

The Link



April, 1938



Elizabeth C. C. Mensies, '33

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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

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EDITORIAL

IT IS idle to say that we are living in times of great uncertainty and epoch-making change. It is idle because it is so obvious—and so inevitable. What we would know now is how to prepare ourselves for those lives of uncertainty before us, for the worst and the best. I can give no advice in this matter, for I am yet as inexperienced and unproven as you; but I can put down, humbly, for your observation and criticism, a few thoughts I have had when I stopped to consider the spent lives of those about me and also the great contest of life upon which I myself am embarking. If it but makes you think also, seriously and bravely, or gives you an idea (not necessarily mine at all) of what you can and will make of your life, I will feel more than rewarded for the pains which I must necessarily take to put my thoughts clearly into words.

Peace, I believe, should be the base of all human lives, and he who has it not is indeed unfortunate. For by this I do not mean peace in the general sense of the armchair and the fire, but peace in mind and body in spite of hardship and struggle. To speak now of peace, when nations are at war or on its brink and when all the world seems characterized by violence and the attempt to cram a lifetime into a minute, may well seem foolish and unavailing; but I cannot think that this most gracious gift is lost to us forever, that by patience and toleration we cannot find it once again. Now, the majority of us think only of what we can *get out* of something or someone instead of what we ourselves can *put into* it. If we have made material gains we think only of getting more, and if we have not we are sorry for ourselves. This self-pity is the worst affliction a human being can have—and it is entirely of his own making. In these days, people who enjoy life and drink in every minute of it gratefully, whether they be prince or (as it more often happens) pauper, are becoming, more and more, rarities. If we do see an oddity of this kind we say, "Yes, she *is* the *most wonderful* person, in spite of *all* she's gone through"—never stopping to think that she is happy *because* of "all she has gone through" and that she has found the peace and enjoyment of life while we are wondering when we shall have time for it.

Can we not in our small misfortunes and disappointments follow this example instead of becoming hard and embittered? Indeed, if we have but the will to turn our hardships into blessings, the road to peace and happiness lies open before us, bright and shining in new-found sunlight.

J. A., '38

"SEMPER LUCEAT"

THE term "school spirit" has become a cliché. Once denoting a desirable virtue, it was taken possession of by hypocrites, both teachers and pupils, to coerce students into doing things they were otherwise reluctant to do, and finally degenerated into mere "rah rah." It is unfortunate that it has come to such ill repute, for there seems to be no other name for that intangible quality—coöperation, initiative and enthusiasm—which, existing in the student body, makes a good school and is just as necessary as high academic standards.

Almost everyone wants to be proud of her school; yet many accuse the administration of inefficiency when the trouble can be traced to a lack of coöperation on the part of the students. Some go to classes with a "teach me, if you can" attitude. Others look upon school days as play days and get away with all they can with an eye to a future of delightful reminiscing. Students are apt to be selfish and snobbish and then wonder why there are no great acclamations of their particular achievements. There has been so much moralizing on school spirit that people become bored as soon as it is mentioned, but can't you see how necessary it is? We are all trying to get as much happiness out of life as we can; yet who can expect happiness where the aforementioned evils exist? Nothing is perfect and youth is prone to criticize; so it is only natural that we should sometimes "blow off steam" by finding fault with school, which tradition has branded along with spinach and dentists as youth's pet aversions. Constructive criticism is a fine thing, but while we are making a destructive fuss wouldn't it be better to think about our own behavior, too? It is so easy to blame the other fellow.

I think most of us are already proud of our school; but let us try to make it even better by strengthening its feeling of *esprit du corps*, creating a greater spirit of cooperation, and upholding its traditional honor—"Semper luceat."

L. B., '38

APARTMENT ON THE EAST RIVER

Outside—barges float protestingly down the river,
Pushed and pulled by panting tugs
Whose whistles grate intermittently.
The tugs blow grimy smoke-puffs skyward:
They form a thin, dirty haze over the boats,
Partially obscuring the clear-cut shafts of buildings on the
other bank.

Inside—pale sunlight strikes a brilliant silk, vivid velvets,
A cobalt bowl filled with thick chalk-white calla lilies,
A polished mahogany piano with its ivory keys glinting
silently.

Below—a loosened fire-escape swings with the wind from the
river,

Dank overalls flap dismally,
Slapping the tenement with a smacking sound.
A gaunt cat pries painfully at an overturned garbage can—
The river laps greedily against the levee.

ELEANOR MORGAN, '38

NEW YORK HARBOR, SEVEN IN THE MORNING

Marvelous city, washed in the morning sun,
Extravagant city, cause for extravagant dreams,
It is for you that the sun for a moment gleams
Over your thousands of windows, and turns them to gold.
This sky is for you, else why should its blue be so bright?
This air is your own, so salty and sparkling and cold.
This is your day, with hundreds of years before night.

