

LINK

Charles Dilworth



THE LINK

PRINCETON DAY



SCHOOL

PRINCETON, N.J.

1969



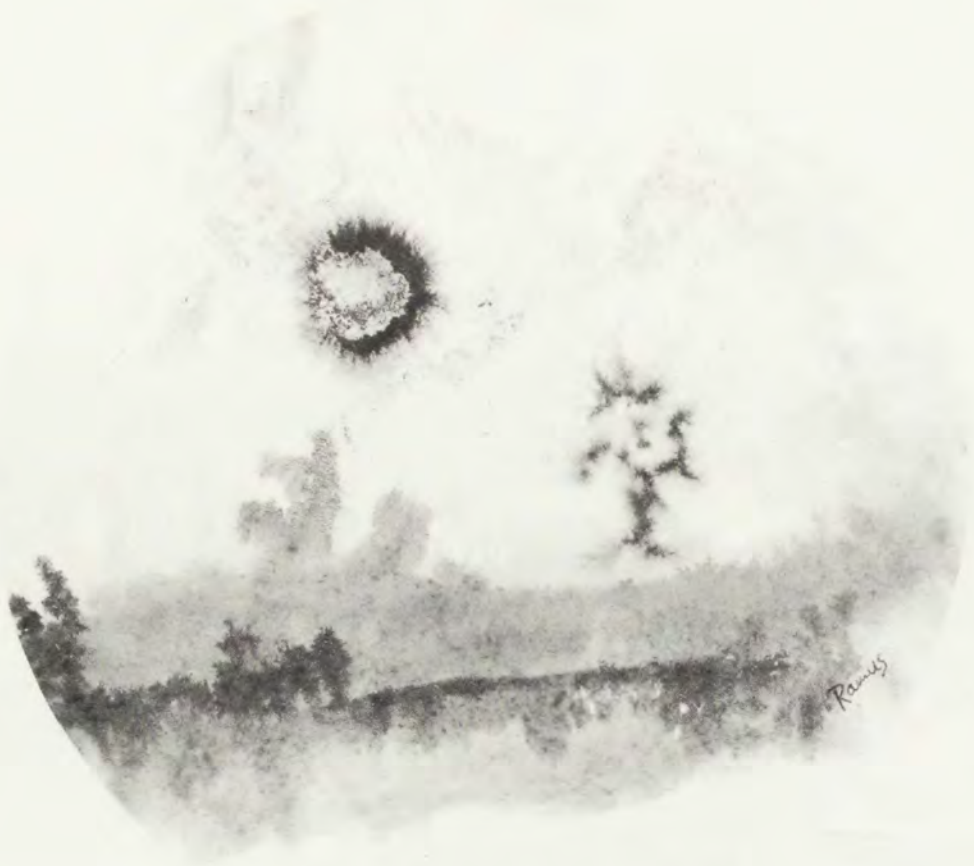
George V. Packard

Our class with you was not really a class at all: it was a conversation about life. What we learned from you was how to teach ourselves. We thought hard, we argued, we wondered -- because you gave us a sense that they were the most valuable things. The questions were more important than the answers; the answers were not ends, but beginnings.

And somehow you kept us remembering that we live in a world that needs us, and that if we are to survive we must answer the need.

It is hard to thank you for what you have given us. Probably it is more than any of us knows. But it is something we have, now; something we can never lose.





SENIORS

"Man Be My Metaphor."

Dylan Thomas

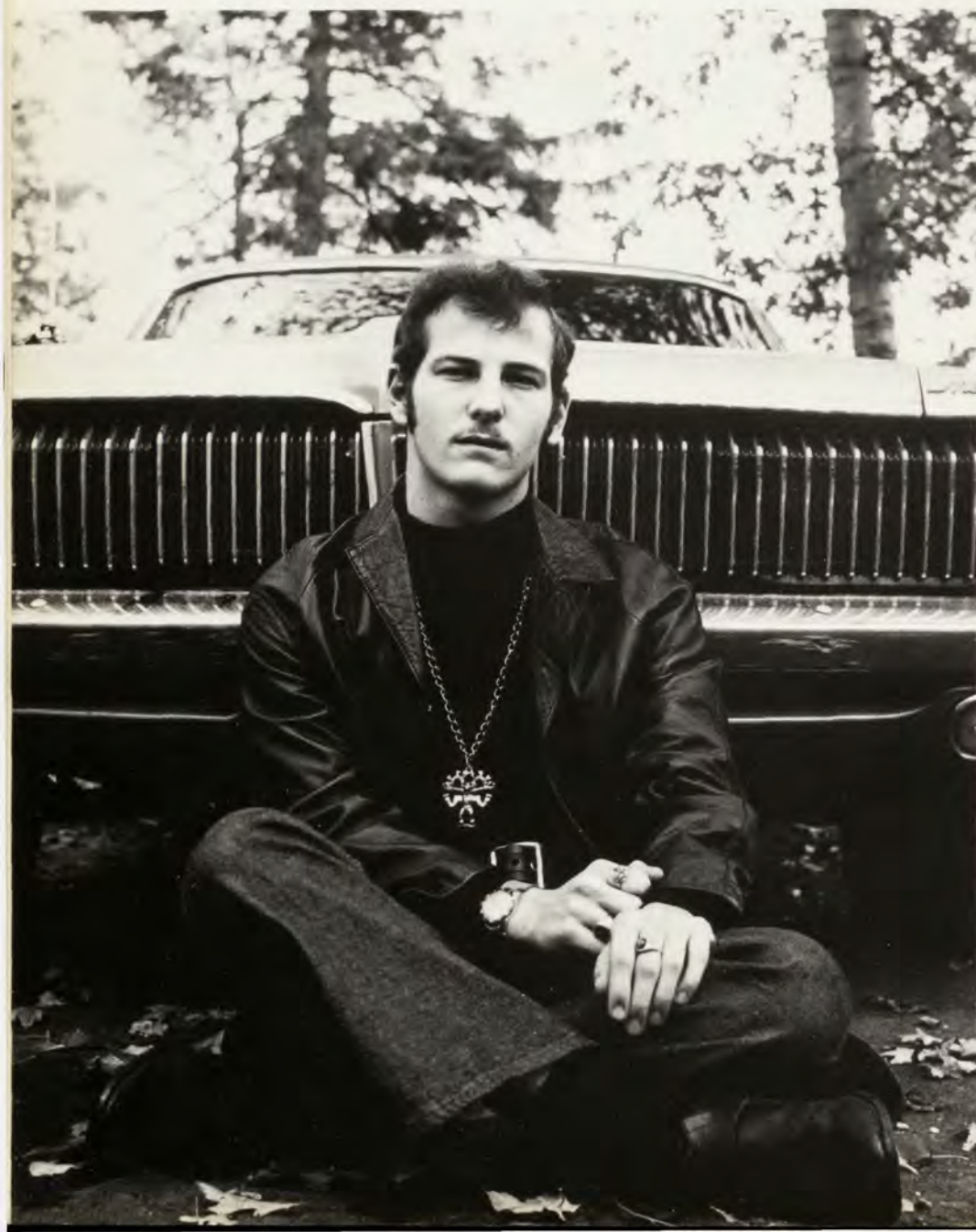
Eddie is a quiet room. A subtly colored tapestry brushes one wall, an hourglass sits in the window. The light is cool, November.

He is platinum . . . runes on a scroll . . . a grey stone floor, and as silver as dusk.

"Away with systems! Away with a corrupt world! Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island!"

George Meredith

Ed Purcell





Sharon Abeel

The sharp blue and green of the mountains in Switzerland . . . the clear, high melody of a French folk song or the pure chime of a silver bell. White, like the petals of a snowdrop or a sail on a lake.

"She is built of lilies and candy doves
And the youngest star wakens in
her hair."

Patchen

Ashby Adams

I turned a corner and bumped into a statue.
You had the best sculptor, Ashby: he put symmetry with energy and balanced you perfectly on that corner. I thought of sinews and monuments and the Rock of Gibraltar, and then you smiled. Suddenly I heard notes from a guitar: I saw nylon strung tightly onto varnished wood, and sun melting snow, and I was thinking

"Even the general
took off his armor
to gaze at our peonies."

Kikaku





Jane Wiley

"My heart keeps open house
My doors are widely swung."

Late August, when summer turns mellow - Jane is still at the Lake with one or two good friends . . . That is all she needs, because life is best in wooden porches and green shutters, orange juice for breakfast. These are Jane, as well as catching a sparrow in the window and the quick taste of ginger on your tongue.

Roethke

If we could be royalty,
Ronnie, you would have me
the Jack-of-Hearts, I know.
And I would crown you Queen-
of-Diamonds, because they're
almost orange and because of
their clear and definite lines.
You'd rule a countryside of
Mondrian.

I'd canter up and stand be-
neath your window in morning
and wait for you to appear.
Never long. There'd be a
smile and a dusky rose.

Ronnie Davis





Bertina Bleicher

Look at the way this bridge is made. You see how the strips of wood are built to an arch, because each piece depends on the pressure of all the others . . . She draws her words from a store of thought like a fine-point pen drawing ink, etching line upon line, and you remember her smile like the soft fringe of a dogwood petal.

Debbie Applegate

I came on a circle of brushed grass ringed with Queen Anne's lace and pale pink clover. I lay on my back and a Mozart minuet went through my head, the polish of a bannister, the satisfaction of sherbet . . . I thought of you in the soft green of the early morning as "calm and fresh as eastern summers are."

Davenant





Bob Wilmot

There was a rush of winter air as he came in. He brought with him the pine forests, the line of snow on the mountains, the smell of freshly planed wood.

"The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree
Has given my heart
A change of mood . . ."

and he shot past in a full toboggan,
leading laughter down the hill.

Frost

Cia Ballantine

"What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;"

She was singing that on the top of a pyramid — with the last line she saw me and came racing down. I stood far off and watched: a Chopin Mazurka, the Italian Riviera, tangerines and bougainvillea, flying down the steps in a streak of orange, her hair like a wild mane . . . Much later we talked over wine and pheasant: she was patient with my frustrations. I felt so much better. She had a steady voice and a calm like truffles under glass.

Marvell





Andrea Fishman

We plunged into the brittle leaves and briars,
I ahead and you close behind. With ridiculous ex-
plosion we invaded the realm of the field mouse,
then, flecked with seeds and clinging grasses, we
emerged again. I was safely home now, but you
had never left.



Debbie Merrick

Someday, you'll live on Beacon Hill, go ice-skating in a long, red woolen scarf. Invite me, and make it Christmas Eve, when your world is of brown bread and raisins, of moon-faced grandfather clocks, holly... Show me your sleigh; we'll ride jingle-bell up the evening hill and back, then thank the horse with carrots and sugar.

When I go, give me a basket of cherries, and I'll remember how it was in spring.

She would do me a Bavarian polka on
the roof if I dared her. She would be up
there in a flash like a dancing sun-
flower, waving her arms in her own
joy. I would be up, too, before long.
She makes me love things like that:
when it isn't a polka, it's curling bare-
foot on a shag rug, thinking of paper
mâché animals and mustard and wooden
tops. You have a knack, Bev.

"With words and people and love
you move at ease, . . .
And keep us, all devotion, at your
knees."

Nimms

Beverly Bevis





Blair Lee

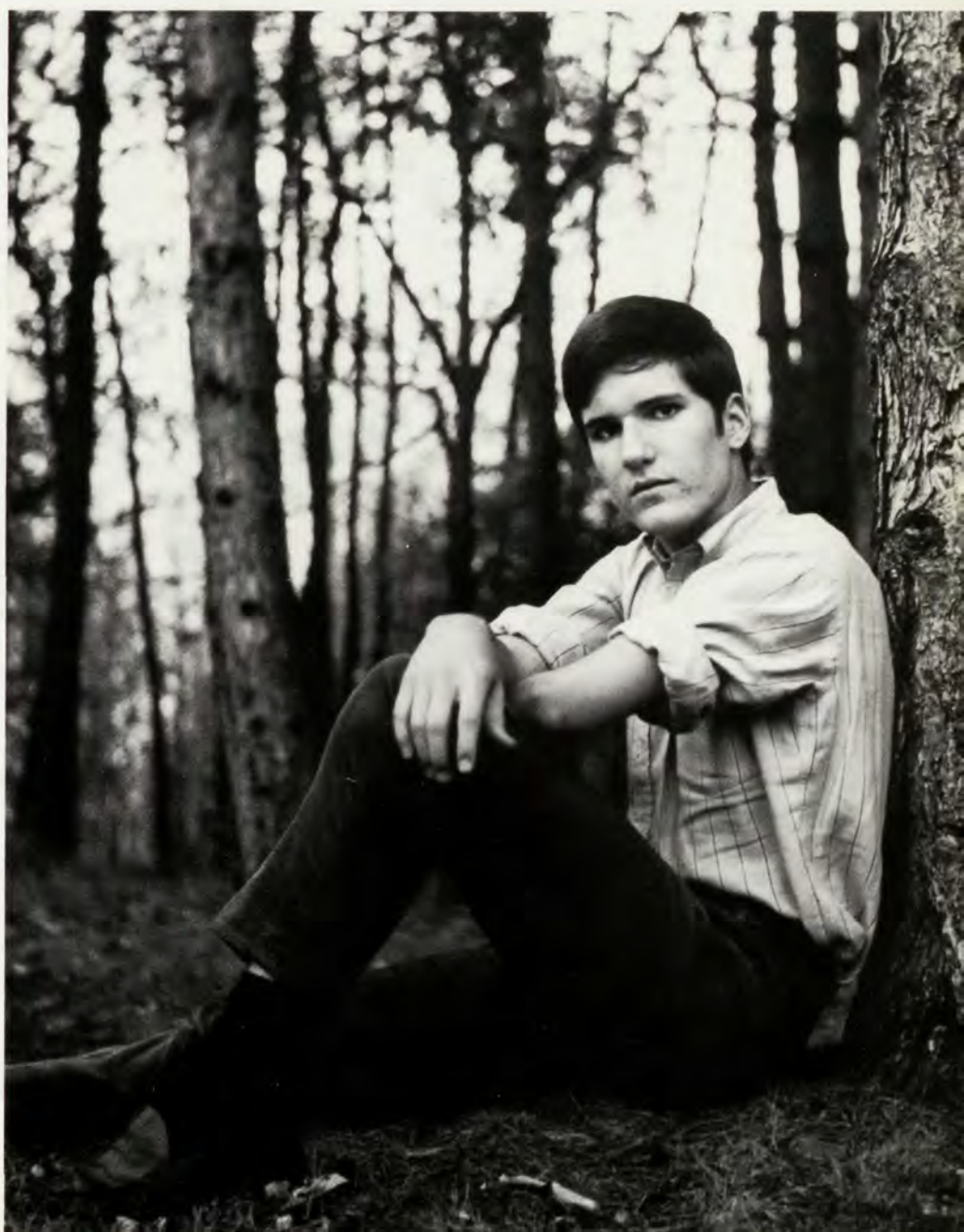
A painting by Gauguin... a samba danced to "The Girl from Ipanema"... smooth, like magnolia blossoms... the color of Jordan almonds or Gruyère cheese.

"I remember
her quick look, a sidelong pickerel smile,
and how, once startled into talk, the light
syllables leapt for her
and she balanced in the delight of her thought."

Roethke

I was given a book. It was a russet, leather-bound book, old, yet its pages were uncut. It came from England. The print was small, but legible and lovely. I went through it slowly, carefully cutting the pages; it was the work of an Elizabethan with a marvelous sardonic wit and sense of truth, written gently. The book was patient; I did not have to rush through it at all. I keep it with me always, and I know it is a far more constant friend than the sun.

Tony Blair





Beth Borgerhoff

I opened the door. You were dancing a grapevine on
Jelly Roll Morton's jazz piano, your head thrown back and
hair flying.

You are an overlap of ringed worlds — an exaltation of
larks, the laughing, blazing hora of Zorba the Greek.

