

# The Link



June, 1932



# THE LINK

JUNE

1932



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# The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XII

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To Miss Fine  
In Love and Gratitude





PATRICIA HERRING

*Then up and after,  
With the hounds of laughter  
To follow the flight  
Of the fox-foot hours.*

Four minutes to nine. "Hello, 'SMiller'". Pat arrives in English with a bound and with the usual gigantic grin. Pat's grin grows wider. There is a long sigh, a half-suppressed giggle, and 'SMiller succumbs with the rest of us.

Pat travels everywhere by leaps and bounds; but for this speedy mode of locomotion she would not get so much accomplished. Besides presiding over the Student Council, she is Senior Class President and heads the Dramatic Association. She wields a valiant hockey stick and as captain of the class basketball teams keeps the opposing sides in continual exasperation. She is particularly gifted with two talents—for drawing and for bluffing; the former she exercises not only in the Art room but in French class, where general interest focuses on the fascinating sketches of jockeys and thoroughbred hunters which cover the pages of her *Pecheur d'Irlande*. Her equestrian skill is famous, and we have pleasant memories of her jumping "Angus" over the benches on the hockey field and churning up the driveway in the attempt to make that animal ascend the front steps, to the great consternation of Miss Fine. Even Vergil has been known to stand aside that Angus might have his daily exercise. And Study Hall will long echo with Pat's laugh, which, doubtless from close companionship with "the gude horse", is just halfway between a humorous neigh and a snort.

## GERTRUDE ALLEN

*There's no satiety  
In your society,  
With the variety  
Of your esprit.*

Dolly she should be a chubby, lackadaisical damsel we could cheerfully shoot. But, *deo gratias*, our Dolly is far from being suited to her name. She is the slim-  
mest of the slim, and she has personal-  
ity. She is accomplished in many ways: is the LINK's efficient advertising manager, treasurer of the Dramatic Society, and our most outstanding raiser of warts. Her green taxi (in need of a washing) provides transportation for all. And Dolly's conscientiousness exceeds all bounds save those of Watkins. On afternoons when we depart picnic-bound, Dolly remains in the Senior sitting-room buried in the Whys and Wherefores of the World War and such. Out of school, her interests, which are fleeting, extend from Princeton to New Haven. Sufficient unto the day is the man thereof. In spite of her unusual slimness, she is reputed to dance all night and play golf the next morning. And still we call her Dolly!



## FRANCES CLARK

*Oh, a life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep.*

"Where's Frances?" "Oh, I say, where is that Clark person—I've simply got to find her!" Similar frenzied appeals may be heard all over the school shortly before Vergil class, for this maiden from Korea is truly famed for her smooth translation of that dread classic. We wonder at her great patience. Calmly and efficiently she corrects our blunders and steers us to class. She is cool-headed and good-natured. She is musical, and may be seen discoursing at length with Miss Howes. Her knowledge of operas and opera singers is appalling. She played on the class basketball team and proved to be a wicked side-center. This spring she showed us some alarming deck-tennis, learned, we have no doubt, by practicing with the gobs at sunrise. For Frances, friendly maiden, has an astonishing knowledge of the sea, and boats, and middies.



MARY DAVIS

*And don't, in girlhood's happy  
spring,  
Be hard on us,  
Be hard on us,  
If we're disposed to dance and sing.*

Gracie possesses that enviable combination, golden hair and brown eyes. Her hair being always in that state where it cannot decide whether it is a long short bob or a short long bob, she leaves in her wake a small trail of fallen hairpins. Upon the arrival of this vivacious maiden at school a select group instantly gathers about her and they retire to the radiator with heads together to compare notes upon certain mysterious subjects in which the masculine pronoun seems to play a considerable part. Mary says that she intends to be a doctor, but it is difficult to picture Gracie of the flying locks and high-pitched giggle in this rôle. Gracie—scribbling poetry or riding the Intermediates' bicycles, tripping the light fantastic toe in tap-dancing, or devouring sandwiches upon the steps at noon—is hard to associate with black bags and formidable instruments.

