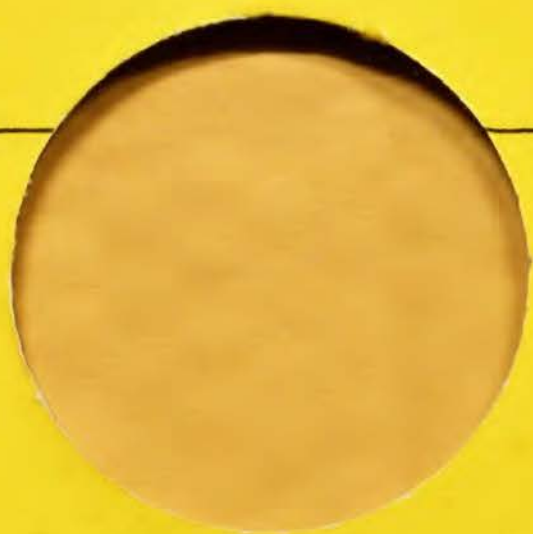
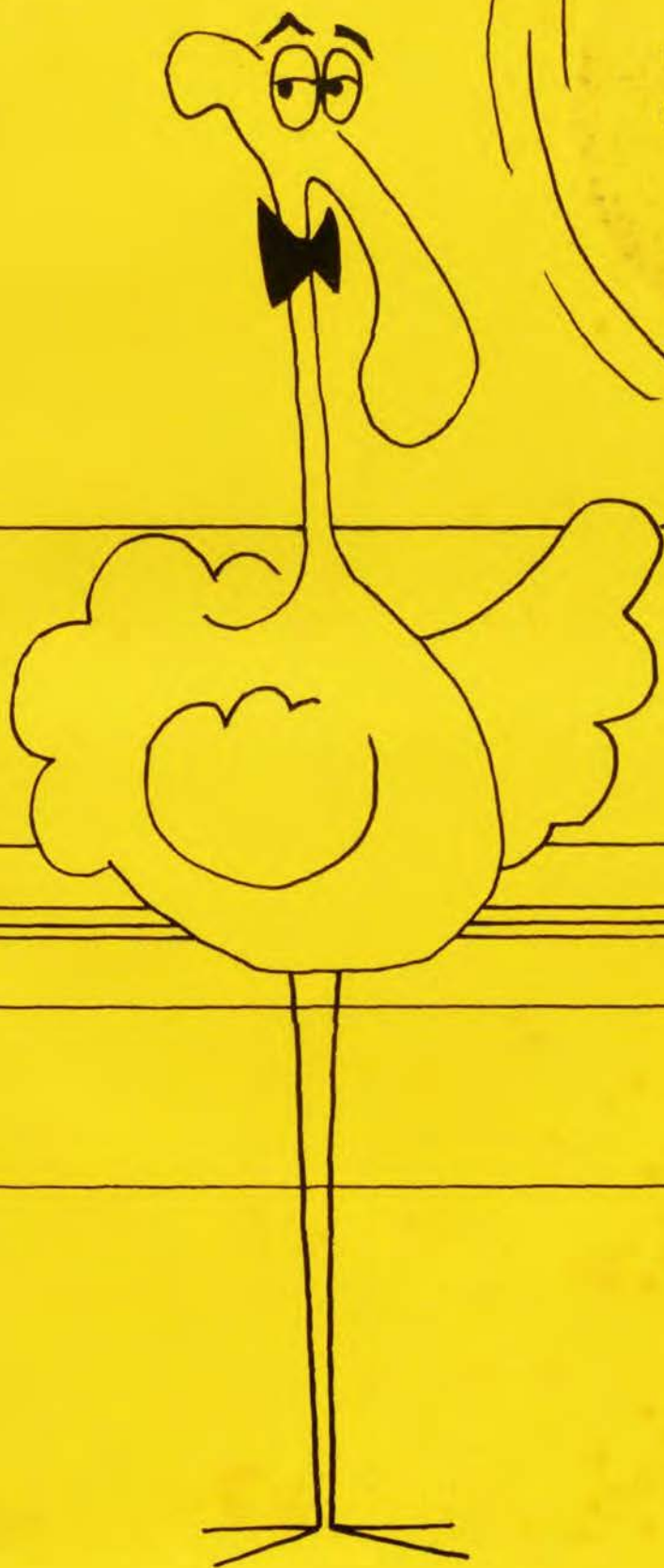




Link



Herb McQuerry



Link

THE LINK 1974

Princeton Day School

Lisa Parsons
Bill Brown
Maureen Creamer
Jeff Field
Wendy Frieman
Jean Metzger
Jamie Paterson
Keith Plapinger
Janet Pritchard
Pam Ritter
Jamie Segal
Fran Treves
Terry Ward



Even though not all of us have had direct contact with you, we'd like you to know that we were aware of and appreciate what you do to maintain P.D.S. as our second home. You represent the good times and spirit we wish to remember P.D.S. by.

Thanks for everything.



ALBERTO PETRELLA

SENIORS









Ernest was an elephant, a great big fellow,
Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,
George was a goat and his beard was yellow,
And James was a very small snail.

Leonard had a stall, and a great big strong one,
Ernest had a manger, and its walls were thick,
George found a pen but I think it was the wrong one,
And James sat down on a brick.

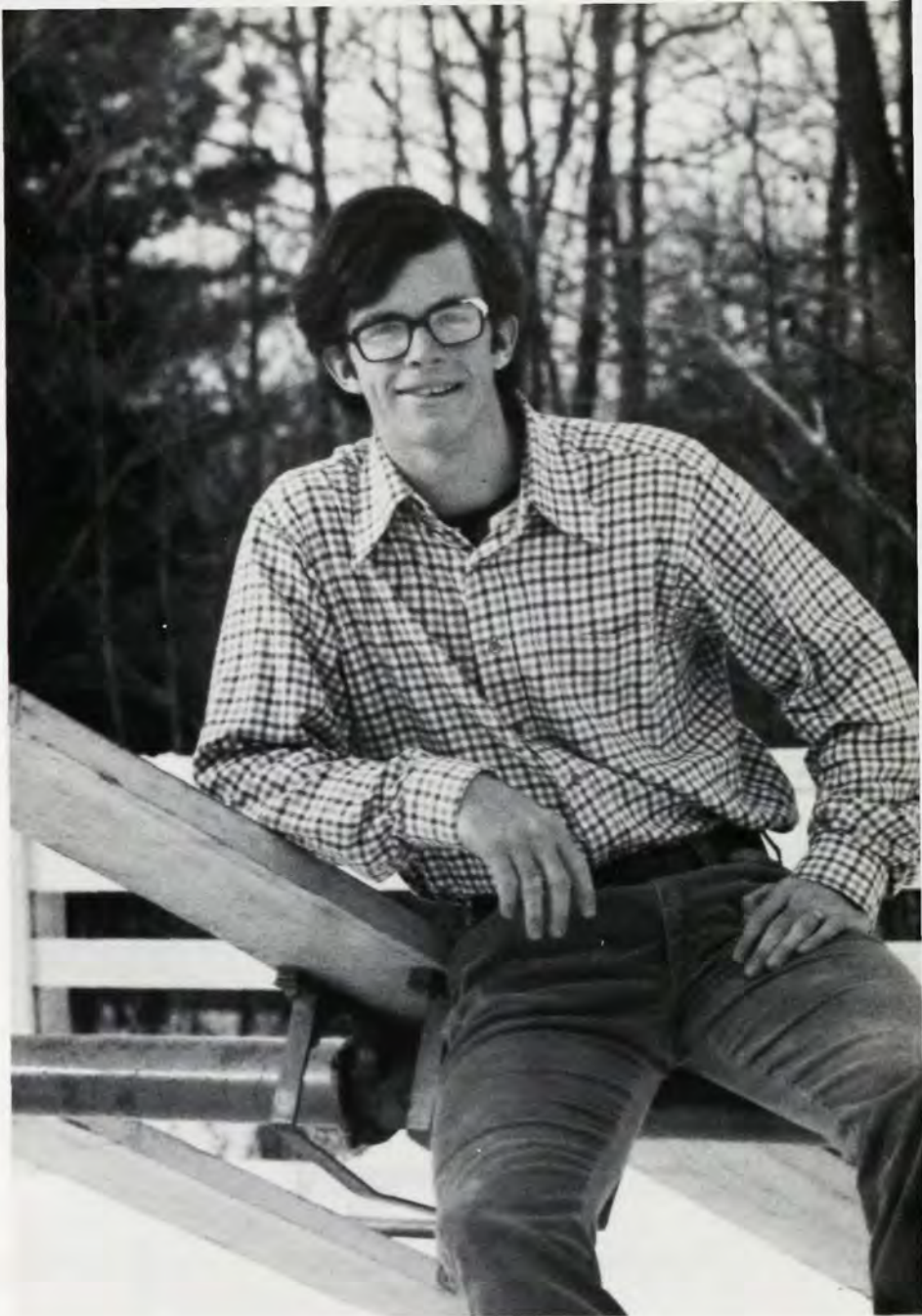
Ernest started trumpeting, and cracked his manger,
Leonard started roaring and shivered his stall,
James gave the huffle of a snail in danger
And nobody heard him at all.

Ernest started trumpeting and raised such a rumpus,
Leonard roared and tried to kick,
James went on a journey with the goat's new compass,
And he reached the end of his brick.

Ernest was an elephant and very well-intentioned,
Leonard was a lion with a brave new tail,
George was a goat as I think I have mentioned,
And James was only a snail.

Jamie Paterson





David Straut

The fields were hard work. The worn plow he drove through the stingy Greek soil had long since covered his hands with calluses. But this working of the land in the cool light of the morning satisfied him, and as he sweated, he thought of the coming evening in the town and his heart was light. Women, wine, laughter, and most of all dancing. Ah, the bazooki music was like fire in his blood.



John Bragg



"Is there any action around here?"
 "What, are you weird or something?"
 "I was just wondering."
 "You are be nerm."
 two breaths
 three steps
 hurdle
 take-off
 "damn"
 "Go ahead, try it, Chicken."
 two breaths
 three steps
 hurdle
 take-off
 une gaynor
 "All right!"
 "A couple of fairly bey auglee wonnes."
 Flirtation only
 "Ello es muy estrana."
 Frustration.





Philip Benson

You are never alone
Or helpless.
The force that
Guides the stars,
Guides you too.
(Shrii Shrii Anandamurti)

For Mr. Mac

Who has been so great to so many
people. -

you have taught me about as
much as any one in the school. There
are so many who are for ever

In olden tyme a king ther was
Who loved chivalrye, *in delited*
And thereby wished to do honour
To a knight of high degree. *to you -*

Bill Brown

So forth he sent throughout his land *it is*
Five henchmen, just and true, *a real*
To find a knight who did excel
In virtue and prowess, too. *chance me*

When henchman One returned to court, *have*
After a year and a day, *to say*
"I found the knight who in all your realm
Is most gallant in every way." *Thank you -*

"I found a scholar true," quoth Two,
Then Third Man spak his say: *Thank you,*
"I found a knight who can tell a tale
To beguile the longest day." *Mr. Mac -*

"On football fields my knight doth show
A center's prowess great," *for now*
"And eke on theater stage he shines," *and*
The last two men did state. *forever,*

"Who are these five great knights you praise?"
The king asked with a frown;
"Sire, sire, 'tis one—the parfit knight,
Sir Bill of House of Brown!" *Bill*





Wylie Willson

You cannot stay on the summit forever;
you have to come down again . . .
So why bother in the first place? Just this:
what is above knows what is below,
but what is below does not know what
is above.

(Rene Daumal)

Welcome O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

(James Joyce)



Rick Fein



Barbara Spalholz

I saw, in Louisiana, a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the branches;
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty made me think of myself;
But I wonder'd how it could utter joyous leaves, standing alone there,
without its friend, its lover near—for I knew I could not;
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and
twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away—and I have placed it in sight of my room;
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them:)
Yet it remains to me a curious token—it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana,
solitary, in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life, without a friend, a lover, near,
I know very well that I could not.

(Walt Whitman)



Janet Pritchard

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

(Festus)

"We shall never cease from exploration, and the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time."



Jeanine Figur

The May Dance was quite unforgettable that year. Unforgettable not only because it was the most magnificent ball in its history, but because a certain young lady was present whom I shall refer to as Jeanine. She was a most talented young lady, wonderfully artistic as well as smashingly good at tennis. In addition, she was extraordinarily intelligent and quite forthright in her views. She was lithe of figure and possessed the most beautiful of faces, with creamy white skin and brilliant blue eyes. All the boys at Princeton adored her. She was a fun-loving sort of girl, enjoying pranks as much as any of us boys. The night of the dance Jeanine was at her loveliest in a pale blue dress that set off her fair complexion to perfection. I had the honor of being her first dancing partner and as we started off into the waltz Jeanine whispered something into my ear. She had to repeat it as I was shocked the first time that I heard what she was saying.

This dance is so stiffy. Lets get some of the guys together and play hide-and-seek out in those rosebushes by the side of the hall. I even wore my sneakers tonight," she whispered.

We had a weird time that night, playing hide-and-seek. Yes, it certainly was a most unforgettable dance.

Tex nonchalantly sauntered into Emerson's Saloon and made his way to the bar.

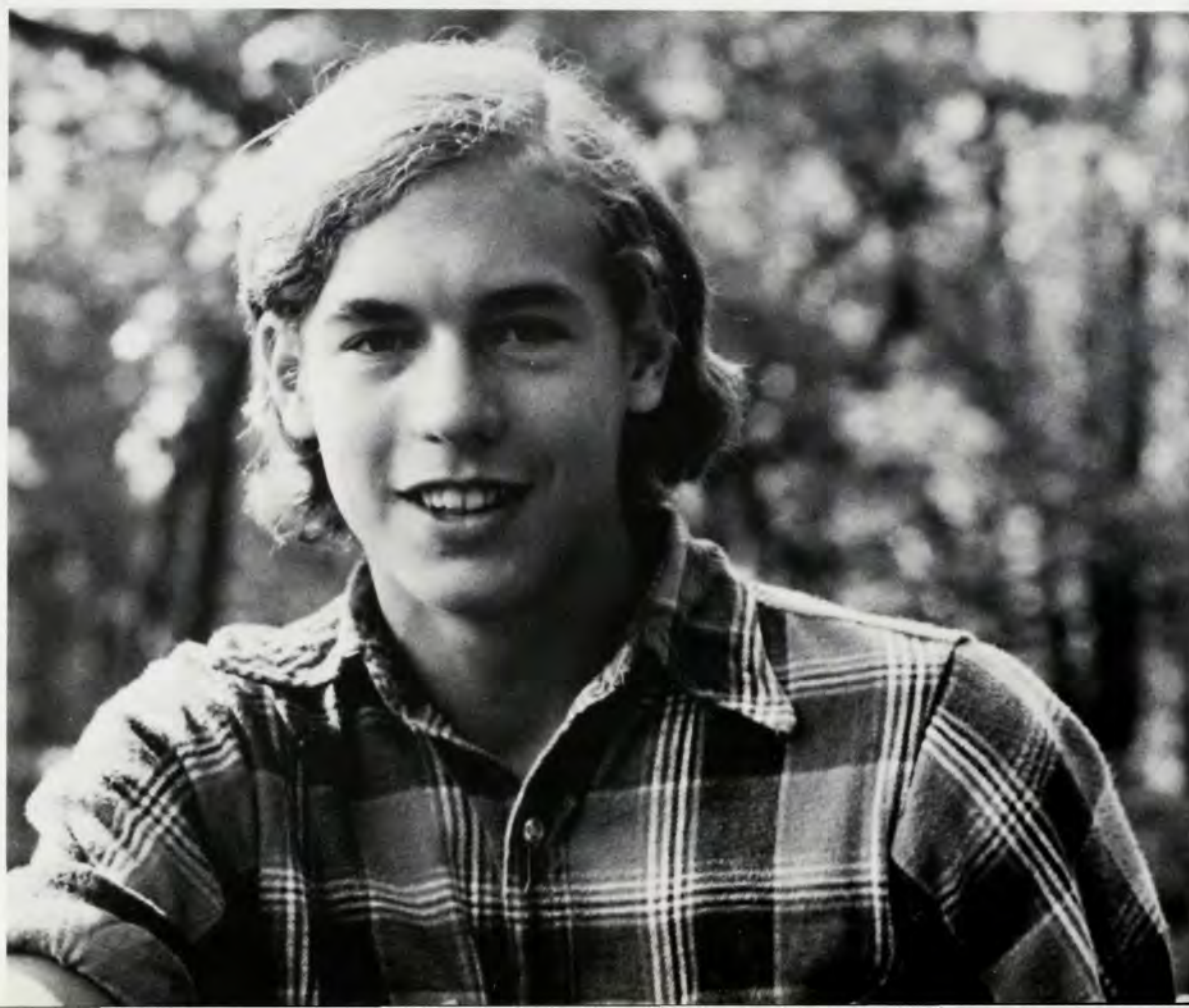
"Give me a beer, bartender." Tex eyed the bar girl watching the poker game in session across the room. When she caught his glance she quickly but seductively strolled up to Tex.

"Hey, Tex, how 'bout treating me to a beer?" she asked as she curled a lock of his thick blonde hair around her finger.

"Hey. Get lost."

Tex laid a silver dollar on the bar and swaggered to the door making a quick exit. The rumble of a starting motorcycle filled the bar.

Ted Thomas





Doug Haitch

"To begin with," he said heavily, "You've got to understand that a seagull is an unlimited idea of freedom, an image of the Great Gull, and your whole body, from wingtip to wingtip, is nothing more than your thought itself"

"No limits, Jonathan?" he thought. "Well, then the time's not distant when I'm going to appear out of thin air on your beach, and show you a thing or two about flying!"

And though he tried to look properly severe for his students, Fletcher Seagull suddenly saw them all as they really were, just for moment, and he more than liked, he loved what it was he saw. "No limits, Jonathan?" he thought and he smiled. His race to learn had begun.

(Richard Bach)



Diana Lewis

A stretch of beach on a sunny day. Alone, a young girl walked as an osprey soared over head, scrutinizing her every move. The girl, in turn, was gently picking at the sand, looking for a small treasure that perhaps only she could enjoy. Slowly she covered every inch of the beach, bending down once in a while to pick up a small shell or stone that provided her with a new joy. Above, the osprey circled, watching the human with impassioned interest. The girl made him curious, finding things that he could not see; anger arose in his great heart. "I am the king of the air," he said to himself. "How could such a young girl find beauty in that vast sea of whiteness?"

Minute after minute the unconscious duel between human and bird progressed. The girl slowly became aware of the interested bird, noticing how the bird became disturbed whenever she found another treasure. Quietly she plotted to herself as she was walking down the beach. Suddenly she bent over, staring at some small object in the sand. She played with it until she heard the whistling of the bird's feathers in the air. Suddenly she jumped up and shoved her clenched hand at the sky. The startled bird was now so low he had to land.

Slowly the girl unclenched her hand; the bird's eyes popped at every movement of her fingers. At last the girl's fingers were open and alas, nothing. A smile burst upon the girl's face and the great osprey, its pride ruffled, returned to its home in the sky.

In the shade of a tree the lady waited. People passing by stopped, talked and continued on their way. A church bell rang in the distance, and it was time to leave. She had many places to be and much work to do, but she remained a while longer. While she sat there, memories of the past revolved through her mind. At last, from around the corner came her friend. The lady rose and smiled—friends are worth waiting for.

Jean Metzger



No, no, let us play, for it is yet day
And we can not go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed,
The little ones leaped and shouted and laugh'd
And all the hills echoèd.

(William Blake)



Joan
Merrick



Philip Shehadi

My brother-in-law had, on the paternal side, a first cousin whose maternal uncle had a father-in-law whose paternal grandfather had married as his second wife a young native whose brother he had met on one of his travels, a girl of whom he was enamored and by whom he had a son who married an intrepid lady pharmacist who was none other than the niece of an unknown fourth-class petty officer of the Royal Navy and whose adopted father had an aunt who spoke Spanish fluently and who was, perhaps, one of the granddaughters of an engineer who died young, himself the grandson of the owner of a vineyard which produced mediocre wine, but who had a second cousin, a stay-at-home, a sergeant-major, whose son had married a very pretty young woman, a divorcee, whose first husband was the son of a loyal patriot who, in the hope of making his fortune, had managed to bring up one of his daughters so that she could marry a footman who had known Rothschild, and whose brother, after having changed his trade several times, married and had a daughter whose stunted great-grandfather wore spectacles which had been given to him by a cousin of his, the brother-in-law of a man from Portugal, natural son of a miller, not too badly off, whose foster-brother had married the daughter of a former country doctor, who himself was the foster-brother of the son of a forrester, himself the natural son of another country doctor, married three times in a row, whose third wife . . . was the niece of a priest whose grandmother, occasionally in the winter, like everyone else, caught a cold.

(Eugene Ionesco)

Say what you will
Say what you're feeling
Feeling inside
Say what you will
Show me what's hiding behind your eyes

Don't keep your feelings locked up inside you
Tear down your walls, don't let them hide you
Reach out your hand
Can't you understand
You're beautiful, beautiful

Do what you will
Pay no attention to the small mind
Do what you will
Laugh at convention, it's not a crime
Open your eyes, look all around you
Love is everywhere, let it surround you
Reach out your hand, can't you understand
People, you're beautiful, beautiful
(Jesse Colin Young)



Cyra Cain



Jeff Field

He was singing the old walking song, but the words were different:

Still round the corner there may wait
A new road or a secret gate;
And though I oft have passed them by,
A day will come, at last, when I
Shall take the hidden paths that run
West of the moon, east of the sun.

(Tolkien)

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerries, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!
(T. S. Eliot)



Palmer Uhl



Sheryl Graff

Sheryl turned the page. "Ohh!" she sighed; "That's unbelievable! Renoir was fantastic!" Her small hands delicately turned another page. Eve's widened. Chin dropped. "Sheryl, ol' girl, you may as well give up." Gently she closed the book and contemplated for several minutes. Slowly a glow of inspiration outlined her face. She flicked her hair back and flashing a smile said, "But if I try hard enough"

The rain was falling and Beth was laughing, soaking in the sensuousness of the drops. Inside, someone sad looked out, and watching Beth, couldn't keep from smiling. Beth didn't notice but she did see that her friend was only depressed further by the downpour. She went over and put her arm around the girl. I couldn't hear what she said, but the girl slowly smiled, then laughed, and for a while everything was right again.



Beth Ross



Ted Dowey

Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space,

He turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race.

I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place.

("Yes")

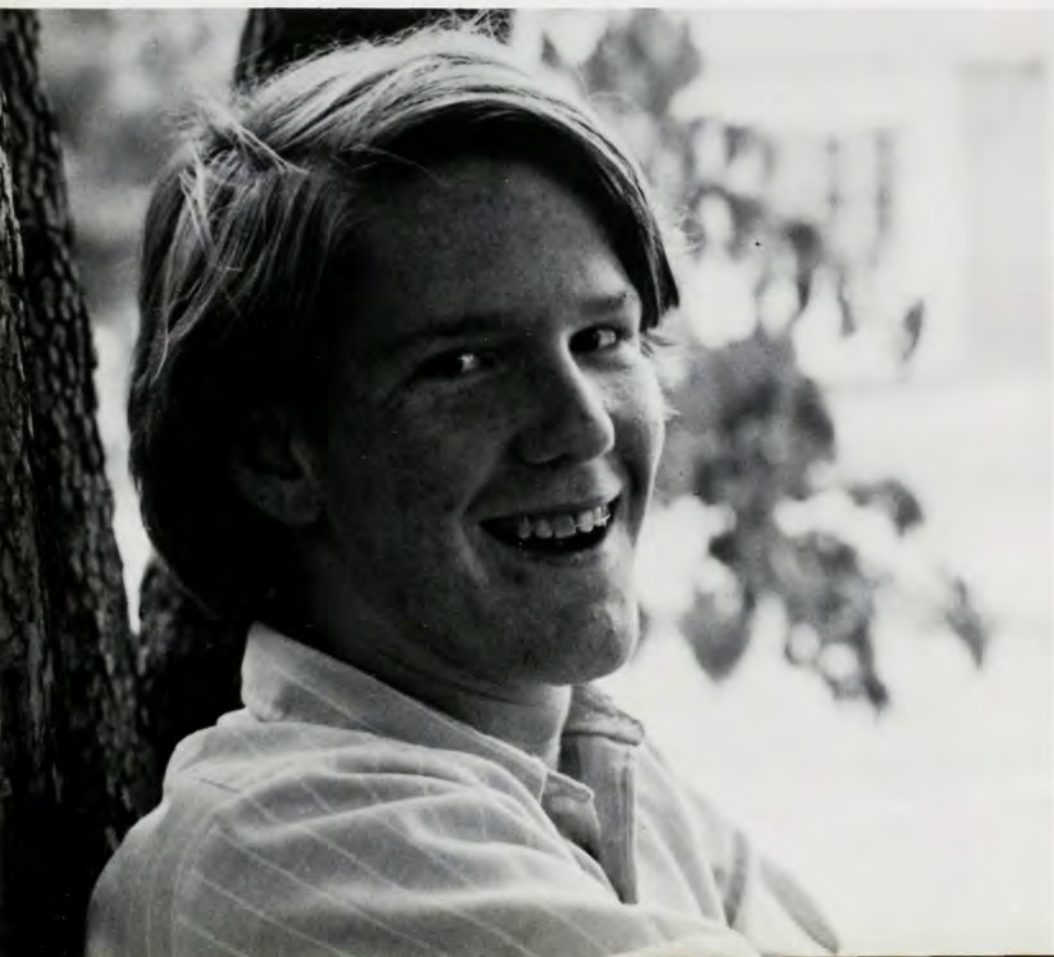
If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears
a different drummer.

Let him step to the music
which he hears,

however measured or far away.

(Henry David Thoreau)

Terry Ward





Tim Hamid

There's something about being backside on a
very large wave: a feeling of altitude, of openness
. . . sensing all that energy at your back.

(Surfer)

Irene Wellington



So Alberic picked up his bundle, took one last look through the palace and went down to the square for the last time.

"I have at last discovered one thing," he stated simply. "It is much better to look for what I may never find than to find what I do not really want." And with that he said goodbye and left the city as quietly as he'd come.

(Norton Juster)

I wanted only to try to live in accord with
the promptings which came from my true self.

Why was that so very difficult?
(Herman Hesse)

Cathy Kindquist



Your world is as big as you make it.
I know, for I used to abide
In the narrowest nest in a corner,
My wings pressing against my side.

But I sighted the distant horizon
Where the sky line encircled the sea
And I throbbed with a burning desire
To travel this immensity.

I battered the cordons around me
And cradled my wings on the breeze
Then soared to the uttermost reaches
With rapture, with power, with ease!

