







THE LINK 1973

Princeton Day School

Margy Erdman Carol Lifland Jody Miller Leslie Sander Beth Sanford Patti Seale Glenna Weisberg Ginna Vogt





DAN SKVIR

We hope you can be as proud of us as we are grateful to you for the laughter, the anger, and, most importantly, the concern.









Ginna Vogt

Hera was mad. Zeus had just thrown down another thunderbolt and she didn't think he was justified. He was losing his temper more frequently of late, and it was unfair to the human race. How could a mortal defend himself against the wrath of Jove? She tried talking to him but that didn't seem to get anywhere. He just told her to stop being so pushy and after all, what was one mortal more or less? She went off furiously and told Athena exactly how she felt, as well as anyone else who came her way. Olympus fairly buzzed with her anger. Dionysus said Zeus was just a hen-pecked husband, but Aphrodite thought Hera had a point. Soon the gods were divided on the issue. There was no peace anywhere. Hera, seeing the furor she had aroused, proceeded to calm everyone else down, but she remained stubborn on the issue even after Zeus came round and apologized. She accepted his apology gratefully, and conceded that she might have gone a little overboard in her reaction. The other gods were reconciled also. But still, she maintained that it was not fair for Zeus to

The two men jumped up from their game, knocking over their chairs in the process. The smaller of the two pulled his gun.

"This is it! Nobody cheats when they play at the same table as me. Now you're gonna get yours." "Quick!" somebody yelled, "Get Miss Susie!"

The bartender went into the back room and emerged almost immediately, preceded by a blond woman of average height who, by the expression on her face and her full breasts swelling up inside her close dress and her fists clenched by her sides so tightly as to make them white at the knuckles, looked fit to be tied.

"All right! Now look, you guys," she said in a low but distinctly furious voice. "You guys can play poker or whatever else you want to play, but I won't . . . I won't have you making such a display in my saloon."

"Look buster," she said to the man who had cheated," you just take your cheating and yourself right outta here an' I don't ever wanna see you coming round here breaking up nice peaceful poker games again. Now beat it."

Miss Susie turned to the men still seated around the table.

"Okay, boys," she said sweetly; "deal me in."

Susan Ross



Dorothy skipped beside the Scarecrow and Toto as they followed the yellow brick road. Dorothy's eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed as they sang and whistled songs from "Mame." Every now and then she stopped to throw a piece of wood to Toto or to chase him down the road. As she watched the Scarecrow's awkward movements and listened to his toneless singing, she laughed so hard that tears rolled down her cheeks. But soon she remembered where she was going and what she had left behind. With the thought of home and summers past came a smile. Looking once more at the Scarecrow, she grabbed his arm and they continued down the road.

Margy Erdman





Ellen Fisher

Even though it was a very lazy day, Christopher Robin was itching for something to do. He tried resting underneath a tree but as soon as Pooh came, Christopher pounced on him with relief.

"Hi, Pooh. We're going on an expedition."

Pooh blinked.

"Oh I don't think I've been on one of those."

So they walked this way and that. Christopher Robin skipped until he was too tired. They climbed trees and whenever they came to a puddle, Christopher Robin would stamp on it. Pooh would watch him, chuckling affectionately. All in all, it was a wonderful day.

"It's been such a good day!" said Christopher Robin. "Let's have a party to celebrate. We can invite everybody."

The news spread and the guests began to arrive; Rabbit and all his relatives, Owl, Piglet, Eeyore, and last of all Kanga and Roo.

"She can have my chair; it's more comfortable," said Christopher Robin. So Kanga sat in his comfortable chair and was able to enjoy the party too.

Christopher Robin sat at the head of the table. He was very merry and his high spirits infected the others. Even Eeyore laughed. Christopher Robin watched him for a moment, happy to see him enjoying himself.

"Good old Eeyore," he whispered fondly.

Miss Gordon, as her students called her, ran up the stairs to the school. She was already late because she had stopped to admire a lovely, pink dress in a store window. She gathered her full yellow skirt and ran silently through the halls to her classroom. Her white, lacy petticoats were showing a bit too much for the times, but she ignored them and kept on running. Wisps of hair escaped from beneath her wide-brimmed yellow hat, and suddenly it fell to the floor. She swung around and collected it from the ground, her long, blonde locks tumblling down about her shoulders. She loathed piling her hair on top of her head as was expected of schoolteachers. She removed her cape, flung it over her arm and quietly opened the door. All the children left their games and ran to greet her, screaming and laughing. She bent over, letting her hat and cape fall to the ground, and hugged them all. She had one favorite, though, and hugged her the tightest. Her eyes were gleaming with happiness now, as if she longed to be one of the children again.

Sandy Gordon





Peter Moore

The distinguished Peter Rabbit caught everyone's eye as he chugged down mainstreet in his Model-A Ford. People hailed him from all directions and Peter waved back, grinning and enjoying every moment of it. He was on his way to a social gathering in the neighboring lettuce patch.

Upon arriving at the party, Peter walked in and out three or four times, greeting his friends repeatedly with, "Oh yeah, HI." When someone handed him a Budweiser, he smiled and said, "I like it." The amiable Peter Rabbit can be found at many such social gatherings. But those of us who know and love Peter Rabbit the most know that he likes playing the nature boy stranded off the coast of Maine.



Pam Tegarden

In a far-away land, there once lived a young lady Princess, beloved to all who knew her. She had an air of elegance about her as she gracefully moved about the palace performing her daily chores. People came from afar hoping to meet the Princess, even if only to gaze at her from a distance. Those who knew her well often came to her to find warmth and security.

There was a hush in the waiting crowd. Princess Pamela threw open the palace doors leading to the garden. Tossing her brown locks, she hastened down the marble staircase to greet the well-wishers. She laughed abruptly as she missed a step but gained her poise in time to greet the visitors, "Hi guys!"

Some never did get to know her, but they were content just to catch her smile. She had an air of elegance about her . . .

With the wind in his favor and everything going smoothly, the captain pulled in the sails and headed for another victory. He was certainly favored in the sporting event for he worked with that certain agility and had that air of coolness about him—even under the most unfavorable circumstances. He glanced over his shoulder toward the waiting crowd, but his expression did not reveal the intense excitement he was feeling . . .

With a catching smile, he walked up calmly to receive his gold cup, thanked the other competitors and turned to leave. Another achievement behind him-he walked off, laughing gaily with his little admirers who had cheered him on.

Buzz Woodworth





Robin Maltese

At the intersection of Cucumber Street and Frog was the renowned Malt's Pizzeria. This Pizzaria was run by Ribbitowitz Malt. It was a sort of family place; the Board of Health gave it an A rating.

She had just finished cleaning the counters when the phone rang.

"Hello, Malt's Place-pepperoni, green pepper, anchovy, extra cheese, and mushroom. What can I do for you?"

Her face turned hard, and she grimaced as she slammed down the phone.

"Fool I have had a long, trying day, and that fool has to call a wrong number!"

Then a big, tall, husky male trucked up to the counter. Malt's mood lightened. She pushed back her hair and approached him for his order.

"One bowl of Spaghettios."

Ribbitowitz eased back and gave him a vulture stare, "And I suppose you want a spoon, too!" Her mood crumbled from bad to worse as she watched him spill the Spaghettios all over the clean counter.

When he had finished he handed her two dollars.

"Keep the change."

As he was walking out the door she mumbled, "We have bigger spoons, too . . . !"

Later on, a big truck pulled up in front of the Pizzaria. The truck driver entered with a large case of Chung-King Chow Mein.

"Where do you want me to put it, lady?"

The vulture stare returned, "This is not a Chinese restaurant "

The Artful Dodger puffed luxuriously on a Tiparillo, snickering at the thought of evoking a bourgeois Englishman. "Hey man, this fag is really heavy," she exclaimed, glancing towards the peevish Oliver Twist. The Dodger was sprawled out in a battered armchair, lying pensively and blowing thick smoke rings. Alarmed Little Oliver exclaimed, "I beg your pardon . . ." Dodger grinned, showing that she was only joking.

A few hours later, the Dodger, clad in the prized top-hat and her Clark "Treks," sat by the table. She was looking over the great haul of stolen lunchboxes, recording them in code in a notebook. "You know, Oliver, we'll eat quite well during the next few days," she said, turning over a peanutbutter sandwich. Oliver, puzzled about the origin of the lunchboxes, exclaimed, "I tell you there's something mysterious going on around here." Dodger took off her hat and whispered hoarsely, "We must call the police."



Hope Spiro



William Langewiesche

Pinocchio was busy as usual, accosting fellow students in the front hall, trying to borrow a pen. Having been turned down by several classmates from whom he'd borrowed before, and feeling rather desperate because he had to copy over a dissertation on "la condition humaine" before the next period, he decided to try one last tactic before going to the bookstore to buy a pen of his own. Forgetting for the moment that he was magic and not just an ordinary marionette, he began, "Oh come on, you can spare a pen—you've got seven of them." Not making any progress, he continued, "My last pen ran out of ink yesterday, and I bought a new one, but it fell out of a hole in my pocket on the way to school." He could hardly keep a straight face.

Suddenly he felt a tingling at the end of his nose. "Oh no, oh my god, I take it back !"

There once was a little girl, so tiny that people warned her that she'd blow away if she were ever caught in a gust of wind. She was so intrigued by this idea that she rigged up a balloon, a blue one with green and yellow firetrucks on it, made herself a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich and set off to the top of a hill. Just before she reached the top, the balloon lurched away from the ground, and laughing, Julie held on.

Julie Brewster





Feliciano de Azevedo

Little Red Riding Hood set off for Grandmother's. Although the woods were known for wolves, she walked along gaily, singing. What could be evil on such a lovely day? Soon she reached the small cabin where grandmother lived, and she stepped inside.

"Grandmother!" She was not in her usual seat by the fireplace, and the room was in disarray. Red Riding Hood was about to check the bedroom when her grandmother appeared, in a housecoat and sneakers, looking slightly flustered.

"Hello, Leetle Red Ridin' Hood." Grandmother had white hair, but jet black locks were showing through her bonnet, and her face looked a bit sinister. Red Riding Hood became apprehensive. She'd never known her grandmother to pronounce h's that way. "Please seet down. Have you heard the joke about the two men on the moon?" Grandmother never told jokes. Suddenly her teeth looked very big and her shoulders quite broad. She even had muscular legs as if, maybe, she played soccer. Grandmother drew her chair a little closer, and Red Riding Hood laughed nervously.

"Grandmother, what a funny accent you have! Have your dentures been bothering you?" Almost before she knew it, her grandmother had made a lunge for her. The housecoat and bonnet fell off, revealing the most fearful of all wolves, the Portuguese Peril, well-known by the woodsmen thereabouts for his tricks. Red Riding Hood had just enough time to escape before he grabbed her. She ran until she found a woodsman who offered help, but when they returned they found only the clothes on the floor, and the grandmother in a faint. Red Riding Hood picked up the bonnet, and as she did, a book fell out. The wolf had forgotten his Portuguese/English dictionary.



Jody Miller

Once upon a time in Paris there lived a girl whose name was Jody. She had two sisters, a cat and many friends, but she wanted a special companion.

One fall day as she left school she spotted a red balloon tied to the side mirror of her red MG. She smiled as she saw how the two reds matched perfectly. Excited, Jody raced home, the red balloon soaring behind and her long, red hair blowing in the wind.

Even though the sun shone it began to drizzle. "My poor, wet balloon!" she thought. But Jody didn't stay sad for long because soon the rain stopped and a huge rainbow stretched across the sky.

When Jody got home her mother was glad to see her; she had been worried about her driving on the slippery, wet leaves. But Jody was too elated about her new-found friend to say anything. Upstairs, she tied her balloon outside her window watching it dance in the breeze. Her cat, sitting on the sill, began playing with the string and let the balloon go free, but amazingly, Jody's balloon stayed right by her window. She was happy that it refused to go away, and she realized true friends will do all kinds of special things. And, if a friend should just happen to be a balloon, it won't fly away. Companions stick together.

Jody laughed aloud at her thoughts as she reached for the red balloon. Suddenly she felt a strong pull-the balloon lifted her into the sky and the two friends travelled all over Paris together.



Hilary Morgan

The dim light laced the shafts of smoke. It was a small, crowded café not unlike the others that lined the Paris streets. Voices overlapped the clanging of empty glasses, the smell of thick perfume and sweet wine.

In the corner sat a small woman wearing a purple muslin shirt open at the neck. Her legs were smothered in the folds of a long, red skirt. Slowly, without warning, the people were silenced by her presence. Tapping her foot to an inner rhythm, she placed one strong hand on the surface of the keys. And tilting her head back as if to say "Yes, now," she closed her eyes and played.

Although it was the first day of spring and all the other animals were singing and jumping with spring fever, Wilbur plopped down in a very foul humor. He was really quite aggravated now. Where is my food? What a **dreadful** bore to be dependent, **always** dependent on someone else for my food! He looked up to see if Charlotte was there, thinking maybe they could play some music together. Oh, she wasn't there either! Bother! I mean, **really**! If they're going to **starve** me (he hadn't eaten for two hours!), the **least** they can do is give me a friend to talk to or some drums to play. A slow smile began to force itself upon his mouth as he thought of the jazz he and Charlotte had played. It quickly disappeared as a hunger pain overtook it. I am **really** dying! Why is everyone so happy while I am dying? How **dare** they sing while I shrivel up to nothing, oh! oh! oh! oh, I am

"Wilbur!! What are you making all that racket for?!"

Wilbur looked up. "Why, Charlotte! How long have you been there?" he asked innocently. "Oh Wilbur, never mind. But you'd better eat your food, or rather what's left of it. Templeton has already made three trips."



Tucky Fussell

Annoyed, the bookworm brushed his bothersome hair away from his eyes.

"God, ya can't get yer hair cut without gettin' laughed at, but if ya leave it long, ya have to keep pullin' it out of mouthfuls of SMSG and Fitzgerald."

He gave a disgusted snort.

"SMSG and Fitzgerald! I have got to get out of this school. I haven't eaten anything titillatin' since I moved in four years ago. Good grief, what a totally boring, totally repulsive diet. You'd think they'd have somethin' interestin', or at least nutritious, around here."