"Divinity must live within herself:

Passions of rain, or moods in falling snow;

Grievings in loneliness, or unsubdued

Elations when the forest blooms; gusty

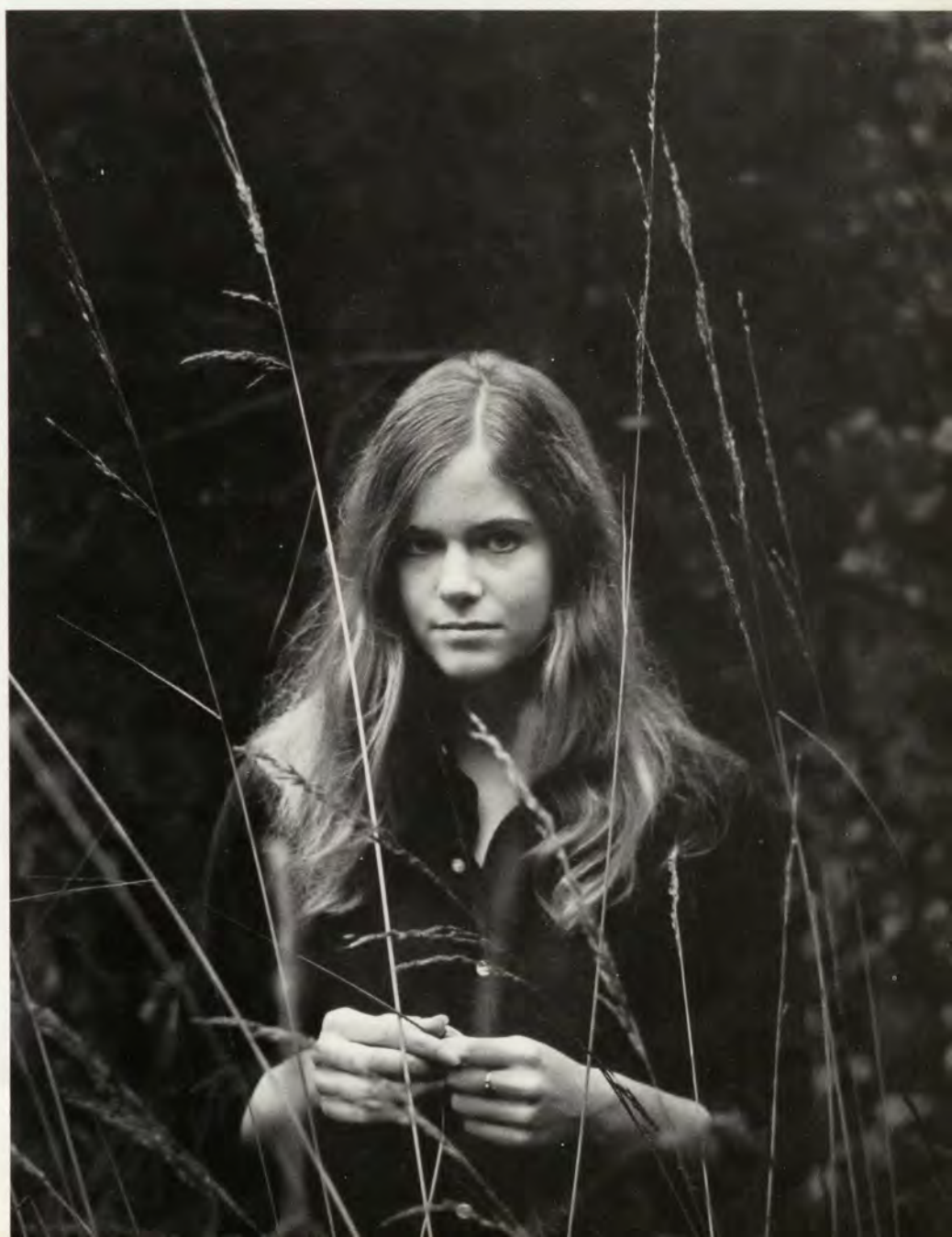
Emotions on wet roads on autumn nights."

Mozart would have loved you, too.

Wallace Stevens

Bebe Ramus

You wind softly through the spiral of a Chambered Nautilus, painting the walls with sea colors. You must have been born like Botticelli's "Venus." You were drawn with the rhythm of gentle white waves at night on grey sand — but the core is fire opal. You have that persistence. I would give anything to follow you, but the paths of the shell are too complex for one from the land.



She is like an advent calendar — she surprises me. On a certain kind of day I think of her across a room, a tall fern or an Easter lily... her eyes, like the eyes of peacock feathers, beautifully calm... On a different day she is laughing hysterically at something I have said; and she is like colored yarn and piccolos. Then we should be together in a flower market, riding in a cart full of marigolds — she, overjoyed and smiling at the absurdity...

Beth Healy





Candy Boyajian

She's hazelnuts and wrapping paper and the snap of a twig, red Russian salad dressing and a harpsichord. I can just see her bouncing down some street in Sausalito in her brown chamois jacket, maybe running inside to warm up with a cup of hot cocoa and a doughnut.



Margery Burt

Tall silver spoon, sliding spire, the stem of a
wine glass and purple wheat in a white field...
but when you meet her eyes: Mardi Gras,
Madeira, crepe sashes and rings on her fin-
gers — she might vanish with her magic, but
look: she is

"alive beyond question

Like the dazzle on the sea,"
she is standing, waiting, eager to hear.

cummings

Patti Niemtzow

There was a girl
who could make you
feel loved. I knew
her in the finest,
funny things — in
bananas, and oboes,
and elderly dande-
lions. Her room
was a pumpkin hung
with mirrors — I
found rabbits in the
corners...

There was a girl
who could make you
feel like writing a
letter, like spending
a winter evening by
the fire with marsh-
mallows.



Nell Bushnell

I know you love the mountains, and the curves of
golf. I can see you in the spread of grass against the
brush. You plan each move; you have an even swing. You
have the same rhythm when you ride: the horse falls in-
to an easy gait.

"All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys,
it was

air

and playing, lovely and watery..."

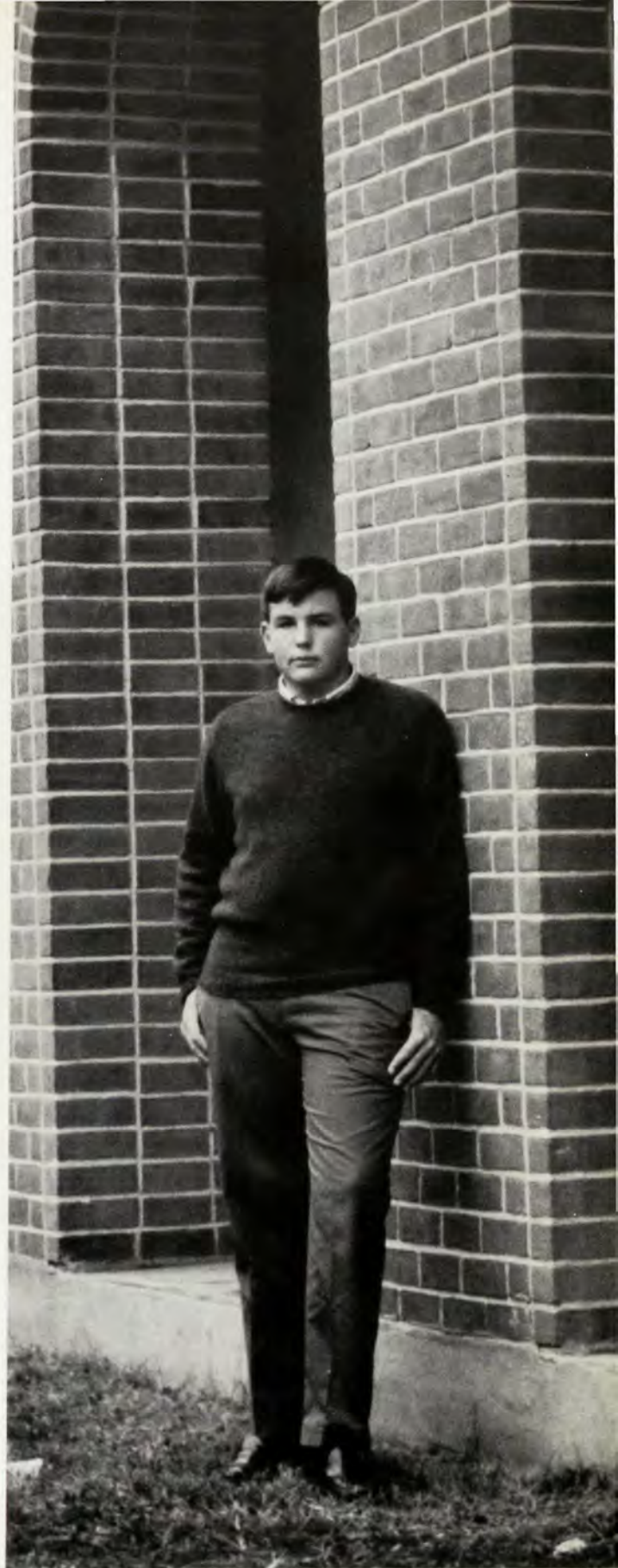
Dylan Thomas



Chris Goble

Gobe, I would build you a place with checkered tablecloths, and pottery mugs, a barn out back, a deck of well-worn cards. And captain chairs, because of the way they always seem to love having you...

Gobe, I would give you a Saint Bernard under the table, and an apple pie on top.



Gale Colby

Fireworks scatter light onto violet. You burst from your world into another, and another, and somewhere in the chain we meet, to sit and talk. You are a matador with your thoughts, dauntless in the ring.

Later a prism gathers the colors up and silent flowers open and fold in the sky. You are not gone but waiting, and someone has picked the red cape from the dust as a sign that you will be back.



Bill Chalverus

Chevy is like a brass-bound trunk or the stern of a boat. I like to think of him sailing. But he deserves something warmer than the sea. A field of Timothy grass where the wind blows often, not hard, but often. And there should be eggnog and pumpernickel. Somewhere there is Chevy's kind of time: there are fires every night with easy shadows and every day there are games with fast balls.



Kathy Gorman

"Through the parables of sunlight
and the legends of the green chapels
..."

I found a girl the deep cool blue
of the sky between day and night. She
was like the things she liked —
meringues and Persian cats and the
ocean on a breezy day. I found a girl
like a glass-covered snow scene —
fragile and still until it is shaken and
the flakes fly everywhere with beau-
tiful intensity.

Dylan Thomas





A hummingbird popped out of a jar and flew down a rabbit hole. I followed it and found a package tied with a red bow. The note read "from me to you", so I opened the box... streaks of ribbons, violets, gum-drops and silver whistles, confetti and blown glass owls. I looked up and saw you, and we ran outside to catch dragon-flies.

Merilu Delahanty

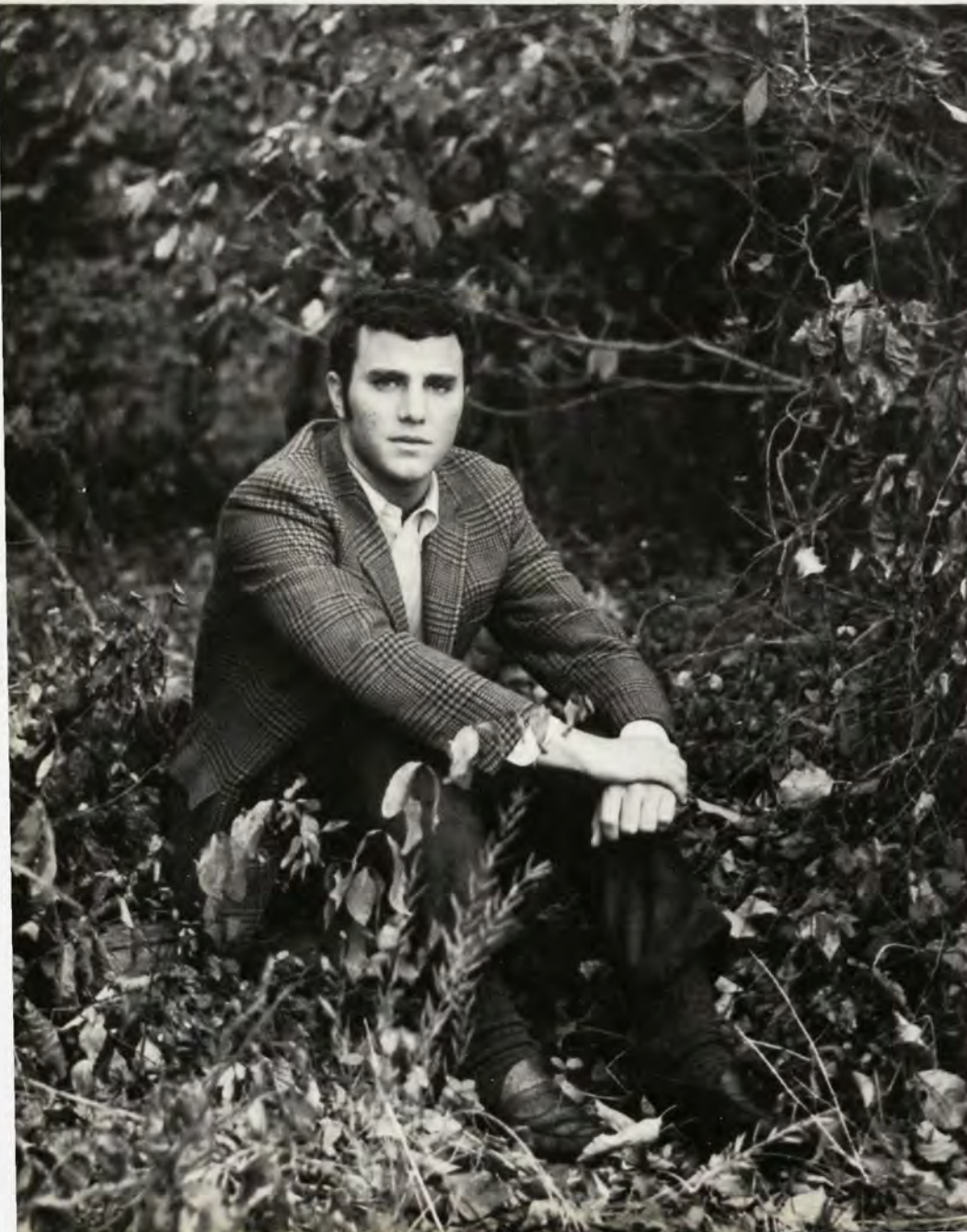
He came in from his adventure with a flourish of trumpets. He had a black gold-buttoned cape and black boots, and he began to talk. He was Gulliver, one foot in a land of kings and expeditions and oaken doors, the other in a world of wet city streets, news-reels, amplifiers, singing in parks at night... his gaze stretched far, to a place we couldn't see.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

I remember the brightness in his eyes.

Tennyson



Bob Korman



Jeanie Gorman

She was born to happy, casual things —
pop-top cans, porch swings, and throw rugs.
Rather like cornsilk wrapped about in thick greenery;
you think of her as apple-butter, and jonquils, and
paisley scarves —
But she doesn't care to be defined. All you can retrieve
is what she tosses, and perhaps traces of perfume in the
air.

Karen Hoffman

She would be fixing the white curtains when you came in, with her zeal for last-minute touches; she would thrust a bunch of clover in your face, before you had time to speak. Her laugh would make you think of water falling, or an April breeze. Yellow writing pads and china cups and a wide Pacific Ocean blue. She has a "glad kindness" that would make her Queen: she is "as happy as the heart was long".

Yeats, Dylan Thomas





Bob O'Connor

I groaned and bumped to a halt, wishing I were one of those strong, graceful skiers, cutting perfection, who gleam shyly at their finish. That is you in winter in your alpaca coat, weaving through trees and ducking branches. Then also you are brown cornfields and a rare gentleness: you have a way of making things right.

Tommy Spain

A hammock holds you,
and you trust it without looking down.
softball games in summer
leather gloves
harmonicas
moccassins on a stone floor...
It's lucky knowing him.





Pooh Holt

I have a red and yellow mobile. In a draft it is charming: it dips and bobs, and the colors turn. It reminds me of you, dressed up on Hallowe'en, or rummaging in junk shops—laughing at Doomsday.