## EMILY COWENHOVEN

*I've an irritating chuckle,  
I've a celebrated sneer,  
I've an entertaining snicker,  
I've a fascinating leer.*

"Girls, girls, be calm!" The rest of the speech is drowned by shrieks of laughter, and without much difficulty we trace this hysteria to the center of the crowd milling about Cissy's desk. Above the din the famous Cowenhoven voice rises shrilly, demonstrating its ability to get in more words to the minute than Floyd Gibbons himself. In spite of the fact that she carries an alarmingly heavy schedule, Cissy manages to win fame for herself as Captain of the Varsity Hockey Team and a formidable guard in basketball, appearing on the field in the famous blue rompers. At the end of a strenuous day she may be seen tottering into the study hall, banging her books down upon the desk to tear her hair and utter her cry, "Oh Life—Life!" But laughing is Cissy's best accomplishment; we know of an ambitious parrot that is striving to attain the exact inflections.



## ANNE HOLT

*With a gentle intimation  
Of a firm determination.*

On short acquaintance this most dignified member of our class may appear a bit fog-bound, but really nothing escapes her. She is the only living being who can get her Algebra done in class while absorbing every word of Miss Walton's dissertation upon the next lesson. Her dry humor is revealed in her English themes, which leave us limp with laughter. Latin class finds her still self-possessed, if secretly a bit perturbed. Nothing could prevent Anne from securing that sunny seat by the window in Mrs. Wade's room; though down go teachers and classmates in her haste, she is very sure of what she wants and obtains it. We have visions of Anne, with a pencil and notebook, haunting our footsteps in pursuit of elusive properties for the play; Anne marshaling the school notes for the LINK; Anne ploughing through a large pile of exchanges in the library; Anne in Music class . . . !!



## CAROLYN MORSE

*Oh, don't the days seem dark and  
long  
When all goes right and nothing goes  
wrong;  
And isn't your life extremely flat  
With nothing whatever to grumble  
at?*

Carolyn's poetry—dreams, moonlight, stardust—fragile as bubbles. Carolyn herself, bursting into the Senior sitting-room with a smothered cry, hurling an armful of books against the wall. She keeps us gasping at the variety of her ever-changing moods. One moment we find her brooding darkly over the complications of life; the next, prancing into our midst with rhapsodies over a "giddy-woo" kitten or a tasty bit of news. As Literary Editor of the LINK she is a severe censor of the contributions which come beneath her practiced eye. When Carolyn has autographed her first book of poems and is busy interviewing reporters we shall be privileged to remember her rampant upon the hockey field or making the library's sacred walls re-echo with her laughter.



MARGARET RUSSELL

*Her taste exact  
For flawless fact  
Amounts to a disease.*

Without Russell, not only the class but the faculty would be at a loss; for whether it is some deep theory of evolution or the correct word for back-scratcher in ancient Mexican, she is sure to know the answer. With her, we have no need for the encyclopedia, dictionary, or almanac. She advises us, also, as to the best means of crossing the Atlantic and just what to see when abroad. During what might otherwise prove a very sleepy ten minutes of class, she entertains us with nerve-racking accounts of experiences in far-away haunts of Europe and Asia. But not only does our Russell attend Philosophical Society meetings; staunchly does she defend our hockey goal and mount up the score as forward on the basketball team. And each morning as she arrives at English class, scarlet-cheeked and beaming, just ten minutes after nine, she makes up for it by a really brilliant essay or an even more brilliant excuse.

## FRANCES PARDOE

*No sound at all—  
She never speaks a word;  
A fly's footfall  
Would be distinctly heard.*

Frances is the one and only member of the class who can always be found in the study hall, from which she emerges for classes only. In this way she doesn't become involved in the riots in the Senior sitting-room. On the other hand, she doesn't come in contact with us as much as she might, and we regret it. She gives us the impression of being a very quiet, shy person, but experiments have proved that she has a sense of humor and can enjoy laughing and joking with us as much as anyone. She possesses a shiny black car which she drives very well and which, we've heard tell, may often be seen in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Imperturbable as she seems, Frances has her moments of wrath, and we are fully aware that there is personality behind that demure exterior.