With a weary shake of his head, he once again brushed back his hair, wet his lips, and began to laboriously, tediously plough through his after-dinner snack-the rather unappetizing PDS Student Handbook.

Alan Bogdonoff





John Bushnell

In the year 1453, there lived a lute player in the court of Alfonso X. For many years he had struggled to reach the pinnacle to which all lutists aspired. But once in court he soon grew tired of the ceremony, petty gossip and never-ending intrigues. He left to wander through the streets and play for anyone who wanted to listen.

So he'd sit down at a corner, tune his lute, and as he began playing, a crowd would gather around him. His long fingers would soar over the strings, first slowly, then faster and still faster until all was a blend of gut strings, fingers, wood and mellifluous notes. Once in a while he'd pause and look up: his eyes were blue and kind, and he would smile.

And people came to know of him. Wherever he went, they would laugh and sing. In towns he had not yet reached, they couldn't understand. But in the towns that he had passed through, the people knew.



Kyra Shafran

Sonya was a slender little brunette of seventeen, with a mischievous look in her green eyes veiled by long lashes, with thick chestnut plaits coiling twice around her head, and with a tawny tint in her complexion, especially in the color of her slender but muscular arms and neck. By the grace of her movements, by the softness and flexibility of her small limbs, and by a certain coyness and reserve of manner, she reminded one of a pretty, half-grown kitten which promises to become a beautiful little cat.

Princesa Bob, as she chose to be called, would sit full days and dream of things that princesses just don't do. Then she'd become the princess again and laugh and say, "Ah, Hell! I've got people to see and Princess Things to do, and that Principesco Thing next door will do so nice!" Then she'd stop and dream some more and say—"I wonder if he dreams too?"

Bobbi Russo





Rich Olcott

Now everybody knows that ol' weird Harold is eight feet tall an' weighs all of ninety-four pounds. He's cool though. Like remember the time we dropped the football down the sewey-hole? Yeah man, Harold was cool alright. That ol' sewey-hole was so deep man, only Harold coulda saved Coz's football. Anyway, Fat Albert dropped the football down the hole, an' well it was so cool. Coz said, "C'mon you guys. Lemme have your gum." An' we took all the gum and put it together and put it on ol' weird Harold's haid. Then Albert and Coz each grabbed one of Harold's legs and lowered him haid first down the sewey-hole, real slow.

"A little to the left. Uh-uh, a little to the right now. Okay now down! I got it man. I got the football, man. I got it!"

"Okay, boys, bring him up. Nice and slow now."

"He's up!"

Cool man. Yeah ol' weird Harold! You shore are cool, man.

Elmer Gantry was drunk. He was eloquently drunk, lovingly and pugnaciously drunk. He leaned against the Old Home Sample Room, the most gilded and urbane saloon in town, and requested the bartender to join him in "The Good Old Summertime," the waltz of the day.

Blowing on a glass, polishing it and glancing at Elmer through its flashing rotundity, the bartender remarked that he wasn't much of a hand at this here singing business. But he smiled. No bartender could have done other than smile on Elmer, so inspired and full of gallantry and hell-raising was he, and so dominating was his grin.

His eyes were friendly, his smile was friendly-oh, he was always friendly enough; he was merely astonished when he found that you did not understand his importance and did not want to hand over anything he might desire.

Dave Wagenseil

Don DeVries

He cruised up the "AVE," sitting behind the wheel of a big white '68 Camaro. Its engine, one of those super-stock jobs that've been all cleaned real nice and well greased, was purring real loud except for occasional roars which the driver could control with the easy forceful pressure of his foot.

The driver eased on up to the starting line which happened to be right in front of the highschool. All of the other bad cars moved out of the way except for one. Now this car was somethin' else. It was a huge black Ford. It moved anxiously alongside the Camaro. Silence dominated the street except for the two cars which appeared straining to remain still. One street light was lit over the starting point. The air was very tense.

The driver of the black Ford looked cooly at the driver of the white Chevy. The other returned the look. The black Ford purred, "Think you'll beat me, huh?"

The Chevy sighed, "No sweat."



Helena Brett-Smith

Portia's fame had spread ever since, disguised as a judge, she had spoken so eloquently at Shylock's trial. Now, all the people of the town came to her for advice and to settle their quarrels. One day, while she was making some bread, she was interrupted by two men seeking justice at her hands. She listened to each side of the argument, often interrupting abruptly to ask questions. Even though she weighed each word they spoke she was, at the same, aware of many things. She smelled her bread baking, felt her little cat rubbing againist her, heard the fatter feline wheezing in its sleep, and considered the possibilities of visiting her sister for a few days. Finally the men finished and she spoke to them, laying out her points in a precise order. As usual her consultants were amazed at her directness and total honesty. She allowed them no pretty phrases to hide behind. They left, neither of them pleased but their quarrel settled. Watching them go, Portia remembered an old Chinese proverb. Laughing, she rang for tea. Herr Doktor Professor Sherman had been living in town for five years. He was working on something whose name only a few people could pronounce and whose theoretical and practical working only he understood.

One Saturday he was sighted and recognized entering the local drugstore. People gathered around outside the door waiting for him to come out so they could see what secret ingredient Herr Doktor Professor had bought. When he came out they gasped. All he had was a vanilla ice cream cone with chocolate sprinkles.

Roger Sherman







Jo came down the stairs, her steady hand curving around the polished banister. She turned and surveyed the room; she had organized and timed everything perfectly for her luncheon, and now she had some time to herself. Before going into the room she glanced at the mirror, her meticulously groomed appearance meeting her approval. Suddenly excited at the prospect of seeing old friends again, she thought of flowers for the table. Jo came back into the room with daisies and buttercups and arranged them in a tiny crystal vase. Then she remembered the placecards! She bounded up the stairs, her skirts flying, and she realized the tomboyishness she thought she had outgrown was still there. As she reached the top of the stairs she heard a knock on the door. "Forget the placecards," she said, composing herself. She turned, glided gracefully down the stairs, and opened the door to greet her guests.

It was a very cold and blustery day. Raggedy Anne sat at the foot of the brass four-poster bed in the cosy room. Her small head was cocked sideways amidst her red curls. Raggedy Andy came into the room sulking. He looked like the whole world had fallen on him.

"What's wrong?" asked Raggedy Anne. "It couldn't be all that bad . . . I know . . . you fell down for no reason when everyone was watching."

"No. I memorized the wrong passage for school. I started to recite it to the class and Miss Crump handed me the dunce cap!"

"Well, think of it this way. You know something nobody else knows. You're brilliant!" she exclaimed cheerfully. "Oh you don't care!" growled Raggedy Andy.

"Of course I care! You made a mistake and it's done and gone. Forget it." Raggedy Andy finally smiled at her and turned to read a book. Raggedy Anne fell soundly asleep under her quilt. The last things Raggedy Andy saw before he dozed off were her small thumbs folded comfortably in her lap.

Anne MacLeod





Bob Palmieri

Once upon a time, in Switzerland, there lived a magical clock-maker named Hans Shuphberger. He made very special clocks, very carefully, by hand, for his friends. On the day a clock was finished, Hans would wait up for midnight, for that was when the magic would happen. Hans' clocks never said "cuckoo"—each one would say something special for the friend it was made for.

He made a clock for a very good friend. He carved the body from the best mahogany, and the hands were mother-of-pearl. He made several doors above the face, for his friend was a man of action. At midnight, a tall thin fellow clumped out one door, muttered," Voy a buscar una taza de cafe," drank a cup of coffee, smoked a cigarette, and clumped in another door. Hans was pleased—it was a good clock.

Hans led a happy life, but he knew that he would die someday. He decided that his last clock should be for himself. He worked long and hard. The cabinet was shiny, dark rosewood. The numbers were pearls and the hands were two of his smallest, most precise clock-making wrenches.

He sat down in his big armchair, with a glass of beer, and waited. At one minute past midnight a little armchair slid out, a little figure sat up, raised a glass of beer, and said,

"Hoy es manana."

So Hans went to sleep.
Red Riding Hood was a very determined girl. She had been warned about wolves and getting lost in forests, and although she knew what she should do she did not. She stood at the edge of the woods and winding paths, and began to wander aimlessly. Now, a wolf, who had spied her entering the forest, began to follow. Not only was the forest thick, but it had been so long since she had visited her grandmother that she began to wonder if she had lost her way. She wished her friend Goldilocks was with her, but she was also off, lying in beds and eating foods that weren't quite right for her.

The wolf hid behind a gnarled tree along the path. When Little Red Riding Hood came upon him and he found she was lost, he craftily told her a roundabout way and ran off to her grandmother's. As she entered the house he leaped from the bed, gnashing his teeth. Red Riding Hood screamed. When the woodsman finally came she ran into his arms with relief.



The tortoise and the hare are lined up for the race. The hare is doing situps and talking to his trainers. The tortoise is tying a stray shoelace.

They're off! The hare sprints ahead; the crowd is cheering him on! The tortoise sets off at a steady plod, humming Bach under his breath. It's a lovely summer day, and the tortoise is enjoying the sweet-smelling air.

A good 500 feet into the race, he notices an abandoned dirt road off to the left, half overgrown with weeds.

"This road is so brick. I do wonder where that road goes," he thinks as he makes a tortoise-line for the weeds. The road opens out into a clearing. In the middle is a Porsche 911 Targa, which seems to be in fine condition. He gets out his toolkit and starts investigating. In less than half an hour, the tortoise has adjusted the points and the carburetor, hotwired the machine, and is sitting in the driver's seat, contemplating.

"If I set off right now, I guess I could beat out the hare by a few minutes." He drives down the dirt road out to the main highway.

"But the sun is shining so brightly! And anyway, that hare is such a hyper person-I'm sure he would be heart-broken if he lost."

And the tortoise sets off in the other direction, humming the Bach under his breath.



Nick Nicholes



Laura Kaysen

Laura got up late, as usual, and, although she knew she was late, stopped to practice a few chords on the guitar before going down for breakfast. She pulled a brush quickly through her long brown hair, and let it fly as she took the steps two at a time, giggling. It was a good morning. As she began fixing breakfast, she looked out to see how the roses were doing, and froze, a piece of toast halfway between plate and mouth.

"Hey, people! Look outside!" She ran through the house, screaming. "It's really neat!" Her mother appeared, groggy but resigned.

"Laura, don't yell like that."

"But a unicorn in the garden. A unicorn is worth yelling about."

"And which unicorn is this?" her mother muttered to herself. Aloud she said, "All right, I'll go look, but you finish breakfast."

Slightly deflated, Laura returned to her plate. Her mother glanced out the window, then appeared in the kitchen.

"There is no unicorn in the garden. No unicorn at all."

"He must have gone to try the azaleas." Laura was disturbed but firm. "Maybe he's shy. Anyway, Nicky's seen him."

"Laura, I will not have this. Unicorns are fictional. They do not exist."

Laura got up quietly, hurt because her mother didn't understand, and gathered her books together. As she turned to leave, she glanced out the window. There he was, in the prize roses. He winked at her, and she laughed out loud. There was a unicorn in the garden.



Andrew Bonner

"I say, I come from Connecticut, the United States. You've heard of it, haven't you? Oh dear. Watch that pointed thing, will you?"

They were in the middle of a large field, and Andrew was sitting shaking his head vigorously, and rolling his eyes in an attempt to clear away the grogginess.

"Damn these yoga execises!" he muttered under his breath. "Don't do a bit of good."

Facing him was a man who looked disturbingly like a knight from the description he remembered from Malory's King Arthur. Ignoring Andrew's obvious inability to fight, he now dismounted and brandished his sword.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" Andrew said testily as he got up. The knight, raising his helmet, peered cautiously out. Andrew was examining his surroundings.

"I wonder where I am? This reminds me of a book I read once. Excuse me, could you tell me the date?" The knight stared blankly. Andrew decided to try Latin although he'd forgotten his dictionary again.

"Quis annus est?" No answer. "Quelle année?" He was met only with more sword waving. Then it came to him. Of course! He began reciting the Prologue from Canterbury Tales. "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote" The knight's face lit up in recognition and he joined Andrew, reciting until Andrew's memory gave out. The knight was pleased, and motioned Andrew to mount his horse. Andrew eyed the noble steed nervously.

"I don't know if this is such a good idea," he said. "I mean, I really don't steer too well." But the beginning of more swordwaving convinced him, and he vaulted, as gracefully as possible, into the saddle. As they headed toward the castle, Andrew began to smile. It occurred to him that now he could invent the piano.

In the heart of Trenton there dwelt a happy princess. Everything around her sparkled and shined, and each morning she awoke with "Ah, what a beautiful day!" People marveled at her happy countenance. Her parents sent her to school in a neighboring town so she would never see the discord surrounding her. In school she became quite versatile, mastering Physics, Spanish, and the flute. She died happily. After her death the town people erected a statue in her honor. The statue glittered with gold and possessed rare sapphire eyes. The people referred to her as "Notre Dame" of Trenton. And all agreed that she was far more splendid than the Statue of Liberty. From this height the happy princess witnessed the misery and corruption of her city. One day a little bird perched itself on her shoulder to rest on her way to Florida. "Little bird, little bird, chip off my layers of gold, pluck out my sapphire eyes and give them to needy people in my city." The bird consented reluctantly saying, "I will stay with you always, for you are blind now."

"No, little bird. You must go to Florida or else you will die-also, you must see Disney World!" The winter grew harsh and the little bird died. The heart of the happy princess cracked in half.

God said to one of his angels, "Bring me the most precious objects in the land." The angels returned with the little bird and the heart of the happy princess.

"You have chosen well. The little bird will sing forever in my garden and the happy princess shall fill my chambers with her laughter and her music."



Patti Seale



Jeff Schuss

He hurried somewhat laboriously down the street thinking to himself. He carried in his hand a small, black, rectangular case, too small to be a suitcase and unlikely to be a pocketbook. He thought, "God, I hope I make it to that recital on time. Damn! I probably would have been there by now if I had remembered to take off my ski boots or at least put the skis back on."

He walked clunkily through the snow-covered streets, the wind blowing harmoniously past his ears. It put him into a trancelike mood. He continued on his way, eyes staring, humming Russian folksongs deep down in his throat.