Then you attack the biggest things.

"Absorbed by questions which the wise forget,

Avid for fantasy—"

you see that the wire and the shapes are hooked up together, and that everything is that way. Strung through your trumpet music there is something as balanced as the mobile when it is still, as real as earth or stone.

De la Mare

I saw you on a swing and I went out and sat on the fence to talk. I decided then you were the best lollipop in the world. But I figured something else out. You could never sit on a fence, Abby, because you will be in the field or out of it. Think of the determination of a crocus, or the way an April storm comes if it has to come. When you set a pinwheel going, it goes. So the Pied Piper of spring dances into the sun, with a daisychain of children winding after ... she knows where, too, and you may wish you had gone.

Abby Sheldon



Rick Judge



"They gave him light in his ways,
and love, and a space for delight"

...and every now and then he boards a
great dark ship, wanders out on the stormy
sea to find the summer sun, wherever it may
be...but parting is no sorrow. He always
comes back with his steady way of being,
carrying the warmth of sunshine from another
land.

Swinburne



Derry Light

"tactfully you (with one cocked
eyebrow) subtracting clichés un by un
till the god's truth stands art-naked;"

At dawn through fields you run and sing
The morning dance through yellow oats,
You are brown brother corn-husker,
dropping your sickle for tomorrow.
Forever today,
dancing reaper, whatever you say.
You know the way.

cummings

David VanHouten

"Like a knight in glittering armor
Laughter
Stood up at his side. "

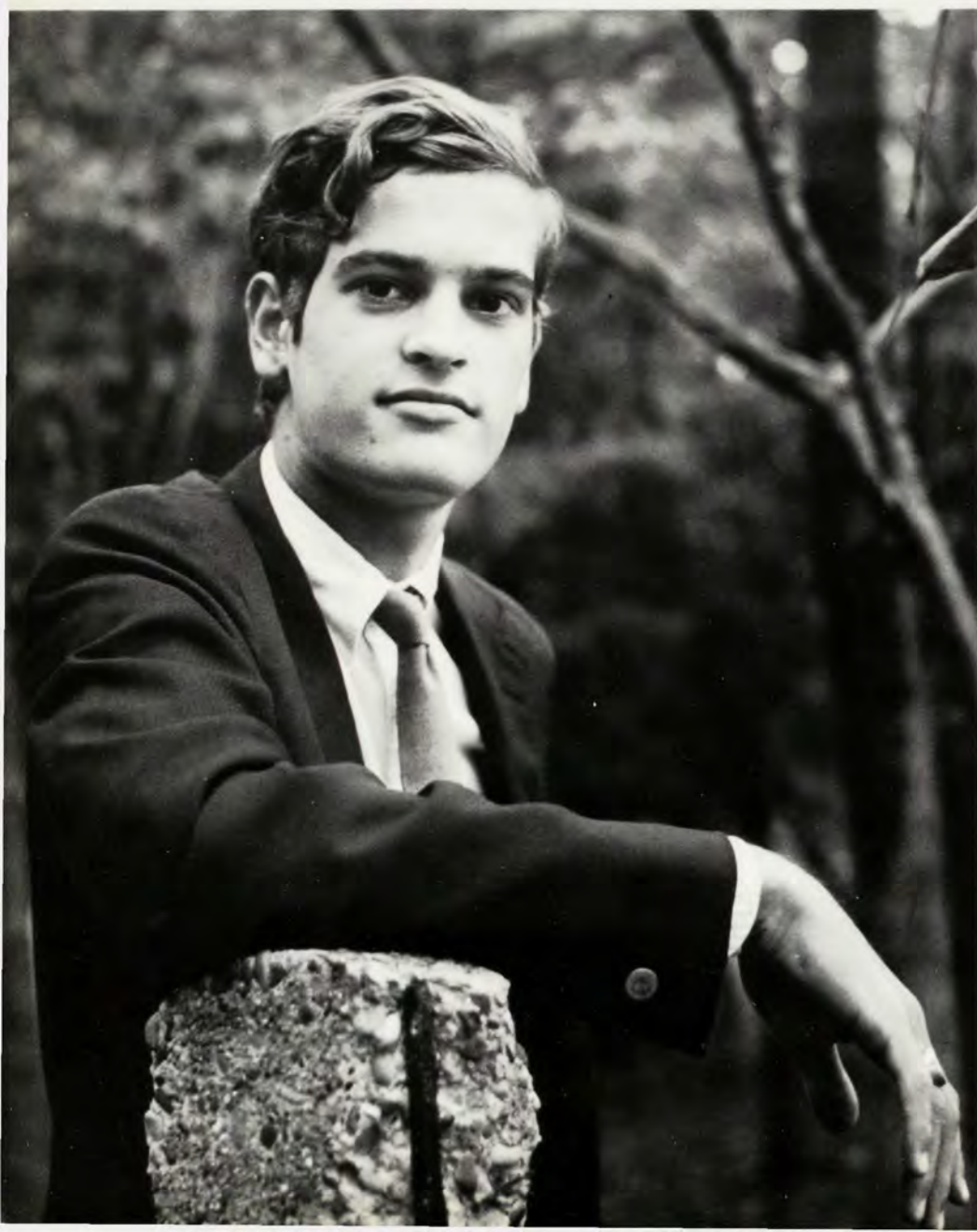
He has a high arched court.
When you visit him he greets you
at the door, and the minstrel
plays. He sits sipping his wine
with a glassy quiet at first — but
do not be deceived. It turns to
colored marbles and he is Puck.
The music quickens, his knight
rides in, and you are dancing on
his throne and swinging from the
tower-bells.

William Rose Benet



I sat behind the mahogany desk and looked around the room. The light reflected off a glass paperweight... inside you sparkled like Hallowe'en night: tricks and elves, cider and black masks. You grinned at me and disappeared. I thought I saw your reflection on the polished desk.

David Macleod





Glenys Wolff

She knelt in the grass, her fingers twirling the stem of the white flower. The breeze caught her hair, and I could see her flying: butterfly, bird, dandelion puff. She smiled, calm like even sunlight on a smooth pond, and "all the wild summer was in her gaze."

Yeats



Cathy
Moynahan

I spotted you cogitating under a giant redwood and knew
"She'll break out someday like a keg of ale
With too much independent frenzy in it;
And all for cellaring what (she) knows won't keep,
And what she'd best forget — but what she can't."
Those daring grey-blue eyes struck me and your mischiev-
ious mind freed peals of laughter. As you flung the dancing
moments by, I saw you like evenings after green, the crust
of home-made bread and a thousand Irish coffees. You say
that you have just deciphered the hieroglyphics of mouse
prints. As I go I watch you
"Quietly ponder, start and sway and gleam —
most individual and bewildering ghost—"

Edwin Arlington Robinson
Rupert Brooke

Larry Tan

In a chalk-white room the soft ping-pong of table tennis: one side, the other, back, forth... the table clean green with straight white lines...

Larry is a puzzle piece, a special door, a maze of black and white lines that trick the eye — a good joke with a laugh you remember. There is a faucet dripping in a room you haven't found. Larry goes smiling with a secret he has.



"Over the dunes came a traveling man
Sack on back Wild flowers in his hand...
Disappearing in the dips pondering and wandering along."
...he comes wearing denim dungarees and an old straw
hat; barefoot in song, he strides "with a crow in the
morning ease," and laughs at the gull-calls and the
crabs.

Donovan, Connie Sayen

David Vomacka





Debbie Shoemaker

I remember meeting you on the beach in Bermuda. You were running races with sea gulls and bobbing for shells like a sandpiper.

I remember you in pig-tails and a tee shirt... You taught me how to water ski and tried not to laugh when I fell. You helped me look for bits of green and amber glass in the sand. We ate lunch on the boardwalk and watched the children on the rides. That was the best summer I ever had.

She holds her happiness, and it doesn't slip.

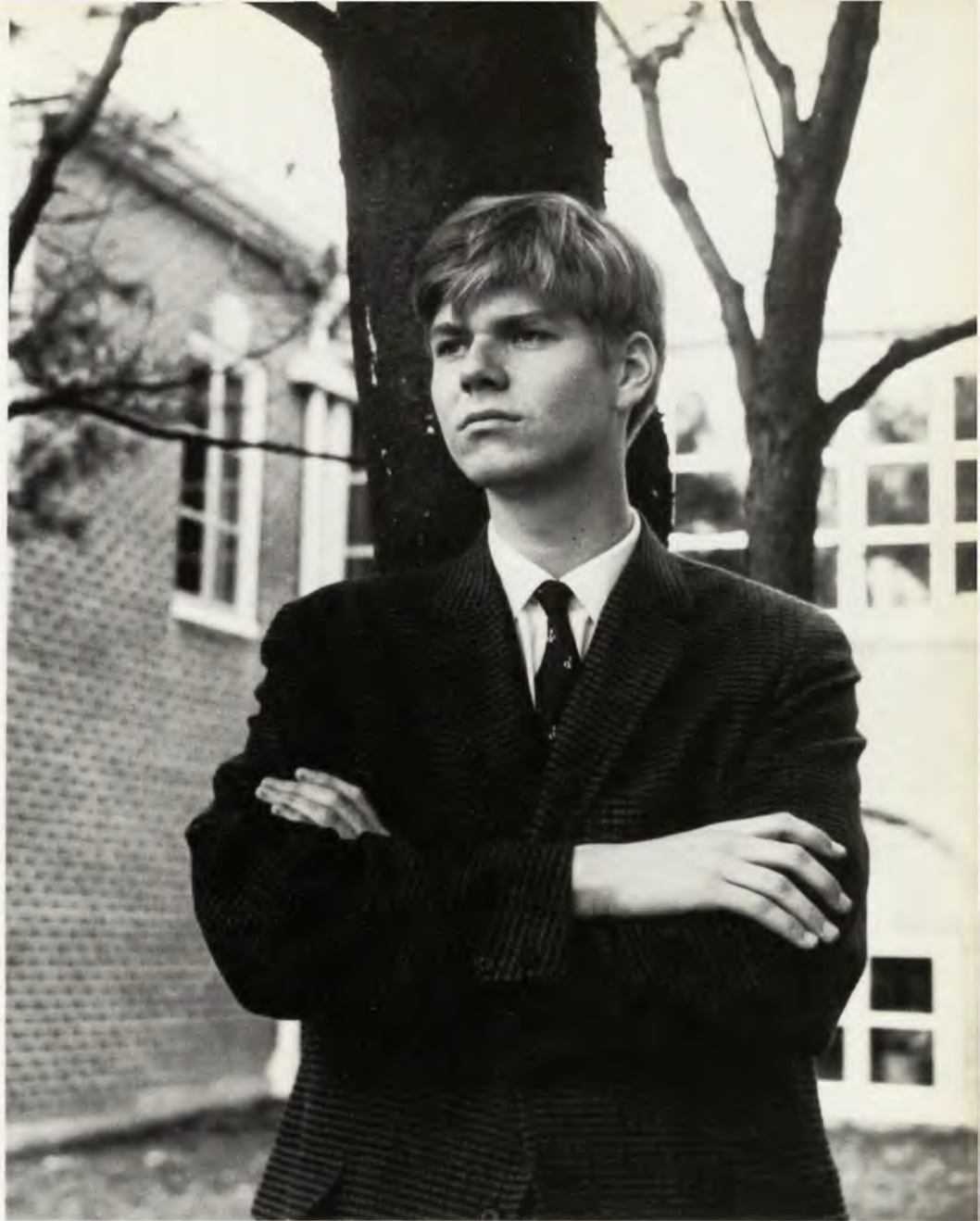
Alone on a clear winded day and the morning glories are clinging high...

Near her home, a grove of cedars and pines -- it is always there -- and she goes often, mostly just to listen...

And at dinner that night there was red wine and a white tablecloth, mahogany chairs. I wore the string of blue beads she'd given me, and there was chocolate pudding for dessert.

Sue Bailey





I saw you working on your boat at the end of the dock. I was having trouble getting my sail up, so you came over to help me. Later I saw you watching the ocean like "one that stands upon a promontory, and spies a far-off shore where he would tread". You smiled at the dappled light on the water, at the picture of the single fishing boat.

Shakespeare

Doug Rieck



Ed Cole

"He always kept his poise
To the top branch, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim."

He walks to the piano in a bowl of
cool light. His fingers spill over the
keys. The light shifts, the stage be-
comes a field.

He wears a green vest and rides
the "full tilt river and switchback sea."

Frost, Dylan Thomas

"Degas loved the two together,
Beauty joined to energy."

You would find her in a perfect pirouette, contained as a water lily, balanced like a spider on the surface of a pond.

But if I put you with the dancers in a painting, Betsy, you would not stay. You belong with us, to laugh real laughter, to tell us it can be done—we need you too much.

Betsy Nicholes

Richard Wilbur





"There is no alas
Where I live."

Always what she says she means;
it is so good to know.

She lives somewhere with peach
trees, full of light-
if she invites you, go.

Where she lives a promise keeps.

Sue Denise

Roethke

"The speech of insects
and the speech of men
are heard
with different ears."

Jeff Prebluda

He lay on his stomach in a field, ear to the ground, and figured the language out; then at night on his back he caught the high song of a bat, and followed it through branches up to a constellation.

He is a stone smoothed by water. Meet him in the fog-light of a streetlamp, his collar turned up-ask him about men and the world. I think he heard the insects long before we heard ourselves.

Shiki





Dianna Eure

It's funny, Dianna. Sometimes you're cotton candy, a feather nest, and a warm, gentle wind. But if there was a river to cross, you'd find a boat, or else you'd make it better over here. You never yield. It's all a matter of goal, Dianna. You never let yours down.

You are a Cezanne still-life, with a New Year's party under the table.

Gail Lyman

When Wynken, Blynken, and Nod sailed the "river of misty light," you were in the shoe, too. You helped them catch the silver herring, then sailed alone from the midnight world. You came ashore to find the annual meeting of the Holiday Committee in progress, and suggested that baskets with ribbons would be great at Easter. You live in a Music Box. You are magic, Mr. Toad!



"Those who are not
Afraid to dam the estuary or start the forest-fire:
Whose hearts were filled
With enthusiasm as with a constant wind...
Their spirit shall be blowing out of the sunrise..."

Ride the spirit, Mol, the spirit of nine lives-spur it in with the surf, sweep the beach: take me up because I want to run with you.

So we forgot everything and ran.

Then she tripped me with a starfish. She was smiling. There is a huge life and a tiny life, she said, and there are miracles in each. If you run over them I will make you stop and wonder.

You have the trick of wonder. It is what the starfish borrowed from Orion-the touch of another world.

C. Day Lewis

Molly Hall





Jeremy Dunning

I never knew a more
"excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an eye and ear
That more expected the impossible."

He was a pennant. He would soar and flutter with a thought or
joke. He rode with the panache of Don Quixote. More than anyone I
know, he is bound to "get some color and some music out of life."

Yeats, Frost



Laurie Lamar

"O may my heart's truth
Still be sung
On this high hill in a year's turning."

On a day in November the hill calls to her and she goes. Not to discover -- because it is something she has always known.

When she is back she will look what she feels. A plant never speaks to the sun, but it bends, and both know. Ask her to write it, and she will run and point to a net of bare branches on white sky -- words on a page -- and say, "There. That's what I mean."

Dylan Thomas

Bob Rathouser

Everything is familiar when he grins. He steps off the boat onto the pier and the city takes him like an old friend.

He reminds you of a lion: strong, tawny, and bold with a cause. He measures his argument with the most accurate instrument—he collects details. And then when he brings you a doughnut, and laughs, you want so much to find him a forest where he could be king.



The lamp hung low over the table. Four men sat, cards in hand. Craig was there, straight-faced in spite of his good hand. He was the jack of clubs in the dark room and on the field. In poker as well as sports, he loved the game beyond the prize.

Craig Page





Carol Bernstein

Carol's song is low; I lean closer to
hear it, and on the high notes I sing too.