AGNES AGAR, '40

"ALL, ALL ARE GONE . . ."

JOEL HARLAN was buried in the old Topanemus graveyard. His tombstone bears this legend: "Here lies the body of Joel Harlan who came from Scotland, his native land, with his wife Margaret and three daughters to Pennsylvania, the 19th of December, 1705, aged 67 years."

The family prospered through the proverbial three generations and in 1827 Sarah Bartow Harlan began her life in the family mansion. At an early age she was left there alone with her sister Susan. They were well known in Cramfields for their quiet gentility as they passed away their lives in that echoing house. They seldom were seen except at church, where their entrance in their subdued black dresses meant the commencement of the service. The eyes of the curious would mark the gentleness of their pallid faces and the primness with which their neat grey hair was smoothed down over their ears, and the villagers would notice too the courtly air of the colored coachman as he handed them into their carriage. The bottle green coat and the stiffness of Moses Gouley's back as he drove were as familiar to the people of the town as the appearance of the two ladies for their morning outing. And passers-by would hear Miss Sarah say: "Good morning, Moses, we shall drive on the Plank road today." But Moses would stiffen and say, "Ah'm sorry, Miss Sally, but thar's a wind on the Plank road this mornin'. We'll drive on the pike, ma'am." And off they would bowl—to the pike.

The regularity of the morning drive was matched by the daily appearance on the white marble steps of an equally dusky gentleman carrying a sloshing bucket with which he proceeded to wash the stainless steps. Aquila performed this vulgar duty with the same formality with which he served Miss Sue's after-dinner coffee. His frock coat was protected by a black checked apron which blew about him merrily, making a cheerful note about his austere person.

There was one other who came to the Harlan gates each day. He never walked up the drive, and he was certainly as foreign an element in the primness of the Harlan home as the many-checked apron. He was an organ grinder—of the old-fashioned kind with a little box organ and a monkey.

No one in that part of Cramfields knew where he came from, but for many years he had come in the afternoons of the spring and summer to fill the air with his cheerful music. When Miss Sue had died and Miss Sally was alone, Aquila would prepare a chair by the window, and the feeble old woman would sit, sipping her sherry, as the strains of his songs floated into the musty library; and she would listen, smiling faintly as the tunes recalled scenes and faces and old friends.

She died in August in her eighty-third year. Many testimonies of her Christian character were prepared and read, but the most touching tribute was the arrival of the organ grinder, who stood all day before the gates with his organ silent and draped in black. When evening came he slowly moved away, and he never has returned to Cramfields.

KATHARINE EISENHART, '38

MEMORIA

Iuvenit exsul senior in alta
Rupe crateram croceam aureamque
Mente delubrum celebratum apertum est
Pristina in arce.

On a lofty crag the aged exile came upon a libation bowl
of saffron hue set with gold, and in his mind's eye appeared
the crowded temple of his former city.

KATHARINE EISENHART, '38

TYROLEAN FESTIVAL

THAT morning before the church festival we started for our usual walk and became peasant children for the day. We loved the feeling of the old cobblestones under our feet as we climbed the steep alleys with overhanging balconies, full of bright geranium plants. Past the ancient church we went, and through the arched gateway of the cloister to a square court where the great Thousand Year Linden Tree stood. We used to wonder if it would be called the Thousand and One Year Linden the next summer, and considered it quite a coincidence that we should have been there the summer that it was just one thousand years old. We loved that old tree, as all the village did. It was large enough to shade almost the whole court, and it was a favorite resting place for everybody. Centuries ago the monks of the cloister had passed beneath it, probably in silent meditation.

Today all was quite different, though, and the little village was in a bustle preparing for the holiday. Peasants were beginning to gather in the streets and under the Linden Tree—tall men with tan faces and woolen knitted socks and buttons carved from bone on their coats. These buttons were really fascinating, for they were carved with the most delicate and minute workmanship, in miniature patterns of deer and flowers.

Natives came from everywhere to the festival—from beyond the cluster of village houses, beyond the ripening grain fields stretched out golden under the sun, where the poppies and cornflowers were now in the height of bloom, and from beyond even the mountain nearest the village where half-way up was the dark castle with thick, high walls and narrow windows which had a dreadful dungeon, they said. We had only peeked through the high iron gate into a garden now overgrown with sprawling vines or rosebushes unclipped for an age, hiding the little stone seats, just big enough for two. . . .

We paused to watch the gaiety beginning in the square. Groups of American ladies who were touring Austria stopped and listened to the prattle, unintelligible to them, of the little flaxen-haired children in red and blue kerchiefs and fresh white aprons. These in their turn could hardly un-

derstand better the attempts the tourists made at their language, but they appreciated the attention paid them.

