

Link file

THE LINK 1972

Princeton Day School

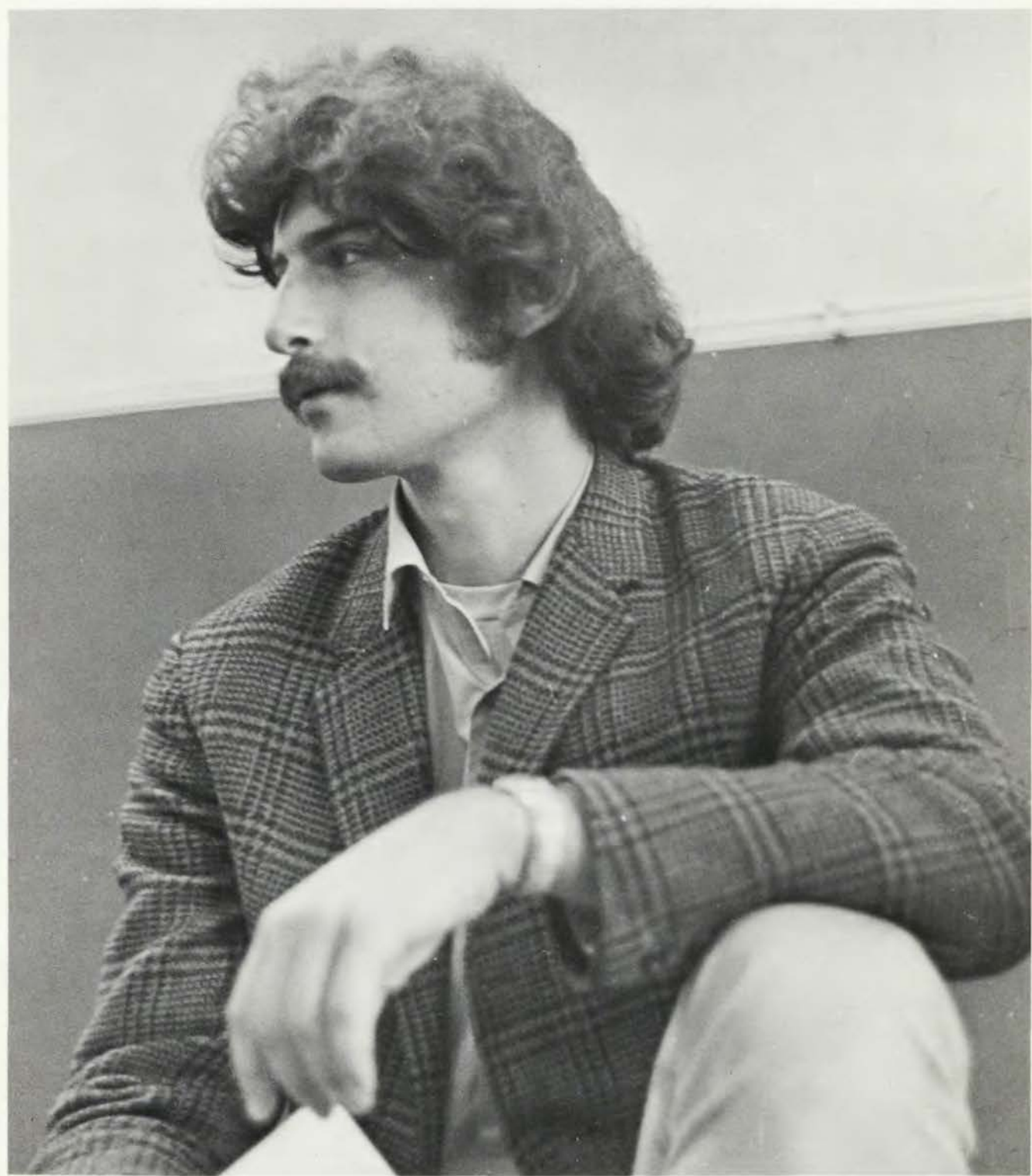


Wistar Williams
Ricky Albert
Jean Beckwith
Connie Cain
Kenzie Carpenter
Bill Hilton
Fairfax Hutter
Edwin Lavinthal
Kate Merlino
John Moore
Ellen Prebluda
Anne Robinson
Nan Schluter
Harrison Uhl

STEVE HAHN

Steve, you appeared when we were in need of direction. You saw us as individuals who could benefit from one another. You developed a personal honesty in each of us; we developed a trust in you.

We found a new form of education, inside and outside the school, which enabled us to become both teacher and listener. You stayed with us, helping and sharing. Now you have become a part of us.



THE SENIORS





Ted Vogt

As the door clattered shut behind the last reporter Ted sighed and leaned his elbows wearily on his huge desk. He listened to the clacking of typewriters in the outer offices and thought about his paper: **The Chicago World**. He had started it, built it up to what it was. It was a part of him and yet, sometimes, he yearned for something more stable, more relaxed. A college professorship in English perhaps. There was a knock on the door and the **World's** newest reporter swaggered in. Ted sized him up quickly; he was used to dealing with tough characters but he didn't like the look of this one. The man was wearing a wide-lapeled suit with a white carnation in his buttonhole and a rakishly tilted black fedora hat. "Well, boss!" And leaning down on the desk he grinned. "How much do I get for the biggest scoop in town? Dillinger's been shot at the movies. Pretty hot, huh? And I just happened to be there. Now how much?"

Ted quelled him with a glance. "You're fired."

The man stared at him for a minute, unbelieving. Then he backed out of the office, tripping over a wastebasket as he exited. Ted chuckled and picked up the telephone.

"Higgins? Dillinger's been shot. Get on it right away. Yeah."

A slight smile twitched his lips as he hung up the receiver and began to sort the papers which littered his desk.

She sat cuddled in a huge green arm chair with a teddy bear in her lap. Her uncle and best friend, Albert Einstein, sat in the chair across from her. Her face appeared pensive, but no wrinkles marred the beauty and smoothness of that face. Her mind was deep in thought but those eyes still danced. And laughed. And loved. Professor Einstein was entranced by the magnificence of the child. She would be his protégée. He would grasp hold of her mind and mold it to fit neatly into the world of science.

"Ellen, do listen carefully, for I am depending upon you to continue my work when I am gone."

"Yes, Uncle Albert." She listened carefully. She was dependable. She would continue his work—her mind was extraordinary. She created theories into fantasy worlds. She memorized facts by transferring thoughts to imaginary people in imaginary worlds.

"Ellen, I'm not sure if you are listening. You seem so very far away. As if you were over the rainbow or something."

"I am, Uncle Albert."

He did not understand nor did he question. She probably was, for all he knew.

Ellen Prebluda

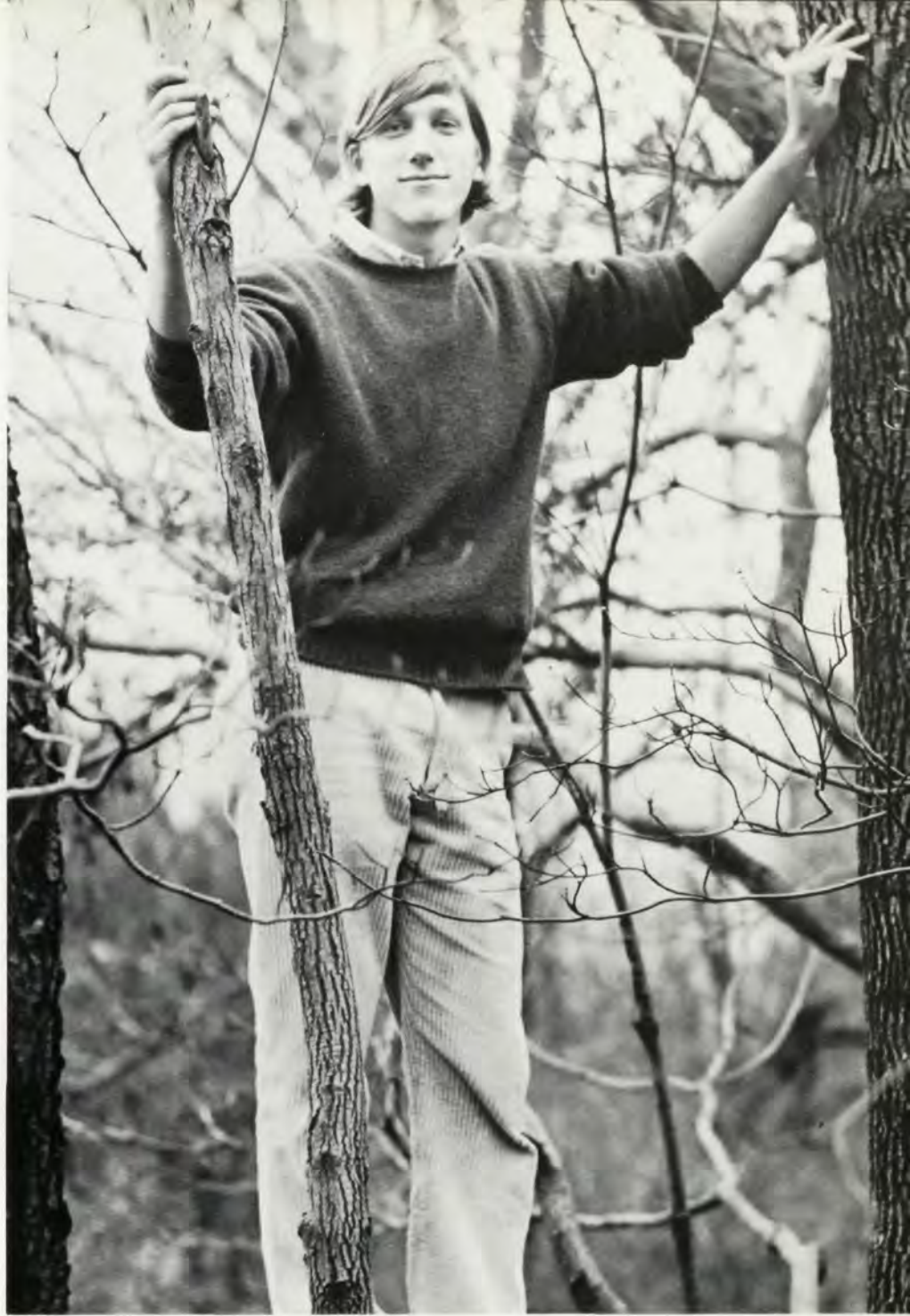


Lady Jean entered the country cathedral. She sat in a back pew and listened. The music was lovely, and besides, she was in need of good cheer. The master had been called away to work in the Scottish Medical Corps, and the house had seemed so empty. She knew the war was inevitable but it upset her, and at times it even angered her.

Suddenly the organ stopped and the choirmaster motioned forward a small boy, who began to sing the first voice. Lady Jean leaned forward, her chin resting in her hands. She had taught the boy specially and he had shown promise. He delicately finished the phrase and the choir softly echoed a closing cadence. The young boy shyly stepped back into place. She smiled. The soft music had helped her, and he had done such a pretty job.

Jean Beckwith





Paul Funk

The entire Greek army had been anxiously waiting on the docks all day. Rumor had it that a new general had been dispatched to reorganize and revitalize the troops. He was due to arrive soon, and the crowd was excited. Apparently he was a man to be feared, and a man never to be questioned; and yet he was the most honest and just man in all of the Mediterranean.

Finally, the tops of masts were seen on the horizon; within two hours the massive ship had been secured to the dock. The gangplank was lowered. The crowd began to cheer. Out stepped General Funk, looking rather disheveled and cramped. On his arm was a lady, more beautiful than Helen. He stood there a moment, shifting his weight from foot to foot. The crowd wildly applauded. Turning a delicate shade of raspberry, the General waved in acknowledgement. He and his lady walked into the parting crowd. Those near enough to see admired his strong build and his clear blue eyes. Those even closer heard him mutter: "Veni, vidi, puto relictus esse."



John Gordon

The room was smoky and smelled of the ham and bacon cooking below. The cabinet maker wondered why the two smells were so different; they were both from the meat of the same animal. The noise of the people around him stopped his daydreaming, and he wished he was in his small shop working on the dry sink. He was good at his work: strength flowed from his arms through his shoulders and worked down into his small fingers, and created beauty out of wood. He was always careful to have his work come out right. Again he came back to the people around him. There was much talk about revolution, but he did not bother with it. Instead, he sat down to dinner and ate without speaking. Mr. Adams, sitting on the cabinet maker's right, asked, "Why did you come to the colonies?"

Tom looked up. "To work without being bothered."

"Are things going well?"

"They were, but now the taxes are too high. They ask too much. I only want to work with my hands. I want no trouble."

The cabinet maker had a lot of pain from the British wound he received in the war, and he could not work as well. He was bitter for only a year or two.

The speakeasy was crowded with elegant young customers—lovely young girls with brilliant eyes and bobbed hair, and their handsome escorts in black-tie. All of them were flushed with champagne and music and bathtub gin, and flushed with anticipation as well, for they knew that many romantic things would happen to them that evening.

One of them happened right then, when the heavy mahogany door swung open to reveal Laurie, wrapped in sables and ropes of pearls and a silver beaded dress positively dripping with fringe. Her heavy dark hair was not bobbed short, like the other flappers', but was piled smooth and shining high on her brow. Her eyes were calm as they surveyed the room, but in their quiet depths something gleamed, something akin to merriment. Someone handed her a glass of champagne and the band plunged into "Side by Side." Suddenly Laurie burst into laughter and allowed herself to be led out onto the floor to do a quick Charleston with one of the boys . . . and then the party really began.

Laurie Merrick



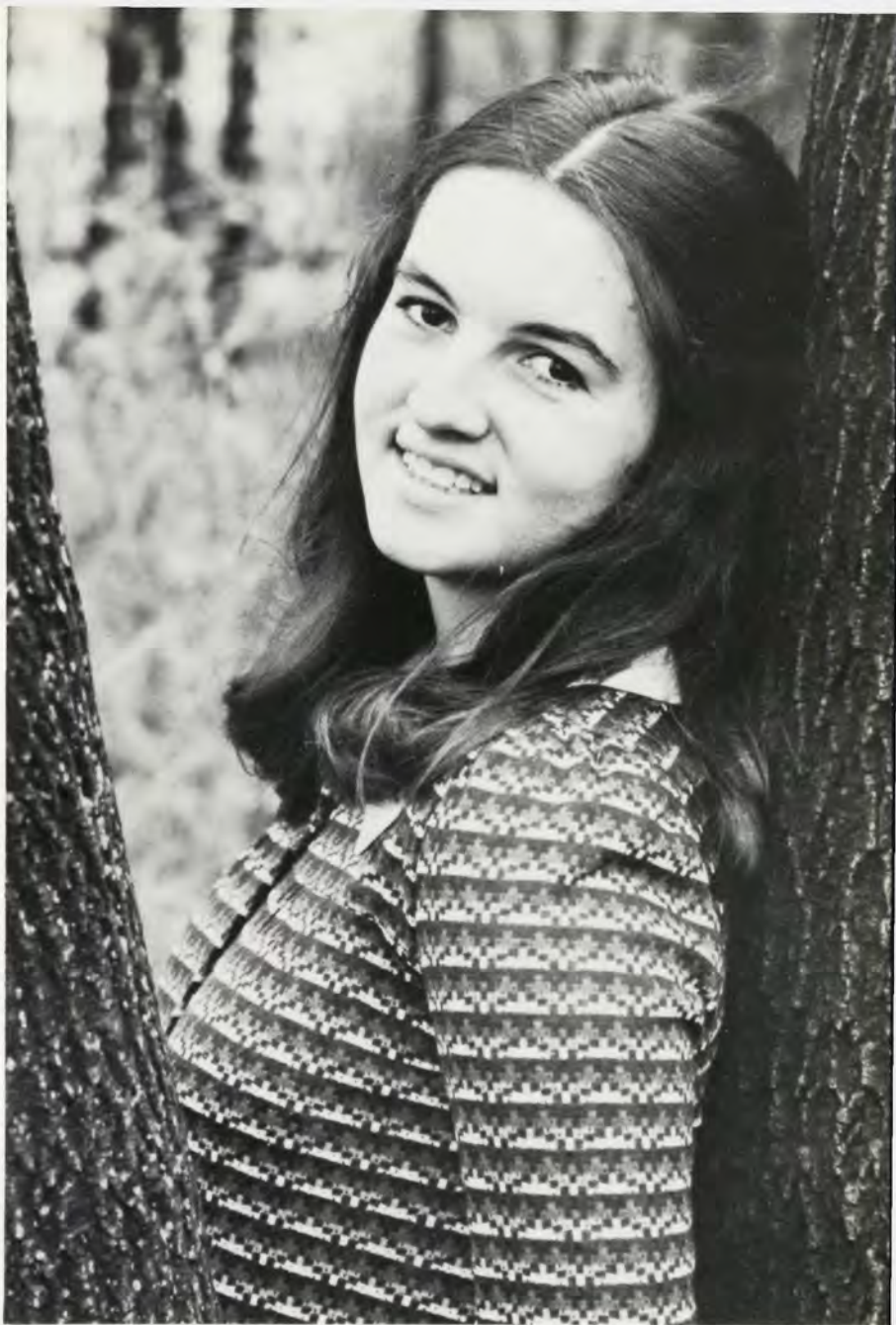
Jordanus stood in his doorway shaking his head in wonderment as he watched the eighth visitor of the day pick his way down the mountain which Jordanus had long ago claimed as his own. Did people think he had nothing to do all day but carry out their absurd requests? Number eight, having heard that Jordanus dabbled in alchemy, had toiled up to his aerie with an ordinary piece of lead which he wanted changed to gold. Jordanus had had to explain that alchemy was one of his newest areas of study; he was still learning. The man before that had wanted to be changed into a bird in order to be free of his irksome, shrewish wife. Although this request lay in his powers to grant, Jordanus had felt obliged to point out that birds live rather short lives in comparison with humans, and also that if the man remained in his present state he would be in a better position to discipline his wayward wife.

He stepped back inside his laboratory; the interior appeared at first sight to resemble the attic of the manor house on the other side of the village. Closer inspection revealed a systematic organization of sorts. Along one wall were ranged instruments of measurement: alembics, an abacus, an astrolabe, and several hand-crafted devices of indiscernible purpose. In the adjacent corner was a massive stove, and hissing and smoking and burbling on its surface were all manner of beakers, flasks, vials, and retorts filled with many-colored fluids in various stages of reduction, abduction, dissolution, absolution, dessication, and evaporation. Along the next wall a workable bench supported a jar of leeches, a Unicorn horn (to detect the presence of poison), a mortar and pestle, and jars of unguents and salves. On a rack above them hung drying bunches of herbs, such as betony (to prevent monstrous nocturnal visitors), cloverwort (to cure lunacy), mugwort (to make strained sinews supple), rue (to stop nose-bleeding), wild thyme (to remove all inward foulness by the drinking of its ooze), and the like.

Jordanus sighed; helping these people took so much time from his studies. But that third fellow . . . he had an interesting idea. . . . Perhaps tomorrow that might be worth looking into?

Jordan Young





Kate Merlino

She is in one of the most colorful Botticelli paintings. She came from an Italian village near a vineyard, in the country, in the hills; and the sun on the grapes made them smile in the morning when she came smiling the same way.

There was a sun rising in the sky. There was a rushing in the air, wind filled with tiny birds winging high and wide. Over the hill, and into the brightness, the figure of a woman came walking. She hurried, driven by the wild breeze, holding onto a basket. The corners of her head kerchief flapped and fluttered, and the moving air pulled her hair from under the cloth into the sunlight. The moor lane became narrow, and it wound and curved the lady's footsteps many times until they stopped at a wooden door. Little children with shy, ruddy faces came to her while she unlocked it. She walked inside; the small ones also walked inside. The sun streaked yellow the brown of the chairs and tables that bore bowls and jars of flowers from yesterday's all-day walk. The lovely, Irish school lady took off her kerchief and the small ones put flowers in her hair. The door stayed open, the air could blow free around them and in them to their hearts.

Brigid Moynahan





Artie Mittnacht

The Kentucky backwoods were no longer a fittin' place for the likes of Huckleberry Mittnacht.

"Where you fixin' to go to, Huckleberry?"

"I think I'll go catch me some cards on a Mississippi riverboat. I'm tired of them revenuers, with their infernal nosin' around for my bathtub gin, and besides, the women around these parts don't know what's going' on—I want some sophistication."

The landing in Cairo was hot and crowded and noisy, jammed with folks hollerin' goodbye to the **Mississippi Queen**. Well now, Mister Artie didn't quite know what to think of all them fancy dudes struttin' around on the deck, so he just sat himself down near the stern and took out his harmonica. Soon this real swell-lookin' dude come up to old Huckleberry and he say, "Hey, Mister, ain't you never been on a riverboat before?" "No," says Huck, "I ain't never been on one as I can remember." Now this here dude thinks he'll make a fool out of old Artie. First he say, "Excuse me, my name is Leroy Quincy Rosengarde; how do you do." And Huck say, just fine as you please, "How do you do, my name is Mister Artie Huckleberry Mittnacht." Then the man say, "How's about a little poker?"

The captain's cabin was a dandy place, with thick red velvet carpets and sparkle-y chandeliers, and sitin' around a big mahogany table were six men. Well, they were right cordial and invited Rosengarde and his new friend to join them. The game got started and things were pretty hot for a while, but Mister Artie kept silent. They played on into the night, until finally there came a time when the other men laid down their cards and Mister Artie and Rosengarde were battlin' alone. The pot was about one-hundred and forty dollars and Mister Artie bet another twenty. Rosengarde looked at his cards again, smiled, and folded.

Mister Artie looked at his pocket watch and said, "It's time to be goin', Leroy." Then as they started out the door, one of the dudes asked them, real respectful-like, "Where you goin', sir?" Old Artie turned and grinned. "We're headed for New Orleans, goin' for some good jazz and some good women." They both smiled as the door shut softly behind them.



Kathy Bissell

Lady Katherine strode into the courtyard of the stables on her spacious estate. The skirt of her black silk riding habit was looped up over one arm and a delicate black veil covered her face, but a few wisps of pale blonde hair had escaped from her derby. She pushed open the door of the stable and called to her groom.

"Jarvis, is Dragonwyck ready?"

"Just this moment, my lady."

He led her hunter into the courtyard up to the mounting block. Before stepping up, she said as an afterthought, "Be sure to tell Cook we shall have thirty for dinner tonight."

"Yes, M'Lady."

One could hear the baying of the hounds coming closer. Lady Katherine leaped up on the horse in one graceful motion and turned to the groom.

"And Jarvis, tell them to be sure to set a place for my lord. He's returning from London today, you know."

And with that she galloped off into the English countryside.

A great crack sounded on the ship, and the top of the mainmast crashed to the deck, with spars dragging after it in the water.

Captain Harrison viewed the event with a calm eye.

"Consider how it could be used to our advantage," he mused. Then he quickly measured the distance between his ship and the approaching British brigantine. Signalling to his first mate, he dropped a command in his ear. Then, as the mate rushed off, Harrison buttoned his cape and walked slowly over to the railing.

The English crewmen threw their grappling hooks onto the ship and the vessels locked. Immediately the British stormed the American privateer and the two forces clashed in violent combat. There was fighting all over the deck for a time, but suddenly the Americans seemed to disappear. The English were standing in bewilderment, when they heard cries behind them. One by one the colonists, under cover of the mast, had slid over to the empty British ship. And the last to leave, of course, had been Captain Harrison.

He stood grinning at the helm of his new ship, and with a slight wave of his arm saluted the dumbfounded British soldiers as he set his course for home.

