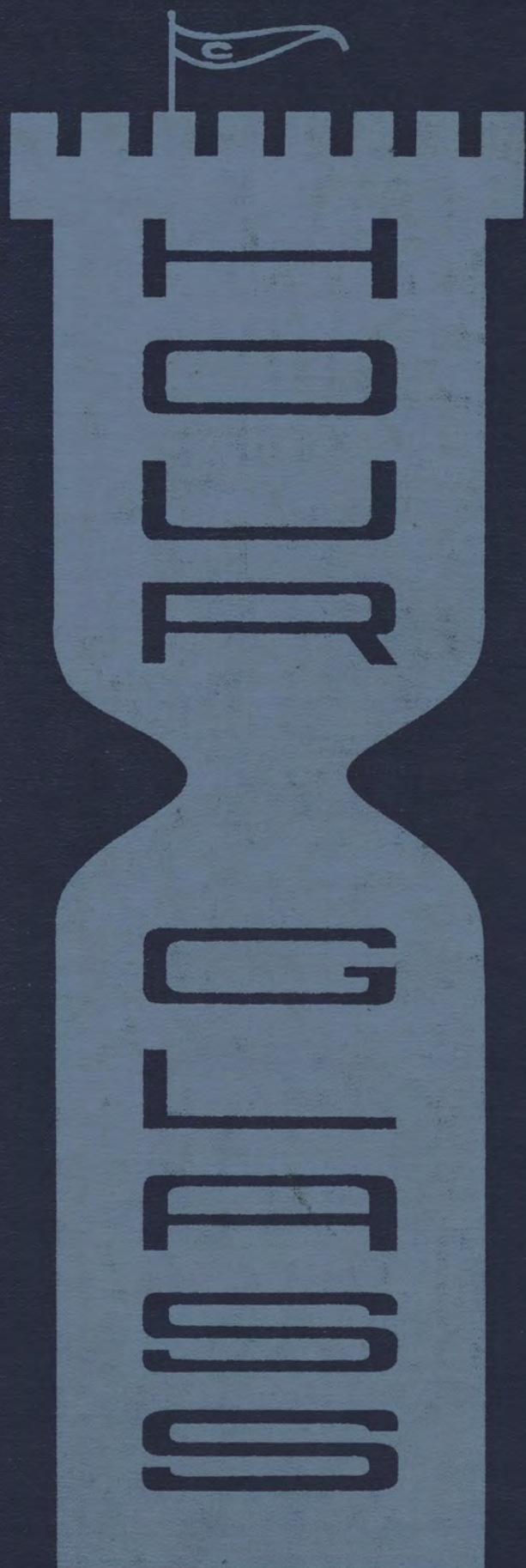


1962



Anne

May 31, 1962

Dear Ann, I'm
great knowing you
this year. I haven't had
any classes with you, so you
are probably as dumb as me, so
we get along good together (understand
at least) I will be sad without you
the rest of the class, but be good
and follow me! (HA, HA) you won't get
anywhere in life if you do.
I'll miss you. Come down and
visit me at the motel sometime.

Love ya
Debbie

3801 Kings Highway
Myrtle Beach
South Carolina
r
Box 1233
M.B., S.C.

Anne,
I never seem to have enough
time to write something. All
I can say is you're great. It's
been fun this year. Good luck
on exams & everything.
Love, Patsy

Dear Anne,
Always remember
all our "fun" in world
History -
Love,
Barbara Solomon

Anne -
Never fear. It's really
being great this year -
I have done this thing that's
and don't do anything that's
certainly would always -
little - Good Luck always -
Anne A.

Nevertheless there been a
fighter student in all
my years of high school.
Just talent for picking RIG
out cool, sharp, handsome
boys deserves a magna cum
laude. Remember
POSITION IN LIFE
IS EVERYTHING
Yours,
Ralph
"Yip"

Hi Anne
- this year
has really
been a waot. I
hope you
will on your exam
lit

Anne,
Next time I
see you at Roseland
I'll holler you over.
Have a riot this summer
and lots of luck on your exam.
"Fish"



"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put your foundations under them."

Henry David Thoreau



THE 1962 HOURGLASS



COLUMBIA SCHOOL



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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MISS CATHERINE NEVIUS

In Appreciation



To one whose generosity and unselfishness are reflected
in all she does;
To one who constantly gives of her time, not with a feeling
of sacrifice, but with a true desire to serve others;
To one whose contagious spirit and unlimited enthusiasm
help to shape our successes;
To one who gives us understanding of world affairs, but,
more important, enables us to grasp a greater under-
standing of ourselves;
To Miss Catherine Nevius, we, the students of Columbia
School, appreciatively dedicate this 1962 Hourglass.



MISS ELIZABETH CHURCHILL

In Memory

To those at the Columbia School who were privileged to know Miss Elizabeth Churchill, the news of her death last summer was received with a feeling of profound loss. She was an exceptional woman who, for twenty-eight years, taught Columbia School girls the logic and reason of mathematics with a skill born of her sensitive understanding of them. The younger girls remember her smile as she continued her association with the school in her capacity as Director of Testing. A dedicated teacher and a sympathetic friend, she not only inspired Columbia girls to build their castles in the air but also helped to put the foundations under them. She is remembered with respect and affection.





MRS. DELLA E. SIMPSON
Headmistress



MISS NELL S. SKILLIN
Associate Headmistress

The Administration and Faculty provide



BOARD OF TRUSTEES—*Seated*: Mrs. David Tappan, Mrs. Burton C. Smith, Mrs. Donald Clark, Mrs. Vincent Jones, Mrs. Edward P. Curtis, Mr. Elliot W. Gumaer. *Standing*: Mrs. Della Simpson, Mrs. William Allen, Jr., Mr. Gaylord C. Whitaker, Mrs. Rufus Wesson, Mr. Thomas Nichols, Mrs. William Morris, Mr. Allen Macomber, Mrs. Thomas Hawks. *Absent*: Rev. T. C. Baxter, Mr. John D. Cockroft, Dr. Leonard Fenninger, Mr. Wesley Hanson, Jr., Mr. M. B. Neisner, Dr. Wilbour Saunders, Mr. Clarence Lunt.



MIDDLE SCHOOL—*Standing:* Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Plass. *Seated:* Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Case. *Missing:* Mrs. Post.



LOWER SCHOOL—Miss Weston, Miss Littlefield, Miss Lapp, Miss Monroe.



STAFF—Mrs. Jager, Nurse; Mrs. Johnson, Dietitian.

constant encouragement, plus understanding.



UPPER SCHOOL—*Seated:* Mrs. Delgado, Miss Twaddle, Mlle. Vuagniaux, Miss Whitney, Miss Nevius. *Standing:* Miss Rodgers, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Spence, Miss Brunjes, Mr. Anderson, Miss Chollet, Mrs. von Keltner, Miss Murray, Mrs. Jensen. *Missing:* Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Locicero, Mrs. Treman.

Their training speaks for itself.

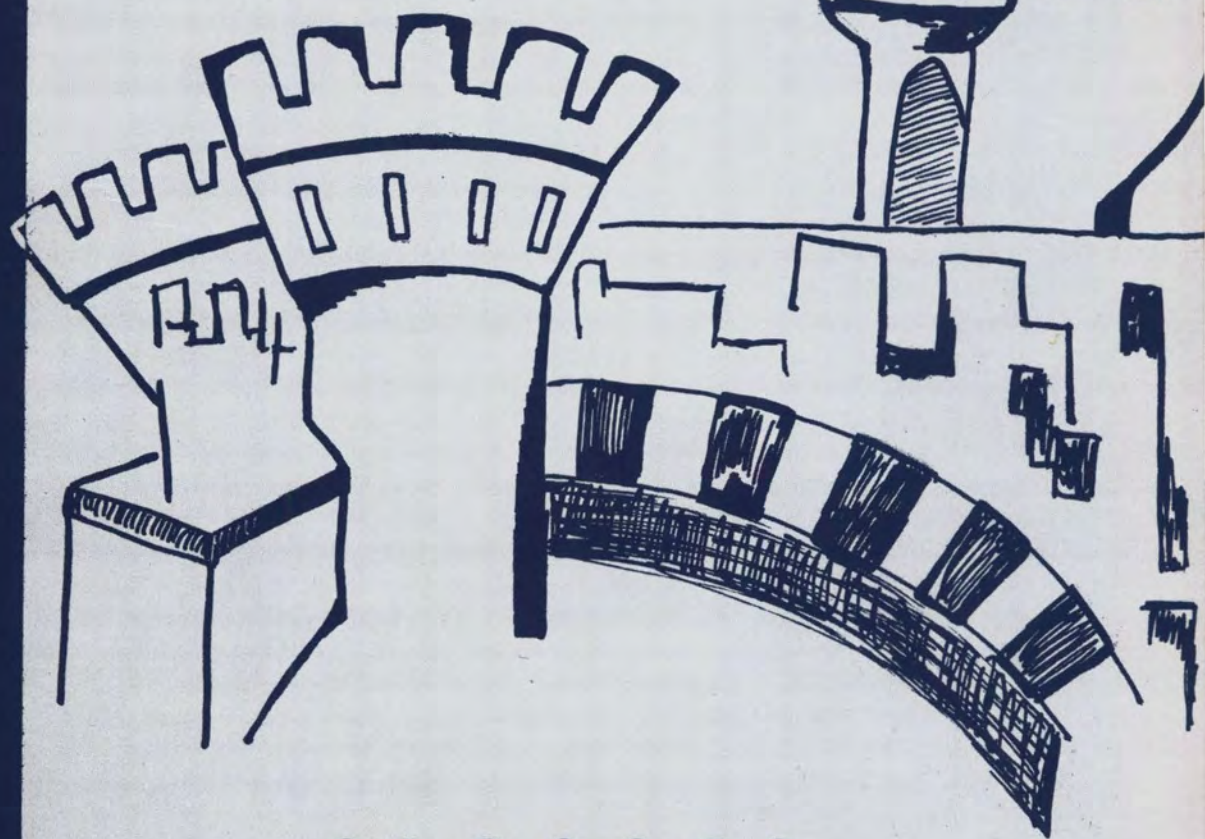
Mrs. Della Simpson, A.B., M.A., The University of Chicago . . . Headmistress
 Nell Skillin, A.B., Radcliffe College; M.Ed., Boston University . . . Associate Headmistress
 Frank Anderson, B.S., Cornell University; B.D., Drew University . . . Science
 Linda Brunjes, B.S., Simmons College . . . English
 Mrs. Jean Campbell, B.S., University of Rochester . . . Middle School
 Mrs. Helene Case, A.B., Swarthmore College . . . Middle School
 Mrs. Mary Chambers, A.B., Russell Sage College . . . Middle School
 Janine Chollet, Diplome Federal Suisse, Geneva, Switzerland . . . Physical Education
 Mrs. Marion Clark, Emerson College . . . Dramatics, Speech
 Mrs. Virginia Delgado, A.B., Denison University; M.A., University of Michigan . . . Mathematics
 Mrs. Anne Griffith, A.B., Wellesley College . . . English
 Mary Griffith, A.B., Wheaton College; M.A., University of Michigan . . . History, Social Studies
 Theodore Hollenbach, B.S., Houghton College . . . Choral Music
 Mrs. Ruth L. Jager . . . School Nurse
 Mrs. Kathryn Jensen, A.B., University of Rochester; B.S. in L.S., Western Reserve University . . . Librarian
 Mrs. Zelda Johnson, B.S., Syracuse University . . . Dietitian
 Mrs. Carla von Keltner, B.S., New York State University at Geneseo . . . Mathematics
 Martha Lapp, Associate in Arts, Stephens College . . . Nursery Assistant
 Maisie Littlefield, B.S., University of Rochester . . . Nursery School

Mrs. Jeanne Locicero, Bachelor of Philosophy-Literature, College de Jeunes Filles, Coutances, France . . . French
 Mrs. Helene Lote, Pupil Dalcroze School . . . Modern Dance
 Mrs. Madeira Meader, A.B., Vassar College . . . Typing
 Helen Monroe, A.B., Wellesley College; M.Ed., Boston University . . . Little School
 Louisa Murray, A.B., Smith College . . . Science
 Catherine Nevius, A.B., M.A., Mount Holyoke College . . . History
 Mrs. Laura Plass, Certificate, Auburn Normal School . . . Middle School
 Mrs. Margaret Post, A.B., Radcliffe College . . . Middle School French
 Joan Rodgers, A.B., Smith College . . . Bible, Mathematics
 Mrs. Kathleen Spence, Teaching Diploma, University of London, England . . . Art
 Mrs. Marguerite Treman, Certificate, Institution de Segur . . . French
 Joan Twaddle, A.B., M.A., Wellesley College . . . Latin
 Olga Vuagniaux, Diplome Pedagogique et Universitaire, Gymnase des Jeunes Filles de la Ville de Lausanne . . . French, Spanish
 Carolyn Weston, A.B., Wilson College; M. A., Columbia University . . . Kindergarten
 Ruth Whitney, A.B., Middlebury College; M.A., University of Rochester . . . English
 Mrs. Ethel Farley, Niagara University . . . Secretary
 Mrs. Monica Marder, Nazareth College . . . Financial Secretary
 Mrs. Elizabeth Miner, A.B., Hollins College . . . Secretary



*"Only that day dawns to which
we are awake. There is more
day to dawn. The sun is but
a morning star."*

Henry David Thoreau



CLASSES



We begin to

NURSERY SCHOOL

Bottom Row: J. Bennett, P. Morris, S. Small, G. D'Amanda, C. Ye. Top Row: K. Stever, M. McKee, L. Church, W. Kennedy, M. McKee. Absent: A. Langston.



