, Evan Jones. SIXTH ROW: Jordon Young, Glen Ely, John Comly, Alan Mills, Kemp Battle, Sandy Buck.



INSTRUMENTAL GROUP: Sue Kleinberg, Robin Frey, Anne Gamblin, Katie Ecroyd. Missing from Picture: Barbara Thomsen, Susie Schnur.



Andrea

"The sky is blue
You are too (blue)
You are the sky"

It was Andrea at the door and I let her in. Andrea often speaks in verse. She hardly ever says exactly what she means; she links her subject to something concrete. I don't know why or when she started. She just gradually developed it. She even THINKS that way at times, she claims. It is affected, sure. But everybody is affected. And she is tongue-in-cheek in her most literal moments. So it doesn't really drive you up a tree. The worst effect is that ten minutes after a subject is dead she will graciously deliver her completed work of art. It doesn't lead to fast-moving conversation.

"No, I'm not, thank you." Her greeting was not unusual. Since she does not (on principle) say "hi" or "hello" unless being introduced, she has to come up with something of common interest, and we are the "Blue Two." We are always depressed together. Not that we particularly depress one another. It started several years ago when we both got depressed about Great Matters. We were just looking beyond the feather bed, then. We found quite a bit to get depressed about. We exchanged treatises on Life, personifying Him and resenting it and probing at what is ever probed at. We got bored finally. We recognized, oh so wisely, that life as life, was inexplicable and decided to live. We turned our eyes to smaller things, having no other choice between that and a stalemate.

"Hello, what are you doing here?"

"Gee, thanks."

"No, really. I'm going to church."

"Well, I won't come -"

"I know."

"But I was going to walk there with you, unless you don't want me to. That's what I was going to do, anyway."

"Where are you going?"

"To the park. To think holy thoughts."

We went out to the road and walked silently. My fingers began to deaden and the wind gnawed my fingers. Andrea, who was typically improperly dressed, pushed harder at the linings of her pockets and rounded her shoulders more until they formed a semi-circle in which

any right angle would be proud to be inscribed. She held each foot to warm it, and hopped, while I led, dignified. We turned into the long lawn of the short cut.

"The petals of the flowers will levitate my mind. I'll step and step and step again and ponder on mankind."

(She was talking about her walk again.)

"Good Grief," I said; this one really deserved it.

"Sorry."

"I hope we proved worthy of your attention."

"'You' already have."

"Indeed? 'We' are honored."

"Anytime." She jumped on the hard-crusted snow to crack it. She had rather a hard time of it, for it had snowed and rained and frozen.

She gave up on that and "UNHU-HEEEE", ran and slid on the glassy surface, in doing so falling on her rear.

"You should have worn boots." She only had on some shoes of mine, which she almost literally fished out of the wastepaper basket. They're a size and a half too small and have-or had when I threw them away-nails coming through the back of the heel. She adores them.

"Maybe," she said.

"Well, look at me." I walked firmly.

She lifted herself up and fell down again, twice. It was getting ridiculous. "The ground is protecting the sky from me (Ha)", she said, "I yield". She crouched and pushed herself along with her hands.

"Come on," I said, "it's getting late." It was five of.

"O. K." Up and down again.

"Oh, COME ON!"

She crouched again and slid to a tree, where she lifted herself up, balancing with the branch. She got to some grass and we hurried on.

"Sorry."

"Ummm".

"What's the English. Yetch." It was really easy, so I said so, but she said she never COULD do it.

"How about a poem -"

"What rot and you know it."

"Oh come on. You'll be able to do something."

"I can't write any more. How can I write and explain when I don't understand myself? You've got your religion and your views on society. You'll sit with your brilliant friends and exude intelligence and give society the NEW REPUBLIC glance. But I'm so accomplished that I've arrived: I believe in nothing. And you can't believe in NOTHING -I'm so detached the air goes right through me."

I never thought about it that way. But then I thought it up. She had jumped into the reservoir of her insecurity and drowned herself in her own desperation.

The minute I thought it up, I liked that sentence. It kept going over and over in my mind. "You've jumped into the river of your own insecurity and drowned yourself in your desperation".

She looked up.

That was dumb, stupid, idiotic.

"Um," she said, as in "Un-huh," and she didn't say anything else.

When we finally got there I was anxious to get inside. It was awkward.

"Well, bye. Where're you going?"

She looked up again. "I need to look for my tree," she said, "Bye".