Harrison Uhl





Ledlie Borgerhoff

Early, early, in the small of a Normandy dawn, grey light was forming in the sky and in the air, bringing the ocean into the eye. From the darkness the new light drew stilled shapes and the sounds of scuttling animals. In the yard of a thatched cottage built close to the sea, ducks waddled and pecked at the sandy earth. The window held a candle burning golden in the grey. Inside, a woman was on her knees washing her floor. As she scrubbed she watched her hand on the rag moving the soapy water over the snake-patterned tiles. Her eyes followed the curling snake bodies—they made her think of distance and of air and of water and of someone who had gone to sail the huge expanse to become a part of those things. She stopped her imaginings abruptly and got up from the floor. Waiting had made the woman weary and the weariness had made her angry. She emptied the scrub-bucket water, refilled the pail, and dashed the clean water onto the tiles. The woman hung her bucket on a nail and sat on her stoop with her chin in her hand. The ocean stretched before her rising and falling, falling and rising, rising falling, falling rising. Who was that calling her? Someone was surely shouting her name. A boy came running to the woman, begging her to come to the beach, to look at the sea and to behold the ship! She looked hard at the vastness and yes, she could see the ship sailing slowly toward her with its carved dragon prow! She picked up her skirts and ran down to the docks. Standing at the edge she was laughing and dancing, her sabots making clip-clop noises on the wooden boards. All around, the morning shone out blue.

She balanced a large earthen jar expertly on her head as her tiny feet chose the safest path along the pebbled bank. She sang an old river tune as she walked, apparently oblivious to the beauty of the golden Nile and the soft southern breezes. It was summer in Egypt and the sun had bronzed her oiled skin to the waist, where a woven skirt fell in folds to the dusty ground. Her arms and shoulders were wet from filling the jar with river water and tiny drops of perspiration stood out on her lips. Her mind wandered to the city ahead of her and to the man waiting there for her, and she smiled and quickened her step. She looked the loveliest and the happiest that day, of all the women along the river.

Diana
Walsh





Pieter Fisher

The party was in full swing now, and its host, Ambassador "Extraordinaire" Pieter Fisher, already chalked it up as another success. All fashionable Vienna is here tonight, as well as just about the rest of Europe, he observed to himself. Walking easily through the glittering crowd, a charming smile fixed upon his face, he was indeed the picture of the polished diplomat. But little did anyone know what thoughts were really whirling around in that blond head as he bowed and murmured polite gallantries.

Oh my God, there are Baron Von Steuben and the French Ambassador glaring at each other again. I'd better rescue the situation with some of my well-known diplomacy before those two windbags blow each other up . . .

"Aaah, Monsieur Ambassador, they tell me your spaniel Scheherazade won the trials yesterday. She is a superb animal, I must say. Being a dog lover myself, I—

"Oooh, Ambassador Fisher!" a shrill voice interrupted. Oh, no, Pieter thought, it's that old bulldog, Countess Elsa Hapsburg . . .

"Countess," he breathed admiringly, with an elaborate bow. "It has been so long—too long. You look devilishly charming tonight—be thankful we are not alone." He winked slyly, giving her one of his famous sidelong glances. Then he made his escape as she collapsed in blushes.

Who invited **her**, he thought in exasperation as he headed toward the bar. As he moved, a shower of compliments came down upon him like spring rain.

"Mahvelous party, is it not, Ambassador?" "Pieter, old boy, you've done it again. Splendid gathering." "Ambassador Fisher, the caviar is **magnifique!**"

"Ambassador Fisher," came a soft voice. Pieter turned impatiently, expecting another boring compliment.

"Your collar is up again!" And a dimpled hand reached up and pulled it down.

In the darkness, a long, sleek, shining Packard purred to a stop in front of the mansion. A young woman stepped out of the car, her fine leather shoes squeaking on the gravel. She grinned when she caught sight of the marble fountain splashing gaily under the lighted trees. Turning, she reached within the car, and in one motion removed her small brown bag and shut the door with a click. She leaned over, lifted her skirt a bit and scratched her knee. Smoothing her hair she walked up the stairs to a large mahogany door. She was just about to knock when the door was opened by an attendant. Stepping into the warm dark hallway, she handed her purse and her white kid gloves to the butler. She turned again to face the room when in a burst of light, music, and gay voices, Noeline was greeted by the most lavish surprise party thrown in that summer of '22.



Noni Hargrave



Andrew Houston

In the depths of the orchestra pit at Carnegie Hall, the violinist was already warming up his instrument. He was a tall, thin young man with a shock of pale blond hair. He wore his white tie and tails stiffly but with dignity and he handled his violin with care and quiet pride. He played it cautiously, with such concentration that when Toscanini stepped up to the podium amidst thunderous applause, the young violinist did not even look up, but stood tensed and straight waiting for the signal to begin.

"Rights, now! Rights, now!"

The staid mayor paced his office floor, occasionally stopping to look out the window over the square. What would he do? All these women; so unmanageable. If he put them in jail, the whole town would be against him. Poor, defenseless females. Well, he'd do something about it. He looked out the window again and called to a policeman who was stationed in the hall.

"Sir, I would like you to bring me the leader of that, ah, demonstration."

"Yes, sir."

"We want the vote, we want the vote," the women chanted. Now we'll settle this mess, thought the mayor as he straightened his tie. There was a knock on his door, and he was quite surprised when in stepped a young slender lady. He had not expected to deal with someone quite so feminine.

"Ah, Miss"

"Sir," exclaimed the pretty blond, "I really do hope all the noise has not upset you! I know you mayors must be busy, and"

"Well, the noise was not, ah, that bad. You see"

"Mayor, I am so glad you see our point. Most men just think of us as silly females. Now that's not true, is it, Mayor?"

"Er, no, Miss, not exactly"

"Well, I am glad to have had this chat. The girls will be so happy you see their side. And if we do get the vote, well, Mayor, I'm not making promises, but women are not likely to forget, you know."

The girl left the office with a knowing smile on her face.

Ruth Anderson





Andrea Scasserra

It was one of the coldest mornings of 1911; frost covered the ground and there was a thin sheet of ice on the lake. A small wooden house was near the shore. A girl emerged from the woods behind the house carrying logs for the fire. She knew self-reliance was essential; snow would be coming soon. It would be worth it, though: Maine was beautiful in winter.

She was a princess; her tall regal stature and long wavy hair suited her title well. The huge, distinguished castle was becoming to her. She was shy, modest and innocent, yet in her eyes one could sense a wisdom and perceptiveness far beyond her years. Princes, dukes, and other nobles waited each day in the outer room, each wanting a chance to woo the Princess Jerie. The legend says that even the great Robert Hood ventured to her doorstep, although I doubt that is true. Those who wooed her were fascinated by her mysterious, sensuous character. But in time she was quite bored with them. She searched within the soul of each of her admirers for that special difference—but she searched in vain, for they were all the same.

On this day she once again settled herself on the richly brocaded sofa and awaited her callers.

Suddenly—

"My apologies, your highness. I don't know how this man got in. He's quite impudent, I must say—he couldn't even wait his turn."

Princess Jerie smiled gently.

"That's all right—don't be hard on him, Major Domo."

She looked at the strange man. Immediately he captured her with his smile and with his eyes. She blushed. The Major Domo moved impatiently.

"My dear Madam, he doesn't even carry a title! He has no home, no family. He claims to be a French Poet, of all things. I've never heard such rubbish. A mere wanderer, I say—"

"Yes, yes! Please leave us alone and send the others away."

He was magnificent. They spoke for hours, and despite his shabby clothes he totally enchanted her. When he eventually left, she was content at last. She went to sleep finally, and dreamed of the Religion paper she hadn't written, the Russian History she hadn't read and the French poem lying still unfinished on her desk.

Jeri Hafitz



The most infuriating thing about that woman was her audacity in making her public reports on the institutions she visited. And a lady trudging through city orphanages and boys' farm schools! But maybe she was no lady. Audacious, certainly; but how many trustees and politicians knew what was really behind the antiseptically clean buildings which she was in charge of? This particular afternoon she was visiting another children's home. She maintained a professional, detached air, taking notes with the proficiency of a journalist. But notice that she took the trouble to ask especially about a young child who was playing by himself in a corner.



Karen Turner



Mary Mills

In the region called Cabigal the sky seemed the bluest and the grass the greenest to be found anywhere in England. Mary's favorite days here were those when Sir Henry hunted and she could watch. She would sit near the water jump, alone, enjoying the feel of the wind on the back of her neck. She was always thrilled by the horses and held her breath as they cleared the jump, pushing their strong legs and shining hooves over the hedge, kicking to span the water, flicking their tails as they landed on the green turf on the far side. She did not watch the riders as carefully, although she did notice that Sir Henry's derby hat had usually fallen off and was bouncing against his back as he galloped toward the next jump. Mary was glad she was not asked to ride with them; she preferred to sit alone and watch.

One night when Sir Henry met her in that same place, she saw that he could never understand her. He would not take the time to know her, or to examine himself. As she threw the sixpence he had left her into the quiet water of the jump and watched the ripples break the surface, she felt very bitter and sad about Sir Henry and the others of his class who did not know what they were missing.



Mary Johnson

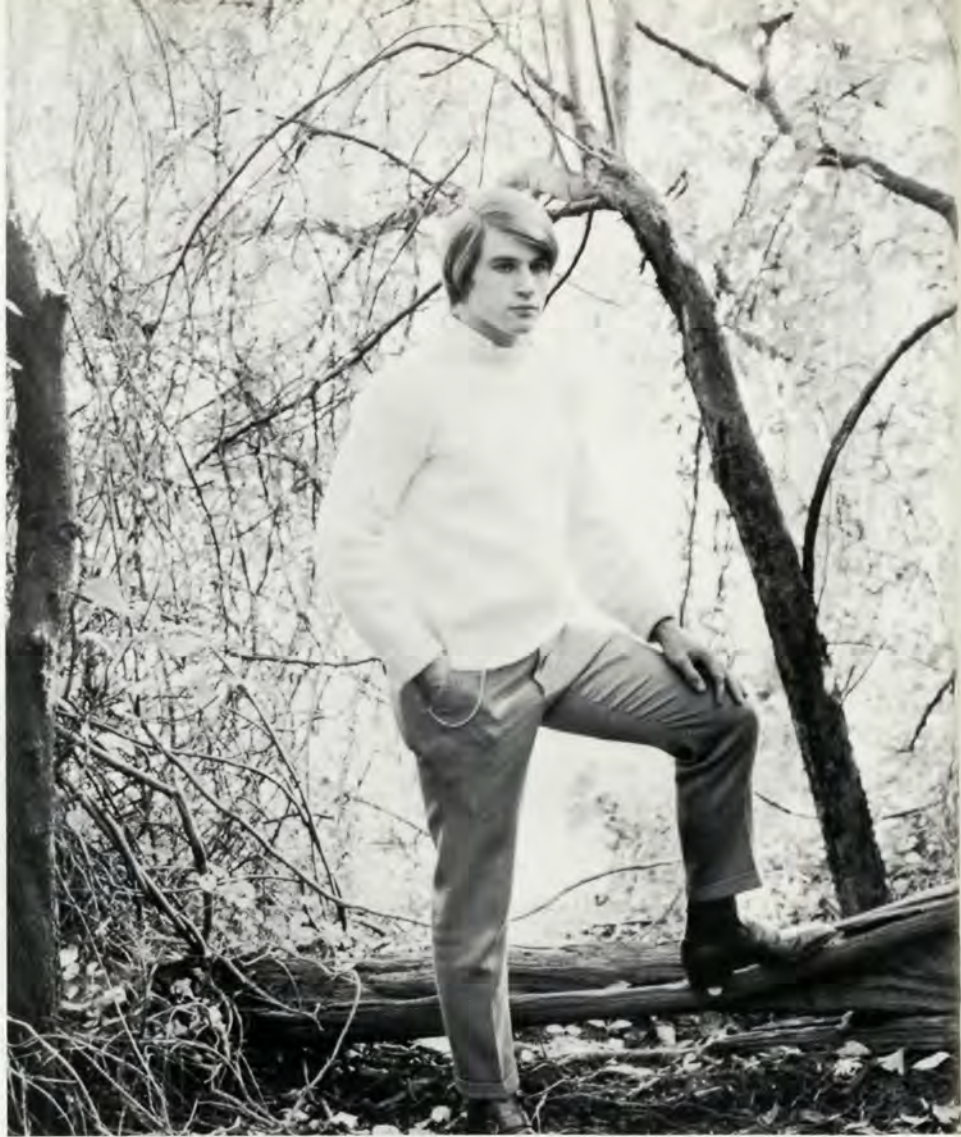
There could be no denying that Miss Mary Johnson was the favorite that season in Regency London. Of course, she was a beauty—possessed of a creamy skin, dark blue eyes and willowy figure, she dressed with exquisite taste; a burgundy velvet gown, perhaps, with a single string of pearls and gardenias in her heavy auburn hair. She was, indeed, “a diamond of the first water.” The honesty and intelligence evident in her manner made a charming contrast to the other girls, who prided themselves on their “helpless femininity” and soft, die-away voices. Miss Mary, not allowing the laws that governed the polite circles to hamper her, always said exactly what she thought. For even her will to please could not overcome her basic honesty. Confronted once by a young buck who was rather in his cups, she showed extraordinary spirit. Instead of simpering “La, Sir! **How** you startled me!” as any other young lady would have done, she laughed, and with a toss of her head said, “Oh, Freddy, **do** go away; you’re completely foxed!”

She enjoyed her London season but it was not by any means what she loved best. Parties and dancing and beaux were all lovely in their own way, but at night when she blew out the candle and burrowed her head against the pillow, she thought of a little stone house in Sussex, and her horse, and she knew what she really wanted.

He worshiped Pan, the god of the fields and forests, flocks and shepherds. He tended his fields, toiling in his own sweat to produce crops so that he could continue to live. Spurred by the ever-present human need to make life easier for himself, around the turn of the century he invented a machine that would plant seeds in parallel rows for him. He knew that it was good, for the music of the pipes of Pan filled his ears.

John Lockette





John Kalpin

Promptly at nine o'clock, he sauntered into the casino of that immense sidewheeler, the **Mississippi Queen**. As he made his way to the poker table, the other gamblers whispered, "That's Diamond John Kalpin." His nickname was well-earned, for the diamond studs in his shirt bosom glittered with a vengeance, and a large solitaire on his left hand gleamed and flashed rainbow colors when he moved.

"Well, gentlemen; ready for a little-er-action?" His companions murmured apprehensively, knowing that their money would soon be his. But they assented, for they did not mind losing to one with the style and grace of Diamond John.

"Scotch and soda," he called to the bar, and his drink came accompanied by a lady of exquisite beauty, who made herself comfortable on the arm of his chair.

"How about a kiss?" she cooed softly. He stared at her for a moment; then a cynical look crossed his face.

"Later, darling." And he turned his full attention back to the game.

It was 1928, and the crowd had gathered at the Turville Hunt Club in Surrey for the annual fox-hunt. Society photographers roamed through the fashionable, tweedy crowds in search of pictures for, say, the **Town Tatler**, or the **Times**. Suddenly Lady Wistar Williams cantered up on her chestnut mare, skirts flying, cheeks flushed; and the crowd gasped as she stopped just a few feet short of an old gentleman. Stepping lightly down from her horse, she turned the full battery of her smile on him and apologized sweetly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Sir Hugh—St. Columb is very restless this morning and I just can't get her to behave politely. I do hope I didn't frighten you."

The gentleman melted under her glance and murmured that indeed no, he was not at all upset and that she cut a very charming figure on that horse. She smiled again in thanks, and tapping him lightly on the arm with her crop, started through the crowd. Necks craned and lorgnettes lifted to catch a glimpse of young Lady Wistar, who lived up at Elvira House on the Grange, with her horses, her dogs, and her books. She was known for her elegant parties and literary soirees, for her genteel wit and intelligence. Indeed, she was the talk of aristocratic Surrey.

"Lady Wistar! Come here, I should like you to meet a friend of mine. Lady Wistar, this is Alexandre De Lacy, a young French writer who"

Wistar Williams





Alex Laughlin

The Dalai Lama spent most of his time down at the clay bank of the river. He made beautiful women out of clay, and then meditated for a day to create souls for his clay women. He made a woman one day and then meditated the next. The third day of the cycle he strained his mind very hard and gave his lady a soul. He made her clay turn to flesh and blood and bones and, most important, he gave her a mind and a soul. He was tired after this third day, but the woman was always there to care for him and massage his poor tired spirit with hers. She made the pain of the third day worthwhile, and they spent the night together, happily warm. She was always dead in the morning; she had become clay again. The Dalai Lama would then be sad for a week, spending a lot of time running through the country he loved. He saw the cycles of all nature during this time. He saw that it was this way, that this is life, and was happy with his nature. He got the creative urge again after a while and made another beautiful lady, for he loved nature and saw that to be the way with all things, for all things are nature.



Ginny Myer

It was a cold morning in November, 1917. Ginny looked behind her; the workers' Red Guard was poised for action. Ahead were the Government offices, and beyond that, the Winter Palace. She certainly hoped all would go well; a lifetime's work was at stake. All for a free Russian state. But no, she must not let herself think of all the good that would come. She raised her hand, and the workers stormed the Government offices.



Judy Kleinberg

Castle Keyport stands high on a cliff of the coast. The angry waves which crash beneath it somehow complement the tangled brush which has covered what was once the garden and the empty, staring windows which open onto them. There is, of course, a legend attached to this castle. It tells of the Lady Judith. Long ago, during the reign of Elizabeth I, she had lived here with her widowed father, a successful merchant in those prosperous times. Judith possessed not only beauty but charm, intelligence, and an often scathing wit. Suitors came from many counties and many countries to vie for her hand in marriage, but she would have none of them. They were too boyish or too humorless or too proud but worst of all, they worshipped and praised her when what she really wanted was someone to be tender and protective and dominating. She lived to a great age, happily on the whole, but she never married. Always she yearned for the man who never came. Now, they say, on summer nights when there is a wind, a figure in a flowing purple dress appears at one of the upper windows overlooking the sea. She watches for a time, then begins to sing in a voice so clear and strong that the words are distinguishable even against the noise of the wind: "It's never too late to fall in love"

"I say, Roger, do you see that Hindoo over there?"

"Really, old boy. There are so many of them, and they all look so much alike that I can't tell one from the other."

"I mean the one with the loincloth on. Over in the corner, reading the **Kamasutra**."

"Oh, yes. The one with the interesting eyes."

"Yes, that's the one. Notice his face. Observe the reflections of animal passion which pass over it each time he turns a page."

"Really, Livingston, you **would** be the one to notice things like that. I must say, he looks very happy. He has such a cheerful face. It is sad that he seems so depraved."

"Well, I'd watch that stuff, old chap. It seems he's the head of the local council or something."

Rob Gips



The 1932 "season" at Monte Carlo was memorable that year for many reasons, although I can never pinpoint the exact one. Was it perhaps because the women that year were especially captivating? Or were the parties more elegant and gay than usual? Or better still, was it because of the presence of that young man-about-town, Dick "Richie" Huber?

I can still see him, leaning nonchalantly against the doorway of the Jeu Des Cartes Casino, impeccably dressed in a black tuxedo, his icy blue eyes coolly appraising the room. Then, if the prospects looked good, he would saunter over to the roulette table to try his hand. He gambled with ease and skill, and he was rarely known to lose.

As far as women were concerned, he never lost either. He had a knack for breaking hearts with his suave, debonair manner; and one particularly jealous young damsel had termed him "Smooth as cream—and just as slippery!" It was not that he **meant** to be unfaithful, of course—but life was so much more **interesting** when one played the field. Why get married when Cole and Noël and Elsa were giving such divine parties, when the women were so terribly **soignée** in their Mainbocher and Molyneux gowns, when champagne and money flowed so extravagantly?

That was indeed the case this evening. Richie's winnings were high and he lost no time in heading for the casino bank to collect

" . . . Hey, Funk, can you spare a quarter for a milkshake?"

"Sorry, Birdie, I'm broke—but you can have one of my peanut-butter-and-pear sandwiches, if you like."

Dickie turned up his aristocratic nose in disgust.

"Heh-heh, thanks, Paul-boy, but I prefer to wait for bigger and better things."

Dickie Huber





Cameron Gregg

Far down the lane two people were riding a bicycle. As it came closer, Sundance could see that Butch was pedaling it. Cameron sat perched on the handlebars, her white cotton skirts up, drawers showing. But she did not seem to care, and just laughed and shouted at Butch as they careened along. Her hair streamed loose behind her, glinting red in the sun. She was sun-burned and healthy-looking, not at all like the prim schoolteacher she was supposed to be.

The bicycle came closer and they saw Sundance. Butch stopped pedaling and they both stood there and looked at Sundance. Nobody said anything for a moment.

Sundance peered sourly down at Butch.

"What are you doing?"

There was a pause, then Butch spoke.

"Stealing your girl."

Sundance nodded in comprehension, then shrugged.

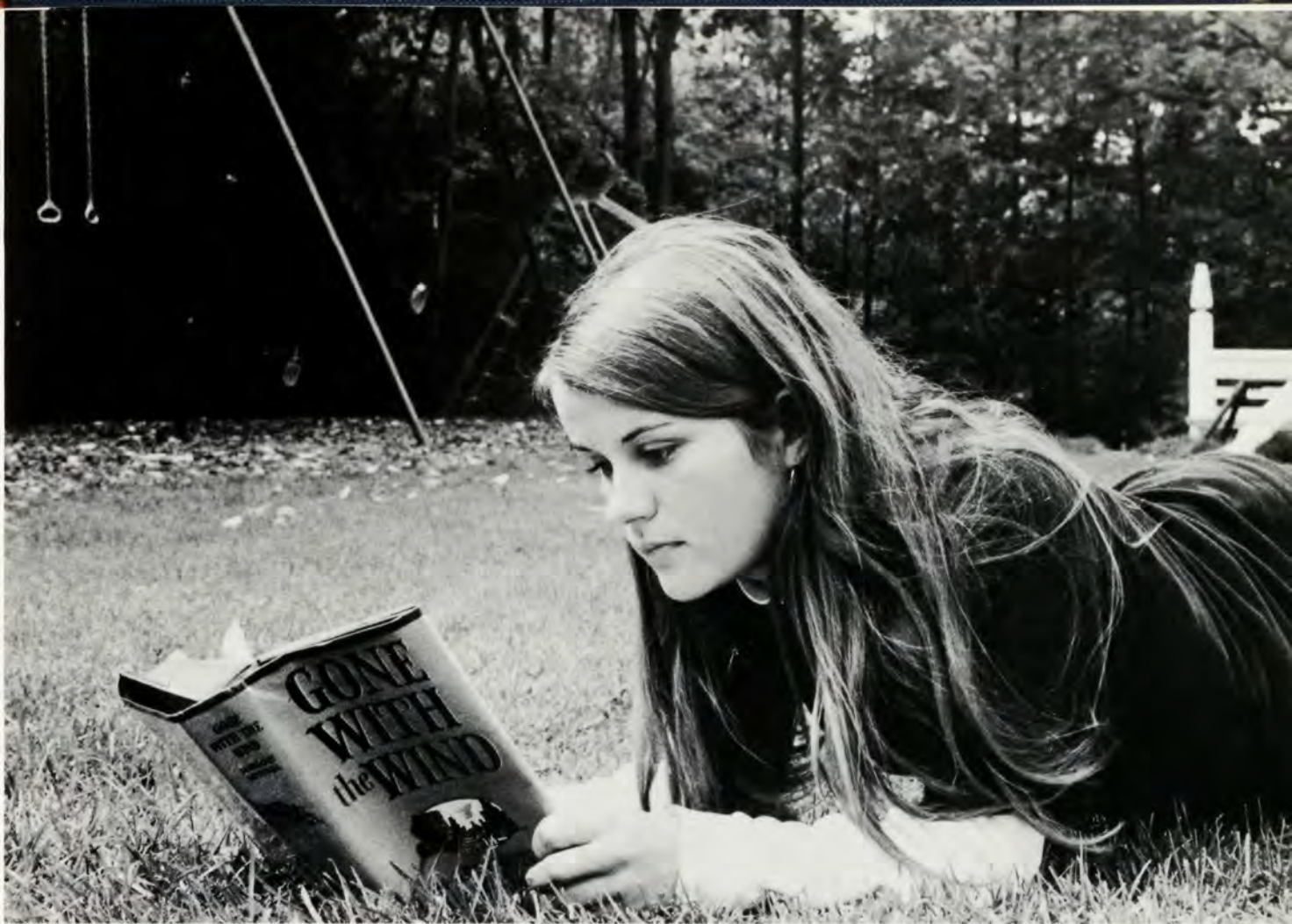
"Take her!"