## JANE SMITH

*I think as I say,  
And I say or keep still  
At my own sweet will—  
At my own sweet will.*

We are puzzled about Jane. Under no circumstances has she ever hurried, but when the rest of us come dashing into class she is there, gazing out of the window with calm disdain for the world. When we are trying to do our Vergil just before the bell, Jane has done it—how, we don't know, for whenever we see her she is sitting, chair tilted, observing the sky. No use to ask her secret—if she wants to tell us, she will; if she doesn't, Miss Fine herself couldn't find out. Jane played hockey last fall, but since she and her appendix parted company on Monday, April 4, 1932, A. D. at 5.19 A. M., her favorite sport has been fixing her curly brown hair, which falls down four times a day. She likes cold weather and Robert Montgomery and hates Singing and Current Events. Sincere, poised, worth taking a little trouble to know—we wish she had left Canada sooner.



## HELEN WATKINS

*If you wish in the world to advance  
Your merits you're bound to  
enhance,  
You must stir it and stomp it  
And blow your own trumpet,  
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!*

Where did Watkins get her inferiority complex? She certainly is the shyest person. We see her pedalling vigorously to school, blushing rosily when hailed by a well-meaning classmate. She brushes by us on the stairs, bent over a pile of books. It's worse than a jigsaw puzzle to figure her out. Her classwork shows that her reasoning is far superior to that of the majority of us; she is both musical and artistic. She is a good sport and endures tortures on hockey field and basketball floor. She amazes us with her ability to appear in all the classrooms at the same time: no matter what teacher has cornered us for an afternoon session, we find our conscientious Watkins gaining information there of her own free will. Those of us who have penetrated her shyness find her a sympathetic listener, an interesting talker, and loads of fun.



JANE WOLFF

*Gentle Jane was as good as gold;  
She always did as she was told;  
She never spoke when her mouth  
was full,  
Or caught blue-bottles their legs to  
pull."*

Wanted, a secretary for something, manager for something else, a member of the Christmas committee, someone to count votes or make a poster or keep track of troublesome matters that everyone else forgets—automatically we say *Jane*. When she holds the reins we have a comfortable feeling that all will be attended to—and it always is. Those posters in the hall, wonderfully ornamented with silhouetted figures of children in hoop-

skirts gamboling on the green, are products of Jane's gifted brush. The brush is not the only weapon with which she is skillful. As fullback in hockey she is a menace to every ambitious forward, and in basketball the Wolff arm can intercept almost any pass.

There are times, however, when Jane's efficient calm deserts her and we find her glowering blackly over a French book in the Senior sitting-room, muttering curses.

## Senior Farewell

Long after we have gone, we shall remember  
The quiet dimness of the study hall—  
Outside, white candles on the chestnut trees.  
We shall remember the silent rain in April,  
A gray squirrel flashing, a furry streak,  
Across the ground, or flirting  
Its tail across the History window.  
We shall remember Dido following Aeneas  
With her eyes, from the high battlements  
Of Carthage, following the white sails dipping  
Across the blue expanse of sea into the distance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now we stand, uncertain of the future,  
But with a hidden wisdom in our eyes.  
We have gained much in the brief years  
We've been here. Leaving, we take away  
With us something of the ideals, the standards  
That you, Miss Fine, have set.  
Vale! Nos discessuræ, te salutamus.

C. T. M.



## As the Twig is Bent

Who would think that two big eyes  
    Could do so many things at once?  
Dolly's give us a surprise,  
Who would think that two big eyes  
Cause young men to heave deep sighs  
    And yet withal keep true accounts?  
Who would think that two big eyes  
    Could do so many things at once?

Helen's on her way to school,  
    For cops and stop-signs gravely watching.  
With books clutched tightly, manner cool,  
Helen's on her way to school.  
She'll be on time and know her rule  
    For adding sums. Her smile is catching.  
Helen's on her way to school,  
    For cops and stop-signs gravely watching.

Cissy has a plan afoot  
    For some unrighteous enterprise—  
To run away, or grab some loot.  
Cissy has a plan afoot  
To black her face with chimney soot  
    And take the minstrel clown's first prize.  
Cissy has a plan afoot  
    For some unrighteous enterprise.

