# The Link



April, 1934



# THE LINK

APRIL 1934 '쥿

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

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# The Link

#### MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XIV	APRIL, 1954	No. 2

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## Cditorial

## The Proposed Wilson Memorial

PLANS for the erection in Princeton of a monument to Woodrow Wilson, former president of Princeton University and war-time executive of the United States, have recently been made. The only memorial to Woodrow Wilson existing in Princeton at this time is a professorship of English Literature endowed in his name by Edward Bok.

The present design for the monument, created by Rolf William Bauhan, Princeton architect, calls for a stone shaft, sixty feet in height and twelve feet square at the base. Basrelief panels on the four faces of the base are to depict Wilson as president of Princeton University, Governor of New Jersey, President of the United States, and advocate of the League of Nations.

The proposed site of the monument is a "traffic circle" which will be at the west end of Nassau Street and will be bounded on the north by that main thoroughfare and its continuation, Stockton Street. Mercer Street and its curving extension to Nassau Street will surround it on the south and east. On the west side will be a road which has long been proposed. The new street will be a continuation of Bayard Lane and will be extended to connect with Alexander Street. If the Wilson memorial is erected on the proposed site it will be near the Princeton Battle Monument.

Many Princetonians feel that the beauty of their community may be destroyed by the erection of so many memorials. At this time especially, they feel that the money necessary for such a project could be used to much better advantage.

M. R., '35

In my opinion, the beautiful memorial we have to another President, also closely associated with Princeton, in the Cleveland Tower, would make the 60-foot marble shaft appear mere mockery of Mr. Wilson's world-wide fame.

If the shaft were erected in the proposed place, it would

mean cutting a street squarely through one of the most attractive spots in Princeton, which would greatly detract not only from local color but from historical interest.

The cost of the monument would be a full sixty thousand dollars, and with slums still abounding in even so small a community as ours, it seems to me that the money could be used far more advantageously.

A. S., '36

Mr. Baughan confuses through and local traffic requirements in his plan, which would send traffic through Bayard Lane instead of by-passing to the east through Ewing Street. This latter is the logical plan, similar to the arrangement in other places—Flemington, Bordentown, and Freehold—on important highways. In addition, the county should open Alexander Street for west-side commutation to the Junction and for the accommodation of the crowds leaving Princeton after big University games. These are two great problems.

The question of a Wilson monument is another consideration. Does Princeton want itself cluttered up with monuments like a miniature battlefield of Gettysburg or a modern cemetery planned as a good advertising project? Woodrow Wilson essentially belonged to the University and had little to do with the town. The appropriate place for the memorial to him, of whatever type it may be, is the University campus.

M. B. M., '34

. . . The question is, where should it be put on the campus? I heard a good suggestion the other day. Why not build in Wilson's memory the new University Library of which Princeton is so badly in need? The idea is worthy of consideration.

E. F., '34

### Tombstone or Beacon

N PROPOSING a monument for Woodrow Wilson, we should consider what the man himself would have wanted. Could we ask him the question, "What would you feel to be a fitting memorial?" he might answer,

"If one is to be erected I would wish it to express what I hoped for Princeton University. So long as I was connected with

the University all my dreams and all my acts were centered upon one ideal: to make it a place that would train young men to go forth and build for the future of our country, whether in science, art, economics, or politics. My greatest virtue and my greatest fault was dreaming of a future better than the present. So I would ask that a memorial to me in Princeton be not a graveyard monument looking toward the past, but something—whatever it may be—to help the young men who may come to Princeton better to understand our present problems and teach them how to solve them. My hopes were turned toward the future. Do not freeze the memory of them in stone. If you believe in my hopes, let my memorial be something which you feel will help to educate Princeton men to solve the problems of a tortured world."