"Oh, Sundance!" Cameron cried, half relieved, half exasperated. Then she began to laugh, her brown eyes snapping with merriment. "C'mon fellows, I'll get you some breakfast." And she leapt up the porch steps, two at a time, into the house.

You'll find her gaily walking up a path, dancing in the dust, through the sun-bleached grass of a Cretan hill. She has black medusa hair and deep penelope eyes. Her lotus-flower lips are smiling, lighting up her face, lighting up her bronzed olive skin. She'll be swinging an empty woven basket. An occasional Mediterranean breeze will ruffle her pleated skirt; it will flutter the purple and magenta woven sash that is tied around her waist. She'll run into an olive grove to one side of the dusty path. She'll meander from tree to tree plucking olives from their boughs, dropping them in her woven basket. When her basket is full and her stomach is satisfied, she will sit beneath an olive tree. She will sing, looking up at the bright blue sky. She will laugh because the floating seabirds passing by up high are beautiful.

Anthea Burtle





Kenzie Carpenter

It was early morning. The sun was coming up. The damsel in distress peered out of her high tower. Below, the ground was covered with frantic young knights. All the knights were trying to climb the tower so they could save the damsel. They had been trying all night.

The damsel gave a long wail. This wail troubled the knights sorely. They redoubled their efforts to climb the tower.

Now the damsel was sitting on her bed. Smiling, she listened to the noise of the agitated knights. Once again, she looked out of the turret to make sure they were still trying.

Then she went back to bed.



Lucien Yokana

If you walked into the Red-Eye saloon in Cheyenne around 1885, the first thing you would probably notice, apart from the fancy ladies, would be the bar. That bar had the biggest goddamn collection of booze—and the bartender! What a wise guy. While he poured and mixed and stirred the drinks, he wore this silly expression—sort of absent-minded, innocent; his watery blue eyes vacant and staring. But the corners of his mouth were twisted in a slight smile, because he knew he was being watched.

"Next, please!" he would roar at frequent intervals as his hands, dripping with beer, blasted the brew across the counter. All eyes were on this guy, as if he didn't know, with his red face, shirtsleeves and dapper bow-tie stained with whiskey. One couldn't help noticing him.

"Hey, gimme a light, bub." This was his cue. Reaching for a safety match, in one swift motion he would run it across his cheek and hand the light to the customer. Everyone laughed at this nightly routine—like they were supposed to. And still this guy kept his innocent expression. The only time I ever saw him lose this look was around two one night, just before closing time. He grabbed his own personal bottle of Wild Turkey and drained it with a whistle and a yelp. Then his eyes lost their vacant stare as he focused on a buxom blonde sitting on the piano in the corner . . .

Funny, I never did get his name.

New York—Wilmurt 1921

The Fisherman strolled out of the hut at her usual 4:00 A.M. She silently put on her warmest boots and blanket wrap, and picked up her fly-rod. By profession she was a writer, acclaimed in the literary circles of the east; by hobby she was an avid fisherman and knew by heart the well-stocked nooks and offshoots of Wilmurt Lake. She preferred these mountains to any place in the world. Quietly leaving the shore in the old guide canoe, she began to tour the lake's edge. Using a Parmesian Belle fly, her casting was smooth and practiced. She stayed on the lake until 5:30. When she came in, she found he had already put the coffee on. Together they fixed a breakfast of blueberry muffins and fresh fish. The brook trout were certainly big that year.

Nan Schluter





Susan Stix

The young lady languidly walked through her rose garden that misty April day. Suddenly it began to rain softly, but the young lady did not care, except that her new velvet dress would probably get a little damp. And it was **so** pretty—cut in an elegant style so typical of the eighteenth century. Of a rich olive green, it was trimmed with pearls and delicate lace; the deep color set off her brilliant red hair to perfection. Indeed, it was her favorite dress. But it **would** be ruined if it rained any harder.

I suppose I should make a dash for it, she thought, and lifting up her heavy skirts she sped down the gravel path toward the house. As she burst in the little side door, breathless and slightly wet, she heard her mother's voice, haughty, disapproving, float down the stairwell.

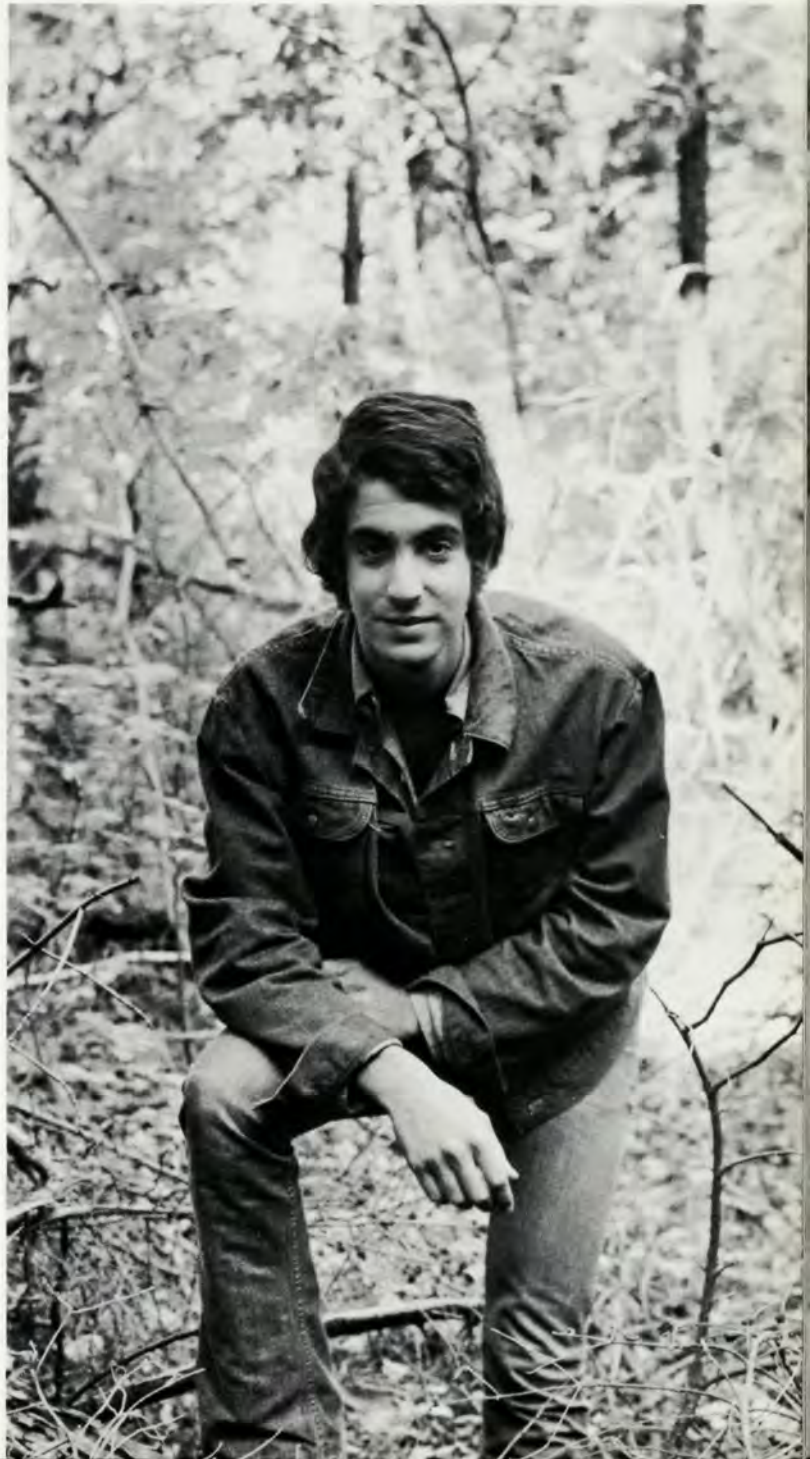
"Young ladies do **not** run down garden paths, they walk. Really, Susan, you are of the aristocracy, **not** of the peasantry. Remember that."

"Oh, fol-de-rol, Mamma; I don't want to ruin my new dress. It cost so much, and besides nobody saw me and anyway, I can be a lady any day of the week but I can't always buy new velvet dresses when my old ones get wet."

There was silence and Susan glanced apologetically toward the stairs as she went into the library where she had left her Cowper open on the table.

Ricky Albert

Monsieur Albert, who had been the head waiter at the Ritz in Paris since 1919, was very proud of his profession. In a way he was famous, famous among the people who mattered anyway, he thought, and allowed a slight smile to mar the smooth impersonality of his face. This was his last night, he had handed in his notice a month before. No one except the manager knew this. After all, Ricky had insisted modestly, why should the guests or the other employees be bothered with an event which for them could hold little importance. So it was that he was honestly astounded when, upon his gliding into the dining room with the usual white towel draped over his arm, things seemed to explode. Music played, balloons floated from the ceiling and people were shouting his name. Before he knew what was happening, he found himself seated at the best table with some of the most distinguished guests whom he had served for twenty years. He turned to watch the chorus of "gold diggers" dance in the middle of the room, and for the first time he did not know how to behave.





Steven Silverman

The red plane was dipping and weaving now among the other planes, like a glorious bird in flight. The crowd which had gathered on the hot dusty field to watch the barnstormers were held as if in a trance, all necks craned toward the sky and the little red plane. When it finally came in for a landing, and when the pilot stepped out of the cockpit, there was a wild burst of cheers and clapping. Startled at first, he blushed and accepted their applause gracefully as he walked down the ramp.

Ivan sat quietly in his chamber. He had sent all the men servants away, asking his wife to lunch with him alone. So often she was the only one who would listen, intelligently yet sympathetically, to his problems concerning the Russian state. His young bride, Tsarina Katherine, gracefully entered, her eyes bright from a recent hunt, her color heightened by the castle fires.

"Ivan, please come riding with me this afternoon. The air is so cold. I'm sure it would do you so much good! Leave the Muscovite state, just for an hour!"

He smiled, appreciating the immediate relaxed feeling his wife presented.

"Ah my dear, I cannot. Now sit and keep me company; I must discuss my troubles with you."

She playfully pouted but sat next to him. She would dine with her husband and together they would solve the problems of the world.

Kathy Veeder



And the country people brought Steven to the king. He could pass the test. He could perform each feat and surpass even Daniel, who had fought off the lions in the den. Steven could demonstrate his superb athletic ability just as Hercules had once done, for he was their hero. The king accepted the challenge. Yes, if this young man could prove himself the strongest, quickest, most skillful and most qualified athlete of the kingdom, the country folk would be freed from taxation. Steve had agreed to do this even though failure would mean death at the hands of the king. He was brave and fearless and he loved his people.

Steven jogged to the starting line where he nonchalantly shed his green warm-up suit to reveal a pair of satin shorts. He tied the famous headband around his head and was off. The country people shouted. The royal family hissed. Steve won a fast race and played a one-man soccer game. He played eight sets of tennis against Caesar Laver. He played thirteen hours of basketball. He sailed. He canoed. He vaulted. He won.

"Hurrah for Steven, our hero," the crowd shouted.

"Well, gee," said Steve, turning in his toes and shifting from foot to foot; "it really wasn't anything."

"No, Steve," answered the king who was, needless to say, very impressed, "that was quite a performance. I give you one half of my kingdom and the hand of my daughter, Princess Stefanie."

The princess stepped up to Steven and kissed him lightly on the cheek. The solid young hero gazed at her lovingly for a moment, then put on his red hat and ran away terrified.

Steven Bash





Sally Rodgers

Carefully she sits at tea on the wide expanse of lawn in the shade of the trees. Her hair is pulled tightly back, very neat under her hat. Her brown eyes smile as she watches. All the family munch quietly on small pink and white cakes; Sally too. The tea cup she grasps ever so perfectly in her left hand begins to tremble in its saucer. She feels the tightness of her dress at the waist; its high lace collar digs into her neck. She glances at the three tiny silk buttons on the inside of her wrists. As gently as she can, Sally places her teacup on the table among the fine white doilies and the cake crumbs. She stands slowly, then clasps her long skirts in her left hand, and runs. Her wide straw hat falls from her head, as through the arbor she goes, past the closely clipped lawns she races, into the tall grass on a hillside. Tumbling down comes the long auburn hair, off come the highbutton shoes as she turns laughing to look up at the sky.



Kacey Constable

The statuesque Trojan girl strode through the magnificent temples on her way to the hanging gardens. With her belted white gown and gold sandals, she was obviously of fine breeding. As she was about to reach the steps, a handsome, well-built young hero confidently approached her.

She turned at the sound of his footsteps and he sank on one knee before her.

"Ah, Katherine, you are the fairest of all the women in the land. If I were a ship, seeing your face would be enough to launch me. Be mine forever, my sweet, or I shall surely die!"

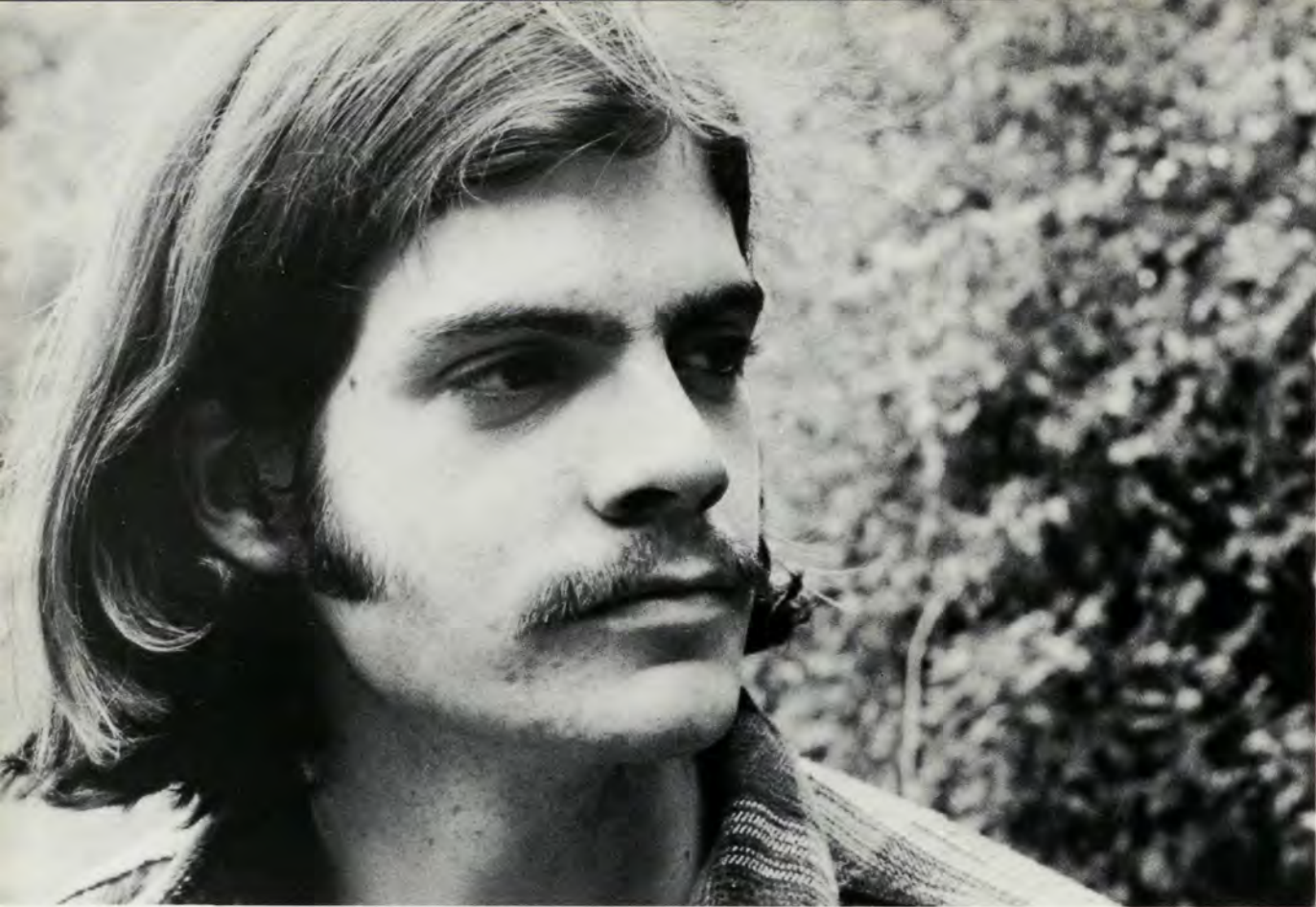
With that she burst out laughing, her blue eyes glinting,

"Look, darling, would you mind getting up? You're kneeling right on my foot."

"Hooray, hooray and view halloa!" exclaimed the young gaily-gowned Lady Meg of Affleck, tossing her chestnut curls and gazing down the long yew avenue of Chortle Manor. "The good King Charles returns today!" Meg spoke joyously to her large shaggy dog, Portside, for it was May, 1660, and Charles II was yea verily coming from France, restoring to England the joy and ribald good spirits so conspicuously absent during the languishing gray-flannel years of the Cromwells. Now the dress codes would be lifted, comedy would be rife, the wine would be mulling on the hob and Lady Meg's hour had surely come. "On with the Restoration," she caroled, and Portside woofed enthusiastically in reply.

Margaret Affleck





Thomas Reynolds

The people who went to Tom's place in those days were all friends, even if they did not know each other's names. For they all loved Tom, and they all loved to travel inside the stories of his music. People these days call it "story telling jazz."

He played in a little basement below the Café du Pré, where it was warm and dark, where the wine was good, where the sounds flowed mellow and soft. People sat at little tables, on the floor, or at the bar, and did not talk, just listened to Tom play. When he played, we became absorbed into his music, our souls slipping into his soul as he shared himself with everyone who would listen.

Charlotte was standing on a ladder studying a block of marble. She always thought carefully before she did anything. Reluctant to make the first chisel stroke, she looked around the studio at her work. She knew in a vaguely modest way that her sculptures were good. She had combined the skills and techniques taught her by the old masters with her own perceptive way of looking at things and had evolved a unique style. Somehow she knew the one she was starting would be the best. It would say something she was sure of but had never said in words.



Charlotte Kornegay

Three days out of Nairobi Anne shot her first lion, and consequently was the recipient of many congratulations and much attention that night in the camp. This circumstance aroused rather unlady-like emotions in the other two attractive but non-athletic women who had come on the safari. Not that Anne hadn't been the favorite from the first. None of the men had failed to notice how her khakis set off her trim, lithe figure to perfection or how wisps of the blond hair which she shoved carelessly under her pith helmet each morning escaped provocatively as the day progressed. And certainly she had the lightest of hearts and was wonderfully easy to talk to. This night she was the center of attention. One honorable young man, gazing wistfully at Anne's left hand (which he had long ago noticed held no wedding ring), said,

"You know, you remind me of a gazelle. The way you move . . ."

"Oh, pooh," she said, not unkindly, "they glide; I just run." A not so honorable and older man chimed in,

"I'd have said a giraffe. They travel in pairs, **not** in groups." He reached possessively for her hand just as Anne, seemingly oblivious to the tension around her, stood up and said,

"I think I'll go to bed. Goodnight."

Anne Reid





John Moore

The cold north winds blew through the straights of Belle Isle, causing high waves and dangerous conditions. Sir Moore did not mind; the cold felt good on his face, and his fur coat kept his body warm. He looked to the bare hill where Martin Frobisher stood, probably making measurements with his compass. This Labrador coast would be a hard place to make a home in; small scrub pines were all that grew. But it would be interesting, thought John, as he began to imagine the kind of cabin he would build.

Lydia stretched out her hand and begged. She begged for the food she ate and scrounged for the clothes she wore. But she grew tired of the city and left for the mountains. Many years later, in a hut by the carcass of a frozen leopard, they found lines of poetry. Beautiful lines.

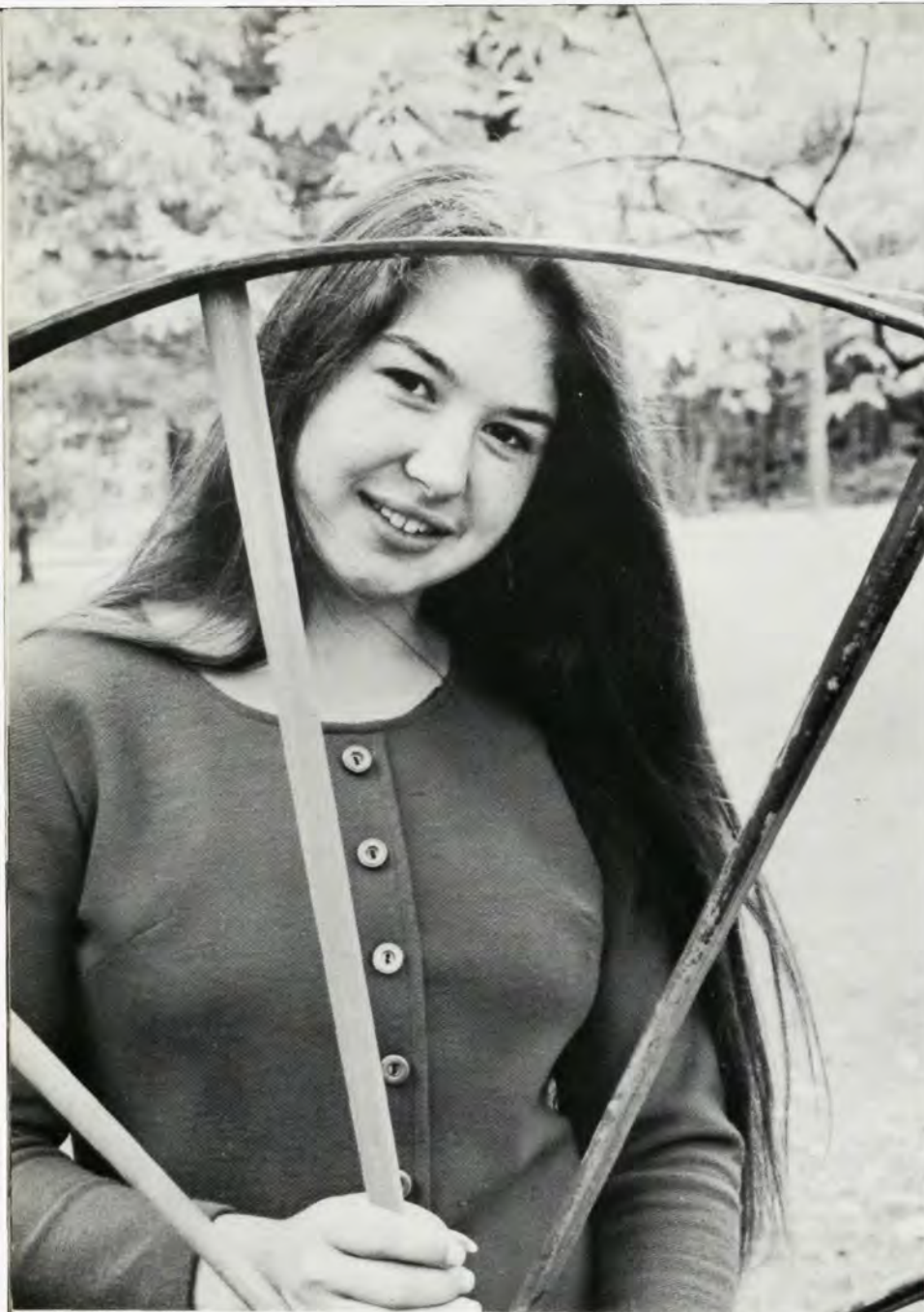
Lydia Lennihan





Michael Savage

In one of the smaller cafés on Montmartre a young man was seated at the corner table. There was no one else in the room. A carafe of eau-de-vie stood on the table in front of him, and while sketching onto little sheets of paper he sipped the liqueur. He had dark, interesting eyes and long dark hair and he seemed very absorbed in his work. He sat at the table all afternoon, watching people slowly amble in. And as he sat he smiled to himself, for he knew he was just in time.