Suddenly he snapped back into reality and it occurred to him that he'd really lost track of time. So he lifted his black case and flipped the clasps (his gold watch was inside so he could easily time practices). Sure enough, the watch was there but something else was missing.

"Oh hell, I left the damn clarinet home."

Down, down, down. Would the fall ever come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see; that would be four thousand miles down, I think—" (for you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over)—"yes, that's about the right distance . . ."

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards. The Antipathies, I think-" (she was rather glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) . . .

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. "Bootsie'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!" Bootsie, was the cat). "I hope they'll remember his saucer of milk at tea-time. Bootsie, my dear, I wish you were down with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder? And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't matter which way she put it.

Anne Gilliam



Trudy was the most beautiful child in the land. But when she was twelve years old a witch captured her and shut her up in a high tower in the middle of a wood. It had neither steps nor door, only a small window above. All day long Trudy would play sorrowful tunes on her violin to pass the time. Whenever the witch wished to enter she would cry, "Trudy, Trudy, let down your golden hair." The lass would then let down her magnificent locks for the witch to climb up.

It so happened that one day the king's son passed through this very wood and stopped by Trudy's tower. He heard the faint but marvelous tones she played on her violin and he could not resist them. The following morning he watched the witch climb Trudy's locks, saying to himself, **"She** is to be my bride." After the witch departed he serenaded the lass. She came to the window and smiled. Then the prince called up to her, "Trudy, Trudy, jump into my arms." She leapt, and, as he lifted her onto his mighty horse she wept for her good fortune, for the lad was indeed very handsome. Off they galloped to spend a life of freedom and happiness.



Trudy Prescott



Laura Schleyer

The day dawned cheerful, as if it knew of the occasion. The palace bustled with uncommon activity as the queen rushed into Laura's bedroom to wake her, but Laura had long since risen and was gone for an early morning walk to pick new flowers. As she returned, bare feet wet with dew, her mother called for her to come and be dressed.

"But I am dressed. I don't want all this silliness over my birthday anyway." Then Laura sighed, and gave in to the inevitable.

"There, you look absolutely lovely!" her mother said, very pleased with her daughter's beauty. "There will be several princes here tonight. Be as charming as possible, my dear. We must think of the future."

Laura sighed again, more deeply. She had wanted to play her flute and paint today. Ah well, at dark she could slip away for at least a minute to see the moon.

The guests arrived, and at each entrance Laura looked up eagerly, but, as usual, all were quite concerned with rank and title, so she avoided their eyes. Then the dancing began. Laura moved gracefully through the well-known figures, annoyed that these princes were always at her side. Finally, she could run out under the courtyard trees. She turned towards the old tower, and once up the crumbling steps, opened a door to a small room. In the dim light, she saw a spinning wheel. Fascinated, she sat down on the stool beside it, and slowly turned the wheel with her hand. There was a noise below; she turned quickly, catching her finger on the wheel. As it pricked, she started, then smiled, thinking, perhaps, that this was the answer.

Lady Carlotta, having been fired from the Quabarl household as a governess-her Schartz-Metterclume Method of teaching being much too advanced for the Quabarls' children-arrived at her aunt's house two days later than she had planned. Carlotta's aunt was quiet when she arrived, so Carlotta felt that she ought to give some explanation of why she was so late. Thus, she told her aunt of her little misadventure at the the Quabarls'.

"Oh dear me," gasped the aunt. "You mean Mrs. Quabarl mistook you for her new governess and you just led her on?"

"Well, you see, my luggage had been lost somewhere between Godknowswhere and there, so I figured what the heck. I was merely standing on the platform when she insisted I was her new governess." "Aaarrgghh."

"They were-the children, that is-under the matronage of a woman who wished her children to be taught history as though they were actually there experiencing it. She didn't like it, though, when I taught the children how a Greek slave ship was run; nor did the children, for that matter-the ones who played the slaves, anyway. Mrs. Quabarl didn't appreciate the creativity of my method, so I was promptly dismissed. The new governess, the real one, came just as I was leaving, which confused the Quabarls no end."

Carlotta's aunt, now having caught her breath sufficiently to speak, sputtered out, "Surely Mrs. Quabarl was justified in letting you go. After all, how could you have possibly gone through two thousand years of history using that scandalous method?"

"Maybe you're right," said Carlotta. "When I would have reached the twentieth century, I could never have explained the Russian wall-tapping system."



Sandy Oxley



Carol Lifland

She had tried everything she could think of but her husband refused to stop overtaxing the poor people. She had written eloquent essays for him on the responsibilities of men in power, and serenaded him with all the latest protest songs, accompanying herself on the guitar. She had even organised a skating carnival as a benefit. **She** had been the star of the show. Unfortunately, the people were all so poor that none of them could even scrape up the money for admission. Finally, she decided to ask her husband one more time. They had just finished eating the delicious feast she had whipped up that afternoon. Smiling her brightest smile, in her sweetest, most endearing voice, she began again, "Darling, won't you **please—**"

"I won't lower the people's taxes till the day you ski naked through this town!" he said, banging his fist on the table.

It had been the coldest ski run of her life but now, sitting before a roaring fire, wrapped in a warm blanket, Lady Godiva smiled as she ate her peach yogurt.



Jenny Berger

Rasputin groaned. He did not enjoy being awakened for another midnight visit to the crown prince's chamber. When he arrived at the child's bedside, however, Rasputin showed a good deal of compassion for the poor boy. He calmed him, and masterfully set about the motions and mumbo-jumbo that "cured" the disease. After he felt he had suitably impressed the Czarina, he slipped the child a sweetmeat behind her back, whispering, "I know you aren't supposed to eat such things but you've been such a good boy that I think that just this once . . ." In the sweetmeat was the secret drug that Rasputin used to "cure" the hemophilia.

He was really quite content with his life, and the Czarina was very grateful to him for saving "her baby." Unfortunately, some of the noblemen were becoming rather cross at his unlimited powers.

One day Rasputin received an invitation to tea at the home of one of the richest nobles. Wary by nature, Rasputin had long ago formed the habit of taking every type of poison each day. By now he was immune to them all, so his spy's message that the nobles were going to give him quite a dose of strychnine did not perturb him in the least. As he sipped his tea, the nobles all stared at him. He smiled and said, "What a **delicious** brew. Do you think you could pour me another cup?"

Later as he rode off toward his home, Rasputin chuckled at the memory of the pleasant shade of green displayed on the nobles' faces when he had asked for a second cup of tea.

Way down the Mississippi, on towards New Orleans Folks still talk about a gambling man . . . His story tells of a day in the 'teens When he broke the bank in New Orleans. He was tall and lean and debonair, And he bet his money like he hadn't a care. And he played all day, and he played all night, And he won every way, whether wrong or right. And late that night, when the hall was still, They asked him who had taken the till. He replied real cool, and with no shame, "Gaylord Ravenal's my name."

Joe Abelson



"A shining buckle clasped her robe at the neck; her blond hair was simply dressed, caught up in a knot behind. An ivory quiver hung upon her left shoulder and in her hand was a bow. Thus she was attired. As for her face, it seemed too maidenly to be that of a girl, and too boyish to be that of a maiden."

Atlanta stood ready for the race with Melarion. At first she had thought it fun to frustrate suitors for her hand. But now it was her twenty-fifth race and she was getting bored. However this new one didn't seem to be as bad as the others. As she disrobed and walked to the starting line, she glanced across at him and was startled at his cocksure appearance. It did not matter to her though. She wanted to win. But as long as she ran well, the outcome would not matter to her.



Randy Gulick



Beth Sanford

Only the fairest maidens in all the land had the privilege of running the race that determined who was to marry Prince Robert. As the maidens lined up to begin, Prince Robert quickly glanced to make sure Elizabeth was there. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her. As usual a cute smile spread across her glowing face as she chatted with her friends on the sidelines. Elizabeth took her place at one end, pulled her hair back with a rubber band, and made sure her sneakers were tied securely. The gun sounded and the maidens took off. Elizabeth naturally took the lead (she was known throughout the country for her running abilities). All was going smoothly until Elizabeth suddenly rolled off the track. Tears were streaming down her rosy cheeks—was she hurt? No, to the contrary, she was laughing hysterically about an incident that had occured the past weekend. She couldn't pull herself together. She tried explaining what happened but her efforts were worthless. Elizabeth lost the race. When she finally stopped laughing, her facial expression changed to one of gloom and she started to cry—she could not hide her disappointment. "Everyone knew we were in love; why did his father insist upon this stupid race?" Before Elizabeth had a chance to become really annoyed, she found herself on Prince Robert's shoulders heading in the direction of the castle. As the couple walked out into the distance, people claimed to see tears in Elizabeth's eyes. They also claimed to know why.





He was sitting on the veranda smoking his famous curved pipe. He smiled wanly at the elderly woman, who was trying to thank him for a job well done. He was getting annoyed with her incessant babbling, and he got up to leave. She stood up too, and said, "Well, thank you again, Mr. Holmes; but I still don't see how you did it!"

"Elementary," he said and walked away down the lane pre-occupied with other matters.

She tumbled to the sodden earth and lay still until the warmth of the afternoon sun had penetrated her body, awakening her. Straightening her pretty dress carefully, she sat up slowly, for she did not know where she was. But Ali didn't let this disturb her; it would not be difficult to wander about and find someone who knew the area. It was such a beautiful place that young Ali didn't even think of her past—or where she came from.

The fields were so lovely, with their wildflowers crowding out the brown earth. She took her time moving on, for she was just interested in gathering herself a sweet-smelling bouquet. Across the field she noticed a scarecrow in a somewhat awkward position who appeared to wink at her. Though she knew that ordinary scarecrows could not do this, she hurried over to him.

Oh-he was so thankful for her kindness. This poor, old thing had been hung disgracefully from the seat of his pants with no one to understand his position. She was happy to help him, and even happier to have found a new friend. She felt at ease now and looked forward to what was to come.

Ali and the scarecrow moved on. There was this yellow brick road that was so intriguing



Alison Ellis

Tom Sawyer ambled down the road with his hands in his pockets. He was whistling but occasionally he'd pause in the tune, smiling as he thought of the night before. Tom had snuck out and he and Huck had drunk the corn whiskey they'd concocted. They had built a fire, then watched the moon and talked. Tom sat down in the grass, petting his dog. His aunt had yelled after him about his schoolwork and chores; but it was such a beautiful day he decided he'd take Becky for a ride on the riverboat instead.



Jim Harford



Chip Dilworth

Chip was in a nasty mood. He sauntered down the streets with a cruel sneer on his face, occasionally kicking dogs and muttering idle threats. He was toying with the idea of beating small children and stealing their allowance. Then he could buy rats in order to support his rather generous supply of snakes. But after reviewing his financial situation he realized he would have to get involved in a larger racket; something on the order of an underground slave trade or perhaps blackmailing prominent ecologists and other members of non-profit organizations. He stumbled and swore, "I'm gonna grow fins an' go back into the water again."



Cynthia Bishop

The Mad Hattress took her seat at the most elegant of the place settings and poured herself a cup of mintflavoured tea. Though Alice felt a bit uncomfortable with the Mad Hattress in the lengthy conversation that ensued, her interest was held by the high spirits of her hostess. In a short while, the two were interrupted when the Hare and a few other distinguished guests entered the room. However, the Mad Hattress quickly offered them a seat and continued in her merriest ways to entertain them.

Yes-they all spent an enjoyable and lively afternoon at tea with the Mad Hattress. What a fine storyteller she is . . .

High-walking, smooth-talking and removed-TOP CAT came up the back alley to the "Golden Ghetto," bamboo cane in hand.

"Sure," he'd say, "sure," as T.C. checked out the choice trash cans in the lot. With each of his discoveries he gave a little chuckle, knowing that if he cared he could find "bigger" things here. Bored by his trivial findings, yet remaining cool, T.C. pulled out his keys and suavely entered that blue porsche: nothing was too good for him.

Hugh Boyd



All the millions of Americans who watched her every Tuesday night did not know the real truth about Martha Welby, M.D. She had grown bored in a routine job and ten years ago had decided to do something about it. Down the street from her lived a well-known underworld figure (who shall remain nameless). One day as she drove home she turned into his driveway instead of her own. She introduced herself to the guards and explained that she wanted to work for "the boss". The mob had been suspicious and contemptuous at first but over the years she had gained their confidence. Now a night rarely passed that the telephone did not wake Martha and she would be off to aid some wounded gangster—no questions asked. One night she was taken to a yacht in the middle of the Hudson. There, while healing a man with a leg wound, she overheard one man ordering another to "take care of Costovich." Martha realized they were speaking about the man bound and gagged in a corner of the cabin. The mobster she was caring for was out cold so she untied the man and said, "We're in the middle of the river so we'll have to swim for it." They sneaked out of the cabin and dived off the boat. As she listened to the shouts and gunshots from the boat, she comforted herself that she always enjoyed a midnight swim. But in the Hudson River?



Gina Cascone



Roger Williams

The Aegean air ripped the tired sail, but his ship would not retreat despite all that had attacked it. Odysseus was at the bow, his eyes fixed on the water. He loved the sea. His men had mutinied once, but he had won their confidence back.

Odysseus had fought bravely at Troy, and had become a hero. Yet he knew he was destined to a different life. It had been many years since he had first set out for Troy; now he longed only for home and the waiting, faithful wife.

Suddenly a wave hit the bow, interrupting his thoughts with the spray of sea water on his face. He threw back his head and laughed.

"Hey, doesn't anybody up there love me anymore?"

It was a fine, clear morning that Monday as Father Clancy set out on his daily walk after the 8:00 weekday mass. With all the rain and bleak skies the city had seen, Father Clancy was overjoyed to see the sun. He had only walked three blocks when he caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a small head, ducking behind a stack of crates by the grocery store. Closer inspection proved his premise correct. Behind the crates, young Tommy O'Brien was vainly trying to hide from the likes of Father Clancy, teachers, and truant officers. Father Clancy pulled Tommy from behind the crates and delivered the expected question, "Well, Tommy my boy, how is it you aren't in school this morning?"

Tommy searched desperately for an excuse, but he knew he would get nothing past the sly old priest except the truth. "Ah Father," Tommy began his plea, "How can anybody be expected to be cooped up in a stuffy old school building on such a glorious day as this?"

