

# The Link



June, 1937



# THE LINK

JUNE

1937



MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XVII

JUNE, 1937

NO. 1

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## MISS MAY MARGARET FINE

One who had the gift to stir a listless life,  
kindle self-confidence, and start thoughtless  
youth on that ascending road along which  
life's higher meanings lie; who, with zeal  
that could be shared, shed influence where  
she knew it not and made many want what  
lay beyond their knowing.

—Dean Wicks





**W**E DEDICATE our "Link" to  
Miss Katherine Shippen, under whose  
friendly guidance we have spent a  
happy year.



BETTY MILLER

*Banish your timidity  
And with all rapidity  
Give us quip and quiddity,  
Willy-nilly O!*

Betty's a sly little puss—not in Reynard's way, but a good bluffer and even quieter than usual when there's work to be done, so that we almost forget her. We think it's a form of modesty—for she's shy, this Bête, and none of us really know her. Her reserve is hard to penetrate and for her hard to break through. But there's a spirit of fun under the shell—that much we have discovered—and we know to our regret that once she gets you down in an s. s. r. riot you're down to stay: it's a trick her brother taught her. Bête's the joy of 'sMiller's heart, and she must certainly rate high with Frannie after the way she toiled at hockey. But it's her nimble fingers on the piano keys that we think of most, and she's been grand about playing anything for us any time. She's our Class President and a Council Member as well, which seems convincing evidence that we did catch on to Bête in spite of her.



MARGARET GREENLAND

*A daughter of the gods, divinely tall  
And most divinely fair.*

Hats to the right, hats to the left, hats to the front, hats to the back—on strode the Mad Hatter to Manhattan, thence to Vassar. This is our popular little Pudge, knitting slung over one arm, caroling "Cas—cas—castle on the River Nile." Are we proud of our modern Minerva? I'll say we are! For this Minerva has a versatile personality. Now she is a glamorous Thespian (Pudge is president of our Dramatic Club), now a literary genius (Pudge writes very creditable poetry), now a stern mentor administering justice (Pudge is one of our old standbys on the Student Council), and last, but not least—O Pudge of my heart, must I confess it?—a Circe! a woman of enchantment and mystery! For have you not in the thirteen years you have dwelt among us cast a spell upon all who have fallen under the magic of your gaze?



WINIFRED KERNEY

*The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.*

"Oh, Miss Dorwart, I really didn't think that Dido'd stand and ogle at Aeneas . . ." Billie, her brown eyes filled with innocence and pain, is trying to explain her break of the year to a convulsed audience. We have to tease her about this and about the shivers and dainty finger-tips with which she dissected friend froggie in Biology, keeping Miss Mayall in stitches—but she carved the poor beastie up neatly and worked hard at Vergil, so what matters the rest? She has just handled the photography managership extremely well, and earlier in the year took care of the advertising for the school play. In spite of these vestiges of work, there are other times when she has earned the worthy title of record-holder for cat-napping in the s. s. r. Can that be because she gets so little sleep week-ends? For Billie's always on the go. Up to now she's only gotten, from general statistics, nine-tenths of the lads of the surrounding countryside, but we have hopes of that other tenth coming round during her college career.



VIRGINIA TRAVER

*Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe.*

"No, not there (*disgust*) . . . by the way I must get a hundred and twenty-five more pounds of ice . . . That's right (*encouragement*) . . . by the foot of the stairs. Of course some idiot will knock that vase off . . . away with the vase!" This is our happy, blithesome Virginia, she of the fairy feet, our executive, persuasive, tactful Virginia, who like the men of the flying trapeze can manage a dance with the greatest of ease while we poor mortals are willingly beguiled into playing Mrs. Atlas and shifting heavy furniture and the weight of the world about at her command.

Just now the dances are over and forgotten, for Virginia has a strange light in her eye—a haunted look. Do not be misled, however: it is not Tom or Bill or her recent trip to Bermuda, or whether her new car shall be an Oldsmobile or a Ford. Oh, no, it is whether it shall be Bradford or Briarcliff or Connecticut. Whichever it may be, Virginia, fare thee well, and if forever, still forever fare thee well.