L. S., '34

## A Letter to The Editor

YHAT to wear? Every morning that is the question: there must be something to end this everlasting hesitation. Ah, ves, uniforms. With uniforms, I should not have to argue, "No, I cannot wear that to school, for it might get dirty and would be sure to muss and look a sight when I wear it outside." With a tailored uniform I should not feel forced to vary my clothes, and it would be much less expensive. It is not only the expense I am thinking of, it is also the appearance of the school. A trim uniform which even the New Brunswick and Trenton girls need not be ashamed to wear on a train or in the city would lend an air to the school and would put an end to any temptation to unsuitable frilly silks. It would also make it easier for the girl who has not many school clothes; as we all know, this small matter may make a girl self-conscious and prevent her from feeling free with the other girls. These various reasors, and the fact that many a day I have been late to school because of my indecision concerning what to wear, make me decidedly in favor of uniforms for Miss Fine's School.

G. R., '34

## WINTER À LA NEIGE

#### OR THE SILENCING OF THE OL' TIMERS

OR years and years previous to this one, Ol' Timers have mournfully shaken their grey heads and sighed for the old-fashioned winters they saw when they were young. They seemed to blame the Younger Generation for this sad state of affairs (among other things). White Christmases, sleigh rides, sub-zero weather, and particularly the extinct, even mythical, Blizzard were things of the past. The latter had been in its best form in 1888. The Blizzard of '88 was something to be proud of.

Then along came the winter of '55-'54. Christmas was upon us, but there was no snow—not a sign of it. The Ol' Timers began to complain.

But not for long. The day after Christmas was a snowy day, a cold day. People huddled around fireplaces. The Ol' Timers stopped complaining about the unwhite Christmases and complained about autos that wouldn't start, about traffic that was tied up. When actually forced, they had to admit that though it was not nearly so severe as '88, it was bad enough.

The Younger Generation continued to ask embarrassing questions all during January and February: Was this a blizzard? Just what is a blizzard? How deep was the snow in '88? Little by little the snow of that famous winter was melting under the pressure of questions, its gigantic proportions were diminishing.

And then the Ol' Timers woke up to find that they were calling the snows of '34 blizzards—and with good reason. Also, there were sleighrides and sub-zero weather enough to satisfy the most antique. The Ol' Timers were silenced at last.

Elisabeth Funkhouser, '54

### From THE DISCOVERY OF CHANGE

JANET WICKS, '31

Reprinted from the Mount Holyoke Jion

In my mind our existence was that of an entity known as Brud-n-Dave-n-Me, which was somehow unable to separate for any length of time into its component parts. Our common life was one long play-time divided into seasons, each of which was an eternity. Spring meant poplar catkins to collect into strawberry-colored piles; perverse worms to rescue from wet sidewalks; maple seedlings to pull up from earthy crevices. It was the time when we went without sweaters and stole pink, peppery radishes from the neighbors' gardens. When the cherry tree dripped coral, the lawn-mowers made piles of scented grass to jump in, and silvery mists were raised by lawn sprinklers for the daring to run through, it was generally acknowledged to be summer.

Real summer, however, did not begin until after the migration to the sea, when a blue infinity of water and white sails stretched ahead of us indefinitely. Wandering down its sunsoaked beach in sneakers full of sand, we found the world so perfect that heaven could have had nothing to offer in comparison. All we could wish, we had—tin pails brimming with shells and sea-wet pebbles, ruby wine-berries July-warm to our lips, endless flowers for our gathering, little boats to drag, bumble bees to catch in foxgloves, honeysuckle nectar to drain from blossom horns, and green crabs forever plentiful to our prodding nets. When at last it all came to a close, and by the goldenrod and grapes we knew that fall had arrived, our dismalness knew no bounds—for the two final days.

Back in the city house, we were plunged into another world of dry-smelling leaf-piles, fires in the gutters, preserves making all the kitchen doors spicy, and lustrous horse chestnuts dislodged by rakes from their prickly shells. Now pumpkin faces were carved out on the kitchen floor, and hot moments were spent watching popcorn blossom snowily over the furnace's bed of coals. This was the season when the golden twilights brought with them a strange loneliness, and it was nice to come home after playing to find Mother up in the nursery with the baby, warm and rosy, dozing over his bottle.

Winter meant sleds and wind-carved drifts, blizzards, frostferns on the windows, and holly wreaths squeaking thinly against the glass. For endless weeks our world was one of whiteness that brought tears to the eyes, radiators steaming beneath a chaos of wet wool and melting snow, and blue maps on our stockings made by sodden leggings. Then when the slow spring had reduced our fairyland to one grey lump in the side yard, and mud was everywhere, we knew that it was going to begin all over again. But centuries had passed since the last time the catkins dropped.