Jane, with interest scientific,  
    Makes a few investigations  
To find for mush a cause specific.  
Jane, with interest scientific  
And expression beatific,  
    Finds out all about her rations.  
Jane, with interest scientific,  
    Makes a few investigations.



Mary, scientist-to-be,  
Must ponder very pensively  
What she's going to have for tea.  
Mary, scientist-to-be,  
Will play around extensively  
And see all there is to see  
Before, as scientist-to-be,  
She must ponder pensively.

Anne is observing, her gaze intent;  
She'll take notes presently.  
Doggie may puzzle, she'll not relent;  
Anne is observing, her gaze intent—  
How will it work, her experiment?  
What will he do? We'll see.  
Anne is observing, her gaze intent;  
She'll take notes presently.

Margaret will make a speech,  
Speaking firm and clearly—  
Give her dolls a lesson each.  
Margaret will make a speech  
About some prehistoric leech  
Or the tribute Carthage paid Rome yearly.  
Margaret will make a speech,  
Speaking firm and clearly.

Patricia's seated on the ground,  
Looking very lazy.  
I wonder how we ever found  
Patricia seated on the ground?  
She should be following the hound—  
Perhaps a fall has left her hazy.  
Patricia's seated on the ground,  
Looking very lazy.





What can Jane be hiding there?

I wish that she would tell!

Toys, candy, silverware—

What can Jane be hiding there?

She will say it's her affair,

If we ask, and guard it well,

What can Jane be hiding there?

I wish that she would tell.

What will Carolyn do now?

It would be too hard to tell

Whether she will laugh or row.

What will Carolyn do now?

Make some pretty rhyme, I trow,

Play with pussy, maybe yell.

What will Carolyn do now?

It would be too hard to tell.

This little maid looks quite

Demure, as she pets Kit

And holds the pussy tight.

This little maid looks quite

Subdued, but Fran can fight

And give you a good hit.

This little maid is quite

Demure, as she pets Kit.

A little kiss—

Oh what's the harm?

So small a miss—

A little kiss

To one, I wis,

Who loves her warm?

A little kiss—

Oh what's the harm?





HISTORY

## Class Statistics

Most Striking.....	<i>Herring</i>
Most Attractive.....	<i>Allen, Davis, Herring</i>
Cutest.....	<i>Allen</i>
Most Athletic.....	<i>Cowenhoven, Herring</i>
Most Popular with Boys.....	<i>Allen</i>
Most Popular with Girls.....	<i>Herring</i>
Class Baby.....	<i>Davis</i>
Biggest Flirt.....	<i>Russell</i>
Best Results.....	<i>Allen</i>
Best Bluffer.....	<i>Herring</i>
Most Conceited.....	<i>Russell</i>
Least Conceited.....	<i>Watkins</i>
Noisiest.....	<i>Cowenhoven</i>
Quietest.....	<i>Pardoe</i>
Teachers' Pet.....	<i>Herring</i>
Laziest.....	<i>Herring</i>
Most Inscrutable.....	<i>Pardoe</i>
Most Sentimental.....	<i>Russell</i>
First Married.....	<i>Russell</i>
Sailors' Sweetheart.....	<i>Clark</i>
Best Actress on Stage.....	<i>Herring</i>
Best Actress off Stage.....	<i>Cowenhoven</i>
Most Fog-bound.....	<i>Holt, Smith</i>
Most Curious.....	<i>Allen</i>
Best Tempered.....	<i>Smith</i>
Worst Tempered.....	<i>Herring, Morse</i>
Most Intellectual.....	<i>Russell</i>
Most Poise.....	<i>Allen</i>
Most Original.....	<i>Cowenhoven, Morse</i>
Brightest.....	<i>Holt</i>
Most Independent.....	<i>Smith</i>
Best Sense of Humor.....	<i>Cowenhoven</i>
Most Common Sense.....	<i>Clark, Wolff</i>
Most Conscientious.....	<i>Watkins</i>
Most Efficient.....	<i>Wolff</i>
Done Most for School.....	<i>Herring</i>
Best All 'Round.....	<i>Herring</i>







## In Prophecy

Now what do you think that Pat will be?  
What can we see that a prophet should see?  
Horses and nurses—does that mean a vet?  
Rather probably, and yet—



Dolly Allen at a dance  
Will kill her thousands at a glance.  
Yes, that rôle would fit her well—  
But these are things we should not tell.