Then the procession began, with the town musicians in red jackets at the head. Little booths were put up at the side of the streets selling dainty pastry: gingerbread hearts with colored frosting, tied with a ribbon to hang around your neck, were favorites.

The first signs of twilight came much too soon for us that day. At home again, we were at the window watching the recessional of the peasant families. Mothers were herding their tired young ones together for the journey homeward, and groups of sturdy men would hopefully scan the lattice windows in case a pretty girl might still be looking out over the geraniums. Soon the brown church windows were silhouetted against the deepening sky, void of clouds, and the late sun tinted the snow on the faraway peaks behind us a delicate pink. . . .

ANNE WELCH, '39

MISTLETOE

Round and round the trunk it ran,
Green and white and silver fine;
All the fancy work of lace,
All the mystic fairy scent.
No one saw its claws of hate
Fiercely grip the trunk within:
No one saw them silent draw
Lifeblood from the splendid Oak.

CARY KENNEDY, '38

THE OYSTER BARON

THE little square gray-shingled houses standing on piles over the water look very solitary and lonesome. Outside the doors are piles of white oyster shells, and the driveway to the road is covered with them, with grass growing feebly in the middle. In between the houses big clumsy rowboats lie pulled up on the shore. In the bottoms of the boats are the remains of a boatload of Cotuit oysters. In one boat the oyster baron himself sits sorting oysters, calmly hitting them with a stick to see whether they are dead or alive.

Occasionally a truck comes crunching along the driveway to collect some barrels of oysters to be shipped to New York hotels and sold for a large price. The oyster baron nods and waves to passing friends unenthusiastically, and if anyone comes to talk to him he pays absolutely no attention but goes right on tapping the poor oysters and tossing them into wire bushel-baskets.

Out in the bay, rowboats come and go, piled to overflowing with oysters and clams. Lazy, bored-looking men scull them along. The reflections of the gray houses and the piles wave in the water as the ripples from the rowboats reach them. Once in a while a roaring speed-boat goes splashing by and its rough, rushing waves swish ashore among the gray houses and rattle the pebbles on the beach.

The oyster baron, having finished hitting the oysters on the head, goes out to his dirty orange motor-boat and after fastening his dirty rowboat to it goes putting slowly away in the distance, its Ford-truck engine working hard to keep it from going backward with the tide. It disappears through a narrow, deep channel between high banks with lofty pines leaning over the edge. The water there is shiny black, hidden from the morning sun by the trees.

On the other side of the oyster houses is a beautiful view. Shining blue water stretches out to the gleaming white sand of a low island, really little more than a sand-bar. Beyond this, through the scattered wind-blown pines, is the pale green ocean, rising and falling with a gentle swell. Farther out the water is a deep blue-green, gloomy, in the shade of a cloud. The sun shines for a moment on a passing ship, making her white sails gleam.

Back in the doorway of an oyster house the oyster baron's
cat sits sleepily in the sun, gazing at the reflection of a passing
seagull between sniffs at an oyster shell.

ALICE NORTHROP, '40

HENS' EGGS

Hens' eggs (warm ones, brown ones),
Lying in a dusty bed
Of straw,
Are all the lovely things
That mean a farm.

Hens' eggs (cool ones, white ones)
Are supreme, impersonal
Perfection.
Hens' eggs are the very shape
Of beauty.

Hens' eggs, in a bowl, are blue-checked aprons,
Are flapping, sunny linens
On a line.
They are the Divine Reasons
For a witless,
 wandering
 hen.

AGNES AGAR, '40

DAWN IN VERMONT

Down in the somber valley
Mist crawled along its tortuous path.
Snagging slowly on the gaunt firs,
It tore into shreds—tiny private fogs
Like a calf's breath on a frosty, autumn morning.

KATHARINE EISENHART, '58

POPONESSETTE SHOALS, CAPE COD

THE shoals in front of me, left bare by the tide, were wet and shining in the sun. Here and there a wide, very shallow stream of water rippled over the sand, cutting those wonderfully smooth curves in it such as only water can cut. In spots the sand was dotted by fiddler-crab holes, and the little fiddler crabs were running about ducking into first one hole and then another, never the same hole twice. There were a few rather deep hollows in which there still remained a great deal of water. These were black with crawling snails and baby horseshoe crabs. Minnows were flicking around, or gently bumping their noses against the sand around the edges of the pools, and turning their silver sides to reflect the sun, so that they gave sudden little bursts of light.