KINDERGARTEN

Bottom Row: D. Verna, N. Benturk, R. Rosen, L. Rosenbloom, K. Greene, D. Gillies, M. Crimmings, M. Brady. Second Row: J. Wintz, T. Boardman, J. Alsina, J. Ye, J. Hertz. Top Row: L. Harris, M. Neisner, D. Curtis, M. Dechan, F. Struever. Absent: J. Ertman.

lay our foundations at a very early age.



**LOWER
SCHOOL**

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES—*Kneeling:* C. Case, K. O'Connor, L. Clark. *Standing:* A. Howe, J. Bolton, J. Rosenberg, J. Meader. *On Slide:* R. Altamore, B. Card, A. Neimeyer, F. Prior, N. Kendall, D. D'Amanda, M. Tomlinson, C. Morris.



THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES—*Bottom Row:* S. Nitze, J. Webster, D. Curtis, M. Heffron. *Second Row:* J. David, M. Howe, B. Neisner, L. Moffett, H. Melkis, K. Lowenthal, A. Fenninger, M. Sutton. *On Stairs:* B. Conti, C. Harris, W. Fitch, C. Beale, J. Bennett, S. Tomlinson, K. Prior. *Absent:* B. Ireland.

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES—*First Row:* P. Sullivan, L. Wells, G. Ernest, E. Sibley, J. Wilmot, A. Boslov, K. Atkins, A. Marshak, S. Fitch. *Second Row:* H. Hall, M. Macomber, A. Bohacket, S. Thompson, V. Harris, M. Staniford, N. David, K. Stever, K. Williams, J. Castle, P. Trafton. *Third Row:* A. Brewster, E. Nitze, L. Hansford, S. Moress, R. Hanson, M. Neisner, L. Burnham, C. Skowronska, A. McFarland, J. Finucane, A. Moses. *Absent:* R. Hall.

The middle school begins to build on a firm foundation.



Now a part of the Upper School



SEVENTH GRADE—*Seated:* S. Gillis, C. Teale, D. Smith, C. Pike, S. Thornton, L. Burnham. *Standing, First Row:* A. Fisher, L. Brockway, C. Gioia, E. Carter, D. Harris, C. Kaelber, C. O'Connor. *Second Row:* M. Lucas, H. Hickok, G. Forsyth, A. Hall, L. Lovejoy, C. Beale, M. Williams.



EIGHTH GRADE—*Seated:* M. Struever, D. Crowe, J. Taylor. *Kneeling:* D. Cook, R. Baxter, L. Trafton, B. Baird, G. Neville. *Standing:* E. Wilson, J. Clark, L. Scampole, J. Birdsall, J. Shaw, L. Lucas, L. Pflanz, M. Hickman, K. Strakosh, L. Hawks, D. Castle. *On Stairs:* J. Howard, C. Staniford, D. Fisher, S. Thompson, E. Millard, P. Allen, J. Muller, L. Prince, S. Eisenhart, G. Gioia, C. Mangan, B. Glass. *Absent:* S. Williams.



they stimulate competition and interest.



FRESHMAN CLASS—Seated: S. Guinness, J. Yates, S. Forsyth, A. Weismiller, T. Taylor, E. Wilt, J. Sage, G. Gould. Standing, First Row: M. Swett, F. Hubbard, C. Lunt, S. Hawks, E. Hollenbach, G. Meader, C. Rob, G. Symington, L. Rusling, L. Buckley, N. Fisher, B. Verlaine, S. Smith. Second Row: M. Koznarsky, L. Hellebush, K. Fennell, K. Levy, J. Jackson, S. Smith, D. Roth. Third Row: D. Hall, J. Heuer, S. Carter, J. Clark, J. Springer.

*Dear (name),
Love,
Sharon
(Pine th)*

The Class of 1965 is actively following in the footsteps of its predecessors. They eagerly joined the Sophomores to make the Bazaar a delightful success. They enjoyed the Christmas Dance for the first time and sent a large delegation to Lake Placid. Interested in science, dramatics, and politics, many participated in the Science and Dramatics Clubs and attended City Club meetings on Saturday afternoons. In addition, the Freshmen, by giving an educational assembly and a stimulating forum, showed that they will successfully meet the challenges of the next three years at Columbia.

Ames
Lowenthal
Harvey
Hanson
Ernest
Hersloff
Damon
Broderon
Lehman
Smith
Burnham

Sophomores enter all activities eagerly.

The twenty-five members of the Sophomore Class have contributed greatly to Columbia's seventy-first year. Their projects range from the delightful and lucrative Christmas bazaar in November to the annual May Breakfast for the Seniors. Through their informative assembly and forum, the Sophomores have shown their ability to participate successfully in all phases of school life.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—*Seated:* D. Harpending, C. Hanson, S. Ernest, P. Lowenthal, B. Morris, F. Little, R. Terry. *Standing, First Row:* A. Ames, S. Whitmore, M. Clark, D. Lee, S. Howard, N. Robinson, A. Morris, B. Solomon. *Second Row:* A. Harvey, E. Watson, L. Hersloff, J. Martin, K. Damon, J. Broderon, B. Lehman, S. Smith. *Absent:* C. Burnham.



Ames
Lowenthal
Harvey
Hanson
Ernest
Hersloff
Damon
Broderon
Lehman
Smith
Burnham



JUNIOR CLASS—*Bottom Row:* C. Doyle, K. Hook, S. Harris, D. Mason, S. Ireland. *Second Row:* A. Taylor, M. Adams, C. Hennrich, S. Hargrave, S. Wehle, L. Johnston, C. Stape, L. Johnston. *Third Row:* D. Beach, L. Tuthill, H. Hollenbach, C. Reich, S. Hylan, J. Chambers. *Fourth Row:* S. Ansley, P. Wilkens, D. Eisenhart, C. Curtis, L. Del Monaco, J. Willsea, J. Neville, K. Wells, L. Semans, N. Bloom.

Juniors train for capable leadership.

The fall of 1961 gave the Junior Class its first serious encounter with college plans in the form of Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests and an enlightening presentation of college reports. The obvious creative ability and enthusiasm of this class appeared not only in their class assembly, which drew an interesting comparison between art and music, but also in its spirited forum. Looking forward to a highly successful year as Seniors, these girls can regard their junior year as one of serious personal endeavor and cooperation in school-wide activities.



ALMA MATER

Spirit of Columbia,
Speak to us we pray;
Fill our hearts with highest thoughts;
Guide us every day.

Give to us a great desire,
Eagerness for truth,
Duty, work, simplicity,
Essence of fine youth.

Carry on with character—
That will be the test.
Down the years Columbia
Always seeks the best.

Spirit of Columbia,
Inspiration fine,
Grant us quality of thought,
Alma Mater mine.



*"If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams,
and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he
will meet with success unexpected in common hours."*

Henry David Thoreau



SENIORS

ANNE KINGSBURY ADAMS

4242 East Avenue

Undoubtedly one of the most gifted of the senior class, Anne is unobtrusively brilliant. Her creativity ranges from painting to literary composition, and her interests penetrate many other fields. The HOURGLASS also feels her touch, for she has generously given of her time and talents in her capacity as Senior Editor. Although missing from the halls of Columbia, Anne will still be found enjoying a summer life of swimming and boating at her cottage on Canandaigua Lake.



Art Committee, THE HOURGLASS, 4 ; Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1, 3; Senior Editor, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics Club, 1, 2, 3; French Club, 2; Chairman, Decorations Committee, May Breakfast, 2; Class Forum, 2, 4; Table Setter, 1; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 2; Scenery Committee, Christmas Play, 1, 2; Modern Dance Club, 2, 3; "Sanddrift" Staff, 2; Art Club, 4; Traffic Committee, 4. White Team. 4 years at Columbia.



"I offer perpetual congratulations to the scholar; he has drawn the white lot in life."



MARY ALICE ARK

171 Palmerston Road

Mary's the girl who could look well-dressed in a flour sack, but prefers more fashionable attire, such as a panoply of pastel slips; who would appear well-groomed under a dust mop, but actually sports a short, natural cut, executed by a professional admirer. Mary's magnetic charm and loquacious humor lead us all to fun. As evinced by her uniform script, she is also an artist who loves her job as Art Editor of THE HOURGLASS. A determined worker with a perpetual, contagious smile, Mary is, indeed, a much-coveted friend.



Class President, 1; Dramatics Club, 2; Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 3; Art Editor, 4; French Club, 2; Traffic Committee, 3; Red Cross Representative, 4; Volunteer Work, 3, 4; Student Aide, 4. White Team. 5 years at Columbia.

"It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds."

CAROL BANCROFT CLARK

35 Lime Rock Lane

Carol, a girl of many interests, spends her time checking assembly programs, the ski slopes, and the cookie jar, when she is not driving her favorite Special. With her passion for oddities, she keeps us guessing about her latest fad and wondering when she will decide that men's sweaters are not nicer than girls'. Carol has a rare wit and an ever present desire to help—especially in French class. With her loud stage whispers, she holds the class record for "Dix fois, Mademoiselle."

Standing Photography Committee, 1, 2; Chairman, Baked Goods Committee, Christmas Bazaar, 1; Forum Speaker, 1, 3; Volunteer Work 1, 2, 3; Chairman, Novelties Committee, Christmas Bazaar, 2; Dramatics Club, 2; Class Treasurer, 2; Traffic Committee, 2; Chairman, Reservations Committee, May Breakfast, 2; Study Hall Committee, 3; Supply Closet, 3; Science Club, 3; Chairman, Clean-up Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Health Representative, 3; Christmas Play, 3; Assemblies Committee, 3; Chairman, 4. White Team. 8 years at Columbia.



"The delectable form that intelligence takes in its moments of surplus power—the form of wit."

JULIE HODGES CLARK

89 Shoreham Drive

Red hair, a bright smile, and a cheery greeting early in the morning mean Julie. Her salutations, either from the Museum parking lot where she meets the bus, or in a classroom, range from a mere hello to a minute-by-minute report of "good news." Julie, as Head of the Traffic Committee, knows how to battle Rochester's congestion, but the United Nations' traffic proved too much for her. She called in a personal guide, but we noticed no wane of her interest.



Study Hall, 1; Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1; Assemblies Committee, 1; Food Committee, Christmas Dance, 1; Eastman Chorus, 2; Glee Club, 2; Dress Committee, 2; Food Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Christmas Play, 3; Health Association Representative, 3; Traffic Committee, 2, 3; Chairman, 4; Waitress, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 1, 2, 3; Forum Speaker, 4; Dramatics Club, 3, 4; Volunteer Work, 1, 2, 3. White Team. 7 years at Columbia.

"The world is his who works in it with serenity and great aims."



CLAUDIA COOLEY

2966 Clover Street

Firm in her convictions and unrelentlessly following them through, Claudia possesses an unlimited capacity for patience and understanding. Her indefatigable sense of humor often concocts witty remarks for friends who good-heartedly call her "witch." As Editor-in-Chief of THE HOURGLASS, she has rallied her committees into an efficiently run organ of Student Government. Claudia is rising to her castle in the sky; in building her foundation, she has bequeathed to the Columbia School an example of inherent loveliness incorporated with an uninhibited sense of purpose.



Study Hall Committee, 3; Varsity Cheerleader, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Secretary-Treasurer of Class, 3; Class Forum Speaker, 3; Forum Moderator, 4; Science Club, 4; Editor of THE HOURGLASS, 4; Vice-President of Student Council, 4. Blue Team. 2 years at Columbia.

"The great mind knows the power of gentleness."

JODY COWGILL

8 Sutherland Street

Jody can be counted on for a wide smile and a word of cheer. Competently managing her strict budget, she willingly gives of her money or herself to further a cause or project. One of the better sopranos, Jody is also good with paintbrush and supplies us with neat posters. Concern for others—including a big-sisterly eye on the little ones, and a "Can I help?" air for all—marks this friendly senior.

Supply Closet, 1, 2; Science Club, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 2; THE HOURGLASS Staff, 2; Photography Committee, 3, 4; Social Work, 2, 4; Red Cross Representative, 2; Music Committee, 4; Christmas Play, 3, 4; Eastman Chorus, 2. Blue Team. 4 years at Columbia.



"My youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession."