When you are a doctor (the future is spoken)  
Whenever you find that a heart is broken  
Encourage, dear Gracie, the injured person:  
Though a break be bad, it might be a worse'un.

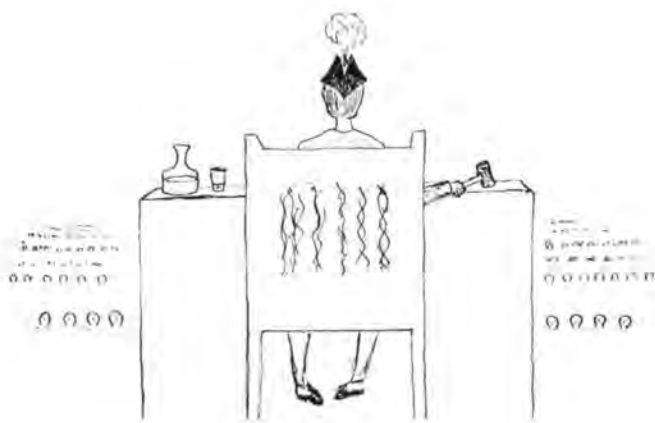




Horse fly, deer fly, midge, and cleg,  
 One and two and three and beg!  
 The insect trainer Anne E. Holt  
 Has pets that love and don't revolt.



Whom shall we vote public meetings to lead?  
 To ask the secretary the minutes to read?  
 We'll set down her, without further remark,  
 The wife of Admiral Blank (née Clark).



Oh say, my teacher, this is so:  
It is like this; did you not know?  
An archaeologist I may be yet,  
But meantime I am Margaret.



Jane Wolff to kindergarten goes  
To teach the kiddies all she knows,  
Now that is much, the most in art—  
And other things she knows in part.



A poet's is Carolyn's career,  
 But she's the kind who would not hear  
 Of living in a garret attic:  
 Miss Morse will be aristocratic.



Trapeze clown Cissy through the air  
 Goes flying while the people stare.  
 Of college boards she'll pass full many  
 To give her poise—will they help any?



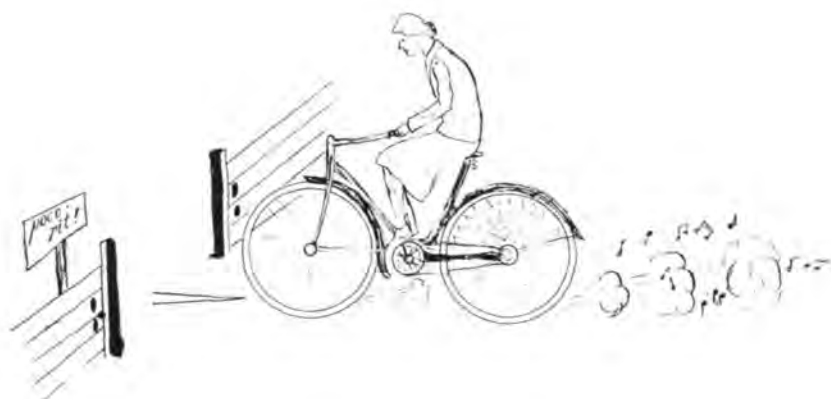
Now let us turn to inscrutable Jane;  
Dare we imagine tht she will remain  
Well over a hundred percent U. S. A.?  
The symptoms certainly point that way.



Frances Pardoe is reported by some  
To be secretly lively and full of hum;  
But she keeps this a mystery not to be told,  
Now if this is not true we've been shockingly sold.



A hard-working artist of musical mind,  
Helen gets to the school by a bicycle grind.  
This shows independence and strengthens the  
muscles;  
She is bound to get somewhere, for surely she hustles.



## A Rat Expires

THE rat, with a last attempt at escape, galloped up the old-fashioned piano and sat blinking on the open lid. His would-be capturer descended on him with a blood-thirsty splutter and raised weapon. But apparently it was not the broom, but the look in Aunt Abby's eyes that was too much for his terrified mind, as he fell with a flop into the family music-box.