(G. D. Johnson)

Ron Webster

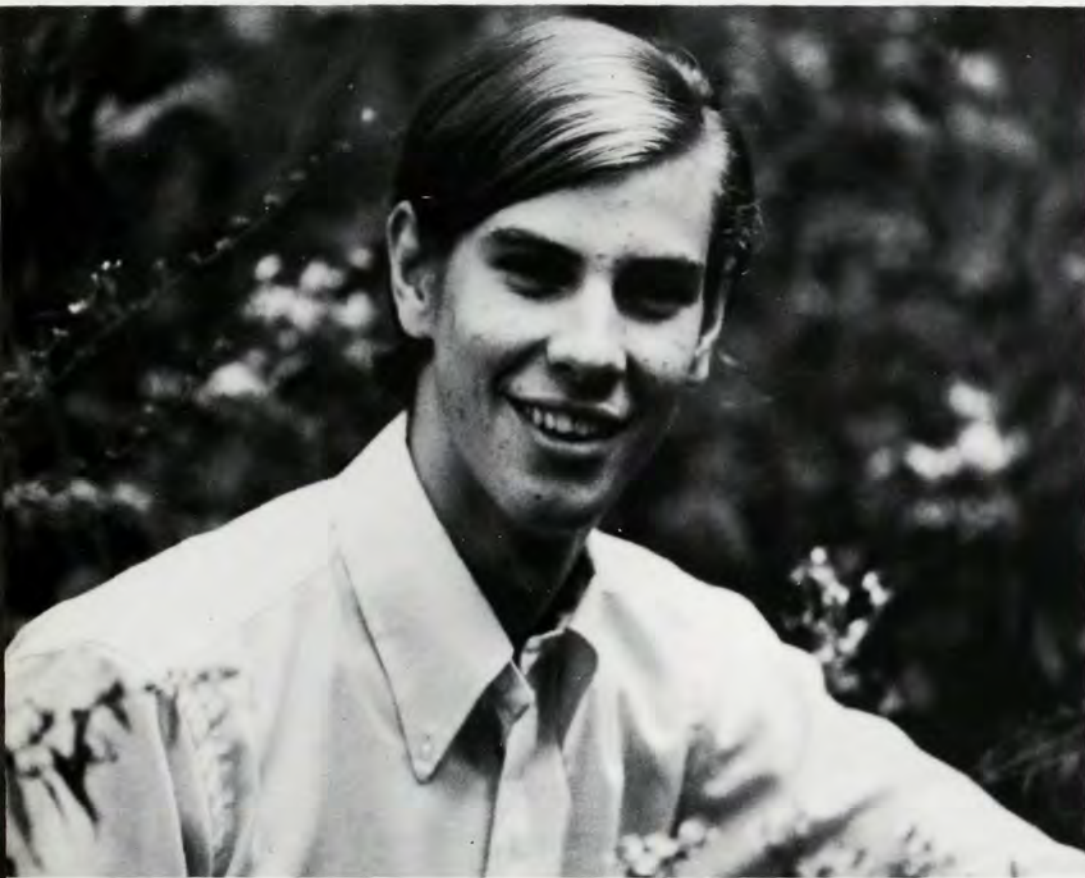




Ron Smith

What you see before you on this page is not really here.

The climb to the summit was arduous, but when he arrived at the peak the world lay spread beneath his feet. He stood there reveling in the glory of the morning sun as it splashed about, tinting the red rock. Far below he noticed the tiny forms of the others. Enjoying the solitude for a moment, he turned and descended.



Jim Wittke



Cole Harrop

Finance Executive Harrop stepped onto the 6:18 out of Woodhurst for the daily trip to the office. His thoughts were on Mr. Big's new proposal to notify the stockholders of an impending change. These meditations were interrupted by the sight of a boy freely cruising by the train in his blue leathers.

A smile lit up his freshly shaven face ten stops before GCS. The businessman seated next to him heard him mutter, "Screw this!"

The next stop found his briefcase on the train and Cole on the platform. Using his knowledge of freer days, he hot-wired a Honda 350, filled the tank at a Mobil station, took the sexy attendant with him and stopped for a six of a long-lost Bud. Together they streamed for . . .

Dawn points, and another day
Prepares for heat and silence. Out at sea the dawn wind
Wrinkles and slides. I am here
or there, or elsewhere. In my beginning.

(T. S. Eliot)

Loreen Volpe





Diana Roberts

She leaned on an amp and smiled. The baby laughed and grabbed at her hair while she gazed down at the crowd. They looked happy but uncomfortable and she was glad she was not among them. Life was so much easier up here.

Suddenly a violin screamed and the music began. She shifted the baby to her left hip. She was tired. They had been on the road for a month now and she was ready to go home. The wandering life did not agree with her and she yearned for the country and the peace it brought.

She held the baby closer and whispered, "We're going home tomorrow, Small One. We'll leave this rock'n'roll life behind. We'll take the train . . . tomorrow."

The child looked deep into her mother's blue eyes and asked, "Choo-choo?"



Nicole Pellaton

My name is Nickie, fly me.

Despite the fact that the winner had been chosen long ago, the atmosphere outside the Parliamentary building in Delhi was tense. Each member of the Congress had to wait for his name to be called, first to receive a ballot, and then again to return it. The process took hours. The two candidates, one man and one woman, had never felt so alone among the crowd of reporters and interested citizens.

The winner, even before the votes had been counted, was easily recognizable. She stood against a pillar of the building, calm and dignified, a simple white sari wrapped around her slender body. Her face, sad, almost pathetic while she was contemplating, would suddenly light up as an enchanting smile captivated not only her mouth, but her eyes and forehead, and her entire being. She possessed the innate self-confidence of a strong leader whom people admire and respect, but most of all, trust. She was so quiet and almost reclusive in her modesty that the Congressional messenger had trouble finding her when he stepped outside after the 530th vote had been counted. Escorting her inside the building, he took her hand and smiled as he said to her, "Yes, it has been decided, Mrs. Gandhi."

Dear Mr. Mac -
I can honestly
say that "Navette" was
the high point of my senior
year. I am only sorry that I
did not take full advantage of
the P.D.S. drama facilities during
my stay here. But I can look
forward to approaching the wonders
of the Theatre next year in college.
Thanks so much for your pat-
ience and for helping realize
how much I love the stage.
It's been beautiful
to say the least.
Love,
Meriel

Meriel Burtle





Eleanor Funk

Eleanor Rabbit was lost in the woods. Actually, she wasn't lost; she was just looking for the man her father had told her about when she was very young. Eleanor Rabbit, he had told her, was only the name he had given her. Her real name she could learn only from the man whose faint glow could barely be seen against the darkness. And he would be her master.

The first man she met was the tall, strong woodsman. He taught her much about strength. But after a few times in the darkness, she was sure that he did not know her real name.

The second man she met was the minstrel. He taught her much about beauty. But after a few times in the darkness, she was sure that he did not know her real name, or his own.

The third man she met was King Arthur himself. He taught her much about the royal life. But after a few times in the darkness, she was sure that not only did he not know either of their real names, but also that he had no idea that they might have other names.

But one day she chanced to meet King Arthur's former coachman. She never saw him in the darkness, for it was only in the daylight that he dashed through the woods in his royal sports coach. And since she never saw him in the darkness, she never knew whether or not he had a faint glow. But while stalled by the roadside cursing the inept coachbuilders of the world, he stopped Eleanor and called her to his side. He told her that he knew of her searching, and that it would do her no good. "You should spend more time munching stolen lettuce and learning more about the ways of rabbits. You waste time trying to comprehend the mysterious ways of men."

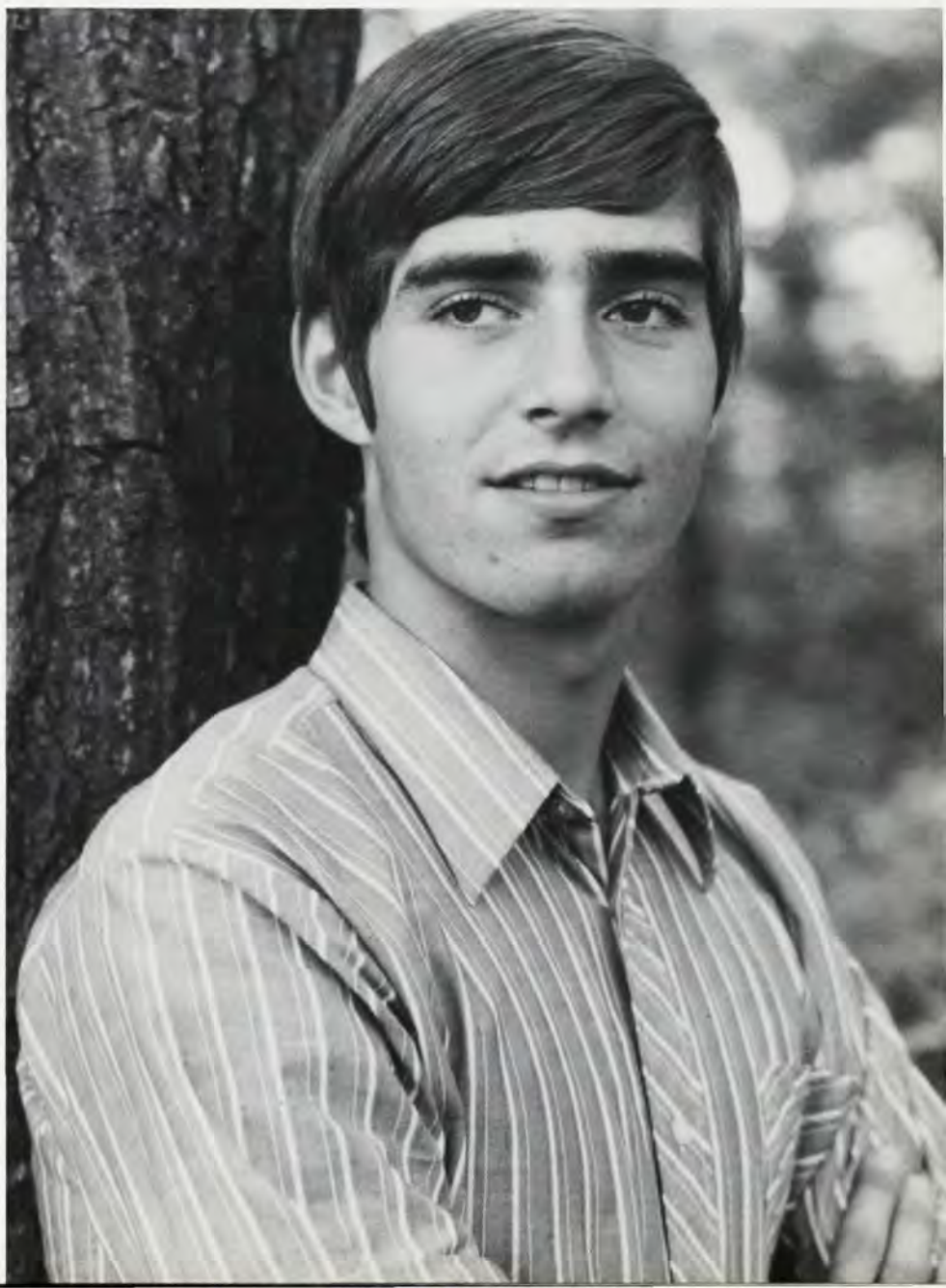
He sat quietly studying in the senior sitting room. Outside, the breeze blew softly through the trees. He looked up for a moment and gazed out the window at the branches swaying in the wind. He thought of sailing in his own boat, coming about smoothly in a stiff wind. He heard the waves splashing over the hull of his small boat and felt the cold wetness from the spray. He smiled with his day dream and went back to his work.

Timmy entered the room and looked over at Werner studying.

"Werner, what's up?" Werner looked up from his book. "Hey, you've got to tell me about the girls in Switzerland sometime."

Werner smiled and looked outside. He thought of the boat once more, caught himself, and went back to his physics.

Werner Leu



Some of us were just colored. I can remember one day at recess when a group of us stood on the playground and, avoiding the shade, we compared wrists. Leslie was definitely the darkest of us. But that was before Jackie came.

If I had known that Jackie really was an African, maybe I would not have laughed so hard when the others made fun of her rubbery pygmy lips and her unstraightened hair; maybe I would not have run like the rest when she tripped; maybe I would have stayed and watched the shiny red blood ooze down her ashy knee and onto her patent-leather shoe.

She never came back.

Evelyn Turner



Mr. McAneny,

Some people go through
life shouting and laughing
and crying conspicuously
— others go on quietly
peacefully with great
dignity and
unending understanding
Love always from
Wendy.

Wendy Frieman



He went over the previous night's events in his mind as he walked across the field. The Club's annual reunion party had been chaotic, as usual. One girl, though, had caught his attention. She was sophisticated and self-assured, and it was said that back home she ran with a fast crowd who drank cocktails in limousines. Later, Tom had told him that her family had spent time abroad, Italy or France, he couldn't remember which, and that must have accounted for her cosmopolitan manner. But the sophistication wasn't what he remembered. It was her obvious enjoyment of others, her contagious laughter, and above all, the penetrating gaze of her deep brown eyes.

Suddenly, his musings were interrupted as it began to rain. Looking for shelter, he noticed a hay stack at the edge of the field. As he came closer a strange song met his ears. Recognizing the words he muttered aloud, **"Who the devil . . . would deliver Verlaine in an extemporaneous tune to a soaking haystack?"** Just then the girl leaned over the edge of the haystack. "Why, you're the girl who was at . . ."; but he couldn't finish, it was her eyes. He was mesmerized by their shining intensity. Her eyes told him he had trespassed on private territory. Abruptly, he turned and walked away.

The next time Amory saw her at the club neither mentioned the incident, and her sophisticated facade never betrayed her.

(With apologies to F. Scott Fitzgerald)



Trina Kassler

It is a cold and snowy night. The main street is deserted.

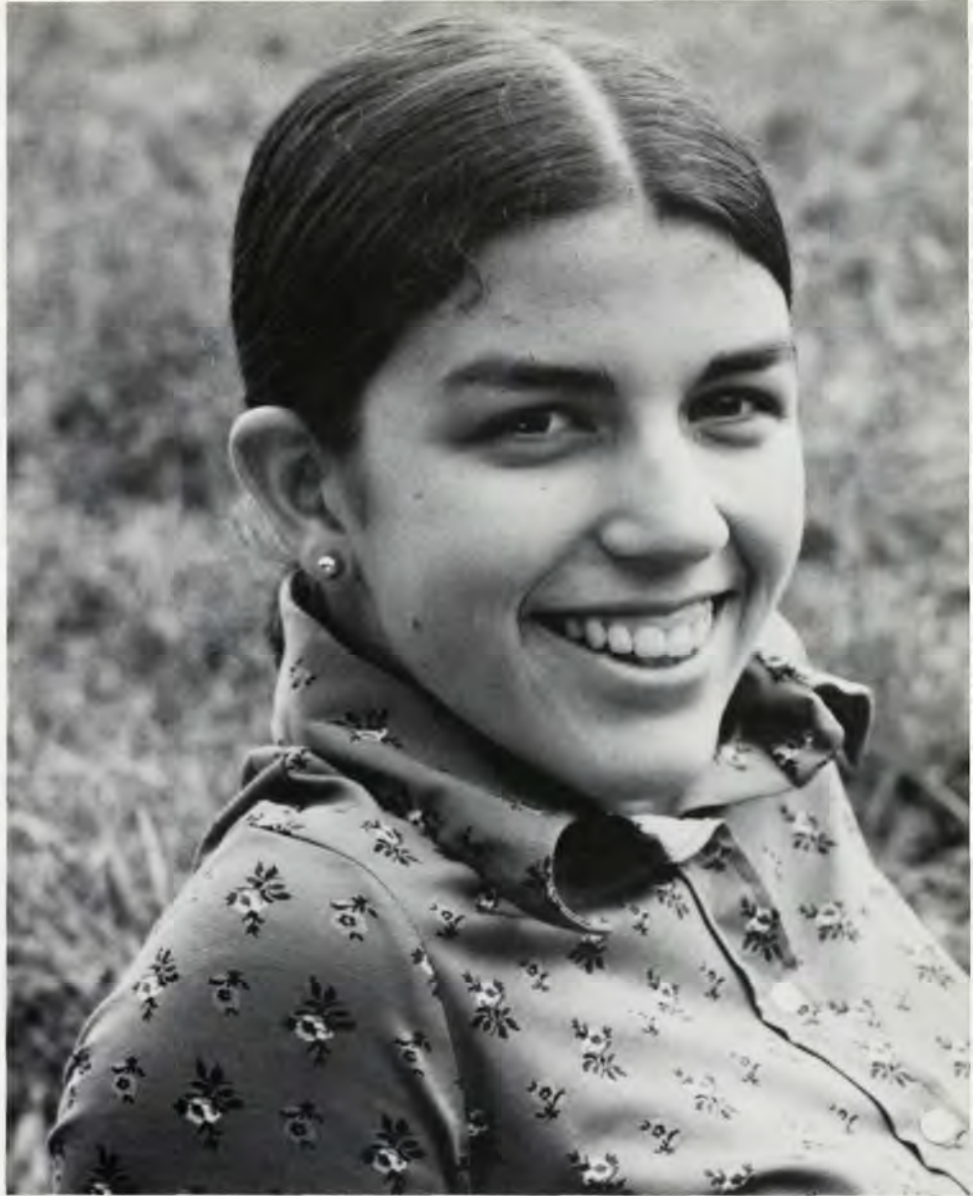
The only things moving are swirls of snow.

As I lift the mailbox door, I feel its cold iron.

There is a privacy I love in this snowy night.

Driving around, I will waste more time.

(Robert Bly)



Anne Chooljian

It was another one of those Hollywood socialite parties; Anne was playing hostess tonight. She absolutely abhorred these gatherings—the artificial people bothered her. But she had to go through with it and play along with her fellow country-clubbers. The cocktail hour was over and Anne announced the dinner was ready to be served. Anne was tense. Jeremy's sardonic comment about the caviar, Marlo's snippy quip about the duckling and J.P. Van Dowerville's complaint about the glazed carrots were gnawing away at her patience. She felt like dumping the bowl of carrots on their heads. Suddenly, Madeline cried, "Are you sure this isn't horse meat, Annie darling?" Silence seized the room. Madeline, dripping with carrots, sat in a state of shock as Anne rushed toward the door giggling softly and saying,

'Tis an honor to see me, a favor to hear.

'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea

Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen and me.

Then she made her exit, exceedingly pleased with herself.



Linda Owens

Linda "Sherlock Holmes" Owens preserved her professional calm until our visitor had left us. It was easy for me to see that she was profoundly excited. The moment that Hilton Cubitt's broad back had disappeared through the door, my comrade rushed to the table, laid out all the slips of paper containing dancing men in front of her, and began an intricate and elaborate calculation. For two hours I watched her as she covered sheet after sheet of paper with figures and letters, so completely absorbed in her task that she had evidently forgotten my presence. Sometimes she made progress and whistled and sang at her work; other times she was puzzled and would sit for long spells with a furrowed brow and a vacant eye.

Finally, she sprang from her chair with a cry of satisfaction and walked up and down the room rubbing her hands together. Then she wrote a long telegram upon a cable form and said to me, "If my answer to this is as I hope, you will have a very pretty case to add to your collection, Watson. I expect that we shall be able to go down to Norfolk tomorrow to take our friend some very definite news as to the secret of his annoyance."

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
(William Shakespeare)

Evan Bash





Debi Dobkowski

eye under sneakyslickfine
you smile high in all the faces
watching you might flick a leg
out slow you step and push a child
in your door you wait to speak
its language stroking hair you
cry words small and through the heart
you know it well

holding you it feels the beat
of skin inside and doesn't need
the other ones who shape it flat
only you who free the feet and go
runningrunningrunning

(l.t.)

Many days and many hours:

Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers.

(T. S. Eliot)

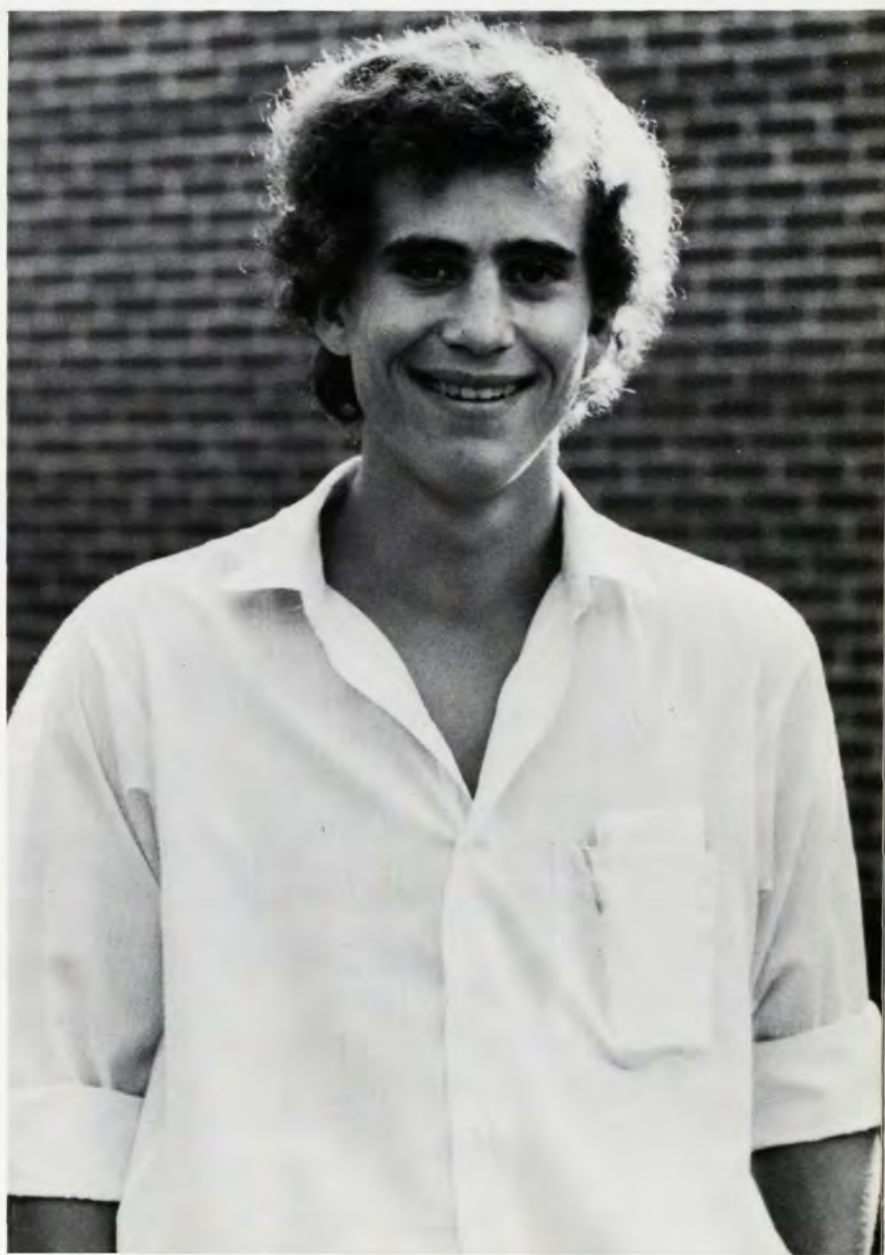
Polly Hunter





Amy Dru Stanley

Michael Stix





Mr. McAneny,

Thank you so much
for a wonderful 4 years.
~~Before~~ ^{Before} my first musical I
wasn't interested in Drama
at all but after the first
one I looked forward to
them more each year.

Thank you for showing
me ~~another activity~~
now to appreciate another
of the arts.

Cam.

Cam Ferrante

At the court of King Arthur resided once many valiant knights, several of whom increased so in arms and worship that they surpassed all their fellows in prowess and noble deeds. Indeed, there lived Sir Kay, Sir Gawaine, Sir Dinadad, Sir Galahad. But surpassed by none was Sir Giorgio Cameron Ferrante di Ruffano, for in all the tournaments and jousts and deeds of arms, both for life and death, he excelled all other knights and never at any time was he overcome, unless it was by treason or enchantment.

He possessed a charm unique to men of his caliber and for this reason he was constantly harried by the court ladies, even those who failed to win his favor. But Sir Cameron was never known to be unkind, disloyal, or anything but noble towards them, although despite his admirable intentions, he left many a maiden aggrieved.

Every summer, Sir Cameron rested himself with jousts and games, but at last, come autumn, he would long to make trial of himself in some daring adventure. He would mount his horse, armed at all points, and ride into a deep forest, and not return until spring, just before the Feast of the Pentecost. Upon his return all his deeds were made known: the damsels for whom he had risked his life, the jousts he had won, and the tyrants he had conquered. No project of Sir Cameron ever failed.

At the time, Sir Cameron had the greatest name of any knight in the world, and was the most honored by all.

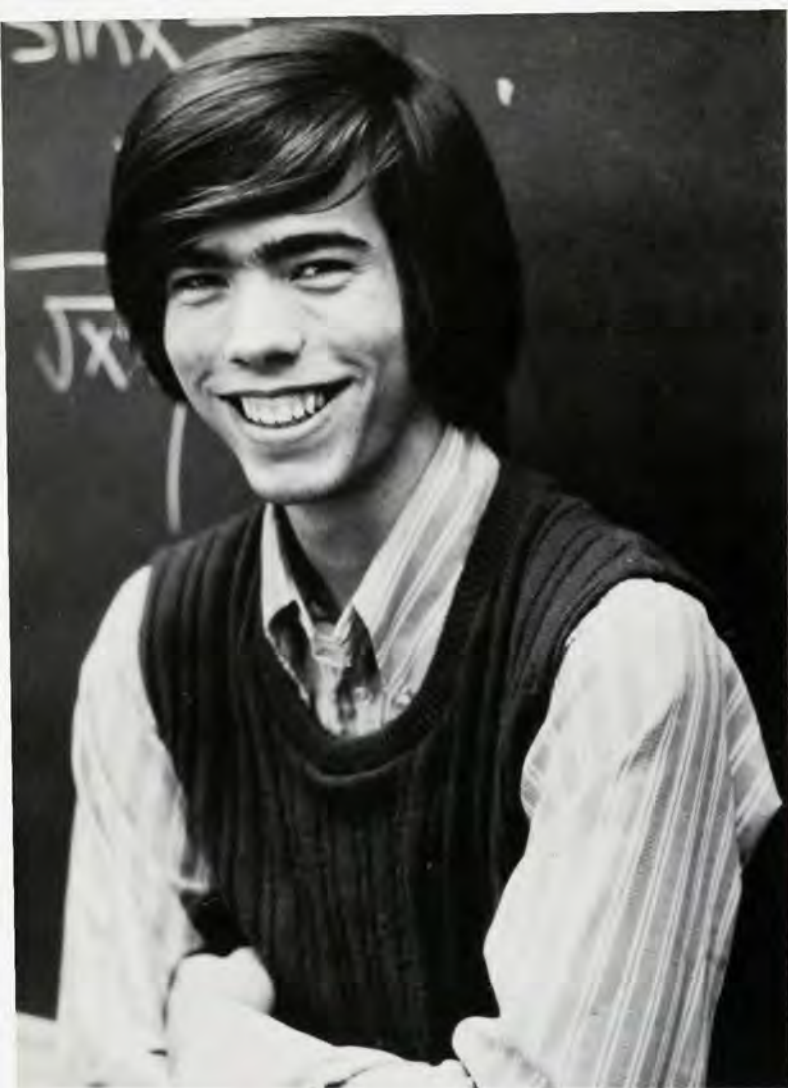
(With apologies to Sir Thomas Malory)

As the hands descended on him from both sides he began once more to struggle, tried to, but the waters were tightening on him like a strait jacket now, his cravings basketed, whalebellied, and far above, on the other side of the surface, there was the snowy mountain top, agonizingly out of reach.