DORIS UPDIKE

*Sense that but rarely leads us far astray.*

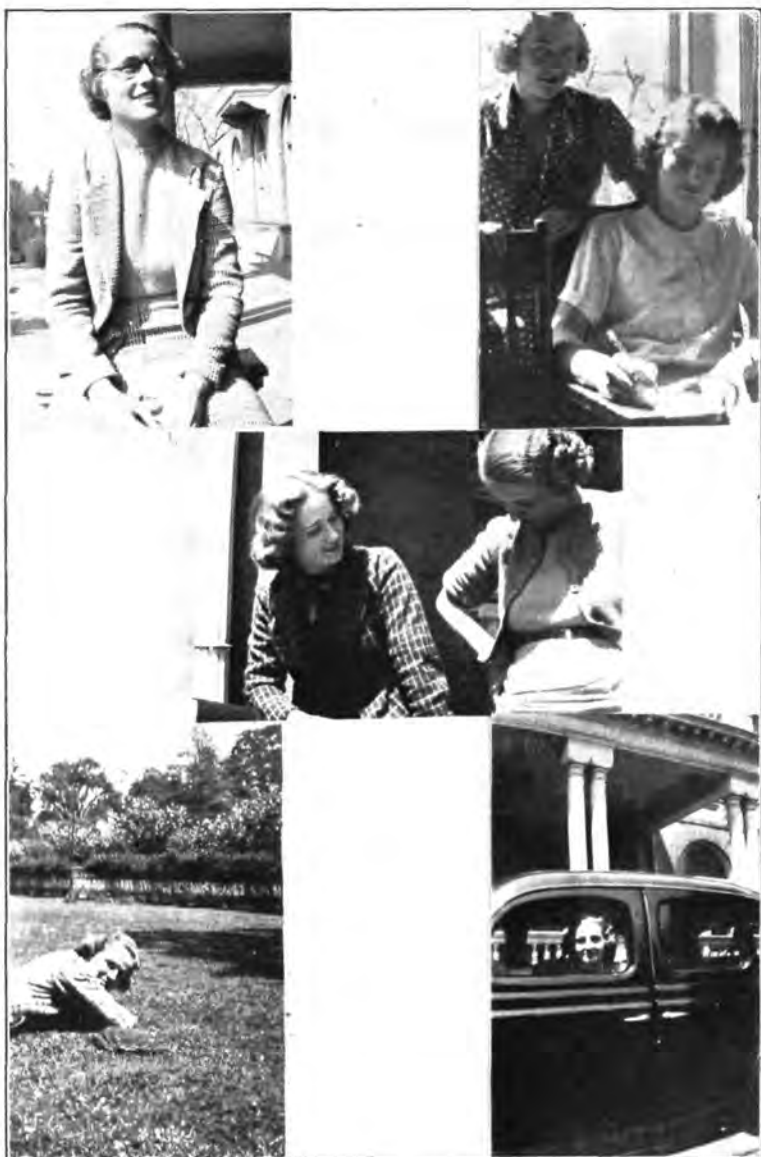
"Isn't it neat?" Can that be our serene Student Council president surrounded by clouds of papers as she goes quietly into hysterics? For Dot's a mood-ruled woman. The very next moment we may quake in our shoes before the most serious of females. She's terrifically competent and walked off with *all* the jobs in sight, becoming treasurer of the Athletic Association, property manager for *The Devil's Disciple* (even drawing a compliment from Mr. Towers of Lawrenceville for her work on that), business manager of this little magazine, and holder of the most respected position in the school, the presidency of the Student Council. She was the loveliest of all May Queens when she was crowned last May, and she has performed well and forcefully the duties attached to that honor. Her career-to-be is a subject for deepest speculation. Perhaps one of these days she'll catch the bridal bouquet, or find the ring in a piece of birthday cake. Perhaps she'll start a knitting factory—how should we know? For Dot's *capable de tout*—a veritable Habakkuk.



## CLASS CHART

SAME	NICKNAME	SUITABLE SONG	PET SAYING	HOBBY	TYPICAL GARB
GREENLAND . . .	Pudge	"There is a Tavern in the Town"	"Hey, Babycakes"	Knitting	Swiss hats
KERNEY . . . . .	Billie	"I'm Not Lazy—I'm Just Dreaming"	"Oh, my goodness"	Daydreaming	Cherry-red outfits and little bows in her hair
MILLER . . . . .	Bête	"Where the Shy Little Violets Grow"	"No, I can't"	Piano	Flat-heeled shoes
TRAYER . . . . .	Ginnie	"Sing Me a Swing Song and Let Me Dance"	"Peep-peep"	New dance steps	Bermuda jackets
UPDIKE . . . . .	Dottie	"I Can't Escape From You"	"Isn't it neat?"	Opening Study Hall windows	Dirty brown and white shoes and polo coat









IN APPRECIATION OF ALL  
HER THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY FOR US  
AND OF HER GOOD CHEER  
WE DEDICATE THIS PAGE TO

MRS. McALPIN

## APPRECIATION

THERE are roses for love, pansies for thought, rosemary for remembrance, but there is another fragrant and beautiful flower which is often passed by unnoticed and unsung—the lovely flower of appreciation. It is to this flower our hearts now turn because we realize as we approach the parting of the ways that these happy and carefree school days will soon be a memory. We wonder if we have paused to consider, in the excitement of our own little immediate world, just how much we owe to this our splendid school—to its training—to the inspiration of the high standards it has striven to attain and uphold. Can we appreciate now what the effect of this will mean to us? For our ever faithful, loyal, patient, and long-suffering teachers there is no tribute that could adequately express our gratitude. In our own youth and thoughtlessness doubtless we have failed in grasping many of the essential things of life, but let us not fail to gather this flower of appreciation whose cultivation cannot be over-estimated, and to remember that appreciation is a flower that does not fade and memory is its everlasting perfume.