## MRS. COSTANZO

EDITH BECK REED, '31

Reprinted from the Mount Holyoke Lion

CRCSS the street I saw the voluminous lower half of Mrs. Costanzo's body below the beating sheet which she was hanging on the line. Around the vast bare legs stumbled a black-haired baby, an indistinct corpulent lump, which gripped its mother's substantial limbs. The part of the anatomy to appear next was a hand clutching a clothespin. The peculiar thing about this hand was the boniness of the fingers which tapered from the plump, red palm. Unusually long and angular, they looked like sturdy instruments built for hard work, like the end of a pitchfork or a scraper. The sore, red spots on the back of the hand seemed almost lurid against the clean whiteness of the sheet. These fingers were surely most efficient, and the hand was rubbed and worn.

Then the whole body lumbered into view. I felt the sufficiency, the capability of this Italian mother. Her black hair was pulled straight back and knotted with hasty twists. Cne thin wisp wavered around her ear. The immensity of bosom and enormity of solid shoulders showed strength, energy, and firmness. Clean, round cheeks accentuated the frank expression of adequateness. Mrs. Costanzo scraped up the baby and balanced his bulky midriff over her arm.

"Tone-ee, get out of the street quick!" I heard the copious voice reechoing in the alley and I knew that Mrs. Costanzo's black eyes were worried and that her full, red lips looked anxious. Then she padded into the house.

## THE MYSTERY OF FROGS' LAKE

HEY had always wondered about that misty, ethereal nothing which floated on the pond. On their way to sing in the quartet at the fairies' dance they wondered if it would be resting in puffy blobs on their lily-pads when they returned. This mysterious, intangible something worried them considerably, and finally one frog was appointed to stand guard.

Isaac Frog, selected to catch the fog as it stole up, leaned nonchalantly against his grass spear and tried to still the heavy beating of his heart by saying "glunk" over and over in a trembling bass voice. Gradually, however, his head sank upon his green velvet jacket and he settled himself slowly, allowing little snores to escape at intervals. As he sat there, dreaming luxuriously of spiced spiders and pickled pollywogs, far back among the willow trees which surrounded the pond there appeared a soft light. As the warm glow became more discernible, it resolved into the figure of a tiny woman. She floated rather than walked, and around her gleaming pink pearl body there floated a cloak of iridescent silver. Poising herself on a rock, she tossed the handful of silver net toward the lake, where it seemed to grow and roll on the small waves.

The guard-frog awoke shivering with cold and saying "glunk" just to be sure he could still say it. Remembering what had wakened him, he rubbed an itching ear reflectively. Hearing an eerie, tinkling laugh, he looked up, and there, curled on a branch of the tree beside him, sat the Fog goddess. Her little face was smiling, and from her hand dangled a blade of grass with a strand of golden hair tied to one end.

Far away out of the shadows came the sound of golden trumpets, and the first rays of dawn plunged through the trees. The Fog goddess sprang from her perch and, snatching the silver cloak, fled into the cool dark, leaving Isaac Frog with a blade of grass and a perplexed mind to carry back to his fellow frogs.

MARTHA LUTZ, '34

### The Caedmon Cross

There where Caedmon stood Watching the sea below him, Watching the angry foam Break o'er the edge of the cliffs,

There where the seagulls swoop
Grey as the clouds above them,
He saw where the sullen seas
Join hands with the peaceful sky.

On the edge of the cliff his cross now stands, In the shadow of Whitby Abbey; Straight and somber as Caedmon stood, Surveying the bleak North Sea.

ALISON STUART, '36

### A DECEMBER EVENING

WHEN one is playing hop-scotch and is rather anxious to win, one does not remember that the afternoons are short in December, nor does one care.