(Bernard Wolfe)

Tom Dalrymple



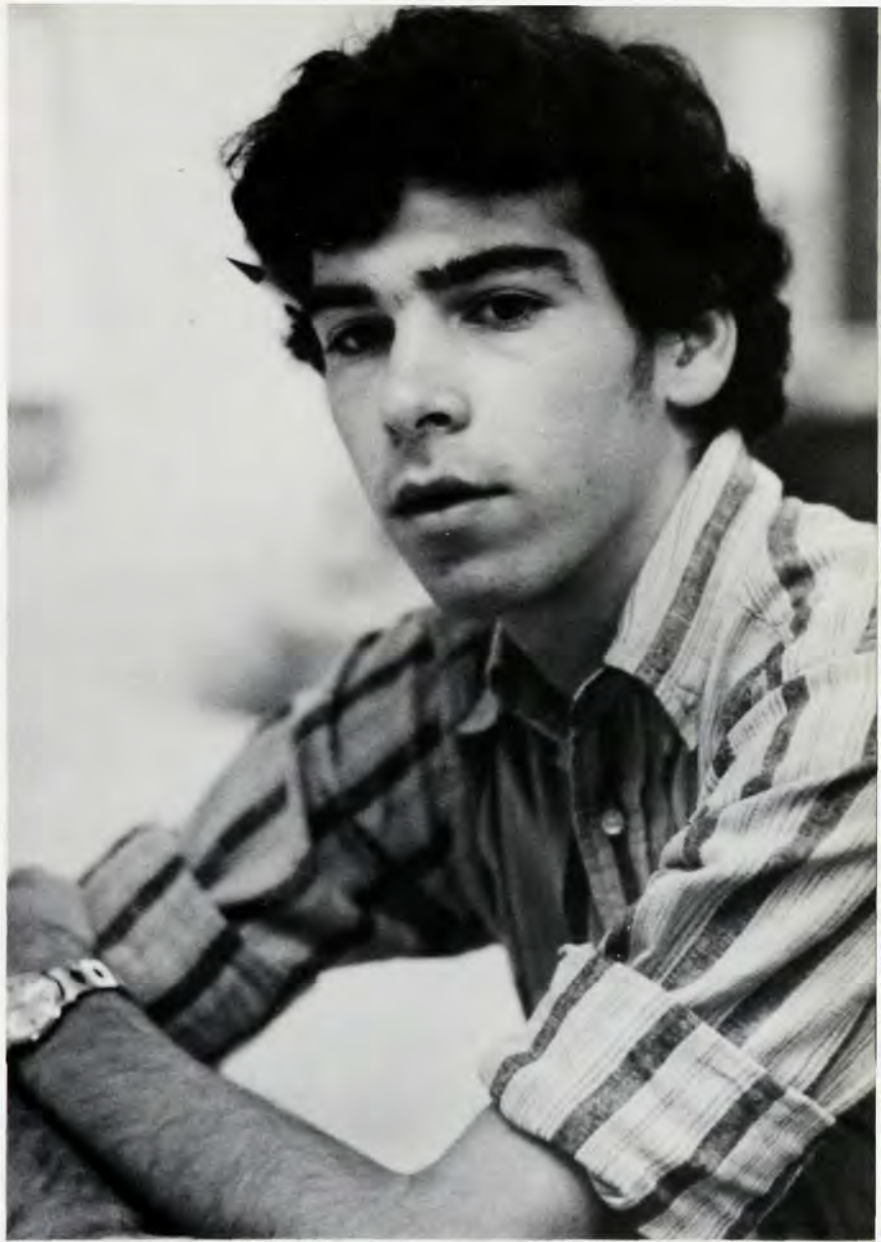


Tim Platt

Contemplating escape, the ingenious adolescent dreams . . .
I've got a powerful machine in my cellar.
With its might I can travel interstellar.
Controls are in the back; no need to pack.

Ten; nine; This note I hope you'll see.
Eight; seven; Placed where I used to be.
Six; five; If my machine runs low
Four; three; Build it up, it must go.
Two; I'll chase stars across the sea
One; Of intergalactic nebulae.
Systems check; I rock to and fro.
Bells are clanging and then I go . . .

Skiping through the tree tops, floating like a breeze,
Lights are green and yellow, life is mellow and at ease.
If you seek peace and happiness, then I'm sure you'll find
Your life will be a sea of clouds—if your dream machine is your mind.



Fran Treves

Christopher Columbus, pointing to the horizon from his Genovese port, said, "Let us travel west." He was not trying to prove the world was round, because wise men already knew that. Columbus was simply determined to find a shorter route of the Orient and India. First, his plans were rejected by kings. Later, a trusting and prominent friend encouraged him and provided him with the materials for his journey. During his travels, the sea and wind churned and a storm forced Columbus off his course, but not from his long-range plans. Eventually, he found a new world.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!
Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side—
Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!
(Robert Louis Stevenson)

Jill Goldman



Fannye is a very seemly lasse,
A better sistere nonne colde aske.
At birth my mother hir hath cleped Annie,
But I prefer to tease and call hir Fannye.
My teasing taketh she in goode parte,
A sweete mien hath she and cheerful harte.
Hir smyl wolde lighten e'en the darkest daye,
It hath that qualite of sunnye raye.
Yet if she be in strange compaignye,
Quiet she stands, along with downcaste ye,
For she be feared of folke unbeknowne.
In compaignye with freendes of hir owne,
Amyable she be and fulle of funne.
She never wishe harme to anyone,
And loves any creatur with furre.
A kinde harte is parte of hir nature.
And cats especiallye hir favorites be,
That never come within a foot of me,
But sleepen in hir lappe easilye,
With calme breeth and tightly closed ye.
Although she be a talle and slendre lasse,
She seemes smalle, hir bones frail as glasse.
Ful graceful be hir movements and hir walke,
She minds me of a sparrow feared of hawke,
Or possiblye a meeke and blessed sainte.
Hir face is sweete unmarred by the tainte
Of sin or guilt or common pettishnesse,
Although she has her human faults I guesse.
Ful hastye, sharp a temper have she,
But at herself she mostly madde be.
And though she often angrie makes me,
Because she be so good compared to me,
She mostly be a very goode sistere,
Ne meet will you a better anywhere.



Annie Williams



Carin Laughlin

Fuzzy man falls free.

She was flitty as a bird
In a fir tree waiting to fly.

But on the road she wandered
That iron winter
She felt unwinged and lost,
And envy rose in her
Like fuming snow over
Pinon smoke from doors
She longed to enter.

She could not endure
Her own brightness as old women
In black shawls, bent to the wind,
Endure the dark beads of their days.

Always outside,
Eager, severe, endowed,
And lost as a white bird
Crossing a snow cloud, she walked
The road before closed doors
That wingless winter.

Terrible to be so light,
And unable to rise.

Maureen Creamer





Melinda Cragg

There once was a maiden in the dark days of old.
She waited in a shimmering gown of white for her knight so bold.
She waited for years in her castle grey,
And then her knight from far away
Came down to claim her on a warm day in May.

When she saw him she quivered with fear,
For here was her knight of so many years.
Would he want her? For she wasn't young any more.

The knight saw the lady, and he shouted with joy.
Here was the woman who'd give him a boy.
His love was so strong, he carried her down,
And she rode off in her shimmering gown.

In her office on 48th street, Camilla was becoming restless and excited, then falling into thoughtful trances that her co-workers found hard to interrupt. When five o'clock finally arrived, Camilla flew from her desk, collecting her evening clothes for a quick change in the elevator.

At Kelly's Cabaret, the audience anxiously awaited Camilla, who was appearing nightly. Finally she stepped on the stage, and began her first number, a medley of Cole Porter songs. For over an hour, the audience remained in an enraptured silence, interrupted only by loud applause at the end of each song. When the evening came to a close, Camilla laughed at the audience's reaction to her. The bad weather that greeted the departing theatre-goers couldn't take the excitement out of the evening, as everyone went home, singing in the rain.

Camilla Carpenter

Dearest, dearest, Mr. McNeary,
I remember, many years ago,
sitting in the theatre watching
you and many other wonderful
actors in "The Diary of Anne Frank".
I remember leaving the theatre
promising myself that someday,
some way, I would be on that
glorious stage, hearing my friends
applaud the hard work of me
and those beside me. With-
out your encouragement, your
patience, and your faith in
me, none of it would have
come true. I do not think that
I have ever thanked you as
you deserve, so please allow
me to do so at this moment.
You have instilled in me
a love for the theatre that
I know I shall always
have. Please do not forget
me - I know you will
always remain an inspiration
in my heart. I love you -
Best love,
Camilla





Cathy Cipolla

The waves were breaking on the beach and a cold sea breeze was blowing. Center Street had been crowded all day and she decided to walk to 9th Street. Her salty blonde hair was a deep contrast to her dark tan and blue eyes. She saw some familiar faces and stopped to talk. The sun had been hot and oppressive and they decided to call it a day. They headed towards the Waffle Shop where they discussed their plans for the night. Later that evening at Joe Pop's amid the blaring music, dancing and roaring conversation, she could be heard. "Tequila Sunrise, please."



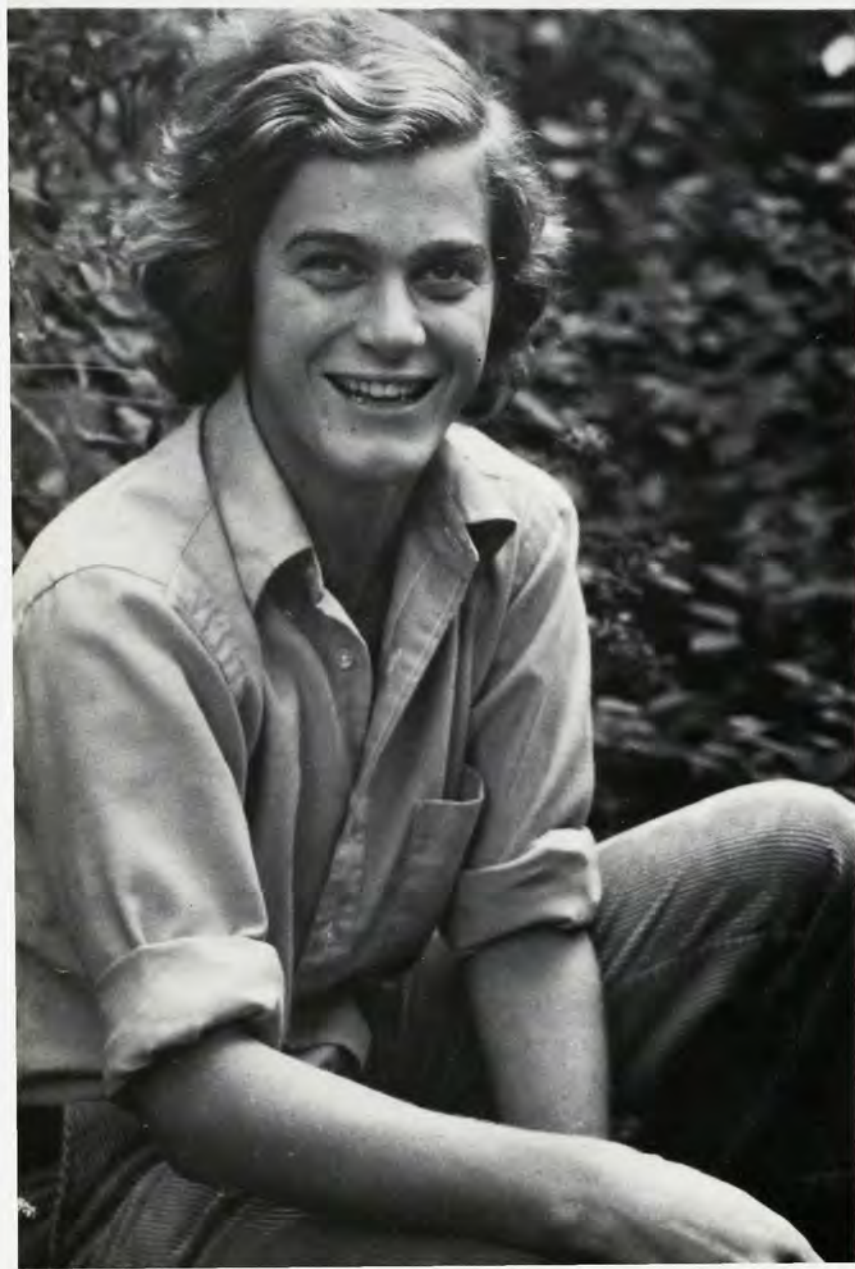
Alexander Lamar

Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre,
but they are more deadly in the long run.
(Mark Twain)

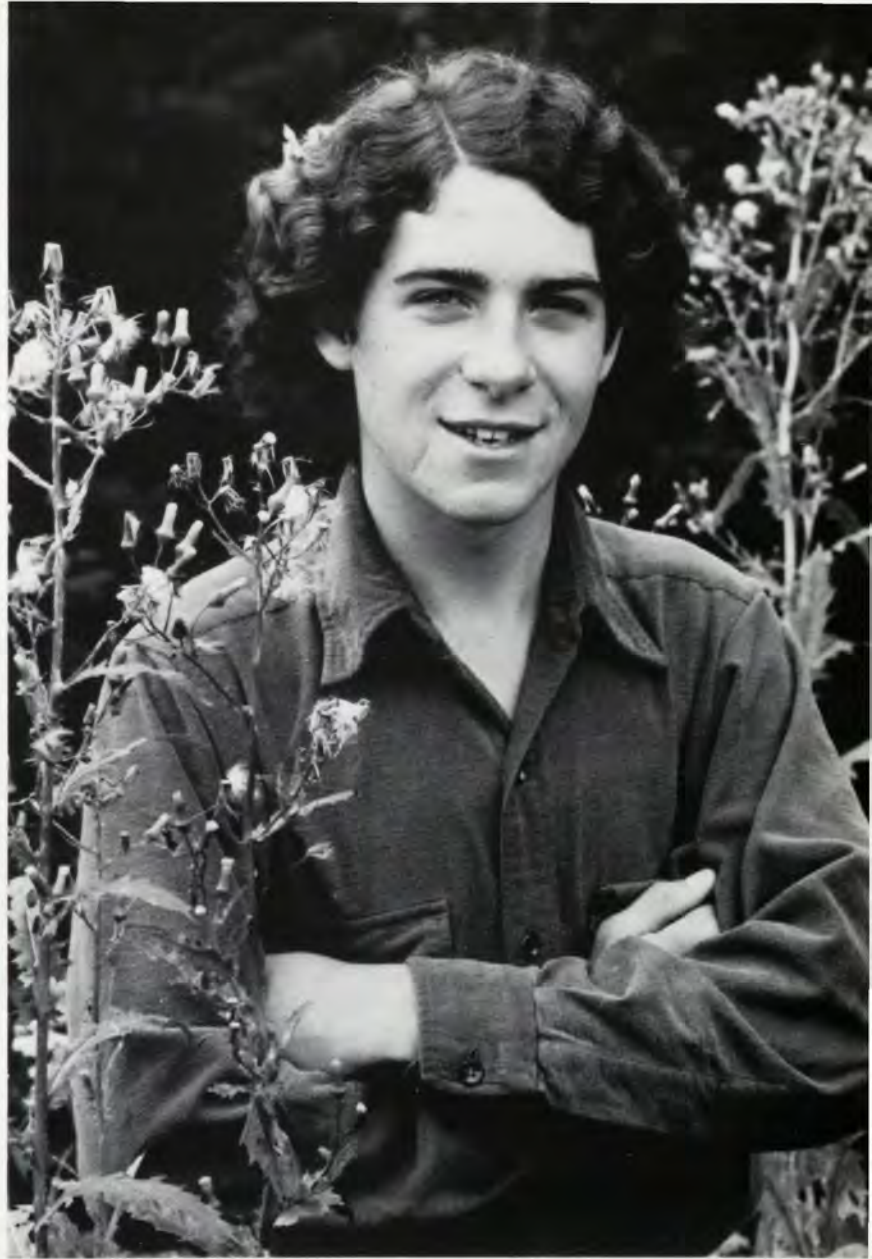
Now you always say that you want to be free . . .
(Norman Meade)

But we knew well that all these fictions were very false. The felt presence of the Star Maker
remained unintelligible, even though it increasingly illuminated the cosmos, like the splendour
of the unseen sun at dawn.
(Olaf Stapleton)

He approached his car, paused, cracked his knuckles, took a deep breath and got in. With the blink of an eye, Keith had revved the motor a few times and begun the long haul to his villa. While attempting to push the button for his private candy machine, he accidentally pushed the ejector seat button. He pulled over to the side of the road, fixed the seat and moved onward. This delaying of his trip angered Keith, so he put on the cruise control and relaxed for a while. Finally, the journey ended. Keith, sweating at the brow but relieved the trip was over, pushed another button and was soon bathing in his tub in the back seat while phoning his girl.



Keith Plapinger



Trip Jennings

New plants, new animals, new crystals, and multitudes of new mountains far higher . . . towering in glorious array along the axis of the range; serene, majestic, snow-laden, sun-drenched, vast domes and ridges shining below them; forests, lakes, and meadows in the hollows.

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other in silence. At last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are you?" said the Caterpillar.

"How should I your true-love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff

And his sandal shoon," she sang as she danced around the mushroom.

"I hardly know, sir, just at present. I knew who I was when I got up, but I think I must have changed several times since then."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself," said the Caterpillar sternly.

"I cannot explain myself, I'm afraid, because I'm not myself, you see. They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table! Did I say that? Being so many different things in a day is very confusing.

"This morning a bird woke me up and I said 'Hello' and it vanished. It was mysterious. So you know what I did? I went over to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times. And as I brushed it, it turned Gold, honestly, then red. And then a sort of deep blue when the sun hit it.

"I'm sixteen years old and everyday something happens to me. When I get up in the morning I touch my eyelids because they are never quite the same."

Julie Sly

I can't believe it's time for this. It's so terribly final. Please excuse me if I drop a few books. You know, I've been thinking - there's a spot in me, not large, but very close to my center. It's about as prominent as a diamond, but soft like pure gold. It's comfortably warm, and it's a beautiful blue-green color. On it is indelibly written, simply "Mr. Mac". I've said these things so many times, and it gets harder and harder to say them each time. Do you have any conception of just how much you've given me? It's as deep as deeper than a well, and wider than a church door. When I get my academy award (hah!) you'll be the reason I thank. There was nothing to me when I was here... now it just might turn out to be my life. It's all thanks to you and Kathy Barry (it was her idea for me to thank you for the Milkshake). "Dear Mac, Dear Mac, I've always loved this world, and yet, and yet.... ~~Yes~~ I love you more than anyone will ever know.

Love, Love, Love, Love, Love
Laurie, Fred, Wendy, Lady Luckin, Jean
MacHard, Mary Henderson (Lorie), General
Assistant and Girl Friday, Haniwa, Sue, Sue
Julie



Dearest Mr Mac.
 Why is it that
 time goes by so fast? It
 seems like only yesterday
 that I tried out for "A commercial
 Breakfast" in 8th grade. Years from now
 I will look back at P.D.S. and remember
 many things, but they all, somehow, have to
 do with the theatre (as you can see by my
 write up) and you. How can I thank you
 enough for all you've done. From picking
 me up from my depressed blues to calming
 you were always there with just the right kind
 of advice. I don't really know how to express
 the way I feel. You have made P.D.S. some-
 thing very special for me and I will always
 remember the Drama Club as the great time I
 had with you. I love you very much
 somehow I'm alright at putting across other
 people's ideas, but not very good at my own.
 I am really at a loss for words
 "I can explain everything" "You don't have to"
 "I'm glad you said that because I can't
 explain anything I love you"
 Much Much Much
 and Danke
 Sin alles
 Laura

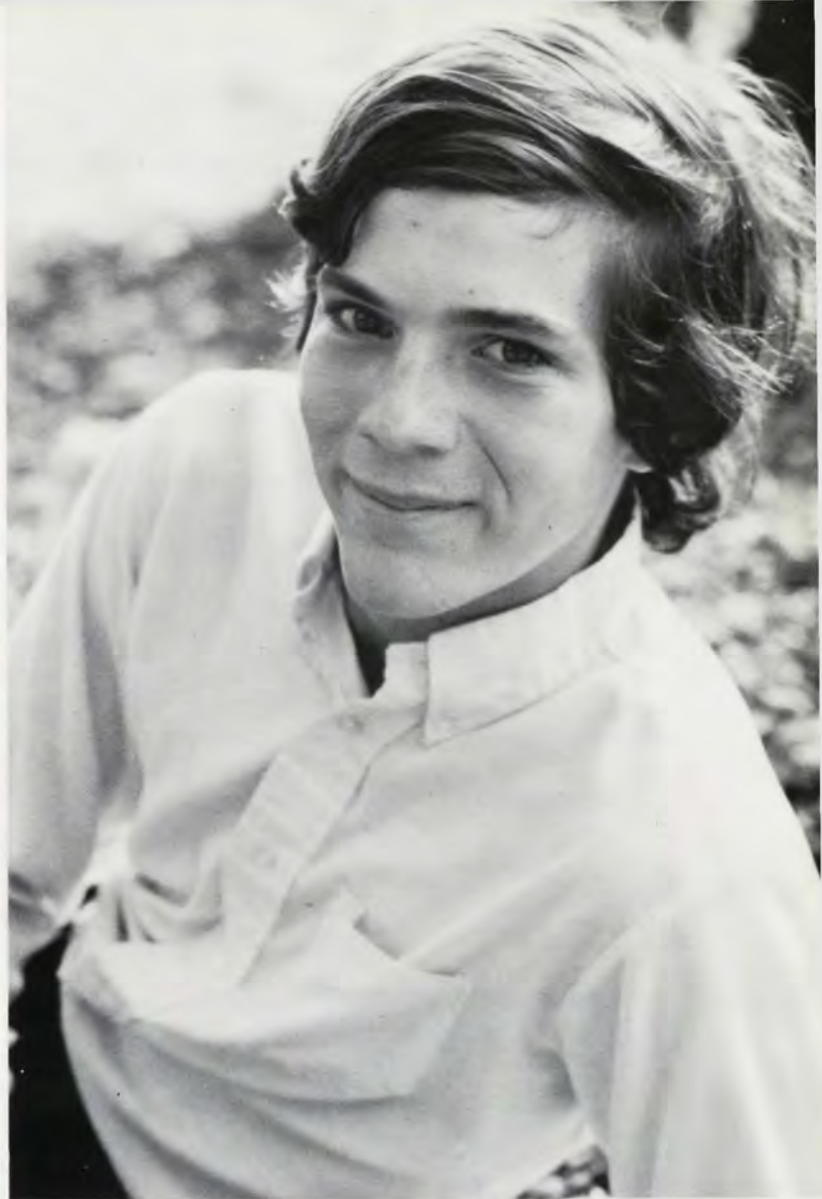


Laura tried as hard as she could to remember what she'd kept in that box. She remembered putting it in the moving van five years before and asking the movers to treat it with special care. Since she was now moving to an apartment it was necessary to throw out as much "junk" as possible. She remembered. A smile conquered her face. She opened the box, lovingly took out a picture, then abruptly put her hands on her hips and screamed, "CHARLIE BROWN, YOU BLOCKHEAD!" She laughed an eighth-grade laugh. Then came out a medieval hat. She began to hum "Soft Shoes," accompanying it with a dance. She fell over her former hope chest that now held only the many sweaters she'd knitted for her children. She began to giggle loudly, then stopped herself, fearing someone might find her and heartily disapprove of a woman her age dancing like a teenager. She was able to keep a straight face until she saw a pair of her father's work jeans which had been confiscated by Kim MacAffee. All she could think of was the time she couldn't get them zipped up on stage. A wig prompted a rendition of "Hubby Gone Blues." She laughed to remember how she'd pretended to be so "straight" all through her high-school years. Too bad she was such a good actress that not many saw what a crazy, insecure, dynamic person she was. In the bottom of the box she saw a gnarled staff. With a witchy grin, "Hit takes spider webs and graveyard dirt, and a ring from the finger of a cold dead hand." Her husband opened the door and said in a fake British accent, "Like to join me in a cup of tea?" She answered suggestively, "You get in first and I'll see if there's room."

You have to laugh 'cause it's all so crazy.

Michelle Pitt





John Hutter

A man said to the universe:

"Sir, I exist!"

"However," replied The universe,

"The fact has not created in me

A sense of obligation."

(Stephen Crane)

"Jeff, the fact is, we need someone to get an interview with that new ski-champ, Jean-Francois whatever-his-name is. He has fifty women falling at his feet, he's the idol of the jet-set female and he just **happens** to be headed straight for the Olympics. I mean, the guy is PRO."

"Yeah, I know, in more ways than . . . But I'm telling you, Bob, we have no one suitable for the job unless—wait a minute! What about that new reporter for the six-o'clock show—Kently, Kendrich, no . . . Kendall! That's it! Miss Kendall!"

"Oh—you mean the cute one in the braids with the neat smile, who's always so tan you'd swear she'd just come back from an eight-day vacation in . . . Antigua or someplace." "Yeah, she's the one. Bob, she is our girl. But she has to leave for London tonight; Jean Francois is only going to be sight-seeing in London another week and then I want her to follow him on his month-long European tour. And in addition to doing a good job, I'm **sure** she will have a great time because I even think—Miss Kendall! Just the person we were looking for!" Miss Nancy Kendall, newly hired reporter for the WBUD sixth-hour news, stood on the threshold of the supervisor's office, hands behind her back, looking innocent yet slightly apprehensive.

"Mr. Bentley, um, about that report of the chess match that was supposed to go on tonight . . . Well—"

"Forget it, Miss Kendall. You're leaving tonight for London to interview and cover Jean Francois something-or-other, new ski pro, on his month-long, European tour. My secretary has just made all the arrangements, including an eight-thirty plane reservation and she has all the information you need. Jean Francois is from Lucerne—by the way, how's your French? Well, never mind, there isn't time. Do you have a valid passport?"