-- of licorice and black-eyed susans, a
slow running river, shadows on the snow at
night --

She bursts into the dance of an organ
grinder, follows flashing red,

and I can only watch,
maybe wait for the low notes again or
the strains of a Russian folksong.



Ebbie Rose

"Her hair held earth.
Her eyes were dark.
A double flute made her move."

I should have given her a Mexican Tree of Life. She was so like the birds and figures on the branches. Her colors were the same deep reds, greens, and yellows, and she glowed with the same joy.

Creeley

You go your way, and we always wanted to follow because the crooked road is there so who takes the straight? We go on bicycles and toboggans on the offbeat of calypso, not asking where because that means nothing. I guess you could say we took turns being leader...except that you wore a red knitted hat and of course we knew, "that's Winder."

Philip Winder





"Open a hole and see the sky:
a duck knows something
you and I don't
Tomorrow is Friday."

I opened the hole and saw you standing by a star. You outshone it so that I
laughed and waved. You dove through the spiral galaxy, down to laugh with me.
You know how. You are Daedalus, master architect of the labyrinth.

You "hear beyond the range of sound,
... see beyond the range of sight."

Susi Schnur

Roethke, Thoreau

Jerry King

There was more in you than we were always free enough to share. And yet I can remember feelings like warm air flowing through the pipes of a baroque organ, the sweet sound of strings and sounding board vibrating, and Brandenburg no. 3. Yours, a romantic spirit and a simple heart sculpted in dissonant yet resolved sound.

For all of us there were struggles and from yours came more than solutions; a kind of intensity in all things.





Barbara Thomsen

You were a gliding bird when I first saw you, intent on a greater view. You came one day to share the landscape, bringing times and places I had never seen. You "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and somehow made me see it better, too. You loved the winter; I was afraid you'd leave with it. But spring came and you stayed.

Matthew Arnold

Ken McGregor

I wanted to tell you about my dream last night. The Cheshire Cat sat, amber-eyed, and blinked once. We talked, and he told me what I could never know alone and what I could never admit. Then, teasing, half invisible, he laughed at my logic, and, three-quarters gone, I shouted he must stay. The smile was the last to go...

"It takes all sorts of in and outdoor schooling to get adapted to (his) kind of fooling."

Frost



R
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You've seen her, yes, but did you know that she was, oh, like a wind chime, or an umbrella in the rain, enjoying every minute of it? She must have a garden; I know she would make every seed want to grow...

She has the grace and life of Chopin. Someday she'll show you her tea ceremony or even play monopoly -- she loves it.

He sat on the radiator and laughed.
"And when I asked him what the deuce he meant
by doing that, he only looked at me
and grinned and said it was a way of his."

He's shadow-colored, the way he slips in and
out of dark and light. I think of him as a moun-
tain; as a cloud that is best in a thunderstorm.



Edwin Arlington Robinson

Keith Bash



found evokes quote lost without goal hero laughs at

Chia
Keith
Candy
Nell
Marge
Gale
Ed C.
Abby
Rick
Bobo
Reiko
Genie
Bertina
Ashby
Bob K
Gobe
Sue D.
Bebe
Bob R.
Borge
Willy
David John
Susi
Chevy
Ed. P.
Jeff
Doug
Shoe
Thom
Larry
Class

at garden parties	Annie Oakley	ficho mon conte	her hair	olympic ski champ	zorba	normal people
drinking	silly putty	i'll drink to that	7	he-man	bubba smith	himself
au theatre	emotion	i'm impressed	daiquiris	to be in Playboy	Paul Newman	anything
scheming	love	get me out of here	jim	to be happy	arnie	people
sprawled out	the the-A-tre		a radiograph pen	roller-derby queen	ASHBY	the little rascals
feeding the dogs	asymmetry	Aqatha! stop that!	mg	sanity	mrs. baker	peggy bayer
with a deck of cards	naiveté	eh, bo!	jazz	to own a cadillac	bill cosby	calvin
cleaning out her locker	janis joplin	hey! isn't he a rainy day woman?	blue-eyed fella	to find out how a camera works	J.R. Tolkien	t.h. white's knights
with half-closed eyelids	innies	oh wow!	meg	to have a harem	mayne	
SKATING	masculinity	"Rosemary, don't..."	tr3	to score one	bobby hull	the girls at the hotel
with an english-japanese dictionary	delicacy	really?	Japan	to understand americans	beatles	everything
rarely	cape cod	"slack" off 	smirnoff	to be a gym teacher	"uncle" parry	lechess
eating yogurt	quiet	right!	riding	architect	spin + marty	symbolism
flexing	li'l abner	'ow bad is 'at?!	a fig leaf	all-pro	bob conrad	craig
reciting the alphabet backwards	suavity	what's happening?	dawn	san francisco	the unknown soldier	rootbeer
buying ice cream at lunch	little boy blue	routine	a tootsie roll	owner of Chase Manhattan Bank	lenny	danger
busy	sunshine	"Mr. Gilbert ♪"	sandy	pembroke	mr. gilbert	a rare moment
standing on her head	quiet	what am i going to do?	people she loves	nirvana		herself
discussing	asnowman	dig it!	winder	to do his own schtik	el-attassi	meril's car
in space	love	that's good	and within	short stop	the third man	certain french jokes
whistling dixie	mom & apple-pie	for christmas' SAKES	Arlene	the ultimate high	doris day	the wrong time
love	a SMIRK	KNOW THYSELF	hisskunk	living	Dylan	YOU
lost	innocence	isn't that good?	imaginative	to discover life on earth	myer wolfsheim	he'll have
hangin' with the boys	worry	you're crazy	chocolate ice cream	great chef	Abby hoffman	champagne
thinking	silence	"Five!"	weaser t.	peace	abraham martin and john	ashby
protesting	swiss watch salesman	right!	zephyr	to put the holes in bagels	miss campbell	candy
on his boat	jelly donuts	right	electronics	to do some-thing worth while	bob hope	himself
on the beach	the jersey shore	i'm queer	her winstons	to have 10 kids	jay gatsby	pseudo-hippies
in art	sleep	wow	a welding torch	nirvana	maxwell smart	everything
eating fortune cookies	passion	my god	ping-pong	to be inscrutable	tommy ivo	mac
hassling	69	deadlines?	a meeting	a new high	mr. lott	sus

intrigued by reads foundsinging passion bête noire CAN you imagine him will probably end up

laughs	chuang tzu	off key	champagne	rats	making love to Buddha	eating bonbons in a Turkish bath.
war	sports illustrated	howdry i am	wheat germ	he-men	a bagel-seller in central park	a santa clause at macy's
skiing	comic books	elvis songs	San Francisco	props committee	in playboy	in good-housekeeping
very little	are you kidding!?	jimmy mack	peanut butter	senior year	tall	at the bottom of a pit
anyone on roller skates	tom wolfe	respect	purple	people who don't	at all	shot out of a cannon
hawaiians	tolkien	anything russian	batman	fat birds	organized	senile
freshman girls	hoyle's	soul	music	his cast	married	a popcorn salesman or kinkling brothers barton & bailey
sam	a hole is to dig	tom thumb's blues	boiled peanuts	self-pity	a gym teacher	president of d.a.v.
mittchell	his religion	beautifully	!	hassling	an admiral	in jail
girls' legs	nothing	my girl	myrtle	latin	driving a vw hardtop	a junkie
new york	constantly	sometimes	apples	chewing gum	speaking russian	successful
"tom buchanan"	jacques prévert	orpheus	food	white socks	off the phone	curling her hair
alfred hitchcock	ibsen	silently	yogurt	italien food	leading an sds rally	a ski bum
h.m.s.	?!?	the beach boys	exercise	fish	at 100 lbs	fat
ohio	gibran	in his sleep	buffalo springfield	gin	a cowboy	a comic book writer
money and short skirts	waq street journal	we're in the money	capitalism	socialism	suave	owner of g.m.c.
computers	letters	so in love	sussies	pop-tops	a stunt-driver	married
men	astrology	'a, la, la, la, life goes on...	mg's	the class treasury	a debutante	disappearing in a cloud of smoke
arabs	the annals of desert commander nasser	with his hands	kafiyeh	donuts	a v.w. salesman	arab tank commander
everything	minds	the women in vaudeville...	jelly roll morton	misspelled words	a waitress	moonlighting
mrs. a. smith	cook books	the star-spangled banner	sophia loven	women drivers	in the number racket	marrying betsy ross
people and how much they miss	pornography and people	his soul out	star-gazing	fakies	contented	a bowery bum
success	lenny bruce	and dancing	the refrigerator	me	as stubens council pres.	with her foot in her mouth
waves	animal physiology	"blue hawaii"	curved sticks	"chevy"	a linebacker	post-grad.
asian history	about hobbits	mr. tamborine man	love	hair restrictions	a stockbroker	alone
testie's oral gratification	the johns in port authority	phil ochs	butterscotch eucakes	golf!!!	making sense	like hemingway
excellence	C.F. Forrester	nothing	boating	french	a rock & roll star	ship-wrecked
the ocean	not yet	the miracles	italians	september	freaking out	cooking t.v. dinners
almost any girl	deep, dark tales	to the dismay of his listeners	yes	people who ask questions	awake	dead
winder's head	when prodded	"navy blue"	KIELSAFA	"made in japan"	an organ grinder	6'4"
incoherence	the front bulletin board	at the zoo	eating out-side of school (lunch cuts)	GRAMMAR	out of debt	in the circus

found evokes quote lost without goal hero laughs at

Sharon
Philip
Debbie A.
Glenys
Sue B
Jane
Carol
David V.H.
Bev
Tony
Barb
Jeremy
Dianna
David Mac
Andy
Ken
Debbie M.
Catherine
Ebbie
Betsy
Craig
Patti
Ronnie
Merilu
Kathy
Karen
Molly
Beth
Jerry
Pooh
Laurie
Blair
Toad
Derry

seldom	a dairy cow	give me a break	her "400"	win indianapolis 500	paul newman	rumors
playing jacks	a teddy bear	where's my lunch, glenys?	his beauty sleep	egyptian taut commander	wizard of oz	his mother
on the road to freehold	an apple	... neat!	her book-bag	to get a "1" in english	steve mcqueen	raven & martin
asleep	style	it's a wgas	her excuses	happiness	none	memories
in essex	rapunzel	oh, for pete's sake	a french dictionary	to swing on the giant swing in the world	mr. fifer	patti's puns
are you kidding	L'ville	perchance	contact lenses	a quack	yul brynner	my horoscope
out of school	a gummy doll	i've got so much to tell you	artie	beat cathy	neil rosenthal	the stupidest thing
unawakened	culture	have you got your head wedged	love	permanent draft deferment	philochs	homework
depressed or sleeping	orange	it's really beautiful	someone to talk to	to be unhassled	donovan	our class
in the dark room	england	'damned if i know	his hasselblad	marine photographer biologist	gene mcCarthy	george treves
in the theater lobby	a smile	i don't feel like ending up	privacy	the moon	zhivago	praise
laughing	a baby pelican	oh, piffle!	a razor	n.y. giants	pete goolak	his own jokes
shivering in asian history	miss jabberwocky	oh - i'm gonna die!	early dismissals	a mathematician	steve mcqueen	the wrong time
cutting for a duck	unicorn	right!	a butt	to play like clapton	butterfield	just about anything
looking for a tree	confusion!	hello...	sleep	to ride a unicorn on a tightrope	proust	middle names
touching	a comic book hero (reggie)	"out of sight"	jeff	that's a no-no	king arthur	yac
washing her hair	a sheep dog	a-hoo-ha??	her contacts	never-never land	george lynn	herself
talking	england	inter what? just hell.	planck's constant	to get stoned	motori s.g. o.k.	anything
ready	evokes?	oh please...	short skirts	intimate revelations	yossarian	everything
at clubs	vivaciousness	... and next year's lacrosse captain...	new year's eve	yale	bing the king	her mother
blowing his nose	o.j. and keyes	hawahya?	cindy	have a vette	paul newman	ashby
punning	happiness	hee hee hee	arlene	to get out of the l.c.d.	mr. rodgers	admissions news, mysteriously
at gw	panda bear	you're really a bad kid	stu	get out of p.d.s.	miss campbell	the whip
out	swings	really?!	merlin's arcumepes	to be a whip pol	alice (in wonderland)	david
driving	a poodle	quoi?	food	abolition of seclusion	athona	board scores
rubbing her nose	motherhood	what's so wrong with being short?	wiggles	goalie	betty crocker	score boards
every once in a while	temper	i meant total	her friend	lose weight	sylvia plath	a quantity of things
sitting cross-legged	paranoia	i don't believe it	olga	set	a harvard man	mr. daub
ha, ha	brandenburg #3	peace, man.	hair	to find beauty	le petit prince	the wrong time
writing on her hand	knowledge	i nearly died	either music and trumpet	grandmother of the year	tolstoy	willy
smiling	smiling tristram	... and what - not.	her rapidograph	harlan quist	honi & dylan	bad puns & good books
with mr. sears	jordan	ah, gimme a break	patti	peace	steve mcqueen	andrea
beyond these things	toads	say what??	never lost at all	isolated oblivion	dr. benjamin spock	quitter & varmint
groggy	laughter	he's a good man.	theater	england	princeton class of '66	steve

intrigued by reads found singing passion bete noire can you imagine him will probably end up

capri	nothing	judy collins	tuna fish	empty beer cans	shouting	with breakfast in bed
his dog	east village other	el falah marching songs	cairene belly dancers	french tests	jewish	selling fish in paris
spy movies	t.v. guide	both sides now	skiing	snobs	with 20 kids	olympic skier
impulses	only when she has to	catch the wind	food	rules	poor	marrying pangloss
lancelot	college catalogs	high and loud	tree-climbing	study hall	bald	eloping
pennsbury	scarlett letter (has, na.)	all the words	hot, buttered popcorn	italian boys	in pigalle	in venice
boys in 'vettes	sex and the single girl	dionne warwick	buxton's ice cream	dieting	in carter spazzies	a brilliant chemist
webster grove	stirring novelettes	new beatles	records	chemistry	drinking smoking	a drill sergeant
n.y.c.	summerhill	gift from a flower to a garden	freedom	it varies	tight ^a walker	a kellogg's cornflake
cameras	hem. & fitz.	beatle songs	photography	scheduling pictures	surfing	at harvard
slide rules	minds	camelot	winter	cranbury	a teenie- bopper	never
cal.	he does?	moon over holocaust	female pelicans	tailwind	a dirty old man? ^{yes}	in a bird sanctuary
a different way of getting out of school	agatha christie	songs by the invisitors and the delphonics	chocolate donuts	bad, hot chocolate	playboy bunny	an old maid
maturity	words	the blues	tangerines	the typical p.d.s. girl	a male nurse	broke
change	chinese telegrams	when the moon was young	tea & madeleine	lines	a singing nun	unop ap's
bebe	games people play	theme from valley of the dolls	saks fifth	gossips	an eaquscott	a cannibal
music	yeats	i'm just wild about harry	vermont	neurotic dogs	a ballerina	with dirty hair
relativity	something	verdi requiem	yeast buds	sordid habits	a farmer's daughter	"up"
white wine	catch 22	revolution	new year's eve	"ineffable gaudiness"	a cherry life- saver	a pineapple flavor
smiles	karen's mind	up on the roof	watching people	apathy	"down"	"up"
big brown eyes	Ginsberg	interminably	money	intellectuals	in heaven	rich
blair's shirt	cereal boxes	"i am an acne principle"	mean-looking boys	p-a-t-t-a	piercing someone's ears	at p.t.a. meetings
good perfume	dime-store novels	anywhere but in choir	shiny lipstick	monday morning	a dope addict	writing for "true confessions"
yamasaki	nothing	something by dionne warwick	owls	liars	a nuclear physicist	really cute
the ocean	fitzgerald	always	beethoven	bleached blondes	grubby	cashier at \$4.10¢
new york	betsy's mind	period.	her rubber boots	loneliness	a free-love advocate with big feet	living in a shoe
relationships	minds	food, glorious food!	ice cream	yeast buds	a speed freak	triumphant
accomplishment	n.y. times	spooky	apricots	slowness	prima ballerina	head janitor
sound	marijuana consumers' guide	poorly	yes	war	in the army	at the right hand of beelzebub
the universe	pascal	voce de donna	music	calvin	general patton (2)	grandmother of the year
wales	fairy tales	wear your love like heaven	wales & porpoises	wasting time	apathetic	a belly dancer
nada	spelling books	punky's dilemma	illinois	marriage	a madame	painting her knees
five	the prophet	patch's songs and laughing	before dawn	serenity	class valedictorian	divorced
new excuses	a hellava lot	fantastiks	acting, skiing and wine	obnoxious little kids	getting 10 hours of sleep a night	a telephone operator

Class History

We came in ninth grade, new in a new school. Armed with maps, we felt our way cautiously those first weeks and then we could put down our maps and say we knew the building. We went to the Upper School assembly and sat in the back of the steep new theatre, facing the "Fearsome Foursome". From our lookout we saw the backs of the school and the grown-up seniors who were supposed to go out first. We were introduced to unproctored study hall in the North Commons. They were our only coed classes and we often turned them into bull sessions and traded memories of PCD and MFS. We discovered the possibilities of lunch period -- the boys sat by the windows and tipped in their chairs, and the girls did the can-can in room 222. We went exploring, both downstairs and up, and found we could make Mr. McCaughan's ceilings flop with a perfected technique of slamming doors. We had biology and we used the green house and did experiments on frogs in the planetarium. There was rock-and-roll after school under the stage, and Molly, Bebe, Derry, and Willy were in OUR TOWN.