Soon the sun began to set, rapidly sinking behind the black trees, whose branches were clearly silhouetted against the background of brilliant red. They looked as though they were made of some delicate lace that some one had taken a lifetime to make and that now, completed, would tear at the touch of a careless hand. Down and down sank the sun, turning the sky into a beautiful stained-glass window. Then, up rose the moon, like a golden platter, smiling pityingly on the disappearing sun, as if to say, "I have a wonderful night lying ahead of me, while you, poor thing, must leave this entertaining land for who knows where."

For a moment both planets hung as if balanced on a scale, then the sun disappeared and the moon triumphantly rose to take its place.

No more thoughts of playing entered our heads. We were impressed.

AGNES AGAR, Int. II.

## After Reading Matthew Arnold

Is it fate
That rules our lives,
That shatters all our dreams,
So that we, poised on its wave,
Are carried to the shore
Or to our deaths?

Must we, like
Human driftwood,
Follow every swell
And be sucked under by the tide
And not fight back
Against the undertow?

JULIA CONSTABLE, '35

## To My Violin

With troubled heart I often pick thee up
And laying weary fingers on each string
I touch thy vibrant soul, imploring—sing!
Turned glad, my fretful heart casts off its weight
Of gloom. It broods no more, but lends its hope
Unto thy soothing powers. From minor note
To major dost thou swell in volume sweet.
Strange chords, soft cadences—each throbbing beat
Arouses in my heart a joy complete.
My violin! Let fall thy shower of trills,
O diamond shattered into harmony!
It is thy phrase that thrills and tears this heart
From grumbling chords that fetter it in gloom
To untold peace. Thy song shall be my tune.

JANE LEWIS, '34

## The Aeneid Book IV

(lines 534-553)

#### Dido's Lament

Alas, what shall I do? Must I again, The object of their laughter, seek for me A spouse from those whom once I would not wed, And choose a Nomad prince to share my bed? Perchance I have delayed too long and now They will refuse to wed me, who so long did scorn Their vain appeals for marriage and great pow'r. Where shall I turn? Follow the Trojan ships, Obey their least command? Would that I knew If I should do this, knowing they with joy received My former aid, and deep within their hearts Have stored the mem'ry of my kindest deeds. But who would then receive me, hated, loathed, In their high ships, if it should be allowed Or I should wish it so? O wretched maid. Do you so little know the sons Of false Laomedon? What then? Shall I, Alone, sail with these happy men to some Far distant shore, or rather take with me My band of men from Tyre, and once again Insist that they leave home and follow me? Alas, I fear they would refuse to board The ships and set the sails to catch the wind. Nay, rather die, as you deserve, and put An end to all your sorrows with this sword. You, sister, first were conquered by my tears. Twas you who, mad, did overwhelm me here With these great wrongs. Why was it not decreed That I should pass my life in solitude As do the beasts of prey, and never know Such cares? Why could I not have truly served My long-departed mate, Sychaeus, as I promised him? Thus ended she her speech, Lamenting in her heart such mighty things.

WILHELMINA FOSTER, '34

#### (lines 740-756)

#### At Dido's Palace

As Dido's guests ve sit at ease. O champions of the turmoiled seas. To dine and sup from silver plate At Carthage of the golden gate. That lovely queen with amorous eyes Has fixed her gaze in faint surmise Upon thy leader bold and strong. List now to long-haired Iopas' song: "A silken moon glides through the night, Escapes the birth of morning light. She clasps the deep blue sky in hand To hide Apollo from the land. Oh tell me, where did mortal man First come to life? Or where beasts ran? And forked fire-sticks, what are they? Immortal gods, 'tis ve must sav." Now Iopas plucks his golden lyre: Weird strains of music sweet inspire Thy weary souls. Enkindle, fire, Each heart to rise from petty thought To Iopas' tale-by Atlas taught. "O tell me why the long-haired night In winter reigns with cold delight? Immortal gods and goddess fair Of wisdom, favor this white hair, Bowed with old age. To it impart The hidden secrets of thy heart. Alas, all this I beg is nought, For mortal mind by man is taught." Now silence hovers overhead To guard the aged bard's white head, Whose gilded lyre has sung his song. Arise! Apollo comes ere long,

## Le Coin Français

#### DANS LA MAISON

Dans la maison il y a un petit salon. Dans le salon il y a une grande fille et un petit garçon et la mère et le papa. La grande fille coud, le petit garçon est sous la pendule, la mère est devant la porte, et le papa lit, n'est-ce pas?