Father Clancy could hardly disagree with the boy but he knew he had to teach him a lesson about playing hooky and the values of education. He told the boy, "Tommy, I'm going to have to have a long talk with you concerning your schooling, a very long talk; but first, would you be so kind as to cut me a fishing pole? I left my pen knife in my other robe." The boy quickly complied, and the two walked off to the pond. They had the whole rest of the day to enjoy.

Mark Ellsworth



Mary-Lynn Lavine

The knights of the Round Table were having a serious consultation concerning the immediate possibilities of war, when a crash caused such a disturbance that one knight fell off his chair. A few moments later, in burst Certcio, the court jester, who immediately uttered a loud, shrill laugh followed by a hasty "Excuse-me." All mouths were agape in astonishment, but this didn't inhibit Certcio. "Hey, what are you guys doing in here—having a party?" and then with a flip of her head she caught sight of Sir Mark, walked towards him and sat down on his lap. "Hi sweetie, when are you going to sign the marriage contract?" She shrieked her typical laugh once more; her liveliness was contagious and soon the entire court broke into hysterics. The roar continued for ten minutes until Sir Lancelot reminded his companions of the business at hand. With genuine regret, Certeio was asked to leave. She jumped out of Sir Mark's lap, and on the way out had just enough time to make one last joke, which hindered any further concentration.



John Mittnacht

Even though the sun had set, the heat was still oppressive. A group of men were riding in from the range and the cloud of dust from the horses' hooves hung in the air. The men were joking loudly except for one. He brought up the rear, slouching casually in his saddle, and gazing unseeingly before him.

When they reached town and dismounted, John strode off towards the saloon, his hands in his pockets. There was recognition in the eyes of those who passed him. But they were quick to turn away to avoid his inquisitive stare.

Halfway to the saloon John suddenly halted and went back to his horse. He called one of his friends over and spoke to him in a hoarse and muffled voice. Then cocking his head to one side and glancing about him, he chuckled and thrust his hand into the saddle bag He pulled out a quart of White Lightning and, of course, two shot glasses. Now in this diverse community of ours, There is a girl who surpasses us by far. For well-experienced in life without a doubt, She's known for this throughout the world about. And though she's called by all the Wif of Bathe, Of this name no one knows why she hathe. The Wif of Bathe respected in her village, Will, of course, be head of Women's Suffrage. Proud was she of everything she did; Excuses for misdoings were forbid, So free and carefree is her way of life, Ne'er bothered is she with any stress and strife. Modest is she always about herself, But many habits are not known for good health. Bold out-spoken is she on any subject; To her vocabulary the high-class might object. And though of her I can go on forever, But just the right words I will find never To describe the reason why she makes us laugh, For who could forget this girl, the Wif of Bathe!

Princey Gamblin





Wendy Richardson

Dorothy sat with her friends in a clearing. They were tired and confused. Dorothy leaned over, oiling the Tin Man who had grown stiff with rust. She picked up stray bits of straw and gently stuffed the Scarecrow. The Lion looked forlorn wiping his tears with his tail, so she handed him her handkerchief. Suddenly Dorothy leaped up, cackling and making faces in imitation of the witch: "Give me those ruby slippers, my little pretty," until they fell back on the grass laughing.

Although the yellow brick road had led her, she knew that she could never have travelled so far without them.

Chris sits by the side of the ocean smoking a fat cigar. He is dressed in Bermuda shorts, a red alligator T-shirt and sunglasses. His hair is neatly greased back under a white Panama hat.

"Hey, man bring me a daiquiri!" Chris calls back into the trees.

"Si señor."

Within a minute, an islander dressed in grey flannels and a red velvet tuxedo jacket emerges from the forest onto the beach carrying the frosty drink on a silver tray.

"Thanks, bud!" says Chris. He finishes the daiquiri and slowly walks into the woods to inspect his pineapple plantation.



Chris Burt



Dan Blum

"Gee, Pooh, how do you think we can get that football out of the tree," Eeyore said sluggishly.

Pooh hesitated as he pondered over the situation and then replied, "Well, uh, the football seems awfully far up there and there are hardly any branches to step on. Um, I don't know what to do."

"Oh, Pooh, I know you can figure it out somehow; you usually do."

Pooh emitted a short laugh muffled with embarrassment at the praise he had just received, and glanced to the ground as a wave of scarlet spread to his ears. With another laugh Pooh said, "Oh sure, I can try something." He surveyed the tree and the ball that rested far above.

"Well, do you think using a balloon to get up there would work?" He paused for a moment of reflection before saying, "No, I know I'm too heavy for that. Well, I know, I can try shimmying up." And with a twinkle in his eye and a sly smile, he started up the tree. He

climbed and he climbed and . . . Recent archaeological discoveries have revealed that Horace was not the true author of the brilliant lyrics formerly ascribed to him. "Horace" was actually the pseudonym of a female of Greek descent who lived on a modest farm in the Roman suburb of Spesbene. Sandra lived alone on this farm, with her dog, steeping herself in beautiful literature and fascinating new theories. Fluent in several languages including Latin, Greek, Gallic, and Sanscrit, Sandra wrote poetry and prose in all of them, prolifically. She enjoyed her isolation since it gave her independence and freedom. Occasionally she would share parts of her life with her friends or go into Rome to see Plautus' latest play. But most of the time she just lived her own life on her own.

Sandra Driver





Barbara Urbach

Barbara was nervous. She had been anxiously awaiting this night for ages, and tonight was it. All or nothing. After all the years of practicing and anticipating, her dream was about to come true. She laughed nervously as she recalled teaching clarinet to some of her friends back in high school. But that was in the days of bands and orchestras. Tonight she was to be a soloist—a star!! "Imagine, just me under those hot lights, alone, in front of hundreds of people," she thought to herself. She felt her body quiver with excitement. Only one more to go.

Quietly she began to dress, making sure everything was perfect. Then she put on her new fur coat, taking a last glance in the mirror. She picked up her clarinet and played a few scales, but her fingers moved clumsily over the keys and her breath control was erratic

It was midnight. Barbara, her cheeks glowing from the cold, sat by the lake, staring at the ripples in the water. Suddenly a smile broke out on her lips. Happily, she raised her clarinet; as she played, her fingers flowed over the keys and the melodious tones filled the night air.

Chug, chug, puff, puff. The little blue engine rumbled down the tracks. She was a happy train, for she had such a jolly load to carry. Her cars were filled with toys and treats for the needy children on the other side of the mountain. It was her first day on the job and she had to make a good impression. She had always wanted to help others—those less fortunate than she. Now was her big chance! But the mountain was steep and it was a long haul for such a little train. She found herself going slower and slower and finally came to a halt. She just couldn't budge another inch.

Although other larger, more powerful engines passed by the little blue engine, none would stop to help her. They acted as if their jobs were more important than hers-they simply had no time to spare.

Realizing that she would have to persevere alone, she gathered up all her strength and tried to start her wheels turning. It was a hard struggle. She fought back the tears. Everyone had said she was a fine blue engine—for her size, full of life and energy. She prayed she would always have the vitality to do the things she wanted . . . As her squeaky wheels began to turn she repeated over and over to herself, I think I can. I think I can. I must!

With a sudden spurt of energy she gained momentum and, at last, reached the top of the mountain. Way down in the valley below, oodles of children were laughing and playing alongside the tracks, anxiously awaiting the little blue engine. When she reached the bottom she smile to herself and said, I thought I could. I thought I could.



Robin Kraut



Susan Meigs

After dinner, as Guinevere rose to retire, the lords and ladies bade her good evening. This courtesy was expected, but the warmth behind the court's gesture was a tribute to her. Perhaps it was her soft manner or her pleasing appearance that drew people to her. The guests could not but notice the glance she exchanged with Lancelot; but while they revered Arthur, their hearts could not harden against Guinevere. They considered Guinevere a "real person" who could not fit under any label; sometimes she was loyal, sometimes she was disloyal. She lived her own life. The people perceived within this self the sincerity of heart that held Arthur and Lancelot to her.

"Oh that stream looks so cool!" exclaimed Maid Marion. She left the path she and Lady Elizabeth had been following through Sherwood Forest, and climbed down the bank to the stream. Lady Elizabeth hung back, glancing quickly about with an expression of growing dismay.

"Oh no, Marion!" she cried. "You aren't going to wade, are you?"

"It's so hot!" the girl returned. "Don't worry, Elizabeth, no one will see me." She finished taking off her shoes and stockings; then turning and giving Lady Elizabeth a confident smile, she took a step forward.

She reached mid-stream before she slipped. After teetering precariously on one foot, she sat down hard, emitting a sharp cry of surprise. Lady Elizabeth screeched in horror and began running to and fro frantically. But Marion began to laugh. She made no attempt to get up. She laughed so hard that no sound came out. Lady Elizabeth stood watching her disconcertedly.

"Marion, get up!" she begged. "Your dress will be ruined. Marion, stop laughing!"

Marion did so and got up, shaking the water from her dress. As she glanced down at herself she gave a sudden cry.

"Oh no! My gum!" She reached into a pocket of her dress and pulled out the sodden pack of Clark's Cinnamon. Marion stared at it forlornly for a moment, then she put it back into her pocket. "Well . . .," she said decisively, "That's that." Then she climbed up the bank and followed Lady Elizabeth back the way they had come.



Glenna Weisberg

The woodcutter sat on a mossgrown stone beside his house, drawing the surrounding woods. His face was pensive as he thought about the strange happenings of the day. He had met an old, shriveled man with a gleam in his eye who spoke of a golden goose and wishes and twisted dwarfs. Sometimes the woodcutter wished those magical things were true; but the smell of herb stew mingled with the sap's smell and the woman's voice softly calling to him made them all seem very far away. He picked up the mushrooms he had gathered earlier and went in to start a fire before night fell.



Bill Warren


Jane Scarbrough

Catherine sat in a red velvet armchair. With a long sigh she surveyed the great library with its many shelves of dark-colored books. The room was a museum of the Russian past.

She stood up. She was alone and she began to dance a slow, fluid waltz about the grand room. Stopping to find a kitten at the rim of her boot, she smiled with a certain grace.

New York Times: Monday, November 13. Yesterday at age 126 Citizen Kane came to the end of a long and checkered career as the world's leading international poetry mogul. She rose from an obscure background in a little backwoods school in the swamps of Princeton, New Jersey, to the highest pinnacle of success as editor and godmother of a sweat-shop publication syndicate, the most powerful literary monopoly ever created by a single individual.

The 31-time Nobel laureate was also a shrewd businesswoman having established an octopus-like network of kosher eateries known as Mother Kane's Knishes which since their openings have served up more than 13 billion of the little fellows in various shapes, styles and sizes (i.e. footballs, curtain rods and salamanders). She was also renowned for the fits of hysterical laughter, erratic spending habits (39 million pads of butter-yellow stationery) and an irrepressible social conscience as evidenced by her donation of 62,000 big ones to the S.P.C.A. (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Pandas).

An eccentric to the very end, her final words, "Saffron deadline is this Friday," will remain an eternal enigma, haunting future generations of Machiavellian neurotics forever.



Erica Klein



Jill Williams

Olive Oyl was dancing wildly around the Lincoln Center stage. Her long, slender legs stretched out to form a perfect jeté and her thick, dark hair swung about her head as she did her graceful turns. Her performance was excellent until suddenly a strange, enormous figure leaped onto the stage, grabbed Olive and carried her away to her dressing room. After securing the thirteenth lock on the door, this obese man approached Olive.

"Now, Brutus, just stop it already," Olive Oyl said quite calmly for she was used to this situation. "Why do you keep on kidnapping me when the same thing happens every time? Of course, I can **easily** understand why you find me so extremely desirable, but I belong to Popeye, and he's **so** jealous **and I don't** want to get you in trouble. You know that in five minutes, Popeye is going to come through that door and skin you alive!"

"I know, my beautiful cupcake, but he won't this time. See, I have thirteen locks on the door."

"Pish-posh, the only thing that I'm worried about is my dance performance-"

Olive's words stopped as a loud crash came through the door. There stood-yes-Popeye! "Oh, Popeye! My hero!" Olive Oyl leaped towards Popeye, but she tripped over her own feet causing a bag of barbecued potato chips to spill out onto her head, and she and Popeye landed in a heap on the floor.

Olive Oyl could only look at Popeye and smile, because she knew that one day her dream would come true.

Peer Gynt now haunts the Mac truck loading zone. No more swinging Christs from the rear-view mirror: Peer has taken hold and rides high with every truck from Chicago to Newark (of all places!). Adventure rolls with every headlight; and Peer is there to show the way, travelling in style wearing "Big Mac" trousers and haunting Mac truck drivers from Chicago to Newark (of all places!).

Mike Felder





Marion Huston

Merry Mazy made her living by performing on ice. She traveled on many tours and brought exciting entertainment to people of many lands. Skating was Mazy's whole way of life, although she hadn't meant it to be. She had secret dreams of sailing, socializing, and simply bumming around. But these never materialized because skating demanded all of her time, and skating was Mazy's only source of income.

During one of Mazy's many tours, she performed in the village of Pasen on the West Coast. Pasen was such a small and unpopulated village that it had no rink, but Mazy skated anyway on a frozen pond, with all the people sprawled about on the grass watching her. When she had finished she returned to the hotel to pack her belongings and to move on. Outside, the people were laughing and dancing in the street. Mazy wanted to stay and join in, but her stagecoach was leaving shortly

As the story is told, the glamorous Mazy did remain in Pasen and made her living teaching young children how to skate. If anyone looks for her nowadays, she can still be found on the pond at Pasen, or in the village bar, smoking her Marlboro Lights and drinking daiquiris.



Brenda Scott

The Globetrotters had misplaced their usual high spirits. Two of their greatest stars had been wounded in action, and at half-time their chances of winning looked slim. They anxiously asked the team physician, Dr. Brendan, how the two injured men were. She assured them that both would be all right but on no account could they play that night. The boys were down and Dr. Brendan tried to impart to them some of her own unsinkable vivacity. She even said with a laugh, "You know, guys, I used to play basketball once myself (heh,heh). Maybe I could sub for you (heh, heh)." The boys brightened and said as with one voice, "Oh would you, Doc?" Dr. Brendan hemmed and hawed and then said sceptically, "Well, I do just happen to be wearing my uniform underneath my smock."