Suddenly we were up a few rows in the morning assembly and we were in tenth grade. Mr. McClure came and we knew we were on the way. Susie was president and we had gnomes, penny pitching and white socks day. Winder perfected the fine art of running to lunch and we began to make announcements. We worked on the DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, which Molly was in. Susie made school history by popping out of a baby carriage in "Infancy." The cubicle in the South Commons was where Rat, with five free periods in a row, held council. Ebbie and the cheerleaders were part of the concern with school spirit and we joined them running back and forth between the new rink and basketball and wrestling. We traveled that year... to the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan and Seaside Heights, with Gale's famous party apres. For winter lunch entertainment we pitched pennies and quarters--Chevy was champion--and played paper football. Then spring came and we rediscovered the sunny island and lacrosse, baseball and tennis.

Then it was eleventh grade with SAT's and college cuts. There was the SKIN OF OUR TEETH in the fall, and we played old men and women, with Sue Denise, Patti and Pooh as the Muses, Jane as Hestor, Marge as the Fortune Teller, and Mac as Homer. Scenery reigned supreme with the Whipple Temple, the Jail and the Boardwalk, backbends and the TJB. We learned "Whan that Aprille" in Middle English, and math classes were famous for "quizzies"; U.S. History for classes on the playground. Mrs. Brophy became our fast friend, as did Mrs. Kaplan.

We spread ourselves and went to GONE WITH THE WIND, sang in G.C. and had concerts at L'ville, went to UPI. Abby had the computer match and Jeremy was matched with Mrs. Baker. Then in the spring we had our first car wash and we ate three chocolate cakes. We saw Barbara and Andrea in "Hello Out There" and Molly in the "Bald Soprano". Lacrosse was big and we had to be told not to pick the daffodils. Then we watched graduation, and with butterflies in our stomachs we realized we were seniors.

Reiko and Raimundo came. We quickly took over the SSR with the firm hand of authority and established Gobe's casino, Ashby's flop corner (opp. Glenys's) and added our literary contributions to the wall. Laurie, Molly and the Link camped across the hall with Ebbie and the Spokesman. Tony set up the new darkroom in front of the chemistry lab. Beth continued the tradition of Cymbals and won national honors for her own writing. Debbie M. brought us in contact with new people and we went tutoring in Trenton with UPI and Pooh. Marge was head of Drama, Blair of Key Club, and Karen and Tommy of Athletics. Betsy was class president, and heads of all were Susie and Bobo of Student Council. They helped give us the community council, faculty - student discussions, TTLW, dress down days and senior proctors. Jeff, Sue and Betsy manned the computer -- and I.W. joined the software circle with the computer - poetry experiment. We had another acting contingent in Bobo, Jane, Marge, and Derry in PICNIC, with Candy as 'The Voice'. Jeanie and Candy were heads of props, and Gobe and Mr. Lott constructed a life--size town on stage. Ashby took to the pedestal downstairs for the life drawing class, and Tommy set up a welding corner. Vomacka locked himself in the closet to work on his light show. Rat was the doughnut man, Mrs. Baker gave us happiness pills, and Mrs. Claghorn sent us notes. Bobo's and Vomacka's cars were famous -- most of us were on wheels and were usually up-town. For our social functions Jeremy and Bev led the sex talks, Sue held the computer dance on Valentine's day at which Bob Korman and the Null Set played. We worked on PDS's first musical and tried to keep straight faces. Mac set a new record for lunch cuts and we all frequented Buxton's and lived on coffee and ice cream. We worried about college, the honor system, and the meaning of commitment. We were the second class to have senior seminars. And when spring came, we thought back and saw that we were now at the front of the morning assembly and soon we would be gone.

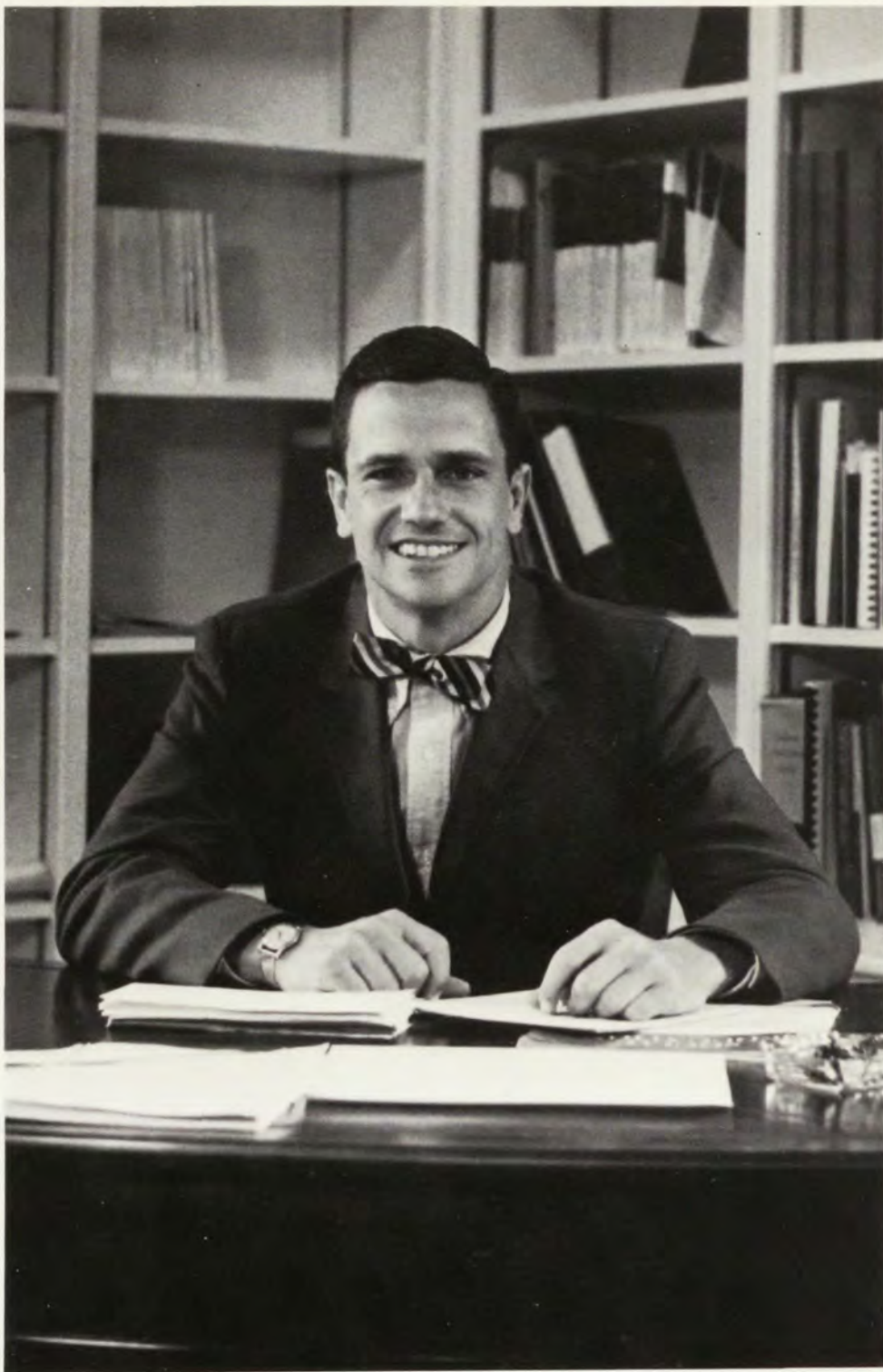








FACULTY



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 University) Assistant Headmaster, instructor in English and director of dramatics; 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 Storey, (B.S., M.A. University of Arkansas, Business Manager) Beverley A. Williams, (B.A. Randolph-Macon Women'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.



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B.S. Annapolis
M.D. University of
Pennsylvania.



JEAN O. SMYTHE
Admissions
Secretary.

FRONT ROW: Carroll Kane, B.A. Smith, Second Grade; June C. Gulick, B.A. Wellesley, First Grade; Sally S. Paterson, B.A. Vassar, First Grade; Louise V. Dennison, University of West Virginia, Third Grade; Gertrude Rogers, B.A. Maryville College, Fourth Grade. SECOND ROW: Margaret W. Gilbert, B.A. Mary Baldwin, Music; Virginia Lockwood, B.A. Wellesley, Third Grade; Eleanor S. Barclay, B.A. Trenton State College, Fourth Grade; Jean Jansen, B.A. Fresno State College, Third Grade; Nancy B. Miller, B.S. Wheelock, Second Grade; Madeline Weigel, B.A. Skidmore, Child Education Foundation, Head of Lower School and Kindergarten. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Catherine Branch, B.A. Sweet Briar, Kindergarten Assistant; Willi Hartung, School of Art and Craft, Zurich, Switzerland, Art; Elliott B. Illava, B.A. and M.A. University of Michigan, Fourth Grade; Barbara Roberts, B.A. Simmons, M.A. Columbia, Fourth Grade.



Lower School Faculty



SCHOOL



XI FIRST ROW: Sarah Brett-Smith, Linda Mihan, Louise Sayen, Liz Hamid, Hilary Martin, Bob Salup, Jim Rodgers, Pam Woodworth, Robin Murray, Heidi Flemer, Brita Light, Jack Kilgore, Mary Lapidus, Lindsey Hicks, Becky Bushnell, Barbara Miller, Suzanne Fish, Joan Williams. SECOND ROW: Ann Wiley, Pam Orr, Cynthia Shoemaker, Laurie D'Agostino, Marjorie Shaw, Freddi Cagan, Grace Taylor, Margaret Meigs, Leslie Grey, Meg Brinster, Harriet Sharlin, Taylor Chambers, Allyn Love, Randy Martin, Donald Young. THIRD ROW: Bob Peck, Chris Reeve, John Parrott, Lew Bowers, Gil Farr, Cynthia Bennett, Barbara Sturken, Alice Holiman, Naurene Donelly, Midge Valdes, Janet Masterton, Judy Migliori, Bruce Plapinger. FOURTH ROW: Vicky Johnson, Louise Hutner, Eve Robinson, Laurie Linowitz, Calvin Johnson, David Mack, Bill Power, Porter Eubank, Jonathan Paynter, Tim Medley. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Francine Barlow, Allison Gilbert, Erik Heggen, Linda McCandless, Peninah Chilton, Shelley Brewster.



X FRONT ROW: Larry Levenson, Laurie Bryant, Jodie Platt, Kristen Garver, Margaret Devries, Paula Zaitz, Arlene Opatut, Lisa Warren, Candy Brown, Diane Jass, Robin Frey, Chris Chambers, Louise Broad, Barbara Fishman, Jean Ginsburgh, Betsy Meredith, Chessye Hill, Joan Lewis, Mary Bishop, Joe Punia. SECOND ROW: Danny Cantor, Becky Ramsey, Dore Levy, Martha Feltenstein, Cathy Wadelton, Linda Gatchell, Greacian Goeke, Nan Karwan, Natalie Huston, Jane Cross, Dede Pickering, Tom O'Connor, president, Susie Waterman, Chris Smith, Vicki Willock, Christi Vaughan, Jean Schluter, Betsy Gorman, Terry Fried, Lee Morgan. THIRD ROW: Paul Lyman, Larry Rose, Bob Norman, Scott Richardson, David Stark, Sam Rodgers, David Claghorn, Nina Shafron, Kathy McClure, Katie Poole, Nancy Davies, Pam Hughes, Anne Healy, George Treves, Jeremy Bonner, Bill Flemer, Tom Worthington, Howard Vine, Richard Bryant, Robert Holt, Frank Warner, Robert van de Velde, Don Millner, Neil Rosenthal. FOURTH ROW: Crichton Adams, Tony Dale, Terry Booth, Tim Smith, Carl Jacobelli, David Seckel, John Paine, Mitchell Sussman. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Barbara Bauer, Cathy Lane, Lizette Mills, Evelyn Sherwood, Ellen Stern, Liz Tomlinson.



FIRST ROW: Elizabeth Foster, Fairfax Hutter, Tommy Myers, James Davey, David Tenney, John Lockette, Ricky Albert, Lucien Yokana, Steve Gorman, Michael Savage, Andy Houston, Mark Harrop. SECOND ROW: Jane Lee, Susan Ecroyd, Ted Vogt, Steven Silverman, Paul Ridgeway, Jay Macafee, Harrison Uhl, Edwin Lavinthal, Jerem Gordon, Jordan Young, Tom Reynolds, John Kalpin, Michael Cagan, Stephen Foss, Fred Dalrymple, John Gordon. THIRD ROW: K C Constable, Page McInnis, Kate Merlino, Susan Linowitz, Wistar Williams, Mary Johnson, Kathy Veeder, Helen Langewiesche, Sally Rodgers, Harriet McLoughlin, Anne Reid, Anthea Burtle, Lit Lyness, Lucinda Herrick, Cheri Holcombe, Kathy Bissell, Nan Schluter. FOURTH ROW: Karen Turner, Miriam Hafitz, Constance Cain, Elizabeth Sinnott, Artie Mitnacht, Anne Robinson, Alex Laughlin, Joan Beth Robinson, Stephanie Shoemaker, Nancy Farley, Laurie Merrick, Noeline Hargrave, Ellen Sussman, Ellen Prebluda, Karin Grosz, Hope Miller, Cici Morgan, Ledlie Borgerhoff, Kenzie Carpenter, Ayres Browne, Andrea Scasserra, Steven Bash, Kirk Moore, Stephen Zudnak, Michael Englander. FIFTH ROW: Mary Mills, Meg Affleck, Jan Hall, Jacqueline Webster, Charlotte Kornegay, Judy Kleinberg, Peter McCandless, Carl Rosenberg, John Moore, John Coffee. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Jonathan Chilton, Jean Beckwith, Katherine Gulick, Richard McGrath.







Upper School Student Council



FRONT ROW: Andrew Houston, Tim Smith, Lit Lyness, Jean Beckwith, Peninah Chilton, Ayres Browne, Chessye Hill, Joan Lewis, Bob O'Connor, John Bonner. BACK ROW: Jack Kilgore, Linda McCandless (secretary) Blair Lee, Susie Schnur (president) David Van Houten, Beverly Bevis, David Vomacka, Lewis Bowers, Lindsey Hicks.

Middle School Student Council



FIRST ROW: Steve Judge, Gregory Matthews, Chris Burt, Ann Joyce, Susie Pratt. SECOND ROW: Davis Sherman, Greg Bash, Bill Warren (President), Anne Russell, Ann Altmaier, Elizabeth Hutner. THIRD ROW: David Straut (Vice President), Evan Bash, Bill Donaldson, Randy Gulick, Ellen Fisher, Vicki Austin, Anne Williams. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Laura Schleyer (Secretary Treasurer).