"What? What is going on? What are you talking about?"

"Listen, Miss Kendall, if you don't go home and pack right now you will miss the plane. A WBUD car will pick you up at six-thirty."

"Yes, but—um, well—it's just that I can't exactly . . ."

"Excuse us, Miss Kendall, but there are some details for tomorrow's special that need attention. I hope London's not too rainy, have a good trip, and Miss Kendall," Bob paused for a second and then said winking at her, "keep smiling." The two men left the office. Nancy dropped into a chair, mouth open, astonished. She couldn't possibly go. But then, as she started to add the facts together, she smiled slowly. London . . . nightclubs . . . ski-pro . . . "Well, "she thought," to go merrily to London; it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and jest for a lifetime."

Nancy Kendall



The group of young boys scrambled on the dry, dusty ground. They were crouched around a marble game. It was early morning, but already quite warm. The big oak tree provided a nice shady canopy over the boys and the cool dirt. Sabby was not the best marble player, but he had the best marbles. All the boys admired **his** collection. The game went on until the church bells rang. The boys ran for the big wooden door at the side of the little wooden church. Sabby collected all his marbles off the ground and tried to catch up, tucking in his shirt as he ran. The boys were already seated in the special choir section up front. Sabby was still putting on his robe. His shoes needed tying and were all dusty. He had forgotten to put his socks on, too. His collar felt scratchy, so he loosened it, and walked into the choir section. The church by this time was already filled and Sabby was the last to enter. He didn't look up from his seat. He could feel his mother's stern eyes on him. He lowered his head, pretending to look at the hymnal. The awkward silence was broken as the boys began to sing. Sabby had a golden voice. He sang a solo at Christmas time and Easter. By the time the service was over his mother could no longer be angry with him, especially when he smiled. She couldn't scold him. He had the kind of innocent, radiant smile that made everyone forget his troubles.

Sabby Russo



I waited for her around the corner. Is she coming? She must be coming. I hear her. Those must be her clogs against the steps. She wears things that jingle—bracelets, earrings, necklaces. She's snickering to herself. I'm ready to scare her.

"Hah!" Her books scattered to the floor. "Scared ya, didn't I?"

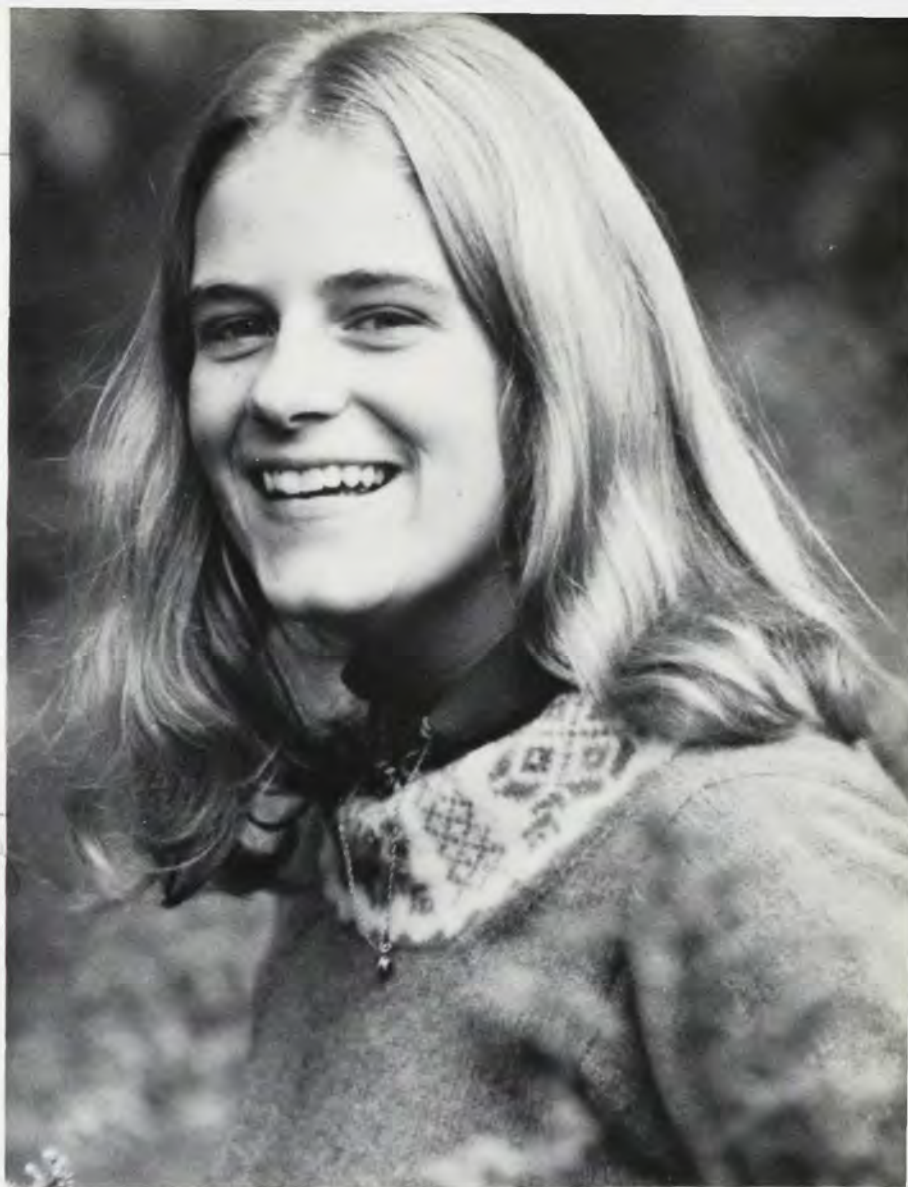
Her blonde shag-cut hair shook negatively.

"Of course not!" She waved a long-nailed hand calmly. "I was just dying for an excuse to drop my books! Wanna try that again?"



Pam Ritter

Dear Mr. Mac,
without your
advice, understanding,
enthusiasm
and warm
smile I know
I would not
have found
the night I
had singing
solo on the
stage. You are
a wonderful,
strong person
and I will
always remem-
ber your helping
hand. I will
miss you.
Love, Lisa



Lisa Bennett

The Mercedes cruised into the yacht club. She slipped out from behind the wheel, sporting her "Lilly" and lemon-yellow "Papagallos." With a self-assured toss of her blonde head, she skipped up the steps of the clubhouse, merrily greeting the waiting contingent of eager young men. Without pausing for small talk, she disappeared into the building. Weaving her way through the luncheon crowd in the lobby, she stepped out on to the veranda. All heads turned as he rose to greet her. With his arm around her trim waist, he led her to the Commodore's table, overlooking the bay. He motioned for the steward, who immediately appeared. Looking up to him with her ice-blue eyes, she smiled sweetly and demurely said, "Tom Collins, please."

Remember yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream. But if in your thoughts you must measure time into season let each season encircle all the other seasons and let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

(Kahlil Gibran)

Jamie Segal





Libby Farr

You see someone wearing a sunny face
You want to know her any way that you can.
Tell her you're just in from Shanghai
And her smile you just can't pass by
(Carly Simon)

I meant to do my work today—
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?
(Richard Le Callienne)

Lisa Bachelder





Liza Tucker

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles: and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

(e. e. cummings)

The value of life lies not in the length of days, but in the use we make of them: a man may live long, yet get little from life. Whether you find satisfaction in life depends not on your tale of years, but on your will.

(Montaigne)

Cindy Hill



The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather loved in spite of ourselves.

(Victor Hugo)

The Hobbit-children of the neighbourhood loved to watch Miss Bella Baggins sitting quietly by her door, polishing her skates. The parents were glad that their children liked Miss Baggins, for she was a very fine Hobbit, and a good example for their children to follow. There were, of course, some stories of some sort of adventure in her past, and there had been those six weeks she had been missing, but as far as the adults could see, Bella was a fine Hobbit lady who lived an exemplary life. The only thing that worried them was her skates, for they seemed a little too elfish for a Hobbit. In all other respects, however, Miss Baggins appeared a perfect Hobbit. She served cakes and tea to large numbers of guests, continually until 5:00 (she was very popular, for her seed cakes were the best under the Hill) and her hole and garden were the best kept in the neighbourhood.

What the parents of the Hobbit-children didn't know was that after 5:00, when the last of the guests had left, Bella returned the uneaten cakes to the pantry (there never were many, but she prided herself on the fact that she never had one), took a small gold key from the mantel-piece, and opened a little door at the end of the hall. Every evening she would sit in this room, looking at her old treasures, her skating dresses, like elfish cloaks, and her scrap-book of her six weeks at Sun Valley. In this book she kept the ribbons she had won, the newspaper clippings and the various ticket stubs from places she had been, and things that she had done. Bella smiled to herself, thinking of the parents of the children, and what they would say if they knew . . .



Lisa Parsons

I live not in myself,
But I become a portion of that around me;
And to me high mountains are a feeling,
And the hum of human cities a torture..
(Byron)

Alice Dunn



It was Halloween night. Everyone was very excited: they were going to a Halloween party. Alice's brothers and sisters were racing around the house and putting on their costumes. Alice wandered around the house gathering the different pieces of her costume. She was to be an angel. She put on her white sheet with flimsy wings attached. She had to wear her pink ballet tights, because she didn't have any white ones. By this time everyone was in the car and ready to go. They honked the horn and called her. Alice lost track of the time while getting dressed. She took her time and daydreamed a bit. She ran down the stairs and outside to the car. Her tiny braids banged against her shoulders as she jumped down the steps. She carried her black slippers in her hand so they wouldn't get dirty or wet before the party. When they got to the party all the children were dressed in elaborate "store-bought" or "mommy-made" costumes. Each child wanted to win the prize for the best costume. All the children eagerly awaited the announcement. Alice secretly hoped that she would win and paused to listen. She didn't win and went back to apple-bobbing. She comforted her best friend who was disappointed at not winning. She said quietly, "I think you look best. I like your costume. They don't count anyway."

Later an older girl came up to Alice and said harshly, "What are you supposed to be?"

Alice answered politely and innocently, "Oh, me, I'm an angel."

"Where's your halo?" the girl snobbed.

Alice, belittled by the girl's comment, lowered her eyes to the floor. But Alice truly did have a halo. They just couldn't see.

Alice Rodgers





John Boyd

J.B. was out on his bike riding through the cliffs at Monterey. When he was on his bike nobody could touch him. He was on top of the world, living the only way he knew; loving to push himself to the limit. He was really riding hard today; just his head, the bike, the road, the curves, the cliff, and the end.

Death was no object.

"Hey friend, I have two things,
Two things I want to see.
A diamond ring and a little toy;
Now which will you take from me?"
"I'll take the toy, my friend," he said,
"And thank you," with a bow.
"For a diamond is forever
But the little toy is now."
"But friend, you know the ring is gold,
And men, they say it's dear.
Why'd you leave what others want?
It's that I want to hear."
"But friend, if I have what others want,
They'll hate me and they'll say
I think I'm better than they are.
Oh! leave that thing and play!"



Steve Norris

He picked up the **New York Times**. From cover to cover, it contained a myriad of scandal and corruption. Watergate. Nixon. Haldeman and Ehrlichman. New words had become part of his vocabulary. Covert. Surreptitious. **Subpoena duces tecum**. Others around him had become desensitized by political immorality. He had not. For many, this great American tragedy was an end. For him, it was only the beginning.

Ronald Susswein



broad-brim-hatted boy drives steadily through the street, stopping abruptly at a D.Q. to get a v-shake-and fries before straining to return to a school and a soccer field. broad-brim-hatted boy, now clad in blunt blue denim and a growing grin enters locker room—plays ball—returns to car, a home, leaving three or four passengers at their ho jses. broad-brim-hatted boy can't leave a mirror brother behind.

broad-brim-hatted boy, the man who acts the least, upbraids the most, searches for fame—must dive below. free from fatal facility of octosyllabic verse, broad-brim-hatted boy exists; a monosyllabicman, not monotone. in short (for wit) broad-brim-hatted boy stays in a memory, the warder of the brain, as a laugh, that hat, a car, a dance, a face artist, good sport on court or links, a cigarette, but.

Ted Brown





Claudine Frank

We shouldn't see you sliding excellence from always profusion of ideas we should have thought of but couldn't quite. Crazy girl you sane-veiled, little laugh, you always laugh.

I think you must know everything—"What was that?" always "What did you say?" pick up all the little bits of learning you see scattered.

I call you my crazy girl when everyone else calls you brilliant.

Between the world and me

is a huge, uncrossable gulf.

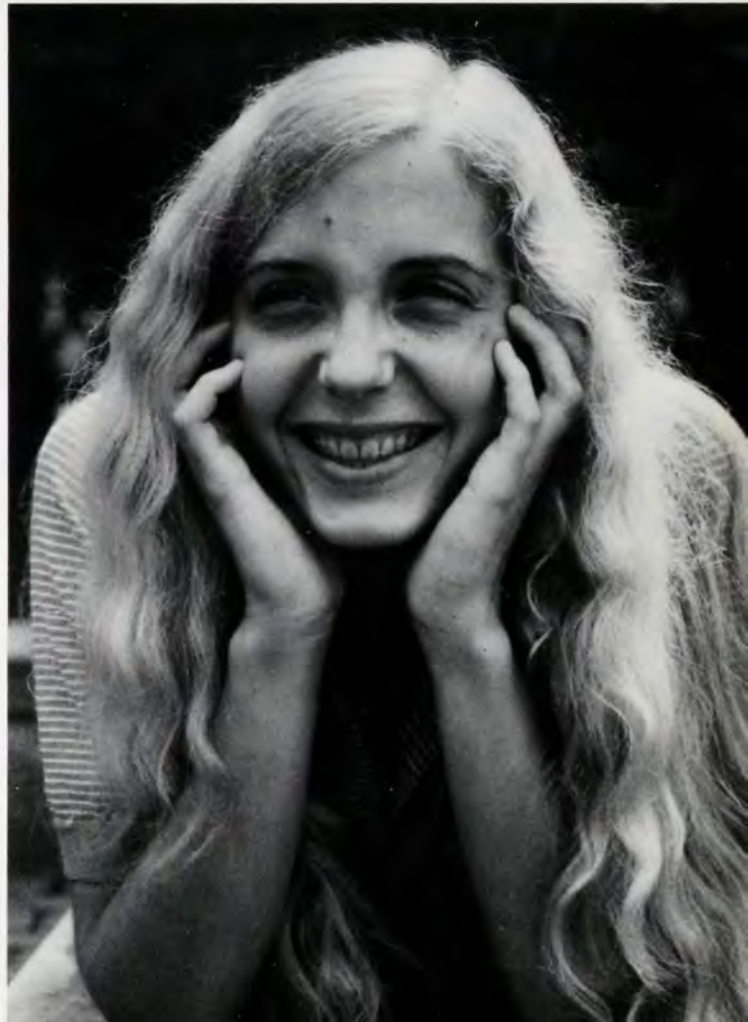
We wave and shout to each other,

but we only can guess at the meaning.

To love one of you means louder shouts and gestures;

their result, the incomprehensible, rocking echoes
of my words.

Wendy Cohen



Don Juan slowly walked around me. He seemed to be deliberating whether or not to say something to me. Twice he stopped and seemed to change his mind.

"Whether or not you return is thoroughly unimportant," he finally said. "However, you now have the need to live like a warrior. You have always known that; now you're simply in the position of having to make use of something you disregarded before. But you had to struggle for this knowledge; it wasn't just given to you; it wasn't just handed down to you. You had to beat it out of yourself. Yet you're still a luminous being. You're still going to die like everyone else. I once told you that there's nothing to change in a luminous egg."

He was quiet for a moment. I knew he was looking at me, but I avoided his eyes.

"Nothing has really changed in you," he said.

(Carlos Castaneda)

Mary Fowle





Liz Penick

Why do I wonder where life is leading?
Time seems to pass without my heeding.
I know that the winter must follow the fall,
but I hardly notice the changing at all.

I think that I'm heading in one simple way,
but then I can see that I've gone astray.
My pleasures and problems they change and they fade,
and things once important now seem inane.

The future, the future, so distant and grey,
It holds me in line and it pulls me its way.
The things that I hope for, envision and pray
are changing each minute, each hour, each day.

Although I may wonder from time to time,
Where am I going, how long is the climb?
At last when I reach my final goal,
Will I know that I'm there? . . . How will I know?



John Michael Leyzorek

Earth's gravid belly in its swelling has cracked the recent, fragile sediment of men's presumptive deeds—some walk from land to land across the fissures as 'Liza ran from floe to floe, or as an animal might cross a roused fault, but all unknowing; others fall between the millstone, their missing all unnoticed or explain'd away.

I see: I stand with feet wide spread, or walk with sailor's rolling gait, and topple not into the slav'ring jaw, the birth-pang teeth. The new, crouched in world's womb does flex its haunches, resting; coils for the spring (no look before this leap).

Am I, will I join, or will I fight and fighting, conquer it?

The wind begets a million ripples in ten thousand banners, and as each ripple comes to term at leeward tip, each banner snaps. With smoking nostrils flared to bite of chill unformed air, I scan the field for sign of foe or friend or fiend or what, I do not know. But I will meet it.

LOST AND FOUND

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Chris Aall | Tom Henry |
| Mayo Adams | Nancy Hobler |
| Robert Andresen | David Jackson |
| Kit Barrett | Ethan Johnson |
| Kemp Battle | Mike Jones |
| Charlie Biddle | Kathy Kane |
| Becky Borden | Henry Lane |
| Bobby Brinkerhoff | George Lee |
| Sara Bristol | Noah Levy |
| Sandy Buck | Margaret MacDaniel |
| Glenn Burke | George Mayzell |
| John Comly | Jamie Morgan |
| Bill Donaldson | Arriane Mulsant |
| Coulter Duncan | Fairley Myers |
| Glen Ely | Priscilla Nawn |
| Frank Erdman | Reid Peters |
| Doug Farr | Richard Reynolds |
| Martin Fike | Phoebe Spackman |
| Sam Finnell | Greg Spears |
| Chris Fraker | Greg Stoka |
| Marc Fryer | Dean Stork |
| Marquita Fuchs | Glen Straube |
| Lisa Gell-Man | Andy Tomlinson |
| Charlie Goheen | Betsy Thompson |
| Michael Grosz | Gar Waterman |
| Owen Hart | Lucy Whittemore |

Amy Wood

| name | favorite expression | wears | bête-noir | consumes |
|-----------|---|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Jill | Jeanine! | white tennis sneakers | Dr. Ross | apples and yogurt |
| Libby | everybody's picking on me | boots | bombardment and the back-seat | attention |
| Trip | everythings under control | hiking boots | cross-country | pretzels |
| Liz | Hei daq! | corduroys and sneakers | math | coke |
| Diana L. | I'm sorry | wrap-arounds | dumb jocks | anything, but never gains |
| Philip | ha ha ha ha ha ha | a head | garbage cans | absurdities |
| Fran | ya know? | a pencil in his ear | free time | iced tea |
| Lisa T. | I do not! | black leotards | curfews | tuna + ring dings |
| Linda | goodness! | dresses | the bus | French Fries |
| Keith | Mr. Pears, who programmed the computer? | unmanageable hair | gum | beer |
| Mary | gee, that's swell | leotards | S.A.T. forms | yogurt |
| Doug | I'm so tired! | well | decisions, decisions | knowledge |
| Trina | OH H H H! | turtlenecks | homeroom | vegetables |
| Ricky | come on! | a French hat | the rat-race | powdered milk |
| Cyra | oh, Christ | no shoes | pushy people | ice cream and shrimp |
| Evan | No, that's not right | orange tree toms | A.A. | Hi-C |
| Wendy C. | Atttt! | enormous wooly sweaters | math | awful breakfasts |
| Pam | that's nauseating | tight sweaters | the limps | when no one is looking |
| Ron W. | I know so | fancy clothes | homework | whiskey sours |
| Anne C. | dear, what were your scores? | faded crazy horse shirts | Lawrenceville dances | TAB |
| Jean | goodness gracious | argyle socks | Jean Ann | pencils |
| Palmer | literally | pants | greasy hair | guitar strings |
| Cam | That's so cool | the dumb kind of wallabees | only one girl at a time | goals |
| Jeff | Huh? | grey socks and fake wallabees | cross-country | jelly sandwiches |
| Lisa Bach | I'm just teasing! | fair isle sweaters | dirty hair | milk + honey and iced tea mix |
| Werner | that is good | his four year-old "lizard" shoes | short pants | a huge lunch |
| Zander | beat 'ya | clothes | bad grades | hamburgers |
| Steve | hey, beefster | sneakers | low pressure zones | nothing good for him |
| Jamie S. | oh, no-oh! | yellow sweaters | S.A.T.'s | chocolate-chip cookies |
| Wylie | you dip! | sweaters and pants | homeroom | Instant Breakfast |
| Lisa P. | People! | long skirts | frizzies | time |
| Julie | SERIOUSLY | an 18th century apron | corny lyrics | theater tickets |
| Joan | Oh, sure | a close-up smile | pass the ash | TAB |
| Loreen | I don't want to do it! | a blush | society | health food |
| Camilla | ♪ ♪ ♪ | wild socks | her gullibility | bologna |
| Alice R. | huh? | turtlenecks and expressions | English papers and impatience | whatever is around |
| Sabby | clown-off | confederate surplus pants | school/work | Kellogg's sugar pops |
| Alice D. | ai-yai | bare feet | her middle name | green peppers |
| Sheryl | Now wait a minute! | bright clothes and pleated shirts | the grape-vine | Ketchup on rye |
| Carin | oh, rats! | pucci underwear | smart people | TAB |
| Debi | jeesus! | Indian scarves | rules | peanut butter cups |
| Polly | god, that's horrible | a velvet jacket | monday morning | gas |
| Eleanor | I'm so embarrassed | an innocent smile | "Give me a bite!" | banana splits and TAB |

| laughs at | EVOKEs | can you imagine him/her | passion | will probably end up |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| everything | a whirlwind | organized? | getting a license | lost |
| Cole and Trina | teasing | with a guy for longer than 1 week? | Monet! | a military chef |
| class meetings | work | responsible | stereo music | in Tibet |
| Wyle and Bugs Bunny | a puppy | drunk? | Sweedish | a fossil |
| her klutziness | a B-bop | a confident driver? | Winnie the pooh | a kindergarten teacher |
| community council | Philip | a plastic baggie? | a good piano | dead |
| nothing | John Connolly | relaxing? | details | Frank Lloyd Treves |
| John Bragg | a Rustie | in the roller derby? | floppy hats | the Czar's wife |
| Cindy's fingernails | a librarian | not doing her homework during assembly? | Trenton High's basketball team | a telephone operator |
| everything ridiculous | perfection | actually studying? | the accelerator in his Oldsmobile | back in Hiltonia |
| things that ARE funny | dancing | a racing car driver? | Chip | an eccentric schoolteacher |
| jokes | a day off | worried? | starting a soccer game | Chief tour guide for the Pyramids |
| Libby | sometimes | a priss bomb? | outdoors | out west |
| the Weber | emotion | completely content? | skiing | living in France |
| stupidity | a stallion | a ballerina? | the perfect crime | with ten children |
| obnoxious girls | stalwartness | flustered? | Key Club | under the influence |
| Elliot | a sheepdog | awake? | the theater | a janitor at the Met. |
| gossip | a squirrel | not telling her stories? | short guys | in an asylum |
| Evelyn | success | a priest? | onion rings | in pro basketball |
| inferior intellect | insanity | a playboy bunny? | improved average | with a nervous breakdown |
| Alice's insane comments | a cover girl | unclassy? | Georgette Meyer novels | a road crew worker |
| old times | morticia | with a snag? | banana surprise | in the Guinness Book of World Records |
| Camilla | a knight in shining armor | in a tu-tu? | at least 3 at a time | in big trouble |
| Fran | agelessness | pro-Nixon? | caricatures | a political cartoonist |
| being teased | a chirpy bird | a freak? | the smart, preppie, athletic type | running for president |
| women's lib | interest | with a N.J. accent? | cross-country skiing | American |
| stupid people | a mathematical genius | modest | what? | in Princeton |
| irony | a we | going Ivy league? | anything pleasant | destroying the world |
| herself | meditation | an optimist? | Camp | at Radcliffe |
| PDS | silliness | a debutaire? | sammy | ☆ |
| uncoordination | a swiss sheep | a drag racer? | skating | a missionary in Outer Mongolia |
| Mr. Jacobson | a yogurt-filled croton | running a kennel? | Robert Cohen | the singing Nun |
| Jamie | a b-bop | as Florence Nightingale? | Gene Kelly | a nurse |
| Maureen's laugh | confusion | a typical "Burg"er? | her plants | in a commune |
| Cole | singing | unanimated? | Porter and Kelly | backstage |
| funny things | innocence | an only child? | an empty house | running an orphanage |
| Alice | the jolly green giant | short and fat? | ELSA | a shepherd |
| the strangest things | Snow White | at a N.Y. society ball? | Pogo | in a pool hall |
| Pam's weekends | "Jew... ish" | a woman of ill repute? | Mr. Bonaparth | back in Junior 3 |
| Michelle | crazy moments | a mad scientist? | Harvard | in oblivion |
| speed limits | + nomadic tendencies | married? | Rob and Dave | a Polish go-go dancer |
| Cathy's spazziness | a fawn | a big mama greaser? | Wee Kends | a stock-car racer |
| life | being anywhere but here | a nun? | Paul Newman | a belly dancer |