Lucinda Herrick

She landed in Castine with one of the first ships from England. She was born in Scotland; her Highlands boldness had brought her to this "new world." For some years she lived on the Maine coast, but the sea and rough freezing winds did not suit her. Again she pushed forward with others and eventually settled in what was to become Vermont. Adventuresome, yet sound of thought, she was left content by the Green Mountain forests and forever altering skies. Her days were busily spent building and planting; during the night she would weave, and sing, and sleep quietly under quilts.



Turner Price

Turner peered expectantly down the Via Dei Neri toward the Piazza Santa Trinita. His friend Guidibaldo was late, and if they didn't hurry they would miss the calcio game in the Piazza della Signoria where all of Florence would gather to watch the Guelphs and the Ghibellines play soccer in their gaily caparisoned livery. Suddenly, he espied the glint of steel in an aperture halfway down the street and heard muffled voices. He shrank back into the shadow but it was too late. Three of the dread Pazzi brothers bore down on him with their terrifying battle cry of "ecco il antipasto." Turner drew his sword and prepared to meet them with a sinking heart. Just then, from the other end of the street, came his friend Guidibaldo, brandishing his sword and shouting their joint challenge in colloquial Italian, "Vini, Doni et Aria." Battle was joined and the Pazzis, harried from front and rear, fled through a side alley.

"Come," said Turner. "Let us be off to the calcio match, and keep an eye out for i broadi." Proudly, they swaggered off down the street as the great chimes of Giotto's Campanile rang out in seeming salute.

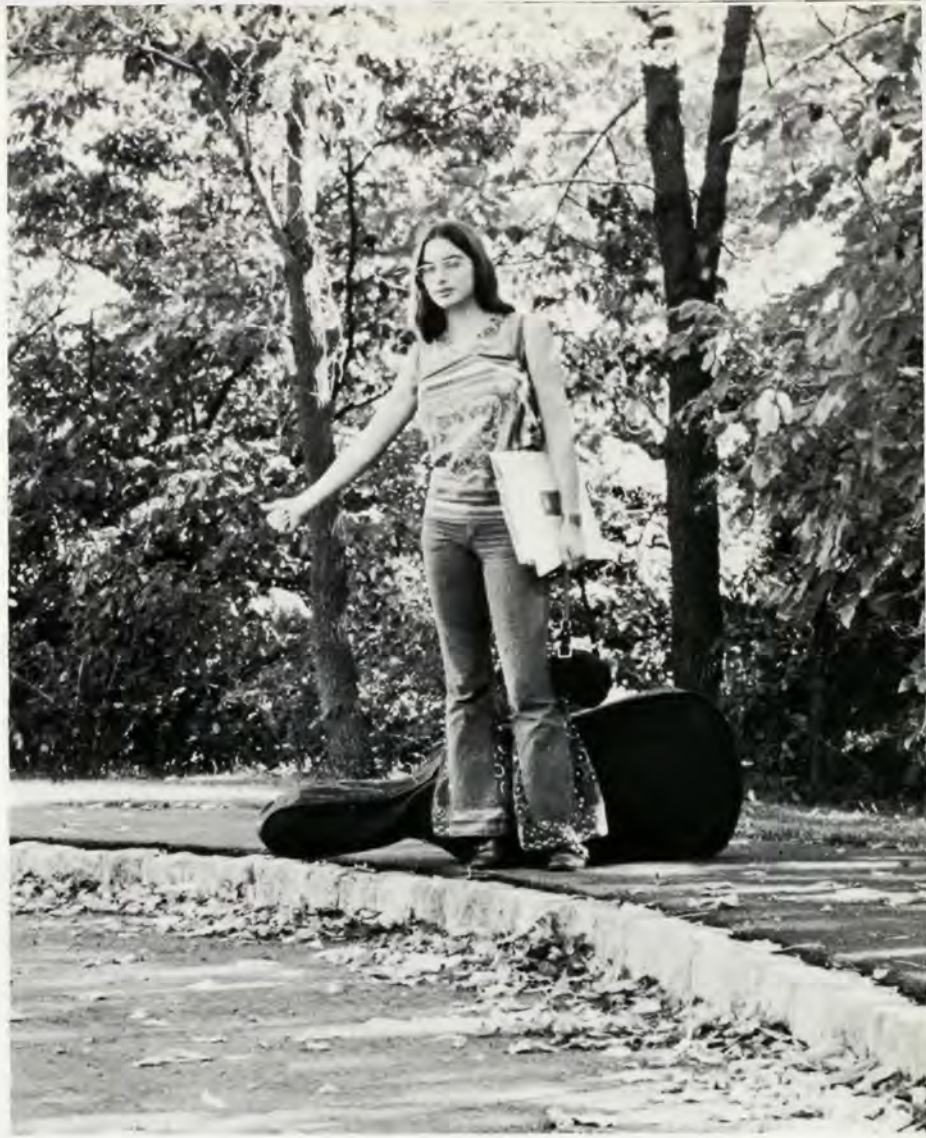


Susan Linowitz

One of the things I most vividly remember about my experience in the war was the long trek home after the truce had been signed. I was in prison in Kentucky at the time and, of course, I had received no pay, as the Confederacy was dissolved. Therefore I was forced, as were many of my comrades, to find food and lodging along my way.

Near the end of my journey, I stopped at a cabin on the edge of some woods. I knocked on the cabin door and a lovely lady greeted me and bade me come in. I entered, enjoying the air of welcome in the cabin and the warmth of my hostess, and found a seat by the open fireplace. She offered me some soup, simmering in a great pot, and some bread still warm from the hearth. She spoke easily of her husband, who had been killed in Sherman's march to Richmond, and I admired her candidness and honesty.

After my dinner, she took me by the hand and directed me homeward. She knew me well, and told me so.

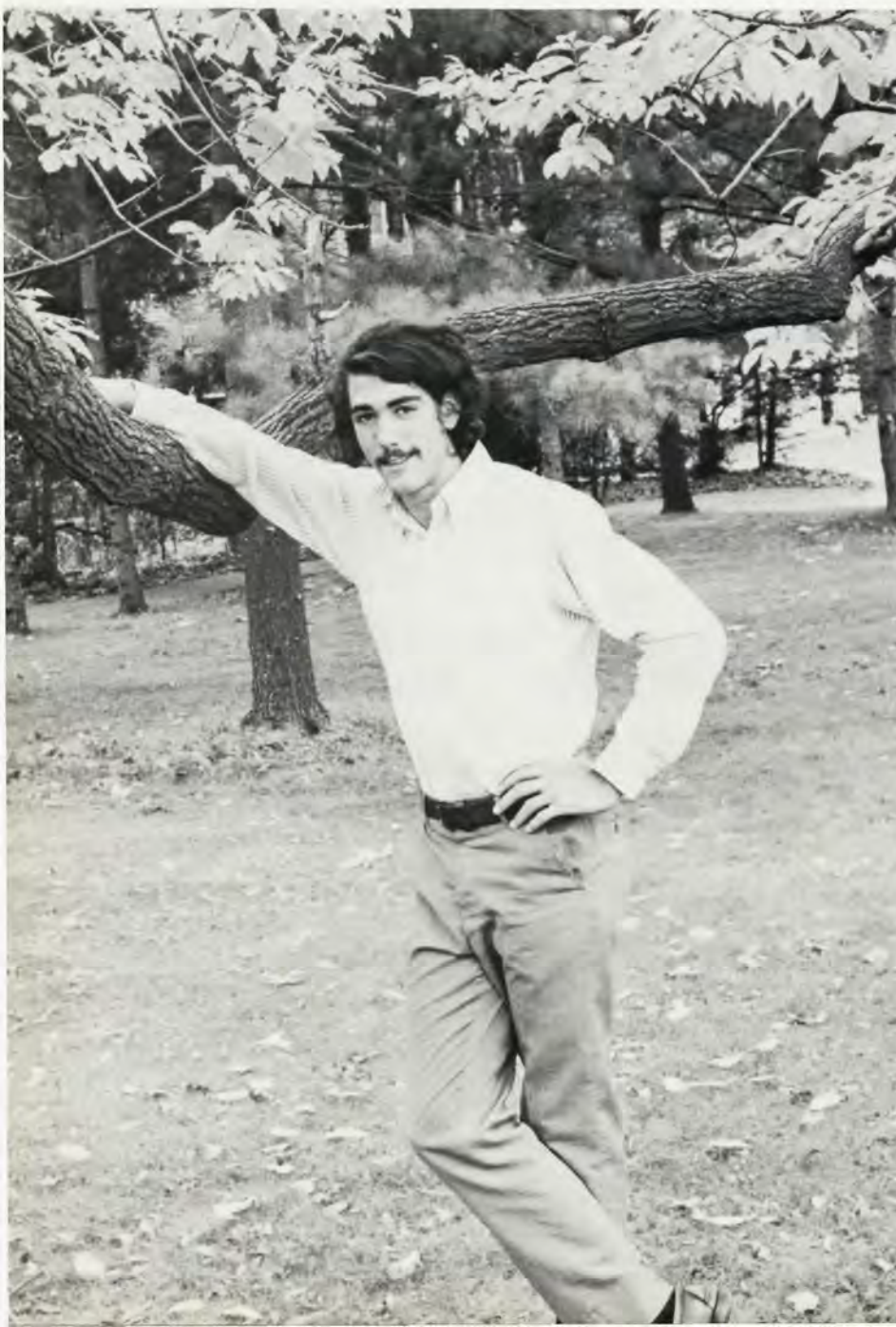


Jackie Webster

They had been walking the stony road all day, and Jackie was very tired. The lute players were not so weary, but her beloved cello was heavy and for once she longed to get it out of her hands. They entered the castle through the servants' entry and Jackie slowly climbed the steep winding stairs to the room where they would play. She felt cold and hungry and only wanted a warm bed on which to lie down. She was wondering how she would ever be able to play, when the door at the top of the stairs was thrown open and a flurry of voices and lights greeted their little group. Suddenly the cello felt light in her hands and she entered the hall with a new gleam in her eyes.

Jonathan sat facing the western ocean—the gulls swung wide, burning the air with a blazing arc. They dived through ocean spray to rivet on the prey below. The day was almost over, and he had come to watch the sun go down. He contemplated the curve on the edge of his sight; yes, the world must be round.

The sun slowly disappeared and Jonathan looked for his friend. He soon discovered him sitting on the quay by the big ship. Jonathan left his seat and the friend stood. He was a tall, dark Portuguese. The two spoke quietly for a minute and then Jonathan let out a whoop of joy. His friend had found a boat and together they would sail west.



Jonathan Chilton

Jody sat perched atop a large wagonload of hay, bumping towards home on that warm afternoon in the fall of 1806. She laughed with her many brothers, and her brown skin shone with the healthy look of a hard-working farm girl. She tightly grasped the wooden frame of the wagon and several times, with a squeal, she nearly fell to the muddy roadside below. Jody's blond curls sparkled in the sunlight. Her long calico skirt and white waist were well-worn and comfortable and her dusty bare feet dangled beneath her petticoats. When the road curved, Jody jumped from the wagon and ran into the cool pantry of a white clapboard house. She washed her hands at a washstand just inside the door, and sat down to a nice big lunch of bread and cheese.

Jody Erdman





Fred Dalrymple

He was in a long dark hall with benches lining every wall and long-gowned ladies sitting on them with their gallant gentlemen. He was tall and thin, his hair long and brown. He stood in the midst of the staring faces of spellbound bodies. He held a candle in one hand; in the other he waved a silver wand. He wore a long, black cape and a tall white hat. His feet were bare. He looked magical. He spoke quietly, smiling, preaching, telling his audience to worry, wonder, to be aware. Was he a magician?

"Wake up," his voice grew loud. "Wake up to weighted lies! Do not always believe what you are told. Do not always believe what you are shown. Above your heads, beyond the ceiling of this hall, there is dark sky, there are bright stars and passing clouds, but there is more, something more and more!"

He walked round and round, smiling, seeing frightened faces; he laughed.

"Don't you see?" He tore off his cape, let it fall. He threw off his hat, and crushed it by stamping on it. He twirled his wand, broke it, let it fall. The sound of it hitting the stone resounded through the silence of the hall. He put out the candle in his mouth: bit on it again and again, and spit out the pieces. He stood still, his arms raised. How human he suddenly looked.

"Now do you see?!" he cried. His arms fell to his sides; he looked around at every frightened face. He did not laugh. He slowly walked out the door of the big dark hall. He was as much a magician as the king is next to God, as fight makes right, as Zeus throws lightning bolts down upon us all.

A young Scottish lass strode purposefully along the road over the moor. She carried herself proudly, and her colorful kilt fluttered against her in the early breeze. Libby marveled at the early morning freshness—it was the kind that nips your cheeks and stings your eyes—and she began to whistle “You take the high road, and I’ll take the low road.”

All of the townspeople who saw her on the way to the market noticed her light step and happy glow, and they smiled.

Libby Foster





Helen Langewiesche

The saloon was smoky and dark inside, except for the twin red glows made by the Tiffany lamps hanging overhead. Above the din of clicking beer mugs and masculine voices, a player piano wheezed out "Sweet Betsy from Pike." It was indeed a quaint scene, typical of the Gay Nineties. But there was something missing . . .

Suddenly the noise subsided as the rickety saloon door swung open and in walked "La Belle Helene," "Hell-raisin'" Langewiesche, the most beautiful and most dangerous saloon girl in the West. She was frailly built, very dainty, with white skin and pale dusty blonde hair piled in curls on top of her head. Three crimson feathers bobbed saucily over one eye, and her diamond earbobs sparkled when she moved. She was dressed in black satin, with matching black lace mitts covering her hands. On each arm, several diamond bracelets were pushed up to her elbows. She looked, and was, a woman to be reckoned with.

The rough, burly men stared at this diminutive figure with some trepidation, for rumor had it that she kept a bowie-knife in her garter, and they all knew that she could drill a dime at fifty yards, given any gun.

Yet tonight she was in a good mood, for she started to speak in French—after all, she was **cultured**. Walking—no, **sailing** over to that tall handsome stranger by the bar, she smiled her charming, slightly lopsided smile, fixed him with her wide blue eyes and cooed:

"L'hypocrisie est un vice à la mode, et tous les vices à la mode passent pour vertus. Le personnage d'homme de bien est le meilleur de tous les personnages . . ."

As I recall, the most interesting student I had at Oxford in 1926 was a girl by the name of Elizabeth Sinnott. I can still see her striding in purposefully, a pile of books under her arm, her thick auburn hair tumbling about her shoulders. She always sat in the second row of the philosophy class, listening intently to everything I had to say. She had many questions to ask, being naturally inquisitive. I liked her forthrightness and her honesty—such a refreshing change from most of the other girls, who were really nothing but silly flapper types, all clutter and no substance. She really knew what was what, that girl. But I still can't remember whether her eyes were blue or brown.

Elizabeth Sinnott





Michael Cagan

Over two millennia ago, he walked the streets of the ancient city of Athens. He was the pupil of one of the timeless sages of the world, who was indeed one of the greatest teachers of all time. It was only after the death of his renowned teacher that he decided to devote himself to the teachings he had so diligently learned. One of the most important bits of wisdom passed on to him, which helped to catapult him on to greatness even beyond that of his teacher, was that contained in the phrase: "Know thyself." Following in the footsteps of his teacher, he always sought the truth, the higher enlightenment; and it is well known that only truth-seekers and other idealists attain in this world.

Cici Morgan

The sun rose over the spreading western plains and shone on a plough stopped still in turned-over earth. Four pairs of oxen slowly roamed. A horse grazed near a small sod hut that blew smoke into the clear morning air; the only sign of warmth on the morning plains. A woman emerged from the hut. She wore a cotton dress with a woolen shawl wrapped around her shoulders. The sun played on her long tawny hair. She held a basket in one hand. Standing for a moment outside the door, she looked at the green plains and cloudless blue sky. She deeply inhaled the cool wakening air, and pulled her shawl around her. She smiled and hurried towards the poultry coop, entered, and came out with her basket filled with light brown and speckled eggs. She walked back into the hut singing softly, and closed the door behind her. A moment later there was an outburst of children's laughter and a man's droning yawn. The woman's voice sang out.

"Good morning, my loves! I have brought you some beautiful eggs. Speckled for you, and soft light brown for you. For me, I shall have both!"

The smoke from the small sod hut blew out more strongly; it seemed more and more the only sign of warmth in all the morning plains.





Jay MacAfee

They were about to lock up the Ritz bar for the night, when a shiny, black Pierce-Arrow pulled up in front. Several giggling, highly perfumed young ladies, each with champagne glass in hand, stumbled off the high running board of the chic Pierce-Arrow, spilling champagne onto the street. A man in tails and tophat followed them. He was thin, of medium height, and had a youthful, indeed, childish face. He was chuckling loudly, but did not spill a drop of his Moët-Chandon.

The man paid off the manager at the Ritz, and proceeded to a table in the middle of the room, near the bar. The young ladies followed him closely. He ordered three bottles of his favorite and paid the musicians overtime to keep playing. He chuckled happily and all the young ladies giggled. He leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on the table. The two young ladies whom he had his arms around fed him champagne. He told them stories and joked and they all roared with laughter. They sat there, and drank and laughed all night.

He stood silent. For the few moments before his descent, he gazed calmly at the crystal branches around him. His breath clouded his bare head, and his lips were chapped from the dry, winter air. He shook his long arms mechanically, warming them and easing the tension. They called his name; he heard it as if from a distant peak, and he moved forward, his maroon, waxed skis gliding under him effortlessly. Seconds later, he was gone. The views and sights he had admired seconds before were lost to him, and the poles he wound himself around, tightening up each new corner, meant nothing to him. He concentrated solely on his skis and his body. He listened, with a deep pleasure, to the slicing noises his edges made as they curled sheets of snow to either side. He felt his prime, muscled body respond perfectly to every command, and he knew, without seeing the clock, that he would make it this time. Past the flags, and he threw himself into the last, powerful, arresting turn. His skis stopped, and he heard his name: Steve Zudnak, Olympic Champion.

Steve Zudnak



Virginia Mobach



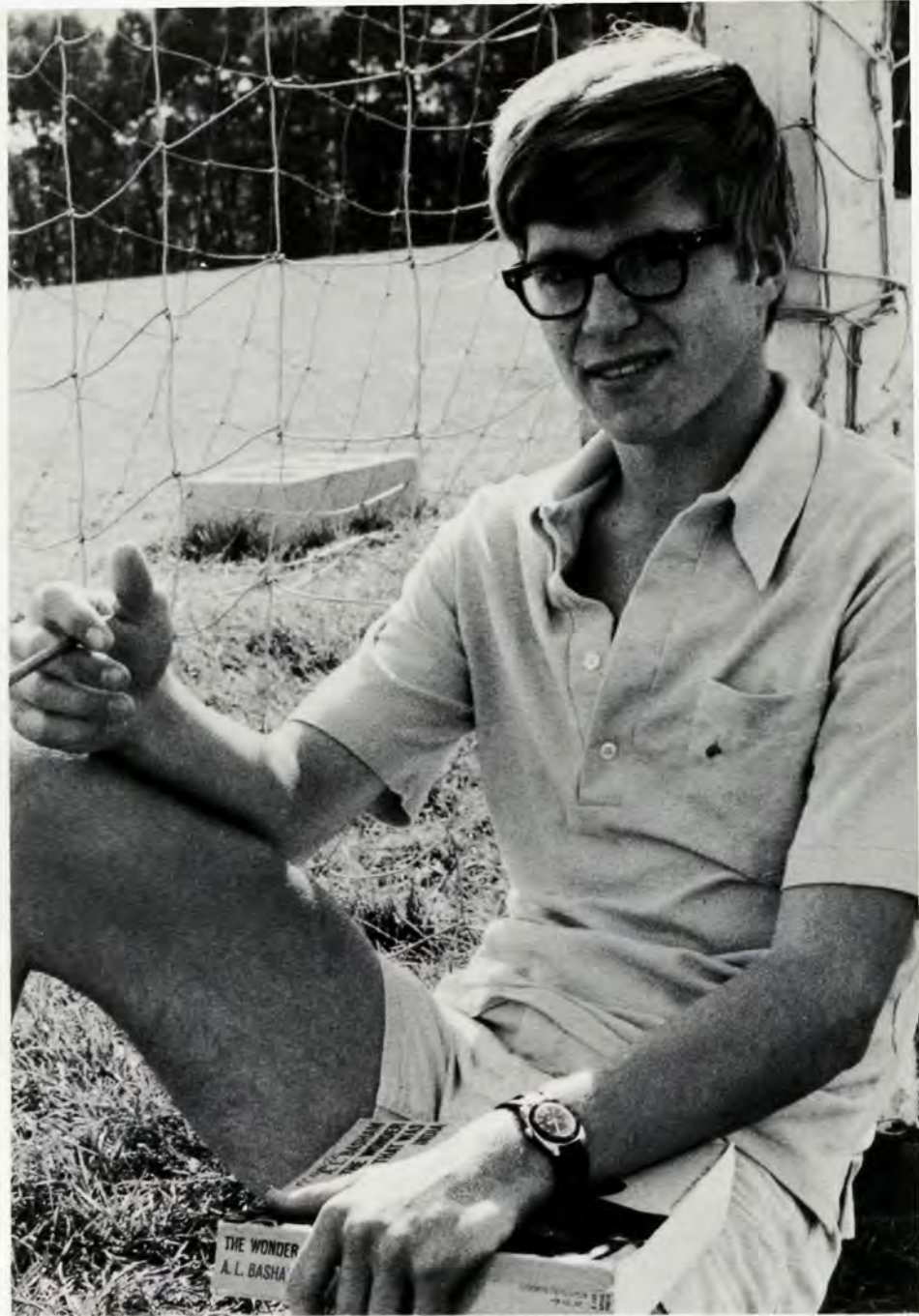
Ginnie was too sensible not to know when a situation was intolerable and not look for something better. She had been one of the first to understand the promise offered by the New World. Now England was behind her. The Pilgrim ship on whose deck she stood was under full sail; the wind twisted her skirts about her legs. Below were the few possessions she and her husband had chosen to bring along. She herself had carefully packed away her flute and some books. Their future was uncertain and yet she felt content. She looked at the large dog lying next to her on the deck. "I know **you'll** like it there," she said happily and he sat up and nuzzled her hand.