Social Service Committee



LEFT TO RIGHT: Andrea Fishman, Louise Broad, Hope Miller, Heidi Flemer, Pooh Holt, (chairman), Becky Bushnell, Gil Farr, Don Millner, Debbie Shoemaker, Ed Purcell, Chris Smith, Randy Martin, John Gordon, Bill Chalverus, Rob Holt.





THE 1953 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

"PICNIC"

By William Inge

Presented by

THE DRAMA CLUB

of

PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL

PRINCETON DAY SCHOOL THEATRE

NOVEMBER 22, 23, 27, 1968

CAST

(in the order of their appearance)

HELEN POTTS	Francine Barlow
HAL CARTER	Christopher Reeve
MILLIE OWENS	Barbara Miller
BOMBER	Tim Smith
MADGE OWENS	Derry Light
FLO OWENS	Jane Wiley
ROSEMARY SYDNEY	Margery Burt
ALAN SEYMOUR	Bill Flemer
IRMA KRONKITE	Paula Zaitz
CHRISTINE SCHOENWALDER	Becky Ramsey
HOWARD BEVANS	Bob O'Connor

Directed by HERBERT McANENY

Scene construction directed by GARY LOTT

*Light design—*JIM FANCHER





Drama Club Production Staff

President: Margery Burt
 Secretary: Christopher Reeve
 Stage Manager: Lucia Ballantine
 Assistants: Molly Hall, Nell Bushnell
 Scenery Chairman: Bob O'Connor
 Lighting Chairman: Doug Rieck
 Costumes Chairman: Beth Healy
 Properties Chairmen: Candy Boyajian, Jeanie Gorman
 Sound Chairman: Bruce Plapinger
 Make-up Chairman: Abby Sheldon
 Publicity Chairman: Debbie Merrick
 Tickets Chairman: Dianna Eure
 House Chairmen: Betsy Nicholes, Mary Lou Delahanty





Drama Production Group





FIRST SEESAW: (Back to front): Patti Niemtow, Robin Frey, Joan Williams (Asst. Editor), Becky Bushnell, Craig Page, Leslie Grey. SECOND SEESAW: Lizette Mills, Barbara Thomsen, Linda McCandless, Jack Kilgore, Lindsey Hicks. BETWEEN SEESAWS: Ted Vogt, Ebbie Rose (Editor), Tony Blair (Asst. Editor), Robin Kraut (Middle School Editor). THIRD SEESAW: Gil Farr (Asst. Editor), Philip Winder, Kathy Gorman. FOURTH SEESAW: Richard Albert, Jimmy Rodgers, Ginna Vogt, Vicki Austin (Asst. M.S. Editor), Hilary Winter. STANDING: Paul Lyman. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Sue Bailey, Danny Cantor, Ronda Davis, Jeremy Dunning, Beth Healy, Bob Korman, Laurie Lamar, Helen Langeweische, Larry Levenson, Laurie Linowitz, Susie Schnur, Karen Turner, Kathy Veeder. (Faculty Advisor: Mrs. Anne B. Shepherd).

Spokesman



Cymbals

FIRST ROW: Bill Flemer, Barbara Miller, Beth Borgerhoff (Editor), Barbara Thomsen. SECOND ROW: Judy Kleinberg, Hope Miller, Joan Williams, Natalie Huston. MISSING FROM PICTURE: Bebe Ramus (Art Editor). (Faculty Advisors: Mrs. Blackwell Smith, Mrs. Arthur Peck.)



Link

LEFT: Cia Ballantine (layout editor, writing), Beth Borgerhoff (writing editor), Molly Hall (co-editor, layout, production), Laurie Lamar (co-editor, layout, writing), Bob Wilmot (advertising editor), Bebe Ramus (art), Barbara Thomsen (literary contest, writing), Tony Blair (photography editor, layout, business), Abby Sheldon (senior chart), Andrea Fishman (writing). BELOW: Margery Burt (layout, senior chart). MISSING FROM PICTURE: Catherine Moynahan (writing, layout, production, advertising.)

PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS

Kathy Gorman, Bertina Bleicher, Debbie Merrick, Kathy McClure (Class X) Cathy Wadelton (Class X)

CONTRIBUTORS:

Derry Light (writing) Susie Schnur (writing) Gale Colby (Advertising) Gil Farr (Class XI) (advertising)

Adviser: Anne B Shepherd (writing, layout, production, editing)





Glee Club

FIRST ROW: L. Gatchell, A. Holt, B. Bleicher, D. Applegate, R. Frey, J. Hall, L. Merrick, K. Garver, D. Levy, K. Gorman, H. Miller. SECOND ROW: E. Healy, E. Rose, B. Sturken, A. Holiman, A. Gilbert, D. Eure, L. Lamar (president), C. Reeve, L. Broad, L. Bryant, N. Huston, J. Platt, C. Brown, E. Gorman, L. Ballantine. THIRD ROW: Mr. Jacobson (director), M. Affleck, M. Delehanty, R. Wilmot, S.

Madrigals



FIRST ROW: Kristen Garver, Louise Broad, Dore Levy, Pooh Holt. SECOND ROW: Abby Sheldon, Molly Hall, Beth Borgerhoff, Laurie Bryant, Sue Bailey. THIRD ROW: Bob Korman, Chris Reeve, David Vmacka.



Richardson, A. Houston, J. Paine, D. Vomacka, R. Korman, R. Rathouser, K. McGregor, G. Goeke, R. Tokura, C. Moynahan. Missing from picture: J. Dunning, D. Cantor, N. Karwan, D. Jass, T. Fried, J. Schluter, J. Kleinberg, D. Van Houten, W. Bishop, J. King.

Choir

FIRST ROW: Lit Lyness, Susan Ecroyd, Judy Kleinberg, Nan Karwan, Natalie Huston, Diane Jass, Dore Levy, Pooh Holt, Suzanne Fish. SECOND ROW: Ebbie Rose, Karen Hoffman, Blair Lee, Patti Niemtzw, Barbara Fishman, Paula Zaitz, Alice Holiman, Barbara Sturken, Greacian Goeke. THIRD ROW: Alison Gilbert, Lucinda Herrick, Laurie Merrick, Louise Broad, Laurie Bryant, Joan Robinson, Debbie Merrick, Margaret Devries, Derry Light, Sue Denise.



American Field Service Committee



FIRST ROW: Debbie Merrick (chairman), Bob Korman. SECOND ROW: Reiko Tokura, Jane Cross, Nell Bushnell, Steve Gorman, Kenzie Carpenter, Sharon Abeel. THIRD ROW: Gil Farr, Meg Brinster, Allyn Love, John Paine, Chris Goble.

Key Club



FRONT ROW: Beverly Bevis, Judy Kleinberg, Blair Lee (president), Roger Sherman, Wayne Roberts, David Barach. SECOND ROW: Anne Robinson, Meg Affleck, Laura Kaysen, Hattie Gault. Missing from picture: Dianna Eure, Karen Hoffman, David Van Houten, Debbie Merrick, Betsy Nicholes, Freddi Cagan, Peninah Chilton, Chris Reeve, Jim Rodgers, Harriet Sharlin, Robin Frey, Kristen Garver, Chessye Hill, Joan Lewis, Michael Cagan, Fairfax Hutter, Nan Shluter, Jordan Young, Andy Bonner, Richard Olcott, Robert Rosenthal, Patti Seale.



Library Council

Martha Feltenstein, Dore Levy, Laurie Bryant, Pam Orr, Liz Hamid, Ed Laventhal, Jerry Hafitz. Missing: Bob Wilmot, Andrew Bonner, Nancy Davis, Mary Fike, Patty Seale, Hattie Gault.

Photography Club

FIRST ROW: Mary Mills, Liz Hamid, Cici Morgan, Ledlie Borgerhoff. SECOND ROW: Liz Foster, George Treves, Elizabeth Sinnott, Paul Lyman, Ann Robinson, Harrison Uhl.



Cheerleaders

LEFT TO RIGHT: Stephy Shoemaker, Meg Brinster, Leslie Grey, Ellen Sussman, Ellen Prebluda, Harriet Sharlin, Freddi Cagan.



Athletic Association

BOTTOM ROW: Nell Bushnell, Sally Rodgers, Dede Pickering, Pam Woodworth. TOP ROW: Karen Hoffman (chairman - girls), Donald Young, Pete McCandless, David Macleod, Jim Rodgers, Tom Spain (chairman - boys).





FRONT ROW: Jim Davies, Jordan Young, David Vomacka (Captain), Tim Medley, Jonathan Chilton, Bruce Plapinger. STANDING: David Tenney, Sam Rodgers, Mr. Saladino, Jim McAfee, Richard Bryant, John Coffee, David Stark.

Cross Country Team





FRONT ROW: Ashby Adams, Craig Page, Keith Bash (co-captains). SECOND ROW: Jack Kilgore, Ken McGregor, Calvin Johnson, Rick Judge, Thom Spain, Jeremy Dunning, Lew Bowers, David Mack. THIRD ROW: Bob Peck, David Claghorn, Pete McCandless, Erik Hegen, Terry Booth, Crichton Adams, Carl Rosenberg, Tony Dale, Gil Farr, Mr. Burnes (coach). FOURTH ROW: Mr. Barren, Carl Jacobelli, Kirk Moore, John Kalpin, Tim Smith, Bob Norman, Tom Worthington, Ayres Browne.

Varsity Football

Varsity Soccer

FRONT ROW: Larry Tan, Philip Winder, Bill Chalverus (co-captain), David Macleod (co-captain), David Van Houten, Jeff Prebluda, Bob Wilmot. SECOND ROW: George Treves (manager), John Paine, Randy Martin, Jimmy Rodgers, Bob Rathausen, Donald Young. THIRD ROW: Mr. Ivors (coach), Allyn Love, Steven Bash, David Seckel, Rob Holt.





Varsity Field Hockey Team

STANDING: Nell Bushnell, Pam Woodworth, Chris Smith, Cindy Shoemaker. ON SLIDE: Kathy McClure, Lit Lyness, Linda McCandless, Lindsey Hicks, Francine Barlow, Betsy Nicholes, Karen Hoffman (Captain).



Junior Varsity Field Hockey Team

FROM LEFT:
Wistar Williams
Sally Rodgers
Nancy Farley
Anne Reid
Chessye Hill
Hope Miller
Susie Waterman
Noreen Donnelly
Natalie Huston
Nan Schulter
Sharon Abeel





Basketball

SITTING: Randy Martin, Tony Dale, Craig Page, David Seckel, Don Millner, Kirk Moore.
STANDING: Mr. Jones, Tom Spain, Calvin Johnson, Carl Jacobelli, Carl Rosenberg, Gil Farr, Ed Cole.

Wrestling

KNEELING: Ken McGregor, Jeremy Dunning, Bob Wilmot, Ashby Adams, Keith Bash, Jerry King. STANDING: Crichton Adams, John Kalpin, Tim Smith, Michael Cagan, Giovanni Ferrante, Mr. Burnes.





Ice Hockey

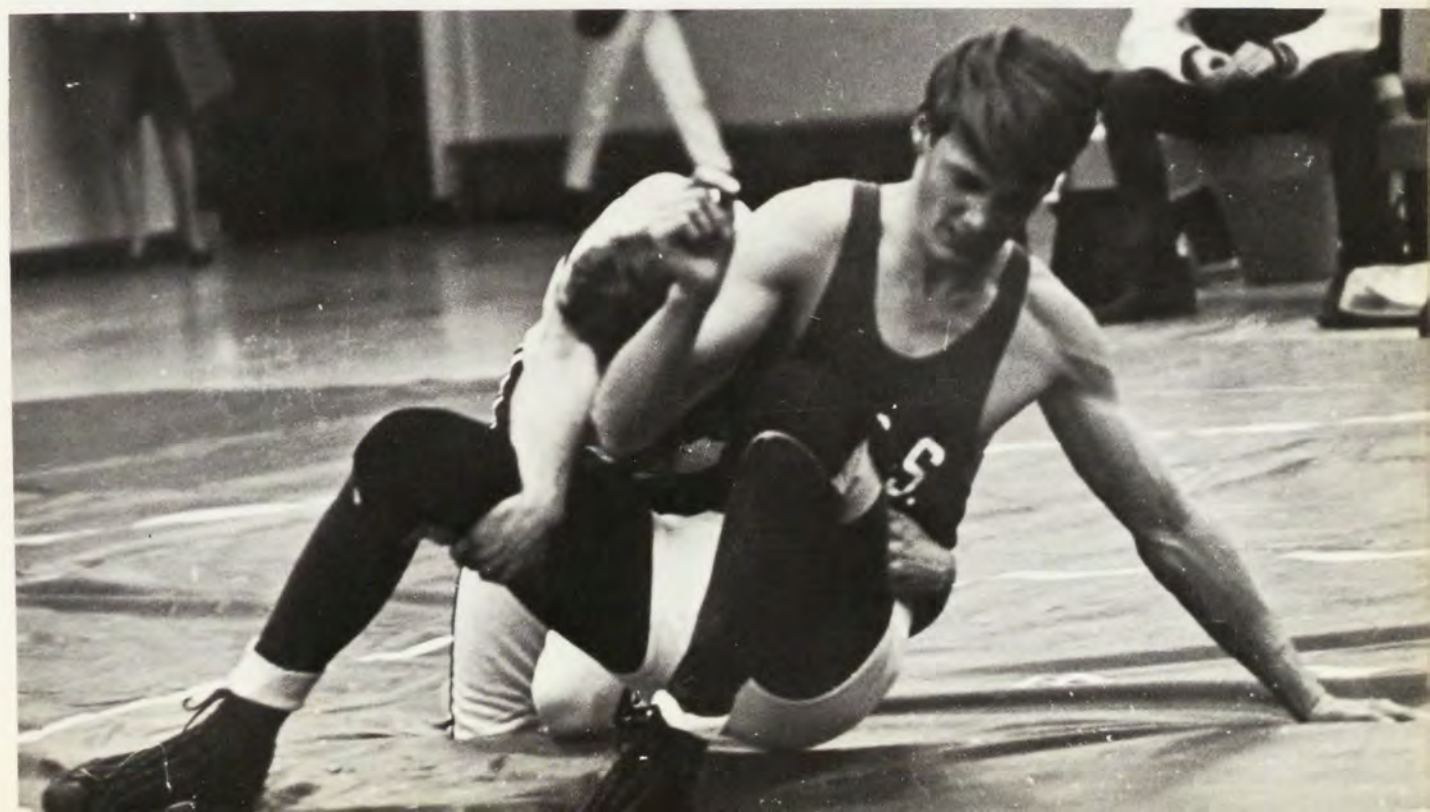
KNEELING: Chris Reeve, Deeks Young, Bill Chalverus, Bob O'Connor, Jim Rodgers, Tom O'Connor.
 STANDING: John Gordon, Rob Holt, Sam Rodgers, Peter McCandless, John Moore, Arty Mitnacht, Mr. Rulon-Miller.



Girl's Varsity And Junior Varsity Basketball



FIRST ROW: Cia Ballantine, Laurie Merrick, Ann Reid, Terrie Fried, Betsy Nicholes, (captain), Noreen Donnelly, Nell Bushnell, K.C. Constable. SECOND ROW: Mr. Sears (coach), Susie Schnur, Linda Mihan, Ann Wiley, Sally Rodgers, Lucinda Herrick, Mr. Packard (coach). THIRD ROW: Joan Williams, Robin Murray, Lit Lyness, Hope Miller, Paula Zaitz.









ART AND LITERATURE





Theresa

We found the house on a grey city street. It belonged to my Great Aunt Theresa and when she died, we went to sort out her things, all the pot holders and prayer books she never mentioned in the will. There was an apartment downstairs which she rented to a young man for twelve dollars a month, and she lived upstairs alone with the pigeons. The stairs in the hall were hardly large enough across for two of us, let alone four, and halfway up they veered sharply with no landing.