Bradford Junior '64

VINJAMURI PREMANJALI DEVADUTT

77 Highland Parkway

Once the proud possessor of the longest hair in school, Chellie now has an ebony page boy, maintaining her dark Indian attractiveness. While anyone can do the Twist, not everyone can execute modern dance, and fewer still, native Hindu dances as Chellie can and often does. Good enough to dance in public, she treats us to frequent assemblies, where her slides and explanations, in addition to her bell-footed gyrations to the oriental music, acquaint us with India. Sari-clad, she went off eagerly to the United Nations last fall to meet Nehru. Here at home, fully Americanized, she stays busy meeting the U. of R. boys.



Dramatics Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Work, 1, 2; Modern Dance Club, 1, 2, 4; Costumes Committee, Christmas Play, 1, 2, 3, 4; Decorations Committee, Bazaar, 1, 2; Music Committee, 2; International Committee, 3; Junior Red Cross Representative, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Chairman, Costumes Committee Allendale and Columbia Play, 3; Class Forum Speaker, 3; Assembly Committee, 4. White Team. 6 years at Columbia.



"My country is the world, and my countrymen are mankind."

ROBERTA MARITZA DEVERIAN

375 Cobb's Hill Drive

"Birdi," our bell ringer, has her finger on the pulse of Columbia every forty minutes (or is it thirty-seven?). Undoubtedly the most influential person in school, she has only to sound the cue and all move from one period to another. Last summer she had the privilege of representing school and country as an American Field Service Diplomat to Japan. Naturally witty in her animated conversation, she has entertained us with descriptions of Japanese customs, including demonstrations of ju-jitsu and oriental eating habits. Her greatest thrill: to have been considered tall for once.



Chairman, Decorations Committee, Christmas Bazaar, 1; Class Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Dramatics Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Christmas Play, 1, 4; Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1, 2, 3; Modern Dance Club, 2; Science Club, 2, 3, 4; Bell-Ringer, 4; Volunteer Work, 4; Foreign Exchange Student to Japan, Summer 1961; International Committee, 4. Blue Team. 14 years at Columbia.

"A little body often harbors a great soul."



SUZANNE FARNHAM ELY

255 Sandringham Road

Sue's baby blue eyes peer out from beneath a flop of mostly blond hair innocently enough, but watch for a flicker of what is behind them. Sometimes they sparkle in delight or quizzically inquire; after lunch, though, they are steely and uncompromising as she stands guard by the front bulletin board peremptorily saying, "Into study hall—now!" Her rush to be first out of the locker room includes a jump into loafers, that, we suspect, were a part of her original uniform.



House Committee, 1; Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 1; Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 2; Date Committee, Christmas Dance, 1, 2; Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Traffic Committee, 3; Assistant Seller of Stationery, 3; Study Hall Committee, 4; Volunteer Work, 3, 4. White Team. 6 years at Columbia.

"Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully, blue."

PATRICIA ANN HALBLEIB

50 Pickwick Drive

Patty is the keeper of our activities—or at least of their record book. Her baby-fine hair and general composure remind us of an Egyptian queen, especially when we note her favorite jewel—a little pearl ring. Our ebullient Pat, possessed of a sweet and generous nature, was the first senior to give a breakfast for classmates and faculty, proving to us that she can also cook. Sympathetic and humorous, Patty has many friends.



Varsity Cheerleader, 3; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Decorations Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Student Aide, 4; Keeper of Student Activities Book, 4; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 4; Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 4. Blue Team. 2 years at Columbia.



"This is the stuff that dreams are made of."

HARRIET KIRSTEN HERSLOFF

44 Golfside Parkway

Kriss has traded her Arizona Dude Ranch summers for Canandaigua cottage vacations and acquired reserved seats in two red convertibles—as passenger in the Ford, and as driver in the Pontiac. Her Fridays begin early as she gropes through the dark winter mornings collecting seniors for breakfast. A faithful worker, she attended every Ad Luncheon held. Always eager to help someone, Kriss will succeed as a medical secretary.

Library Committee, 1; Red Cross Representative, 1; Eastman Chorus, 1; Social Service Work, 2, 3; Food Committee, Bazaar, 2; Food Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Traffic Committee, 4; Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 4; Dramatics Club, Properties Committee, 4; Food Committee, Christmas Dance, 4. Blue Team. 5 years at Columbia.



"There are those who give with joy and that is their reward."

SANDRA POND HODGES

171 Wisner Road

Sandi is the "dahling" of our class, and l'artiste who can collect any number of odd, assorted shapes, put them together and create a good design, whether a notebook embellishment or a stairway-ceiling decoration. Her long blond hair is nothing compared to her miles of eyelashes. Sandi used to putter around in her familiar green wagon but, of late, her tastes have led her to a "French" car.



Standing Photography Committee, 1; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Art Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 3; "Sanddrift" Staff, 3; President of Science Club, 4; Traffic Committee, 4; Volunteer Work, 2; Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 4; Art Club, 4; Head of Forum Publicity, 4; Modern Dance Club, 2. Blue Team. 8 years at Columbia.

"All good things which exist are the fruits of originality."



SALLIE JEAN JACKSON

60 Indian Spring Lane

An attractive girl with enticing green eyes, Jeannie is known for her magnetic personality. She is a practical joker, deriving pleasure from life and passing it on to us. Under her light and bright surface, however, we find a serious individual willing to face the darker roots of life. Her experience with four younger sisters and two kittens has developed her capacity for leadership and understanding. An industrious student and a capable Secretary of Student Council, Jeannie is a valuable member of our class.



Class Secretary, 2; Junior Varsity Cheerleader, 2; Traffic Committee, 2; Athletic Association, 2; Modern Dance Club, 2, 4; Date Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Forum Speaker, 3; Date Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Student Council, 3, 4; Secretary, 4; Chairman, Welcoming Committee, Christmas Dance, 4; Dramatics Club, 4; Science Club, 4; THE HOURGLASS Staff, 4; Volunteer Work, 4. Blue Team. 3 years at Columbia.

"Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

SUSAN LINDSAY JACKSON

185 Bonnie Brae Avenue

Susie's shiny mahogany hair matches her bright eyes and contrasts with her delicate cameo complexion. Her meticulous neatness is an excellent quality for her office as Chairman of the Dress Committee. She has the distinction of being a mathematical wizard and the only girl who can fall down stairs standing up. Susie is often seen but rarely heard.



Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1; Flag Raiser, 1; Welcoming Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 2; Chairman Clean-Up, May Breakfast, 2; Volunteer Work, 1, 2, 3, 4; Finance Committee, Christmas Dance, 1, 3; Traffic Committee, 3; Student Council, 3; Assistant Bell Ringer, 3; Chairman Dress Committee, 4; Chairman, Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance, 4; Science Club, 4; Modern Dance Club, 2, 4. Blue Team. 6 years at Columbia.



"Quiet until you know her, then what a wealth you find."

MARGOT CAULDWELL JONES

1286 East Avenue

Margot, spelled with a "t," is our vivacious one. An avid skier, mathematician, and gourmet, she is a mixture of moods and is equally at home in the midst of laughter or serious conversation. With cries of "scintillate" and "Come on, fans," she loads her "red bus" to drive us hither and yon, or farther, if necessary. Are you an Enemy of the Library? If so, the world will know, for Margot's system of fee collecting is uninhibited and uniquely successful. Always willing and able to help, Margot will be remembered as more than just "that Jones girl."

Assemblies Committee, 1; Flag Raiser, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Staff, THE HOUR-GLASS, 2; Supply Closet, 2, 3; Table Setter, 2; Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Science Club, 3, 4; Volunteer Work, 1, 2, 3; Chairman, Novelties Committee, Bazaar, 2; Traffic Committee, 2; Captain, Magazine Drive, 2, 3; Chairman, Library Committee, 4. White Team, 12 years at Columbia.

HULO '66



Dear Anne:
What am I going to do without your smiling face and wit next year? You'll have to visit and be serious year to lose touch long on. I want you to be a good girl and not an enemy of the library committee because if you're an enemy of the library committee the secret of success is constancy to purpose. You're an enemy of no one. Love, Margot

JANE KENT

26 Hyde Park Estate

Johannesburg, South Africa

Coming to us from Johannesburg, South Africa, as our third Teen-Age Diplomat, Jane has shared with us a desire to learn, a most gracious manner, and an omnipresent sense of humor. In American History, she has shamed us all. She has done her part in bringing together two continents, so vastly different in background and culture, and has enabled us to have a realistic understanding of her country. We are especially glad that Jane has discovered that while it sometimes snows hard here, the downy flakes are really soft.

Foreign Exchange Student from South Africa, 4; International Committee, 4; Study Hall Committee, 4; Class Treasurer, 4. White Team, 1 year at Columbia.



"You cannot travel within and stand still without."



MARIE HARRIETT KEUTMANN

530 Clover Hills Drive

Marie, as Study Hall Chairman, controls the girls with a piercing look from her big blue eyes. Her small, quiet appearance is deceiving, for here is a girl who can get things done. Another athletic fiend, she loves to ski, excels in all sports. Seemingly huddled in the back row of Room 17, this senior even has the answers for Ma'm'selle. Last summer found Marie changing beds in the Towpath; this year she'll be preparing to leave for Smith, for she is an envied early decision winner.



"They that govern make the least noise."

Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman, Decorations Committee, Bazaar, 2; Student Council, 2, 4; Dramatics Club, 2, 3; Traffic Committee, 2; Eastman Chorus, 2; Properties Committee, Christmas Play, 2; Modern Dance Club, 2, 4; CARE Committee, 2; International Committee, 3; Chairman, May Breakfast, 2; Forum Speaker, 2, 4; Co-Chairman, Christmas Dance, 3; Welcoming Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Science Club, 3; Chairman, Study Hall Committee, 4. White Team, 4 years at Columbia.

MEREDITH JEAN LADY

180 Golf Avenue

Possessing qualities of organization and wisdom far beyond her years, Chip is pleasantly at ease whether planning the Christmas Dance or attending a Colgate homecoming. Faculty and students alike marvel at her poise and eloquence of speech. Chip is an enthusiastic and well-liked member of any athletic team, and an especially fine horsewoman. The absence of "the Lady's lady" and her symbolical white Chevrolet will be felt at Columbia when this senior leaves for college.



Dress Committee, 1; Vice-President of Class, 1; Social Service Work, 1, 2; Waitress, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 1, 2; Student Council, 2; Forum Moderator, 2; Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance, 2; Chairman of Food Committee, Bazaar, 2; Science Club, 2; Study Hall Committee, 3; Date Committee, Christmas Dance, 2; Library Committee, 4; Seller of Rings, 4; Chairman, Christmas Dance, 4; Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 4; Traffic Committee, 4; Secretary of Class, 4. Blue Team, 4 years at Columbia.



"Manner, not gold, is woman's best adornment."

PATRICIA CARMEN LANE

20 Creekside Lane

Anyone who has crowded into Pat's Falcon at 3:50 knows that she is busy with films, projectors, basketball, and heaven-knows-what, samples of each having a prominent place. Chairman of the Audio-Visual Committee, she has put her ability to hear and see all to good use. Whether she is urging us to sell magazines, fight for the White team—she is the Captain—, or to smile, Pat is persuasive.



Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Study Hall Committee, 1; Supply Closet, 1; Science Club, 1; Welcoming Committee, Christmas Dance, 1; Eastman Chorus, 2; Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 3; Audio-Visual Committee, 3; Chairman, 4; "Sanddrift" Staff, 4; Volunteer Work, 1, 4; Rochester Teen-Agers' League Representative, 4; White Team Captain, 4. White Team. 4 years at Columbia.



"I prefer the errors of enthusiasm to the complacency of wisdom."



ELIZABETH THAYER LEE

Clover Hills Drive

Our President of the Dramatics Club loves the humorous side of life. Thayer has many graceful moments, however, ably demonstrating in Modern Dance Club positions we found almost impossible. Her tales of rousing escapades as a camper at Northway Lodge have earned her the name of "Thumper," and we eagerly await our first class reunion to hear her tales about college.



Dramatics Club 2, 3; President, 4; Eastman Chorus, 2; Scenery Committee, Christmas Play, 2, 3, 4; Modern Dance Club, 2, 3, 4; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Welcoming Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Traffic Committee, 4; Audio-Visual Committee, 4. White Team. 3 years at Columbia.

"No man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it."



MARY SUSAN McMULLEN

330 Ambassador Drive

When Mully first arrived from New Jersey, we nearly had to call in an interpreter to decipher her accent. The language barrier was quickly forgotten, however, as her contagious sense of humor caught hold. We then discovered many hidden talents ranging from basketball to golf to dog salesmanship. On one March 17 morning, loyalty to St. Patrick found her sporting a bright green blouse, but loyalty to Columbia soon saw her attired in the traditional manner. On any day of the year, Mully's laugh rings through the halls.