As I ran down onto the sand I could feel it scrape wet and rough against the bare soles of my feet. I ran recklessly and heedlessly, dragging my toes through it, so that I tripped and rolled around in it, kicking and burrowing, until I sat up wet and sandy from head to foot. I looked around and found that I had barely missed rolling into one of the pools. I sat on the edge of it and watched the snails and minnows. Once, seeing a horseshoe crab, I reached in my arm and hauled it out of the water by its tail. I held it up and watched it wriggle and kick its many legs. It opened and closed its hinged body in the most peculiar fashion. Dropping it into the water again, I got up and brushed myself off. I splatted to the middle of one of the shallow streams and stood, letting the current bury my feet in the sand. A blue-crab, half sidling, half floating with the current, came downstream to inspect me, and I hastily withdrew to the shore.

I plodded my way back through the sand, which seemed to stick to my feet and make them heavy and hard to move.

The sun, which was just touching the horizon, had turned the tops of the soft curves of sand into dusky ovals of orange, while the hollows in between, which the tide was beginning to fill again, sank into dark shadows. Farther and farther the sun sank beneath the horizon, and the orange on the shoals turned deeper and duskier, then faded out, leaving them soft and gray.

PEGGY MUNRO, '40

CLYDE

The farmhouse, blue with shadow, rambled comfortably,
Crouching against the mountain's knee. He was leaning
On his axe, his face smoothed with pleasure,
As he looked with the calm air of ownership
At his fields and pastures trailing out like skirts
Around the mountain's feet. The big field must be plowed
Next year, he thought, as he noted the red faces
Of Indian paintbrush and dandelions with ruffled hair.
The hay was in at last—loads drumming into the barn,
Brushing the hay in the mow, stirring up gold dust
That danced in the streams of sunlight. Unawaredly pulling
The too-friendly burrs from his jeans, he watched
The first flicker of sunset in the windows of the village church.

KATHARINE EISENHART, '38

DAWN IN L'ARCAHAIE, HAITI

AN IMPENETRABLE mist shelters the tiny, drooping village. The mountains rear up into the fog and snuffle the filmy clouds blanketing their icy purple heads. A slight breeze trickles down their hazy, winding paths and breathes into the resting palms, ruffling the small parakeets dozing on their branches. A brightly flashing macaw emits a harsh scream and swoops on to the waving papaya tree. The smaller creatures slumbering on the cotton bushes mutter and open their small, blinking eyes. Beyond the wall a long caravan of bouriques* comes stalking down the dusty trail, piled high with fruits and other goods for market. Their women riders jog comfortably along, sleeping soundly or placidly smoking clay pipes, their sandals slapping the dust.

CAROL MUNRO, VIII

*Haitian asses.

AUGUSTUS

MAMMY, oh Mammy! Whar d'you s'pose Marse Jack put them shoes he wanted me to clean? Oh, heah they are, right undeh mah stool. He sho 'nough likes his shoes shined! I guess dey is ver' partic'lar at col'ge. I wondeh how he gets 'is shoes shined when he's at col'ge?

Dat cake smells powerful good, Mammy. Can't I have a little un for mah birthday? Jus' think, 'leben today. Tha's mighty old. 'Member when ah was ten 'n you tried to get me a job heah? No one thought ah was ten 'cause ah was so scrawny.

The mis'ess told me to go out in the garden 'n help that no'-ccunt Jenkins, if it wasn't rainin'. She didn't say "no'-count," but she thought it, ah knew. My land, look at that rain comin' down. Ah'm sure glad ah'm in heah. Ah s'pose Jenkins's 'sleep in the shed, so no fear of him a-gettin' wet.

These heah are Miss Susan's shoes—ain't they pretty? 'N these are Marse Richard's. He jus' went to col'ge this yeah, didn't he, Mammy? He don' care for his shoes so much. Look at dem! 'Pears as if he's been walkin' a good deal in muddy weather, don't it? He says dat there is too much to do at col'ge without thinkin' 'bout shoes. Maybe tha's 'cause he's younger'n Marse Jack. He says he played football on the Freshman Team. He alw'ys did want to play football on a real team.

Mammy, Fitch took me in de big car to the market dis mo'nin'. Ah picked out everythin' jus' like you said. It's fun to go to de market. Like Marse Richard says, Fitch is some shuffler. Ah got de real, green peas 'n the sort of yaller bananas, but I didn' know 'bout the strawberries.

Ah heard you'n A'nt Clara talkin' while she was washin' de clo'es. She said dat Ben Williams had got a job on the radio with a chorus. She said that the only reason was that he went to col'ge, 'cause he was sort of lazy anyway, alw'ys readin'.