Inside her apartment our voices were too large for the walls. Furniture clogged the rooms. You couldn't open a drawer without moving a chair. And the drawers were filled with stale-smelling, maiden

things. We piled up handkerchiefs with lavender tatting, quilts, rosary beads, scented soap which had never been opened. I remember wanting to leave; waiting finally in the kitchen where there was light. Potted ivy was dying on the window sill. How many days ago... she was coming home alone at night and couldn't make it all the way up the stairs. Just where they turned halfway up she had to stop and rest. In the morning the milkman found her. She'd spent the night sitting on those stairs.

It was three years ago. I don't know who owns the house now. I don't even know whether it's still there. If the same man is renting it he's paying a lot more than twelve dollars by now.

Barbara Thomsen XII
First Prize
Upper School Prose

Medusa

She wore her brilliance like her snakes, who wound around her head and climbed the air. They felt the stairs that no one else could even see, and went along them, to where I never knew. I could tell they knew by their eyes which sent shivers through the room.

My mother used to say that her existence disproved equality. She made the experiment that did add to science, wrote the poem that breathed. She was always doing the things that everyone else knew he had been set on earth to accomplish; she was one of those people who produced a reason - a hundred reasons - for her life.

I met her on the street one day. "Hi," she said, and soon I was to phone her to discuss some school assignment. She turned out to be approachable, so one day I walked slowly to her house.

She was alone, in a long blue skirt that flowed to get the door. She took me to a room that was a mess from German, rats in cages and Edmund Spenser. She idolized Elizabeth I, and worried about Bismarck's reputation. The air was hung

with ether and Camus.

The house was a massive Victorian mansion that stood sheepish by the road. From outside it looked awkward and apologetic, but inside I could sympathize with the gloom. It wheezed appreciatively if you just stroked its back or smiled at the stained glass windows. It also sweated dust for which she scolded as she wiped it up. It was from her snakes Medusa got her name and her mystique, but it was from her house she got her charm. And it held me - each room and passageway and all the thousand boxes, books and cherubim that cluttered the high-roofed rooms.

Why was it ALL in her house? I wondered.

And then we saw her snakes, in piles of cages in a greenhouse in the yard. She also liked the sky she said, "because it was so big and anything that big has to be free. And yet you can hoard it, it belongs to each instead of everyone."

To me the sky had always been just blue and mostly cloudy, but then I looked and saw all there was to see.

We walked in the garden which had been formal once, but now was full and overgrown. I traced the boxwood, which bushed so big it rippled on and on. "I decided it first grew here wild before the house was ever built," she said. "However, that is not true."

And I appreciated it all at first. But then we went upstairs to play chess. While she was plotting out her moves, I looked all around the room, following the patterns in the wood up to the ceiling, sunk in flourishes. I inspected each piece

of bric-a-brac and that house began to bug me. I thought of rows and rows of houses longing for one small wonder to put in the parlour and polish once a week. I got vast and bitter, and she bent over the chess. I pushed my feet against the floor, and she smiled and won the game. I wanted to tear apart that house.

I didn't have to, though, for we went back into the snakehouse. She was with the snakes, and I in the corner, and suddenly the snake bit her and, turning his eyes, he smiled at me.

I smiled back.

Joan Williams XI
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

The Winner

"...Okay, Ann, here she comes with my breakfast, I'll get back at her this time!"

Sarah leaned back and fixed her eyes on the wall opposite the door, with her doll in her arms.

A second later, Miss Henderson, the nurse, heaved the door open with her back, pivoted and placed the tray on a table.

"Good morning, Sarah. Your breakfast is here."

Sarah didn't move.

"Sarah, now let's not be a little brat. I've spoken to you."

She plodded across the floor and stood in Sarah's view. Sarah stared at her frigidly. Miss Henderson had a stone face with flat, grey eyes and a long, deflated nose. Her lips were hard and wafer-like, and her wiry hair was strapped into a tight mold on the back of her head. Her skin was fat and yellow and she smiled haughtily at Sarah.

"Don't you smile at me. What did you bring me for breakfast?"

"Prune juice, toast and EGGS," she emphasized.

"Eggs! You know damn well I hate eggs! Why did you...." she stopped and grunted mockingly.

Miss Henderson sighed proudly and brought her the tray.

"Now give me little Annie, and you can eat." Miss Henderson extended her

hand for the doll but Sarah spat in it. The nurse jerked her hand back, and puffed furiously.

"Her name is not 'little Annie,' and I can eat with her just fine," Sarah snapped, and held her doll close while she uncovered her breakfast.

Miss Henderson went to wash her hands while Sarah rejoiced silently with her doll.

The nurse returned and sat down on the chair. She watched Sarah warily.

"My, you're taking such a long time to eat. All the other girls must be done with their breakfast by now."

The nurse cleared her throat.

"How old are you, Sarah?"

"You know. Dr. Freeman told you."

"Well," she smiled and clasped her thick fingers together, "I've so many little girls' ages to remember, I've just forgotten YOURS." She eyed her expectantly with one eyebrow arched, and an icy twinge at the corners of her mouth.

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen! Why you're so much older than you look! I thought you were only twelve! Why, I have a niece who's only fourteen and she looks much older than you, ... Sarah? Are you listening?... Well, anyway, Cynthia, that's her name, is at the head of her class. She's so smart and pretty and talented! She's only been taking skating lessons for a year, now, and she skates like a professional!

And she's such a young lady. I don't think she's even bothered with silly, childish things like coloring books or dolls for a long time, why she's even...."

Sarah tipped over her glass of juice.

"Oh, dear. Has little Sarah spilled her juice? Let me fix it up," she smiled and fetched a sponge.

Sarah clenched her jaws and breathed heavily. The door burst open and Miss Henderson flitted over to her bed with a damp sponge. Sarah watched vigilantly, and searched for words, while the nurse blotted the stains. She noticed her fingers.

"Why aren't you wearing a wedding ring?"

"Because I'm not married," she replied quickly.

"Oh. Why not?"

"Because I haven't been asked," she carped sarcastically.

"You haven't been asked to get married? Ever? My father used to call old unmarried women 'old maids.' " Sarah maneuvered the tray a little with her knees to spread the juice.

"Then I suppose after you graduated from college, you went to Nursing School?"

"I didn't... go to college."

"Didn't go to college either? Why not?"

"We didn't have enough money," she said shakily.

"Oh. My father said that poor people could get scholarships to colleges. Only if they're smart, that is."

The nurse carried the tray to the table, and wiped her moist forehead with her arm. She came back and erased some tiny brown stains on the bedspread with her sponge.

"Why do you always wear your hair all tied up? My father used to say women that tied their hair up looked like men. Maybe that's why... oh forget it."

Sarah watched her sweat nervously. Miss Henderson finished and rose slowly.

"I'd better go now." She had her eyes fixed on the doll.

"No. Stay and let's chat for a while."

"I'd better go now," she repeated.

She deposited the fat sponge on the tray, and raised the windowshade. Sarah saw her shivering and sweating heavily. Her eyes were glazed and her mouth quivered lightly.

"You know, Miss Henderson, you really have nothing to live for," Sarah said sharply.

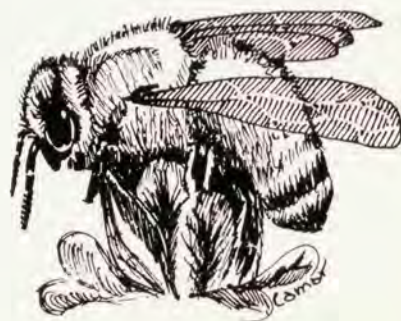
The nurse swerved and grabbed the doll from Sarah's arms and tore its head off. She squeezed it and threw it on the floor. She glared at her trembling hands, then rolled her eyes closed, clenched her fists, and sobbed stiffly. Sarah looked at the dead doll for a long time, then shifted her eyes to the old woman and smiled victoriously.

Jean Ginsberg
Honorable Mention
Upper School Prose

This room is gently put;
a dialogue of
flowered cloth and light:
the phrase is
warmly turned
the corners pause.
Somewhere
in a cold clam's world,
lodged with camels
in a needle's eye
my father is.

Across the room
my mother sits,
flower phrase
smiling on the sofa's edge:
I know
her heart is gone with him
to rattle
in that dark shell,
rattle from
the flowered brink
to tears.

Beth Borgerhoff XII
Honorable Mention
Upper School Poetry



Alva

Alva is the daughter
of the prism and the dark,
conceived in a *Paramus* tenement
as the rain leaked through
and stained an insect on the wall.

Alva ate green and brown dog biscuits
kept in a flowerpot beneath the porch.
It was summer and the roses blew
and fell.
She waited on a white seat in the park
and killed unsteady spiders.
When the thunder came, Alva's teacher said,
it was just the Fat Lady,
getting off the bus in Paterson.

Alva wore corrective oxfords
With a grey shoelace, but alone
she spread impaled against
the full length mirror;
wrapped her arms around a pillow
in the night.
Hell, Alva knew, was only
beneath the steaming manholes in the city;
There God and Lucifer sat in council
with the mayor of New York.
Jesus, alone in heaven, crossed his legs
and cleaned his nails.

So Alva fell in love. She sat
with her nervous blond lover and smoked
narrow cigarettes.
But he left her in the summer and drove
trucks instead.

Alva stared out the bus windows
down the New Jersey Turnpike.
She was the Fat Lady
Rumbled off the bus in Paterson
and circled the streets where
the worms grew after the rain.
She smelled musty, like the autumn piles.

Alva grew in a track and
circled back.
She stares at the spreading pool
around her chair.
Her mouth flaps open, a grey round
in calcimine skin.
Alva begins to count
out loud on the veins of her left hand.

Rebecca Bushnell XI
First Prize
Upper School Poetry

Susie Reacts

Susie fumbled with the key, opened the door, and despite the stifling August heat, walked in. She thought about how good it was to be in the old apartment again, and thoughts raced through her mind as she and her dog Scooter went from room to room, opening windows and looking at things.

"This is where he slept. Remember how we used to sit on the floor and play cards? And here -- this is where my father sat." Even though for almost two years Susie had looked at everything when she came in, she couldn't help doing it again. "Scooter, don't you remember how we used to sit here in the studio and Dad would show me new techniques in painting? Oh, I miss him!"

Susie glanced down at the dog and he wagged his stubby tail as if to comfort her. Scooter wasn't any special breed; he was what Susie's father had called "assorted pooch". Susie went to her room and sat down on the bed. Lisa Jordonson had been awfully good company while her mother had been away, but there was something about sitting in one's own room--

Susie glanced at the dressing table and saw her father looking at her from a silver frame. She imagined that he said, "Hi there, sweets," as he used to, and the old hurt pounded inside her again, but she knew her loss could never be made up. No one could ever replace Bob Welkner. While at Lisa's, she had compared Lisa's father to her own -- he wasn't the same. Bob Welkner had been kind, fun - loving, -- her companion, counsellor and her dearest friend. For two years after his death she compared everyone to him, but she found no one like him. She thought Bob Welkner was the best artist in the world. If he hadn't been forever poking his nose into things and being so nice, he'd be here today.

He had been at the pier and had seen a drunk man fall into the cold March water. He of course jumped in and saved the drunk from drowning. He did not, however, save himself from a losing battle with pneumonia.

Susie's thoughts were interrupted by a noise in the front hall.

"Mother, that you?"

"Susie, dear, come here!" said a youngish, pleasant voice. Sue ran into her mother's arms -- or was it packages? Scooter was jumping up and down, and Susie told him to quiet down. "Well, how was it, Mom?"

"It was wonderful, Susie, and I have something very important to tell you." For some reason, Susie felt a moment of dread.

"What happened?" she asked worriedly.

"Well -- "Mrs. Welkner said quickly, "I'm getting married!" Susie stopped breathing. **MARRIED!** How could anyone forget Bob Welkner in two years? She felt like telling her mother how she felt, but she didn't.

Mrs. Welkner continued, not noticing how her daughter looked at her. He's really quite nice--you'll like him. We're getting married in two days, and I guess you'll be staying at Lisa's again. You know, it'll be fun having three kids!"

"Three!" Susie thought, "My God." Her mother drew her close, but Susie pulled her away.

"What's the matter? Oh, Susie, I know it will be hard, but you'll get used to living in a small town and going to a small school."

"A small school." Did she think she was going to get me out of my own school, especially in my eighth grade year? That does it! "Susie murmured a quick good-night, picked up her dog, and went to her room, leaving her mother staring at her in surprise.

Susie spent a difficult night, but the weeks following weren't to bad, because she was with Lisa, and Lisa NEVER let things get her down. Then the morning of the day she was leaving for Cedartown, she remembered with disgust why she was going. Everyone noticed that she was in a trance all day, but

Lisa tried to cheer her up.

"Look, you'll come back soon. Maybe you'll even be able to stay with us. It won't be so bad. Your mom said that he's got a daughter just your age! C'mon, it'll be fun! Let's go to the train station."

When, at the station a man took Scooter away, Susie cried out. "It's all right, dear, the little beggar'll be O. K with me a takin' care of 'im." Susie almost blurted out that Scooter was her only friend, but decided not to.

Later she sat on the train, trying to remember the apartment just as she left it. Most of the things were in Cedartown already, but she remembered that last backward glance as she, her suitcase, her father's equipment and Scooter struggled out the door. She knew she'd never sit there again or look down at the people from their fifth floor apartment. She'd never sit with her father in the park and paint pictures of the trees, brooks and animals. All that was gone; she turned to the present.

What was the town like? the kids? the house? and especially the school?

Then it struck her. She was starting a new life, right? Well, maybe that would help her forget her losses--her past with Bob Welkner. No! What was she thinking? She didn't want to go to Cedartown. She shook her head and started over. Maybe, with trying to start making friends, school work, and anything else that caught her fancy, she'd put New York at the back of her mind. Of course, she'd start a painting club! NO. That wouldn't work. What would kids from a hick town like that know about painting? She took a sullen attitude again. S..L..O..W..L..Y things straightened out. She'd try. It would be fun. New friends, sure! Bob always liked meeting people. He like new things and places. It WOULD work, she'd make friends with Martin Stroner and his family. She settled back to enjoy the fast moving scenery.

Slowly the train pulled in to the Cedartown station.

As she got off, Susie noticed that neither her mother nor Martin Stroner was in sight. She quickly ran to the baggage car and got Scooter's box. Putting her bags under a small chair, she ran to release Scooter. He leapt up and down with joy and greeted her with yelps.

"Down, boy, down. It's O. K. Stop! I can't find Mom with you jumping like that."

She had just started to put his leash on when a small boy's voice said behind her, "Boy, Hercules isn't going to like that dog!"

Susie turned and looked down on a freckled, impish face that wore a broad grin. Next to him stood a tall young man with blue eyes and fair hair. The small boy started to speak again, but the older one put a restraining hand on his shoulder and spoke to Susie.

"Aren't you Susie Welkner?"

Susie nodded. The small boy was Robby Stroner, she knew that, but what about the other, and where was her mother? Dismay must have been written across her face, because the young man continued.

"Oh, don't be worried. I'm Ken Crown and I live across the street from Robby here. Your mother isn't here yet, because their plane was grounded and they're taking a train."

"Barbie went out", put in Robby. "She didn't want to meet you."

"Hey, wait a minute! Babs had another appointment and couldn't come, so I offered," said Ken.

"Barbie didn't want you," taunted Robby.

So this was what it was like. Susie forgot completely about her resolutions on the train and bent down over her dog so no one could see the tears welling in her eyes.

She followed them to the car and got in. Ken tried to be cheerful but didn't succeed in making Susie feel any better.

"This is the school--pretty nice for a small town like ours, isn't it?"

Susie looked indifferently out the window. Dinky, it would fit into a corner of my old school, was what came into her mind. After about a ten minuteride they pulled up a driveway leading to a medium-sized white house, with a neglected lawn, and green shutters that needed painting.

"Well, here it is," said Ken. "Better hurry--it's almost time for dinner."

Susie watched him walk across the street, then turned and walked into the house. Barbie and Robby were already sitting at the table and neither bothered to get up;.