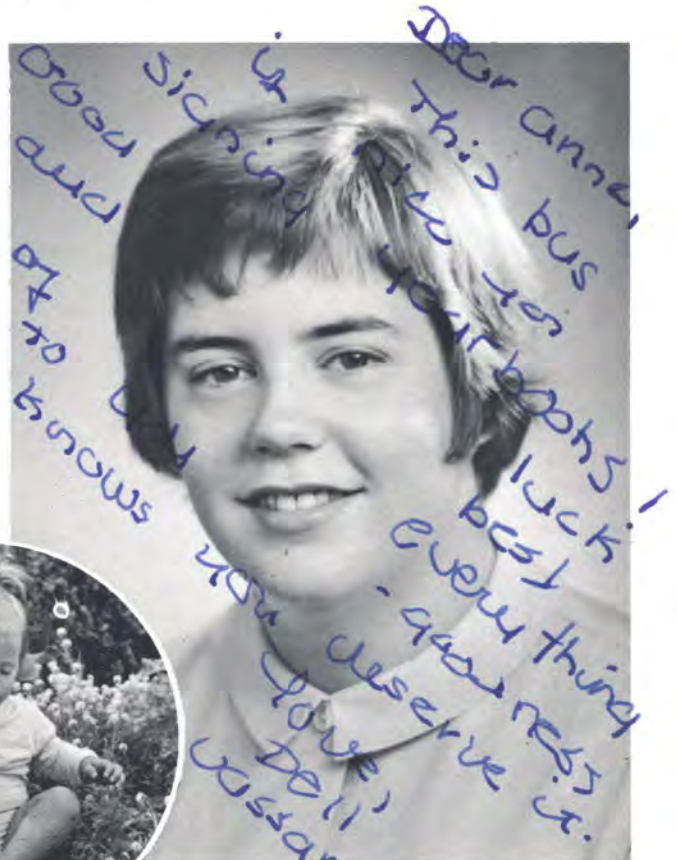
Science Club, 2, 3, 4; Table Setter, 3; Captain, Class Basketball Team, 2, 3, 4; Seller of Stationery, 4; Business Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 4; Dramatics Club, 4. White Team. 3 years at Columbia.

"Every soul is a circus."

MARGARET DELL MACOMBER

3525 Elmwood Ave.

Dell, the business woman of the senior class, is always willing to work diligently. The family architectural tendencies must have inspired her precise order. The only girl who can begin a line with a semicolon, her talents appear in all phases of school life from Business Manager of THE HOURGLASS to artistic biological drawings. The informal warmth of her home is ever open to meetings and luncheons; the hospitality of our senior hostess will long be remembered and appreciated.



Food Committee, Christmas Dance, 1; Social Service Committee, 1, 3; Library Committee, 2; Traffic Committee, 2; International Committee, 2; Eastman Chorus, 2; French Club, 2; Forum Moderator, 2; Magazine Captain, 2, 4; Chairman, Games Committee, Christmas Bazaar, 2; Junior Red Cross Representative, 3; Audio-Visual Committee, 3; Chairman, Committee for Floor Plans of School and Grounds, 3; Properties Committee, Spring Play, 3; Editor, "The Sanddrift," 3; Business Manager, THE HOURGLASS, 4; Glee Club, 4; Science Club, 3, 4. Blue Team. 6 years at Columbia.

"Industry is the soul of business and the keystone of prosperity."

MARGARET TANNER POST

74 Shoreham Drive

An enthusiastic sportswoman and traveler is Margie, Chairman of the Athletic Association. Loving all sports, she has had the distinguished experience of teaching the gym classes. Although Margie claims she likes Rochester, we suspect she prefers other places. In summer, she camps in the Maine wilderness; during the winter, she frequents a Swiss-named town south of here. Margie's fantastic drive promises much for the future.



Student Council 2, 4; Science Club, 1, 2; Red Cross Representative, 1; Supply Closet, 1, 2; Athletic Association, 3; President, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Photography Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 3; Volunteer Work, 2, 3; Junior Varsity Cheerleader, 2; President of Junior Class, 3; Forum Moderator, 3; Entertainment Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 2, Blue Team, 4 years at Columbia.



*"Prudent, cautious self control
Is wisdom's root."*

VICTORIA JANE ROWNTREE

1880 Penfield Road, Penfield

The Chairman of the International Committee is well suited to the post, for she was born in England. While her clipped accent distinguishes Vickie, so do her red vixen locks and guileless blue eyes. A lover of sports, Vickie does well on all the school teams, but her favorite activity is riding her own horse. Summers see Vickie in Maine, where she can relax under a spreading beach umbrella, but September beckons home a vigorous student, ready for enthusiastic work.



Student Council, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Supply Closet 2, 3; International Committee, Secretary and Treasurer, 2; Chairman, 4; Dress Committee, 2, 3; Forum, 2; May Breakfast Co-Chairman of Flower Committee, 2; Eastman Chorus, 2; Traffic Committee, 2, 3; Chairman of Welcoming Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Keeper of the Pound, 3; Chairman of Welcoming and Date Committee, Spring Fling, 3. Blue Team. 4 years at Columbia.

*"But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman."*



VIRGINIA LEE SQUIER

63 Commodore Parkway

Ginny, as Chairman of the Music Committee, can sing for her lunch every day, and for our lunches too. Another senior who seems quiet, especially off in the corner of French class, she has a sweet personality and a willingness to help others. In addition, Ginny has a lively sense of humor and a genuine sort of friendship.



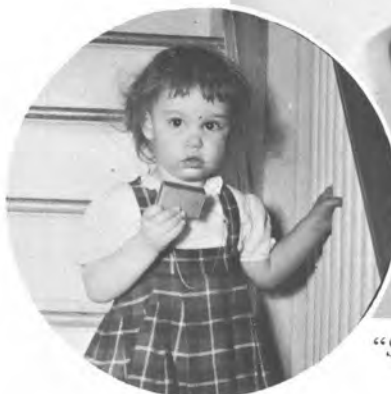
Music Committee, 3; Chairman, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Food Committee, Christmas Dance, 3, 4; Traffic Committee, 4. Blue Team. 2 years at Columbia.

*"Set thy own songs, and sing them
to thy flute."*

STEPHANIE STRAKOSH

101 Georgian Court Road

Serene, neat Steph—justly the Chairman of the House Committee—is the only Upper School girl who, because she gives out the work assignments, has her own ten minute period. In a calm, skillful manner, she can change from guard to forward on the basketball team, execute a beautiful dive, or hit a softball over the fence. Although nothing can compare with the Kingston Trio, Steph finds a good substitute in the bongo and banjo on the beaches in Maine.



Study Hall Committee, 1; Assemblies Committee, 2; Dramatics Club, 2, 3; Student Council, 3, 4; Invitations Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Traffic Committee, 3; Chairman, Finance Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Properties Committee, Christmas Play, 2; Eastman Chorus, 2; Chairman, House Committee, 4; Glee Club, 4; Volunteer Work, 3, 4. White Team. 6 years at Columbia.

*"Simplicity of character is no hindrance
to subtlety of intellect."*

ELIZABETH ANN SWING

Lizanne as Social Service Chairman unlocks our hearts to the less fortunate. Consistently perfect posture is her distinguishing mark, but no more than the arresting cobalt eyes and thick charcoal lashes, behind which lurk a multitude of creative ideas. These she expresses in ink, in paint, and in thoughtful speech. Biology is Zanny's special forte, next to putting around in her little yellow Lark.

Dress Committee, 1; Forum Speaker, 2; Chairman, Publicity for Bazaar, 2; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Chairman, 4; Chairman, Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Christmas Play, 3, 4; Student Council, 3, 4; Student Milk Checker, 3; Science Club, 3, 4; Traffic Committee, 3; Interschool Current Affairs Council, 3; Modern Dance Club, 3; Chairman, Social Committee, 4; Social Work, 4; THE HOURGLASS Staff, 4. White Team. 11 years at Columbia.



"Nature sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master."

BRITTA JANE THOMAS

8 Countryside Road

Britta's bounding enthusiasm is directed toward the Social Service Committee projects, hospital volunteer work, and her annual summer job—working with retarded children. Britta's concern for other people and her sympathetic nature have made her a sincere friend and a real asset to Columbia. Her valuable summer experience has given her an insight into her future work—aiding the handicapped.



Social Service Committee, 3, 4; Varsity Cheerleader, 3; Food Committee, Christmas Dance, 3; Christmas Play, 3, 4; Chairman, Decorations Committee, Spring Fling, ; Red Cross Representative, 4; Dramatics Club, 3, 4; Volunteer Work, 4; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 4; Modern Dance Club, 4; Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 4. White Team. 2 years at Columbia.

*"But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."*



DIANA WILLIS TRIPP

1 Parsons Lane

Dini's athletic interests, running the gamut from cheerleading to skiing, have made her an enthusiastic Captain of the Blue Team. The high percentage of seniors present at the Christmas Dance was due to her acquaintance with many eligible escorts—the proof is seen on the Tripp's December phone bill! Less expensively, she corresponds regularly with one of America's more prominent Armed Service branches.



Library Committee, 1; Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1; Finance Committee, 1; Welcoming Committee, 2; Chairman, Date Committee, 4; Christmas Dance; Junior Varsity Cheerleader, 1, 2; Finance Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 2; Study Hall Committee, 2; Dress Committee, 3; Varsity Cheerleader, 3; Traffic Committee, 3; Captain Blue Team, 4; Science Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4. Blue Team. 7 years at Columbia.

*"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers:
for thereby some have entertained
angels unawares."*

DOROTHY WEISSBERGER

36 Southern Parkway

Terry amazes us with her incredibly varied store of information, obviously of the useful type, for she has had to erect new bookshelves to accommodate the awards won by her high scores on the annual *Time* tests. In another field, equipped with seventy-odd baby food jars, each containing a whole or fraction of a planarian and a pound of liver, she plunged into a regeneration experiment: "and lo and behold you have a two-headed planarian!" Always ready to laugh at herself, frank in voicing her knowledgeable opinions, Terry is an asset to any group.

Literary Staff, THE HOURGLASS, 1; Literary Editor, 4; Science Club, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4; Dramatics Club, 2, 3; Properties Committee Chairman, 3; Traffic Committee, 2; RAUN Representative, 3, 4; French Club, 2; Library Committee, 3; Volunteer Work, 4; White Team. 5 years at Columbia.



*"Give me a lever long enough, and a
fulcrum strong enough, and single-
handed I will move the world."*



KAREN ANNE WILSON

2756 Lake Road, Ontario

Efficiently fulfilling her duty as Master Treasurer, Karen is the negotiator of Columbia's financial affairs. Her deepest love, agriculture, perhaps provokes her unusual understanding of science and mathematics. On a dairy farm near Ontario Lake, where she keeps her prize-winning calves, Karen listens to Thoreau's peaceful country drumbeat. Her enthusiasm for this way of life will mould her future as it has animated many of our class discussions from biology to current history.



Student Council, 1; Social Service Committee, 2; Dramatics Club, 2; Chairman, Christmas Bazaar, 2; Audio-Visual Committee, 3; Chairman, Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Christmas Play, 3; Forum Speaker, 3; Chairman, Food Committee, Spring Fling, 3; Photography Editor, THE HOURGLASS, 4; Master Treasurer, 4; Glee Club, 4. Blue Team, 5 years at Columbia.

"How blessed is he who lives a country life."

MARTHA LYMAN YUILE

191 Danbury Circle North

Our reserved Senior Class President has handled our meetings superbly. Her coveted natural blond curl is striking with her favorite color, black. Martha lived for a while in golden California; then, reversing the familiar song, she happily headed homeward to stay. That her distinguished uncle is the Canadian Ambassador is indicative of Martha's own ability and charm, but the clue is not really necessary, for her sparkle speaks for itself.



Finance Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 3; Welcoming Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, 4; Christmas Play, 3; House Committee, 3; Table Setter, 4; Secretary, Science Club, 4; Modern Dance Club, 4; Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance, 4; Volunteer Work, 4. White Team. 2 years at Columbia.



"Love of beauty is taste."

*"He will put some things behind,
will pass an invisible boundary . . ."*

Henry David Thoreau



ACTIVITIES



STUDENT COUNCIL—*Standing:* C. Ashton, President. *Seated:* Miss Skillin, Adviser; C. Cooley, Vice-President; J. Jackson, Secretary; M. Keutmann, M. Post, L. Swing. *Second Row:* C. Doyle, E. Wilt, N. Robinson, S. Carter,

C. Staniford, S. Strakosh, M. Kaelber, S. Williams, J. Shaw, P. Lowenthal, C. O'Connor. *Third Row:* L. Lucas, E. Tuthill, S. Guinness, J. Yates, L. DelMonaco, K. Damon.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Every first Monday of the month, the Student Council discusses the non-academic problems of the school that concern the welfare of the student body. The members include representatives from each Upper School class and the heads of the major committees. The Student Council symbolizes self-government, a policy essential for developing a sense of responsibility toward one's school and community.

STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

The hard impressive work of the Study Hall Committee, led by Marie Keutmann, is shown through the success of the courier system, annex lists, and Honor System. This committee, composed of representatives from each of the Upper School classes, has reminded girls to obey the Study Hall Rules and discipline themselves to make the Honor System feasible.