Kirk Moore

He brought the heavy hammer down with a sudden bang. It was light for him and felt comfortable in his big hands. He used the tongs to toss the finished horseshoe into a tub of water. He was hot from the warmth of the room. He wondered why he did this work, but he knew the reason. His customers had little money and if he went to another town they would have had to do without his services.

He walked over to the half-open door of the barn he had built by himself. Wiping the sweat from his brow he leaned against the latch and watched the people passing through the dusty town. It made him feel good to know that the town was his and he was the town's.



Giovanni Ferrante

There was Edwin Booth, there was Sarah Bernhardt, there was John Barrymore, and there is Giovanni Augustino Filippo Ferrante Di Ruffano (or "Giaff" as he is known in the theater circles). The first actors listed above were great, and the roles they played were unforgettable, but young Giaff's performance as Puck in **A Midsummer Night's Dream** stands out as the most memorable of all. Because of this particular tour-de-force, Mr. Ferrante appears to this reviewer to be one of the most interesting young actors to come along in ages. Surprisingly enough, this man's success has not gone to his head—he remains charmingly bashful, yet earnest, always eager to express his ideas to anyone who will listen. When asked by Alexander Woolcott on the radio last week that age-old question, "What is the secret to your success," young Mr. Ferrante is purported to have thrust his fingers boyishly through his bowl-cut blond hair, and murmured, "W-e--ell, shucks, it's like this. I have this special geometric theory"

Ellen Sussman

This is the story of a young, relatively unknown actress who accidentally catapulted into stardom overnight. This story has never been told before, and will never be told again. So read closely—

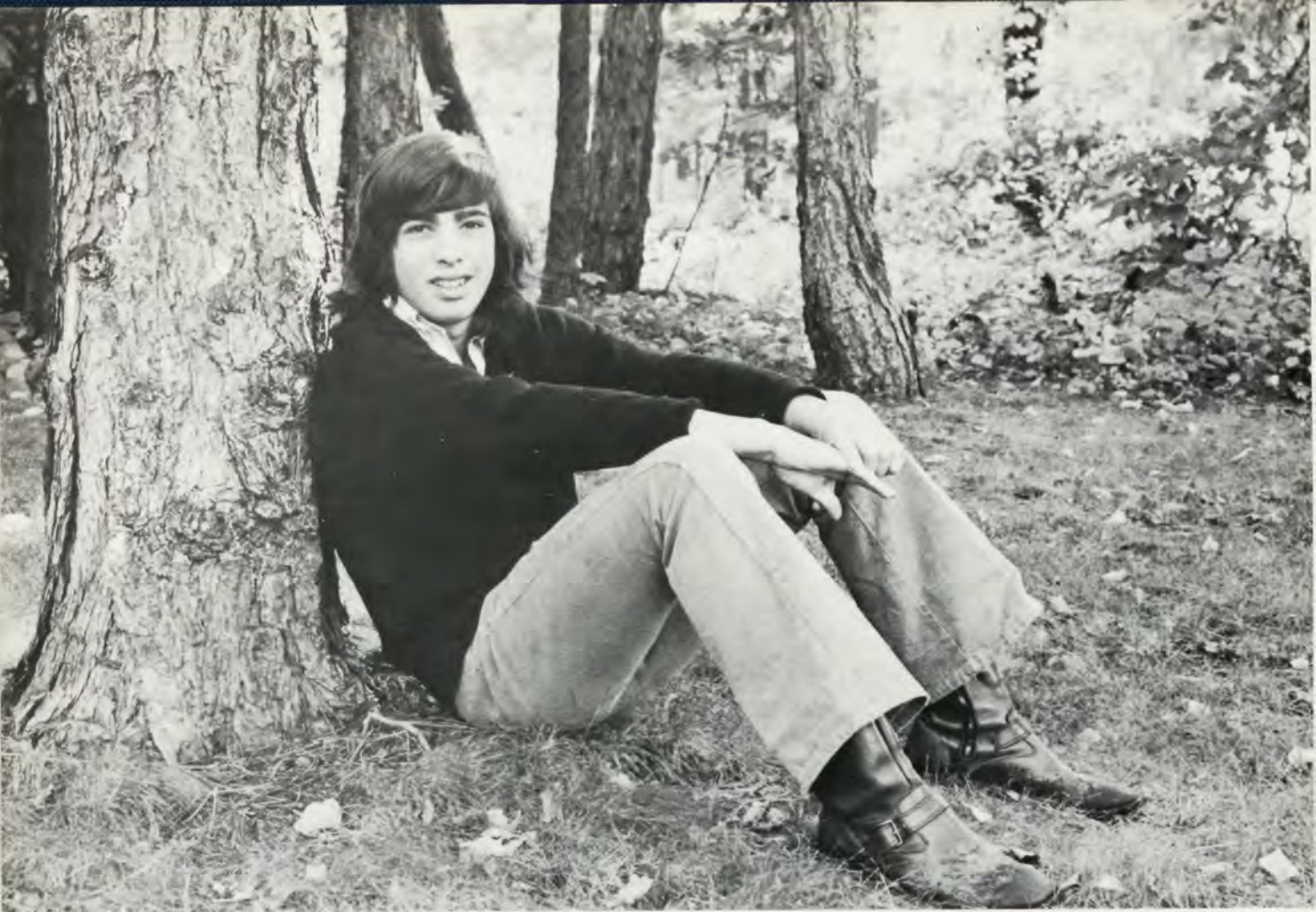
Ellen Sussman was her name. A struggling young actress and unpublished playwright who had a small lead in an Off-Broadway production. One night a famous columnist attended the play and became absolutely enchanted with her. In his review he said she had "IT" and should henceforth be known as the IT girl. "IT," that magic dual quality of beauty and impish appeal. Her success was assured.

In no time at all she was offered the leads in major Broadway productions. The "IT look" became the look in the fashion world; women everywhere attempted to imitate Ellen. Yet, after the novelty of her new-found fame had worn off, Ellen felt curiously despondent. Her agent, noticing that she was not as effervescent as usual, asked her what was wrong. "I haven't had time to do any writing," she replied, "and so I feel curiously despondent." The agent advised her to take a vacation and try to write a play.

Several months passed. Ellen finished the play and gave her agent a copy to read. He rushed to her apartment the next day. "Ellen, it's great. I'll get a producer. I want to put it on as soon as possible. But who did you have in mind for the female lead?"

Ellen's eyes twinkled and she smiled.





Jerem Gordon

Jerem strode across the country club grounds towards the clubhouse. Once again, he had won the game at \$20 a hole. He smiled to himself as he mentally chalked up another \$180 in winnings. Not that he needed the money, of course, but the satisfaction lay in knowing that he had earned it out there on the green, in the sun and fresh air, instead of by staring moodily at the ticker-tape in his office. He sat down at one of the tables on the veranda and signaled the waiter.

"A side-car, please." The waiter hurried off respectfully and Jerem sat back in his chair and smiled expectantly as a shining new 1927 Pierce-Arrow purred up and deposited its cargo of tanned young beauties before him.

In the Chateau de Chenonceau Jan wakened early. Preparations for that night's party were already under way; she could hear the servants chattering and bossing one another below the stairs. Jan dressed quietly so as not to awaken the Duc and went to the kitchen, where she discussed the menu with the chef. The Duc would decide later on the wines. He had the best cellar in the valley and always insisted on choosing, himself, what was to be served at his parties.

The evening was a success; they always were. Jan loved these parties; she loved talking to the guests and wearing dresses which the Duc picked out for her in Paris and sitting as hostess at the head of the table at dinner. The only uneasy moment for her came when the departing guests thanked her for a wonderful evening. She knew what they were thinking. But she did not care, and with a toss of her head and a calm smile she took the Duc's arm.

Jan Hall





Bill Hilton

"Bulldog! Bulldog! Bow-wow-wow! E-e-e-li-i-i YALE!!" Bill stood up on the rumble seat of his Stutz-Bearcat Roadster and roared excitedly as the Yale-Princeton football game got under way. It was a beautiful November afternoon, crisp and clear and cold. Palmer Stadium was jammed with people, and excitement was at a fever pitch; but most feminine eyes were cast in the direction of that fire-engine-red car by the end of the field. It was common knowledge that Bill Hilton was a "Big Wheel" on the Yale campus, and this was confirmed by the sight of him in a heavy raccoon coat, surrounded by a bevy of beauties. Indeed, he was considered by all the chic-est young Debs at Vassar and Farmington to be the best "catch" in the class of 1928. For one thing, he was a superb sportsman—he rowed on the number-one boat in the crew, played squash like a true gentleman, and owned a string of polo ponies. Artistically, his photographic skill was renowned. He was never seen without that new-fangled Kodak Brownie in his hand, was constantly snapping pictures in every situation, and the results always outdid even the best Cecil Beaton. But most of all, it was his suave, knowledgeable manner that kept the feminine hearts fluttering. The sight of him—tall, ruddy, his blonde center-parted hair gleaming with brilliantine—was a handsome one indeed

The wail of a Rudy Vallee record on the portable phonograph was drowned out by the sudden cheers as Yale made its first touchdown. Bill gave a hoot of glee and reached for his flask of Jack Daniels . . . and that exclusive club known as William-Hilton II-and-women, Inc. was called to order right there in the football field between halves of the Yale-Princeton Game of '28.

Kobby Gulick

She had once skated over all the canals of Amsterdam with her friend, Hans. Like him, she showed all the speed and stamina of the boys; unlike him, she combined these strengths with a feminine grace and agility. When the time came for the winter carnival, she entered the biggest race.

She could have won, perhaps, but she chose not to. There was someone who coveted the silver skates more than she.





Mike Englander

The dim lights filtered through the crowded, smoky room. At the bar in the back, an old man was slowly serving drinks. The door to the left of the bar was open to provide some relief from the heat and the mugginess of the New Orleans night, and the young hopeful musicians in the audience buzzed in anticipation. But the murmur of their voices died away as he approached the stage—for they all knew that he was the KING—the King of the Blues. With his slick guitar in his right hand, and a beer in his left, he stepped up onto the platform. Pulling over a stool, he took one more sip from the beer and placed the can on the stage beside him. There was a faint stir of excitement in the audience as he positioned his guitar. Smiling contentedly, he began to pluck out a raunchy but mellow sound. Sensing his audience's fascination, he played on, played the whole night through until he was satisfied.

She slipped, giggling, out the dutch doors of the old barn. Successfully reaching the end of the barnyard, she burst into laughter and ran to the meadow. The sun's smile reflected off her long flaxen hair as she sat to take off her confining, wooden shoes. Then smiling, she picked up her petticoats and bounded over the acres of tiny wild flowers, silhouetted against the snow-capped Alps. When she reached the top of the first hill, she saw a herd of goats grazing down below, and ran, occasionally tripping, to where they were eating the blue green grass.

Then she and the lean shepherd spent the rest of the day laughing and gathering flowers in her chocolate-smudged apron.

Lit Lyness



The mountain night was cool, but inside a patched, shingled house the air was calm and warm with candlelight. People were gathered in the small main room—old ones and young ones, and those in between. A woman was tending the fire in a wood stove, and when the logs were blazing red she lifted a huge kettle of cider onto the stove to heat. She turned to her guests and sat down among them, laughing with the women and their babies. A man got up from his chair and asked her, on behalf of the others, to play a song. The woman rose flushed and smiling, and walked to the shelf where her instrument lay. It was a dulcimer, aged and inherited. The old people readied themselves and rocked with their eyes closed, feeling a young spark within their dark hearts. The woman sat with the dulcimer across her knees. She played the lively songs and she played the slower songs—she played them all. When she had finished, she looked around at the smiling faces of warm friends. Then the woman went to the stove and ladled out the steaming cider to all.



Linda Malsbury



Fairfax Hutter

When Fairfax announced in a firm but quiet voice that she was going to marry Mr. Scoatney of the village, her family was scandalized. "Marry a parson," they cried, "but you simply can't." It appeared, on the contrary, that she could and would, and her family, recognizing this, finally broke down and gave their consent.

Even they had to admit, after several years, that Fairfax had chosen wisely. Never had she seemed happier than in the April of her third year of marriage. Spring had always been her favorite season, and she spent this one tending her tiny walled garden and taking the flowers it yielded to the village people when she called on them. In the afternoons she rode far into the country she had traveled since she was a child; she was an excellent horsewoman. In the still chilly evenings, she sat with her husband in front of the fire, and they talked of the baby that was to come in the late summer. Fairfax had already begun to decorate a tiny room upstairs with sketches of the things which had delighted her as a child: lambs and birds and distant mountains and daffodils and brooks.

Most of the town lights were off by now. The policeman, swinging his nightstick, noticed a shadow on the sidewalk coming from a basement light. He walked to it, and bent down to look into the room. At the far end a tall thin man was bending over a table; he worked intently on a small model. The policeman drew closer, and his eyes became used to the semi-light. The man inside brushed back his hair, and walked over to a desk. He picked up a diagram, and seemed to compare it with the model. "Probably a crazy inventor, cooking up a motor or something," the policeman thought as he rose from his crouched position.

Steve Foss





Connie Cain

She had worked in the small valley only four months; partly to get away, partly to learn, but mostly to help. An earthquake had completely destroyed the town. Despite relatively little experience, she learned quickly how to handle herself; her quiet honesty attracted the adults; her smile attracted the children. She and a friend had started a school of sorts where she taught and he continued to build. She kept hoping that the village would be back to normal within a year, but she was optimistic. Often she would reflect on the problems of the village during walks taken after the day's work was done. Sometimes the children would accompany her, and later run home to tell their families about her stories and what they had learned about nature. She liked teaching and gaining the confidence of the adults, but the children were her favorites.



Beth Johnson

She laughed with us, lustily, as she turned three magnificent cartwheels and hung upside down from the branches of a tree. She must have known that those Lincoln green pantaloons were showing, but she gave no sign of it and only laughed more. Then she ran ahead of us and turned another cartwheel, her face glowing nearly to match her brilliant hair.

Then, as the sun set and a twilight chill crept over the land, we made our way home through the dark green forest of Sherwood. As we marched along, singing softly, I suddenly realized she was behind us with our lord and master, Robin. I swear by my mother's name I heard her say to him, "I'm scared, could I borrow your hand awhile?"



Carl Rosenberg

Carl stealthily entered the lush, green forest. Some sympathetic townspeople had warned him that the Sheriff of Nottingham would be waiting, anxious for a neck to fill his noose. Carl knew he must be careful; for even such an idiotic sheriff had one or two tricks up his tights. Hopefully he would soon be joining his band of merry men, to drink and feast and make the evening worthwhile. Suddenly the forest floor caved in around him. He found himself in a deep pit and the thick mud at the bottom was seeping through his new green socks. His dreadful rival, the Sheriff of Nottingham, peered over the top of the pit. "Now I've got you at last, you sniveling, sneaky sheriff-stomper. There'll be a hanging tomorrow!"

"Ah. Couldn't we talk this out or something?"



Dirk Gleysteen

. . . And here is the salaestrum. Lycidas, our wrestling master—observe the control he has over his youths. By the gods! Over there, leaning quietly against the column—I never would have expected him here. It is not often that a wearer of the olive crown returns home . . . Just as a statue stands. Eyes laughing, remembering the oil, the dust, the sweat. Relaxed, sculpted next to the column. Age has tempered his body, but he is still strong. His philosopher's robe hangs motionless. He is completely still, watching the scene, smiling and thoughtful. After a long time, he moves. Hands clasped behind his back, he strolls through the arch into the street, unnoticed by the others.

It was night. Silently, the Druids stood in arched ranks about the gnarled and ancient oak that spread its huge and leafy arms over the Sacred Grove of the Great Roade, first shrine of all of ancient Gaul. They waited in measured patience for Su Eck Roiddhe, the high priestess of the Sacred Grove. Su was late, and the Druids were apprehensive of their weal and woad without her. Then a murmur of relief stirred in the grove, and the ranks parted as Su glided in between them and stood before the high altar, her bosom rising and falling from the exertion of escaping the traps set by Roman legionaries. "By the holy mistletoe," she intoned, raising her alabaster arms to the sickle moon, now rising in the East, "the enemies of the Druids shall be smitten on the morrow. Ere the red sun sets, the running dogs of Rome shall be toasting in the osier baskets that ring this grove."

"Right on," cried the assembled Druids. They knew that with Su at their head, they could not fail.

Susan Ecroyd



TUI DUNCAN
1954—1968







THE FACULTY





Headmaster: Douglas O. McClure.



Administration: Beverly Williams, Philips vanDusen, Douglas McClure, Sanford Bing, Joan Baker; Fowler Merle-Smith, Madeline Weigel, Carl Storey. (Missing from picture: Huson Gregory, Wesley McCaughan.)





Kitchen: Mary Sapienza, Betty Bittner, Barbara Devaney, Kay Voorhees, Terry Wackley. (Missing from picture: Addie Taylor.)



Auxiliary Troops: Jean Smyth, Marge Claghorn, Trudy Brophy, Blanche Waters, Ginny Risk. (Missing from picture: Bowie Carpenter, Susie Wandelt, Helen Kaplon.)



Colross: Marge Drain, Elaine Salata, Mickie Shriver, Marion Vaughan. (Missing from picture: Radcliffe Jones.)



Math:

Graham Cragg, Harry Rulon-Miller, Steve Hahn, Alison Shehadi

Tom Pears

Steve Gilbert

John Saladino

(Missing from picture: Joy Levy.)

Karla Haartz

Rudy Carchidi

Irene Conroy





Religion: Carl Reimers, George Conway.





English: Lois Dowey, Winnie Vogt, Florence Mooney, Anne Rothrock; Huson Gregory, Mary Peck, Moyne Smith, Anne Shepherd, Clare Lockhart, Dale Griffiee, Sally Holben, Peter Buttenheim, George Packard. (Missing from picture: Bob Miller, John Boneparth, Chuck Simpson.)





Lower School: Rosalind Patrick, Sandy Cortelyou, Louise Dennison, Barbara Roberts; Madeline Weigel, Nancy Miller, Eleanor Barclay, Molly Houston. (Missing from picture: Elliot Illava, Carroll Kane, Sally Patterson, Leah Nabhan.)



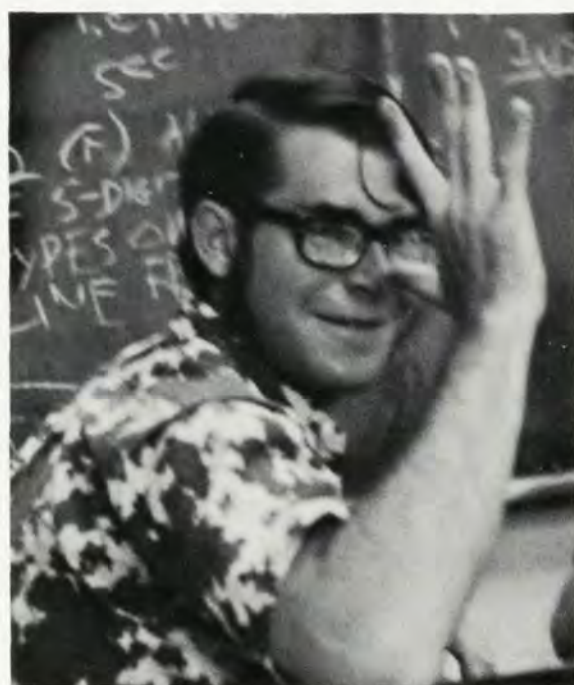


Languages: Dan Skvir, Pierre Mali, Francois Rieumailhol; Pat Fuchs, Elizabeth Fine, Nora Cuesta, Pat Echeverria, Les Rodriguez, Dick Poole, Lang Lea, Marie Louise Noel, Josette Curutchet. (Missing from picture: N elle Arnold.)





Science: Norm Sperling, Frank Walter, Stuart Robson, Mitchell Bronk; Sanford Bing, Deirdre Bannon, Steve Gilbert, Sherman Hoyt, John Ross.





Library: Virginia Reynolds, Kathy Roberts, Dorothy Myers.





Music: Carol Lewis, Frank Jacobson, Joseph Kovacs, Sheila Johnson.





Fine Arts: Arlene Smith, Eileen Hohmuth, Jeanne Duff.

Industrial Arts: Andrew Franz, Steve Sydorko, Gary Lott, Bob Whitlock.





History Department: Gary Lott, Ed McGonagle, Mary Peck, Douglas McClure, Anne Rothrock; Bud Tibbals, Wes McCaugham, Dan Skvir, Chuck Simpson, John Boneparth, Parry Jones. (Missing from picture: Lois Dowey.)





Consulting Psychologist:
Ginny Stein.



Athletic Department: Graham Cragg, John Saladino, Steve Hahn, Alan Taback, Harry Rulon-Miller; Gary Lott, John Ross, Dale Griffie, Bud Tibbals, Phil vanDusen; Jan Baker, Bobbie Blama. (Missing from picture: Vicky Dean, Lucy Gilbert, Peter Buttenheim, Pete Mali, Ed McGonagle, George Packard, Chuck Simpson.)





Maintenance: Willie Wade, Steve Sydorko, David Storey, Alberto Petrella, Ray Carnevale, Edward Dobkowski, Daniel Taylor, Antonio Procaccino.





THE SCHOOL





Class XI: Mike Hafitz, Bill Warren, Alan Bogdonoff, Cynthia Bishop, Dan Blum, David Goeke, Chip Place, Jim Britt, Chris Burt, Nancy Farley, Leslie Sander, Jim Harford, Chip Dilworth; Duncan Martin, Martha Sullivan, Bobbi Russo, Art Levy, Robin Maltese, Liz Pratt, Ann Macleod, Trudy Prescott, Louise Whipple, Helen Szathmary, Andy Katin, Sandy Gordon, Ellen Fisher, Daren Hicks, Margy Erdman, Irene Lincoln, Hope Spiro, Kyra Shafran, Sandra Driver; Willy Langewiesche, Buzzy Woodworth, John Mittnacht, Dave Barach, Susan Bauer, Alison Ellis, Jody Miller, Laura Kaysen, Jenny Berger, Sue Ross, Liz Hutner, Carol Lifland, Helena Brett-Smith, Anne Gilliam, Jill Williams, Roger Sherman, John Bushnell; Don DeVries, Hugh Boyd, Peter Moore, Marion Huston, Mike Felder, Joe Abelson, David Wagenseil, Richard Olcott, Roger Williams (President), Gina Cascone, Daryl Janick, Mikael Walivaara, Tucky Fussell, Anne Bishop, Susan Meigs, Doug Miller, Beth Sanford, Carl Sturken, Princey Gamblin, Sandy Oxley. (Missing from picture: Julie Brewster, Mark Ellsworth, Erica Klein, Robin Kraut, Hilary Morgan, Nicky Nicholes, Bob Palmieri, Patti Seale, Sarah Strong, Ginna Vogt, Glenna Weisberg).