She shuffled away in those gross shoes.

Goddammit.

Joan Williams, X
First Prize
Upper School Prose

The Old Man

The night was hot and the old man tossed and turned on his mattress. The springs groaned and creaked and sagged in the middle. The old man couldn't get to sleep. His head felt light and it seemed to him as if it were among the stars, while his limbs were like molten iron. It was an effort to move them. Every joint was numb and couldn't feel the rough mattress cover. He felt a dull pain running up and down his spine. Though the temperature was 87 and the humidity was heavy, the man shivered. He pulled the square of coarse woven material up over his chin. Sweat covered his naked body. It ran from his forehead down over his temples to behind his ears. He could feel the beads slowly making their way down their paths. Again he shivered.

Painfully, he rolled over on his stomach. He smelled the mattress. The stretch was terrible. He groaned as he again turned over.

His eyes blurred as they traveled about the room. There was very little

to be seen. To the side of the bed was an antique chair the man had once bought at an auction. The back legs were shorter than the front and the seat was falling through. The man's only clothes were hung over the back of the chair. There were a pair of grease-stained jeans, a moth-eaten sweater, and underneath the chair, placed carefully side by side, lay a pair of black, shiny, dress shoes. These shoes were the man's prized possession. They had belonged to his father who had never worn them. He had handed them down to his son to pass along. Following tradition, the man had never worn them. He often wondered, since he had no son, to whom he would give them. He had never married. He had never had the chance, nor had he met the right person.

Within the room came the sound of a rat scurrying across the wooden floor. The man didn't move a muscle, as he was used to the sound. Again his eyes wandered.

In the corner of the room was a low table. It was a bright red, as the man had painted it so when he found a half-used can of paint in an alley. It was cheap paint and was peeling off in strips that lay about the floor. On the table stood a lamp. There was no lampshade and the bulb had gone dead months ago. In the opposite corner was a shelf built into the wall. There was a flower vase, that had not seen flowers for years, standing on it. There were also three car mechanic's magazines which the man had bought in his younger years and often read over and over late at night. And there was a gold chained locket. He had found it on the sidewalk, half-in, half-out of a gutter, and had picked it up. There were spaces for three pictures. Two of them were empty. The third contained a blurred picture that he had torn out of a magazine. It was a picture of a young girl. She was not smiling but her face had a sparkling look. It was her eyes, the man thought. They had been green before the picture had faded, and the man had loved them. He used to talk to the picture, pretending that the girl was his own. He would read aloud to her at night when he thought she might be lonely and needed comfort. He believed in her.

The man's eyes now wandered to the ceiling. It was a slanted ceiling starting very high on the right and traveling downward to the left. Here it was only three feet from the floor. The color was a dull gray, a very depressing color. The man had once been going to paint it a pale blue, like the sky, but then he discovered that, even while standing on the chair, he could not reach the right-hand side. Besides, he had no blue paint and it hurt his back to stretch.

His back: aah, there was a story. It was true, it hurt now, but it had hurt for the past fifty years. Ever since World War I. He had been called upon to help. Well, he had tried as far as he was concerned. He didn't get any medal, ribbons, or token of award. He didn't get a chance. He had been a private 1st Class. He hadn't wanted to be a sergeant or a lieutenant. He knew everyone else did, so why not give them a crack at it and he would remain what he was. As it turned

out, he was never sent into combat. He was in training camp and it was there that he had hurt his back. Oh, it wasn't a bullet wound or a fatal disease but once while cleaning up the barrack roof he had fallen off the ladder. He had badly twisted his back, injuring his spine and he had been flat on his back for almost a year. After the army had released him he had come home. Home to this room. Now and then his back would pain him terribly and he would have to stay in bed a few days. He wouldn't be able to get anything to eat and would get up feeling dizzy and weak.

The old man shook his head, for it seemed that he had gone into a daze. He moaned quietly. He slowly turned his head so he could see the window. The only window. Three of the panes were missing, two were cracked, the sixth was in perfect condition. In each side were old and filthy-looking pink curtains hanging on a bent rod. The old man had made these himself. He had found a torn bedspread in a garbage can and the rod was really a signpost. He had taken home and had torn the bedspread into two long strips. These were folded over the pole and pinned at the top. His work was now hanging on two nails that had been there before he had come.