| name | favorite expression | wears | bête-noir | consumes |
|--------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|---|--|
| Cathy K. | god damn it! | a suede jacket | shrunk bloomers | coffee |
| Nickie | knock it off! | her horse chestnut | M.C.P.'s | French literature |
| Beth | I have so much f*****work! | grey corduroy jacket | Schedules | gauloises |
| Ron Suss | nothing appropriate | white levis | losing at chess | cafeteria rejects |
| Terry | Hoo o o o o o! | clashing sweaters | Physics | yogurt and milk |
| David | take it easy | his father's jackets | After-school practice | Jim's chocolate- chip cookies |
| Mike | hold it a second | his shorts and sandals | not knowing a secret | sunflower seeds |
| Amy | the thing is... | white underwear | confusion | vegetables and fruit |
| Tim P. | I am the greatest | a grin | spelling | beer |
| Laura | What am I going to do? | dresses | Girls gym dept. | tomatoe antoes |
| Meriel | Allright! | pleated skirts | driving a stick-shift | cream cheese on toast |
| Bill | !?(*-j)-!* | Moccasins | The English Dept. | coffee and Trident |
| John L. | To the East! | fatigues | Civilization | anything |
| Claudine | Oh my god | an intelligent look | people asking her questions about French | celery with cream cheese |
| John Bragg | hoo o o o o o! | cowboy boots | shaving | epod |
| Melinda | but you guys | a smile | math | apples |
| Cindy | Gosh, you guys | a blue bathrobe | Princeton housewives | 90-go pills |
| Ron Smith | Suffer | whatever's handy | being on time | cigarettes |
| Ariane | no, no, no, no! | a gorgeous smile | Sundays | tea, milk & chocolate |
| Cole | What is happening? | invisible underwear | female resistance | flesh |
| Jeanine | Jill! (giggle, giggle) | size 5 | sophistication | ice cream |
| John H. | Ya think so | sneakers | curfews | French fries |
| Lisa Bennett | Hullo | sweaters | germs | after a party |
| Ted B. | you know it | anything to be noticed | DeVito | hoagies |
| Wendy F. | hi toots | pants | a 4 in honors math | coffee |
| Maureen | you bast*rd, you! | tracks | Pops, alias Flash Gordon | Heartland |
| John Boyd | Death is no object | out jokes | minority groups | BUD |
| Jamie P. | hi toots | sweaters | rationality | peanut butter and jelly and vocals |
| Diana R. | choo-choo | borrowed clothes | crowds | homemade bread |
| Evelyn | Ok now | Charlie | nothing | chocolate ice-cream |
| Barbara | Oh, come on! | blue | "Babs" | Ring ding juniors |
| Teddy T. | a certain party | bright colored socks | borinq summer evenings | cheese sandwiches and beer |
| Jim | you clod | green pants | Doc Ross | physics books |
| Michelle | Oh, my God | new shoes | diets | chef's salads, coffee, and cigarettes |
| Timmy H. | Allright, fellas | sexy shirts | PDS girls | Tony Grant girls |
| Ted D. | did you say something? | blue corduroys | Pintos and other American cars | everything all the time |
| Cathy C. | what a sleeze! | assorted bamboo slaps | fat stomachs | Hot'n Garlic |
| Tom | deal the cards | short pants | wise guys | hamburgers |
| Nancy | hi, cutes! | braids | vegetables | brownies, tuna sandwiches, & popcorn |
| Anne W. | utterly despicable | corduroys | court #6 | helps |
| Janet | that's absurd | corduroy pants | having to stay at PDS till 1 PM | anything |
| Irene | Tally-ho! | anything | noisy chewers | tea |
| Class of 174 | who's leaving now? | out their welcome | being told no | anything alcoholic |

| laughs at | EVOKES | can you imagine him/her | passion | will probably end up... |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|
| given, her dog | a sheepdog | a nun? | skiing, hiking and camping out | a yiddish-a-mama |
| Terry | cheerfulness | a housewife? | art | editor of Ms. French |
| wherever she doesn't cry at | understanding | with peace of mind? | jitterbugging | a lawyer |
| tragedies | sick humor | stoned? | sci-fi and trivia | in politics |
| Mr. Lott | a carrot | bald? | history | committed |
| Peterson and Winke | apologue of locusts | in the M&D centerfold? | Godspell | in Israel |
| cole | perfection | submissive? | does he have one? | the same |
| Keith | independence | admitting she is wrong? | Michaels | a Latin major |
| community council | curiosity | a soda jerk? | confusing people | secure and happy |
| the brass section | warmth | getting drunk? | unprintable | entertaining live at Washington's Crossing |
| Steve Mantell | Indian mystique | orphanized? | Fred Astaire | the Great American Critic |
| Meriel Joan | a destroyed nervous system | without hot coffee? | pulling apart styrofoam coffee cups | slightly eccentric |
| temptation | a passionate lover | illiterate? | polysyllabics | a florist in downtown Cleveland |
| Alice + Jean | tousled hair | Americanized? | rockin' & boppin' | gay |
| dirty personal comments | insanity | a hockey player? | the second grade | with eleven children |
| Wylie | mommies | working for ZPG? | love novels | holding a teacup with her pinky sticking out |
| herself | goofiness | sane? | ▽▽▽▽▽ | a pool hustler |
| the other Rons | L.H.H.T. P.F. | a philosophy professor? | pool | a soccer player |
| Cole | French | not smiling? | American boys | a good father |
| Michael | Tenderness | without a girl in mind? | the chase | with a large family and 30 pairs of shoes |
| Dr. Ross | insanity | a lawyer? | Johnny Bench | setting the new land speed record |
| Fran | confusion | a hermit? | throwing darts | Gloria Rasputin |
| Bill Ryan | a milkmaid | a man major? | blonde hair and forefingers | peniless, but happy |
| his driving | the giant mad sea-monster | without a wise crack? | gall | a PDS post-graduate |
| Mr. Gregory | the lazy intellect | falling? | rugby players | behind bars in Cadwalder Park |
| Lori's stupidity | Stuyvesant | serious? | New Mexico and crackers | that's true |
| the wrong times | places to hide | smart? | Dual Honda 4-million | an marriage counselor |
| Straut | laughter | 6'7"? | blondes | a groupie |
| Jann and the speed queen | a rabbit | home on a weekend? | dabblers and bass players | very important |
| anything | smiles | frowning? | chocolate | a world-renowned marine biologist |
| Jeanine and Jill | serenity | head of a debating team? | quiet | rich |
| Michael Gross | a Marlboro Man | without the Mazda? | Motorcycles | at the bottom of a rappell (lying on his head) |
| Dave's noon shot | noise | complimenting someone? | Country Joe | a playboy bunny |
| everything | laughter | braless? | older men | with the Oakland Raiders |
| Lisa Bennett | a smile | a sour puss? | his body | pole vaulting |
| only 3 lunch cuts | string beans | fat? | skiing | on a surf board |
| Keith | a California girl | short and fat? | the shore | a bachelor |
| Dr. Ross | Minnesota Fats | a lover? | poker games | in a coppertone ad |
| anything and everything | happiness | tall? | good times | at home |
| her own "withicisms" | Murray | a burlesque queen? | beating boys in ping-pong | divorced |
| the unusual | the outdoors | poor? | gadgets | beating up midgets |
| Mr. Sears | a bibitch quick | writing dog stories? | cointreau | working at the D.C. |
| The Rulon Millers | the blues | quiet and organized? | being obnoxious | |









REMEMBER . . .

Kindergarten at Miss Fines; Nancy and Jamie Paterson marching with the May Day Queen; someone dyeing his milk blue; the operetta **Jogi and the Dragon**; boys playing Miss Mason's in soccer and winning; working with rods in 2nd grade; a mural of James and the Giant Peach; Mrs. Smith's fairy tales on the 3rd floor; boys chasing the girls and putting them in prison; the Halloween Parade; moving to a new school in 1964; being the first class to have boys K-12; Aesop's fables: (cast if necessary); 4th grade Christmas pageant; the trip to the Philadelphia Zoo where Janet got lost; "Simon Says" in French and spelling bees with Mrs. Illava; wild-flower hunting in the woods with Mrs. Barclay; extra recess with Mrs. Dowey; dancing the Virginia Reel with Mrs. Gilbert; being the first class to graduate from Lower, Middle and Upper School; 4th-Grade graduation, the girls wore corsages and the boys wore little blue flowers; Mrs. Peck and grammar books; "Good Morning" songs to Mrs. Conroy from Nancy, Camilla and Diana Roberts; Mrs. Conroy's fairy tale test; the Medieval banquet; going to the Cloisters and St. John the Divine; Mrs. Roberts' History classes; the French play; Jamie Paterson and Diana Roberts winning the dancing school contest; Mother Vogt; science with Mr. Sawyer; juice and cookies for recess; the 7th-grade picnic with the 4th grade; the treasure hunt; making \$100 for Biafra with a bake sale; the first dress-down days; Mrs. Vogt's **Little Women** play with Annie, Beth, Katherine, and Helena; Mr. Hillman for detention; chipping in to buy Camilla a going-away present; Sheryl falling on the ice and getting knocked out; Miss Penny and Mrs. Kerman for gym; study hall permission slips; the ghetto game in history; Mr. Lea's Latin class; Mr. Jones and his nettle patch; the Gettysburg trip and buying water-guns, hats, and love comics; the 8th-grade play (various skits); when the learning center was built and Middle School became Upper School and Upper School became Middle School; Mrs. Shehadi and Mr. Reimers as home room teachers in 9th grade; Miss Hartz; Bible class with Mr. Reimers; Mr. McCaughan's Ancient History trip; four French teachers in 9th grade; the heat day; Mr. Barren; the ski trip to Camelback; Wapwallopen in 9th and 10th grade; the biology trip; Mr. Jones and his 10 pointers; voting to take a vote in 10th-grade homeroom; Mr. Gregory's first college lecture; girls being able to wear pants; 10th-grade homeroom with Mr. VanDusen, Miss Lockhart, and Mr. Cragg; Mr. Lott's diagrams; the trip to Blairstown and Dr. Ross falling in the lake; the French trip to the museums in New York; the class trip to see **The Beggar's Opera**; John Leyzorek, Jeff Field, Fran Treves' drawing on the blackboard; chewing gum in 11th-grade homeroom; Mr. Tibbals and Mrs. Rulon-Miller as 11-grade homeroom teachers; Hat Day; the flea market; senior privileges; college acceptances . . .

THE CLASS OF '74 LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

- I, Richard Fein, do hereby bequeath to Doug everything in my room.
- I, James Wittke, will all of my writings to **Mad**.
- I, Meriel Burtle, do bequeath to Ellen Albert a typewriter and Bacardi.
- I, Diana Roberts, will backstage passes to group boop #3.
- I, Tim Platt, leave my bus seat to Tom Toth.
- I, Cyra Cain, do hereby bequeath the "black bomb" to Keith.
- I, Alice Dunn, leave French grammar to whoever understands it, and the next fullback to Abbie Chilton.
- I, Lisa Bachelder, do hereby bequeath to Cary the Fair Isle Company, and all her clothes I have claimed.
- I, Jill Goldman, do hereby bequeath to Mr. Bing two million boxes of tissues.
- I, Eleanor Funk, leave my chicken to Virgie and my singing to the hockey team.
- I James Paterson, do hereby bequeath "sobriety" to Ditch Gordon.
- I, William L. Brown, do hereby bequeath my sophistication to Marita Ermeguarde Vance D. Sturken VI.
- I, Lisa Bennett, will spring tennis lessons to Kathy Burks.
- I, Maureen Creamer, leave to Witt and Suzanne my splinters.
- I, Ron Webster, leave my basketball ability to whoever can handle it.
- I, Ted Brown, leave my brain to the science department.
- I, Wendy Cohen, do hereby bequeath my attendance record to Mrs. Rulon-Miller.
- I, Ted Dowey, leave my cold to Contac.
- I, Jeanine Figur, will the "Spokesman" and all its headaches to its next unfortunate editor.
- I, Ev Turner, do hereby bequeath my overwhelming height and my bandana to "Cupcake" Bishop.
- I, Lisa Tucker, will my scribbles to Peter.
- I, Cathy, Kindquist, will the Rolling Hill Road speed limit to Linda Farlow.
- I, Steve Norris, leave the weather to Mr. Sperling.
- I, Diana Lewis, do hereby bequeath to Molly Sword a new false tooth.
- I, Jamie Segal, do hereby bequeath a sick "Jer" to Chuck Segal.
- I, John Bragg, do hereby bequeath the second grade to Anne Russell and metropolitan Titusville to Leslie Ring.
- I, Barbara Spalholz bequeath my fish tank to Mr. Robson.
- I, David Straut, leave my father's jackets to my father.
- I, Laura Mali, do hereby bequeath my math book (with answers) to D. J.
- I, Ron Susswein, will to Steve Graff my concert master chair.
- I, Liz Penick, bequeath to Chuck and Sid the front hall.
- I, Joan Merrick, will silk napkins to Ellen Albert.
- I, Sheryl Graff, leave my love to Mlle. Noel.
- I, Teddy Thomas, leave my charm to those girls left behind.
- I, Nickie Pellaton, do hereby bequeath recycling to the next devoted fool.
- I, Linda Owens, do hereby bequeath to Carleen Miller the telephones.
- I, Michael Stix, leave my mind to the computer room.
- I, John Leyzorek, do hereby bequeath the universe to my chosen heir.
- I, Claudine Frank, do hereby leave uncertainties to Dr. Ross.
- I, Polly Hunter, do hereby leave the joy of – to Wittke and Partridge.
- I, Cindy Hill, do leave my wasted time to Caroline and Mary, assuming they'll use it, and the neighborhood tradition to Eleanor K.
- I, Pam Ritter, bequeath, to all my friends, a visit to me in Florida in cold weather.
- I, Fran Treves, leave today to be on time for tomorrow.
- I, Werner Leu, will my Greek ability to Caron Cadle.

| NAME | THROWS CHALK AT | WEARS | FAVORITE EXPRESSION |
|-------------------|--------------------------|---|---|
| Wesley | Breasted | A Pipe | O.K. People |
| Doug | Nonlistening Students |  | Welcome Back |
| Quinn | Modern Languages | Togas | Checkmate |
| Marita | Mr. Robson | Necklaces | The Myosin In The Sarcoplasmic Reticulum |
| Mlle | Commence De | Purple Pants | Tant Pis Pour Vous |
| George | Rod McKuen | Unmatched Socks | Where The Hell Is Everybody |
| Tom | The Floor | A Beard | I Don't Know |
| Dick | Not Paying Attention | Tennis Whites | Zut! |
| The Reverend Carl | Atheists | Expensive Clothes | Adam Begot... |
| Francois | Late Papers | Mod Clothes | Salut |
| Anna | Clutzes | Bear Outfits | Contract |
| Stuart | Slow-Growing Plants | A White Coat | Outside Reading Is... |
| Doc | Blaxill + Eckstein | A Knowing Smile | Am I Keeping You Up? |
| Harry | K's Headaches | A Receding Hairline | Hear Nothing |
| K | The Doublemint Twins | Harry Out | Bachelor, Bash, Bennett, Boyd,... |
| Peter S. | No Smoking Rules | Sandals | That's Really Heavy |
| Alison | Uncouth People | Pearls | Oh My |
| Anne | Jargon | High Heels | Life Itself Illumines Shakespeare |
| Dan | Paper Frizzies | Princeton Ties | NO WAY |
| Chuck | John + Tim | Two-Tone Shoes | I was Really Ticked Off |
| Arlene | Paint By Number | Pants Suits | Why Are You Late |
| Norm | Flying Saucers | A Blue Baseball Cap | Any Bad Pun |
| Alan | Missed Lay-Ups | Turtlenecks | We Have Some Exciting Sports News |
| Lester | Kids | Metallic Green Pants | Let's Get Down To Business |
| Phil | Amherst Graduates | Shoes | Will The Spearmint Twins Please... |
| Whitty | Crooked Lines | Bell Bottoms | Oh Really |
| Beverly | Schedule Changes | Down | Can I Help You |

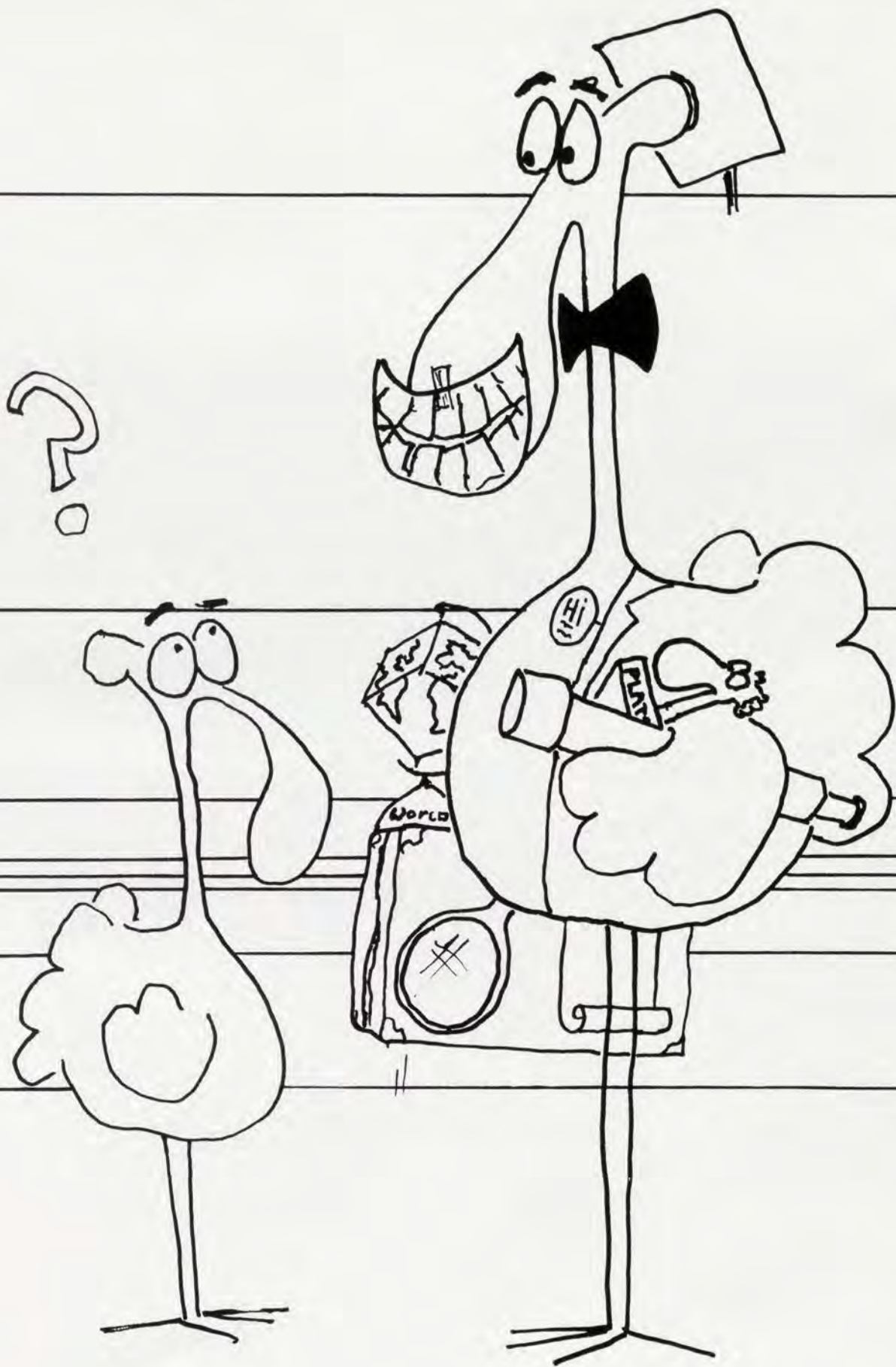
| CAN YOU IMAGINE HIM/HER | PROBABLY BEGAN AS | BRINGS TO MIND | THEME SONG |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|---|
| Unathletic | An Idiom | The Eiffel Tower | "Morning Has Broken Like The First Morning" |
| A Harlem Globetrotter | Spalding | Basketball | "You're In The Army Now" |
| Calm | A PSAT Score | Merry Old England | "Rule Britannia" |
| The President's Chief Chef | A Saint Bernard | TERROR | "I've Grown Accustomed To Your Face" |
| A Playboy Bunny | A Whistle | A Soccer Ball | "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" |
| A Modern Dancer | A Seven Man Sled | Larry Csonka | "Backfield In Motion" |
| A Hippie | A Soccer Ball | A Prep | "Rock Around The Clock" |
| A Hit Man | A Derivative | Boo Boo | "New Math" |
| Silly | A Postulate | Simultaneous Equations | Canadian Mounties' Theme Song |
| Fidel's Amigo | A Cigar | Tennessee Ernie Ford | "Bessame Mucho" |
| With A Brooklyn Accent | A Chili Bean | My Mamma | "I love to live In America" |
| A Concert Cellist | A Roll Of Film | A Mailman | "Koda Chrome" |
| No | An Italian | A Gorilla | "Give It Here" |
| Out Of Shape | A Ten Yard Dash | A Carrot | "Over The River And Through The Snow" |
| All Thumbs | A Chain Stitch | A Kiln | "Tapestry" |
| Without Her Briefcase | A Declension | An Encyclopedia | "Adeste Fideles" |
| A Little Old Winemaker | A Little Screw | Papa Geppeto | "If I Had A Hammer" |
| Loud | A Hockey Stick | A Gym Teacher | "Chicken Fat" |
| On Time | A Dartmouth Admission | PREP | "Pomp And Circumstance" |
| Preppy | Griffith | Rubber Bands | "King Of The Road" |
| A Dangling Modifier | A Copy Sheet | A "3" | "Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep" |
| A Pro Football Quarterback | A Rest | Wally Bruner | "I Can Hear Music" |
| Working For Nixon | A Welsh Cattle Thief | Richard Burton | "Come Let Us Drink While We Have Breath, For There's No Drinking After Death" |
| A Five-Star General | A Private | A Ski Jumper | "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" |
| Sitting Down | A Book bag |  | "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy Of Company B" |
| Virtuous | The Punch Line Of A Dirty Joke | A Porcupine | "Chevaliers de la Table Ronde" |
| In Vaudeville | A One Act Play | Mr. Chips | "There's No Business Like Show Business" |

| NAME | THROWS CHALK AT | WEARS | FAVORITE EXPRESSION |
|------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------|--|
| Noelle | French Students | Sweaters | Comment ça va |
| Janet | Gym Excuses | A Whistle | 5 minutes to get changed |
| Joan | Rush Jobs | Glasses | Hello Dearie |
| Sandy | Meriel | Us Out | I Want To See You In My Office |
| Barbara B. | Miss Baker | Eye Liner | keep Your Eye On The Ball |
| Bones | Economics Class | Corduroy Pants | Boney Says |
| Peter B. | Conservative Causes | Penny Loafers | Give Up The Ball |
| Rudy | Calculus A.P. Class | Saddle Shoes | I Can't Believe You Mean What You're Saying |
| Graham | Lousy Problems | Cowboy Ties | Miserable |
| Marcelino | Señora | Alligator Bottom Shoes | Signe! |
| Nora | Democratic Candidates' Posters | A Smile | You Are Misunderstanding Me |
| Robert D. | Over Exposures | A Corduroy Jacket | It Doesn't Do Much For Me |
| De Vit | Pseudo- Intellectuals | Hot Pants | RUN! |
| Eamon | Cross Country Captains | Green Shorts | It's Only Ten Miles |
| Jeanne | Unwedged Clay | Clay Covered Shoes | Clean Up |
| Elizabeth | No One | A Bun | Translate 50 Lines By Tomorrow |
| Andrew | Sloppy Joints | Australian Jackets | This Is What You Get For Rinky Dinking Around |
| Pamela | Blackboards | Kilts | Ladies... |
| Huson | Seniors | Plaid Anything | Oodles + Oodles Of Nifty Stuff |
| Dale | At Himself | Motorcycle Boots | Quiet Down Quiet Down! |
| Sally | The Link Board | Wrap Around Skirts | Ummmmmm |
| Frank | A + P Music | A Moustache | Stand Up And Sing |
| J. Parry | Illiteracy | Detachable Collars | Jolly Good |
| Clare | The Stratford Trip | Peter Pan Collars | Footnote |
| Gary | Anyone He Can Hit Squarely | L. L. Bean | Moving Right Along |
| Pierre | The Sleeper | A Brush Cut | D'acc |
| Herbert | Rare Intervals | Grey | Try Outs Will Be |

| CAN You IMAGINE HIM/HER | PROBABLY BEGAN As | BRINGS To MIND | THEME SONG |
|---|----------------------------------|--|---|
| Combing His Hair | A Golf Caddy | Socrates | "Long Ago And Far Away" |
| A Taking Lunch Cut | A Farm Boy | Ultra-Brite | "What Kind Of Fool Am I?" |
| Ben Hur | A Laurel Wreath | Julius Caesar | "A Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To The Forum" |
| Letting Class Out Early | A Potential Difference | A Plant | "Every Little Movement Has A Meaning All Its Own" |
| American | A Coquette | Irma La Douce | "La Marseillaise" |
| A Nonparaphrasable Contemplative Thing | An Old Man In The Sea | Anyone But Hemingway | "My Way" |
| Teaching Math | One Of The Seven Dwarves | Birfdays | "Home On The Range" |
| Maurice Chevalier | A French- English Dictionary | De Gaulle | "A Man And A Woman" |
| A Jesus Freak | A Devil Who Worked His Way Up | Collection Plates | "Vatican Rag" |
| In Your Bedroom | A Drunkard | Lots Of Papers | "C'est Si Bon" |
| A Gimp | A Leotard | The Graduate | "I Could Have Danced All Night" |
| In Mitosis | A Poinsettia | Mold | "Tip toe Through The Tulips" |
| Without A Room Full Of Advisees | An Infant | Long Hours Of Frustrating Lab Reports | "Let Me Entertain You" |
| With A Dry Knee | An Exponent | A Hockey Puck | "Kiss Me K" |
| A "Smithie" | A Statistic | $Y = MX' + B$ | "I'm Just Wild About Harry" |
| A Teeny Bopper | A Haiku | The Village | "Natural High" |
| A Burlesque Queen | A Victorian | A School Marm | "Primrose Lane" |
| "Without The New Yorker" | Clump "A" | Wreath Making | "I Have Him On My List" |
| A Rabble-Rouser | A Choir Boy | Teddy Bear | "The Volga Boatmen" |
| With A Small Nose | A Psycho-Analyst | A Lacrosse Stick | "Give Me Some Men Who Are Stout Hearted Men" |
| Submissive | A Sketch | Gloria Steinem | "Color My World" |
| An Astrologer | A Primordial Hydrogen Cloud | A Little Green Man | "Moon Over Miami" |
| Calm | A Bench Warmer | The Decathlon | "Friszy Blues" |
| A Lifeguard | A Smiling Bellboy | Robert Ryan | Brahm's Lullabye |
| A Slow Driver | Little Lord Fauntleroy | A Big Wheel | "Flying Down To Rio" |
| A Revolutionary | A 2 x 4 | T-Squares | "So Long Frank Lloyd Wright" |
| Unorganized | A Course Selection Card | Cheerfulness | "Does Anybody Really know What Time It Is?" |

FACULTY







Headmaster: Douglas O. McClure



Administration : Steve Gilbert, David Frothingham, Joan Baker, Doug McClure, Wes McCaughan, Bev Williams, Sandy Bing, Phil vanDusen. (Missing from picture: Carl Storey, Madeline Weigel, Huson Gregory.)





Language: Quinn McCord, Chantal Callan, Pierre Mali, Nora Cuesta; Marcelino Cuesta, Francois Rieumailhol, Elizabeth Fine, Dan Skvir, Dick Poole, Pat Echeverria, Marie-Louise Noel. (Missing from picture: Noelle Arnold, Pat Fuchs.)



Religion: Carl Reimers.





English: Lois Dowey, Peter Buttenheim, Barbara Howarth, Sally Holben, Peter Sears, Sally Gilbert, Mike Merle-Smith, Clare Lockhart, Dale Griffie, Anne Shepherd, George Packard, John Boneparth. (Missing from picture: Whitney Eager, Huson Gregory, Herb McAneny, Bob Miller, Chuck Simpson.)