Class X: John Leyzorek (President); Trip Jennings, Lisa Tucker, Anne Williams, Trina Kassler, Lisa Bennett, Priscilla Nawn, Diana Lewis, Camilla Carpenter, Evan Bash, Libby Farr, Cole Harrop, Cyra Cain, Sheryl Graff, Debbie Dobkowski, Julie Sly, Brenda Scott, Liz Penick, Philip Shehadi, Irene Wellington, Mary Fowle, Palmer Uhl; Amy Stanley, Wendy Cohen, Alice Dunn, Jill Goldman, Jim Wittke, Doug Haitch, Ronnie Susswein, Tom Dalrymple, John Hutter, Sabby Russo, Ted Brown, Eleanor Funk, Meriel Burtle, Cindy Hill, Alice Rodgers, Michelle Pitt, Tim Platt, Joan Merrick, Lisa Bachelder, Jean Metzger, Laura Mali, Jeanine Figur, Anne Chooljian, Barbara Spalholz, Pam Ritter, Randy Gulick, Cathy Kindquist, Linda Owens, Lorene Volpe, Maureen Creamer, Lisa Parsons; Jeff Field, Teddy Thomas, Mike Stix, Fran Treves, Ricky Fein, Beth Ross, Keith Plapinger, Nancy Kendall, Polly Hunter, Tim Hamid, Ev Turner, Bill Brown, Kathy Barry, Jamie Paterson, David Straut, Melinda Cragg, Carin Laughlin; Ted Dowey, Cam Ferrante, John Boyd, Gar Waterman. (Missing from picture: Wendy Frieman, Janet Pritchard, Ronnie Smith, Jamie Segal, Ron Webster, Wylie Willson).

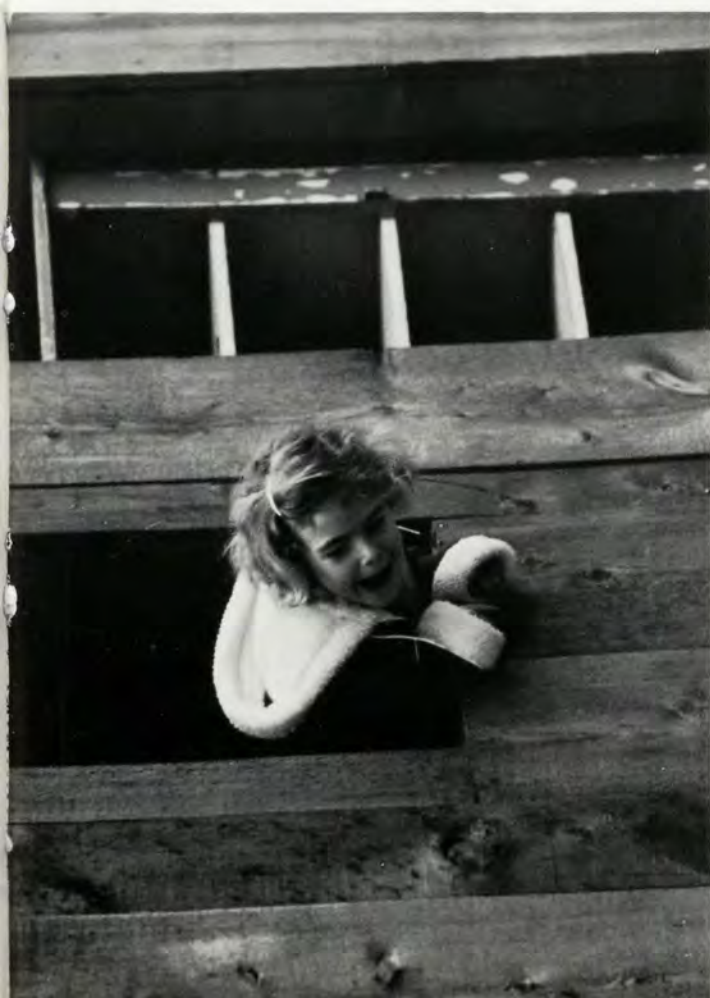


Class IX: Tim Fabian, John Brinster, Kathy Burks, Julie Browder, Tina Pritchard, Jane Farley, Carl Briscoe, Marget Jacobus, Linda Farlow, Eddas Bennett, Judith Goeke, Susi Vaughan, Dave Beckwith, Brad Marcus, Tad vanDusen (President), Lucy Gorelli, Stephanie Mezey, Caroline Erdman, Alex Shoemaker, Anne Russell; Chris Miller, Lunn Sawyer, Harvey Wiener, Ricky Gordon, Gary Salup, Billy Plapinger, Charlie Lifland, Phil Benson, Peter Lawson-Johnston, Peter Chalverus, Doug Robinson, Stephen Mantell, Bill Graff, Alexis Ward, Molly Sword, Kip Herrick, Mike Hill, Ruth Barach, Caron Cadle; Sally Blodget, Amy Stover, Dawn Proctor, Amy Ahrens, Mary Lane, Sandy Davies, Ellen Albert, Gray Ferrante, Shawn Ellsworth, Curtis Webster, Abby Chilton, Marcia Weiner, Yuki Moore, Alison Hopfield, Gay Wilmerding, Marjie Williams, Jeff Streed, Davis Sherman; Janet Rassweiler, Chris Cragg, Hilary Winter, Sara Bristol, Alexandra Smith, Jean-Elise Schreiber, Eric Dunn, Billy Gaston, Lisa Mittnacht, David Apgar, Elliot Pilshaw, Robert Gordenker, Livy Delafield; Greg Bash, Jack Bonini, Mike Shillaber, Marita Sturken, Henry Lenniham, Jody Myer, Chuck Segal, Bill McClellan, Jim Meigs, Anne Tate, Andy Williams, Suzanne Bishop, Adam Blumenthal, Keith Thomas, Mike Young, Ralph Brown, Lars Selberg, Stephen Packard. (Missing from picture: Charlotta Bishop, Cindy Brooks, Shelley Gordon, Alison Hughes, Daffyd Jones, Jane Katz, Peter McLoughlin, Lourie Savage).



Class VIII: Stu Willson, Jon Eckstein, Bill Uhl, Barky Penick, Mark Blaxill, Philip Thompson, John Segal, Michel Barry, David O'Connor, Carl Erdman, Virgie Rodgers; Scott MacDonald, Bill Baggitt, Larry Fong, Austin Rednor, Dan Abelson, Lee Martin, Carol Johnson, Gerry Thomas, Mark Greco, Scott Houston, D. Pierre Miller; Leonard Williams, Carl Spataro, Ricky Turner, Rob Whittemore, Dan Amarel, Davis Yokana, Bill von Oehsen, Mike Mantell, Nat Krieger (President), Jeb Burns, George Claffey, Baird Winham; Jay Trubee, Steve Judge, Billy Erdman, Donna Bauer, Eve Cagan, Julie Stabler, Alison Barlow, Cory Fischer, Casilda Huber, Creigh Duncan, Judy Glogan, Nadine Sobolevitch, Mary Chapin Carpenter, Holly Friedman, Ann Wittke, Jennifer Walsh, Janet Flemer, Gila Sand, Cynthia Packard; Oliver Roberts, Lucy D'Agostino, Jon Meredith, Sandy Shaw, Sinclair Berdan, Laurie LaPlaca, Jill Shaffer, Sara Dutton, Aileen Mayzell, Ann McClure, Susan Billington, Kathy Kehoe, Lee Hale, Susie Pratt, Elizabeth Dowey, Caren Ludmer, Kim Cunningham; Murray Wilmerding, Chris Jensen, Peter Taggart, Don Keyser, Andrew Besser, Molly Murdoch, Cintra Eglin, Emily Rothrock, Alissa Oxley, Clarisse Roberts, Greg Matthews, Tom Moore, Leslie Ring. (Missing from picture: Julian Gorelli, Ann Joyce, Dana Miller, Kim Robinson, Sally Silk, John Nawn, Ed Rowland.)











Key Club: Evan Bash, Karen Turner; Ellen Prebluda, Jeri Hafitz, Brenda Scott, Mary Johnson, Alison Ellis, Yuki Moore; Virginia Mobach, Eleanor Funk, Edwin Lavinthal; Patti Seale, Steven Bash, Glenna Weisberg, Art Levy, Jody Miller, Helen Langewiesche, Ann Macleod, Anne Robinson, Libby Foster; Ricky Albert, Laurie Merrick, Fairfax Hutter.

A.F.S.: Anne Robinson, Lars Selberg, Marion Houston, Mikael Walivaara, Mrs. Baker, Ellen Prebluda, Jan Hall.





Madrigals: Irene Wellington, Tina Pritchard, Princey Gamblin, Judy Kleinberg, Molly Sword, Julie Sly, Jordan Young; Laura Mali, Trudy Prescott, Roger Williams, Andrew Houston, Carl Sturken. (Essentially missing from picture: Irene Lincoln).

Social Service: Andrea Katin, Tina Pritchard, Karen Turner, Jeri Hafitz, Sally Blodget, Wendy Frieman; Cindy Hill, Alison Ellis, Ellen Fisher, Ellen Sussman. (Missing from picture: Beth Johnson).





Library Council: Barbara Spalholz, Laura Mali; Kathy Veeder, Helen Langewiesche. (Missing from picture: Carl Briscoe, Ginna Vogt).

Cymbals: Marita Sturken, Fairfax Hutter, Meriel Burtle, Eric Dunn, Alan Bogdonoff, Jim Wittke, Judy Kleinberg, Liz Hutner. (Missing from picture: John Gordon, Helen Szathmary).





Community Council: Irene Wellington, Amy Stanley, Hilary Morgan, Mrs. Gips, Martha Sullivan, Mrs. Ross, Ellen Sussman, Karen Turner; Mr. Bing, Greg Bash, Miss Lockhart, Alex Laughlin, Ted Vogt, Mike Cagan, Andy Houston, Dr. Burks, Rob Gips, Mark Ellsworth, Nan Schluter, Tad vanDusen, Sally Rodgers, David Beckwith, John Leyzorek, Mrs. Baker, Roger Williams, Tommy Reynolds, Jan Hall, Mr. Cragg, Helena Brett-Smith, Mr. McClure. (Missing from picture: Steven Bash, Mrs. Penick).

Spokesman: Steve Silverman, Tommy Reynolds, Harrison Uhl, Pieter Fisher, Mark Ellsworth, Edwin Lavinthal, Andy Houston, Ellen Sussman, Ted Vogt, Jeri Hafitz, Kathy Veeder, Fairfax Hutter, Helen Langewiesche, Jean Metzger, Ginna Vogt, Alex Laughlin, Alison Hopfield, Jane Katz, Jeanine Figur, Roger Sherman, Fred Dalrymple. (Missing from picture: Jean Beckwith).





Glee Club and Orchestra







Wonderful Town Spring 1971





Dark Of The Moon
Fall 1971

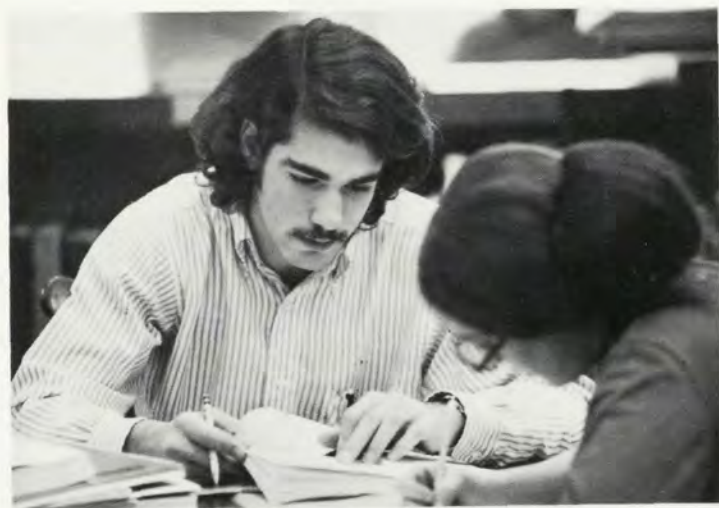




Once Upon A Mattress
Winter 1972









Varsity Football: Mike Shillaber, Dirk Gleysteen, Ted Vogt, Jonathan Chilton, Kirk Moore, Rob Gips, Paul Funk, Steve Zudnak; Mr. Boneparth, Tim Hamid, Doug Robinson, Carl Briscoe, Steve Mantell, Mike Hill, Steve Packard, Adam Blumenthal, Keith Thomas, Mike Young, John Boyd; Mr. Cragg, Mr. Simpson, David Wagenseil, Roger Williams, Charley Lifland, Dan Blum, Mark Ellsworth, Bill Brown, Tad VanDusen, Ralph Brown, Brad Marcus, Mr. Conway. (Missing from picture: John Kalpin, Pieter Fisher.)





Junior Varsity Soccer: Peter Chalverus, Peter Lawson-Johnston, Jack Bonini, Doug Haitch; Jim Britt, Mike Felder, Rick Gordon, Ted Dowey, Ricky Fein, Ted Thomas, Alan Bogdonoff; Don DeVries (partly hidden), Harvey Wiener, Willie Langewiesche, Ted Brown (hidden), Bill McClellan. (Missing from picture: John Mittnacht, John Hutter, Phil Benson, Lars Selberg, Chuck Segal.)

Varsity Soccer: Dave Barach, Mikael Walivaara, Giaff Ferrante, Steve Bash, John Gordon, David Straut, Hugh Boyd; Mr. Huston, Michael Clagett, Fran Treves, John Lockette, Mike Stix, Chip Place, Steve Foss, Gray Ferrante, Buzz Woodworth, Mr. Buttenheim; Peter Moore, Cam Ferrante, Evan Bash, Jamie Paterson, David Beckwith, Greg Bash, Gary Salup.





Cross Country: Mr. Saladino, Tom Reynolds, Sabby Russo, Bill Plapinger, Tim Platt, Mike Cagan, Alex Laughlin, Philip Shehadi, Artie Mitnacht, Jay MacAfee; Tom Dalrymple, Gar Waterman, Shawn Ellsworth, John Leyzorek, Andy Houston, Jim Wittke, Trip Jennings, Dick Huber, David Goeke, Jim Harford, Billy Gaston.





Field Hockey: Susie Vaughan, Sally Blodget, Martha Sullivan, Sandy Gordon, Kathy Burks, Anne Reid, Lucinda Herrick, Mary Johnson, Ann Russell, Kip Herrick, Sally Rodgers, Nan Schalter; Jean Beckwith, Ev Turner, Lourie Savage, Daryl Janick, Alice Rodgers, Sue Ross, Annie Williams, Caroline Erdman, Margie Erdman, Andy Scasserra, Ginny Myer, Ellen Fisher, Daren Hicks, Kacey Constable. (Missing from picture: Cynthia Bishop, Kenzie Carpenter.)





Varsity Hockey: David Barach, Buzzy Woodworth, John Moore, Artie Mitnacht, John Boyd, Ralph Brown; Jan Hall, Billy McClellan, Duncan Martin, John Lockette, Paul Funk, Peter Moore, Lucien Yokana, Alex Laughlin, Peter Lawson-Johnston, Tim Hamid, John Mitnacht, John Gordon, Mr. Rulon-Miller.





Varsity Basketball: Keith Thomas, Evan Bash, Carl Rosenberg, Greg Bash; Ronnie Susswein, Mark Ellsworth, Ron Webster, Jim Britt, Grayson Ferrante, David Straut, Mr. Taback.





Ski Team: Marita Sturken, Julie Browder, Jill Goldman, Alice Dunn, Lucinda Herrick, Helen Langewiesche, Cathy Kindquist, Meg Affleck; Steve Zudnak, Mike Stix, Harvey Wiener, Curtis Webster, Phillip Benson, Mr. Boneparth, Richard Olcott, Roger Williams, Don DeVries, Mike Felder, Joe Abelson. (Missing from picture: Carl Sturken, Hugh Boyd.)



Athletic Association: Connie Cain, Buzzy Woodworth, Steven Bash, John Moore, Evan Bash; Daren Hicks, Sally Rodgers, Marjie Williams, Marge Erdman; Annie Williams, Peter Lawson-Johnston.



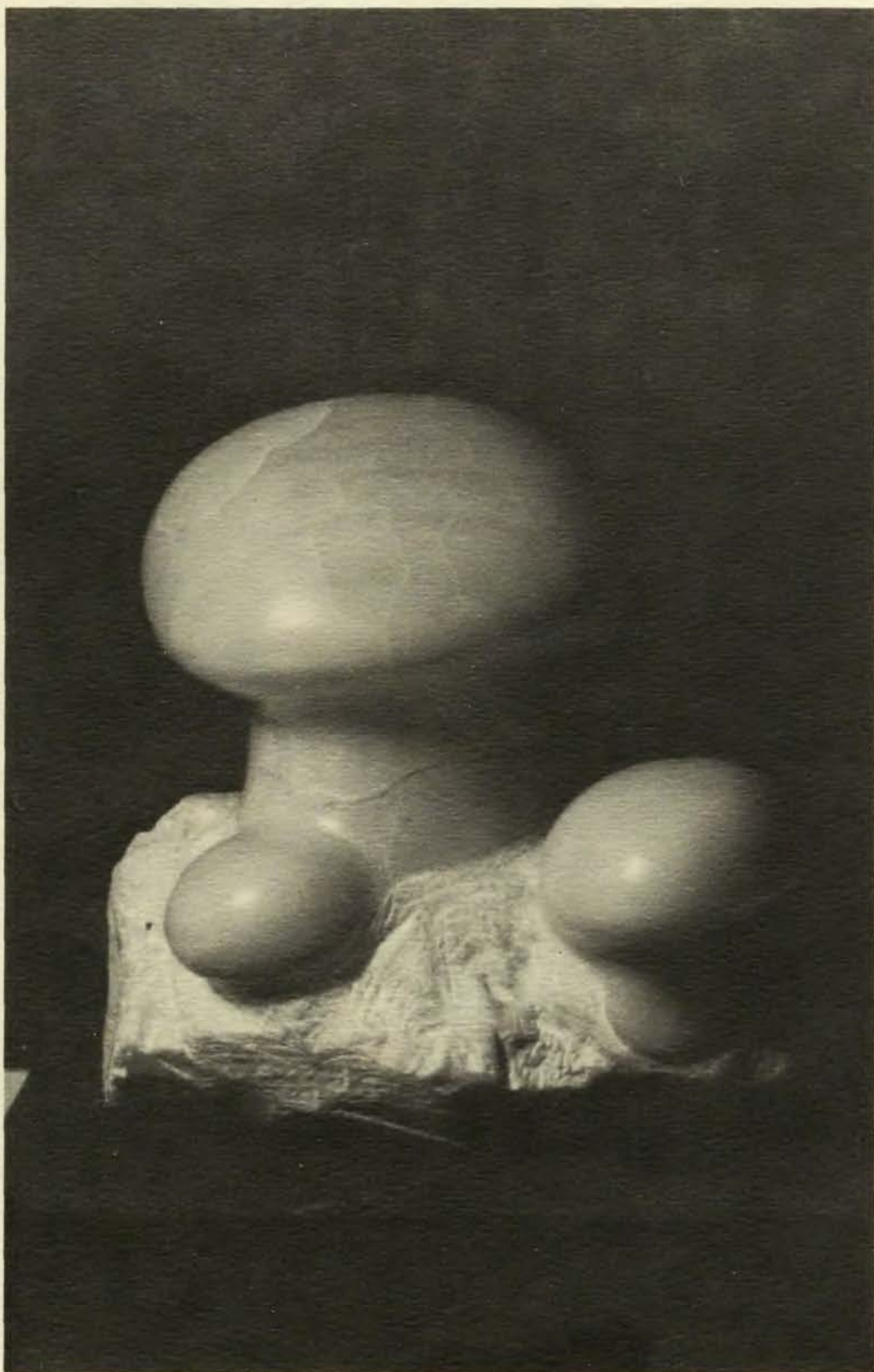


Cheerleaders: Brenda Scott; Sarah Strong, Linda Farlow; Karen Turner, Eddas Bennett, Jill Williams.

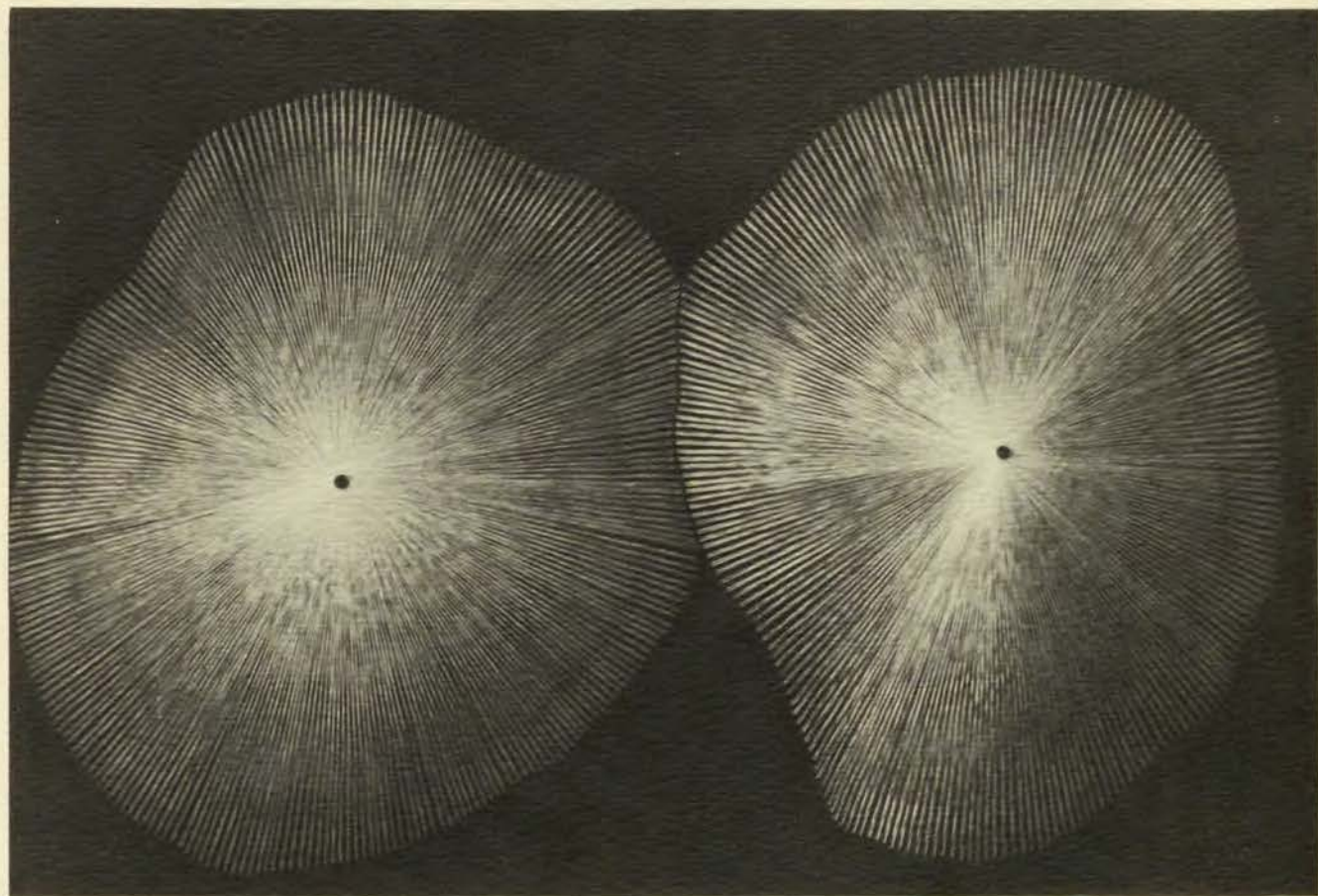
Girls Varsity Basketball: Beth Sanford, Ellen Fisher, Connie Cain, Anne Reid, Cyra Cain, Cynthia Bishop, Sue Ross; Molly Sword, Annie Williams, Liz Penick, Wylie Willson, Glenna Weisberg, Ev Turner, Debbie Dobkowski, Kathy Burks, Suzanne Bishop, Beth Ross; Miss Baker, Amy Stanley, Anne Robinson, Mr. Packard.