La mère dit au Papa,
"Papa, vous lisez trop vite."
Le papa est fâché. Il dit,
"Je ne lirai pas!"

JEAN WILLIAMSON, Int. I.

#### PIERRE

Il y a une poupée sur mon bureau. Il s'appelle Pierre, Je l'aime. Il a un père et une mère. Il n'a pas de frère. Il a une robe rouge et bleue avec des boutons verts. Il a un chapeau aussi. Pendant la nuit il dort dans un petit lit. Pendant le jour, il s'assied et regarde les murs de ma chambre à coucher! Frances Imbrie, Int. II.

#### LE NORD

Le Nord est un autre monde. Il est magnifique et solitaire. Il y a beaucoup d'espaces de neige et aussi des montagnes majestueuses. Le ciel, d'un très beau bleu, se réflète dans la mer tranquille. Dans le lointain un grand banc de glace flotte sur les vagues. Il fait froid au Nord; quelquefois le vent souffle à travers les espaces,

J'aime songer au Nord, à sa solitude et à ses merveilles!

Lily Buchanan, Int. IV.

### L'AUBE À LA FERME

Une vapeur grise plane sur la vielle ferme et les étables à côté. Tout est tranquille. Le vent remue doucement le blé dans les champs et les feuilles des arbres murmurent entre elles. La lune n'est plus qu'un pâle reflet dans le ciel et le soleil se lève lentement audessus des montagnes à l'horizon.

Subitement le chant d'un coq au lointain réveille les animaux. Les poules commencent à caqueter et les vaches remuent dans leur coin de l'étable. On entend le fermier qui sort de la ferme, en sifflant. Il apporte du foin pour les chevaux, qui ont henni dés leur réveil. Maintenant le soleil est un grande balle rouge audessus de la vieille ferme. Tout le monde se prépare à une nouvelle journée. C'est l'aube à la ferme.

MARJORIE MUNN, Int. IV.

#### LA FOURRIÈRE

Il y a trois mois mon chien est mort. Je vais donc à une fourrière pour en acheter un autre. Après un moment je vois le propriétaire et je lui dis, "Je veux voir des chiens de race. Le prix n'est pas important." "Bien, monsieur," me répond-il. Il me montre des chiens blancs, des chiens bruns, des chiens rouges, des chiens gris, des chiens noirs, des chiens de toutes espèces. Tout à coup j'entends un petit tapage. Je me retourne et je vois un petit chien. Il marche vers moi. Il met sa patte sur mon genou et il me lèche la main. Je demande au propriétaire, "Combien vaut celui-ci?" "Mais, madame, vous n'en voudriez pas! Il ne coûte que cent sous!" "N'importe, je l'achèterai. Il me plaît."

Un moment après une femme très heureuse quitte la fourrière, sous son bras un petit chien qui a l'air aussi heureuse qu'elle!

KATHERINE EISENHART, Int. IV.

## TODDY DOG

ONALD, thin, long-legged, and angular, slammed the kitchen door behind him and strode across the yard to the dog pens and houses. Donald was the owner of Craigend Farms in Argyle, where discriminating customers from London or Edinburgh might buy wire-haired fox-terriers—that is, if they happened to hear about Donald. Of all the dogs he had reared and trained, he liked Toddy best. Toddy appeared as do most fox-terriers at the age of five months, but noticeable about him were the air and angle with which he carried his tail and the mischievous and wicked light in his eyes.

As he walked up to Toddy's pen, Donald wondered whether the rascal had got out. But yelps of joy greeted him, and out of a corner came Toddy, stumbling over his front feet in his haste to greet his master.

"Good morning to you, you scamp. What mischief have you been up to now?" Toddy certainly did look guilty, with his one brown ear hanging over an eye with a twinkle in it. He sat on his haunches and looked coyly down his nose at the large finger which was stuck through the wire fence. He began to lick circles around the finger, every now and then alternating with a few nips.