Looking through the glass, he could see the rooftops and the windows to the other buildings. One was a warehouse building. He knew because on the side was printed in huge blue and yellow letters: "Billy Baxter's Warehouse - We store anything and everything." Underneath there were some blurred colors. It had probably once been a picture, the man thought. Often he would sit there and stare at the advertisement, thinking about it. Maybe it had been a picture of Billy Baxter himself. The old man wished it had not faded. He would have liked to see what Billy Baxter had looked like. Or maybe it was more writing. Well, whatever it was, or had been, the old man would never find out. He liked to think about it, though.

Again he turned towards the ceiling. There was a crack in the plaster. It had been there for as long as he could remember. It ran from the left corner to the center of the ceiling and then it

branched off into three separate lines. If he stared at them long enough he could imagine it as a long skinny arm with three bony fingers stretching towards... nothing. Trying to grasp an object that wasn't there. Reaching, reaching. It bothered him. He felt sorry for the hand. Sorry that it would never be able to touch whatever it was trying to reach. The more he thought about it the more he realized the hand was like himself, his own life. When he was little he dreamed of being someone important, someone with meaning, the way so many other children did. But he never succeeded. Instead, he fell backwards into a life of poverty and sickness. He had once had a business. Just a little one. He had been a tailor like his father. It might have been a big one. But he had had hard luck all the time. He had very few customers until he lost everything. He had had to close the shop.

The old man groaned. He raised his hand to his forehead. It felt hot, very hot. Once again he looked about the room. The room he had known and lived in for almost half his life. Everything was familiar, and suddenly, he was sick of it all. His eyes began to water and soon he was crying and laughing in an hysterical way. He couldn't stop. He threw off the sheet and sat up in bed. He tried to stand up but fell back on the bed. Again he stood. He hobbled over to

the table. He grasped the lamp and threw it on the floor. The bulb shattered in a thousand pieces. The man stomped all over the broken pieces, cutting his feet to the bone; he laughed hideously. He took the lamp base and smashed it against the table. It snapped in two and the table splintered. Laughing, laughing and crying, he took hold of the built-in shelf, grabbed the magazines and tore the pages out, ripping them into little pieces. Then he took the flower vase and smashed it against the floor. It wouldn't break, so he threw it out the window. With his hand he punched out the last whole window pane. His hand was cut and bleeding. He took the locket down from the shelf, broke the chain in half and tore out the picture. He cried with hysteria. Ripping down the curtains, he took the rod, and swung it around his head. He let go and it flew across the room and rolled under the bed. The man knocked over the chair and kicked the shoes out of his way. His energy spent, the old man crawled to his cot. His hand and feet were bleeding terribly. His face was also covered with a mixture of blood and sweat. He lay down on his cot and wrapped the sheet around him. His crying subsided and the sweat dried. His heart was calm once more. His breathing became regular. Everything was quiet. He laughed softly. His eyes shut and his body quivered; then lay still.

Jean Beckwith, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Prose

Dressing The Sky

Night comes prepared:
Dark velvet to drape the
Sky, pinned with diamonds.
The moon is placed,
Until Dawn with a gentle
Hand replaces him
With the sun.

Maria Kelleher, VIII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

Nicholas

"Nicholas is better now downstairs,"
she said.
"He was for days and days
in bed--
we worried so.
It was a bit of touch and go you know,"
she said.

It was a bit of cellar hell
crawled up the stairs
into his bed
into his head,
and many times he watched
the sun go moon
through glass, and hung,
dead bat, small tongue
inside the monster bell
of upper inner places,
clanging black black
forth, back --
swinging dome his mind.
And he bruised, bat-blind.

The stairs he thought
were there,
but gone to air.
He saw him fish, and caught
in lofty net
of graves, still wet--
no way to ground,
fast-bound.

In him the bell is now.
He remembers only how
a hand and words brought back
the stairs, and black
the king went down
without his crown.
His feet are into earth
but free,
life is worth
life times three say he.
The stairs fly up and
arrow down:
you go with hand
in blue but feet in brown.