## SEA SONG

LET'S go to sea for a year!"

"Where? For what? Come on, Barbara, dry the dishes for me, will you?"

"Come on, Mother, let's run away to sea!"

"It is a day for running away from dishes," I answered.

"Did you see that your yellow crocuses are up?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them from the porch this morning," Barbara replied. She paused a moment and then burst forth again:

"Do you know, it is nearly a year since I sailed away on the *Adventure*. I shall never forget the first time I saw her—her three beautiful gleaming white sails and masts."

"And I shall never forget," I rejoined, "how you went back and forth saying, 'I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea, and it was fully laden with presents all for me.' Is the *Adventure* back?" I asked as I started to dig in the flowerbed.

"Not that I know of," answered Barbara.

"Well," I started again, "maybe there's another schooner unloading at the wharf. We might go down and look and perhaps climb around a bit."

"Oh, no, no, no," Barbara said, shaking her head, "I don't want to climb on any schooners. I want to go to sea, to live at sea the way sailors do, not just for ten short days. Oh, I'll take along books and study. Think of reading Vergil up in the cross-trees! You know I never had any respect for mathematics until I watched the skipper of the *Adventure* do his dead reckoning. Oh, yes, I'll study and learn nautical terms and listen to the sailors sing and let my braids fly loose in the wind.

"Why, it's simple enough, Mother," she continued. "We'll lock up the house, stick the key in a crack in the cellar window, and roll up our stuff in blankets."

"Roll up our stuff in blankets?" I repeated, amused at such a silly suggestion.

"Why not? The blanket roll I brought home was very straight and nautical. Oh, I forget I'm the only sailor in the family," Barbara replied.

"One is plenty, my dear," I said, yanking at some very dry roots.

"But, Mother, you can't go to your grave without ever having been on a ship. I wouldn't let you!"

"Don't ask me to think of graves on such a glorious day! And besides," I said smiling, "what could you do about it if I were gone? You'd ship my poor remains off to Africa, probably! Ugh, what a cheerful subject! Let's just climb the hill and take a look at the ocean—that will refresh us."

We crossed the street to the meadows and reached the narrow, rocky path that led up the hill.

"Let me tell you just what the first day at sea will be like," Barbara had begun again. "We'll be towed out into the harbor, and the tug captain and the master of our ship will call across to each other in their hoarse voices. We shall be standing on the poop, and you'll get your first thrill when the little engine starts chugging. But wait till you see the rippling sails run up the masts and gradually fill out with wind. We'll be safely outside and prancing down the harbor under sail. The sailors will cast the tow-rope and the homely little tug will do a right-about-face and chug back to the grimy city. But we'll be free of everything! The great white flapping sails will fill out and heave and we'll be off, off!" she cried, and dashed up the hill ahead of me. All nature seemed to be singing with her.

Blue violets were pushing through rock crevices; but bluer than the violets was the line of ocean that lay in the distance, with sunbeams playing leapfrog on the waves.

"Think of having that ocean for our front yard and back yard all year long, instead of grass!" shouted Barbara.

I turned and looked deeply into her eyes, and answered without flattering, "I am thinking of it, darling, seriously."

SALLIE WRIGHT, IX

## SEA ADVENTURE

At the bow of some great intercontinental steamer  
Stand and grip the railing on a misty, wind-torn night,  
Feel the trembling of the mighty hulk, rising black behind you,  
See the dark expanse of ocean curling here and there with  
white.

In the hissing prow-cut waters, surging upward, curving,  
falling,  
Foam-cradled gleam the phosphorescent fishes, yellow-gray,  
For one moment bright, courageous through the wildly driven  
raindrops,  
Then fading, sweeping sternwards—out of sight in flying  
spray.

Soon gay voices, sentimental tunes are choked in mist and  
silenced,  
This aquatic Grand Hotel dissolves, leaving you strangely  
free—  
The captain of a phantom craft untouched by time's cold  
fingers,  
Facing steady-eyed the fathomless uncharted waste of sea.  
MARGARET GREENLAND, XII

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## FOR A SUNDAY MORNING WITH NATURE

I would lie in the tall grass  
And watch the laurel blowing in the wind  
With its bunches of cool pink blossoms—clear-cut  
Against shiny, deep-green leaves—flashing in the sunlight,  
I would pluck a small flower, to observe its beauty more  
closely,  
And I would see the tiny stamens supporting the frail  
pink dome  
Like miniature buttresses upholding each petal.  
There by these tiny cathedrals I would worship  
With Nature's smallest folk.