"Help!" screamed the desperate woman. "A rat in the piano!" There came a sound of hurrying footsteps from all parts of the house. The family burst into the room with a roar and encircled the piano with great excitement.

"Well, well," Uncle Dan said, rubbing his hands importantly. "Let's see what I can do." Taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves over his scrawny little arms, he climbed on the stool and thrust his round bald pate into the mysterious interior of the piano.

"Ab!" he bawled, "I see the fellow! Quick, quick, a broom, a stick, anything!" A great flurry ensued, and the good man was handed a mop, a broom, two sticks, and a popgun. He grasped the mop and stood ready to lurch at his victim. A grey nose stuck out suddenly between two wires.

"There!" The little man plunged forward, weapon in hand. A mighty crash shook the firm sides of the piano, and above the babble of voices that followed, Uncle Dan cried, "I missed, by Joe, but I'll get that scoundrel if it takes all night." The battle then began, Uncle Dan jabbing and thrashing with Aunt Abby hanging on to his shirt as if afraid that her spouse would disappear with his prey, little Joe whooping and waving his gun, and Abby rushing here and there trying to get a glimpse. Then there was poor Hetty at the doorway, deploring her deserted dinner and vowing that the meat would get cold. (The saddle of mutton was already on the table with the carving knife in its belly.)

But the Crawleys were not to be daunted. A rat in the house—disgrace to Aunt Judy's reputation as a housewife! The brave hunter fought on, defying the drops of sweat that trickled over his face and the aches in his arms. The fluffy head of the mop swished, writhed, and jolted above his head. And the rat, now fully roused to the game, tripped gaily

about, played peed-a-boo between the notes, slid jauntily down the wires, and flicked his tail in the face of the enraged man. Suddenly out of the din there came a sharp snap and loud "twang"!

"Heavens, have you got the animal!" Aunt Judy cried.

"No!" gasped her husband. "It's only a wire."

But the rat's fate was sealed. For Uncle Dan, raising the end of the mop above his head, dashed it with such force upon the little patch of grey fur in one corner that there was no response in the way of action and the conquered enemy expired with a final squeak.

"I've won!" cried the brave man, and fell off the stool. His wife approached the scene of battle and gleefully picked up the rat as he lay stretched out on a disheartening pile of debris.

"Conquered!" cried Aunt Abby, and tossed him out of the window onto a bed of pansies.

SUZANNE PARIS, '34

---

### FROG

Silly thing, that frog

With his groggy eyes a-blinking  
And his mouth wide-open.

Silly thing, that frog

Perched on a lily-pad, winking  
And kicking his long legs and croakin'.

Silly thing, that frog—

I wonder what he's thinking.

J. G.

---

### WORM

A cool, damp worm thrust his head up between two blades of grass and looked around. Without any warning a few drops rolled off a stick and splashed onto the small of his back. "Spring is here!" he giggled, and wriggled all the way out of his hole.

J. L.



### SIGNS OF SPRING

Out of their shells  
The little chicks come;  
In the sweet daffodils  
The honey-bees hum.

Peepers are calling  
Down in the marsh;  
Grackles are crying,  
Their voices are harsh.

BILLY FLEMER, *Grade IV*  
*Reprinted from the Half-Link*

---

### THE SUN EAGLE

The sun is the body of an eagle.  
Clouds are its wings.  
It flies through the sky  
Against the wind and rain.  
Soon it is setting again,  
When day's work is done.