Beth Borgerhoff, XI
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

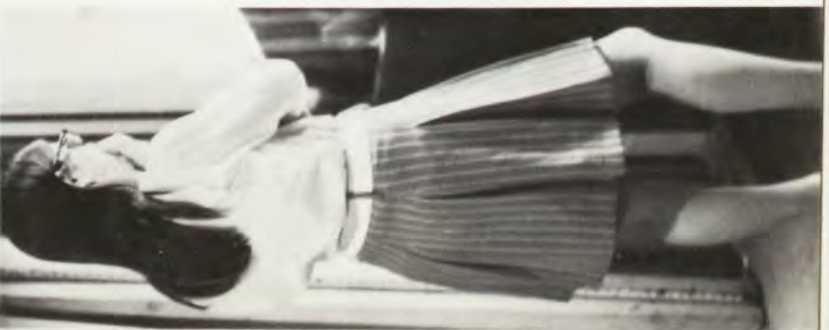
Honorable Mention In Literary Contest

The following students received "Honorable Mention" in the literary contest: Barbara Miller, X, in Upper School Prose for "Story", which appeared in the June 1967 CYMBALS; Beth Borgerhoff for "Star Lane" (Upper School Poetry); Susan Heyniger, VIII, for "Modern Incident", (Middle School Prose) and Maria Kelleher, VIII, for "Peace" (Middle School Poetry.)

Acknowledgements

The Editorial Board of the LINK expresses its warmest thanks and most sincere appreciation to the following people for judging the literary contest: Professor Paul Fussell, Mr. James Waugh, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Williams, Mrs. Richard Gilbert, Mrs. Blackwell Smith, Mr. George Packard.

The Board would also like to thank Kate Linker, Connie Sayen and Beth Scholossberg for the extraordinary amount of work they did on this book, far beyond the "call of duty".







THE CLASS OF 1971

WISHES TO SAY TO THE CLASS OF 1968 —

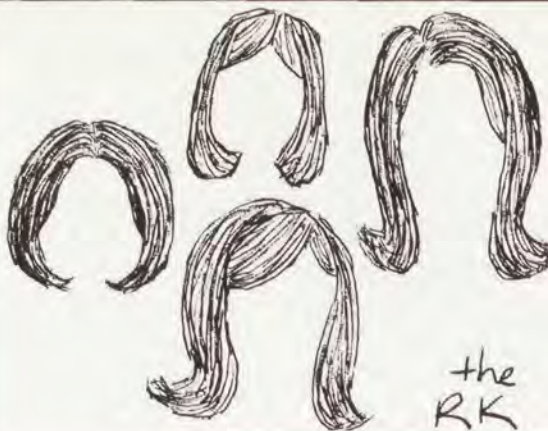
BONNA FORTUNA
GOOD LUCK

BONNE CHANCE
NAMASTE





Remember Smaug



JUST
SMILE AND RELAX
IF YOU CAN'T DO BOTH-
ONE WILL SUFFICE
-BOB



To Mrs. Shepherd,
who gave us so much of
her time, wisdom and
limitless understanding.

The Class of 1968

From The Boys of Today
To The Boys of Tomorrow
A Fond Farewell

J. W. C. III and A. J. F.

"And then to awake, and the farm
like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on
his shoulder: it was all

Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very
day.

So it must have been after the birth of
the simple light

In the first spinning place the spell-
bound horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise."

from "Fern Hill" by Dylan Thomas

I shall miss

THE CLASS OF 1968

--including the five little nippers (and how they grew!) who came up from the First Form at P. C. D. --Sandy and Joe, Evan and John and John (no fear that I'll mix those two up!) Also Charlie and Bob, cherished individualists ever since their Fourth Form year. I'll miss the "Trenton Five" who graduated with me from P. C. D. to P. D. S. --Andy and Jerry, Rich, Rigot and Rick, the three R's who made basketball respectable in a hockey school. I'll miss durable, nimble Jon; and also that other pair who Bobbed up as sophomore and junior into our coed school.

I'll miss Suzanne and Punky and Nancy and Gail, amiable step-daughters who wrote me letters of welcome to P. D. S. before it opened. I'll miss Linda and Joan of the Fourth Estate; Sia, Faron and Mary, athletes great; and the blue-ribbon riders, Nanda and Kate. I'll miss Susan K. my queen of make-up; and Sue K. who drove 35,000 miles in three years for an education. I'll miss all of the Roving Kind. Vou sentir muito a falta de Eliana; que ela fique nossa amiga brasileria pa a sempre. Connie I'll miss, and so will the many kids in Trenton and elsewhere whose lives she has touched. I'll miss my Sabina. I'll miss my Gnome. I'll miss Beth quite a lot.

Go on, but come back.

herbert mc aneny

CONGRATULATIONS, BASSETT
... and best wishes to

Anne
Sandy
Linda
Bob G.
Gail
Joe
Suzanne
Jon
Punky
Charlie
Eliana

Rick
Katie
Susan
Bill
Nancy
Bob R.
Sia
Rich
Gillian
Jerry
Joan

Kate
Andy
Connie
Evan
Beth
Faron
Bob S.
Nanda
John T.
Sue
John C.