Just then the buzzer that ended half-time went off. The doctor tore off her long white jacket and raced out onto the court with the other players. Needless to say, the Globetrotters won by a sub-stantial margin.

Aphrodite, the goddess of Desire, rose from her sleep late one morning. As each day commenced her beauty was enhanced, for she was born with foam-on blush and coral nail polish.

Soon ready to go, she set out eagerly to hit the road in Johneus' hot rod. The ride was soon over, and as she gracefully stepped out of the car, she flipped her long, blonde hair back a few times for effect, turned to the god, Johneus, and shot him an enchanting smile. As she was pirouetting across the Princeton Day School grounds, the door opened suddenly, and there loomed the fearsome god from the seaweedy ocean kingdom, trident in hand. She smiled uneasily as Bingeus glowered.

He spoke; lightning flashed and thunder roared. "You're late!"

Sarah Strong







The cruel sultan had no idea what he was up against when Scheherazade decided to marry him and put an end to his reign of terror. Not only was she beautiful, she also was clever and had a smile that could melt the most frozen of hearts. Scheherazade came to the sultan very quietly and asked if she might tell him a story. After a thousand and one nights, storytime ended with Scheherazade and the now kind-hearted sultan married, and the kingdom very happy. The only remaining question is how could it have taken the sultan all of one thousand and one nights to fall in love with Scheherazade, since for most men it takes only one or two glances.

"Here's looking at you, Blue-eyes," he said as he adjusted his trenchcoat in the mirror. Giving a final polish to the lenses of his wire-rimmed glasses, he cocked his hat and and stepped out of his dressing room and onto the screen for another of his blood-chilling, heart-rending adventure flicks.

"Listen, sweetheart . . . your husband may be a damn fool and a terrible lover, but you're better off with him than me . . . !"



Chip Place





She climbed briskly up the temple steps, the marble cold against her bare feet. She was very excited, and peeking around the pillar, she entered the temple. Except for the light cast by a small candle, the temple was dark. She felt her way down the vast empty corridor, led by the light of the candle. On the altar was the precious box. She read the words that had been carefully inscribed on the top of it. "Pandora, whose birth-day is tomorrow, may open this cask on that day only." It was signed, "Pallemedes." Without any hesitation, Pandora thurst open the box laden with the jewels.

In the velvet-lined interior there lay one Driver's Registration and one contact lens for the left eye.

"How on earth did I ever lose them!" cried Pandora in relief. She wet the lens and inserted it in her eye. Then she laughed as the temple came into focus. In the beginning . . . there was a cuddly honey bear name Winnie the Pooh who was inordinately fond of screwdrivers, which caused certain problems. For instance, Pooh became prone to friendly growls at full moons (perhaps they were reminiscent of the dreaded Heffalump). In addition, Pooh developed the light-hearted habit of accosting complete strangers and attempting to convert them to Christianity (which is, I admit, very un-Pooh-like, but there's no accounting for the power of vodka and orange juice). At any rate, Pooh, being a honey bear from birth, was universally adored by all the inhabitants of the hundred-acre wood; and even though Pooh was a very eccentric type when under the influence, Christopher Robin and I loved that silly bear awfully much.

Irene Lincoln



Louise decided to practice her violin one afternoon. She escaped to her secret grove in the woods and flopped down on her favorite bed of moss. All of a sudden, she spied a mushroom. It looked so little and lonely all by itself in the woods, and she had heard that plants like music, so she picked up her violin and began to play. She had not realized the power of her music, and before she knew what was happening, the mushroom had begun to grow. It kept on growing until it was astronomical in size—for a mushroom, that is. When it finally stopped growing, it measured 5 feet in height and its cap was 8 feet in diameter.

Louise knew that if people found out about this enormous mushroom, they might want to exploit it, so she decided not to tell anyone about her new mushroom friend. But she still went out to visit it in the woods every day and entertained it with her violin.



Louise Whipple



Anne Bishop

Anne was fair, very fair in the poetic sense; but in complexion she was of that particular tint which is inconveniently left without a name. Her blue eyes were honest and inquiring, her mouth cleanly cut and yet not classical. She was graceful and slender, and when she tried, could draw herself up to look very tall indeed. In her manner she combined dignity with sweetness as no other girl could do; and any impressionable stranger youths who passed by were led to yearn for a windfall of speech from her, and to see at the same time that they would not get it. In short, beneath all that was charming and simple in this young woman there lurked a real firmness, unperceived at first, as the speck of color lurks unperceived in the heart of the palest parsley flower.

In the midst of a raging storm, a looming shadow of a man was strapping on his horse's saddlebags by the dim light of a sputtering candle lantern. "But, but, wh-"; it sputtered before he angrily extinguished it. He leapt on his horse and galloped blindly into the squelching storm-toned expanse of the moors.

Moments later, the door of the ancient mansion swung open. There stood a woman whose eyes glowed darkly in the light of the storm-tossed moon. The last faint imprecations of the fading rider drifted across the moors.

"Frankly, Heathcliff, I don't give a damn."

With that, she slammed the door shut, and walked upstairs to her boudoir. Flinging a suitcase on the bed, she upended her bookcase and sorted out the volumes she would need. Lorca, Hardy, Joyce-these and a change of clothes would take her to Barcelona.

As the ox-cart pulled up, she took a last slow drag on one of Heathcliff's cigars and wrapping her shawl about her she walked out of his world with a final, fleeting thought,

"C'est la guerre."



Helen Szathmary



Carl Sturken

Screaming sirens creeched in the night echoing through the streets, lurching round corners past the Staraj, past the Korova Milk-bar where some nadstats were tolchocking some grazhny vecks into the Krovvy sidewalk.

In a stale vonny flat in the East City, a starry old man sat and wiped his otchkies pensively. He slooshied the sirens and began to write bezoomey fast. As the last word was finished came a crash of millicent footsteps. He opened the malenky okno, and crawled out without a last slovo. As the rozz stepped in, he viddied he was on his oddy knocky. He riffled the papers, wondering. He smecked all over his grahzny litso, at the last words . . . C'est la guerre.



LOST AND FOUND

Julia Aaron Andy Ahrens Joe Alloway Vicki Austin **Jim Britt** Anne Brown Peter Browne **Tom Bullitt** Andy Davies Mimi Davis Nancy Farley Mary Fike Carrie Frothingham Hattie Gault leff Giancola David Goeke Wendy Halpern Caldwell Harrop Henry Heggen Daren Hicks Liz Hlavacek Bob Jackson Gwyn Jones Sidney Jones Zander Kennedy Liza Keyser Mark Lawrence Fred Liljelund

Cynthia Mackie **Didi Magers** Ronald Manguba Thomas McGill lim McMenamin Jessica Mendlovitz Doug Miller **Barney Moravec** Abby Notterman **Evelyn** Paine Mark Pierce Malcolm Pollack **Russell Pyne Emily Roberts** Wayne Roberts **Bob Rosenthal** Locke Sharp Chris Stein **Reilly Steele** Peter Stern **Bonnie Taylor** Winn Thompson **Tony Towns** Mikael Walivaara Bruce Willard **Eppy Winant** Ben Zaitz

NAME		BÊTE NOIRE	CONSUMES	INTRIGUED BY	MAGINE him/ha?
be	Braim!	monday	marlborus	Guts	winning of ?
Dave B.	i.e	A. V.	fuses	"Norm"	at a loss for words
Susan B.	whatanut	Princey	too much tobe	jungkisses	a housewite.
Jenny	han!	the Annencan dream	people	the Princeton	a Math Kacher
AnneB.	Idunno	bas ball managery	coffee yeguit	nuiltahty Pasquale	roller derbyst
Cynthia	Oh, Jan sorry	brownie pounts	culture & tea	Jack Lalane's	
Dan	Ch, brother	quilibrity	Bud	Dedy	with her purch
Akan	yes, Sir!	and the second division of the second divisio		Mr. Jones	not blushing
Andrew	oh bother	senice narts	statistics	fission	a fluwer chuld
		Liz's driving	MI & MS	Chopin	a racing car
Hugh	I'm so Frustraked	class trille	N.Y. Iunches	Velleyball	armante
Julie		Chera	mints	communes	a godanner
	I don't know	school	munts	not section charts	a ballerina
Chris	CITRIST!	automobiles	nutrinient	Alghanistan	a toctball Sock ?!
John	Neyman	nylon-stringed	pecilits	Jim.	withour soul
Gina	THE TONE YOU	a linited	chinese go-rolls	Maha History	awasp
Feliciano	Qué pasa?	vacabulary	LEE CHEARD	snow	ELExigerite
Don	ha ha ha	Sacer	& Cheese omele ks	Triumph 650s	a southern slave
Chip D.	Carlos con gringos	bleeding hearts	s apricot souffles	snakes	getting a "Z"
Sandy D.	well!	gym	laughing cour herse	Latin Screek	getting a "Z"
Auson	you're kidding	nall polish	potato chups	Lawrenceville	I when gathering
Mark	you like that don't you?	pointy-header	bagels		with long hair?
Margy	whaaat?	Snakes	Tab	Errol Flynn	"sophusticater"
Mike F.	hourly	contros	PBZJ	caracidents	without his
Elien	how are you?	nicochers	Michelob	oz brasileros	
Tucky	graines	Resultind	clients food	skiing	Catering.
Princey	hot sh#t	Buxton's	trug Lunch	Alr. Lott	cultured
Anne G	I'mnot terling	bic. experiments	and a superior of the superior	the Guild	fat
Sandy G	on yeah??	cheap tred	apples	Little Kids	a laske that
Randy	yeah	sciaping icy windows	coffee	books	anavon lady
MikeH	ohcome on!	theclass	strawberny	Maharishnu	a bus-boy
Jimmy	my goodness, mi golly, ohno!	1 idle	regetables	waterfalls	"motivated"
Marion	are you legal?	Teacardens	a lot!!!	hockey players	
Liz H.	ohno!	Tava, Tavow ETTAC V	Vermont checkdar	beauty	a yo - yamp?
Daryl	Pin only Kidding	societygirls	Harvey	Skiers	Paying you back
	I really like it!	+	Harveyallbangers	mischief	adumt.
Andy K.	of mankind	and the second sec	- Crecoc.		unthe relter -
Laura K.		the Language	lottage chiese	Les's child -	avery
Erica	anyway	Depadmen:	+ musurcoms	PDS	a menuter of
Robin K.	ohin anything for a	reacting history	a coffee ice cream	Interstates Dixon	the lockey che
Willy	anything for a	brain massinge	I SCINICILL'ICHLO	Dixon Ticonderago.	accepting & 6:
Mary-Lynn			s Tune	companions	not laughing
Art	I can't believe.	- Key Chub	apples	politics	uninvolved
Carol	you're nice		s peach yoguit	Mr. Mali	staying on a
Irene	And	Putting ner feet in her max	anything in sight.	God	nternational Done sinugge

LAUGHS AT!	WEARS	LUSTWITHEST	FLENE	antan ArthArta Siria ant
proprie	Adredas	menty	ast ther Frick	tr*k6
a lena volume	short-size e shirts - in winter	an internette lary	at Filmenten Composite Conter	at the Bijger
Mary Lynn's uriving	India Inconto	ucchenters	T Line Testen	UNC-NC
details	a comperture tracelet	u, where why	to internet	blocker, the metric of the terms
male chairins 13	í lic	connencentary secours	have a mare have for with	with a time "
Bill Hilton	Abili Rilders	the theatre	taitring	of provincy
anything	wayle - strongsers	In anght	gayman	Charles Allas
PDS	wallaters	a miser error 3	at stan that	664 25
Liz's arinna	troun nord	reams of the	practising -	a plumber
Extrustioning pleasance	rich white Eline	this RE STILL	in Front Hall	a dure fishing
gum tenchers	a princhic	her KISENER LEA	any the set the	with a pline
Gina & Rogers	light this tists-	Celevede	at the reservine	MANUS MAMARK
at Mir. Sperling	snorkel pourka.	CLEST CLAMME LAD	P. WARD ON MAN	station analy
Dec Reimeis	autory shirts	Stu. AFEVNECH KUCL	plinent the Elles	at the whatey
Dec Ress	ncels	DURIE	at Pizzus Citia	ante a linge january a structure to be
05 Americanos	tight pants	Mis A CITE, WANT	MARS WEEKENDS	Lit professor
Jee iosing at poker	page-boy harrout	compliments	at the Rock	a cava-sharp
what deserves	ticarka	HOFFENROFFER	under a rock	playing victin
the atsuration	real shoes	her pocketteck	in the litrary	a professor at
Lesue	cligs	the cpel	skinny	uring in Paris
Chip Place	too short pants	1000 + points	in the gym	running for
Tucky	traids	the bineyard	playing the place	
Joe (occasionally)	many pocketed	Alleoi t-shirts	at the Rock	a physicist
party-peopers	holey kneesciks	energy	giggling	a stripper
Margy	a catering apren	a waiped sense it	in Europe	a set designer
Susan	her mother's rid	Larin	a head atove	
Porky - Peecg	angera	cats	in New York	at Merwick
Bludge	sailor pants	a tic fine-point	coppin' around	an Army shrink
fate	desert baits	tennis	takin in English	at Newport
Jimmy	brown suede	Eleanor	reading	a Daddy
Mr. Carchidi	sneakers	his ovation	muntling	mothematician
at her own stories	rings	a Marltere Light	at Baker Rink	a housewife
ginna + Andrew	Johnathan Logan	dance	in Verment	e.h. hutner
the gang	Craft cleaners	hericutaits	at the shore	in a tower
bat situations	laundry bags clegs	her teddy bear	talking to friends	a cenist
Bob	a the necklace		singing	Phil in Palisha
and the second s	pelyester no irons	Mirs Shepherd	in the litrary	with hepatitis
"Bornes"	ingut-orange sucat suit	a smile	ut Dillion + Indu in	a mether of 9
his own jokes	troken glasses	a mile high pile	declaiming	rying ever Tillet
trether Buttenheim	everyone out	Bance baby	at P.J's	in Hollywood
the French Dept.	fancy gold rings	plastic socier shees	close to the ground	thief Justice
ner bets w/her brothers	ribbed shirts	a mightly uniskey sour	in the English citice	in the Foreign service
herself	long skivts	her Bible	in a coffee house	in the clouds