Maybe tha's why Pappy can't get a job. His shoes are all worn out goin' from do' to do'. Maybe he should have gone to col'ge. He feels awful sad about his wuthlessness

sometimes. This mo'nin' he yelled at me, "Iff'n you don' stop that racket I'll whip you good." 'N all ah was doin' was beatin' de fryin' pan to see if it would sound like a drum, but it didn' anyway.

Mammy?

"Ah'm a-listenin', ain't ah, Augustus?"

Ah think ah'd better go to col'ge iff'n ah want to have a job alw'ys. It seems t'me as if that would be a right good plan. There now, Mammy, ain't I got dem shined nice?

FRANCES CHYNOWETH, '39

CAT IN A GARDEN

He lifts his head, shining and warm,
To smell of a summer-drunk fly;
It is gone, and in dissatisfaction
He flicks an emotional tail.

In among tall, placid hollyhocks,
Or under the cool, friendly bushes,
A black, wide-eyed cat chases shadows
And is pleased with his jungle dramatics.

AGNES AGAR, '40

AT THE BOX-X RANCH

AFTER supper I decided to ride around and see how the yearling steers were getting along. There was a full hour of light left, and later the moon would be out, so it seemed a good chance. I went down to the corral where I had left my horse, saddled him up, tied two blocks of salt on my saddle, and headed for the bunch I had seen two days before along the creek two miles south.

It was peaceful, crossing the top of a mesa and looking across the prairie to the Pumpkin Buttes, over a hundred miles away. The sun was almost down, but purple and rose lights still played over the ground, fading in the distance to deep blue.

Working along the side of the mesa, I could see a bunch of white-faces at the bottom, lying around the remnants of salt blocks and chewing their cud. As we drew near they stirred themselves and, rising, stood watching us, lazily switching tails and rolling eyes.

Jumping off, I ground-tied my horse and unfastened the blocks and left them among the others. Then I walked away, and while rolling a cigarette took my turn in staring and watched the cattle walk snortingly over to the white squares, now growing a little blurred with the dusk, and begin silently to lick them.

I turned back to my horse while night loomed overhead, picked up his reins, and swung into the saddle, stopping only momentarily to strike a light and then begin the long pull up the mesa.

ELEANOR RICHMOND ESTE, '38

AN AMERICAN SPORT—PICNIC

FURTIVELY flicking imaginary dust off immaculate sandwiches, he sighs deeply and nibbles one hesitatingly. His beautiful English linen handkerchief protects him from the repulsive American grass and a hat of the finest straw covers his head and protects him from the glaring American sun. Amazing how the others seem to enjoy this sort of pioneering! They jolly well can, but not he! Why do they go out of their way to ruin a fellow's meal, appetite, and poise, by eating cold food in the woods? Obviously a trace of the Indian still remains in these Americans. How comforting a cup of tea would be in this predicament, but some sort of colored fizz water seems to be the sole liquid. Very peculiar, very peculiar indeed, this form of entertainment. Not that he's not enjoying himself, heavens no! It just seems a bit weird, that's all. Particularly when Mother Nature produces such a quantity of nasty little black insects, all industriously trying to help you eat your food. Food? Ah well, no short sport, he.

He gingerly picks up another sandwich. He blows on it, dusts it off, and bravely manages to take a bite. His teeth

grind and grate together in an agonizing fashion. Must be sandpaper. That's it—battered sandpaper, no doubt the latest American craze. Perhaps an olive might help the situation. He leans forward, carefully adjusting his monocle the better to survey the olives. Wasted action!—the caterpillars have found them first. He feels a slight shuddering sensation. Someone laughs. Quite impossible, the American sense of humor. So juvenile! Ah well, they must be humored. But he will remember to warn his countrymen against an American sport—called picnic. MARJORIE MUNN, '38

A SITUATION (Two Hokku Poems)

Pungent skirt twinkling,
The vinegar cruet stood,
Lifting her slim neck.

Full-bodied and round,
With his pewter hat in place,
Sat the sugar bowl.

MARGERY WILLIAMSON, '39

A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S MEMORIES

As I was walking by the sea,
The waves, all white with foam,
Whispered sighing tales to me,
About my love at home.

I heard their sad tales with a sigh,
And shed a bitter tear.
How oft I'd looked in Nellie's eye. . . .
(She thought me dead, I fear.)

I stood so still upon the sand—
My thoughts were all of home.
I felt a tear drop on my hand,
And vowed no more to roam.

JOAN THOMAS, VIII

BENJAMIN'S ADVENTURE

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLAS THOMAS RABBIT, Esq., owned one son whose name was Benjamin Franklin Rabbit, and another who was called Thomas Rabbit after his father. Benj (for that was what they called him) was *very, very* proud of himself, but his brother Tom was very humble.