Self discipline is stressed and practised



STUDY HALL COMMITTEE—*Seated:* M. Keutmann, Chairman; G. Forsyth, J. Jackson, D. Harpending, F. Little, S. Ely. *Standing:* Mrs. Delgado, Adviser; S. Smith, L. Hawks, J. Bird-sall, S. Wehle, J. Kent, H. Hollenbach, A. Hall.

HOURGLASS STAFF—*First Row:* K. Levy, S. Forsyth, C. Cooley, Editor; C. Gioia, J. Chambers, L. Johnston. *Second Row:* A. Adams, D. Harpending, K. Hersloff, S. Smith, J. Shaw, M. Williams, J. Clark, T. Weissberger. *Third Row:* D. Macomber, Business Manager; L. DelMonaco, E. Ernest, A. Morris, B. Solomon, J. Jackson, L. Swing, M. Hickman, K. Wilson, Miss Whitney, Adviser. *Fourth Row:* J. Cowgill, S. Bibby, S. McMullen, N. Bloom, S. Harris, M. Swett, S. Hodges, M. Ark. *Absent:* S. Ansley, J. Neville, D. Smith, L. Hersloff, E. Hollenbach.



THE HOURGLASS 1962

THE HOURGLASS and its journalistic partner, "The Sanddrift," give the students a chance to express their literary, artistic, and photographic talents. Under the leadership of Editor Claudia Cooley and Business Manager Dell Macomber, a record of the school's seventy-first year has been completed. The school newspaper, edited by Jean Neville, supplies us with helpful information and interesting ideas.

THE HOURGLASS STAFF

Claudia Cooley	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
Dell Macomber	<i>Business Manager</i>
Anne Adams	<i>Senior Editor</i>
Mary Ark	<i>Art Editor</i>
Terry Weissberger	<i>Literary Editor</i>
Karen Wilson	<i>Photography Editor</i>

in all our projects and committees.



STUDENT AIDES

The Student Aides are the unsung heroines of the school. This silent group of girls includes representatives to the Red Cross, Rochester Association for the United Nations, Junior Planning Council, Health Association, Safety Council, Teenagers' League for Responsible Citizenship, bell ringers, table setters, Chairman of the Christmas Dance, Chairman of the Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, Master Treasurer, Keeper of the Student Activities Book, the Head of the Pound, and the Head of the Traffic Committee.

STUDENT AIDES—*First Row:* J. Springer, E. Watson, C. Burnham, S. Hargrave, C. Doyle, M. Lady, P. Wilkens. *Second Row:* C. Stape, P. Lane, J. Clark, M. Ark, J. Broderson, K. Wilson, M. Yuile, P. Halbleib. *Third Row:* D. Mason, T. Weissberger, K. Levy, R. Deverian, L. Rusling, R. Terry, L. Heuer.



SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE—*Kneeling*: S. Hawks, B. Morris, C. Gioia, G. Neville, S. Smith. *Standing*: Miss Nevius, Adviser; A. Weismiller, K. Hook, B. Thomas, L. Swing, Chairman; Miss Rodgers, Adviser; J. Willsea.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The purpose of the Social Service Committee is to lead the school in sharing material possessions as well as time with the less fortunate of our community, our nation, and our world. Its projects include the support of three children and two schools, the collection of old clothes, the participation in the March of Dimes, the delivering of Thanksgiving baskets, the placement of Columbia girls in local hospitals, and the donation of money to several philanthropic organizations. Headed by Lizanne Swing, the Social Service Committee raised its funds through the effort and cooperation of each Upper School class.

We help others as well as ourselves.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year's Athletic Association directed by Margie Post has done everything from arranging exciting Field Days to teaching gym classes. Friendly team competition led by Dini Tripp, Blue Team Captain, and Pat Lane, White Team Captain, helped to develop sportsmanship and a sense of fair play. Hockey practice on Sundays at Allendale has given interested girls a chance to improve their skills.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Seated*: B. Baird, H. Hickok. *Standing*: Miss Chollet, Adviser; D. Tripp, P. Lane, K. Wells, M. Post, Chairman; J. Martin, D. Hall.



HOUSE COMMITTEE—A. Harvey, L. Buckley, D. Castle, P. Halbleib, M. Lucas, S. Strakosh, Chairman; Miss Skillin, Adviser; S. Ireland.

"Table lists will change and everyone will work" cleaning rooms and waiting on tables. On the House Committee Chairman, Stephanie Strakosh, falls the task of arranging table and work lists. Cleaning chairs, dusting rooms, washing black boards, and straightening furniture, each girl helps to maintain the order of the school under the direction of the House Committee.

HOUSE COMMITTEE

A student's school is her castle.



ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE—Standing: P. Devadutt, C. Curtis, S. Whitmore, S. Thornton, C. Rob, G. Gioia. Seated: C. Clark, Chairman; Mrs. Simpson, Adviser.

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

Each Friday morning, students are delighted by the programs organized by the Assemblies Committee. Among the highlights of this year's presentations have been slides on India, a doll collection, and discussions by our Teen-Age Diplomats. In addition, each class in the Upper School presented an assembly, and the Forums of the Upper Classes explored the different sides of important current issues. This year, through the work of Carol Clark and her Assemblies Committee, our interests have been developed and our horizons broadened.





INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE—*Seated:* J. Taylor, M. Struever, G. Symington, M. Adams. *Standing, First Row:* Mrs. Delgado, Adviser; J. Clark, L. Burnham, C. Teale,

R. Deverian, Miss Griffith, Adviser; S. Howard, L. Johnston. *Top Row:* V. Rowntree, Chairman; J. Kent, E. Watson. *Absent:* L. Brockway.

Committee membership is trained for

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE

To further world-wide understanding, Columbia participates in the American Field Service program through the International Committee's sponsorship of Teen-Age Diplomats. In return, Columbia sends a girl to a foreign country for the summer. Our knowledge of foreign lands has been augmented by the presence of Jane Kent, Diplomat from South Africa, and of Roberta Deverian, Columbia's ambassador to Japan.

DRESS COMMITTEE

The Dress Committee bears the task of reminding the student body that the colors of the school are blue and white. Headed by Susan Jackson, the members strive to instill in us a sense of pride in our uniform by making sure that each girl is neat, clean, and correct in her appearance.



DRESS COMMITTEE—*Seated:* D. Fisher, Mlle. Vuagniaux, Adviser; S. Jackson, Chairman; S. Bibby, S. Eisenhart. *Standing:* L. Hellebush, D. Lee, P. Wilkens, S. Hylan, C. Hanson, C. Beale, G. Gould, D. Harris.





AUDIO-VISUAL COMMITTEE

The Audio-Visual Committee is a new but important one at Columbia. Chairman Patricia Lane and her committee members are responsible for keeping the audio-visual equipment in good condition, showing films and slides, and setting up the audio-visual room. Because of its ability to use equipment well, this group of girls has been of invaluable service.



AUDIO-VISUAL COMMITTEE—*Standing*: D. Beach, T. Lee, Mr. Anderson, Adviser; E. Carter, D. Roth. *Seated*: L. Scampole, P. Lane, Chairman; R. Terry.

important future responsibilities.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

The library is at the heart of the school, supplying the students with research materials, books necessary for class, sources of enjoyment, a place to study, and a room for mid-year examinations. Under Margot Jones, the Library Committee has helped Mrs. Jensen sort, dust, and keep track of our large collection of books. Money collected from fines imposed on girls who do not return books when due is used to buy new volumes for our growing library.



LIBRARY COMMITTEE—*Seated*: M. Jones, Chairman; Mrs. Jensen, Adviser. *Standing*: L. Lovejoy, R. Baxter, M. Lady, B. Ver-laine, B. Lehman, D. Mason.



DRAMATICS CLUB—*Bottom Row:* S. Goldberg, L. Hersloff, E. Wilt, Mrs. Clark, Adviser; T. Lee, Chairman; C. Doyle, S. Hargrave, J. Chambers, J. Broderson. *Second Row:* M. Taylor, R. Deverian, D. Mason, P. Lowenthal, C. Reich, E. Hollenbach, C. Rob, K. Levy, S. Forsyth, T. Taylor. *Third Row:* B. Solomon, J. Jackson, K. Damon, S. Guin-

ness, S. Ireland, K. Hook, L. Tuthill, D. Beach, S. Harris, S. Ansley. *Top Row:* A. Ames, D. Lee, A. Morris, N. Robinson, S. Smith, C. Lunt, J. Springer, C. Curtis, C. Hennrich, C. Stape, K. Hersloff. *Absent:* J. Clark, P. Devadutt, C. Fennell, N. Fisher, A. Harvey, S. McMullen, G. Meader, S. Wehle, B. Thomas.

DRAMATICS CLUB



Through its various activities, the Dramatics Club stimulates our theatrical inclinations. Under the direction of President Thayer Lee, the Club produced the Christmas play, "One Night in Bethlehem," and the Spring play, "Cheaper by the Dozen." The crews behind the scenes, artistically working on scenery, costumes, and make-up, contributed to make these productions a success.



These groups help to encourage

SCIENCE CLUB



The Science Club, under the leadership of President Sandra Hodges, has strived to develop and cultivate scientific abilities of interested students. The Club this year has placed more emphasis on individual projects, culminating in a science fair. At the several meetings, interesting speakers have discussed such varying aspects of science as radiation and bacteriology.

SCIENCE CLUB—*Seated:* D. Roth, S. Hodges, Chairman; P. Halbleib, M. Yuile, F. Hubbard, T. Weissberger, E. Wilt, D. Hall. *Standing, First Row:* C. Cooley, D. Macomber, K. Levy, J. Jackson, J. Jackson, S. Jackson, L. Rusling. *Second Row:* Miss Murray, Adviser; Mr. Anderson, Adviser; S. Smith, L. Del Monaco, C. Lunt.



GLEE CLUB—*First Row:* D. Mason, S. Howard, M. Clark, C. Cooley, H. Hollenbach, J. Chambers, D. Eisenhart, C. Doyle, S. Smith. *Second Row:* A. Morris, J. Cowgill, C. Stape, V. Squier, S. Strakosh, S. Ireland, J. Broderson, K. Damon, S. Ansley, D. Macomber. *Third Row:* V. Rowntree,

L. Johnston, C. Ashton, M. Jones, K. Wilson, P. Lane, N. Bloom, E. Tuthill, D. Beach. *Fourth Row:* E. Watson, S. Hargrave, M. Keutmann, R. Deverian, P. Devadutt, D. Tripp, P. Lowenthal, J. Neville, S. Ernest, L. Johnston, M. Post, B. Solomon. *Absent:* M. Taylor, A. Adams, P. Halbleib.

The members of the Glee Club are selected from the four Upper School classes. Under the persistent direction of Mr. Theodore Hollenbach, these fifty girls rehearse on Thursday afternoons. Their harmonious talents are annually heard at the Christmas and Spring Concerts. This year a combined concert was held in the spring with the Glee Clubs of Harley, Allendale, and Columbia.

GLEE CLUB



the development of varied talents.

The Music Committee helps to perpetuate Columbia's tradition as a "singing school." The Committee is responsible for passing out the music for assembly, collecting it again, and leading the luncheon grace. This indispensable group of girls also organizes a talent show and a caroling party for shut-ins during the Christmas season. Under the direction of Chairman Virginia Squier, this committee has carried out its jobs smoothly and efficiently.



MUSIC COMMITTEE

MUSIC COMMITTEE—T. Taylor, D. Crowe, Miss Brunjes, Adviser; V. Squier, Chairman; M. Clark, A. Fisher, L. Johnston, J. Cowgill.





Bottom Row: E. Hickman, C. Cox, K. Burnham, R. Levy, S. Cook, W. Webber. Second Row: C. Schmitt, B. Haynes, J. Kenyon, E. McNulty, J. Nichols, C. Bennett, S. Fulreader, L. Robinson. Third Row: C. Lane, S. Green, S. Detweiler, S. Lord, H. Smith, S. Hanford, M. Burnham, M. Villner, M. Riley. Fourth Row: S. McBride, H. Bennett, L. Barnell, M. Moll, T. Taylor, A. Dwyer, S. Widing.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1961

Louise Barnell
Carolee Bennett
Holly Bennett
Kathryn Burnham
Mary Lee Burnham
Sondra Cook
Catherine Cox
Simone Detweiler
Anne Dwyer
Sandra Fulreader

Susan Green
Sarah Hanford
Elizabeth Hickman
Betty Jane Haynes
Janet Kenyon
Cynthia Lane
Ruth Levy
Sally Lord
Elizabeth McNulty
Susan McBride

Martha Moll
Jane Nichols
Martha Riley
Linda Robinson
Carolyn Schmitt
Helen Smith
Tamsin Taylor
Marianne Villner
Wendy Webber
Sue Widing

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L I T E R A R Y

Literature

FUN IN WINTER

We live near a woods. We feed the birds and squirrels there. We saw rabbits coming down from the woods and we fed them carrots and lettuce. One day we went sliding down the hill on our sled. Twice I went down into the rocks. Daddy had to push us because the hill is kind of flat. It was fun for us, but I don't know about Daddy.