NAME	QUOTE	BETE NOIRE	CONSUMES	INTRIGUED BY	CAN YOU IHAGINE HIM/HE
Anne M.	farout	bratty Leslie	Gossip!!!	LARRY TAN	augelie
Robin M.	FOOL!	Cleaning the	Tucky's cheese doubles beer and Bacard;	David's cut offs	coming to scenor
Dunc	unphhh	a closed bar	beer and Bacard;	girls	
Sue H.	when it's good-	details	wine	.0	aprippie _
-	it's so incredible				a suburban bouseur
Jody H	scunds obtase to me		peanut HIH's	Eduar	pour
Johnny M.		Commitments	Ellio's	neutronic people	Studying
Peter	Elikeit	bullsh + tters	Hostess twinkies	Outward Brund	a bun _
Itilary	slapme five	cating every	hussian tea	fame	lazing around
Nicky	That's absurd	waking up	icffee, coffee	toes	anaccountant
Richard	every Thing's cool	Daryl	Duyhill's	BeThL.	Short - hat
Sandy G.	ME TOO !	Cymbals	V-8	J. Taylor	a stand-up comic
Bob	Scianzol	Hr P's cookies	pequit butter	Fred The Annual	a plumber
Chip P.	uhhhh	dumnico	big lunches	his voice	quiet
Liz P.	This is true	birmdays	Tab	Egbert Jay Elywheel	Encluded
Trudy	Let's go to The DQ	parking hickels	raisins	CynThia	with a crowner
Wendy	oh, come on!	prustration	Terhunt apples	ballet	astro physicist
Sue R.	mbelievable	Tomerrow		basketball players	without all ball
Bobbi	you're crazy	school	Hand HIS	junier boys	1.1
Leslie	Bah!	chip Heture	Cup-a-soup	cross-country	a lover
Beth	hey cutes	Freuch social psychologists	lemenade +	moustaches	Sullen
Jane	Well, & Think		teo without sugar	camels	
Laura S.	2 didit know	currecycled paper	Charlotte Russe	VW'S	a playboy buin accountant for
Jeff	another victory	generalizations		paradrixes	Falling off af B
Brenda	Now listen here	psychiatrists	food	INY League	al Dartmouth
Patti	Really ?	boredom	G.T.C'S	adrentures	a permanent Tren
kura	& dou't care	becoming a matelska	Peppermint	Chancer	Fude
Rogers,	it depends -	Simple schuters	carefully arranged hunc	ADUNEL ON THE	Schizophrenic
	Hey Jag!	Grew Hausians	pb + j	Ne skug dic-	une of the Three Struges
Hope	2 trice to get here.			1 11	1
Sarah	1	long skirls	time	Hunnies	on time
Carl	Amm	blushing	bread pudding	Cury kind of music	driving sedately
Martha	Sh come ou!	Row Doble	skimmilk + horley	marzoh	at Radeliffe
Helen	a likely story	gym	monogramed candy skulls	sex	as Harlene Dietrich
Ран	oh, yeak, night	shoelaces	grape fout + grancla	decent bods	a fat lady in The circus
Barbara	key, There	wer hyra bor	gum	Mr. Jours	a nurse
Ginna	How're Things?	standardized	every Thing	genius	quiet
Dave W.	ya Thuch	Coach Conway		his noustacle	bald
Bill	you bet	Suous	Drake's lotfee takes	little beasties	Freckleless
Glenna	No no no no no			Good -times	a bleached blow
Louise	you didn't have to	physics	MUSHrocus	backyard flora	1
Jill	let's go to the suach	- work	Dreizels	basketball players	onadiet
Rogerw	Let's go	liberated female.	a whole bunch	Gua's logic	a gay lib leader
BUZZ	au riiiite!	Socks perme whether	Bacardi ohr ice cream	stacked girls	ab intellectua
Corinne	Edon't believe zat.	Tho speak Treath	pher I Ce Cream	les gargous	badly dresse

LAUGHS AT	WEARS	LOST WITHOUT	FOUND	WILL PROBABLY END UP
herself	nothing of note	excuses	in her Fiat	dead on the AT
hools	pajama tops	Silver bracelets	loitering	HUNNING & pizzeria
George Corbu	army supplies	a Hide	in a trance	guzzling Seagrams
Miss Adams	one earring	hertan	won this on her Thumb	n Jamaica
Hike F	Eduin's favoriti jouns	her hair	at wells	married to Edwin
Schoolwork	Sneakers			
Barach	vesTs	his pipe	asleep	partending
		his Model A	ed the Runk	a champion soccer
Jucky	purple parts	her guitar	trying to speak frene	
deadlines	a hunpy bett	his Minex	asleep in The SSR	in a patent office
Show plowers	Rossignal	good notes	at The Roct	awning a yow!
Le passing seen	e "Treks"	her blac cordinoys	downstairs	Hrs. Vosburgh's protegé
Sleazoids	greaser's jacker	The Leica	lost	in a good house
Mr. MeChura	jackets r hats	his shades	infortunately	Schizophrenic
draukards	cardigous	her colorie counter	on The floor	dating a lawrence onlle boy
Alison	enough to keep warm	her victing	down in The music	a Spanish professor
Scott	navy blue	electric typeworler	bakuig	poet laureate
Intellectuals	clashing clothes	Cradle Rock	playing poker will	ofage
Sabby	skinny ribs	weekeuds	baking playing poker with the guys Where The action 15-	Hich
Sperling	belly bullow	Oal valley	on a horse	jockey
	canberry ccat	a car radio	at remuious	The Princeton Tiger
Mary-Lynn people who take hersenously	Hed nail laguer	her kilt	walking	in Scotland
God girdles	red jacket	her flute	broke	a farmer
himself	French cuffs	his glasses	BPyeen on Koutam	ander an avalanche
hersell	tight-fitting clothes	1	talhuig	running a sports equip
Señora	1 neekers		at The Extension	11.2.0. 11.2.
	+	the car catt	the second se	married to an Israeli.
girls falling out	anything green	school Lunch	in the Russian room	
girls falling out	Wirt-rims		playing chess	Famous
her own jokes no slighest provo	CIAFK ITTAS	her hunch box	wantering andessly	a puck for The NY Ranger
		Nyark	Late	in Spain
concepts of reality	adidas	a good chord	sleeping	in some dive
Clubs	prepty clothes	her voice box	at home after 11:30 p.m. mesnerizing tuno	all right
Venny	black	her cigars	Cent by standers	
Buzz	painter's pauts	her humour	gring in circles	a belly dancer
all her work	leotards	transportation	talking in The hall	in FlemingToy
Liz + Andrews	hush-puppies	Sauce ty	on I.91	in kniment
D. Skuir	Striped +-shirts	VermonT	al The Rock	est The bottom
spilling coffee at The colonia	1 white chinos	sketch pad	watching	
any Thing	knee sorks	talking	With Steven	a chimney sweep a doctor
K. U. boys	Silk	her viola	making something	
Brenda	Silver bracelets	today's Trentoniai"	hypterical is religion	a dancer
Gina	Head ski-wear	Skiing	al He Donald's	in the Family
Martha's driving	Adidas	The red station wayou	al The Clubs	tunning his own spa
bad French accent	1	letters from home	making themse wes	married to an American
Hr. Bing	BUT	Sevior Privileges	at home	1 a little wiser



















































FACULTY





Headmaster: Douglas O. McClure



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





Religion: Carl Reimers.



George Conway



Languages: Pat Echeverria, Dick Poole, Josette Curutchet, Noélle Arnold, Elizabeth Fine, Nora Cuesta, Marie Louise Noël, Pat Fuchs, Francois Rieumailhol, Les Rodriguez, Dan Skvir, Pete Mali, Lang Lea.





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

Library: Virginia Reynolds, Marge Copeland, Kathy Roberts.





English: Bob Miller, Anne Shepherd, Anne Rothrock, Zelda Pilshaw, Florence Mooney; Roger Nermoe, Charles Simpson, Moyne Smith, Huson Gregory, Sally Gilbert, John Boneparth, Peter Sears, Dale Griffee, Sally Holben, Clare Lockhart, Peter Buttenheim, Lois Dowey.





Lower School: Marty Hopkins, Sandy Cortelyou, Rosalind Patrick, Molly Houston, Madeline Weigel, Laurel Bratt, Barbara Roberts; Eleanor Barclay, Nancy Miller, Sally Paterson, Steve Gilbert. (Missing from picture: Catherine Francomano.)





Math: Rudy Carchidi, Irene Conroy, Joy Levy, Graham Cragg, Harry Rulon-Miller; Eric Melum, Steve Gilbert, Kay Rulon-Miller, Alison Shehadi, John Howe, Tom Pears.





Colross: Marianne Vaughan, Virginia Taylor; Marge Drain, Radcliffe Jones, Mickie Shriver.

Library Council: Barbara Spalholz, Anne Chooljian.




Science: Deidre Bannon, Stuart Robson, Marita Meins, Sanford Bing. John Ross, Frank Walter, Sherman Hoyt, Norm Sperling.





History: Anne Rothrock, Lois Dowey, Bud Tibbals; Parry Jones, Gary Lott, Wes McCaughan, Roger Nermoe, John Boneparth, Bob Miller, Chuck Simpson, Eamon Downey, Doug McClure. (Missing from picture: Dan Skvir, Herb McAneny.)



Dance: Anna Robinson.





Consulting Psychologist: Ginny Stein.

Athletic Department: Bobbie Blama, Tom DeVito, Pam Frothingham; Alan Taback, Jan Baker.





Kitchen: Terry Wackley, Irene Tkacs, Marie Kennedy, Kay Voorhees, Sherry Wells.

Maintenance: Steve Sydorko, Antonio Procaccino, Alberto Petrella, Daniel Taylor, Ray Carnevale, Ken Jones, Buck Taylor. (Missing from picture: Ed Dobkowski, Addie Taylor, Willie Wade.)











SCHOOL





Class XI: Chip Dilworth (XII), Irene Wellington, Palmer Uhl, Sheryl Graff, Evelyn Turner, Pam Ritter, Cyra Cain, Michelle Pitt, Maureen Creamer, Cathy Kindquist, Linda Owens, Jeanine Figur, Ron Susswein; Jim Wittke, Jamie Paterson, Cam Ferrante, Lisa Bachelder, David Straut, Liz Penick, Janet Pritchard, Wylie Willson, Sabby Russo, Melinda Cragg, Claudine Frank, Joan Merrick, Jill Goldman, Alice Dunn, Jamie Segal, Lisa Bennett, Alice Rodgers, Barbara Spalholz, Diana Lewis, Anne Chooljian, Carin Laughlin, Polly Hunter, Tim Platt, Eleanor Funk, Trip Jennings, John Leyzo-rek; Cindy Hill, Camilla Carpenter, Wendy Frieman, Ted Brown, Laura Mali, Annie Williams, Nancy Kendall, Ted Thomas, Jeff Field, Jean Metzger, Steve Norris, Mike Stix, Ron Smith, Bill Brown, Tom Dalrymple, Lisa Tucker, Fran Treves, Debbie Dobkowski, Meriel Burtle, Nicole Pellaton, Phil Shehadi; John Boyd, Amy Stanley, Cole Harrop, Libby Farr, Ted Dowey, John Bragg, Beth Ross, Tim Hamid, Evan Bash, Rick Fein. (Missing from picture: Wendy Cohen, Mary Fowle, Doug Haitch, John Hutter, Trina Kassler, Lisa Parsons, Keith Plapinger, Julie Sly, Loreen Volpe, Terry Ward, Ron Webster.)



Class X: Molly Moynahan, Lucy Gorelli, Linda Farlow, Janet Rassweiler, Sally Wright, Alison Hopfield, Carl Briscoe, Bill Plapinger, Harvey Wiener, Tom Toth, Bill Graff, Elliot Pilshaw, Dave Apgar, Hilary Winter, Jean Elise Schreiber, Bill Gaston, Lisa Mittnacht, Shawn Ellsworth, Julie Browder, Ellen Albert, Eric Dunn, Marjie Williams, Glen Russo, Charlie Lifland, Bill McClellan, Chris Miller, Chris Cragg, Lars Andersen, Rick Gordon, Jack Bonini, Livy Delafield: Judith Goeke, Andy Williams, Ann Tate, Jim Meigs, Alison Hughes, Nadine Sobolevitch, Cindy Brooks, Jody Myer, Gary Salup, Alex Shoemaker, Jane Farley, Mary Lane, Amy Stover, Sandi Davies, Sally Schluter, Anne Russell, Tim Fabian, Jeff Streed, Ralph Brown, Paul Goldman, John Brinster, Marita Sturken, Shelley Gordon, Tina Pritchard, Carolina Erdman, Suzanne Bishop, Keith Thomas, Bob McKelvey, Molly Sword, Grayson Ferrante, Lourie Savage; Gay Wilmerding, Marcia Weiner, Marget Jacobus, Caron Cadle, Chuck Segal, Sally Blodget, Dawn Proctor, Stephanie Mezey, Peter Chalverus, Susi Vaughan, Dave Beckwith, Ruth Barach, Kip Herrick, Kathy Burks, Eddas Bennett, Carlleen Miller, Dafydd Jones, Steve Packard, Mike Young, Doug Robinson, Charlotta Bishop, Yuki Moore. (Missing from picture: Greg Bash, Phil Benson, Abby Chilton, Jane Katz, Steve Mantell, Brad Marcus, Janet Quigley, Lars Selberg.)