One fine day in midsummer Benj said to his mother, "Mother, I am going down to the river to fish. I can catch the best trout in the river." And his mother consented. So he set off and as he walked he sang, "I am the best fisher in the world." He sang it to this tune:



When he arrived at the river he put down his fishing tackle and started to fish. He caught five fish, and all of a sudden he spied his brother coming down the road. He hurriedly cast his line into the water. The line gave a tug. Splash!!!! Benj was pulled into the river. Down! Down! Down he went, to the bottom of the river!

His brother was coming down to the river to fish, also. And so when he cast his line into the water it did not bring up a fish. But *guess* what?

BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN
RABBIT!

He blubbered and spluttered and coughed and coughed. But after a while he managed to talk. He said, "Oh Tom, thank you very much for saving my life." (This was really a step ahead for Benj because he had never taken any notice of his brother before.) So after that Benj was never proud any more, but was just as humble as his brother.

BETTY FROHLING, V
SYLVIA TAYLOR, V

THE WEAVER

I dreamt—
That I sat at a loom
Weaving fairy patterns,
Weaving others' dreams.
I sat enchanted.
Imprisoned, forced to sit
Forever,
Forever, weaving fairy patterns,
Weaving others' dreams.

JANE COOPER, VIII

THE WOODS

The sun was shining on the stream
As it trickled by, tinkling
In the morning air.
A brown deer scampered by.
The leaves rustled.
And a bird's song filled the air.

JUDY TATTERSALL, V

THE FARM AT CRANFORD

ABOUT five years ago I didn't know anything about Princeton. All I knew was farm life—about chickens and cows.

We had quite a big farm, almost four hundred acres and around a hundred head of imported Guernsey cows. We had the prettiest place for about five miles around. There was a beautiful barn. It is not often said that a barn is beautiful, but this one really was. The roof was of red tiles and the walls were of dark brown shingles. There were three different small barns; a small and sunny barn for the calves, the bull barn with long runs made of very heavy wooden fences, and the parlor barn, as the boys called it because it was so pretty, for the oldest heifers. There was also a horse barn, a corn-crib where my sister and I spent most of our rainy days, and our playhouse, which Mollie and I had furnished with whatever we could find in the house. On the top of our playhouse were holes for our pigeons to live in.

The summer was the best time for me because I could be out with the boys who worked on the farm more than I could in winter, when I was in school.

Around the middle of June to the middle of July was the haying season. Boy! we had fun. All the boys used to work in the fields and Mollie and I would go out and get rides back on the hay-wagon. You felt as if you were on top of the earth. We used to put the hay up in the loft in the evenings until it grew dark. Near the end of July we had about three hundred tons of hay.

I had two cows. When Daddy went over to Guernsey to bring back cows, he would bring me back a small heifer. We usually named them "Mona." I used to take care of my cows except for the milking and cleaning.

There was one cow that I loved so. Her name was Duchess. She had horns that were very short. One day Daddy sold her to a lady. I was heart-broken, but soon I got attached to another cow named Sally.

In August, 1935, we had to sell all the cows, bulls and calves. I led Sally into the ring by myself, and they all clapped for us. Then we moved down to Princeton. But it will never be like Occola Farms at Cranford and the old red barn.

MONA A. HALL, VI

EXCHANGES

The LINK acknowledges with pleasure the following exchanges:

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School.

Dwightonia—Dwight School.

Johannean—St. John's School.

Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School.

Lit—Lawrenceville School.

Spilled Ink—Centenary Junior College.

Tudor Crown—Tudor Hall School.

SCHOOL NOTES

DRAMATICS

UNDER the combined direction of Mr. Donald Towers and Miss Mary Emma Howell, the Periwig Club of the Lawrenceville School in collaboration with our Dramatic Club presented Helen Jerome's dramatization of *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen, at McCarter Theatre on February 25th. The combination of the two clubs proved so successful in staging George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* last year that the boys asked us to join them again.

The large cast began its long rehearsal period before the Christmas vacation, and this proved invaluable, as no prompter was used after the holidays.

The sets were designed and constructed by the Periwig Club, but the difficult task of furnishing them was accomplished by our Property Committee. The labor of the Costume Committee was well rewarded, as the costuming was colorful and attractive. The efficiency of the Publicity and Ticket Committees resulted in the largest audience ever to witness a play given by either school. We all feel very proud of its great success.

ATHLETICS

The hockey team climaxed a highly successful season, in fact the most successful season in the history of the school, with a 5-0 victory over the Trenton Hockey Club on December 11th. Previously, on November 4th and November 11th, the team beat Kent Place 3-0 (a particularly satisfactory revenge for their defeat at the hands of Kent Place the year before) and Hartridge 2-0. All these games were played away. Hartridge and Kent Place, as is their hospitable wont, fed the squad and its supporters with crullers and cocoa.