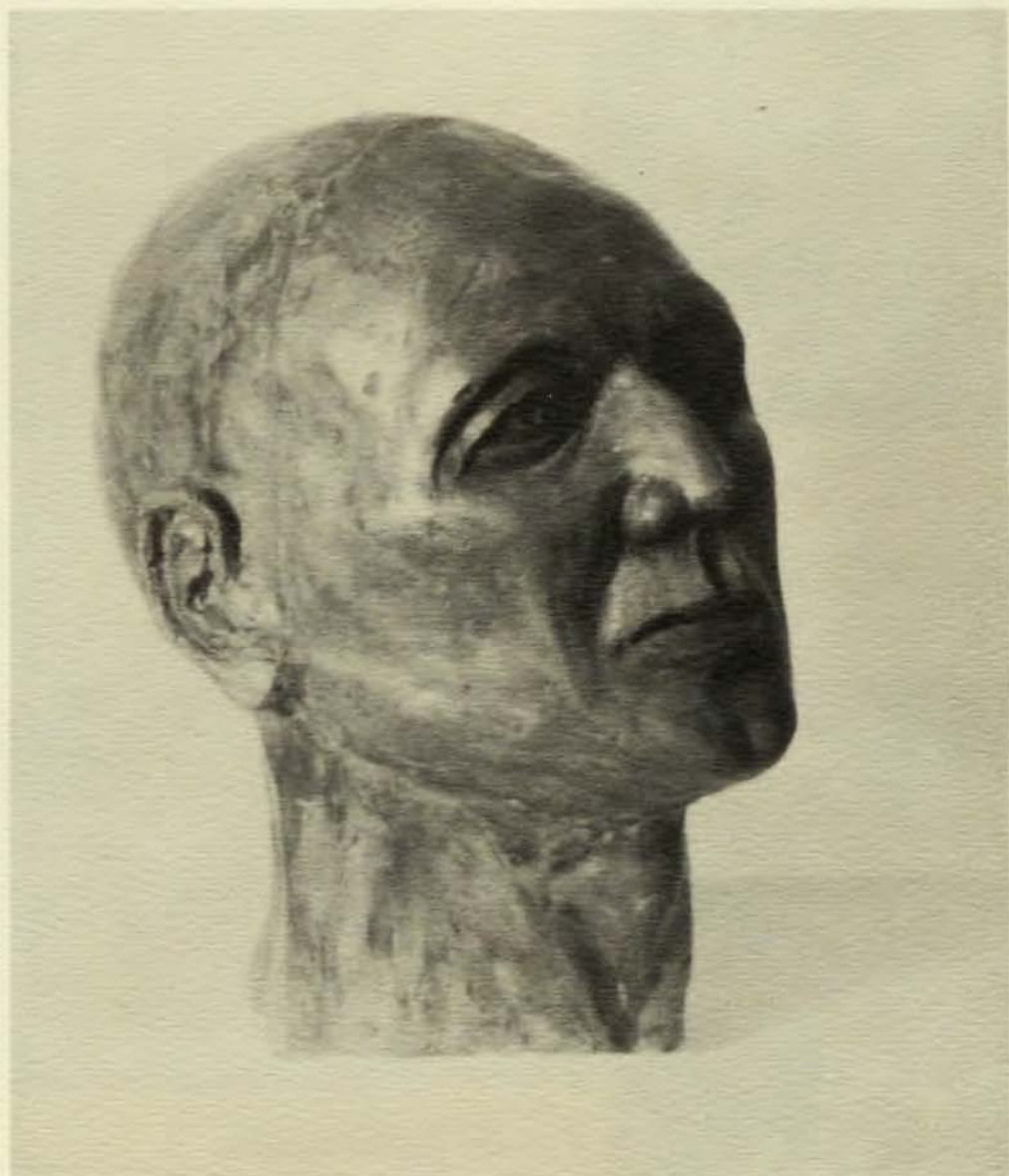
Fran Treves X



John Kalpin XII

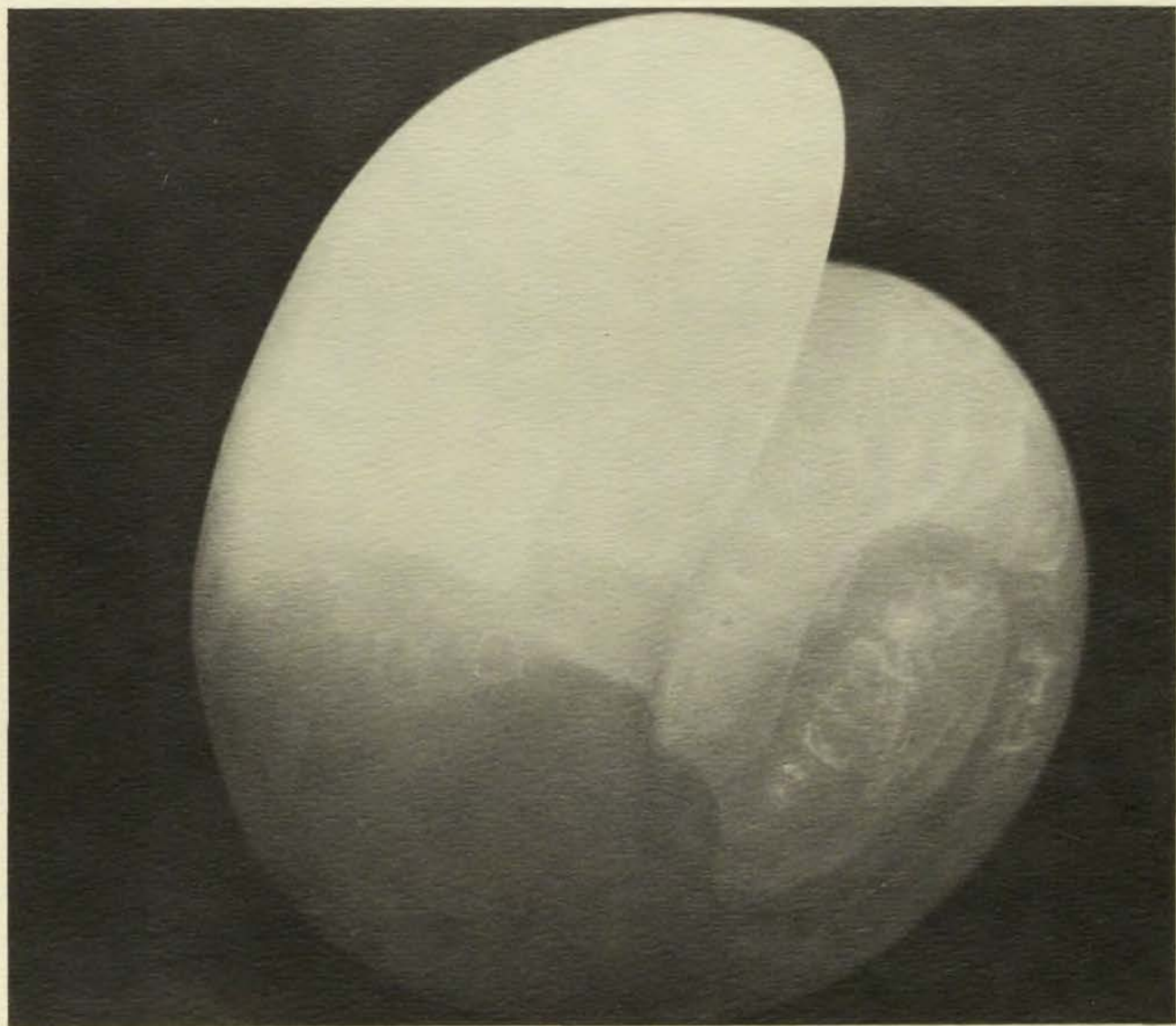


Maureen Creamer X



Anne Reid XII





Fran Treves X



Wickie Bishop XII

Jeff Field X





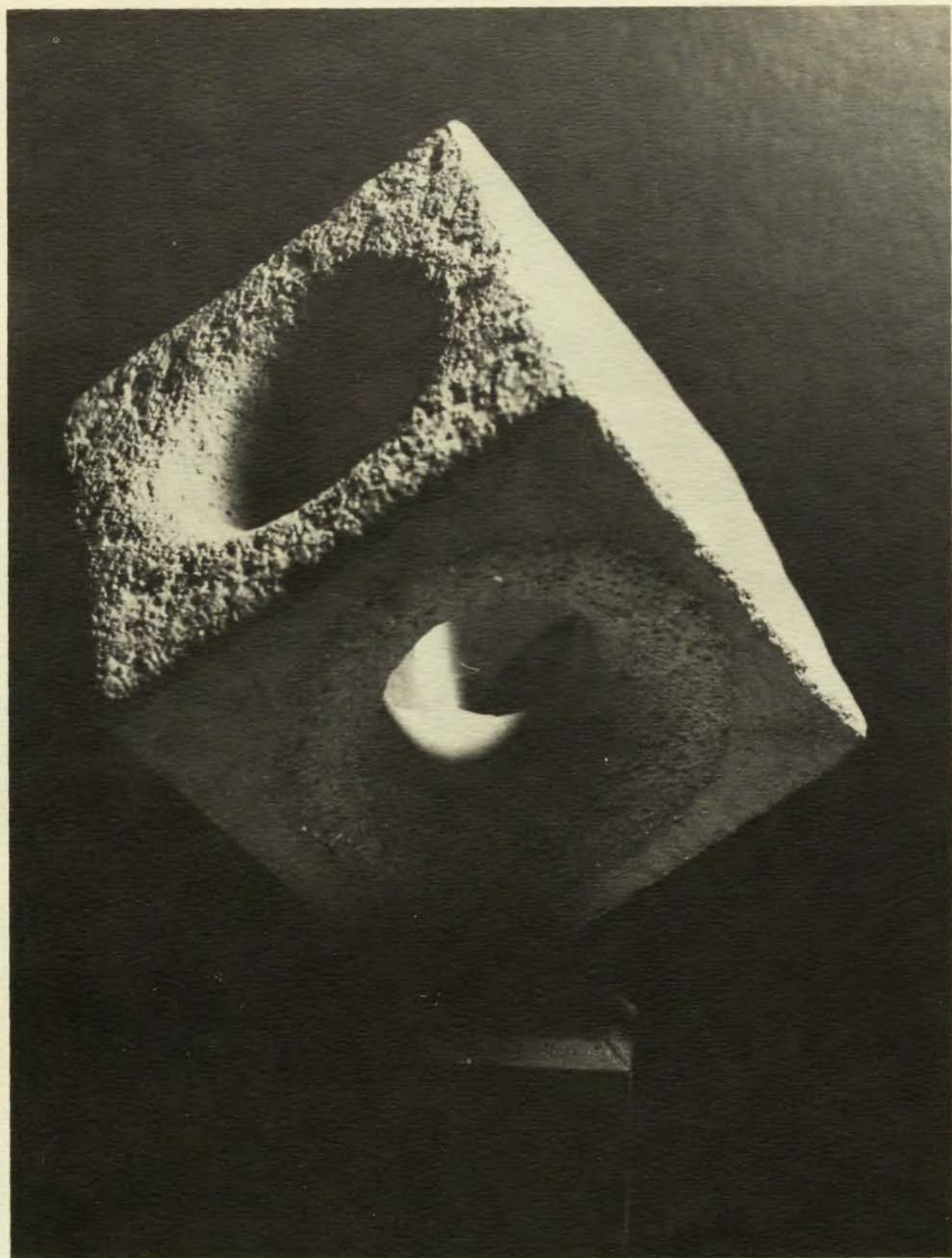


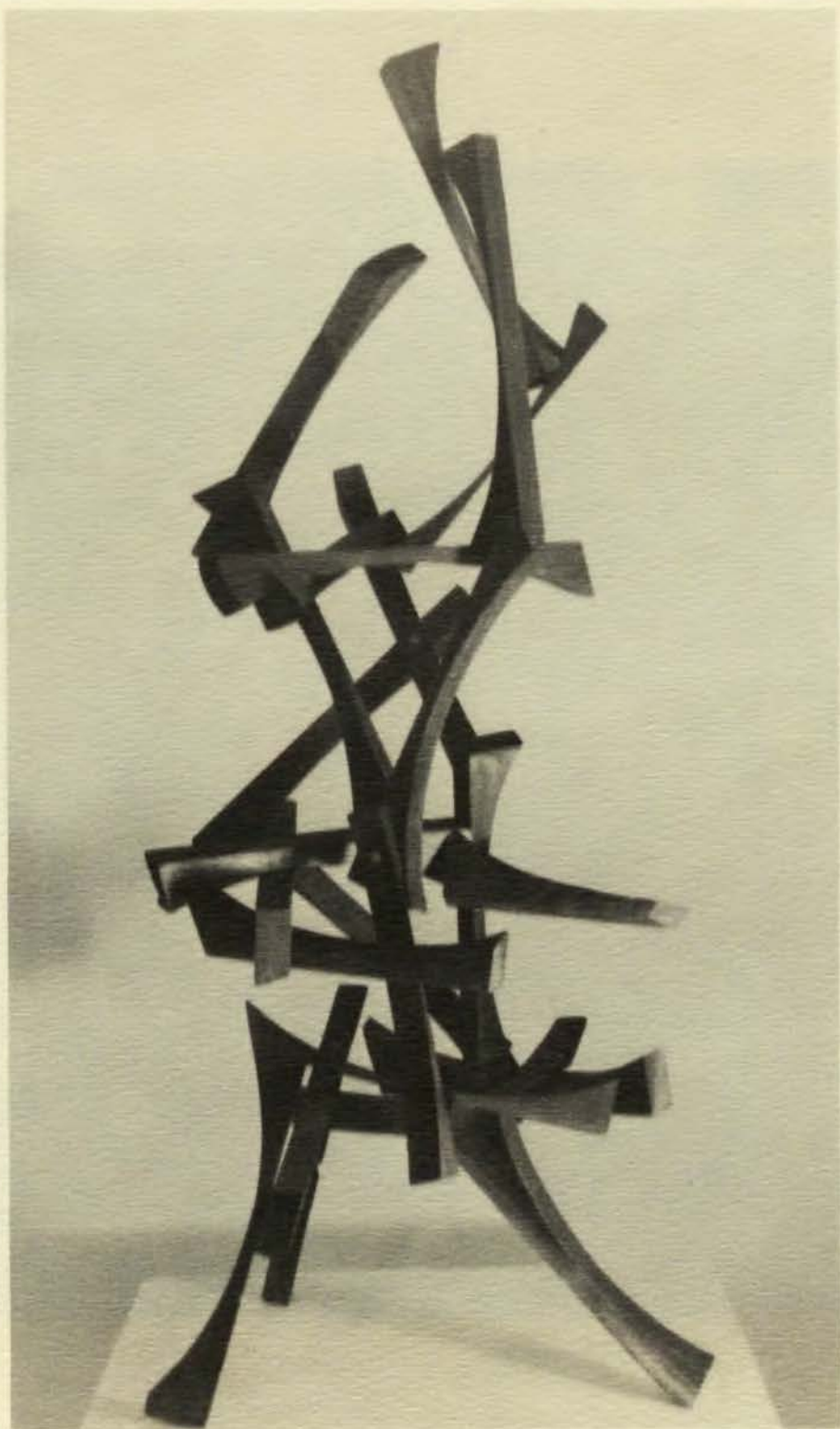
Cameron Gregg XII



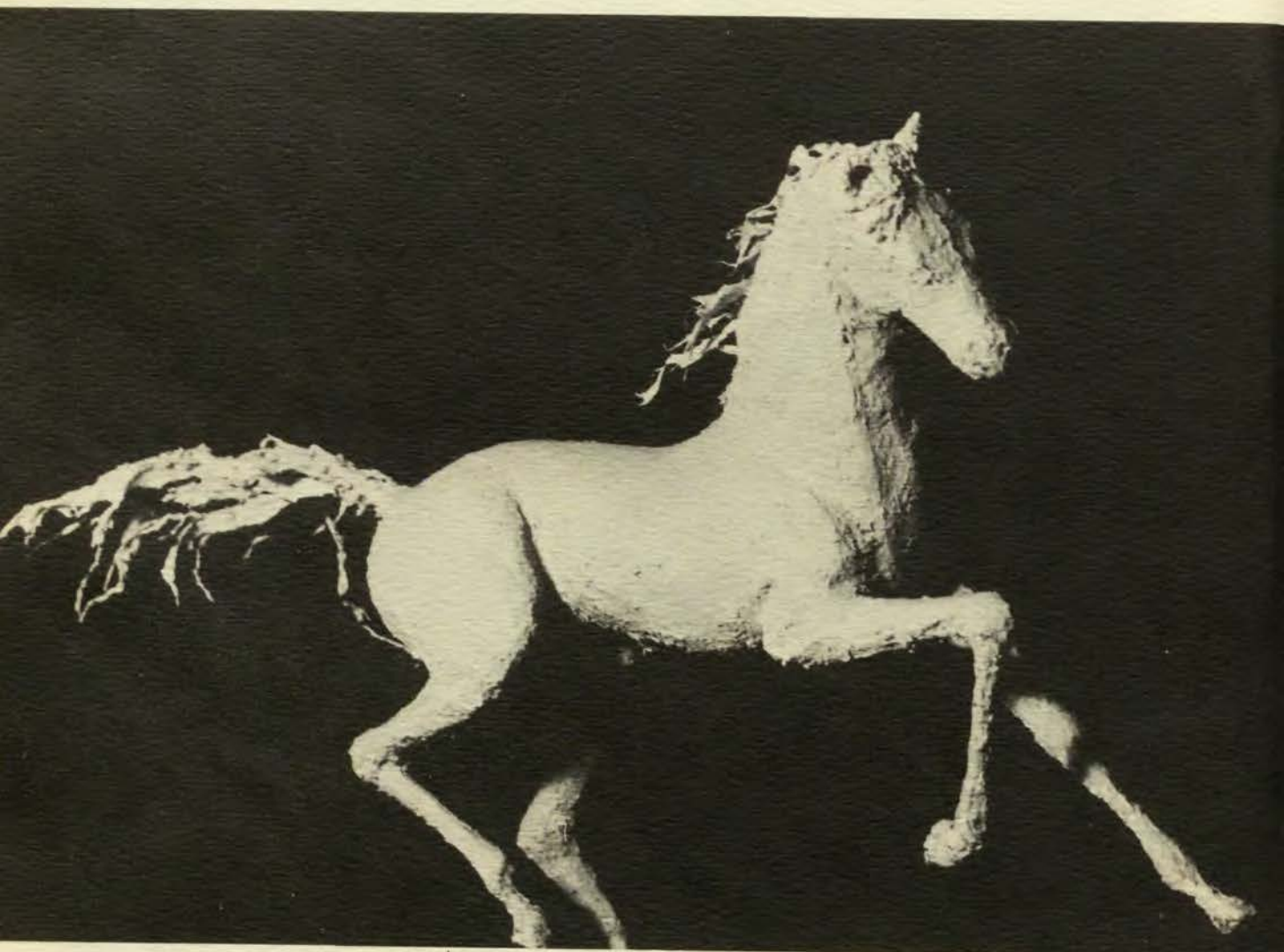
Alice Rodgers X







Fran Treves X



Fairfax Hutter XII



Name	Found	Evokes	Quote	Lost Without	Goal
Meq	fooling around	A large dog	My stars!	a partner	two at once
Ricky	in the woods	Timing Cricket	yeah, you're right	something to do	a new excuse
Ruth	in Physics	shyness	Are you kidding?	A clarinet reed	a career
Steve B.	playing tennis	Rod Laver	No!	Evan	hotel administrator
Jean	walking off with ^{Paul}	a hobbit	no foolin'?	the Volvo	to have blue eyes
Kathy B.	At Franconia	sophistication	let's get out of this nightclub	Minnesota Max	U.S.E.T.
hedlie	singing	a goddess	Aa aahhh!!	her magic mushrooms	to make people happy
Anthea	in the cornfield	a bird	ssh, sh*t!!	her bounce	volleyball serve
Mike Ca.	wandering	Bilbo	Uh... yeah	Pockets	to graduate
Connie	at P.U.	a milkmaid	J.C.!!	brakes	1,000,000 pennies
Kencie	at Wistar's	Scarlett O'Hara	leave me alone!!	an audience	to get rich
Jon C.	in the library	kochinuar	Would I lie to you?	his baby pillow	to stay single
Mike Cl.	in the candy jar	confusion	G.F.!!	his guitar	Grand Ol' Opry
Kacey	On the trail	a lioness	you're kidding	juicy fruits	to climb the Alps
Fred	at home	Puddlegum	wait a minute	the computers	to be
Mike E.	under the stage	a stray	you're kidding	a woman	a veterinarian
Jody	in a crowd	obedience	"NO?!!..."	her Dr. Scholl's	be a farmer
Giaff	concentrating	Dudley Do-right	"ummm..."	his Latin dictionary	Harvard
Pieter	in his doghouse	yacht clubs	"what...?"	Lucien	obstetrician
Steve F.	in Physics	a giraffe	Well...	one of his cars	architect
libby	studying	a house cat	oh, no	Featherbee	a biologist
Paul	on his tractor	strength through joy	"m' yah"	Boomfer	to be feared
Rob	in Mr. Bing's office	responsibility	well, it's possible	his clipboard	to let go for once and for all
Jerem	on the front bench	a koala bear	Did ya hear??	gossip	to buy a Cadillac
John G.	alone	quiet	How about a game?	his pipe	to be a cabinetmaker
Cameron	weekdays only	outdoors	"mmmm"	her brown rice	to live out West
Kobby	in Clayton's	a sea gull	T.G.I.F	her hairclip	8 hours of sleep
Jeri	speaking French	Raggedy Anne	can I ask a question?	Teddy III	to know few languages
Jan	running	a "smithie"	Oh, no!	her contacts	to be a vet
Noni	where the action is	Pippi Longstocking	"Have you seen my...?"	her camel coat	to be a potter
Lucinda	giggling	childhood	"Ye-e-s-s-s!"	Vermont	to catch a man
Bill	in the darkroom	An Irish cop	"Get bent!"	his blue PDS book bag	Playboy Photographer
Cheri	in Wyoming	toughness	that really flipped me out	Cocaine (her horse)	to get to Dubai's
Andy H.	silent	Beethoven	What?!	music	Philharmonic
Pickie	sauntering around	Suaveness	"Come on...!"	his sister's sandwiches	Raguel Welch
Fairfax	outside at night	a fawn	Darn...!	her dogs	artist-scientist
Beth	laughing	Jack-in-the box	that's really weird	romance	Scottish farmer
Mary J.	at Jack n' Jill's	fashion	oh hi, Rob	her car keys	to be a model
John K.	at architecture	class	Aw, -	Anita	architect
Judy	singing	an angel	that's not necessarily true...	homework	lawyer
Charlotte	in Buxton's	gentleness	Alvin said...	Alvin	articulate lawyer
Helen	making scenery	a gnome	Δ*!\$?!!	wheels	Wave
Alex	in the cornfield	the devil	Aw, dogsh*t	harks	a clean world