LYSBETH FISHER, *Grade III*



## Branchy and Rippy

ONCE upon a time there was a little rabbit which lived in the forest with his mother and father and brother and sister too. Fluff was his sister. His brother's name was Floppy and the little rabbit was named after his father and it was Branchy. His mother's name was Mary. They had a cozy little house in the tree. You might think that it was a very funny home but it was not for the rabbits. One day Branchy and his father went for a walk. All of a sudden a rabbit ran by Branchy. Branchy ran too. His father called "Branchy, Branchy come here," but no answer did he get so he went home. Now Branchy was running after the other rabbit. At last they came to a rabbit's house. Branchy asked the rabbit what her name was. She said it was Rippy. She told him to go to the house so Branchy did. He was very hungry and thirsty so he asked for something to eat and drink so Rippy did. Then Rippy showed him where her bed was. It was a very nice bed. It was all mossy and lots of leaves were on it. So they said good-night. Rippy said, "In the morning we will go out and play in the garden." So in the morning it was just like she said. They had breakfast then they went out and played. Then Rippy said, "Let us go to the fence." "Oh yes let us get some berries too." When they got there they found a big hole so big that a dog could go in it. Branchy said "What a big hole that is." "Do you want me to tell you about it?" "Yes I do." So they sat down and she began the story. "Once a long, long time ago there was a hedgehog. He made this hole, but soon he went away from the hole and it caved in. Then a fox dug it out again. He dug it out a little more every day so it got very big and my father and my uncle and my brothers too, they all got together and made it a nice little meeting house, and Frank, my brother, got some funny things and human beings call them clothes." Branchy said "May I see them?" "No you may tomorrow. It is getting dark I am going home." "So am I." So the two little rabbits ran home. In the morning they ran to the big hole again. Rippy put on a dress and a pair of shoes. Branchy put on a suit and a pair of shoes, too. They looked very funny. They heard a noise. "Human beings are coming but they are little and they have no gun." Just then something went over

the two little rabbits. It was a box. They were trapped. "Oh dear, I wish I had stayed with my father." Then one of the human beings caught the rabbits by the ears and put them in a big box. They stayed there for three years, so they were getting old. They were going to have a wedding. The wedding was to be in one more day. They were very happy. The next day came. Rippy put on a dress and veil. Branchy put on a suit and hat. Everyone was sad when the wedding was over. The rabbits went off. One day Rippy had a boy and a girl rabbit she named the boy John and she named the girl Mary. One day, Branchy said to Rippy, "Do you think we should take the children abroad?" "I think it is all right. When shall we go?" "We will go tonight for a boat is going to leave tonight. The children will put on their best clothes." Branchy told the children to carry their bags. Soon they came to the big boat. "Now jump on the boat." So they all did. "Hurry and hide somewhere." They followed Father Rabbit to a corner where there was lots of old torn cushions. The rabbits took a lot of feathers and made four beds of feathers. Then Branchy said "Come with me for I know you are all hungry." They went after Branchy. Soon they came to the table where there was lots of crumbs. The rabbits began to eat. When they finished all the rabbits went to bed. Many days passed. At last they saw land. Branchy said, "Soon we will be on land" and they were soon on land then they got off. There were beautiful trees and flowers and lots of people. One little boy tried to catch Branchy but he could not catch him. The rabbits ran out of town and into a farm, and ran up and down the hay stack. The rabbits were going home but they could not because they missed the boat all the time so they moved their home near the boats. One morning Rippy said, "We must go home." The little rabbits were very sorry to leave the pretty place but the mother and father were glad to go home again. When they were landed they went home and they lived happy ever after.

SALLY PARDEE, *Grade II*

## MOONBEAMS EVERYWHERE

One night as I was lying in bed  
I saw the moonbeams dance  
About my head,  
Moonbeams everywhere.

They are beautiful to see,  
And they keep me company,  
Moonbeams everywhere.

I jumped up from my bed,  
For my company had fled,  
And I looked behind the cupboard,  
And I looked behind the bed,  
But never did my moonbeams stir  
Until the next night came,  
Moonbeams everywhere.

BARBARA YOUNG, *Grade III*

---

I am gliding down  
The moonbeams bright.  
All in the silvery night  
I see the fairies dancing  
On the stars,  
Like golden islands  
In silvery water.  
Faster and faster I go  
Through the night.  
My diamond night-gown  
Glitters in the moonlight.  
I will glide down  
Till I drop to my bed  
And sleep till  
Light.