While we are speaking of food, it would be well to mention the victory banquet held at the Peacock Inn in celebration of the undefeated, un-tied, and unscored-upon season. The banquet was really a reward of merit for faithful service, the guest list comprising the people who had worked compe-

tently and coöperatively from four to five every day. Chief credit for the successful season should go to "Franny" Boice, head coach, who slaved patiently and daily in mud, rain and snow to whip the team into shape.

The following members of the squad received F's: Sinclair, Hall (Captain), Anderson, Dolton, M. Este, Morgan, Ashley, Longstreth, Buchanan, Young, Kissam.

There have been several innovations this year in the way of equipment. There is a new hockey field which is considerably larger than the old one. Then there is an outdoor cement platform which is used for everything from roller-skating to basketball, and lastly a new navy blue uniform for basketball.

PRIMARY

The Kindergarten has built a house this year and "lived" in it. They made everything in its three rooms, including china from clay, and a stove for the kitchen.

The First Grade has based its activities on those of Princeton. After visiting Palmer Square and the Post Office, they built a post office of their own. A great deal of mail was handled on St. Valentine's Day.

The Second Grade has been studying Indians—especially those who lived around Princeton. They wrote and illustrated stories about them and made a rock shelter showing how they cooked and what implements they used.

The Third Grade has been mainly interested in Vikings. They drew a picture of the imaginary "Tree of Life" based on Viking mythology.

The Fourth Grade has been learning about the solar system and the formation and beginning of life on the earth. They are now working on "puppet" dinosaurs in preparation for a shadow play.

During the year the Primary Department has held several interesting Assemblies. Among the outstanding ones were talks by Dr. Hale on Princeton, and that of a State Trooper about safety.

Mrs. McAlpin donated the money from the "Lost and Found" to the crafts department. It paid for two Hargrave clamps, which we use in woodwork.

INTERMEDIATE

The Fives have been making memory maps of Asia for history, and some very well-made scrapbooks in crafts. Before these, they made baskets, and different articles of pewter. In English they have picked out poems they especially like and illustrated them, making Rhyme Sheets. They have written a play, "Prince Henry the Navigator," and it has been given in Assembly.

More has been done in the scientific world by the Sixes. Each has made her own book, starting from the beginning of the earth and continuing to man. They each read a chapter from their books in Assembly. They have also taken a trip to New York, to the Museum of Natural History, where they saw the development of animal life with Miss Prince. The same day they went with Miss Wicks to see the Indian exhibit there. In history they have made notebooks on American history which go through the Revolution. When they finish these they will each have a complete textbook of American history. In crafts they have made lamp-bases and painted the shades and are now making woodboxes or book-cases and small boxes.

The Sevens have been studying Elizabethan England. They have made a very beautiful and interesting scrapbook. They gave the Casket Story from "The Merchant of Venice" in Assembly. In mathematics they are planning a treasure hunt. Miss Rowley will hide a treasure and make a map by which the Sevens will hunt for it. After this the class will hide a treasure and leave a map for next year's Sevens to follow. This is to teach geometry of position. In science they have studied hard, learning all about their environment. In crafts they have finished making belt and bead sets and are starting stools.

In history the Eights have been studying America. They have made many good, neat maps and thorough reports, from Columbus to the inventions brought by the iron age. They have made articles out of leather in crafts, and bead evening purses, bead belts, and Tyrolean belts.

The Intermediates gave their annual French performance at the Community Players' rooms on March 30th.

TO THE ALUMNI

TO ALL those who have had the privilege of being a part of Miss Fine's School at some time throughout the years since its beginning, we send this message. How often since you went your separate ways have you wished that you could see the friends of your teens again, the classmates who joined your protests at "sprung tests" and socked you cheerfully on the hockey field? How often have you wondered what has become of them? How often, in the midst of marital bliss or business careers, have you stopped to consider that the School has also been a growing and developing center of energy and interest?

Your individual lives may concern most of your time and thought, but we are sure that all of you have had such moments of speculation and curiosity. With this realization in mind, the Alumni Association is attempting to become more active than it has been in the past.

We have turned our attention, first of all, to the files. In spite of the work accomplished in this connection by Alumni, there is still much ahead of us, for there are many of you and you are scattered from coast to coast. Frances Boice, '30, now in charge of the lists, is doing a splendid job, but in order to obtain absolute accuracy she must have your coöperation. You have already received a letter from us both requesting and supplying information. This combined questionnaire and Information, Ltd. has been sent only to those whose addresses are known to be correct, and for your benefit the new Constitution has been enclosed.