Laughs At	Passion	Bête Noire	will probably end up...	wears
Kate's jokes	Mr. Jacobson	silence	on the stage	on Dr. Ross
his jokes	his red car	buying clothes	an executive	work suits
puns	gossip	cleaning house	a teacher	well
Miss Haartz	milk	work	at Wimbledon	white tennis shirts
Kenzie's songs	Grapeapple juice	staying still	a wino	sneakers
gym class	apple pie à la mode	lima beans	another Jackie Onassis	Wallabee's
absurdities	dancing	fakeness	happy	fisherman's boots
men	women's lib	male chauvinist pigs	married in Scarsdale	long skirts
work	good grass	play rehearsal	delivering groceries	flannel shirts
hit	chocolate	callous people	another Dr. Spock	that fur coat
dinner at Great Island	self-expression	Sundays in Philadelphia	in pearls + basic black	Pucci underwear
football	Floor length capes	tomato juice	married	a moustache
anything	camel filters	washing dishes	a construction worker	a fringed jacket
own humor	food	insipidness	a sex queen	topsider raincoat
Ted Voigt	Coke	one-answer questions	spaced out	bell bottoms
dirty jokes	the 9 th grade ♀	sports	in the Salvation Army	hiking boots
drolleries	health food	T. V.	in the vineyard	leotards
girls	math	Mr. Jones' humor	a Ph.D.	bicycle shorts
his sister	Labrador	unexpected quests	PRESIDENT	strange shoes
girls	cars	competitive women	successful	sweaters
tape recording in French	cooking	insincerity	satisfied	black boots
himself	yes	women's liberation	with a pot belly	Peter's pants
John Moore	old business	no new business	a Senator	baby-blue sweaters
the Roller Derby	hamburgers	snobs	a golf pro	LaCoste shirts
Mrs. Cuesta	banana bread	Spanish	the next Fitzgerald	no ties
Paul	spaghetti	telephone	owning a health-food store	India imports
Corny jokes	red licorice	white lies	in Aspen	the "Villager"
Russian history	speaking French	ham	in Maine	purple bell-bottoms
Tuprim	uncooked food	boredom	on a farm	Levi's
the wrong times	chocolate sodas	school boundaries	a nurse	Dr. Scholl's
Buzzer	skiing	society	at peace	long hair
his own jokes	shack bar food	ugly girls	publishing his weird songs	pink !!
Mike	Terry	school	Miss Rodeo America	black
dumb broads	Brahms	pesky females	a misogynist	beige corduroy jacket
the class	making passes	when they don't respond	with five wives	natty clothes
bad puns	beauty	deadlines	in the mountains	fishing boots
all things	cheeseburgers	being watched	in the South Seas	purple tights
Susan L.	Lucien	FAT	that COSMOPOLITAN girl	ladybug shoes
nothing	his car	V.W.'s	On Kensington High Street	expensive clothes
herself	fast driving	Keyport	in Washington	roman sandals
Karen + Brenda	coffee + donuts	preppies	married to Alvin	an Afro
stupid Susan jokes	snow	gym	in Scotland	out
Anthea Burtle	women	girls' makeup	with six kids	dirty socks

Name	Found	Evokes	Quote	Lost Without	Goal
Edwin	in the main hall	the businessman	"booga booga!"	Marlboro's	to own a 1930 auto
Lydia	nowhere	Red hair	huh?	her Levi's	to get to China
Susan L.	outside library	a scholar	Hello, Mr. Lott	life to face	to be unobligated
John L.	at Artie's	Julian Bond	"Hey?"	Camel filters	philosopher
Lit	busy	the all-American girl	Neat!	her hands	Swiss Mama
Jay	in the tub	amusement	!	his Mickey Mouse watch	a better pun than Gokke's
Linda	in the art room	a Siamese cat	Really?!	a friend	to be happy and private
Kate	in hysterics	warmth	Watch it!	an oven	to usurp Mr. Jones
Laurie	running around	a jumping bean	ha ha hee he ha ha ha ha ho ho ha ha ha	makeup	school teacher
Mary M.	looking at fields	Independence	Hey, sweetie	John + Miles	Psychologist
Artie	at Gant's hill	L.L. Bean	Hey, Mista Pete	his hair	to beat Mr. McClure
Ginny Mo.	at home	intelligence	"it was so funny"	Donna	mathematician
John M.	making trouble	a bear	get out of the way	a can of Colt	to get one
Kirk	arguing	emotion	I guess so...	a cause	doctor
Cici	in crafts	serenity	"Thank you"	her hands	to be artistic
Brigid	sashaying around	liberation	I don't want to discuss it	her scarf	to be intellectual
Ginny My.	socializing	the Fizzies	"what a HASSLE"	the camper	to leave Princeton
Ellen P.	in the lab	beautiful scientist	"reely?"	Teddy I	to discover
Turner	leaving school	a satyr	I am overcome with desire...	a map	to live in Ulan Bator
Anne Re.	doing imitations	her dog	come awn, doll...	her brooklyn accent	Warren
Tommy	grooving	happiness	that's cool	his music	liberty
Anne Ro.	out	interest	"think about it"	her glasses	the Cliffe
Sally	going home after lunch	knee socks	"be QUIET, Anne!"	her bicycle	to score
Carl	at a piano	Robin Hood	How ya doin'?	his mocassins	to be on Dating Game
Mike S.	in the art room	himself	"nothing will be alright"	the Mercedes	to graduate
Andy S.	and lost	round eyes	I'm SORRY!!	her recorder	to play in Pro Musica
Nan	with Jean	intelligence	"Come ON!"	an argument	to leave Pennington
Steve S.	coming or going	friendliness	"what?"	his bike	to own a car
Elizabeth S.	at the D.Q.	an intellectual	"what ya say?"	discussion	college
Susan S.	in front of a mirror	perplexity	what do you call it?	her V-W-	married to a preppie
Ellen S.	skipping in the hall	brown eyes	goodbye goodbye	her cordorays	to write
Karen	in bed	confidence	I was crunched	her hat	rich + famous
Harrison	mumbling	Pluto the Dog	"I'm here."	his Cold Duck	to rule the world
Kathy V.	in the bookstore	Anastasia	"yeah, right..."	her mother's comb	long hair
Ted	in his office	deep thought	maybe tomorrow...	his briefcase	to leave school
Diana	smiling	the Sun Maid	censored	her history book	Homecoming Q.
Jackie	riding a motorcycle	resin	I'm late again	Dean	Cleveland symphony
Wistar	At Great Island	a bunny rabbit	"I'm sorry..."	Dona	not to be a housewife
Lucien	at Pieter's	a bartender	"...and a-beat him to a JELLY!"	his Vista-Cruiser	to blow up the Graduate college
Jordan	in the office	questions	"drop dead!"	pencil + paper	to know
Steve Z.	on the slopes	awe	GREAT!!	a car	the world cup
Dirk	in mixed company	worldliness	"Have you...?"	girls	independence
Class	in the front hall	kindergarten	"Are you leaving now?"	their cars	to get out

Laughs At	Passion	Bête Noire	will probably end up...	wears
Ellen S.	antique cars	the link board	at the D.A.	hats
biology	freedom	high school	a truck driver	buggy shirts
Mr. Reimers	dreaming	exercise	in a secret garden	round glasses
Cheri	natural women	snobbish chicks	in jail	suede knee moccasins
her mistakes	kidding	boredom	in a secret chalet for two	a pocket watch
puns	Bret	puns again	a stand-up comedian	brilliant socks
things to herself	getting out of school	spiders	travelling	blue jean shirts
Meg's driving	red	poor etiquette	in Congress	a blush
EVERYTHING	Gary Lott	her hair	Lady Bountiful	hair ribbons
religion class	romance	selfishness	in love	topsiders
dingleberries	hockey	girls who argue with him	in the Swiss army	baggy pants
SAT's	beading	her own mistakes	mad at Anne	stockings
Rob Gips	The River	the Penalty box	a Zamboni driver	Brooks Brothers
Ms. Smith	football	prejudice	a typing teacher	striped Gants
hedlie	tea	her stomach	in Switzerland	a long blue coat
male chauvinists	hairy legs	razors	a woman in chains	your patience
Love Comics	chocolate-chip ice-cream	ketchup	a short order cook	everything at once
dirty drive-ins	Israel	washing lettuce	a doctor	bare legs
homeroom	travel	finding a job	very bourgeoisie	brown tie shoes
sick jokes	hot chocolate	math	a Belgian housewife	amazing get-ups
"HIGH school"	beds	morning assembly	in the Bowery	plaid shirts
Kate	definitely	dumb blondes	in white	tight sweaters
French teachers	Indian wrestling	her spelling	a hockey mother	her brother's pants
girls basketball	Sonny	bad sports	in Sherwood Forest	"funky threads"
school	tarantulas	squeamish girls	a God	turtleneck shirts
Mardi	spinach quiche	mustard	raving mad	button-up jeans
Paternal Paul	cheese	Tareyton	the next Dorothy Parker	those suede shoes
the unknown	speed	25-mile zones	a disk jockey	blue shirts
history class	sweet farts	SAT's	a historian	pants
Fly faces	shopping	dirty hair on boys	a den mother	Saks
Edwin	chocolate-chip cookies	confinement	famous	a rawhide
ignorance	sweet-potato pie	phonies	married	short skirts
Calculus	Coke	stupidity	an eccentric inventor	a coat
anything lewd	Gino's	Meg	a basketball referee	plaid skirts
putrid puns	deadlines	pushy females	well rounded	V-neck sweaters
most anything	Physics	French tests	a ski bunny	blue corduroy bell bottoms
Kobby	concerts	getting up	a great cellist	twin barrettes
the yearbook	England	Sundays in Philadelphia	a topless waitress	bathrobes
his practical jokes	his root canals	athletics	in the circus	white bell bottoms
wit	curry	rat races	very rich or very poor	tie shoes
football jokes	snow cones	a calm ocean	a tap dancer	Muscle beach shirts
Doug	booze	naïveté	a matinée idol	English suits
the stupidest things	passion	the faculty	47 years old in 2001	L.L. Bean

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and what a time it was . . . it was a time
of innocence . . . a time of confidences
. . . long ago it must be . . . i have a
photograph to preserve the memories
. . . that's all that's left you . . .

JTL

To All,

Each new year is a surprise to us. We find
that we had virtually forgotten the note of
each bird, and when we heard it again it is
remembered like a dream, reminding us of
a previous state of existence. How happens
it that the associations it awakens are al-
ways pleasing, never saddening; reminis-
cences of our sanest hours? . . . (Henry D.
Thoreau)

Much Love,
Harriette

came in 8th grade . . . in 9th bible with
david . . . and peter sears, jay and eng-
lish . . . ips and jack . . . in 10th english
with jay . . . wapwallopen and shore, ex-
tra curricular . . . started 11th but faded
in the stretch . . . but still remember all
the times bad and good . . . with most
love to class of '72 . . . how does one be-
gin the end . . .

Ikenzie-chan . . .



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ごきげんよう

Congratulations Class of '72

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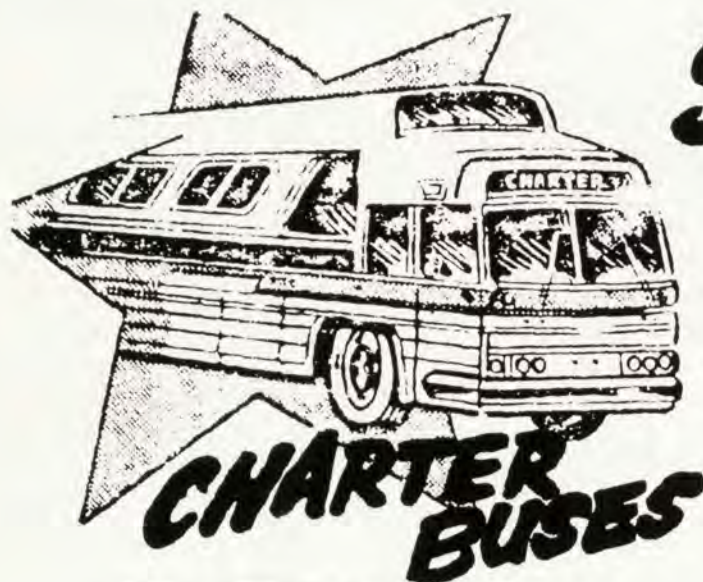
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Many, many thanks to the **Link's** "paraprofessionals": Bev and Alan Williams, Arlene Smith, Les Rodriguez, Bowie Carpenter, Phil vanDusen.



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Mr. Gregory,

Oliver is
(defined)
as Oliver does
What Oliver does
is what makes
Oliver
is

2/7

Thank you thank you
—John

And in the end, the love you take
is equal to the love you make



Dear Mr. Bing,

"I can no other answer make
but thanks,
and thanks, and ever thanks,"

Love,

Ellen, Jeri, Ellen

"Ahm so **tired** . . . ahnt you tired too, Melanie?"



"Look to this day
for it is life
the very life of life
for today well lived
makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness
and every tomorrow
a vision of hope."

The Sanskrit

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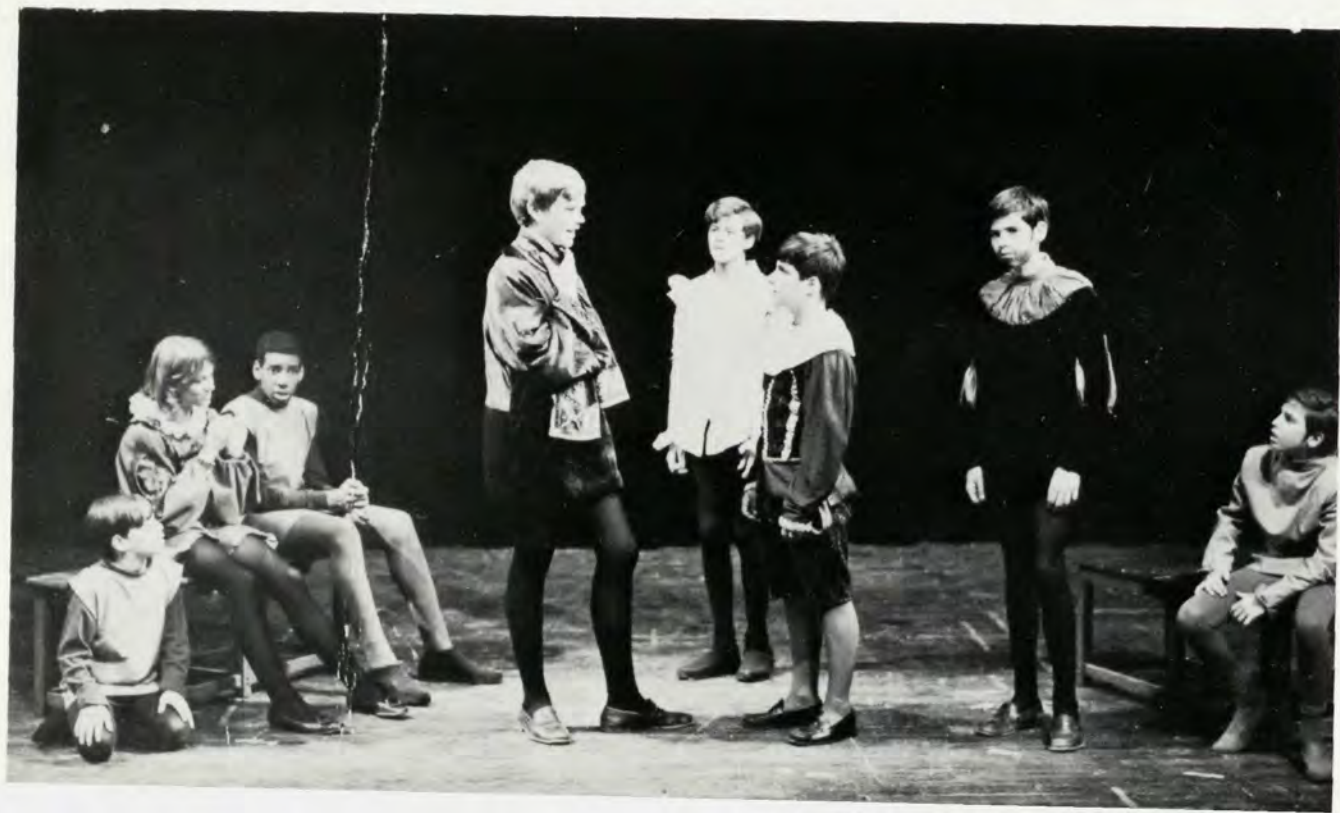


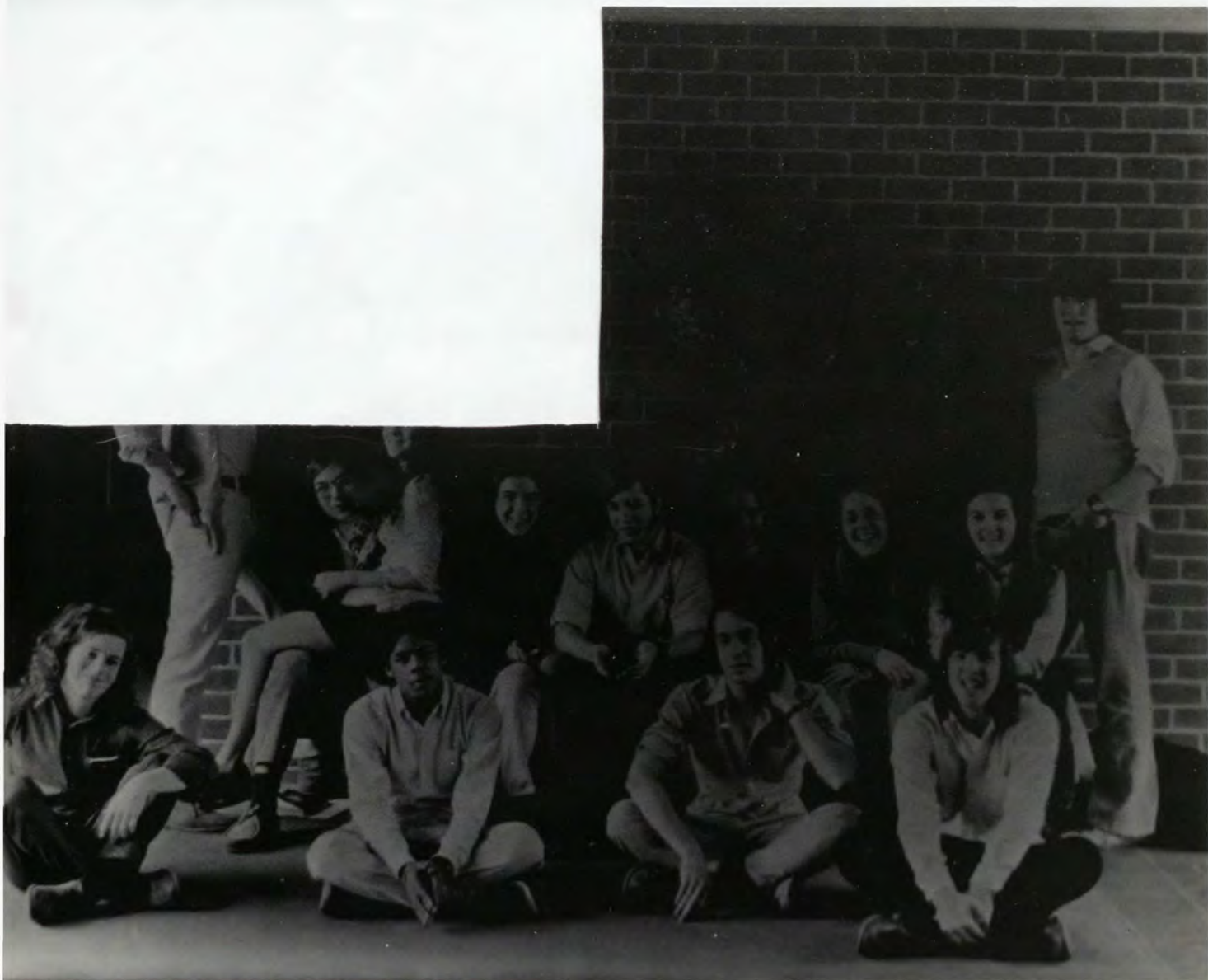
elle

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Trenton Makes,

The World Takes.

Mike, John, Ricky, Jerem, Carl, Mike, Ellen, Jeri, Edwin, Ellen, Susan, Kate, Steve.

The hardest part of loving is letting go.

Steve.

Dear George,

Thank you for sharing your laughs
and immortal smiles with me, and caring.

It's meant an awful lot to me.

Please watch over my "big-little" sister for me
and take care of your "little-big" sister.

She's so uniquely sincere.

Look for me when in doubt . . .

I'll always be around.

Take care.

Much love,

George

. . . Where am I going? The clouds sail by,
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.
Where am I going? The shadows pass,
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,
You'd sail on water as blue as air,
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:
"Doesn't the sky look green today?" . . .

If you were a bird, and lived on high,
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:
"**That's** where I wanted to go today!"

Where am I going? I don't quite know.
What does it matter where people go?
Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow—
Anywhere, anywhere. **I** don't know.

Congratulations to the Class of 1972

Herbert J. Kendall

Kendall Development Company

"Twin Rivers"

Jody,

"If I will love you then, as now
I love you, flower-child,
So dear to me, you know not how,
Half-woman and half-child."

Edwin

As one domestic to another:

"We've had our ups and downs but we're still
playing together."

Neil Young

Love & good luck to all the chickens
of '72 from two mother hens—









it's enough
to be alive
to see the sea
the sky and
watch the changes
to eat talk joke and
create love feel
the air ground
sun yourself
and not
have to
be somebody.

Be Free.
good luck '72

a brother

A la recherche du temps perdu

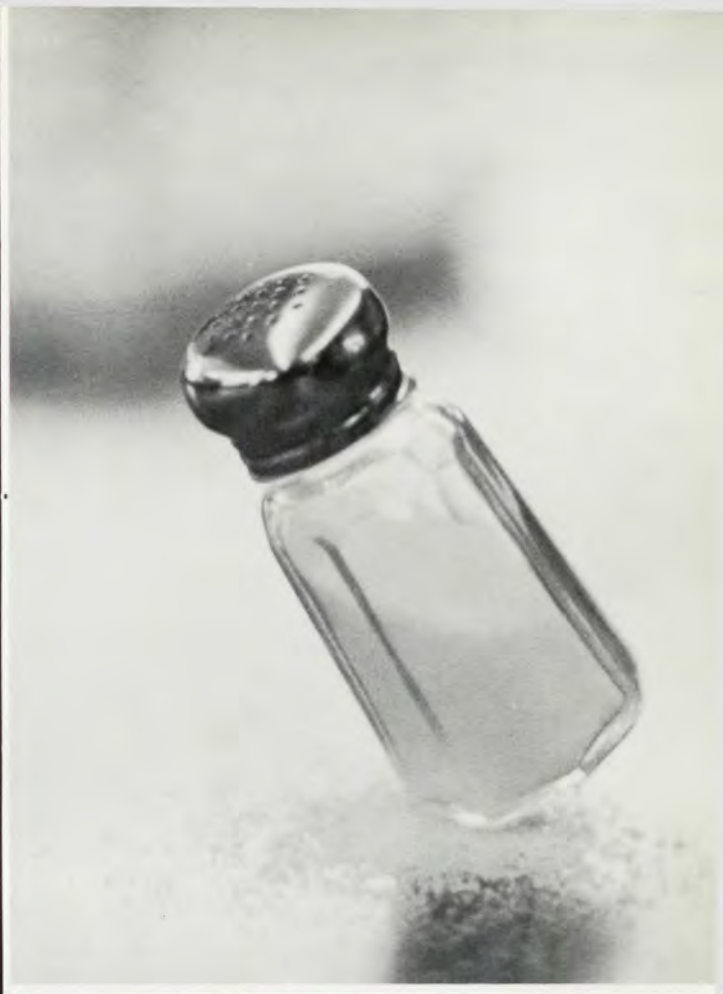
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Best wishes to the Class of 1972

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