ANNE WELCH, X

## SWISS FIGURES

FAR up on the mountain tops of Switzerland, beyond the last straggling hamlet or outlying herder's shack, live the gnome folk. Their homes are under rocky crags or hidden among the roots of twisted pine trees, up where the rushing torrents are mere trickles beneath blue glaciers, where the grass is soft and wet and wild flowers grow round the blackening snowbanks. Here blinding mists crawl into the mountain passes, snagging on rocks and trees, leaving behind them bits of white cloud like rags caught from the tattered raiment of some passerby. Here the edelweiss grows, its cottony petals proof against bitter cold or frost, and with it the frailer wood azalea.

The gnomes are a merry people, full of mischief and gaiety. They love to play pranks on the lonely herders, leading them far astray in the dusk of the night when a floating will-o'-the-wisp may look like a lighted window, or rolling the finished cheeses down the mountainside.

I've heard the gnome folk are short and stocky, inclined toward a certain rotundity in their old age, owing to their fondness for clover wine. They are lovers of gay colors—red blouses and blue breeches are a favorite combination—and their shoes have long curly toes for no apparent reason in the world. Their faces are early lined with laughter—what can be seen of them between the flapping stocking of a hat and the tangled beard.

In the daytime they're a busy people, pruning the wind-driven pines and piling the earth around their roots where the gales have blown it off. They move heavy rocks from the streambeds and spread the spider-webs to dry in the clear sunlight of the mountain tops. You see, they love their lofty homes, where the breeze is cool and sweetly scented and the snow gleams across the valleys, white as their edelweiss. Their only human friends are the herders, and they alone have ever seen those merry folk.

In the winter time, when the hardy shepherds are snowed under in their lonely cabins, they turn woodcarvers, their gnarled fingers curiously lithe and cunning with the sharp knives and tough wood. To them come the gnome folk in the



dead of night, their feet pattering on the shingled roofs, their fat bodies wriggling down the stone chimneys. In the small hours of the morning they play in the unaccustomed warmth and light of a herder's hut, their shadows dancing grotesquely in the flickering firelight, caps nodding vigorously with each lively motion. It is then that the carvers capture on little wooden figures the charm of a pose held half a second during their curious investigations—peeping into neat little cupboards, their strong little fingers exploring each rose or mountain flower carved on the boards, or puzzling, head cocked to one side, at the Swiss mottoes cut in the walls. When daylight comes grayly in upon them the guests are off, their laughter and gay voices ringing out a moment longer in the lonely cabin—then they are gone.

Soon the snows have melted and the late spring, that lasts for months, has come. Then the carvings are loaded into carts and hauled down the mountain to Grindelwald and Interlaken, Lausanne and Montreux. There in the depths of fascinating stores the tourists find them and laugh at the little figures, not dreaming that far higher in those shining mountains than they will ever climb, the gnome folk live and are laughing at them.

MARGARET GREENLAND, XII

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### PUDDLE

Within its round and shining self there lies,  
Condensed, the blue of soaring April skies;  
A brilliant joyful blue that shouts and sings.  
It is, of all the clean and sparkling things  
On earth, a lowly thing; not clean nor sweet;  
A thing to touch not with one's very feet;  
Not fit to echo purely heaven's mood.  
A puddle in the marsh where cows have stood.

AGNES AGAR, IX

## BIRD POEMS

### GULL

A restless airman  
Scans the ocean endlessly,  
Awaiting a ship.

---

### EAGLE

A true king of space  
Who, with his consort, soars  
High to see his realm.

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### SWAN

A languid lady  
On one continuous mirror  
Serenely sailing.

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KATHARINE EISENHART, XI

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### AN OWL

An owl,  
With yellow eyes  
And rumpled, soft, warm breast,  
Sits small and frightened blinking in  
The light.

---

### HENS

Blank, sleepy eyes and drooping heads,  
Billows of feathery breasts set in beds  
Of soft, hot, happy dust;  
A thin erratic, peaceful croon  
Wavering in a breathless noon;  
Here, warmed in a slow disgust  
For all things active, wise and deep  
In motionless peace, are hens, asleep.

AGNES AGAR, IX

### VANITY

A swan,  
Floating proudly  
Over the sparkling lake,  
In calm waters deigns to kiss  
Her image.

LILY BUCHANAN, XI

---

### IMPRESSION FROM A HILL

I see beside a dewdrop lake  
A village and a snowflake church.  
At that, I almost have to search  
To find them. From my lofty perch  
They are so much like toys, that when  
A shiver of sound from the church bell then  
Calls me back to the world of men,  
It seems there must be some mistake.