"You're a wee devil, that's what you are," Donald continued, "but I wouldn't let you go for anything, even though you are an ugly duckling and not so handsome as your brothers and sisters. Hey there! Stop that, I say!—Surely no lady will come and take you away. You'll stay here with me and leap through the heather among these blue hills, won't you?" Toddy, in reply, cocked his head on one side as if he understood and yet questioned.

A few minutes later man and dog were side by side, walking toward the misty, heather-clad and blue-green mountains.

JULIA CONSTABLE, '35

#### YES OR NO

Draw a line under Yes or No. For instance:

Do cats growl? It would not be right to draw a line under yes, would it? Because cats do not growl.

Do dogs have trunks?

Is B for girl?

Do people live in a house?

Yes No
Yes No

Is A for Apple? Yes No Have you a book called Wonderland in Alice? Yes No

Is 3 plus 5 greater than 10 take away 3? Yes No Is 5 plus 5 less than 3 plus 3 plus 3? Yes No

Is 9 take away 3 less than 3 plus 2? Yes No Was Columbus born before Adam? Yes No

Because Washington and Lincoln were born in

February does that make them the same age? Yes No

BETSY BRIGHAM, Grade IV

Reprinted from the Half-Link March, 1934.

## A MOON STORY

—Told to Miss Hill by Edmund Cook, Fifi Locke, George Robertson, John Pomfret, Martha Jane Brown, Melville Dickenson, Henry van Dyke, Grade I.

Reprinted from the Half-Link, March 1934.

The moon came sailing over the world.

He saw the people asleep.

He saw the animals asleep in the barn.

The moon woke up the animals with his light.

They were scared.

They ran all around the barn.

They kicked the doors and broke them.

They broke the windows, too.

They ran out of the door and down the street.

All of the people in the town woke up,

and wondered what was the matter.

The moon was very, very scared.

The farmer came down to his barn. "What, no

animals?" he said. "Where have they gone, and why are the windows and doors all broken? And why is the hay strewn all over the floor?"

He went to the door.

He looked out.

He looked

and looked!

He saw the animals running down the street.

He saw all of the people looking out of the

windows.

He saw all of the nurses trying to get the children back to bed.

He saw Mr. Moon going down, and Mr. Sun coming up over the hill.

The farmer went after his animals.

He brought them back to his barn.

The horses tried to run away, but he would not let them.

He called them back by name. He told his wife all about it. Then he milked the cows.

> He ate his breakfast, and he went to work.

He swept up the hay,

but he got a man to fix the doors and windows.

### SCHOOL NOTES

T HAS been our good fortune this year to have Mrs. McKinney both assisting us at the piano and giving us concerts during our music hours on Friday. And now we are to lose her to the wilds of the west. There is no girl in the school who will not feel the gap that her absence will make. On January 12 Mrs. McKinney gave the following delightful program:

I. Fantasie—D minor						ýn.	,	1	Mozart
Two Sonatas									
D minor .		21							Scarlatti
C major .			i.e			7			Scarlatti
II. Seven Waltzes	. 1	91	1	1					Brahms
La Soirée dans Grena	de	10	1			1	1		Debussy
Jardins sous la Pluie									
III. Nocturne-F major									
Scherzo-F sharp min									
Encore: The Lark		L.				4			Gluika
On March 23d we were	e p	rivi	lege	d t	o h	ear	a	Hay	dn sym-
phony arranged for four	ha	nds	, pl	aye	d b	y 1	Mrs	N	lcKinney

and Miss Firtell of the New Jersey State College for Women.

We had a rare experience when Dr. Archibald Bowman of the Glasgow Moral Philosophy School, formerly chairman of Princeton's philosophy department, came to speak to us at assembly on March 19th. He opened his informal talk with a beautiful tribute to Miss Fine, continuing with "the art of forgetting and remembering." Dr. Bowman's daughter, Maisie, was formerly a member of the Class of '34, and his presence, besides being a great honor, brought back old memories. JANE ALLEYNE LEWIS, '34

## Recommended Books of This Last Year

AS THE EARTH TURNS-Gladys Hasty Carroll

As the Earth Turns, by Gladys Hasty Carroll, is the story of a Maine farming family. It is an account of simple, everyday doings, told in a straightforward style which is beautiful because of its very simplicity. It concerns the life of the Shaw family during one year. We find ourselves deeply interested in Jen Shaw's household duties, her cooking, cleaning, and mending, in Mark Shaw's work on his farm, in all the minor incidents in the life of a large family. There are no thrilling episodes, but the very tale of day-to-day doings, of slowly watching the seasons come and go, is made thrilling in itself. The friendly, honest nature of this book gives it the warmth of a living story.