Class IX: Mary Chapin Carpenter, Eleanor Kuser, Emily Rothrock, Dan Abelson, Casilda Huber, Clarisse Roberts, Carol Johnson, Julie Stabler, Eleanor Forman, Orren Weisberg, Leslie Ring, Billy Erdman, Tommy Moore, Steve Judge, Carl Erdman, Baird Winham; Molly Murdoch, Sandy Shaw, Susie Pratt, Cintra Eglin, Creigh Duncan, Isabelle Frank, Caren Ludmer, Alison Barlow, Eleanor Barnes, Laurie LaPlaca, Judy Glogau, Lucy D'Agostino, Murray Wilmerding, Anne Wittke, Scott MacDonald, Mark Greco, Lee Martin, Scott Houston, Tom Tate; Jill Shaffer, Phil Thompson, Caroline Bundy, Jon Eckstein, Patty Slee, Lee Hale, Cory Fischer, Gabriella Kiss, Elizabeth Dowey, Joanne Kind, Jennifer Walsh, Greg Matthews, Virgie Rodgers, Eve Cagan, Sally Lincoln, Donna Bauer, John Segal, Sinclair Berden, David O'Connor, Cynthia Packard, Kathy Kehoe, Alyssa Oxley, Kim Robinson, Kim Cunningham, Janet Flemer, Sarah Dutton, Sheila Newsome, Bill von Oehsen, Aileen Mayzell, Steve Baicker, Chris Szuter, Mike Mantell, Mark Blaxill, Barky Penick; Davis Yokana, Ricky Turner, Chris Jensen, Dan Amarel, Leonard Williams, Stuart Willson, Jebby Burns, Bill Baggitt, Frank Konstantynowicz, Bill Martin, Jay Trubee, Nick Brady, Larry Fong, Johnny Meredith, Ed Rowland. (Missing from picture: Susan Billington, Ann McClure, George Claffey, Holly Friedman, Dana Miller, Bebe Neuwirth, Richard Olsson, Sally Silk, Carl Spataro, Peter Taggart, Gerald Thomas, Bill Uhl.)



Class VIII: Doug Boone, Allegra Smith, Bibi Gaston, Alexis Arlett, Debbie Gross, Phil Billington, Chris Johnson, Simeon Hutner, Tom van Buren, Roark Howard, Bitzi Schreiber, Cary Bachelder, Clooie Sherman; Don Quigley, Karin Morganstern, Alice Britt, Gail Abbotts, Lisa Stone, Mark Zawadsky, Rob McClellan, David Reynolds, Tom Pardee, Dan Drorbaugh, Tom Ettinghausen, George Zoukee, Melissa Leach; Martha Tattersall, Pete Buck, Lisa Yokana, Chuck Blake, Jim Rebman, Russell Haitch, Skip Guerin, Celia Spanel, Jill Migliori, Julia Penick, Sarah Rothrock, Ann McAlpin; Ann Walcott, Fifi Laughlin, Jennifer Carpi, Carol Katz, Annabelle Brainand, Max Hartshorne, Andy Atkin, Ibby Carothers, Jenny Mezey, Sandra Benson, Holly Burks, Barbara Russell, Sabrina Plante; Glen Bevensee, Matt Chambers, Boris Robinson, Bob Dewey, Sarah Williams, Maria Jansen, Livia Wong, Nancy Bonini, Beth Johnson, Rachel Abelson, Ellen Gould, Hope Blackburn, Mark Beskind, David Mali, Christy Black; Philip Glouchevitch, Townie Townsend, Chris Russo, Brendan Ward, James Mayer, John Hickling, Alan Johnson, David Lynton, Becky Hafitz, Tim Brush, Randy Symington, Steve Farr, Shaun Kennedy, Libby Hicks, Gina Martinuzzi, Tammy Pachter, Anne Dennison, Andrew Hildick-Smith, John Lifland, Jessica Barton, Hans Aberg, David Mackie, Sally Ecroyd, Rod Paine, Alex Zaininger, Ted Stabler, Val Moyer. (Missing from picture: Monty Brower, Leslie Packard, Claire Treves.)































AFS: Laura Mali, Feliciano de Azevedo, Melinda Cragg; Lucy D'Agostino, Marion Huston, Mrs. Baker, Jean Metzger, Lars Selberg. (Missing from picture: Martha Sullivan.)

Spokesman: Helena Brett-Smith, Claudine Frank, Roger Sherman, Jeanine Figur, Alison Hopfield, Pam Ritter, Cathy Kindquist, Michael Hafitz; Ginna Vogt, Anne Chooljian, Jean Metzger, David Barach, Sheryl Graff, Trudy Prescott, Kyra Shafran. (Missing from picture: William Langewiesche, Martha Sullivan, Mark Ellsworth.)





Community Council: Andy Katin, Trudy Prescott, Yuki Moore, Trina Kassler, David O'Connor, Barky Penick, Meriel Burtle, Camilla Carpenter, Steve Mantell; Chip Place, David Straut, Phil Shehadi, Chris Cragg, Glenna Weisberg, Mr. McClure, Sandy Gordon, Ellen Fisher, Mike Hafitz, John Leyzorek, Mrs. Laughlin, Marion Huston, Mrs. Fein, Mark Ellsworth, Helena Brett-Smith, Miss Holben, Miss Lockhart, Mrs. Bishop. (Missing from picture: Cynthia Packard, Mr. Bing, Mr. Boneparth, Mr. Gilbert, Mrs. Bannon, Cynthia Bishop, Peter Moore.)







Social Service: Michael Packard, Ellen Fisher, Alison Ellis, Eleanor Funk, Patti Seale, Robin Kraut; Shawn Ellsworth, Suzie Pratt, Elizabeth Dowey, Jeanine Figur.

Key Club: Jill Goldman, Jeanine Figur, Keith Plapinger, Alison Ellis, Michelle Pitt, Patti Seale, Orren Weisberg; Wendy Frieman, Mary-Lynn Lavine, Rick Fein, Jill Williams, Evan Bash, Hope Spiro, Pam Ritter, Yuki Moore, Mrs. Baker, Glenna Weisberg, Sheryl Graff, Eleanor Funk, Michael Hafitz, Arthur Levy.





Cymbals: David Apgar, Cathy Kehoe, Liz Hutner, Hilary Morgan; Alan Bogdonoff, Annie Williams, Marita Sturken, Jeanine Figur, Irene Wellington, Emily Rothrock.



Link: Gina Vogt, Glenna Weisberg, Jody Miller; Beth Sanford, Margy Erdman; Pattie Seale, Carol Lifland. (Missing from picture: Leslie Sander.)



Madrigals: Mr. Jacobson, Irene Wellington, Hilary Morgan, Laura Mali, Princey Gamblin, Carl Sturken, Elliot Pilshaw, Tim Platt, Andrew Bonner, Evelyn Turner, Trudy Prescott, Julie Sly, Wendy Cohen, Eleanor Forman.



Chamber Music Group: Andrew Bonner, Andy Katin, Trudy Prescott, Patti Seale.



Glee Club and Orchestra:

David Apgar David Barach Anne Bishop Mark Blaxill Andrew Bonner **Cindy Brooks** Julie Browder Caroline Bundy Caron Cadle Peter Chalverus Anne Chooljian Wendy Cohen Melinda Cragg Lucy D'Agostino Sandra Driver Alice Dunn Cintra Eglin Alison Ellis Tim Fabian Cam Ferrante Jeanine Figur Janet Flemer Eleanor Forman **Claudine Frank Tucky Fussell** Princey Gamblin Anne Gilliam Jill Goldman Sheryl Graff Steve Graff Alison Hopfield Andy Katin Cathy Kindquist William Langewiesche Art Levy John Leyzorek Carol Lifland Charles Lifland Irene Lincoln

Anne Macleod Laura Mali Hilary Morgan Linda Owens lames Paterson **Elliot Pilshaw** Tim Platt Liz Pratt Trudy Prescott Janet Rassweiler Jean Schreiber Patti Seale Lars Selberg Kyra Shafran Patti Slee Julie Sly Alexandra Smith Hope Spiro David Straut Sarah Strong Carl Sturken **Ron Susswein** Gerry Thomas **Keith Thomas Evelyn Turner** Barbara Urbach Ginna Vogt David Wagenseil Ron Webster Marcia Weiner Orren Weisberg Irene Wellington Liz Westergaard Marjie Williams Hilary Winter Jim Wittke Sally Wright Davis Yokana















Football: Mike Felder, Carl Sturken, William Langewiesche, Roger Williams, Dan Blum, Dave Wagenseil, Don DeVries; Murray Wilmerding, Bill Baggitt, Doug Robinson, Steve Packard, Bill Brown, John Boyd, Tim Hamid, Billy Martin; Larry Fong, Mike Young, Glen Russo, Shawn Ellsworth, Carl Briscoe, Steve Judge, Ralph Brown, Nick Brady; Jay Truby, Frank Konstantynowicz, Bob McKelvey, Carl Spataro, John Meredith, Mark Blaxill, Leonard Williams; Mr. Conway, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Boneparth, Mr. Claghorn, Joe Abelson(manager). (Missing from picture: Keith Thomas, Dick Olcott.)









Cross Country: Steve Mantell, Mark Greco, Ed Rowland, Billy Erdman, Sab Russo, Jim Harford, Phil Shehadi, Billy Plapinger, Bill Warren, Bill Gaston; Mr. Downey, Trip Jennings, Scott Houston, Keith Plapinger, Bill vonOehson, Tim Platt, Jeff Field, Leslie Sander, Dafydd Jones, Bill Graff (Manager).







Boy's Varsity Soccer: Laura Mali (manager), John Bragg, Art Levy, Buzz Woodworth, Duncan Martin; Evan Bash, Gray Ferrante, Mike Stix, Cam Ferrante, David Straut, Dave Barach, Dave Beckwith, Mr. Buttenheim, Feliciano de Azevedo. (Missing from picture: John Mittnacht, Jamie Paterson.)

J.V. Soccer: Harvey Wiener, Bill McClellan, Steve Norris, Philip Benson, Gary Salup, Peter Chalverus, Terry Ward, Mr. Devito; Ted Dowey, Rick Gordon, Cole Harrop, Ted Brown, Rick Fine, Paul Goldman, Jack Bonini, Doug Haitch.

















Girls' Field Hockey: Martha Sullivan, Ellen Fisher, Sue Ross, Sally Schluter; Evelyn Turner, Kathy Burks, Virgie Rodgers, Marion Huston, Margy Erdman, Sandy Gordon, Marjie Williams, Annie Williams; Julie Stabler, Holly Burks (managers), Sally Blodget, Tucky Fussell, Emily Rothrock, Eleanor Funk, Caroline Erdman, Susie Vaughan, Alex Shoemaker, Daryl Janick, Alice Rodgers, Anne Russell, Lisa Mittnacht, Mary Carpenter, Mrs. Frothingham.

Girls' Soccer: Carin Laughlin, Tina Pritchard, Lisa Bachelder, Molly Moynahan, Bebe Neuwirth; Hope Spiro, Cyra Cain, Nancy Kendall, Carol Johnson, Leslie Ring, Marget Jacobus, Caron Cadle, Alice Dunn, Cathy Kindquist; Jennifer Walsh, Amy Stanley, Robin Maltese, Bobbi Russo, Pam Tegarden, Orren Weisberg, Nan Giancola, Amy Stover.







Varsity Hocker: Sandy Gordon (manager), John Boyd, Duncan Martin, John Mittnacht, Peter Moore, Dave Barach; Mr. Rulon-Miller, Buzz Woodworth, Ellen Fisher (manager), Mike Young, Bill Erdman, Dave Beckwith, Tom Moore, Ted Thomas, Cole Harrop, Ralph Brown, Carl Erdman, Bill McClellan. (Missing from picture: Tim Hamid.)

JV Hockey: Jebby Burns, Gary Salup, Steve Judge, Lee Martin, Ricky Gordon, David O'Connor, Jack Bonini; Greg Matthews, Murray Wilmerding, Peter Chalverus, Tom Moore, Larry Fong, Peter Taggart, John Meredith, John Hutter, Mr. Claghorn, Mark Blaxill, Doug Haitch, Mr. Huston.







Varsity and JV Basketball: Mr. Taback, Mark Ellsworth, Tom Dalrymple, Billy Martin; Dave Wagenseil, Nick Brady, Keith Thomas, Evan Bash; David Straut, Ron Webster, Frank Konstantynowicz; Yuki Moore, Ruth Barach (managers). (Missing from picture: Fran Treves, Glen Russo, Paul Goldman, Bob McKelvey, Tom Toth, Bill Baggitt, Ted Dowey.)







Girls' Basketball:Brenda Scott, Anne Russell, Evelyn Turner, Beth Ross, Sue Ross, Annie Williams, Suzanne Bishop, Cynthia Bishop; Ann Wittke, Maureen Creamer, Cynthia Packard, Alyssa Oxley, Randy Gulick, Beth Sanford, Glenna Weisberg, Mr. Sears. (Missing from pic-ture: Cyra Cain.)

Girls' Volleyball: Cathy Kindquist, Leslie Sander, Hope Spiro; Sandy Shaw, Trina Kassler, Amy Stanley, Tucky Fussell; Nan Giancola, Orren Weisberg, Cory Fisher, Ann McClure, Melinda Cragg, Janet Pritchard, Kathy Kehoe.







Mark's 1000th point!





Athletic Association: Sue Ross, Laurie LaPlaca; Brenda Scott, Sally Blodget, Sandy Gordon, Peter Moore, Peter Chalverus, Annie Williams, Tom Moore, Evan Bash.



Drama Club: Roger Williams, Gina Cascone, Art Levy; Ruth Barach, Anne MacLeod, Robin Maltese, Alison Ellis; Sandy Gordon, Daryl Janick, Chris Cragg, Leslie Sander; Dave Barach, Bob Palmieri, Joe Abelson, Richard Olcott, Susie Vaughan.







Faculty Review Fall 1972














Stage Door Fall 1972







































Bye Bye Birdie Winter 1973





ART & MUSIC

























Shirt It!

The shirt is the look at Elle. Cottons-Voiles-Pure Silk - Imported from Paris. Anything goes with a shirt.



2 CHAMBERS ST.

REVERE TRAVEL

29 Palmer Sq.

921-9311

Princeton

Britt Palmer

Managing Director



Specialists in business trips, vacation and group tours. Personalized professional service.

- FREE PASSPORT PICTURES WITH OVERSEAS BOOKINGS
- FREE TICKET DELIVERY FOR COM-MERCIAL ACCOUNTS







27 Palmer Square West - 921-7298

APPLEGATE FLORAL SHOP

Tel. 924-0121 47 Palmer Square West Princeton, N.J. Dear Musis Holben,

Thanks so much for your support and reassurance, and for giving us a chance to find out what kind of person you are.

much love, Carol + Margy and the Link Staff

Congratulations, Graduates!

The Girard Edu-Check Plan is available for payment of your college expenses.

We invite you to inquire.