"Oh, where do I go from here?" she asked timidly.

"Upstairs and to the left. I gotta share a room with you and ya better get the mutt outa there before Hercules gets him," called Barbie, a pretty brunette, but quite sour-faced.

Susie didn't know what to do. She ran upstairs into the bedroom and flung herself down on the bed, which she supposed was hers. She lay there for a while, looking at the room. Barbie had made a distinct chalk line, marking off the halves of the room. Her side was plain, except for a small furry rug on which Scooter now slept. She felt the presence of someone, and glanced up at the door. Barbie was standing there, looking at Susie coldly. She walked in, got her pajamas and walked out. Susie rushed to get hers on and was in bed before Barbie came back. She was hungry but dared not say anything. When both girls

were in bed and the lights out, Susie said "good night"--no answer.

It went on like this for some weeks, none of the children talking except to argue. In fact, the only ones that were friends were Scooter and the famed Hercules.

One night, however, Susie awoke to the sound of sobbing. "What's the matter, Barbie?" she asked worriedly.

"Nothing--go 'way!"

"Come on, tell me, are you hurt? Should I get my mom?" Barbie turned over.

"That's just it! You have your mom. I don't. I know she's been so sweet to me, but I've been sour to her. Oh, I've t-t-tried to be a toughy while you were being nice. Whether you know it or not Robby really likes you. He just won't admit it to any one else but me. Also, this is my first year at Cedartown High also, and, well, everyone likes you, even Ken, and I've considered him mine, since I was old enough to be interested in boys."

Susie put a comforting hand across Barbie's shoulders. "You know, Barbie, there are plenty of boys in this town who'd like you if you'd let them."

"Really, do you really think so?" Barbie asked so earnestly that Susie burst out laughing, and they both laughed until their stomachs hurt. When they had climbed into their beds, both girls said at once,

"G'night, Sis."

Abby Notterman
First Prize
Middle School Prose

Black

In the cold and neglected footsteps of time,
in a path trod by hunger and fright,
no life, no light;

On the dusty stairs of eternity,
looming and left behind,
no soul, no mind;

Cleaning the lantern of Father Time,
sweeping the dirty path,
no joy, no wrath,

Lies Black;
silent, waiting, calm,
listening to the relentless tick
of the clock...waiting, waiting,

waiting...until it
stops...

Mayo Adams VII
First Prize
Middle School Poetry

My Hang-Up

I could get along without T. V. ;
Wash my clothes in a brook or the sea,
Study by firelight, bathe in a pail,
Travel by wagon or by sail.

I'd be glad to make candles and my own soap;
I'm positive that I could cope
In a world without freezers, planes or cars.
I'd tell time by the sun, the moon and the stars.

I wouldn't miss radio, and I'd wear long skirts.
There's only one thing that really hurts:
I don't know how I'd ever survive
How I'd exist or stay alive
Without that single great invention
That no one remembers ever to mention,
That thing that youth has made its own,
The wonderful, fabulous telephone.

Nancy Kendall VII
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

Noah's Ark

I built an ark as high, as high,
So high it seemed to reach the sky
As long, as long, as long as the eye can see--
So long it seemed to cross the sea.

The animals and I sailed for many a day
Waiting for the first sun ray.
God called in his mighty voice,
"Come out! Come out! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

We walked upon the earth once more,
The birds, the trees, the bees, and more.
God said, "Replace the club and sword
With the apple and the gourd."

God sent a sign to all men.
The blessed rainbow shines again.

Jeff Streed V
Honorable Mention
Middle School Poetry

The judges awarded Honorable Mention in Middle School Prose to William Langeweische, VIII, for his story "The Cave", and to Clarisse Roberts, V, for her untitled story which appeared in the winter issue of CYMBALS. The editors regret that lack of space prevents them from printing these stories.

Acknowledgements

The Editorial Board of the LINK would like to express their deepest appreciation to the following people who judged the literary contest: Mr. Nicholas Aversa, Professor and Mrs. Jeremiah S. Finch, Mrs. Patricia Fuchs, Mr. Al Greenberg, Mr. Huson Gregory, Mrs. William W. Lockwood, Professor Julian Moynahan, and Mrs. Blackwell Smith.

They would also like to thank Karen Hoffman, Pooh Holt and Jane Wiley for their work on the Class History.

Laurie, Molly, Tony: The three of you have spent your Senior year immortalizing ours for us in this book.

And we--"Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise".

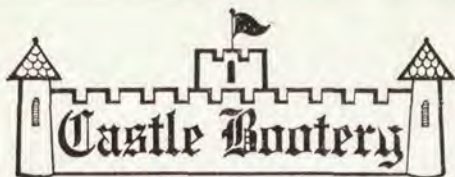
(Shakespeare)

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With a laugh, a tear and a sigh.
What shall I do next year
When Christmas and birthdays draw near?
Think of happiness pills, cookies and
A cake for you and one for me.
So off I fly—to you I leave
A handful of forget-me-nots and
thank you for just being you.
Lovingly,
her faithful gnome

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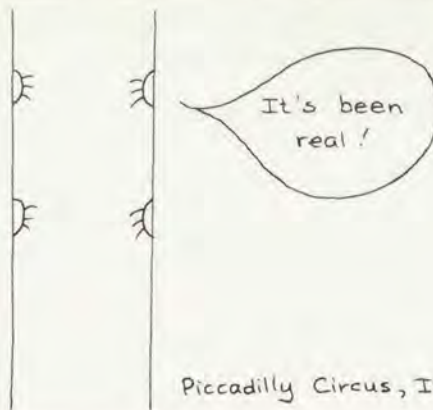
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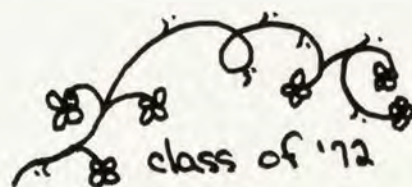
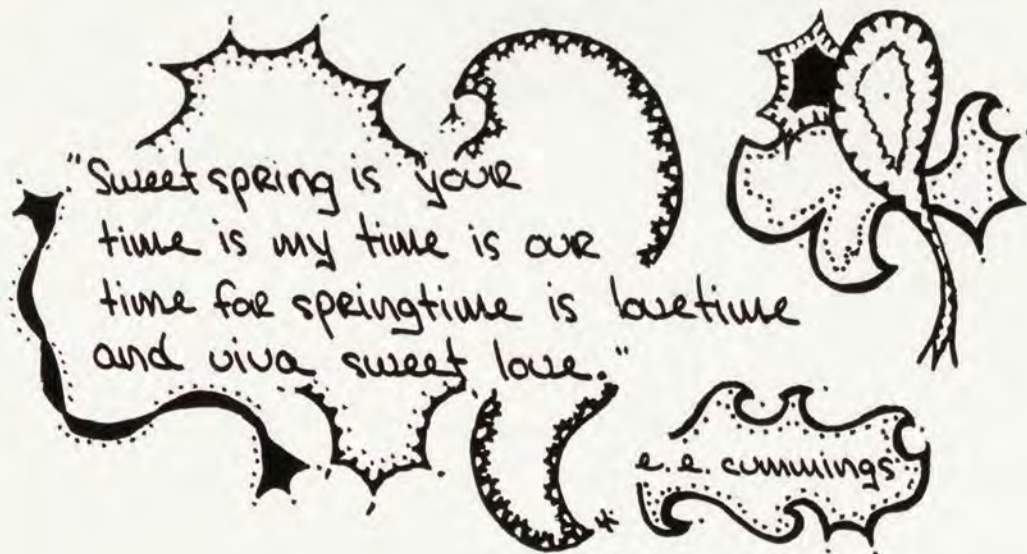


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THANK YOU

--with special thanks for Mrs. Fine and
Mr. Jones (!) and most of all for Ma-
dame, who has helped me the most in
the past three years. I'll miss you.

The Genie

It has been fun,
hasn't it,
Betsy? First a
hink then a
hunk, a
whistle... and
now paths
part...

To the Class of 1969 --

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any man."

HAMLET, I, 3.

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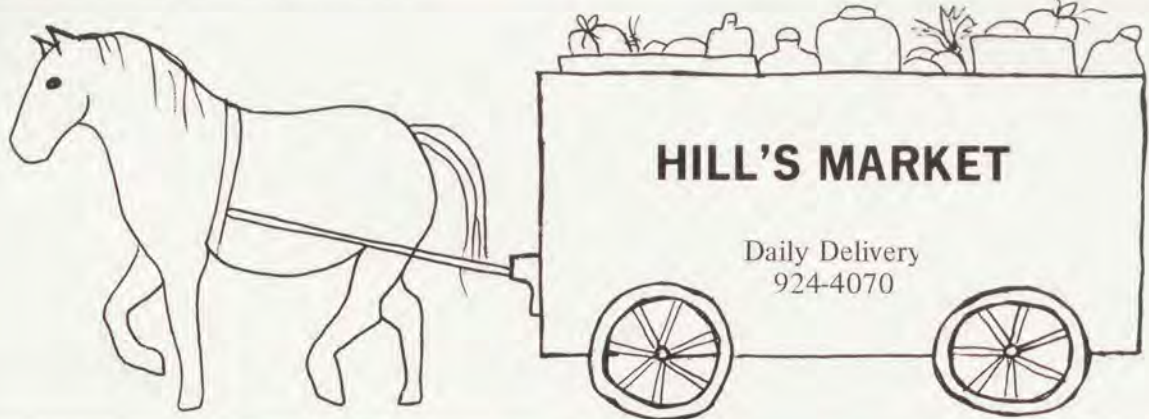
Comrades:

We have tried. Our supremest underground efforts have produced only potatoes: I know. You want the egg.

But then I never count my revolutions before they are hatched.

I will miss everybody.

Borge



To the Kid

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways...1,2,3....1,2

Blue Eyes

Blue Eyes –

“Love is a holy mystery and ought to be hidden from all other eyes, whatever happens. That makes it holier and better. They respect one another more, and much is built on respect.. Then there will be a union of souls, they will have everything in common; there will be no secrets between them.”

Dostoevski
The Kid

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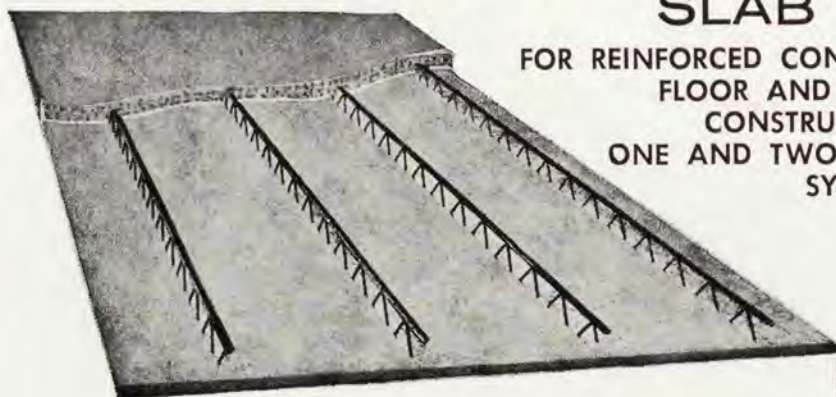
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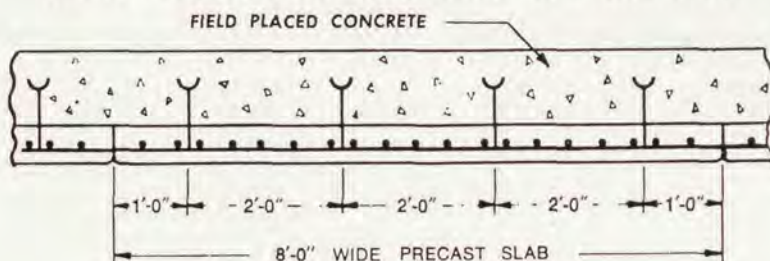
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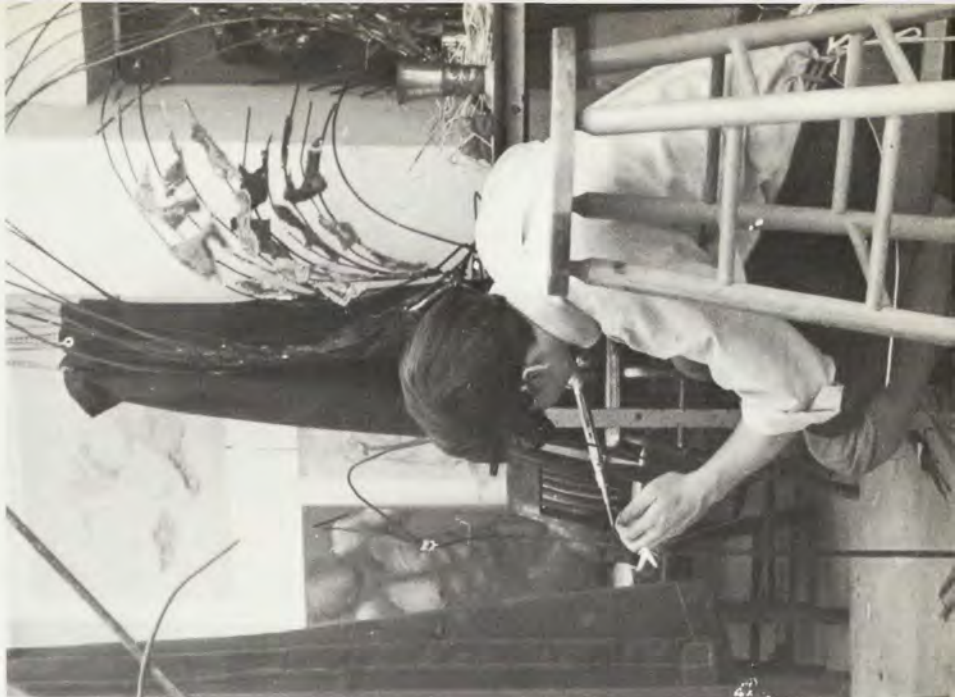
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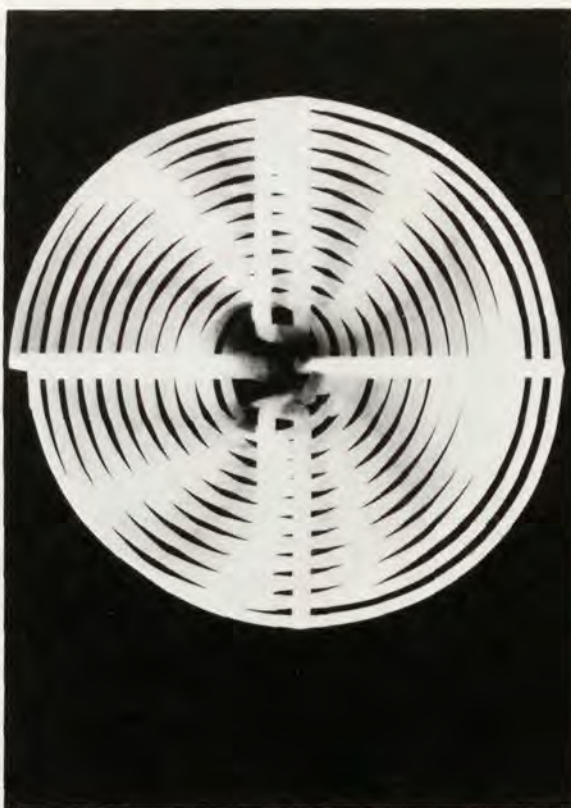
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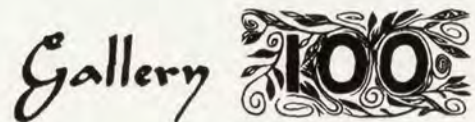
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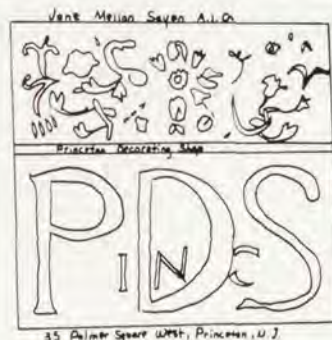
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