KATHARINE EISENHART, XI

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### LE PARESSEUX

He wasn't really so very aged,  
Fifty-nine isn't too old by most standards.  
His strange, tufty hair, framing the pink face,  
Had been white since he was sixteen.  
Long years of indulgent inertia  
Had made an originally none-too-well-set-up body  
A sagging, flesh-hung rack  
That strained his clothes at every point.  
Everything about him suggested laziness  
Seeping gradually into his mind, his brain,  
Chasing little hunted incentives to initiative to  
the wall,  
Catching them inevitably, drugging them irrevocably,  
So that even the most patronizing pity  
Failed to arouse any feeling—  
The sardonic, sullen mouth but relaxed a few degrees  
more.

ELEANOR MORGAN, XI

### GUERNSEY

Standing high in an azure sea,  
Cliffs arise majestically,  
Whose feet are swept by wind and tide  
    Relentlessly.  
Within thy compass, small but sweet  
With spindrift's playful spate,  
Where circling sea gulls plaintive cry  
And beauty lies  
    Inviolate,  
Old magic spells still live and bind  
With ties I would not break.  
O Island fair, so far away  
Set in that royal sea,  
Thy sons and daughters yearn for thee  
    Incessantly.

MOLLIE HALL, XI

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### SHROUD

The snow,  
With tiny flakes,  
Will weave a blanket for  
The nude and stiffening body  
Of earth.

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### BRIDAL VEIL

The birds sound the first clear notes  
Of the wedding hymn;  
A veil of white floats softly above the plum tree.

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### A VASE

A vase  
Of gold and black,  
With spiral bands going round,  
Wears an imperial crown  
Of tulips.

BETTY JO TURNER, X

## DAWN

All is dark.  
Then a ray of golden light peeps through  
The drooping, restful trees.  
A little stir.  
It is the waking of a tiny creature  
From its peaceful bed.  
Another ray of golden light.  
It breaks the restful quietness  
From the unknown world of darkness.  
A rustle in the treetops.  
A flash of many colors as the birds  
Fly from their nests.  
Dawn has come.

KITTY WELCH, VII

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## FOG

The fog comes in  
And settles over coast and town,  
On fields, with damp  
And muggy fingers.

And smothers towns  
Under a veil of mist,  
And wraps its fingers  
Round the spires of Princeton.

MARTHA CROSS, VII

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## THE OCEAN

A mighty roar.  
A curling, foamy wave breaks, and creeps  
Along the sand.  
It rolls swiftly, almost to the dunes.  
Then an invisible hand draws it  
Back into the churning water.

JOAN THOMAS, VII

## THE AIR

The clear, cool air on a starry night,  
When the rain has made things clean and bright,  
Gives out that certain kind of smell  
That makes us like this world so well.

ELEANOR VANDEWATER, V

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## NEW YORK

The colorful tooting of horns,  
The warm buzz of people's voices,  
The dark, distant rumble of the subway below,  
We are in a valley with walls on either side.  
Above, the sky is bleak and grey with smoke.

PEGGY FRANTZ, VII

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## LIONS' EYES

I have seen the sea,  
I have seen the skies,  
But nothing is so beautiful  
As the wild lion's eyes.

A dog's eyes are a shiny black,  
The cat's eyes shiny green,  
But the eyes of the wild lion  
Have a lovely wild gleam.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT, VI

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A small banana,  
A big cabana,  
In Havana.

RONALENE NEVIN, VII

## SAILING

Windy, on a summer day,  
Blowing guns and gales,  
White caps riding on the bay,  
Wind blowing through her sails,

She keels, she tacks, she slaps her jib,  
The water o'er her goes;  
Her sails are full and blowing free  
As down the bay she blows.

CAROL MUNRO, VII

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## LE PETIT TRAIT D'UNION

### LE PETIT BOUTON

Un petit bouton ouvre ses bras et regarde le soleil. C'est un petit bouton rouge et jaune. Il est midi; le soleil brille sur le petit bouton. Le petit bouton lève la tête au soleil et sourit. Il est six heures; le petit bouton a sommeil. Il ferme ses bras et dort.

ANNE PEYTON, VI

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## LES JOURS

Quelquefois nous avons des jours tristes—alors il pleut. Quelquefois nous avons des jours gais—alors il fait du soleil. Je n'aime pas les jours de pluie et les jours de neige. J'aime les jours quand les fleurs sont belles et les jours quand le soleil brille. Quelquefois nous avons des jours quand le ciel est couvert. Je n'aime pas ces jours-là. Je suis difficile à satisfaire, n'est-ce pas?

OLIVE SCHULTE, VI

## LE PRINTEMPS

J'aime le printemps parce que tous les arbres et toutes les fleurs commencent à pousser. Je n'aime pas la pluie, mais la pluie est très nécessaire pour les fleurs. J'aime les oiseaux aussi. Le matin je les entends chanter. J'aime marcher à l'école parce que le soleil est chaud au printemps. Tout le monde est heureux maintenant qu'avril est arrivé.

POLLY ROBERTS, VII

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## TITINEAU

Titineau est un petit oiseau. Il demeure sur la branche d'un grand arbre. Dans la cuisine il y a un panier de vers. Quand la maîtresse quitte la maison Titineau marche à la cuisine. Il regarde les vers dans le panier.