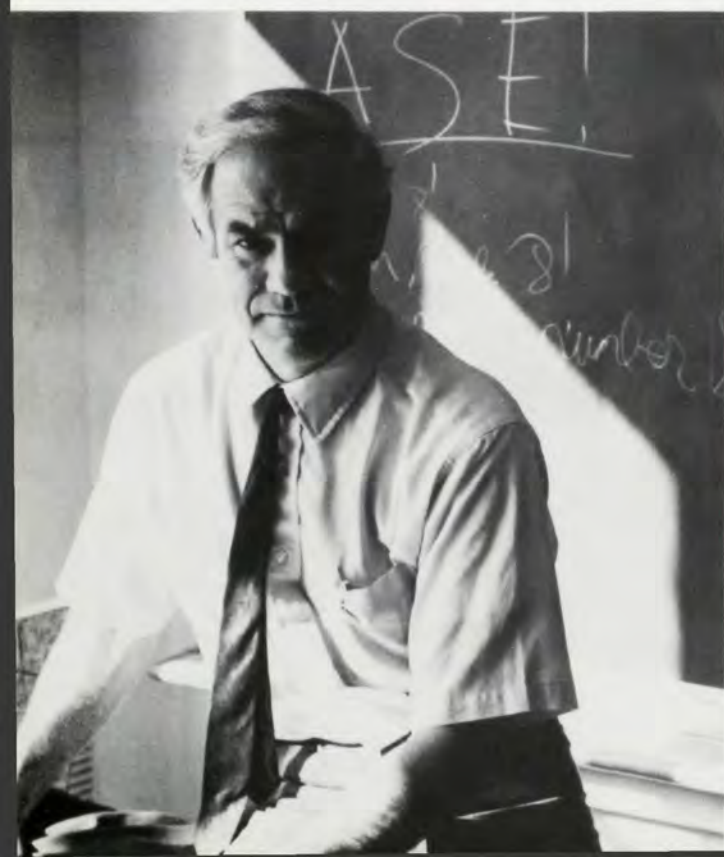
Library: Bunny Webb, Kathy Roberts, Sherry Lausman.

Auxiliary Troops: Suzy Wandelt, Bowie Carpenter, Marge Claghorn, Eva Critz, Trudy Brophy. (Missing from picture: Blanche Waters, Jean Smythe.)





Math: Bob Hoffman, Harry Rulon-Miller, Rudy Carchidi, Larry Kuser; K. Rulon-Miller, David Frothingham, Alison Shehadi, Steve Gilbert, Rene Conroy. (Missing from picture: Graham Cragg, John Howe, Tom Pears.)





Science: Stu Robson, Steve Gilbert, Marita Meins, Frank Walter, John Ross, Norm Sperling, Ruth Kolman, John Jameson. (Missing from picture: Sandy Bing.)





History: Dan Skvir, Peter Buttenheim, Herb McAneny, Anne Rothrock, Wes McCaughan, Eamon Downey, Doug McClure, Parry Jones, Mike Merle-Smith, Bud Tibbals, Gary Lott. (Missing from picture: John Boneparth, Lois Dowey, Bob Miller, Chuck Simpson.)



Book Store Manager: Helen Hill.





Lower School Faculty: Leah Nabhan, Ros Patrick, Madeline Weigel, Sally Paterson; Eleanor Barclay, Barbara Roberts, Ginny Stein, Mag Gilbert, Laurel Bratt, Molly Houston; Comfort Halsey, Nina Francomano, Nancy Miller, Marty Hopkins, Steve Gilbert.

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





Kitchen: Terry Wackley, Kay Voorhees, Marie Kennedy; Silvia Marcus, Irene Tkacs, Barbara Dailey.

Maintenance: Silvio Toto, Ray Carnevale, Steve Sydorko, Antonio Procaccino, Alberto Petralla, Ken Jones. (Missing from picture: Willie Wade, Ed Dobkowski, Barry Worthy.)





Dance: Anna Robinson.



Consulting Psychologist: Ginny Stein.

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

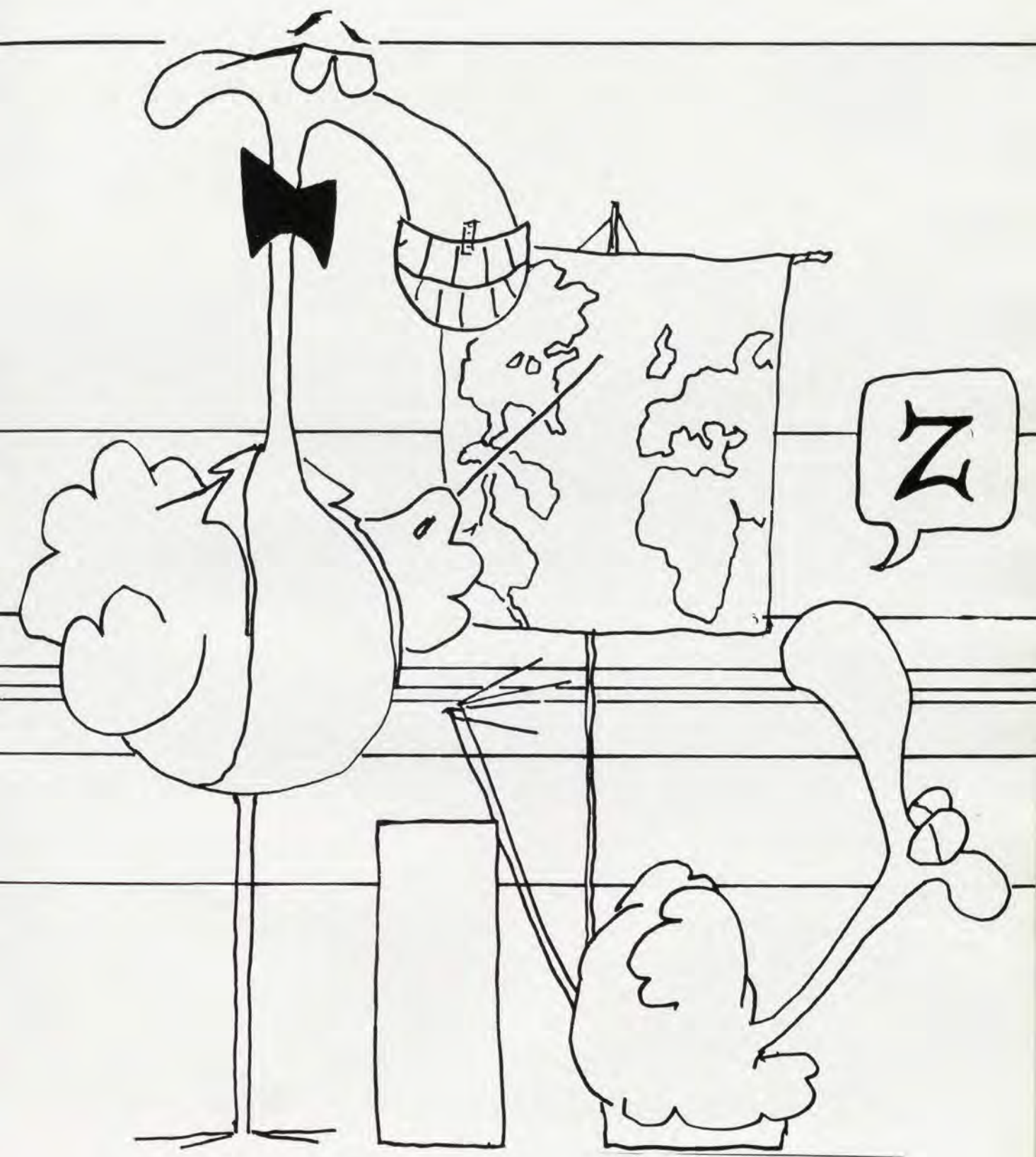






— THE SCHOOL —







Class XI: Livy Delafield, Mr. Cragg, Linda Farlow, Sally Wright, Gay Wilmerding, Jeff Streed; Yuki Moore, Caron Cadle, Gwen Fryer, Hilary Winter, Janet Rassweiler, Stephanie Mezey, Dawn Proctor, Steve Packard, Phil Benson, John (half-hat) Brinster, Ricky Gordon, Marjie Williams, Tim Fabian, Ralph Brown, Jody Myer; Mr. van Dusen, Alison Hopfield, Marget Jacobus, Andy Williams, Ann Tate, Marita Sturken, Bill McClellan, Kip Herrick, Bill Graff, Sally Schluter, David Beckwith, Susi Vaughan, Chris Miller, Kathy Burks, Gary Salup, Molly Sword, Amy Stover, Jane Farley, Amy Ahrens; Chris Cragg, Ruth Barach, Alison Hughes, Lourie Savage, Molly Moynahan, Dan Eagle, Grayson Ferrante, Elliot Pilshaw, Anne Russell, Ellen Albert, Tina Pritchard, John Joyce, Caroline Erdman, Billy Plapinger, Mary Lane, Sandi Davies, Chuck Segal, Jack Bonini, Sandy Lamb, Lucy Gorelli, Eddas Bennett, Glen Russo, Steve Mantell, Mike Young, Keith Thomas, Harvey Wiener, Tom Toth, Paul Goldman, Shawn Ellsworth, Doug Robinson, Carl Briscoe, Alex Shoemaker, Suzanne Bishop, Shelley Gordon, Julie Browder, Judy Goeke.
 (Missing from picture: Greg Bash, Cindy Brooks, Cathy Calcerano, Eileen Carothers, Abby Chilton, Lilly Frey, Robert Gordenker, Jane Katz, Charlie Lifland, Brad Marcus, Jim Meigs, Carleen Miller, Lisa Mitnacht, Janet Quigley, Lars Selberg, Nadine Sobolevich, Marcia Weiner.)



Class X: Cintra Eglin, Caren Ludmer, Creigh Duncan, Alison Barlow, Sarah Dutton, Laurie LaPlaca, Judy Glogau, Casilda Huber, Rhoda Jaffin, Gwyneth Hamel, Barbara Hayes; Peter Taggart, Mark Greco, Eleanor Barnes, Jim Daubert, Joanne Kind, Jonathan Eckstein, Phyllis Gore, Cynthia Packard, Virgie Rodgers; Susan Billington, Eve Cagan, Richard Olsson, Mary Carpenter, Mike Mantell, Mark Blaxill, Phil Thompson, Donna Bauer, Elizabeth Dowey, Elizabeth Partridge, Ann Wittke, Julie Stabler; Ralph Adams, Jennifer Walsh, Lucy D'Agostino, Carol Bundy, Lee Hale, Gabriella Kiss, Davis Yokana, Jonathan Stein, Patty Slee, Aileen Mayzell, Cory Fischer, Susie Pratt; Chris Bullitt, Tom Tate, John Segal, Molly Murdoch, Eleanor Kuser, Ricky Turner, Chris Jensen, Carl Spataro, Tim Frey, Jebby Burns, Billy Erdman, Tommy Moore, Kim Cunningham, Scott Houston; David O'Connor, Sheila Newsome, Sandy Shaw, Bill Uhl, Chris Szuter, Steve Baicker, Steve Judge, Murray Wilmerding, Janet Flemer, Danny Abelson, Carl Erdman; Ann McClure, Billy Baggitt, Billy Martin, Nan Giancola, Leslie Ring, Larry Fong, Sally Lincoln, Joe Feller, Daryl Hicks, Lennie Williams, Greg Matthews. (Missing from picture: Lars Anderson, Sinclair Berdan, Nick Brady, Isabelle Frank, Holly Friedman, Kathy Kehoe, Frank Konstantynowicz, Dana Miller, Andrea Perry, Jill Shaffer, Sally Silk, Jay Trubee, Bill von Oehsen, Dick Warren, Baird Winham.)



Class IX: Lisa Yokana, Carol Katz, Ibby Carothers, Cary Bachelder, Andrea Avery, Sarah Rothrock, Lisa Stone, Sabrina Plante, Ann McAlpin, Becky Hafitz, Jennifer Mezey, Clooie Sherman; Annabelle Brainard, Randy Symington, Barbara Russell, Sandra Benson, Alan Johnson, Jill Migliori, David Mottley, David Shefer, Derek Fields, Sally Ecroyd, Claire Treves; Sarah Williams, Jennifer Carpi, Livia Wong, John Lifland, Ellen Gould, Alexis Arlett, Maria Jansen, Skip Guerin, Bob Dewey, Chris Johnson, Matt Chambers; Tammy Pachter, Jessica Barton, Holly Burks, Jill Walmsley, Jennifer Weiss, Monty Brower, Anne Dennison, Gail Abbotts, Mark Zawadsky, David Lynton, Anthony Knott; George Zoukee, Gina Martinuzzi, Melissa Leach, Ted Stabler, Maria Balinsky, Ann Walcott, Mel Farr, James Mayer, Russell Haitch, Martha Tattersall, David Mali, Quinn McCord, Mark Burrows, Alex Zaininger, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Karin Morganstern, Rachel Abelson, Julia Penick, Christy Black, Chris Russo, Elizabeth Carmody, Max Hartshorne, Allegra Smith; Don Quigley, Rod Paine, Keith Usiskin, Bâbette Mills, Tom Ettinghausen, Nancy Bonini, Val Moyer, Tim Brush, Hope Blackburn. (Missing from picture: Andrew Atkin, Mark Beskind, Phil Billington, Doug Boone, Alice Britt, Daniel Drorbaugh, Philip Glouchevitch, Henrik Gordenker, John Hickling, Libby Hicks, Roark Howard, Simeon Hunter, Beth Johnson, Shaun Kennedy, Fifi Laughlin, David Mackie, Rob McClellan, Leslie Packard, Celia Spanel, Harold Tanner, Tom van Buren.)



Class VIII: Susan Packard, Maggie Gordon, Marc Moran, Steven Cragg, Michelle Plante, Jennifer Chandler, Liz Mason, Liz Schluter, Eric Lynton, Owen Jones, Barr von Oehsen, Morgan Hite, Jon Fabian, Cheryl Cramer, Iola Stetson; Leslie Nicholson, Suzanne Vine, Alison Ijams, Pam MacLeod, Robyn Ultan, Colin Carpi, Scott McClelland, Jeff Ritter, Jeff Patterson, Bob Cottone, Fred Woodbridge, Jon Spiegel, Brian Trubee; Sabrina Barton, Barbie Griffin, Susan Blaxill, Nancy Hollendonner; Alice Lee, Claire Jacobus, Celia Manning, Beverly Banks, Suzanne Pritchard, Jenny Johnson, Heather Dembert, Liam Ward, Jim Jeffers, Rob Whitlock, Don Gips, Andy Sanford, Chip Bristol, Bill Joyce, Jeff Swisher, Marc Kolman, Jeremy Richardson, Jim Parmele; John Brett-Smith, Roger Fried, Dickie Rassweiler, John Wallace, Gifford Souter, Lucy Englander, John Rodgers, Chris Bundy; Hannah Felton, Betsy Murdoch, Alice Bishop, Meg Bailey, Tracy Jennings, Barbara Vaughn, Jay Itzkowitz, Liza Constable, Jeff Nunes, Rob Proctor, Todd Miller, Ann Billington, Bob Habgood, Sarah Strickler, Robert Olsson, Barry Smith, Wells Coalfleet, Lee Ross, Chris Winham, Howard Grannick, Greg Morea, Lucky Pine, Loring McAlpin, Peter Morgan, Peter Mittnacht, Will Stackpole. (Missing from picture: Doug Fitton, Fain Hackney, David Hamel, Ronald Harrower, Lydia Thompson, John Winter.)







Community Council: Mr. Cragg, Libby Farr, Mr. Walter, Ellen Albert, Mrs. Meins, Meriel Burtle, Mrs. Murdoch, Carin Laughlin, Mrs. Blaxill, Trina Kassier, Eleanor Funk, Kathy Burks, Laura Mali, Wendy Frieman, Mrs. Wilmerding, Russell Haitch, Mrs. Lifland, Evan Bash, Sandra Benson, Mrs. Rulon-Miller, Mel Farr, Phil Benson, Annie Williams, David O'Connor, Steve Mantell.

Middle School Council: Janet McAlpin, Liz Wexler, Sharon Pachter, Ellen Ginsburg, Steve Graff, Nicky Donath, Lisa Carpi, Susan Blaxill, Liz Segal, Jeff Patterson, Rodger Fried. (Missing from picture: Catherine Edelman, Shelley Broadway, Drew Rosenberg, David Mantell, Fred Woodbridge.)





A.F.S.: Werner Leu, Jill Goldman, Sally Schluter, Melinda Cragg, Jean Metzger, Caron Cadle, Eddas Bennett, Mrs. Baker, Yuki Moore, Laura Mali. (Missing from picture: Lars Selberg, Sandra Benson, Anne Chooljian, Allison Barlow, Russell Haitch.)

Social Service: Cindy Hill, Eleanor Funk, Cary Bachelder, Lucy D'Agostino, Lisa Mittnacht, Shawn Ellsworth, Ibby Carothers. (Missing from picture: Sally Silk, Joan Merrick, Jane Katz.)





Glee Club: Chapin Carpenter, Jean Metzger, Gay Wilmerding, Rachel Abelson, Jill Walmsly, Cintra Eglin, Linda Farlow, Allison Barlow, Jeanine Figur, Anne Chooljian; Sandra Benson, Marcia Weiner, Caron Cadle, Jill Goldman, Marjie Williams, Yuki Moore, Julie Sly, Janet Rassweiler, Gwen Fryer, Wendy Cohen, Lisa Parsons; Charlie Lifland, Steve Mantell, Doug Robinson, Joe Feller, Tim Fabian, John Leyzorek. (Missing from picture: Melinda Cragg, Mary Fowle, Cathy Kindquist, Ev Turner, Irene Wellington, Julie Browder, Elliot Pilshaw, Sally Wright, Hilary Winter, Leslie Ring, Jennifer Walsh. Lisa Bennett, Cindy Brooks, Eileen Carothers, Daryl Hicks.)

Madrigals: Ev Turner, Mr. Jacobson; Tim Platt, Palmer Uhl, Irene Wellington, Jim Wittke, Julie Sly, Elliot Pilshaw, Mary Fowle, Laura Mali, Chapin Carpenter, David Straut. (Missing from picture: Julie Browder, Wendy Cohen, Mark Blaxill.)





Upper School Library Council: Barbara Spalholz, Melinda Cragg.

Middle School Library Council: Sophie Carpenter, David Harrower, Kathy Harwood, Emily Spanel; Treby McLaughlin, Carla Rubin, Leslie Straut, Liz Cagan, Lee Barclay, Gaye Gilbert. (Missing from picture: Suzanne Pritchard, Abby Stackpole, Diane Barry, Jenny Dutton, Laurie Knowlton, Erica Frank, Muna Shehadi, Gay Barnett, Vicki Howard, Susan Packard, Hilary Bennett, Sharon Pachter.)





Spokesman: Jeanine Figur, Claudine Frank, Jill Goldman, Pam Ritter, Yuki Moore, Russell Haitch; Molly Murdoch, Anne Russell, Ellen Albert, Lisa Bachelder, Sheryl Graff, Bill Brown, Max Hartshorne, Anne Chooljian; Jane Katz, Jean Metzger, Terry Ward, Evan Bash, Alison Hopfield, Sally Wright, Chuck Segal.





Orchestra: Andrea Perry, Linda Owens, Sheryl Graff, Tim Platt, Ev Turner, Laura Mali, Jill Shaffer, Alison Hopfield; Rachel Abelson, Keith Usiskin, Charlie Lifland, Julie Sly, Mrs. Jacobson, Davis Yokana. (Missing from picture: Ron Susswein, Claudine Frank, Isabelle Frank, Werner Leu, Dan Eagle, Alice Dunn, Robert Gordenker, Mark Blaxill.)





Key Club: Sheryl Graff, Anne Russell, Keith Plapinger, Rick Fein, Evan Bash; Libby Hicks, Evelyn Turner, Jill Goldman, Jeanine Figur, Yuki Moore, Ted Brown; Wendy Frieman, Max Hartshorne, Val Moyer, Anne Chooljian. (Missing from picture: Dave Straut, Andrea Avery, Eleanor Funk, Ellen Albert, Greg Bash, Linda Owens, Jane Katz, Pam Ritter, Sandy Davies, Jamie Paterson, Leslie Ring.)



Cymbals: Nicole Pellaton, Isabelle Frank, Becky Hafitz, Don Quigley, Tom Toth, Irene Wellington, Claudine Frank, Marita Sturken, Lucy D'Agostino. (Missing from picture: Phil Shehadi.)

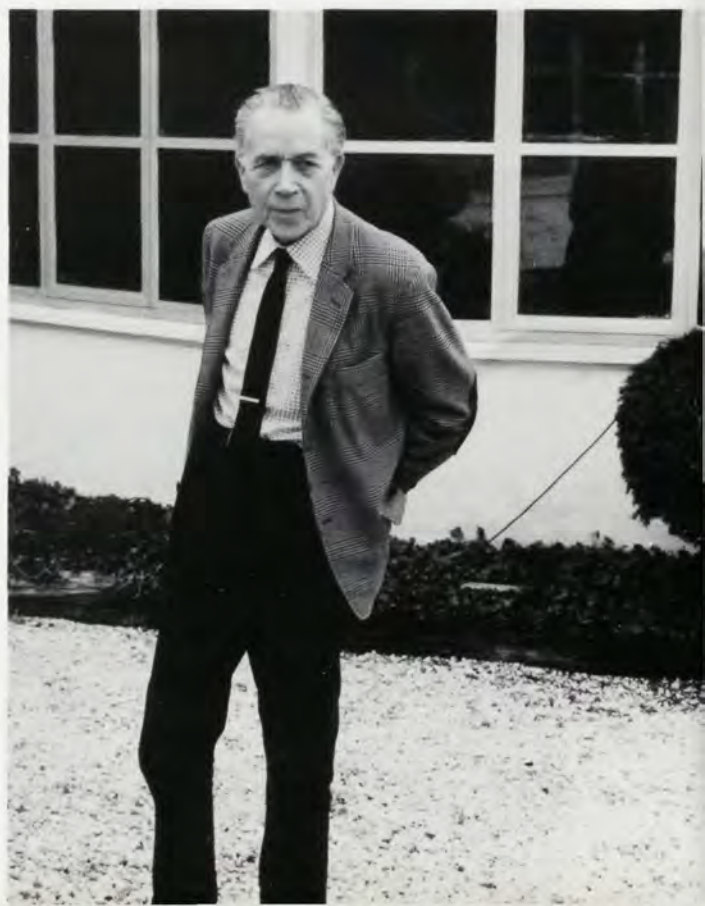


Link: Lisa Parsons, Pam Ritter, Fran Treves, Janet Pritchard, Jeff Field, Jean Metzger, Terry Ward, Jamie Segal. (Missing from picture: Bill Brown, Keith Plapinger, Jamie Paterson, Maureen Creamer, Wendy Frieman.)





Drama Club: Janet Pritchard, Lisa Bennett, Trina Kassler, Ellen Albert, Kip Herrick, Ev Turner, Chris Cragg, Janet Rassweiler; Mr. Jacobson, Mr. McAneny, Tim Fabian, Cam Ferrante, Susi Vaughan, Laura Mali, Evan Bash. (Missing from picture: Julie Sly, Wylie Willson, Eleanor Funk, Ruth Barach, Camilla Carpenter, Phil Thompson.)

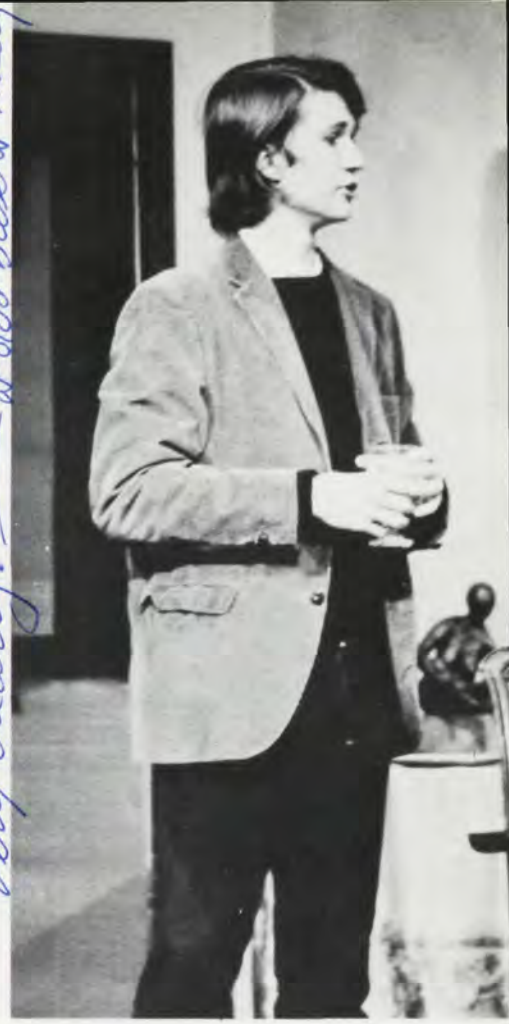




KIND LADY
FALL 1973



Mr. Mac - Writing to all the others so relatively easy. Compared to you because I am quite certain that these (too) few months will you meant more to me than anything else I did last year at P.D.S. ypr. Mac, what can I say? I thank you now. I love you. Very dearly. God bless Mary



I'm not sure that it's how I want this experience
to be immortalized. C'est la vie. It was
wonderful - love, Anne





No No Nanette
Winter 1974







Varsity Soccer: Zander Lamar, Werner Leu, Cam Ferrante, David Straut, Evan Bash, Mike Stix, Bill McClellan; Mr. Bittenheim, Doug Haitch, Fran Treves, Gary Salup, Ted Dowey, Jamie Paterson, David Beckwith; Laura Mali, Ted Brown, Ted Thomas, Rick Fein, Phil Benson, Grayson Ferrante, Cole Harrop, Greg Bash, John Bragg.

J.V. Soccer: Greg Matthews, Tim Fabian, John Hickling, Anthony Knott, David O'Connor, Harvey Weiner, Baird-Winham; Quinn McCord, Tom Moore, Paul Goldman, Glen Russo, David Mali, Carl Erdman, Mr. DeVito. (Missing from picture: Jack Bonini, Joe Feller.)





Athletic Association: Randy Symington, Evan Bash, Annie Williams, Sabby Russo, Carl Erdman, Alice Rodgers, Clooie Sherman, Virgie Rodgers, Suzanne Bishop. (Missing from picture: Ev Turner, Judith Goeke.)