Education Loan Department, Philadelphia, PA 19101

VINNY & JOHNNY PIZZA

ALL VARIETIES OF PIZZA ITALIAN SUBS

SICILIAN PIZZA

Open 7 Days Mon. thru Thurs.–11AM to 11PM Fri. & Sat.–11AM to 12 Midnight Sunday–1PM to 11PM

Princeton Shopping Center Princeton, N.J. For Fast Pickup Phone 921-7422

Colonial Restaurant

35 Witherspoon Street Princeton, N.J. 924-9035

166 Nassau Street Princeton, New Jersey Telephone: (609) 924-4350

John A. Croll Hilda A. Jennings Mary M. Lanahan Sandra L. Punnett S. Serge Rizzo Rachel A. Thompson Terry M. Tweel Loretta Wertz

EI.

Inverno, Primavera, Veráo e Outono, Tudo que você tem que fazer é me chamar e eu estarei lá para te ajudar e conversar com você. Mesmo que nôs tenhamos tido muitos malentendidos, tudo que posso dizer é, Eu te amo. Meus parabéns e boa sorte. Com muito amor (BBFG para sempre),

Daren

Tahieres.

FRENCH RESTAURANT

7 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, N.J Reservations: 609-921-2798



The Fabric Shop

924-1478

14 Chambers St.

Princeton, N.J.

Daryl,

Truth was its beauty and always will be . . . God bless you,

Anne





PRINCETON DECORATING SHOP, Inc.

Jane Mellon Sayen, A.I.D. 8

35 Palmer Square, W. Princeton, N.J. 08540 Telephone: 609-924-1670



THE THORNE PHARMACY

168 Nassau St. Princeton, N.J. 924-0077

E.E. Campbell, R.P.

THE ANNEX RESTAURANT

Italian-American Cuisine

Luncheon—Dinner Cocktails—Catering

1281/2 Nassau St. (Downstairs)

Compliments of

The Rug & Furniture Mart Inc. & Ivy Manor Showrooms

Princeton Shopping Center Box 369, North Harrison St. Princeton, N. J. 08540

HINKSON'S

STATIONERY—OFFICE SUPPLIES

82 Nassau Street Princeton, New Jersey

> You'll Do Better at

> > BAILEY'S

for those nice things to wear. Princeton Shopping Center Princeton, N.J.

Hulit's Shoes, INC.

140 NASSAU STREET PRINCETON • NEW JERSEY 08540

Florsheim Weejuns Clark Top-Siders Compliments of

EDITH'S LINGERIE SHOP

8-10 Chambers St. 921-6059





Fine Wines and Spirits 924-0279 924-0273

PRINCETON SHOPPING CENTER PRINCETON, N. J.

609 924-0678

"A Friendly Shop"

WINE & GAME SHOP

6 Nassau St.

Tel. 924-2468 Free Delivery

THE BELINNING OF THE END





DISTINCTIVE DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES PAINTINGS PRINTS RESTORATIONS TOTO'S MARKET

74 Witherspoon St.

924-0768

PRIME MEATS All Meat (ut To Order Please call us in advance to help us better serve you. Fresh Vegetables and Produce Complete Grocery Selection Complete Frozen Food Selection FREE DELIVERY - EST. 1912





Faber's



To the two Anne's (G. and B.): So wherever I am, there's always Pooh, There's always Pooh and Me. "What would I do?" I said to Pooh, "If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True, It isn't much fun for One, but Two Can stick together," says Pooh, says he. "That's how it is," says Pooh.

Remember the good old days in Bio.

love, Yuki



Go Club: Ron Smith, Jamie Paterson (public relations), Mike Stix (president), Ted Thomas (vice-president), Jim 'Vittke, Tom Pears, Eleanor Forman, Marget Jacobus, David Apgar. (Missing from picture: Tim Fabian, Leslie Sander.) Compliments of

Center Luncheonette

Princeton Shopping Center

609-924-8162





fine cameras and accessories 33 Palmer Square W. 924-5580



SPORTS 'N THINGS, Inc.

General Sporting Goods Bicycles–Sales and Repair Montgomery Montgomery Shopping Center Wheelchair Repair

Rocky Hill, New Jersey 08553

Still at the diamond stage?

HAS THOSE

however . . .

Benjamin Franklin always wore a Tourmaline Catherine the Great was devoted to Amethysts Solomon prized the Aquamarine British royalty favors Chrysoberyl engagement rings French kings drank wine from Agate cups Cleopatra cherished Emeralds Alexander the Great wore Chrysoprase into battle

welcome to the club!

most emphatically has all those, too . . . and more!

(Morigi)

Moria

Morig

GEMSTONES & JEWELRY RARE MINERAL SPECIMENS & ROCKS

199 Nassau St., Princeton Open 10-6 921-6456

To The Ivy League Ladies (alias Creep and Creep)

Remember the capers—"One a day" isn't just the name of a vitamin, you know. It was good, wan't it? Hey, next year maybe I'll meet you at Barton Hall we'll beat the pants off of you! And finally I'll-get to cool your jets—you hide and watch—I'll play center. Hosta Loagos (sp!)

> (Tough, I still like my way better) I love you, Creep



114 Nassau St. Princeton, N.J.

Headquarters for Dean's of Scotland Crew Neck Sweaters Scottish Kilts and Cotton Turtleneck Shirts





bon appetit fine foods of princeton inc.

princeton shopping center

princeton New jersey 08540

(609) 924.7755



"For fun and adventure in your Gourmet Food Shopping"

206 HARDWARE & HOME CENTER

Montgomery Shopping Center Rocky Hill, N.J. Phone 921-2448 921-2472







love carefully

support Planned Parenthood



Thankyou Fan - for so much love! Murray and Margy

PRINCETON JCT. PACKAGE STORE

PRINCETON JCT., N.J.

John Ellsworth 799-0530





One day our ship will come in. And with our luck we'll be at the airport– Love and luck to you guys, Jody To Glenna, Steven, Tucky, Hilary, Beth, Ellen, Daryl, Peter, Mark, Marion, Chapin, Gar, Camilla, Carol, and Par-

Thanks for having given so much. And Glenna-

"Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Much love, Margy



Phone 609-924-4664

Instant Printing Centers

Building B Research Park 1101 State Road Princeton, N.J. 08540

609-921-8470

Radio Dispatched

HIGGINS DISPOSAL SERVICE

DISPOSAL SYSTEMS CONSULTANTS Residential • Industrial • Commercial METAL CONTAINERS - 1 to 40 cu, yd, STATIONARY COMPACTION EQUIPMENT Construction and Demolition Debris

121 Laurel Avenue

Kingston, N.J. 08528

THE TAR POT

CENTER SPORTS

SPORTING AND ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

PRINCETON SHOPPING CENTER PRINCETON, N. J. 08540

(609) 924-3713

195 NASSAU ST., PRINCETON, N. J. 45 COMMERCIAL ST., BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.

All types of Old Prints, Books, Paintings and Antiques MATTING

HOMER NAST

HOGARTH MANY OTHERS

JACK PETRONE AND BONS

Summer 207-633-3242 Winter 609-924-8685



360 Nassau St. Princeton, N.J. 08540 Phone: (609) 924-9340

Home Decor

Curtains • Draperies • Bedspreads • Lampshades

Princeton Shopping Center

609-921-7296

And if you find her poor, Ithaka has not deceived you. So wise have you become, of such experience, that already you will have understood what these Ithaka mean.

For '73 from H.M.L. and J.

C. P. Cavafy

AMERICAN	EXPRESS

THE TRAVEL PLANNERS

Under ''A'' for ''American Express,'' ''A'' for ''Absolute''—the absolute in travel,

• See the experts in every phase of travel, wherever in the world you'd like to go. Individual and friendly attention to your vacation planning. Tours, Cruises, private arrangements. One-stop holiday shopping.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY—Travel Headquarters

10 Nassau Street, Princeton

(609) 921-8600

"The only gift is a portion of thyself." Ralph Waldo Emerson

Social Service

Pam,

Hope your first year was as good as mine. With respect and appreciation. Pam

NASSAU PHARMACY

Prescriptions Cosmetics FREE Delivery 921-7400 PROMPT Service 80 Nassau Street Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Hasty Acres Riding Club

921-8470

Instruction-Beginner thru Jumping
Horses Broken and Schooled
No Trail Riding
C. Higgins: 121 Laurel Ave. Kingston between Rtes. 27 & 518

Beth

We have so many memories to look back on . . . and so many new experiences to look forward to. Thanks for everything.

> Love, Glenna



110 Nassau Street Phone WA 4-2620 Princeton, N.J. To Ev, Wendy, and El; though time and space may come between us, they will never separate us.

to d.h.so many good years behind us, with so much. Hiannishoagiesoldladieswheelchairs-lightlightlightlig htlightescapesworriesmokesmusical and mostly fun. seven years of good times-and memories love always-E. McC.

don, rog, dick, dave, carl, joe, derry, sue, liz, rob, gina, tucky, and hilary
"friendship multiplies the good of life and divides the evil.""tis the sole remedy against misfortune, the very ventilation of the soul."
from mac and the rev.



the past determines what we are the present what we will be the quild & gallery plus

"definitely different" montgomery shopping center U. S. 206 and 518 princeton, new jersey 609 - 921 8292

CLASS PICTURES FRAMED



There comes a time when one must take descipline into one's own hands.

Glenna time just drags on until happiness comes our way alltogethertimegetsfasterfasterrunsflies until happiness is over Steven

Johnny and Dunc-

Things were fine, and much came to pass; we often wondered if you were "with us," and our good times let us know. It was hard (with this area)—much trivial confusion. Nevertheless, we worked it out and made the best of each moment.

With good memories-won't you have another "shot"?!

to our good buddies with bestest love-P. and E.



I get worn out getting these youngsters educated, but I love them all. Byron



Mrs. Bannon:

From us, your TT, we say thank you! Your boundless energy and enthusiasm will remain with us forever. We hope you have a deep sense of accomplishment and satisfaction, for what you have accomplished is beyond depth or measure.

We love you

mes K. Patersa

GOOD LUCK TO GOOD SKATES!

To Mr. Gregory and Admissions, Thanks for "the chance." Lightning-

(alias Sir C.)

Now that you've gotten the elephant and the bean bag along with 2/3 of the collection a term and Benjamin & Co., you have the nerve to ask me to give up F# tuning.

Well, all I have to say is this-I'll think it over.

L.C.

Friends:

What can I say except that we are friends. I know we've all said it before, but your friendship means so much to me. When we go separate ways we'll still have memories, and times to remember together-we'll make time because we are friends.

Susan and Mary-Lynn,

It's going to be terribly strange not having you two nunus around here next year. May everything you want be yours.

> Lots of love, Meriel

CARNEGIE MUSIC

High-Fidelity Component Specialists

Montgomery Shopping Center Highway 206 Princeton-Rocky Hill, N.J. 08553

Pam:

Where to begin? Time seems to catch up with us, and the absent whiles have been filled up-by the best. Moment upon moment we shared our thoughts and came together-and ran around and round and round-with fun.

We go on with time. There is no need for it to catch us again, for we will go with it.

> Take care, Pamlove, EI

Investment Counsel

How well have you done with your own investment management? Shouldn't you review and compare your results with those of professional advisors? Why not call for a conference?

KARL D. PETTIT & CO.

SINCE 1932

Princeton Office **4 Nassau Street** Princeton, N.J. 08540

New York Office 20 Exchange Place New York, N.Y. 10005












































Miss Masons Class of '64– PDS Class of '73

I shan't be gone long.—You come too. R.F. Patti and Robin

Who is El? How alone we were-now it is different. the laughs, the endless talks, the late mornings weird feeling, weird situations some tears-we'll resolve our "mutual problem"somehow Can you babysit? And what's your amount? Meet me at the 25th!

with all my love to all my friends-'73 god bless good bye-B. B.

Mare-

"If a man has talent and cannot use it, he has failed. If he has talent and uses only half of it, he has partly failed. If he has talent and learns somehow to use the whole of it, he has gloriously succeeded, and won a satisfaction and a triumph few men ever know." Thomas Wolfe

Mom and Dad



la fuite du temps

To the class of 1973– Good Luck! From

the Kendalls



STARR TRANSIT CO. INC.

BLUE BUS LINES INC.

AIR-CONDITIONED BUSES WITH RADIO & P.A. SYSTEMS

- CHURCHES
- · ORGANIZATIONS
- INDUSTRIES
- SIGHTSEEING
- TOURS
- SCHOOLS



For our Brazilian nut:

٨

٨

٨

L



"Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel." Francis Bacon

To Fe	lix with love from AFS
Martha	Lucy
Marion	Mrs. Baker
Melinda	Jean
ars	Laura

STEPHEN M. SEGAL, M.A.I., S.I.R.

REALTOR • APPRAISER • CONSULTANT (609) 989-7470 28 West State Street Trenton, New Jersey Ehen fugacis anni. Omnia mutantur. Dux femina facit, reva avis, consule Planco. Tu solebas nostras esse aliquid putare nugas, Six guvackiur, venusta femina, Ave, Mrs. Fine, ituri te salutamus.

Andrew, Anne, Elizabeth, Ginna

Buzz, Up, down In, out Through it all, It's endless memories. It has been a lot. It has meant a lot. "I'm smilin'"... Thanx-Love, Martha

Sue . . . seniors . . . re-unite . . . live on murray . . . drive stick . . . hockey season . . . pete . . . blair . . . roommates . . . cottage . . . steve . . . lockhart . . . mail slots . . . robin . . . valentine . . . freezer . . . old lady . . . john bell . . . telephone . . . chris . . . perry . . . alex hall . . . frosh heralds . . . pj's . . . bill . . . bernice . . . Mrs. peterson . . . jumper cables . . . joke . . . i don't get it . . . pretend . . . gym . . . your wrist . . . my foot . . . b--ball . . . our boys . . . parking lots . . . ega . . . mustang . . . grey chevy . . . cox's . . . timmy . . . music . . . beth . . . sours . . . varsity . . . superfly . . laughing . . . crying . . . cling to the memories . . . mine . . . yours . . . ours . . . love . . . Mare

Glenna, The memories we have shared Have made you a part of me. Beth



Grand merci au ciel pur les jeunes filles.