Il dit, "Hmm, hmm," et il mange tout.

Quand la maîtresse retourne à la maison elle regarde le panier.

Elle dit, "Méchant Titineau, vous êtes, très, très méchant." Titineau dit, "J'ai mal à l'estomac."

Dans la nuit Titineau tombe dans le jardin. Il y a un chat qui cherche un oiseau. Il regarde Titineau et il le mange.

### *Proverbe*

Les méchants sont souvent  
punis.

MARIE FRÖHLING, VI



## "MOST UNUSUAL WEATHER"

CALIFORNIA, as everyone knows who has encountered a native of that state, is unique in possessing in every son and daughter an individual advertising agency. For a Californian no other state exists. He ignores Pennsylvania's rolling woodlands and scorns the charm of New England's elms. If you are tactless enough to mention Wyoming's majestic canyons he becomes bored or vaguely irritated; while the beauties of Virginia are dismissed with the lift of a disdainful eyebrow.

Climate, you see, is the thing. Not a single hackneyed phrase is overlooked by the inhabitants of Southern California in their praise of that Paradise on Earth. 'Tis a land of eternal sunshine where winter is unknown, and balmy breezes waft the perfume of orange blossoms out over the shining Pacific, whose waves of sapphire rival in clarity the crystal blue of the sky beneath which they lap softly against white sand. By comparison, the Garden of Eden becomes but a dreary waste.

California sunshine, we have observed, is of a singular, indeed a rather startling, nature. It is liquid in form and ice-cold in temperature; falls in drops, often in sheets; in a few cases has been known to fall in flakes of a peculiar whitish tinge. Sometimes, having reached the ground, it solidifies to the consistency of glass, its surface closely resembling the latter. In fact, one memorable December morn when polar bears would have gamboled about in glee, we lost our balance on a puddle of this slippery sunshine, thereby greeting Mother Earth with a resounding thump which offended both our dignity and our appendicitis operation. The keynote of this sunshine personality is caprice. Occasionally during a particularly whimsical mood, it will change in the air to remarkably hard pellets and strike the innocent pedestrian a series of sharp blows on the skull. Altogether, it is quite the most astounding sunshine with which your reporter has ever had the pleasure of striking up an acquaintance.

We hear that even the intrepid Mr. Noel Coward lacked the temerity to imply that a three-day downpour amounted to more than "nine inches of dew."

The balmy breezes are so warm that a ten-minute outing not infrequently subjects our nose to an uncanny metamorphosis: it progresses from pale scarlet to vermilion and thence to royal purple, and in its final stage entrances the beholder by the vividness of its indigo hue. So gently caressing are the zephyrs that we can well-nigh hear our bones rattle and expect at any moment the sudden and complete departure of our roof.

In the vicinity of Hollywood, the pet boast of home-owners who wish to impress you with the advantages of their location is: "On a clear day you can see Catalina." It was not long before we became aware that this privilege was being denied us. Every night there rolled in from the ocean fogs doubtless akin to the London species, of such density that our own hand was scarcely discernible in front of us, to say nothing of an island thirty miles distant. So hospitable were the mists in welcoming visitors from the Atlantic that we had considerable difficulty persuading them to leave before noon. Furthermore, this somewhat irksome hospitality shows not the slightest inclination to discontinue its advances. We have finally come to the conclusion that the pleasure of viewing Catalina from the coast will ever be for us a vague dream.

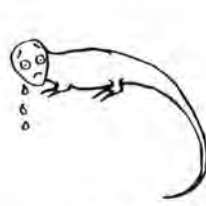
This "most unusual weather" seems to affect the morale of the flora and fauna. Cactus plants appear forlorn and baffled (despite the fact that they are still all too eager to provide a surprise for the unfortunate who fails to look before he sits). Here is another example, which *may* have been partly our imagination; recently we observed a small brown lizard scuttle out from beneath a stone wall to look over the prospects for a sun-bath. In quick succession he registered:



consternation,



horror,



and dismay;

and in one mad leap returned to his hibernating quarters—the incinerator, no less—to await the coming of summer.

The natives assure us that spring will be here "any day now." When we remind them that they have been repeating the identical words in precisely the same confident tone every day since March 1st, they point to the birds and flowers as proof of their veracity. Lupine has been spreading soft rippling blankets of azure over the hillsides and the brilliant flame of wild poppies setting fire to the valleys. Apparently they decided that pneumonia above ground was preferable to rheumatism from the damp chill of their subterranean dwellings.

Several residents of the feathered variety are busily inspecting real estate among the vines and shrubbery in preparation for future domestic undertakings. Pity the poor nestlings, whose first glimpse of this cold world will be in their little pink birthday suits with nary a fluff to ward off the frigid blasts! We can but wonder if such thoughtlessness on the part of their parents is not born of the same type of optimistic stupidity that inspired us to believe the yarns about Southern California and its "climate."