Girls' Varsity Soccer: Camilla Carpenter, Sandra Benson, Lee Hale, Livia Wong, Carin Laughlin, Sarah Rothrock, Sarah Williams, Marget Jacobus, Sabrina Plante, Jennifer Walsh; Lisa Bachelder, Janet Quigley, Nan Giancola, Cyra Cain, Lisa Stone, Ellen Gould, Sheryl Graff, Tina Pritchard, Gail Abbotts, Liz Penick, Alice Dunn, Molly Moynahan, Maureen Creamer, Cathy Kindquist, Clooie Sherman, Abby Chilton, Beth Ross, Mrs. Blama, Amy Stanley.





Ron's 1000'th Point





Cross Country: Nicky Russo, John Winter, Jim Parmele, Giff Souter, Mark Greco; Tim Platt, Bill von Oehsen, Barr von Oehsen, Peter Taggart, Sab Russo, Bill Plapinger, Jim Meigs, Bill Graff, Mr. Downey. (Missing from picture: Keith Plapinger, David Hamel).





Varsity Football: Doug Robinson, Ralph Brown, Bill Brown, Tim Hamid, Keith Thomas, Mike Young, Shawn Ellsworth; Billy Baggitt, Carl Briscoe, Frank Konstantynowicz, Mark Blaxill, Jay Trubee, Nick Brady, Billy Martin; Phil Billington, Ralph Adams, Jebby Burns, Ted Stabler, Jim Daubert, Carl Spataro, Lenny Williams; Tom Ettinghausen, David Mottley, Mark Zawadsky, Tim Brush, John Lifland, Mark Beskind, Don Quigley, Doug Patterson; Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Boneparth, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Miller.





Varsity and J.V. Field Hockey: Marjie Williams, Kathy Burks, Suzanne Bishop, Anne Williams, Anne McClure, Ev Turner, Anne Russell, Anne Wittke, Casilda Huber, Susi Vaughan; Annabelle Brainard, Barbara Russell, Caroline Erdman, Sandy Shaw, Eleanor Funk, Kip Herrick; Mrs. Frothingham, Alex Shoemaker, Cynthia Packard, Lisa Mitnacht, Libby Hicks, Kathy Kehoe, Sally Schluter, Chapin Carpenter, Alice Rodgers, Virgie Rodgers. (Missing from picture: Eily Carothers.)

Third and Fourth Field Hockey Teams: Becky Hafitz, Claire Treves, Fifi Laughlin, Holly Burks, Jenny Mezey, Cary Bachelder, Alexis Arlett; Elizabeth Carmody, Hope Blackburn, Anne Dennison, Bebe Johnson, Jennifer Carpi, Jessica Barton, Ibby Carothers, Laurie LaPlaca; Tammy Pachter, Alice Britt, Leslie Packard, Susie Pratt, Val Moyer, Babette Mills, Darin Hicks, Molly Murdock, Mrs. Dean, Gwyneth Hamel, Cory Fischer, Celia Spanel. (Missing from picture: Ann Walcott.)





Boys' Varsity Basketball: Ron Webster, Evan Bash; Mr. Taback, Paul Goldman, Keith Thomas, Frank Konstantynowicz, Bill Martin, Tom Dalrymple, Bill Baggit, Nick Brady, Greg Bash, Fran Treves, Jay Trubee.

Boys' J.V. and Freshman Basketball: Dr. Ross, Daryl Hicks, Chris Szuter, Tom Toth, Chris Jensen, Mike Mantell, Steve Baiker, Bill von Oehson, Andrew Hildick-Smith, Randy Symington, David Linton, Mel Farr, Tony Knott, David Shefer, Mr. Hoffman.





Girls' Varsity Basketball: Evelyn Turner, Libby Hicks, Cyra Cain, Alexis Arlett, Molly Sword; Mr. Packard, Cynthia Packard, Val Moyer, Ann Wittke, Anne Williams, Anne Russell.

Girls' J.V. Basketball: Fifi Laughlin, Sarah Rothrock, Anne Dennison, Holly Burks, Livia Wong, Sarah Williams; Barbara Russell, Babette Mills, Jill Migliore, Sabrina Plante, Lisa Stone, Clooie Sherman. (Missing from picture: Alice Britt, Claire Treves.)





Varsity Ice Hockey: Zander Lamar, Cole Harrop, Bill McClellan, John Boyd, Ted Thomas, Tim Hamid; Carl Erdman, Jim Daubert, Ralph Brown, David Beckwith, Jeb Burns, Bill Erdman, Diana Lewis; Mr. Rulon-Miller, Mike Young, Ricky Gordon, Doug Haitch, David O'Connor, Murray Wilmerding, Tom Moore, Libby Farr.

J.V. Ice Hockey: David Mali, Tom Ettinghausen, Mark Blaxill, Greg Matthews, Jack Bonini, Mark Beskind, Tim Brush; Rob McClellan, John Hutter, Ted Stabler, Shawn Kennedy, Bob Dewey, Jamie Paterson, Skip Guerin, Monty Brower, Rich Ollson, John Lifland, Aubrey Houston.





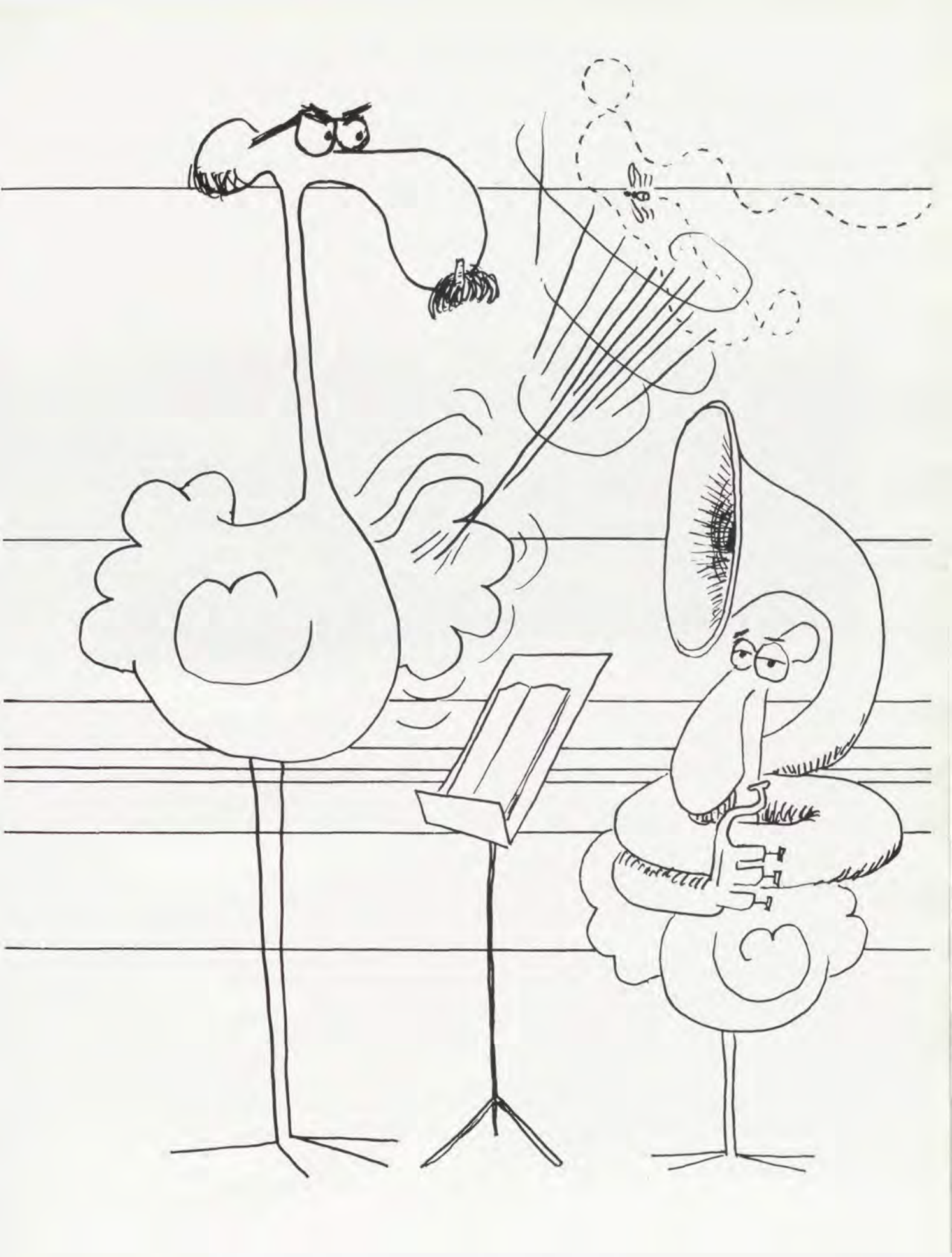
Girls' Volleyball: Cathy Kindquist, Sandy Shaw, Janet Pritchard, Trina Kassler, Eily Carothers, Melinda Cragg; Lee Hall, Leslie Packard, Suzy Pratt, Susan Billington, Amy Stover, Cathy Cipolla, Cory Fisher, Annabelle Brainard, Mrs. Frothingham.





THE ARTS





The Strange Beer Can

Oscar Harvey was 40, and he adored beer. He stated that he could not live without it.

Also, Oscar did not what you call live in an estate. He lived in the dump. Even the dirtiest bums couldn't stand him.

Now, there is an important thing you should know about Oscar. If he drinks four beers in a row, he forgets everything!

This is how it started: He had been a very shy fellow, when somebody decided to introduce him to beer. He took some, and at first he kind of choked on it, but then he took some more and he only gasped. He took another and another. He had taken four beers! He went home to his wife and said, "Who are you?"

His wife thought that Oscar was joking, but he wasn't. He said it again, and she said, "Oscar, are you all right?"

"Who are you?"

"Oscar, I'm your wife, Marjorie, of course! Don't you remember me?"

"Never heard of you."

"Oscar, have you been feeling all right?"

"Feeling who?"

"All right."

"Who's all right?"

"Are you?"

"Am I what?"

"All right, you dummy!"

"Yeah, sure."

"Then why don't you remember me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I'm your wife. . . ."

"Oh."

"Here, Oscar, take this and go to bed."

"What are they?"

"Aspirin, Oscar, don't chew them!"

The next morning, Oscar got up and said, "Hi, Marjorie."

"You remember me! Last night you couldn't!"

"I couldn't?"

"Go back to bed!"

It went on like that for a month. Oscar went out every night to the bar and came back forgetting everything. Finally, his wife threw him out of the house telling him never to come back. He got terribly upset and drank more and more. He couldn't keep his job and finally ended up in the dump.

One day, he was looking for some beer in the dump, when he found an empty beer can. He tapped on the bottom to see if there was any beer in it. There wasn't any beer, but some powder came out of the can, and a voice said, "Sheesh! watch it,

buster!"

"Huh? Who are you?"

"I'm the stupid genie. Haven't you ever heard the saying that there's a genie for every man?"

"No."

"Well, I hadn't either till I picked it up in Baghdad."

"You're my genie?"

"Well, not every genie is a Harriet of Troy!"

"Helen of Troy!"

"Who cares! Well, what do you want?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh don't you know anything? Genies are supposed to help men and women, obey their every wish, and be as pleasant as they can, or they lose their membership."

"You're pleasant?"

"Listen, buster, it's awful hard to be pleasant when you've been locked in a beer can for 500 years! So unless it's happened to you, don't expect me to be so pleasant!"

"O.K. First I want the Empire State Building; then I want 100 beers—"

"Hold it, buster! Only one wish nowadays!"

"I thought you were supposed to grant my every wish."

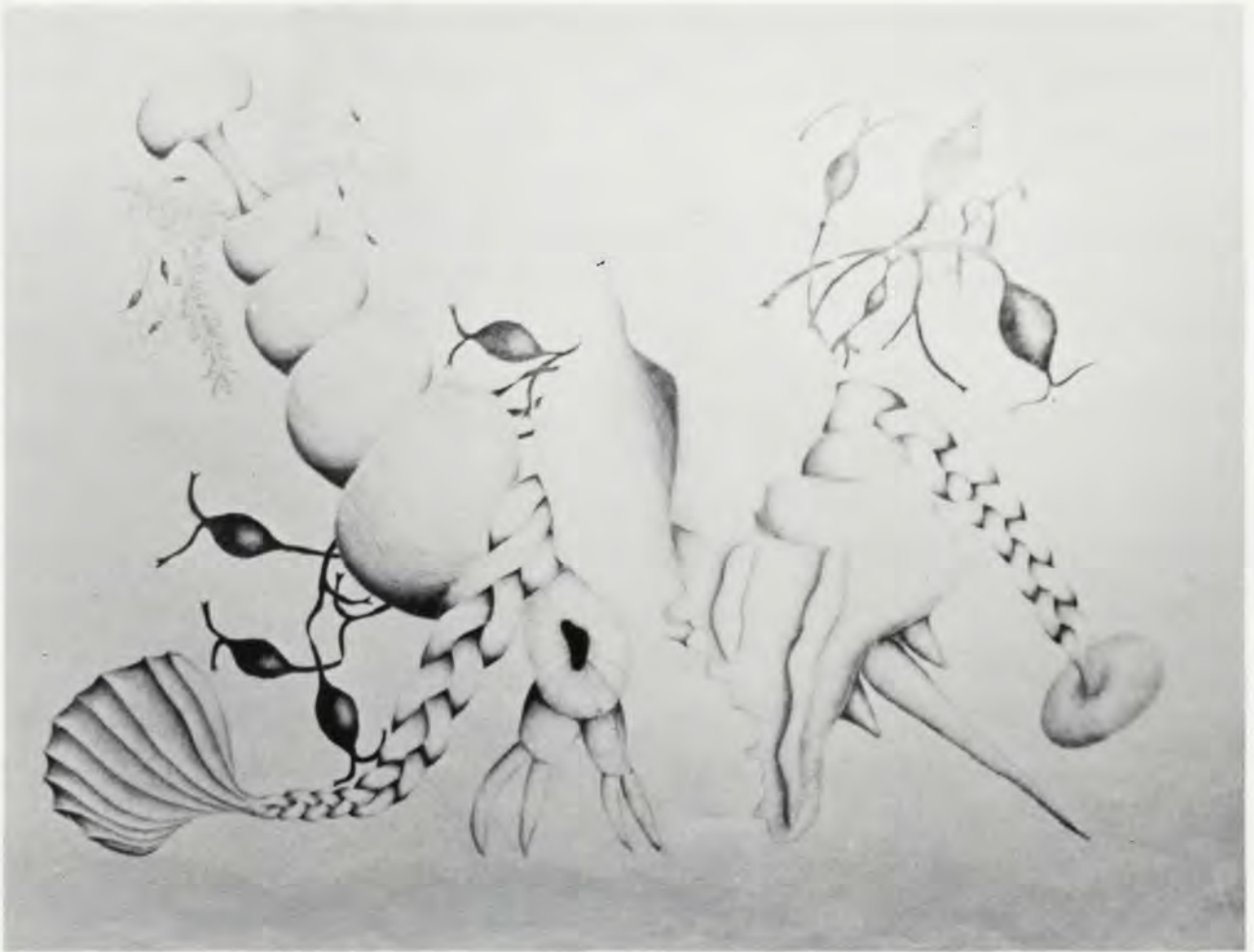
"Don't believe everything you hear."

"O.K., take away the Empire State Building and gimme the beers."

Oscar drank all the beers in five minutes. Somehow, somehow, he got home. Marjorie said, "Oscar, where have you been?! I've been worried sick about you! I didn't think you'd take me seriously!"

"Take who seriously?"

Gaye Gilbert VI



Gabriella Kiss X

Only a slab sunk into your forehead to remember you by?
The drugstore flag which flutters over you
doesn't speak too well
can't tell me if you ever reached out and
called to a bird as its body quartered the sun
can't say what you felt when the priest
waved the soon to be dead away.
The children play in a tree you have nourished
with dead dreams whispered to roots and clay
and the grass has begun to grow
from your mouth like a thousand angry spears.

Meriel Burtle XII

Umbrella

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Of an um-
Brella, is sort
Of interesting
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Cornelia Powers VII

Fire

Fire is a wonderful thing.
It crackles and crunches
And eats logs in bunches.

It burns everything
And anything
It can get,
But dies when wet!

This thing can kill
And will;
So be smart,
And don't let it start.
Austin Wilmerding VII



Kip
Herrick XI



Nicky Pellaton XII

Jeff Field XII



Amy Stanley XII



"bigwitch"

she looks too big with
greyedold hair i think
that witch is forced too big
with children-pulling and the sun
is high for noon but i'm not
sleepy for a nap till two
and all the others hate it too

small and smaller
than the chair i sit
and no no no i won't
go for a nap i'm awake
as people on the street
with eyes so full of cracks
on walks i build a hut of
blueblanket waiting to crawl
out from beneath it all

silence is a car go by when
halfawake pushes halfasleep
into sitting up and seeing sun
go one o'clock and others with
their blankets pinkbluegreen
on twenty cots to sweat and pee
for me to sleep within it all

out a hand goes creep and
slow a blanket comes with
fingers tight and scared of
that witch behind a door
or even worse the goulash
of a day ago for lunch
comes back the throat
and on the tongue

she won't see
me and scuttlequick i
glance eyes big with wet
and she's not there out
the door she'll catch a
shadow maybe

blue in a sky as lollipop
as i would lick if i could
reach and people look so tall

as trees and faces round and
hands are blurred a car
goes by and people smile
from their trees and say hello
to that cute little girl with
a blueblanket where's her mommy?

i like them all they are so
nice and i could walk
a different way than home
each street winds grey as
another box of people
yellowblackwhite they look
so good like a lollipop with
stripes licked on i feel
just right that witch must
star with her eyestoobig
right now and i don't care

that dark little grey man
stands a corner all alone
he pouts a stiff lip but
i know he's sad all dirty
like my mommy makes me take
a bath before a night in bed
but i have teddy and he
doesn't have anyone at all

he looks at me
and i say hello and he
smiles a funny mouth and
something red and long ago
bought but forgotten comes
out from a closet of a pocket
with manthings like a kleenex
crumpled inbetween a comb

he says do you want a lollipop
it's cherryflavored you know
i look at him and see
he's nice and i say yes
and it tastes good with the
plastic peeled off well by
manhands i say thankyou and goodbye
and he looks funny when he smiles.

brownbrickbuildings and i
 see mommy there and she looks
 funny but not like the dark
 little grey man she runs to me
 and i know this is home me
 stringing a blueblanket out
 behind it drags a dirt of
 so many feet along a street

it looks big too but
 not like the bigwitch it
 sinks in brown when i curl
 in an arm of it and teddy
 there i want to sleep and
 i smell this is home i
 watch the light go buzz

Liza Tucker XII

Jeff Field XII



Anne Williams XII

The sun had felt warm on that cold Sunday in January. I remember how red and fat Pieter's little face looked under the green knit cap, and the tiny pattern that his shoes made on the light snow that had fallen on the castle paths. They were funny little shoes of dark brown, laced up like ski boots, pretty much standard for the kinderheim. The green and yellow vineyards sloping down from the castle in a precise geometric pattern provided the trails for the four of us.

The ride in the new Volkswagen up to the castle had been more fun for Pieter than the castle itself—his first ever in an automobile. We had bounced up and down happily in six and seven year old fashion in the back seat, his newly discovered pleasure in automobile riding reintroducing me to this joy; I was jaded at age seven. My parents in the front seat would occasionally say something—in English—which caused the three of us to laugh, and Pieter seeing everyone laughing and happy but not understanding why, would happily join in, uttering in his deepest six year old laugh, "Ho, ho, ho", which set us off again.

I hadn't really understood why Pieter had come to us from the kinderheim to spend the weekend. He was to spend Saturday and then be returned Sunday afternoon, and I supposed that he had come to us just for the weekend under a program designed to give the kinderheim children a taste of the "real world." Even at seven I wasn't sure this was the kindest thing to do.

Pieter had liked our apartment, I remember, especially the kitchen with its shiny funny German appliances, objects which he had never seen in the kinderheim since he had never ventured into the institutional kitchen. His first lunch with us was chicken noodle soup, "noodle" thereafter becoming his first and favorite English word, repeated frequently with delight. This first meal was full of laughter and *gemutlichkeit* in spite of the disapproving presence of Maria, our German maid, her sense of caste and propriety offended by the intrusion of this small person from the kinderheim.

The sun had gone behind the clouds and the wind had blown up suddenly. From the top of the vineyards at the castle, we looked down to the town below and saw people scurrying inside to escape the inevitable afternoon snow. Townspeople closed the shutters over the windows and the whole town was silent and still, except for church bells ringing dissonantly in the heavy wind.

Tired and cold by this time, my parents and Pieter and I had climbed back up to the castle to have

tea in the gasthaus there. Pieter, who had been tired, had quit laughing and chattering, but revived immediately when his tea and pastry arrived. We both enjoyed pouring too many spoonfuls of sugar into our tea and squeezing lemon into the cup overflowing; Pieter impressed me enormously by eating all the lemon rinds after they were squeezed.

I really liked this funny small person with his funny small ways.

The afternoon was almost gone when we finished. I saw my father look at his watch and sigh and lean over to my mother and say something to her. They both looked unhappy but just turned to us and smiled and said that we had to go. It was then that I realized that Sunday and the weekend were over. In a delaying action, I told my parents that Pieter and I wanted to walk up the ninety-nine steps to the castle again, and I was amazed when they agreed without further persuasion. I took my time on the steps, pretending to lose count, and told Pieter that we would have to start over again, he counting aloud in German as high as he could, and I in English. I remember today how old and worn the wooden steps were, each one much lower in the center than at the sides. I finally forced myself to look up and saw my parents beckoning to us from the bottom. We clambered down and silently got into the car again.

Pieter and I started to bounce up and down as we had done earlier in the day, but somehow it wasn't as much fun this time and we stopped, as though by mutual consent. As we drove down from the castle, snow began to collect on the car and the silence in the car became oppressive. Pieter looked around him at the long faces and uttered another hopeful if tentative, "Ho, ho, ho." Almost at the same time my mother and I started to cry. Pieter looked at my father, and not finding there what he had hoped for, silently admitted what he had known all along, and his own silent tears began to fall. We kept on driving in the heavy snow, then stopped at the gateway to an old farm half way down the hill. My parents talked quickly and quietly to each other while Pieter and I shuffled restlessly in the backseat; then my father started the car and we drove on again. I could see that we had driven past the road that led to the kinderheim and I assumed that we were going to fetch Pieter's few belongings before taking him back.

The drive back home was a fast one, even in the blinding snow, and when we arrived my parents rushed about and I could hear them behind the closed study door, making phone calls, and rather

ignoring us. I was hungry again, but no one seemed much concerned about that, and Maria had gone to bed. Pieter and I sat stiffly in the sofa, silent and almost hostile in our unhappiness; all the camaraderie of the weekend seemed to have disappeared in the face of our misery.

My parents emerged from the study after a bit, their mood entirely different, efficient and exhilarated at the same time. They sat down with us in the living room, and told me, first in English, then Pieter in their best German, that he was to come to live with us, always, and be our own boy. I could hardly take this in, but Pieter smiled calmly, con-

tentedly, almost as though he had foreseen this ending.

I remember the next morning when we all went back to the kinderheim to return his few belongings, which he carried in a brown paper bag, and to let him say goodbye. I remember how gleaming that morning was, the sun bright on the fresh snow, as my mother and I waited in the car for Pieter and our father. We saw them finally emerge hand in hand from the door of the kinderheim. Pieter never looked back.

Hilary Winter XI

Ruth Barach XI



Trina Kassler XII

Swift

A deer, bounding over the grass,
A deer, challenging the wind to a race,
A river, pounding down its trail,
A river, swift and beautiful

Laurie Knowlton VII

From Here to There

Giant Sneech engulfs
old man—say twenty
taking two steps forward, one thought back
to see one fish.

Great Yax is there for comfort,
quick escape
get older, think of people
and two fish.

Grumpy Grinch is pleasure
childhood wonder
lost, yet remembered
as that next day passes with red fish.

Sam I am stay
be the protection
from old age fears
turn to blue fish.

"From there to here, from here to there
funny things are everywhere."
And funny things run through the mind,
older thoughts aren't often kind.

Get old faster, faster think back
memories brighten
reality's black
and the Cat in the Hat comes back.

Bill Brown XII



Fran Treves XII

My Father Wears a Steel Watch

My father wears a steel watch,
a chain of time he rattles
on his thin wrist
at doubters who forget
what power is.

The bones tick gently
in the circle of his skin
in a warning of his sureness
when he moves that wrist.
The muscles of his fingers
may unclench in his sleep
but precision runs on
on the top of his hand.

When the eyes of a dream-storm
waked his children,
they would run to his arms
and be eyed by his watch.
Little comfort they would find
in that strength-fired disc
or in listening in his arms
to the grinding of his bones.

Irene Wellington XII

There was a young woman of France,
Who got sick of trying to dance,
She said, "Dear, sweet Pete,
You do dance on my feet,
On my feet you continue to prance."

Said Pete, "This is really mundane,
If you'll stop this plaintive refrain,
Refrain and complain,
It's quite hard to explain,"
Said handsome Pierre from Marlaine.

"I had a young brother named Tien,
Who asked me to stamp to make wine,
So that others could dine,
Without fret, without pine;
That's why I'm stamping on thine."

"Ah, ah, c'est tres bon,
Mon joli garçon,
Maintenant allez-y
Avec me, me, me,
Said that cute little chick from Paris.
Erica Frank VII



Trina Kassler XII

The **Link** board thanks the following for acting as judges of the literature: Alan and Beverly Williams, Theodore Weiss, and William Howarth.