Fredrica Prior, Grade 1

SNOW

Snow, snow, —I love you so!
I hope that you will never go.
I make big balls of soft white snow
That glitter, glitter so.
I love you so, I love you so.
Soft, soft snow.

Jane Meader, Grade 2

BRUNHILDA

My friend is Brunhilda. She plays with me. Every day when I come home, she is at the window or in the yard. She is our neighbor. She has long yellowish-brown hair, and big brown eyes. She is very loving and jumps with joy when she sees me. One food she likes best is doughnuts. Sometimes my mother gives her one. Her best friends are Maurice, Melissa, Candace, and myself. Of course, she is the only dog in the house and we all love her. She is a St. Bernard.

Kyrie O'Connor, Grade 2

APRIL

April winds are so romantic, shaking the trees this way and that. Little birds come back and twitter soft and low. People are happy and gay as they go their way. They think of something nice and new. The snow is gone. The crocus has popped through. Everything is nice and fresh.

Sally Nitze, Grade 3

THE SNOWFLAKE

One day as I went out
I looked and looked about,
I saw floating down to the ground
A snowflake, very bright and round.
Then came a very big, big, wind,
And blew my friend away.
Maybe, one other day, he will come
Dancing back to stay.

Mara Heffron, Grade 3

THE ARRIVAL

I waited and waited for spring.
I wanted to hear the birds sing.
I wanted to see the flowers,
And play with the animals for hours.
At last to my delight,
Spring really came into sight.

Deborah Curtis, Grade 3

WINTER IS GONE, SPRING IS NEAR

Winter is gone,
Spring is near,
The flowers are blooming,
The birds I can hear.
The sun is shining,
The sky is blue,
The birds are coming,
I hope the first one is blue.

Betsy Neisner, Grade 3

HOUNDDOG AND I

Hounddog is a horse. He lives at Jack Frohn's horse stable. I have ridden him about three or four times.

One day, when I was jumping him, he jerked me off. I had just gotten over the second jump when he jerked. I was left hanging on his neck. I jerked on the reins to slow him down, then I slid off.

Another time was in a horse show. I was cantering when another horse rode up on Hounddog's tail. He jerked and danced around. Off I went, but my right foot was still in the stirrup. Finally I got loose, but I fell backward. If you fall, you are disqualified.

My favorite horses are Peabody and Finally. I love Jack Frohn's stables.

Jennifer David, Grade 4

LITTLE BLACK, A PONY

Little Black was a pony, a young pony. I am going to tell you about his life, or at least an adventure.

One day Little Black was running with his mother when a snake slithered out. It scared Little Black and made him run. He ran so fast, he could not stop. He ran into a fence. It was a barbed wire fence. Little Black was stuck! He could not get out. He had cut his leg, and it hurt. Little Black's mother neighed and neighed. Finally her master came. They both went over to Little Black whose master came, too. He saw Little Black's foot. He took a knife and cut away the wire. Then he carried Little Black into the barn. He took some bandages and fixed up Little Black's foot. It took a long time for the wound to heal. From then on, Little Black was careful about snakes and fences.

Lisa Sibley, Grade 5

SPRING'S ARRIVAL

Soon winter will be gone.
Then spring will gladly come.
With spring will come fresh warm air.
Soon the trees will not be bare.
Some flowers will flourish red.
Clocks will be set an hour ahead.
When I feel spring, I shall shout for joy!
So will every other girl and boy.
All the time you've been sitting there,
Spring has come into the air.

Audrey Boslov, Grade 5

VALENTINE'S DAY

A softness in your heart
On Valentine's Day,
A glowing in your smile
On Valentine's Day,
The red dainty white lace
On Valentine's Day,
A happy joyful pace
On Valentine's Day,
It is the way I feel on Valentine's Day.
Shelley Moress, Grade 6

FALL - GOODBY TO SUMMER

Goodby to summer, goodby we say,
Mischievous fall is on his way.
He dresses the leaves in colors gay,
And whisks them over the trees to play.
He sprinkles the grass with shimmering jewels;
Touch them, then they'll disappear.
Around the corners the wind fights duels,
It's a frolicsome time of the year.
His holiday is Halloween,
He frosts the window and freezes the screen.
He'll rattle your window and blow leaves in your door.
He's all mixed up but never a bore.
Christina Skowronska, Grade 6

WHAT I LIKE

What I like are many things,
Streams that sparkle, birds that sing,
Autumn leaves that turn many colors,
Winter snows and summer flowers.
Food we eat, our homes and schools,
And the teachers who teach us
the golden rules.
But the thing I like best of all are
parents, grandparents, cousins, and all.
What I like are many things—
Many, many, many things!
Elizabeth Nitze, Grade 6

POMPEY

Pompey is a poodle,
He hates to take his bath,
When his mistress calls him,
He runs right down the path.
When he is on the playground,
He's the attraction of us all.
We're always there to pet him,
But he hates that *most* of all.
Because we have no mascot,
We think that he would do.
With his top-knot ribbon,
The color . . . Columbia Blue.
Anne Moses, Grade 6

THE GHOST AND THE HOST

There was once a ghost,
Sitting on a post,
Eating toast,
But thinking of a roast.
Along came a host,
Riding a post,
Eating a roast,
But thinking of toast.
"Hi there," said the ghost to the host,
"I see you have a roast."
"Yes," said the host,
"And I see you have toast."
"I'll swap," said the ghost to the host.
And each went away,
The ghost eating a roast,
And the host with toast.
Debbie Smith, Grade 7

THE DAWN

The air was cool and crisp. As I stood atop the hill overlooking the valley, I heard the gentle breeze rustling the piles of newly-fallen autumn leaves in mixtures of golden, orange, red, tan, and light green shades. Just then, as I gazed into the valley, I saw the sun rise from behind a purple cloud and shower the sky with its glorious radiance. Although the sky was a deep blue and almost cloudless, with the appearance of the sun came flitting wisps of rose-colored clouds. Along the horizon now appeared a film of fluffy white clouds which added to this picture of loveliness.
In the valley a mist covered the barren trees, which had been stripped of their brightly colored foliage by a breeze during the night. The mist seemed to complete the picture of loveliness, for though it covered the trees, somehow it seemed strangely to accent the trees' graceful forms. Then, the sun's rays penetrated through the mist and added sparkling gems of radiance to the droplets of early morning dew which lay heavy on the clean, untrodden grass. I, watching from the hilltop, had viewed all this with rapture and now I turned my back and walked away, contentedly realizing that I had enjoyed the serenity of a perfect dawn of a new day.
Candace O'Connor, Grade 7

A SPECIAL CHILD

There was a special child,
He was very kind and mild.
He was born in a manger low,
Long, long ago.
Above the manger appeared a star,
One more glorious by far.
It appeared to guide shepherds there,
And kings with gifts to bear.
One brought gold and one brought myrrh,
To the Son of the King of the earth!
Catherine Pike, Grade 7

THE MUSIC OF SKIING

There seems to be a special music of skiing. Have you ever noticed it? Is it the music of freedom, of knowing that you are alone with the wind and the starry flakes of snow? Or is it the knowledge that you can ride the wings of the wind with ease? The wind sings songs only for you when you are skiing; it whispers secrets meant only for your ears.

You are a companion of the cold and biting wind; you are its friend, and it teaches you the secrets of the wood. The sounds of skiing make music. The whish of your skis in the soft snow, the grate of them across ice, the feathery flakes that you feel rather than hear—these combine into a special song of their own. There is a special music of their own. There is a special music of skiing. Have you ever noticed it?

Susan Thornton, Grade 7

THE HUNTER

It was a beautiful fall day in the forest, and all of the animals were out enjoying the warm sunshine. A brook danced merrily over its rocky bed. Now and then the silver body of a minnow flashed through the clear, sparkling water. A squirrel scurried about, chattering noisily, gathering nuts for the winter ahead. A family of quail hurried along the sunny path. A doe and her fawn paused to drink at a quiet pool. High above in the tree tops, a marten surveyed the forest. He saw the squirrel, the quail, and the deer, but his sharp eyes caught something else. He gave a shrill scream. To the animals that meant only one thing: a hunter! They scampered away into sheltering holes, all except the doe. She remained still, with her fawn by her side, hoping that their color would hide them from the intruder.

A man walked quietly into the glen. All was silent. He slowly looked around, his eyes searching for some sign. He noticed fresh tracks. Suddenly he saw the deer. His body grew tense. The moment had come. Slowly and carefully he took aim and fired. It was a perfect shot! Then he wound his camera. That day, instead of a deer's head, he took home a flower in his hat. This hunter, at least, was satisfied.

Susan Williams, Grade 8

LEAVES AT PLAY

Round in big whirlpools, the colored leaves blow,
Tossing and turning about, to and fro.
Up high they blow over meadows and trees,
Over hill and dale in the brisk fall breeze.
Higher and higher they seem to fly,
The clouds move slowly as the leaves soar by.
Planes move above them, but they can't compare
With the leaves as they dance in the fresh clean air.
But when the wind dies and the leaves are downed,
They fall slowly to the cold, hard ground,
And when their play is over, the leaves don't complain,
Perhaps once more tomorrow, the wind will blow, again.

Jean Muller, Grade 8

FADING TIME

I am old and weary as I linger o'er my desk,
My candle burning brightly to illumine what is left
Of the fables I have written, of the stories, the poems.
Though my mind still reminisces, from my pen
no words will flow.

All the world bowed at my feet,
A brilliant author once was I—
Yet no more wise words light my sheets,
For time has greyed my nimble mind.
Too many writings have I thrown away—
Papers scribbled, blackened and useless,
Into the basket day after day
With no space left for any improvement.
My life is passing swiftly now; I regret that it was spent
Dreaming forth to better things—not living in the present.
But now there is no room left on the frayed and dusty pages
To go back and insert deeds that could have lived
throughout the ages.
Make each second count, my child,
For time is measured at your ev'ry breath.
Make everything you do worthwhile—
Let nought be wasted from your birth 'til death.

Katie Levy, Grade 9

THE PRINCE

An old man in a rocking chair:
A young boy at his feet;
There is a feeble fire;
And both were very poor.
"What have you seen today, my boy?
What have you done today?"
"I met a prince today, sir,
When I was on my way."
"Eh, a prince you met,
A prince did you say?"
"Yes, old man, a prince it was,
So noble and so kind.
With shoulders broad
And back so strong
Yet eyes that were soft;
He truly was a king's son,
His mother, a most gentle queen."
"Did you see the King, his father?
Or his mother, gracious queen?"
"No. He was among us common folk,
Just milling in the crowd.
He must have come to hear the bells
As also did we, ourselves."
"Eh, you think he came to hear our bells?
But has he not his own?"
"I think not; nor has he any throne."
"I thought you said he was a prince,
Yet now you say not so.
What was it made him seem so great?
Was it his princely robes?"
"No, old man, there were no robes;
He was in rags as we.
Yet he was a noble man, I'm sure
He shared his bread with me."

Sharon Smith, Grade 9

ALLY OF ZEUS CHAINED TO ROCK

UPI Athens, Greece.

Prometheus, the faithful friend to us here in Greece, and once a valuable helper of the god Zeus, has been chained to a rock to suffer until he is freed.

This notice, a simple statement, was issued from the headquarters of the gods on Mount Olympus yesterday, stating that God-in-Chief Zeus had ordered the chaining of Prometheus. We mortals have been unable to contact Zeus or any of his associates since the statement was issued.

This incident has come as a great surprise to us here in Athens, and, I'm sure, to those all over Greece. Prometheus was responsible for giving us the gift of fire. As a matter of fact, it was this gift which seemed to have caused the rift between Zeus and Prometheus.

Public Poll states that 75% of 1,000 people interviewed are against Zeus' action, while 10% are for it. The remaining 15% are uncommitted. So far there have been no violent protests and no picketing of Mount Olympus.

I predict that unless there is a majority of those on Mount Olympus opposing Zeus' action, Prometheus will be chained to his rock for quite some time. Zeus is said to have stated that he will be unswayed by any action by mortals.

Gay Symington, Grade 9

MY FIRST JOB

My father's office has always intrigued me, and I have always wanted to work there. His refusal, however, has always been based on the minimum age law.

One day last summer, his secretary was unexpectedly called away for a week. Since it was a time of vacation, he was desperate and was finally forced to ask me to fill in, by answering the phone and typing a few letters.

Noting his desperation, I began to formulate my demands. Wages became our first point of difference. His offer to pay me what I was worth was naturally refused. His second offer to double my worth was also met with a flat refusal. I really did feel that ten cents per hour was too little! Realizing that there were minimum wage laws, we started anew; and after the usual daughterly endearments, I settled on \$1.50 per hour.

This point having been won quite easily, we next began to arbitrate on fringe benefits. My father's office ice box may have been "well stocked" by his standards, but it did not meet my refined tastes. Consequently we agreed on the addition of a six-pack of coke, cookies, and candy. Exhausted but happy, I went to bed. And exhausted but dazed, he went his way.