JANE ARMSTRONG, '34

#### THE HOUSE OF EXILE-Nova Waln

The House of Exile was for twelve years the home of the author. Nora Waln was born a Philadelphia Quakeress and was adopted by the Elder of the House of Exile.

Possessors of ancient wealth, cultivators of their lands, patrons of the arts, the Lin family preserve within their walls the immortal beauty of China's past. As a member of Chinese aristocracy, Nora Waln writes of feast days, of pageants, of ancestor worship—all the life of that walled homestead which the Lin family has guarded for thirty-six generations. Her command of the Chinese language, and her undisturbed relations with the Lin family through the days of hatred and revolution, have given her story of Old China merged with New China an unsurpassed quality of vividness and sympathy.

MARTHA LUTZ, '34

#### STRANGER THAN FICTION-Lewis Browne

In this story, dramatically told by Lewis Browne, a history of the Jewish race, "the children of Israel" is presented. The virtues and failings developed by so long a struggle to survive in a non-Jewish world are pointed out, not apologetically, but as matters of fact, and left to speak for themselves. The emphasis is laid, not on dates and details, but on those basic factors, hereditary and environmental, which explain the unique psychology and career of the Jewish people.

Dr. Browne has written this history of a race as a story, exciting and rapid in its flow and unbiased, unprejudiced, in its viewpoint.

MARTHA LUTZ, '34

#### THE DIARY OF JULIA NEWBERRY

Have you at some time wondered what girls of past days were like and how you yourself might have fitted into their shoes? Perhaps you have imagined them as prim little misses, very much sat-upon by their elders and altogether inexperienced. You will realize your mistake when you read The Diary of Julia Newherry.

Was there ever such an adorable girl as Julia! And she lived in Chicago in the 1860's, when, surprisingly, a young girl in her early teens was the same as a young girl of today, Of course Julia and her elder sister had no cars to run around in, and could not dash to a telephone to talk to a friend, but they had a beautiful home, met such interesting people as General Sheridan and a younger brother of Napoleon, and had a brilliant social life, trips to Europe, and young gentlemen to swarm around them. Julia loved to sketch, and she was a shrewd judge of people as well as a good mixer. She was a sound, a deep thinker, and with her charm she won for herself the admiration and respect of all who knew her. Her diary dates from her thirteenth year to her seventeenth, when she died. Within that period she related many thrilling episodes of which I could not begin to tell you. You will have to read her diary yourself; and when you do you will feel, I am certain, that Julia might well have been one of your own friends, she is so real. JANE ALLEYNE LEWIS, '34

## THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS-Kenneth Grahame

New Edition, Illustrated by E. II. Shepard

The Wind in the Willowr, in the new edition with E. H. Shepard's delightfully humorous pictures, again presents to us "Mole and his best friend Rat, and crotchety old Mr. Badger, the three who rescue the rich and foolish Toad from all the dangerous and exciting misadventures which overcome him." Mr. Shepard has dressed up Kenneth Grahame's old favorite in a brand-new Sunday suit, and has contributed his part to a book that has been loved by young and old alike for years and will go down through the ages as a masterpiece of whimsical imagination.

The chapter The Piper at the Gates of Dawn is a most beautiful piece of poetic prose. It concerns Mole and Rat and the great Awe which fell upon them as they stood on Pan Island and felt that some august Presence must be very, very near.

"This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me," Rat whispers. "Here, in this holy place, here if anywhere, surely we shall find Him."

And they do find him, their god, Pan the Piper at the Gates of Dawn, their Friend and Helper, "reclining in his majestic ease on the sward." They worship him, but when the Vision vanishes they can only recall that "Some . . . great . . . animal has been here."