Another sign supposedly indicates the approach of warm weather: a few hardy souls may be seen braving the icy waves of the Pacific; but we observe that these exhibitions of Spartanism do not cover an extensive period of time.



If the reader has been properly disillusioned we can only ask him to remember that it has been "most unusual weather."

P. S. Since the writer values her foolish neck, will someone please have the kindness to warn her should these comments, by some mishap, fall into the hands of anyone hailing from California? Thank you!

JO HERRING, ex-'38

EDITOR'S NOTE: This "letter" is welcomed both for its writer's sake and for its own. Who but Jo could write a thousand such spirited words on the oldest topic in the world? And reading them we rejoice that she seems not too entirely weaned from the East. Perhaps we shall get her back!







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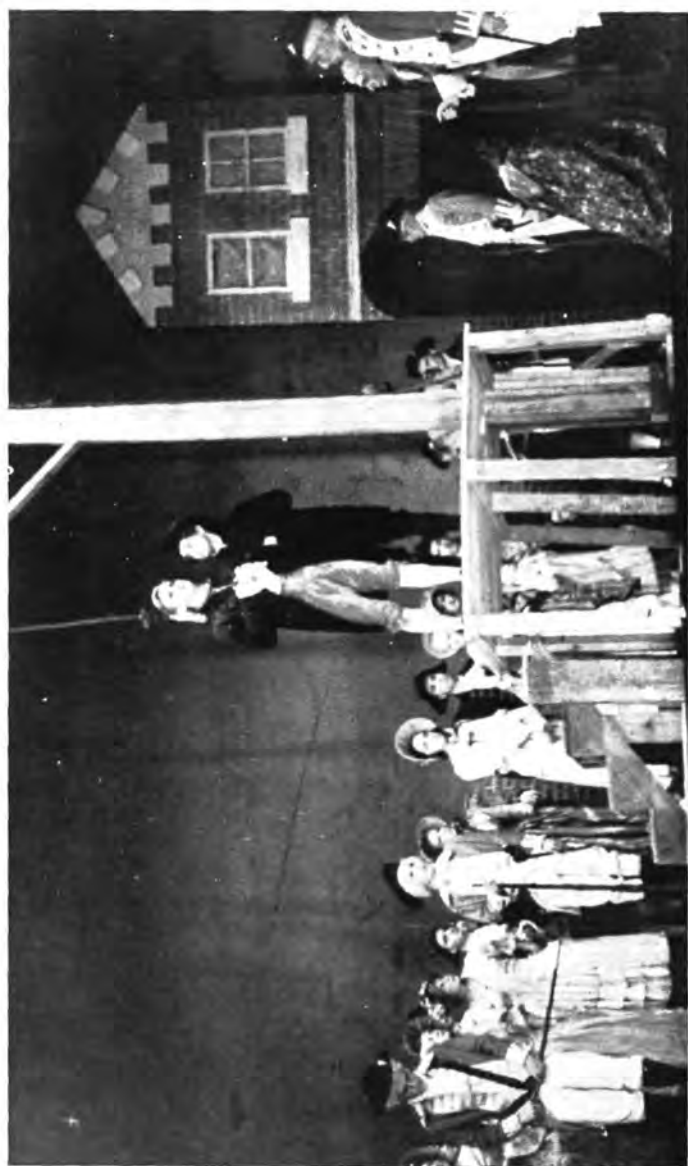
November 21, 1956

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<i>Reverend Anthony Anderson</i>	ROBERT WALSH
<i>Judith Anderson</i>	JOAN TAYLOR
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<i>William Dudgeon</i>	WILLIAM WOLFE
<i>Mrs. William Dudgeon</i>	MARGARET GREENLAND
<i>Titus Dudgeon</i>	THOMAS HUSTEAD
<i>Mrs. Titus Dudgeon</i>	J'ANNE ASHLEY
<i>Dick Dudgeon</i>	JOHN CUMBLER
<i>Sergeant Jones</i>	ROBERT KAMPMANN
<i>British Privates</i>	JOHN PILLING, ROBERT WALLACE
<i>Major Swindon</i>	JORDAN BARLOW
<i>General Burgoyne</i>	GERALD COLMORE
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<i>Chaplain Bradenell</i>	WILLIAM PHIPPS
<i>The Executioner</i>	JOHN WIMPFHEIMER
<i>British Privates</i>	CHARLES SCHWEP, ROBERT FORTUNE, DARWIN HEATH, RICHARD HARRIS, WILLIAM ASHLEY, WILLIAM WATERS, GARTLEY WILSON
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<i>Prince Perivale</i> .....	MARIE FROHLING, '43
<i>Servant</i> .....	PHYLLIS VANDEWATER, '40