Since my father has never been an early riser, my first working day began bright and cheery about 9:00 A.M. Another tradition of his has always been to take a coffee break when he first gets to the office. Obviously, I was impressed with these rituals.

Having been allowed only eight personal telephone calls, I realized that my first duty was to call to tell my friends about my job. Although I was expected to type three letters during the day, I did have time for cokes, calls, and a few movie magazines. At the end of my first working day, when I noticed a more tired look about my father, I attributed it to the fact that we were both working so hard!

My second day was much the same as the first, except that I found a new comfort in his office—a davenport, the softest I had ever slept on! This day, too, my father looked

terribly drawn and grayer than usual. I dismissed the concern from my mind, however, with the thought that I was on the davenport all day, and he hadn't had a chance.

The third day was a repetition of the previous two, except that when I got home, he headed for the den instead of his bed, as he had the two nights before. After forty-five minutes of phoning, he emerged from the den as if awakening from a bad dream and said, "I have found a replacement, and will not be needing you for the next three days!" Thus my career as my father's secretary ended.

Nancy Robinson, Grade 10

PETE THE PARAKEET

It has been several quiet, lonely months since Peter left. Peter was a lovely parakeet. He had grey eyes, a beautiful turquoise feather coat, and speckles of gray, white, and black on his wings. When Pete flew into a room, the area would shimmer with cheerfulness and song.

I can not remember the date when I brought Peter home, but I can not forget my excitement. To me, the little parakeet in the shoebox in my arms felt as warm and full of life as a new baby. As its new owner, I was proud to introduce the bird to its new family. My mother thought that the arrival of a new pet meant more work for her. Perhaps she was right. My father was afraid of Pete because the bird sometimes looked ferocious. Perhaps Dad was right when he said Peter looked and squawked like a vulture. My sisters did not voice their opinion of the parakeet except that I was to keep the parakeet out of their hair and rooms. After the bird was trained, both restrictions were abolished.

Within a few weeks I had the bird trained so that I could let him out of the cage and get him back in without too much screeching by either of us. While in the cage, he ate ravenously. Whenever I brought anything upstairs for me to eat, and the parakeet was out of his cage, the inevitable happened—Pete would eat more than I would. He would eat anything from popcorn to Rice Krispies and marshmallows.

The antic which made me laugh the most was the parakeet's taking a shower. One day I was washing my hands in the bathroom next to my bedroom. Since the bird was out of his cage and the door was open, Peter decided to investigate the slushing and splashing. When he walked upon my hand and felt the cool rushing liquid coming out of the big white hole, he decided it was delectable. From then on, Pete would take his shower when he heard the slushing and splashing water.

It was needless to say that our whole family became attached to our fine feathered friend. Even the dog quit hiding under the bed when the bird was present. As good things must come to an end, Pete's short life came to a close.

On the cold, dark night of November 11, my sister was preparing to go out. In her haste to find something, she walked through my room and angrily slammed the door closed. Since, unfortunately, the bird was sandwiched in the crevice of the door, the inevitable occurred. Nothing was said about my pet after the accident.

Perhaps in Heaven Peter sings cheerfully for those whose lives were also taken suddenly. Today I do not know the spot where Peter is buried and perhaps the spot has been forgotten, but I know that my family will never forget the small, blithe creature so warm and full of life.

Deborah Harpending, Grade 10

THE BEACH

Nearly every day was sunny during our vacation on the Chesapeake Bay. Perhaps we were just fortunate with our weather. I prefer to think of sunshine and the Chesapeake as synonymous, but when I think of the Chesapeake there are some stirring pictures that jump to my mind, one of which is a walk along a beach.

My parents and my older brother stayed on board our Catamaran while my two younger brothers and I chose to go exploring on the beach that was within swimming distance of the boat. The water was lukewarm and surprisingly shallow around our anchorage. Below, a growth of velvety green seaweed covered the bottom and looked more like a plush blanket than the home of soft shell crabs and oysters.

Closer to shore the sea weed disappeared and the sandy bottom dominated. Even here there was evidence of sea life, for the horseshoe crabs left their winding trails all over the soft sand. They looked rather like the trail that a child's roller skates might leave on a yellow carpet. These mazes seemed to have no beginning and, if I managed to find an end, there was no trace of the individuals that created the strange highways.

By the time I reached the shore, my brothers were already half way up the beach. In a way this made my exploration more enjoyable because I was alone and the beauty of the Chesapeake is meant for one person to interpret for himself. And there was a great deal of beauty there to enjoy, for the contrast between the green water, the hot white sand, the grass covered dunes, and the turquoise blue sky was truly magnificent.

All around there were the shells of monster horseshoe crabs which had been thrown up on their backs during a merciless storm. Too heavy to right themselves and return to the sea, they died on the beach. There were remnants of soft shell crabs and strange fish scattered about and pools of stagnant water which separated the lower beach from the dunes.

There was also an abundance of living creatures, such as tiny sand pipers running hither and yon, leaving their funny footprints in the moist sand along the shore. In the distance, I could hear turkey buzzards pretending to sing. In the reeds along the water's edge were frogs, each trying to outcroak the other with the crickets in the marsh grass harmonizing.

The most unmelodious of all these noises attracted my attention as my brothers ran down the beach yelling at the top of their lungs with some great find. I made a discovery, too, but it wasn't something that I could take home in my pocket...like a horseshoe crab's tail or a pretty colored pebble or a piece of driftwood bleached by a summer sun. Instead, my find was a memory of a walk on a beach on a beautiful day on the Chesapeake.

Janet Broderson, Grade 10

BLESSED

The valley at dusk is illuminated by the ruddy glow of the sun descending behind the distant hills. Lavender and black clouds serve as harbingers of an oncoming storm. The breeze, whispering softly among the trees, stirs the leaves, making them restless in the calm of night. An owl's provocative question is proposed again and again, answered

only by the croak of a frog and an occasional song from a bird. A few lone cows, accompanied by two horses, amble across the parched meadow in search of a suitable niche for shelter from the foreboding storm.

The valley floor, baked dry enough to be riven with cracks, still offers a wave of heat left by the intensity of the afternoon sun. The moon, ascending in the east, lends a pale ethereal light to the valley. And then, slowly, the rain begins to fall, forming soft pools in the dusty soil.

Suzanne Harris, Grade 11

DESTINY

The lights blink on and off,
Red and green and glaring orange,
Echoing the whining horns of trapped cars,
Reflecting the rush of feet along rain-stained streets of night,
Saying go or stay, but
Hurry, hurry.

Some go.
Some run on wings of dread
Out of fear-crazed cities,
Out into still, moonless suburbs
With houses shut and doors locked.
And eyes of windows dark, closed, and final.
Some beg for shelter
For their children,
For their wives,
For themselves . . .
For the love of God . . . !
For the love of man?

Some stay.
Some shove and kick and fight to reach
Safety;
Safety shared with a fear-stricken animal mob.
Safety behind a cruel, safe door.
Some stay outside . . .
Because there is no room . . .
And scream and plead and say their prayers
For their children,
For their wives,
For the mercy of God . . . !
For the mercy of man?

All hurry,
Drawn by blind, unreasonless instinct:
Hurrying along the banks of the Nile;
Hurrying over the streets of Athens;
Speeding through the world of Caesar;
Hurrying away from the serfdom of Europe;
Running faster towards Waterloo;
Flying through Pearl Harbor with clumsy, sprawling speed;
Running with the speed of light,
With flashes of clashing color;
Running . . .

The light rises steadily;
Red and yellow and glaring orange;
Shining slowly, burning carefully,
Penetrating a blackened, poisoned world,
Saying heal, and live, and
Grow.

Carol Doyle, Grade 11

YOUTH

Is this, then, youth—this hungering for joy,
This ache for happiness and skies of blue,
This hurt that grows within a frightened heart
To learn that all dreams do not come true?

Is this the age for which men sigh
When it is fled—for which they'd give their gold,—
This uncertainty, not knowing what to dread,
This yearning for life's mysteries to unfold?

This awe, this pain, this love that's born within,
When gazing at a clearing sky, rainbow hung,
This jest that swings the world from hand to hand?
If this is youth—then keep me ever young.

Carolyn Curtis, Grade 11

TWO WALKS

If one should approach me and question where I would most enjoy walking if given no limitation on distance or destination, immediately two walks would enter my mind.

I might wander along the Barge Canal, which crosses Monroe Avenue about a block from my home. It sounds like a most uninteresting place; on the contrary, its surroundings and location lend a particular atmosphere. As I have often done, I would meander along the banks jumping the puddles and stepping on the secure stones and logs. Having walked this way before, I have often had the feeling that I was thinking about nothing, only to find myself actually thinking about everything around me—the lazy, sluggish current of the deep, mysterious water; the silvery and brightly colored fish; the brambles in which I tangle my feet; the weeds and grasses lining the banks; the rabbits crossing my path; the fresh air; the carefree birds occasionally sweeping towards the water.

If I should start out in the opposite direction from the canal, I would soon approach my grandmother's property of one hundred acres of unhunted, uncommercialized woods and country. Possibly I appreciate this land and spend a great deal of time there today because I have been brought up living with it.

When I was young and our family would visit my grandparents in the country, Mom and Dad would say to me, "Go down to the meadow and sit quietly. Count how many different birds and animals you can see." As I look back, I no longer have the feeling that they were trying to get rid of me; actually I am thankful for those few minutes each visit when I learned to observe and enjoy nature. Thus, today I would follow the creek bed until a deer trail crosses it, and then follow the deer trail. This trail leads directly past a pine forest where, through the past years, I have fashioned a cathedral in the pines by cutting away the lower branches that died long ago. The atmosphere of this cathedral is high and celestial. I feel revived, or reborn, as if I had been ninety and turned ten again, while I sit down in the soft bed of pine needles to contemplate, sing, pray, or read. This is my kingdom!

My mood at the time would determine whether I would walk along the canal path, or find the solitude of my pine-fashioned cathedral and the deer trail. If I were in a solemn mood, the canal path and its light, airy atmosphere would cheer me from my depths of dismalness and melancholy. On the other hand, if I were in happy spirits, and ready to take on the world, a hike along the deer trail would

appear as a pleasant mode of relaxation. Although many other ideas present themselves, these two—along the Barge Canal, and on my grandmother's property—appeal to me as the ideal walks.

Jody Cowgill, Grade 12

THE ARTIST AT WORK

My sister, Darfy, considers herself, at age six, a genius. No one can talk, read, snore, and paint so well as the little blond bombshell herself.

I wish to discuss the artistic side of Darfy. Darfy has in her possession my water colors, my paper, my poster paints, my glue, my scissors, and my books, which are irrelevant, but illustrate the fact that Darfy prefers my things to hers. Darfy gets out my paints, my paper, her glass, and our water and proceeds to create, I'm not sure what.

The process of this creation is long and involved. First, the red paint is combined with the yellow and green and spread generously all over the paper; second, a house is drawn in bright blue lines that run with the undried base; third, bright red flowers are painted next to the house, to add color to the painting; fourth, two green stick figures are painted next to the flowers—these figures give a dwarfing appearance to the rest of the picture; fifth, the words "To Mom and Father" are inscribed in purple at the top of the picture; sixth, water is spilled all over the floor, picture, rug, paint box, and Sister. Darfy uses some language she heard Father use, runs crying to Mother, who always appears heartbroken at the tragedy, and returns to my paint, my paper, her glass, and our water to try to make another present as nice as the first for Mom and Father.

Margaret Dell Macomber, Grade 12

HERMIT'S ISLAND

I love the ocean and the beaches of Maine. Our house there, which was converted from a salt box, has two bedrooms, a kitchen, a bathroom, and a living room. It is the only house on a campers' island. One of the enchantments of our salt box is its distance from our friends, cares, and worries in Rochester. The weather, landscape, and people on Hermit's Island also contribute to making a wonderful summer vacation.

More than half of our four week vacation is spent in the rain. Some people condemn Maine for this; I do just the opposite. The rain is fresh and clean. It closes me in a world of my own. I love walking along the beaches barefooted, hearing the pounding surf, and feeling the rain splash against my face and trickle down my nose. The pressure of my feet squeezes the water out of the hard, wet sand, making a radiant effect. When the wind blows the hair from my eyes, all I can see is the sand, sea, and scraggly peaks of the rocks on the point, my destination. I get dizzy standing on the rocks watching the sea swirl below me. It is sucked out of the crevices and then thrown back with such force that salt water shoots into the air and lands with a splat on my raincoat, hair, and face. While sitting in a place like that, it is hard to realize the importance of the work and hot black-top in Rochester.

Everyone on the island spends his nights sitting by a roaring fire, talking or playing cards. I am an exception.

When I walk around the island and sit on the beaches, before going to bed, I can see the red glow of the camp fires and hear the campers sing. Campers have a certain friendly quality. It is natural for them to look, smile, and say hello when one passes. They all live in similar conditions on the island and are there for the same reason: they love the rugged nature of Maine. No matter if their sleeping bags are wet, their fires will not light, or their clothes are sandy, campers always smile. I can guess a camper's origin by his accent. If he says "eh" (a) or "aboot" (about), he is a Canadian; if he says "cahds" (cards) or "habbah" (harbor), he is a "Mainiac"; and if he has no accent, he is from Connecticut. No matter where a camper is from, his friendly nature contributes to Maine's oceanic atmosphere, which I like so much.