Whether or not you are imaginative, you will enjoy this book, for it has also humor and a new and deep understanding of the smaller animal life that goes on around us, unnoticed.

LORNA STUART, '34.

### ATHLETIC NOTES

ECAUSE of the heavy snows this year not all the hockey games planned were played, but those which were played were peppy ones. When we left school in December the Seniors were ahead of the rest of the Upper School, but the other classes were not far behind them.

Two exciting inter-school games were played, and practically the entire school turned out to see them. One was played at Kent Place on a bitter day—the spectators stamped their feet and envied the hot players. The Kent Place team won a hard-fought-for victory. The Holmquist game was a dirty one—owing to the muddiness of our field, not to unfair playing. At the end of an extra period the score was still a tie, and the teams left the field well cheered.

The basketball season came to a glorious end with a game on March 27th against Kent Place. It was played in the gym of the Princeton Preparatory School, which Mr. Harry Fine has kindly let us use ever since we came back in January. The score was 23-16 in favor of Kent Place.

In the interclass games, the Senior Plus team defeated the other teams—two games out of three in the series. The Junior-Sophomore team won two games from the Freshmen and two from the Senior Minus team. The Freshman team won the first game it played with the Senior Minus, but lost the other two.

Two games were played between the Varsity and the Faculty. The first was won by the faculty by a close score, but they lost the second to the Miss Fine's School girls.

#### **EXCHANGES**

Aster-Prospect Hill Country Day School.

Blue Pencil-Walnut Hill School.

Budget-Vail-Deane School.

Cargoes-Kent Place School.

Hill Breezes-Hillsdale School.

Irwinian-Agnes Irwin School.

Junior Journal-Princeton Country Day School.

Laurel Leaves-Laurel School.

Listen-Liggett School.

Lit-Lawrenceville School

Milestone-Baldwin School.

Tiger Cub-Princeton Preparatory School.

Tit Bits-St. Timothy's School.

Triangle-Emma Willard School.

Turret-Tower School.

The Lit—Long live the average American and hurrah for Mr. and Mrs. VanBuren! Although the humor of Authors Drink Tea was not—shall we say subtle?—we were pleased to have a good laugh.

Laurel Leaves—Poor Lucy Lovelace!—though indeed in her "dual role of inquiring damsel and infallible oracle" she is to be admired. We liked your Mentor of Morons, Sally Fogg, and especially the originality of your writing on this harassed lady.

We found Timmy the Buck appealing. We should well have liked to know this humorous and inquisitive buck sheep,

## Springtime Madness

ITTLE Herman sat upon his back doorstep, alone, silent, gloomy, dejected. There was no one to play with—nothing to do. His pal next door was in bed with a broken arm. His dog slumbered peacefully at his feet in the warm sunshine, too lazy to snap at a fly buzzing around his nose. A stimulating kick provoked only an indifferent, inquiring glance from the drowsy beast. Listlessly, hopelessly, Herman probed about in his mind for some congenial occupation. None presented itself. The world was quite empty.

A flash of inspiration! He ran his tongue exploringly around his oral cavity—then relapsed into still deeper gloom. Even

that diversion was denied him; it was too much.

"Maw!" he exploded, "Gee whizz, maw, I ain't got nothin' to do. I ain't even got a loose tooth to wiggle!"

CATHERINE MURPHY, '35

## A Very Small Mouse

AR back in a dirty corner of a dreary cellar behind some ancient shovels and baskets crouched a wee lone mouse. He had been there a long time, but he had forgotten how long. He had been there before, but he didn't remember when. He would come there again. He didn't bother to decide how soon. Above him stretched filmy cobwebs laden with dust, long-since-departed flies, and one tremendous fat and juicy spider. How many legs did he have? The mouse started to count: one, two—oh dear! what did it matter?

In another corner (he couldn't see which one because of a piece of broken flower-pot in front of him) a cricket started a monotonous song. The mouse started to make up poems to the rhythm: crick-crickety-crick, stick-stickety-stick. He was disgusted. What was the use of anything?

He twitched his tail for variety. It touched something. Only a little stick. He shut his eyes. But he would have to open them again sometime. Why not now? So he did.

MARY COOLEY, '35

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