DOROTHEA KISSAM, *Primary III*  
*Reprinted from the Half-Link*

# Little Women

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

*Presented by the Dramatic Club Under the Direction of  
Miss Violet Jo Sherow*

APRIL 9, 1932

## CHARACTERS

Mr. March.....	FRANCES SINCLAIR, '34
Mrs. March.....	KATHRYN CHATTEN, '34
Meg.....	LORNA STUART, '34
Jo.....	PATRICIA HERRING, '32
Beth.....	PEGGY AMEY, '33
Amy.....	GERTRUDE RIGHTER, '34
Aunt March.....	JANE LEWIS, '34
Mr. Laurence.....	CONSTANCE RIGHTER, '35
Laurie.....	ELIZABETH FIELD, '34
Professor Bhaer.....	JANET WICKS, '31
John Brooke.....	CATHERINE LOUGHRAN, '34
Hannah Mullett.....	MARY RUSH, '35

## THE STAFF

Setting Designed By

WILHELMINA FOSTER, '34, Acts 1, 2, and 3.

ELEANOR MOODY, '35, Act 4

Wall Painted by PATRICIA HERRING, '32

Construction and Lighting Supervised by MISS HELEN FOSTER

## SCENERY COMMITTEE

MARTHA DINSMORE, '34	ELEANOR MOODY, '35
WILHELMINA FOSTER, '34	MARGARET MYERS, '34
MARY COWENHOVEN, '35	KATE JOHNSON, '35

Stage Manager.....	WILHELMINA FOSTER, '34
Costume Manager.....	ESTHER HOWARD, '34
Property Managers.....	ANNE HOLT, '32 AND JANE WOLFF, '32
Business Manager.....	GERTRUDE ALLEN, '32
Prompter.....	ESTHER HOWARD, '34
Make-Up.....	GERTRUDE ALLEN, '32
Sound Effects.....	ELEANOR MOODY, '35
Music.....	JANE LEWIS, '34



LITTLE WOMEN, ACT I



LITTLE WOMEN, ACT IV



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

## May Day

THE sun seemed to be on our side this year, for just as we had made up our minds to a cold and blowy May Day there came a magic afternoon, all blue and green and gold—a perfect setting for our festival. Barbara Manning, the new president of the Student Council, led the long and colorful procession down the hockey field to the throne under the maple, where she was crowned Queen of the May by Pat Herring, our old president. She then mounted her throne and the rest of the procession filed past with offerings of flowers, from the smallest baby clutching her carefully gathered handful of violets to the most dignified Senior with her branch of lilac, more hastily procured. The Primary Plays followed, and we were entertained by *Alice in Wonderland* in tableau and later by the Intermediates' presentation of *Alice in Wonderland* and of parts of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Innumerable ice-cream cones were consumed by the audience during the May-pole dances and the athletic events, which ended the afternoon.







VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

## Alumnae Notes

Margaret Righter, '29, as Robin Hood was Lord of the May at the Bryn Mawr festival this spring. In addition to this honor she has been making a *cum laude* record in her academic work.

Yvonne Cameron, '28, played the part of King Richard in the Robin Hood Play at Bryn Mawr. As a senior she is the retiring President of the French Club and the retiring subscription editor of *The College News*.

Margaret Lowry, '29, has just returned from a year of study and travel abroad. This winter she received her diploma from the Sorbonne for the course in French Civilization offered to foreign students, and graduated with *Mention Bien*. Later she studied Italian in Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee David Butler (Margaret Fine, '19) have announced the birth of a son, Lee David Butler, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Halsey Lindsley (Frances Hale, '31) have announced the birth of a son, Charles Halsey Lindsley, Jr.

Three engagements have been announced: of Isabel Hawke, '27, to Mr. William B. Sloane; of Constance Titus, '30, to Mr. David Scott Foster, and of Isabel Boughton, '26, to Mr. Alexander Capps.

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## Exchanges Received

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*Budget*—Vail-Deane School

*Cargoes*—Kent Place School

*Hill Breezes*—Hillsdale Country Day School

*Irwinian*—Agnes Irwin School

*Junior Journal*—Princeton Country Day School

*Laurel Leaves*—Laurel School

*Lawrenceville Lit*—Lawrenceville

*Milestone*—Baldwin School

*Tiger Cub*—Princeton Preparatory School

*Tower*—Princeton High School

*Triangle*—Emma Willard School

*Turret*—Tower School

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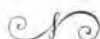


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