It is hard to keep from going straight to Maine when I get on the New York State Thruway. Someday, when life is too bogged down, a friend and I will climb into the car and go to Hermit's Island for the weekend. We will leave our worries, cares, and friends in Rochester and go to the ocean and beaches of Maine.

Victoria Rowntree, Grade 12

LOOKING BACK

The weather was cold and rainy as the liner steamed slowly up the Hudson River. My brother and I had awakened at four o'clock that morning in order to see the lights of Manhattan Island approach. Young as I was, I nevertheless felt the thrill which everyone, American or foreigner, must feel when the first lights of the American coastline come into sight. Everything was peaceful. The waves lapped against the hull, and the rain fell softly all around. The magic of the moment was rudely shattered when a deck hand above us began to swab the decks, and water splashed noisily down, wetting the unfortunate people who were standing underneath it.

The boat docked two hours later, amid the clanking of anchor chains and the noise of dockyard hands shouting terse orders from the mooring posts to the sailors on board. The gangplank was drawn up with much squeaking of unoiled wheels, and soon the excited chatter of the passengers mingled with the confused hubbub on the quayside. Whistling porters wheeled the baggage around, and everyone appeared to be shouting at everyone else. I was so overcome that I sat and gaped, open-mouthed, until our baggage had been cleared through customs.

The next thing I recall was waiting to catch a taxi, for what appeared hours to an exhausted little girl; crowds of frantically pushing people had a similar idea. It was still raining when we finally secured a taxi and left the seething mass of humanity at the docks. I was dumbfounded at the magnificent spectacle of the Wall Street skyscrapers, and I now realize, as then I did not, that those buildings can be considered truly beautiful; as a small girl I saw only their grandeur and immensity.

As we drove along South Broadway I was amazed at the vast number of automobiles and taxis blocking the streets. Everyone honked his horn, cab drivers swore at each other, and yet the traffic did not appear to move an inch. People were hurrying along the sidewalks like armies of ants, waving umbrellas or merely getting drenched. I remember feeling singularly thankful that I was safely ensconced in a warm taxi.

Finally, our driver drew up outside the hotel where we were to spend the night. Again I was completely overcome by its size: I had never seen a hotel of twenty-seven floors. Inside, there were more people swarming round the lounges, and I felt an overwhelming relief when, after trailing along endless corridors, we finally reached our rooms.

My parents made us rest all afternoon, and that evening we had dinner in a restaurant crowded with elegantly dressed and highly perfumed women; however the culinary attractions compensated adequately for the unfamiliar sight of such richness. After dinner, my brother and I had to go to bed, and still the confused roar of the traffic continued unceasingly. With the curtains drawn, we could still see the neon lights flashing, and with the windows closed we could still hear the heavy trains and wailing sirens pass by.

Thus ended my first visit to New York. For many years afterwards, all I was able to recall was its magnitude and spectacular beauty, its noise and activity. Now I envy all young people who can see New York for the first time at an age when they can appreciate to the full its exciting race for life.

Jane Kent, Grade 12

PORTRAITS NOT HUNG ON THE WALL

In an art gallery, one's attention is often diverted from the paintings by the various types of art viewers. Two of the most interesting groups inevitably present are represented by the culture seeker and by the primitive art critic. The encounters may be a source of amusement or of irritation, but they always constitute a lesson in human behavior.

Persuasions of relatives, friends, or New Year's resolutions compel the culture-seeker to visit an art gallery. The actual visit, however, is preceded by months of preparation. He first subscribes to the *Art News*, and each month the stack of unread magazines on the coffee table grows. He then buys the biographies of several artists by Irving Stone. These he skims through, pausing over the love affairs. He calls the art gallery and arranges for a guided tour.

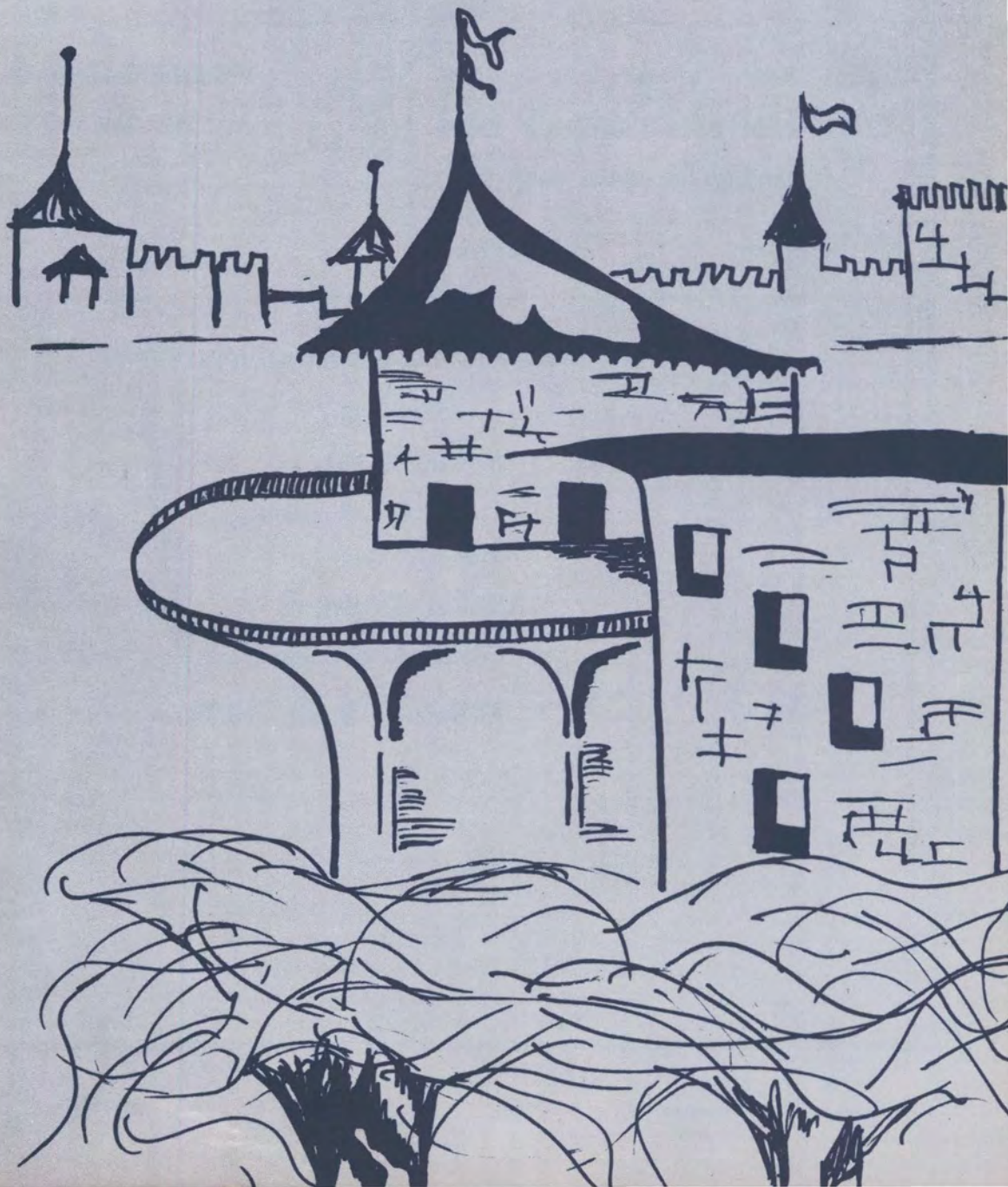
He arrives in a corduroy jacket with leather patches on the elbows; he may have grown a beard. Further equipped with a program for the exhibit and a notebook which receives most of his attention, he writes down every word the guide says, interrupting periodically to ask pertinent questions such as, "What was that again?" or, "How would you spell that?" At the end of the tour, the culture-seeker is satisfied that he is now able to be a successful conversationalist at every cocktail party, for he has "studied art."

The other type of art gallery visitor is a self-taught art critic. He sees no value in concepts of motion, emotion, color, shape relationships, and light in impressionist and abstract paintings. To receive an accolade from this critic, a painter must reproduce objects, and nothing else, with the faithfulness of a camera. All of the primitive critic's opinions are voiced contemptuously to those around him. For qualifications he offers, "I have eyes, and everybody knows that trees are brown."

The layman should go to an art exhibit for enjoyment. Informative literature and lectures often enhance the experience. Qualified opinions are both valuable and inevitable. An art gallery experience is not, however, a status symbol or a debate platform.

Lizanne Swing, Grade 12

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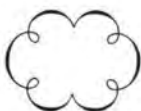
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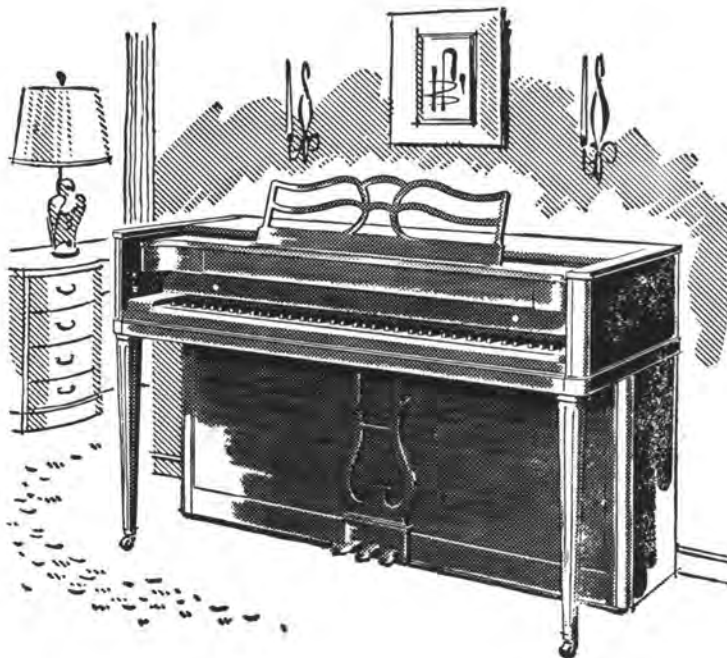
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 Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Jackson
 Dr. and Mrs. William M. Jackson
 Dr. and Mrs. E. Henry Keutmann
 Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lane
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Lee
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Lowenthal
 Mr. and Mrs. dePaula Lopes
 Mr. and Mrs. Allen Macomber

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Macomber
 Mr. and Mrs. William H. Morris
 Mr. M. E. Pearlman
 Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Smith
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 Mr. and Mrs. David C. Squier
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strakosh
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Swing
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 Mr. and Mrs. Knight Thornton
 Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Townson
 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Tripp
 Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Tuthill
 Miss Frances Van Schaick
 Mr. George S. Van Schaick
 Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Weissberger
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Wells
 Mr. Sidney Whiting
 Mr. and Mrs. Hobart F. Whitmore
 Mr. and Mrs. George R. Williams
 Mr. and Mrs. Ashley J. Wilson
 Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Yuile
 Jo's Beauty Center
 Nel's and Sam's Flying "A"
 Rasnick's
 R. L. Schwalb
 Manhattan Restaurant
 McConnell's Milk and Ice Cream
 Clover Fruit Market
 Class of 1962
 Class of 1963
 Class of 1964
 Class of 1965
 Class of 1966
 Class of 1967

Rochester is sometimes referred to as "the city that has everything." In business, industry and the professions, this is especially true. No matter what kind of a career appeals to you, there is an excellent chance that you can begin it right here. And the beginning is half the battle won!

It goes without saying that the first step is your formal education—as much as you can get. Employers look for this first. The next thing they look for is "brightness." And one key to "brightness" is how much you actually know about the kind of work you're going after. This is something you don't inherit from anybody. It is information you gather in advance for yourself—from parents, teachers, counselors, and friends. Most important—employers themselves are always ready to explain their standards and requirements.

Your idea of the best career for your particular talents may change, as you acquire more and more information about different fields of work. But when you decide what you want to do, some employer in the Rochester area will really want you—because by analyzing yourself, you have made yourself valuable.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER 4, NEW YORK



Botticelli, Picasso, and Friends



Third Addition



Swingin' Eskimo



Finder's Keepers



The American Scholars



Winter Recess

Dear Anne, becoming
its growing you're
fabulous at color and you're
you never forget and it's
will never fill me up
friendly and lots of
in the work and love,
good
Betsy

Dear Anne
It's really been
great knowing you.
maybe next year, if
you're taking Latin, you'll
get to have me in your class.
Anyways, you be lucky to
really be a great year. Have
this summer and pass all your exams
with E's like I will
your friend and mine
Jan Sage

[illegible]

Love you,
~~Miss~~

To a good friend, from a better one, (only kidding)