Love,
Mom and Dad
P.S. Keep Tuned To whwh At 1350

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Czarina, and Rasputin for making it all possible; praise
Lenin's Tomb, and his long-standing refusal to decom-
pose; celebrate the shifty-eyed brilliance of Trotsky;
cheer Karl and Friedrich for the Manifesto; and pro-
claim red licorice the lasting high.

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WE HAVE NOT SIGHED DEEP, LAUGHED FREE,

STARVED, FEASTED, DESPAIRED, -BEEN HAPPY.

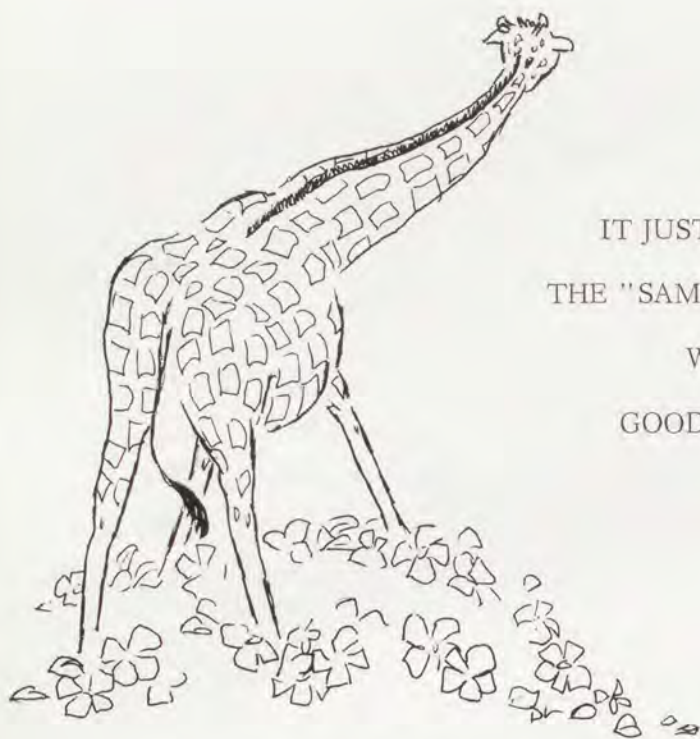
-ROBERT BROWNING

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On behalf of the green light and
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IT JUST WON'T SEEM LIKE
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WITHOUT YOU!
GOODBYE & GOOD LUCK
FROM

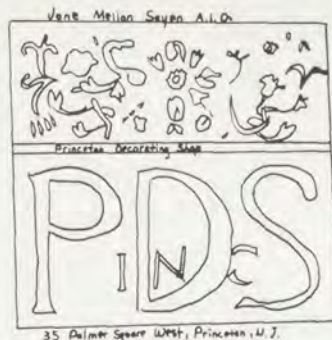
THE SOPHOMORES '70

The name of the Prophet is Per-
simmon Persist.

He says: "Some of us hang by our
thumbs and some by our necks."

By thumb or by neck you must per-
sim and persist.

Borge



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glenys,
farewell my love

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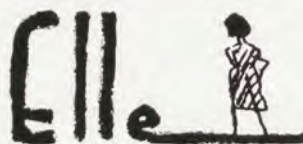
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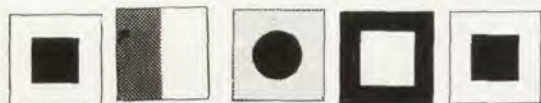
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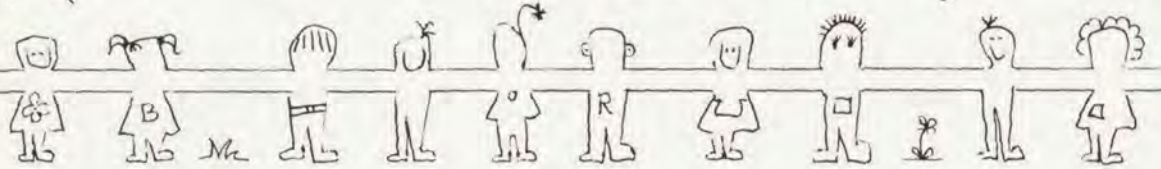
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