Spliced
In at a
Late
Date

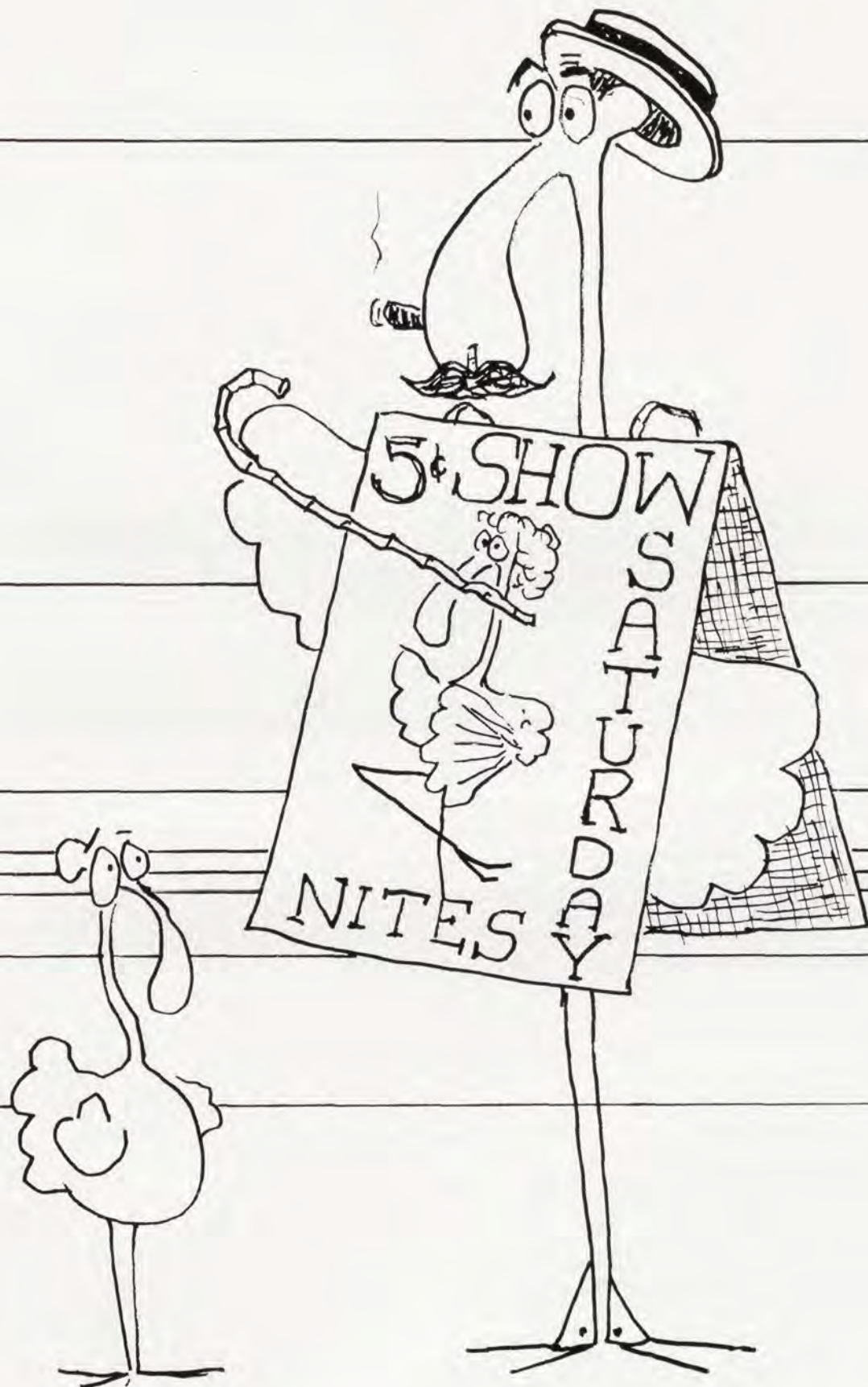
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Showing me and Helping me
to learn.

I'll love You Forever
JNS

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i could never thank you enough for the happiness
and warmth you have given me in two years. words
can't describe my feelings for all of you. i will al-
ways positively remember my two years at pds. and
you are what make the memories worth holding.
keep on shining.

terry

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Phil B.,

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow. (Langston Hughes)
Sayonara,
Yuki

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have accomplished, and affection for what
you are.

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To CJC

Soon you'll be entering the outside world.
Liberate yourself and join it.

Remember:

You've got to get up every morning
with a smile on your face
And show the world all the love in
your heart

Then people gonna treat you better
and you'll find that you're as beau-
tiful as you feel.

(Carole King)

Take care and be happy. All my love,
CEC

Lisa

Where ever you go, remember that certain place
which had 110's, Dims, Fire Balls, Susans, huge
boys, Johnny Johnsons, South Beaches, Child
Berrys, Hacketts, beer and more beer.
Well, Mr. Sorenson—we've made it! Congrats!

Love,
Lucy

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Parting

Studying under the same doctrine,
Under one master,
You and I are friends.
See yonder white mists
Floating in the air
On the way back to the peaks
This parting may be our last meeting
In this life.
Not just in a dream,
But in deep thought,
Let us meet often
Hereafter

(Beatrice Lane Suzuki)
Lori

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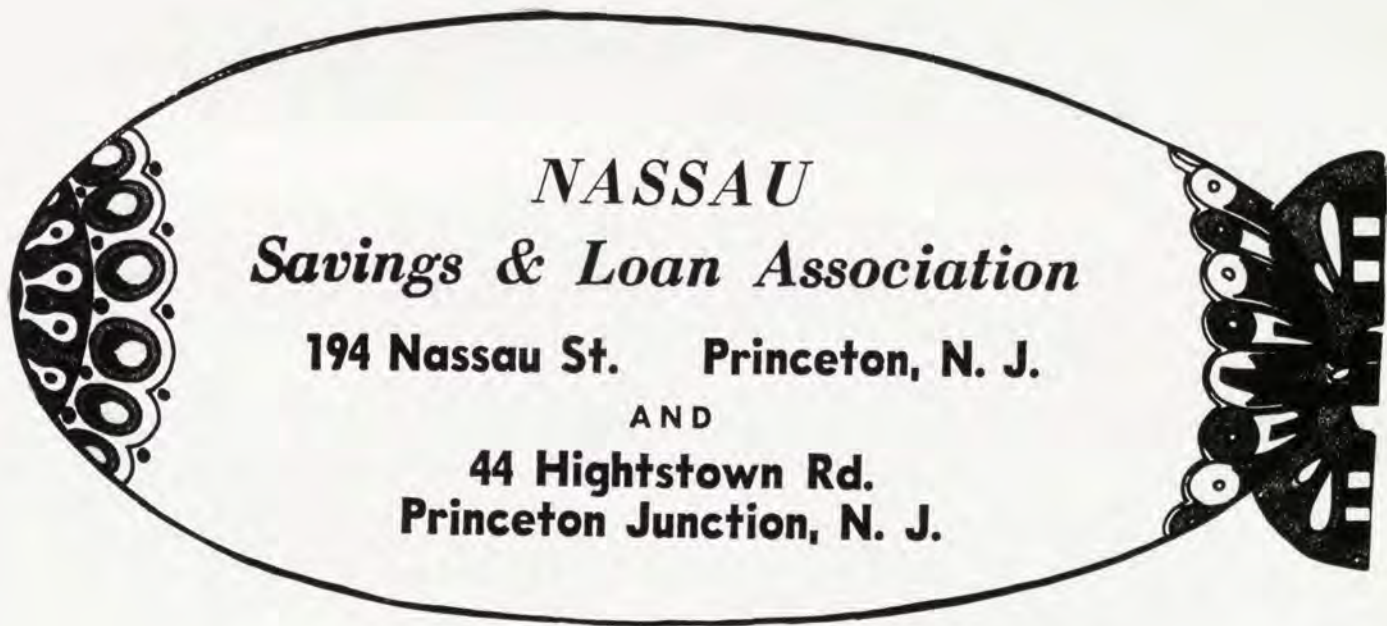
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Fan,

Grey eyes met grey—"My dear, I wish you could find it in your heart to trust me," he said. She smiled mistily, and tried to shake her head. He laughed and there was no laziness either in his face or in his voice. "Better come to me willingly then, for, by God, I shall have no mercy!" . . .

It was all very mysterious; the gentleman appeared to be omniscient. What in the world was there to amuse him so? She gave a sigh of content. "You give me the happy ending I never thought to have."

Lots of Luck

Russ

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Keith, Amy Stanley, Evelyn, Alice, Nancy, Jamie,
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 Ruth, Molly, Debi, Bill, Barbara, Anne, Suzanne,
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Every



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Best wishes to all
the seniors

**Gino and Clotilde Treves, class
parents**

to '74:

THE SECOND COMING

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and
everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words
out
When a vast image out of "Spiritus Mundi"
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of
the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a
man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking
cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round
at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?
(W.B. Yeats)

t.l.w.

Good Luck and best wishes
to 84 in '74

Love,
the Kendalls

Friends:

All good things must come to an end;
but happiness is a warm ending.

Much love,
Kathy and Ellen

BEST WISHES
FROM
THE SPALHOLZ FAMILY



Dear Fan, Syd, Por, Mr. Brooks and Mrs. Williams,

Some how you always had room for one more.
I love you because you cared.

Forever and Ever,
Ev E.

PS: sleep, chocolate and all other happy things
the kid

Mrs. Rulon-Miller,

To someone
who was always there

From those
who will always remember

Love,
Barbara, Alice, Ted, Linda, Polly,
Maureen, Ev, Rick

And in the sweetness of friendship let
there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.
For in the dew of little things
the heart
finds its morning and is refreshed.

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to imparting knowledge and teaching
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from your graduating students

To Peter McLoughlin:

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

Caroline Mary Ellen Shelley Amy
Sandi Kathy Suzanne Molly Jody Jane

Werner,
Don't forget
History with Tibbals,
Physics with Doc,
AFS, the Girl Scouts,
Square Dancing,
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or
me.

love,
Lisa

Remember Alice and Huck Finn

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Beth



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lori, leza, mich, cathy,
polly,

Personally I shall not
forget this house—
be sure of that—
and I hope that when I
return I'll be in
a better mood to
appreciate it.

Albert Camus

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For '74

But for my children, I would have them keep their
distance from the thickening center; corruption
Never has been compulsory; when the cities lie at
the monster's feet, there are left the mountains.

Robinson Jeffers

H.M.L.J.

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Still, your teaching has greatly influenced the open interval between our ears and will be continuous in future years.

The first derivative of the sum total of what you have taught us is ZERO. The second derivative is negative, so logically we feel we have learned a relative maximum; differentiable, of course, over the individual.

Yours in Calculus,
Class of '74

You'll never know, my friends,
how much you mean to me.
We can always smile together,
When things look black.
We share our feelings, we share our talents.
That's what friends are for.

I'm taking the time to fly
I'll be packing my bags, leaving bye-bye
Gone for a time or two
But you'll see me coming back
This I promise you

Ta fille,

Beth

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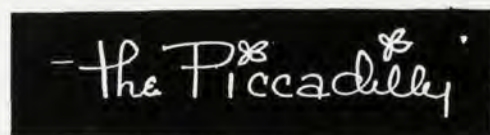
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Alice

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Doc,

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the success of perseverance.
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the worth of character.
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the wisdom of economy.
the virtue of patience.
the improvement of talent.
the joy of originating.

—Bulletin

Remember us;

Jeanine, Jill, Jean, John H., Grayson, Eve,
Wylie, Steve, Evan, Lisa, Barb, Alice,
Eleanor, David, Liz, Tom, Werner.

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sometimes,
not nearly often enough,
we look back on the fun times
and those memories always center around those
we love

just think about the people who mean so much to
you,
and for many years have made you so happy.
then look back and count
the many times you've forgotten to say
thank you.

and see just how much you love them.

To all our friends:

Terry and Barb and John and Anne and Jeanine
and Jill and David and Claudine and Jim and Wer-
ner and Lisa and Ronnie and Jeff and Gay and Ali-
son and Ruth and . . .

"without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all de-
sires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy
that is unacclaimed." Kahil Gibran

Love,
Jean and Alice

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To Pam, Janet, Jean, Bill,
Keith, Maureen, Wendy,
Jamie S., Terry, Jeff, Fran,
and Jamie P.,

Thanks for the work, the
time and the patience. It
was rough at times . . . but
it was good too. Don't forget
the Wednesday night
meetings, the trip to Vene-
zuela, "big bird," the "or-
ange thing," 2 picas apart,
copy sheets, copy A, cap-
tion A, pix #1, and many
other things.

thanks for everything,
Lisa



Dairy
Queen



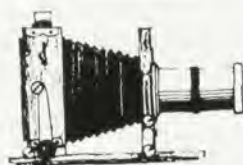
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To PDS: "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not. This is the first lesson to be learned." Thomas Henry Huxley

To: Jeanine, Barbara, Claudine, Melinda, Mr. Buttenheim, and Mr. Bing: "Am I united with my friend in heart, what matters if our place be wide apart?" Anwar-I-Suheili

To Everyone: "Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations." George Bernard Shaw

forever, Jill



Dress-Up

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A THANK-YOU STORY for Meriel

The guru on the mountain said: "The road to salvation is a long and lonely one. How do you hope to find enlightenment in one brief incarnation?"

I said to him: "There is a way; but it is a woman's way. I must re-live the magic discoveries, the saga and folk-lore and fairy-tales of man's first humanity. I must re-live the ecstasy of the first breath, the anguish of the first cry of life. I must re-learn the sound of my mother's heart-beat, the awareness of the first poem springing from the dreaming mind, the first touch of sunlight on bare flesh, the first taste of cool water"

"And that is all?"

"No. For I must then learn to look forward into time, and decipher the thoughts and dreams of a coming age, the aspirations of men not yet grown, and not yet conceived. I must see my long line of ancestors join hands with generations to come. So that finally I shall understand that time is merely a smile on the face of eternity."

"Who will give you such knowledge of past, present, and future?"

"This I can tell you: bear a child, and the knowledge shall be within you; deliver and nurture the child, and the knowledge shall increase many times, day by day; release the child into the world when it is time, and that knowledge shall come to you without fail from the far corners of the world and beyond."

The guru reflected. Then he said: "Women indeed are blessed; for they live many lives in their children. This even I cannot do. But you have truly found a good road."

For a long while he looked into space. Then, with the tenderest of smiles, he leaned forward and whispered in my ear the names of my daughters to be.

Vasanti Burtle





MR. Mac
 ITS BEEN A JOCK KNOWING
 YOU AS A TEACHER & A DIRECTOR. OUR SUCCESS IS BASED ON
 YOUR CONCERN. Thank you,

To those who still don't know us apart—
 The hell with ya.

TED BLOODY

Dear Lee wee,

Well, we never thought we'd make it, but here we are. Sixth grade was a long time ago. Life has been a series of important crises or boredom. Moods seemed to be the rule, depression, anxiety, elation, wonder. It's all been worth it. You've helped me a lot; I hope I've managed somehow to reciprocate. Take care and remember . . .

Love,

Lee wee II

Princeton North Shopping Center,
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 Volkswagen

**IF YOU'RE A BIG MAN
 IT'S TIME YOU SHOPPED
 IN A BIG MAN'S STORE**

**...AND HAVE
 A SELECTION
 FOR A CHANGE**

**The LITTLE
 BIG MAN
 SHOP**

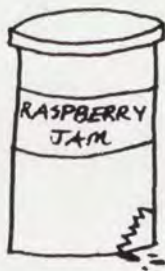


Jim—

Congratulations
Never thought it would happen.
Good luck

Love, Ann

'tis better to have tasted raspberry jam and liked it



. . . so don't be a dumb chick and break the jar!

Miss Holben—

the orange thing, deadlines, typo's;
ads, candid's, write-ups
Copy A, pic 1, ad 95;
Friday afternoons and **week-ends**

at least we made it through . . .
maybe we learned a little.

to you who gave so much,
from the **Link**: Lisa, Pam, Wendy, Bill, Fran,
Jeff, Maureen, Jean, Jamie
P., Jamie S., Janet, Terry,
Keith



To Lisa,

Your heart is measured not by how much you
love, but by how much you are loved by others.

love.
Cary



PAR & DICH



Congratulations, Wylie!
You have made us
very, very proud.
Love and Good Luck,
Mom and Dad

Good Luck to the Class of '74 from
Laurie and Virgie

Organic Top Soil & Compost

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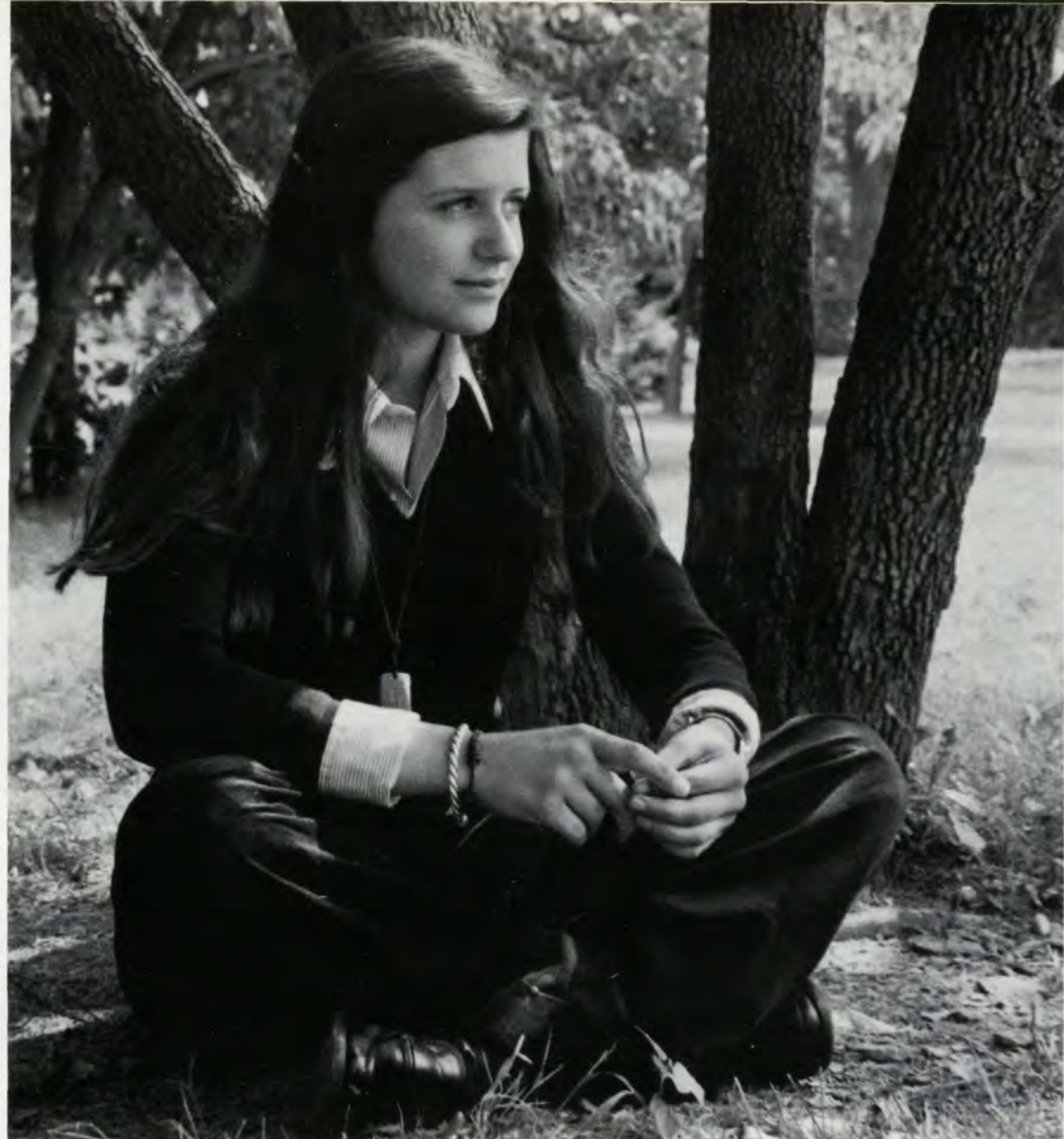
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Merrick, Metzger, Pitt, Ross, Stanley, Turner

Messieurs Brown, Leyzorek, Norris, Plapinger, Wittke

It's been fun. Keep on breaking legs.—"Mr. Mac"

It's been fun. Keep on breaking legs.—"Mr. Mac"

To Nance, Ev, Janet, Cam, Peter S., Mr. Jones,
 Mr. Gregory, Mr. Mali, and Mr. McClure,

What you have given me will be
 valued and remembered long after
 these yearbooks are forgotten.
 Here's to good times.

Love from Wendy

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"Just put in the nails!"

For Mrs. Shepherd

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself.

(Hamlet, III, iii, 64-66)

—from some grateful students

That with friends like you how can I lose, what
can I say. Who else could I choose and when we
depart I can't help but know that a part of you with
me will go.

Chape

Cam & Dave
I am a "lucky man."

Dear Golden Haired Twin,

The picture never came off so here's this instead.
Don't forget our many coincidences: our glasses,
our times at birth, (I know, you're older) and every-
thing else. Take care of yourself. When we part, I'll
feel like I'm missing part of myself.

Love,
The Dark
Haired Twin





Remember . . .

Miss Haartz?

8th grade math?

Andy . . . Bill . . . Becky . . . Katherine . . . **Michael?**

Michael Pulling out Madame Archer's plants . . .

throwing chalk . . . bumping chairs on the back wall . . .

Michael and Katherine's fights . . .

Teddy . . . the constant interruptions . . . "Any relation to Hartz Pet Food?

the peace pendant . . . the purple eyeshadow . . .

the fake fur skirt . . . "Special K" . . .

Friday afternoons . . . ink on the walls . . .

chalk in the eraser . . . "playing the field" . . .

"Math?

9th grade math . . . Harry and Karla

11th grade . . .

honors(?) math . . . "Don't take good notes, they'll

be ripped off." . . . Blairstown . . . canoeing with

Cole and Michael . . . homeroom . . . "Are you

chewing **gum?**" . . . Mrs. Rulon-Miller . . . the "surprise"

announcements.

Seniors?!?!

late, late, **late!** . . . "So **where** are your notes for

being absent?" . . . Stats with K . . . Timmy . . . Lisa . . . Nancy

Camilla . . . Libby . . . Trina . . . Joan . . . "Mrs. Rulon-Miller,

what are you **doing?**" "I'm **trying** to do the homework, Timmy!"

"Oh, forget it. Let's just not do any statistics today."

"Spit out the gum" . . . homeroom . . . "Can't you guys be **Quiet?**" . . .

JOHN? COLE? Please?" "Bachelder . . . here . . . Bennett . . . here . . . Boyd . . .

Boyd? . . . college cut!"



Secrets . . . "Bach" . . . talks alone . . .
 Boudinot . . . Mittens . . . The Petersons . . . Mr.
 Hall . . .
 The Websters . . . Tissues . . . Hot Dog . . . The
 Fête
 Shoveling in winter . . .
 Picking crocuses in spring . . .
 Running under the sprinkler in
 summer . . . Raking in fall

Well, I'm off, and soon,
 you too . . . But I'll be
 there . . . Won't you?



—Thanks—
 See ya—



Ginger

Caron Lisa

Lou Baker

Laura

Peter Buttenheim

Till

*Jean -
 Melinda Craggs*

Alison Barlow

Anne

Yuki

Sally Schluter

*Sandra
 Benson*

Russell Hatten



To All of you,
 From Dr. Seuss to Mateus snowball
 fights to Marlboro Lights
 Chicken pox argyle socks prison dodge
 Killington Lodge rat finks exotic drinks

Eat that carrot clean your plate
 Pet the parrot who's your date?
 Make a wish just one chance
 Tuna fish or a Lawrenceville dance?

Let's hear it for the cow pond
 Munchies Emerson's Mr. Bing
 South Kent Sha Na Na Doug McClure's
 Everybody sing

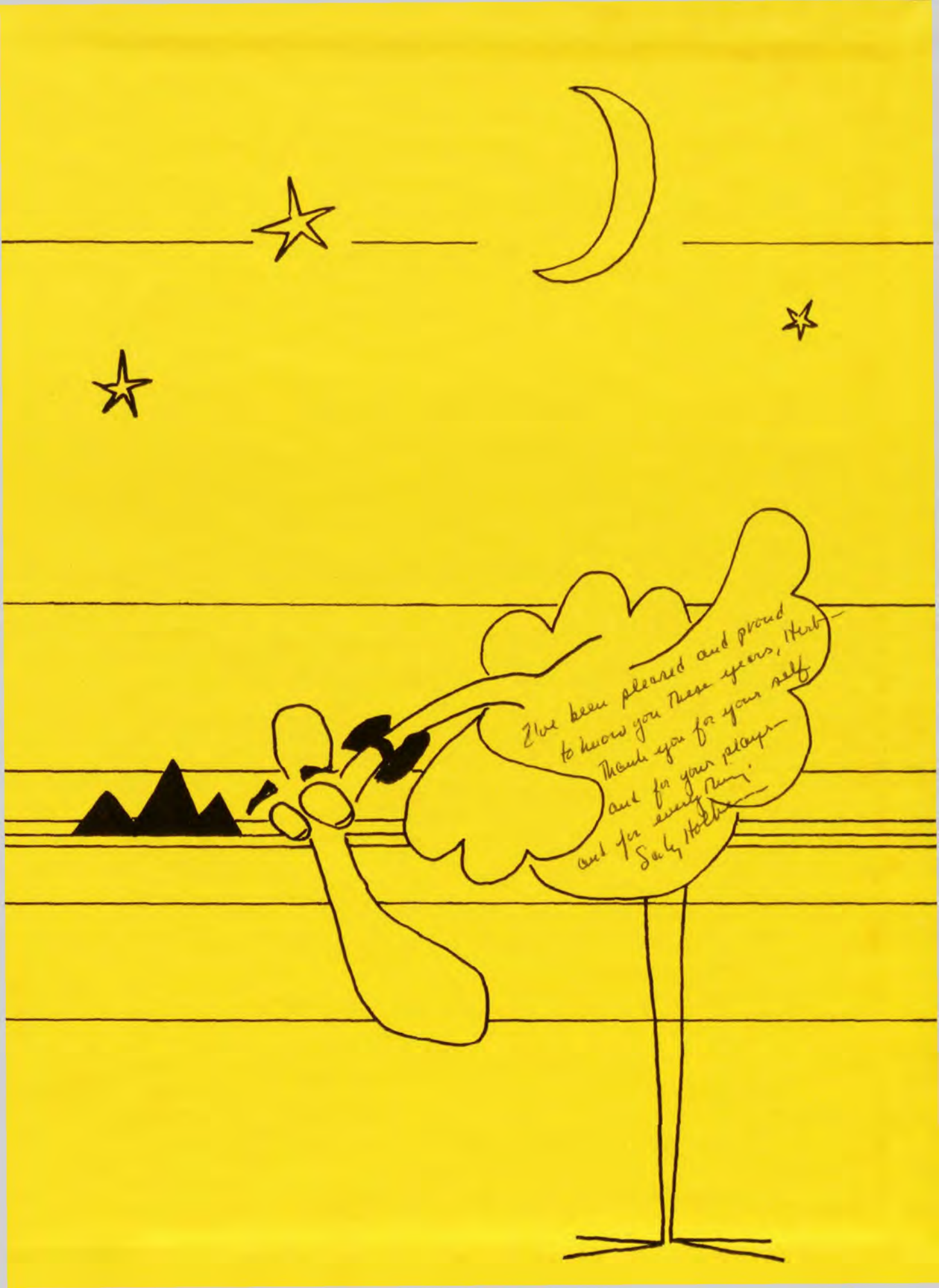
Just one more time for PDS
 Just one more time for PDS

Love,
 Nancy and Diana
 June '74

All the way
 Miss Fines—PDS
 Lisa Bennett
 Camilla Carpenter
 Doug Haitch
 John Hutter
 Nancy Kendall
 Jamie Paterson
 Beth Ross
 Anne Williams
 Wylie Willson







I've been pleased and proud
to know you these years, Herb—
Thank you for your self
and for your play—
and for every thing.
Sally Holbrook