### THE PLAY

<i>King Perivale</i> .....	AGNES AGAR, '40
<i>Brand</i> .....	DORIS SINCLAIR, '58
<i>Anna</i> .....	MARY PETTIT, '41
<i>Thora</i> .....	FRANCES IMBRIE, '40
<i>The Chancellor</i> .....	KATHARINE EISENHART, '58
<i>Jessica</i> .....	J'ANNE ASHLEY, '58
<i>Anton</i> .....	MADELEINE TARR, '58
<i>Old Beppo</i> .....	BETTY HILL, '58
<i>Simeon</i> .....	SALLY JENKS, '59
<i>One of the People</i> .....	CAROL FURMAN, '40
<i>Count Rollo</i> .....	MARGARET GREENLAND, '57
<i>Attendants</i> .....	ANNE LOUISE ROSSMAN, '40; PHYLLIS VANDEWATER, '40
<i>The Mummer</i> .....	CATHERINE RODWELL, '59
<i>Titus, Soldier of the Guard</i> .....	BARBARA LUTZ, '42
<i>Carlo, Soldier of the Guard</i> .....	MARGARET ANDERSON, '40
<i>Bruno, Captain of the Guard</i> .....	MISS RUTH STIMSON
<i>Princess Lilia</i> .....	LILY BUCHANAN, '58

### A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

<i>The King</i> .....	HELEN CROSSLEY, '58
<i>The Prince</i> .....	MARGARET CROCKER, '45

*Directed by* ELIZABETH CONGLETON

*Assisted by* MARGARET GREENLAND, '57



## Alumnae Notes

ON THE twenty-seventh of April at four o'clock (or shortly afterwards), a very special meeting of the Alumnae Association convened. Present were twenty-odd. Lawrence Norris, '26, the former vice-president who became president at the resignation of Mrs. Carl C. Brigham (Elizabeth Duffield), presided. Other officers of the Association are Katherine Mitchell, '27, treasurer, and Florence Duffield, secretary. Tea followed the meeting, with Miss Shippen pouring.

At the meeting a vote decided the date for the Alumnae Luncheon to be held at the School on June 4th, to be preceded by the annual business meeting for the election of officers. The luncheon will be held on Commencement Day and those invited are the members of the Alumni and Alumnae Association, the members of the Faculty, and the members of this year's Senior Class. Officers to be elected will be selected from a slate to be presented by a nominating committee.

The committee arranging the luncheon is composed of Joan Prentice, '26, chairman; Mrs. John H. Wallace, Jr. (Peggy Cook, '26), Peggy Kerney, '33, and Gertrude Allen, '32.

The engagement of Hildegard Gauss, daughter of Dean and Mrs. Christian Gauss, of the Joseph Henry House, Princeton, to Douglas B. Steimle, son of the Rev. Augustus Steimle, pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Advent, New York City and Mrs. Steimle, was announced May 12th. The wedding will take place in June. Hildegard attended Miss Fine's School and was graduated from Vassar College. Since graduating from college she has been associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

The engagement of Margaret Mitchell Righter, '29, daughter of Mrs. Thomas M. Righter of Princeton, to Albridge Clinton Smith, 3d of South Orange, N. J., has been announced. Miggie was graduated from Bryn Mawr College and Mr. Smith was graduated from Princeton University, where his father is a trustee.

The engagement of Anne Mitchell, '29, to John C. Dielhenn of Princeton has been announced.

Alice Goheen, '27, is teaching physical education at Smith.

Jean Havens, '28, is taking a course in Library training at Temple University, Philadelphia.

Margaretta Cowenhoven, '30, is head of a social service bureau in Trenton.

Lorna Stuart, '34, and Jane Lewis, '34, are working at Best's in New York. Janet Greenland, '34, is working for *Harper's Bazaar*.

The marriage of Constance Rulison Righter, '33, and Walter Henry Smith took place on April 17th, followed by a wedding trip to Sea Island. They are now residing in New York.

Elise Ludeke, '33, is on the staff of the Trenton *Times*.

Martha Lutz, '34, is studying dramatics in California.

Kathryn Chatten, '34, is studying at the Connecticut College for Women, where she has been prominent in dramatics.

Gertrude Allen, '32, attended the Geneva Conference last summer and is now working in New York with the League of Nations office.

Isabel M. Lawton, '34, will be married June 5th to William M. Whitehead of Trenton. Martha Dinsmore and Kate Johnson recently gave a shower and tea at Kate's house in Greenholm, Princeton.

Betsy Willey, '35, is working as a primary assistant at Miss Fine's.

Jane Armstrong, '34, received honors this year at Smith, where she is a member of the Junior Class. She has been appointed official tutor in archaeology for next year.

Janet Wicks, '31, who graduated from Mount Holyoke, will teach Grade 5 (Intermediate) next year at Miss Fine's.

Bernice Harkins, '29, who graduated from the New Jersey College for Women, has graduated in law and is about to hang out a shingle.



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