The old Constitution, as you know, heaped the work of the Association solely upon the shoulders of its commanding officers. The new one makes provision for an Executive Board which is empowered to handle the affairs of the Association throughout the year. Our President is Katherine Mitchell, '27, our Vice-President, Mrs. Robert G. McAllen (Elizabeth Hun), '27, our Treasurer, Gertrude Purves, '10, and our Secretary, Peggy Kerney, '55. The members of the Executive Board are Jean Osgood, ex-'31, Elizabeth Willey, '35, and Mrs. Scott Agar (Adeline Scott), '04. The elections take place at the annual meeting in June.

Knowing your desire to see as well as to hear about your

friends of bygone school days, the Association gave for the first time last Commencement an Alumni luncheon. With the unqualified success of this reunion behind us, we have decided to give a dinner this spring. Our chairman is Emily Anderson Winans, '21, the date has been set for May 6th, and you are all invited.

Alumni letters and Alumni files are not the only means by which you may renew old contacts. Work is already in progress on an Alumni Room, the decoration and furnishing of which is being handled by Mrs. Richmond Este (Lydia Tabor), ex-'16. We feel that there should be a center in the School itself where you will always be welcome. Here you may find that bosom friend of yours who was going to stay single and devote her life to archeological expeditions, now plumply and placidly married and surrounded by all sizes of bouncing progeny. Here you may find the boy whose Algebra marks were the despair and envy of your midyear thoughts, now a Wall Street magnate with twenty telephones in his office. Here business meetings will be held, and social functions will be given. Here also you may find out more about the School itself, its ever-progressive development and the resultant changes.

The death of Miss Fine was a great loss to her School, but she left to those of us who were privileged to know her a rich heritage. She gave us standards to be upheld, ideals to be cherished, and last but not least, her life's work to be continued. In the competent hands of Miss Shippen, the present headmistress, that work is being carried on. To all the School has been and hopes to be, we, the Alumni Association, therefore dedicate ourselves.

CAROLYN MORSE, '32

ALUMNAE 1954—1957

1954

Jane Armstrong is graduating from Smith this year. She has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and has been awarded one of the two Alumnae fellowships granted annually by Smith—the highest awards in the gift of the college. She will do her graduate study in geology.

Kathryn Chatten is graduating from Connecticut. She is interested in physical education and in music, and has been appointed Connecticut's representative at the Dancing Conference of Women's Colleges to be held at Bennington.

Margaret Devlin and Esther Howard are graduating from Wellesley; Wilhelmina Foster and Margaret Myers, from Connecticut; Elizabeth Funkhouser, from Swarthmore, and Sally McKeag and Virginia McLean, from New Jersey College for Women.

Rita Smith and Evelyn Wicoff have both achieved academic distinction at Wellesley. Rita was named on Honors Day a Senior Wellesley Scholar, an honor reserved for Juniors and Seniors who have maintained excellent scholastic records. Evelyn was elected to Phi Beta Kappa membership and was named on Honors Day a Durant Scholar—the two highest academic honors conferred by Wellesley.

Janet Greenland graduated from Katherine Gibbs and is assistant to the publicity manager of Yardley's in New York.

Jane Lewis, who was May Queen at Bryn Mawr in 1956, is now working successfully with Best & Co. Lorna Stuart is also working with Best & Co., in the advertising department.

Marriages

Eleanor Colt, to Mr. C. Alan Hudson.

Catherine Drugan, to Mr. Alvin Reader.

Elizabeth Field, to Mr. Lyman Leavitt McGrath.

Isabel Lawton, to Mr. William McKean.

1955

Louise Murray went to Drexel last year and is now working here at Miss Fine's School as assistant athletic coach. She is married to Mr. Frank W. Harper, Jr.

Mary Cooley is at Wilson; Janet Mackenzie, at Katherine Gibbs; Eva Ladenburg, at Swarthmore, and Catherine Murphy, at Georgian Court.

1936

Florence Brewer is at Mount Holyoke, majoring in religion.

Joan Field, a sophomore at Wellesley, has the second lead in a unique production to be given there of Lord Dunsany's "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior." This production combines speech, dance and music in a form never before tried by either professionals or amateurs.

Dorothy Dennis is at Gettysburg College; Leila McCain is graduating from Bradford Junior College this June; Mary Newberry is a sophomore at Bryn Mawr, and Alison Stuart is a freshman at Wellesley.

Priscilla Dugan is married to Mr. Stephen Collins.

1937

Margaret Greenland is at Vassar; Betty Miller, taking an art course in Philadelphia, and Virginia Traver, at Briarcliff Junior College. Jacqueline Rose has been attending the Rider Secretarial School.

Engagements

Winifred Kerney to Mr. James Studdiford II.

Doris Updike to Mr. John William Foster, II.

NEW YORK APRIL

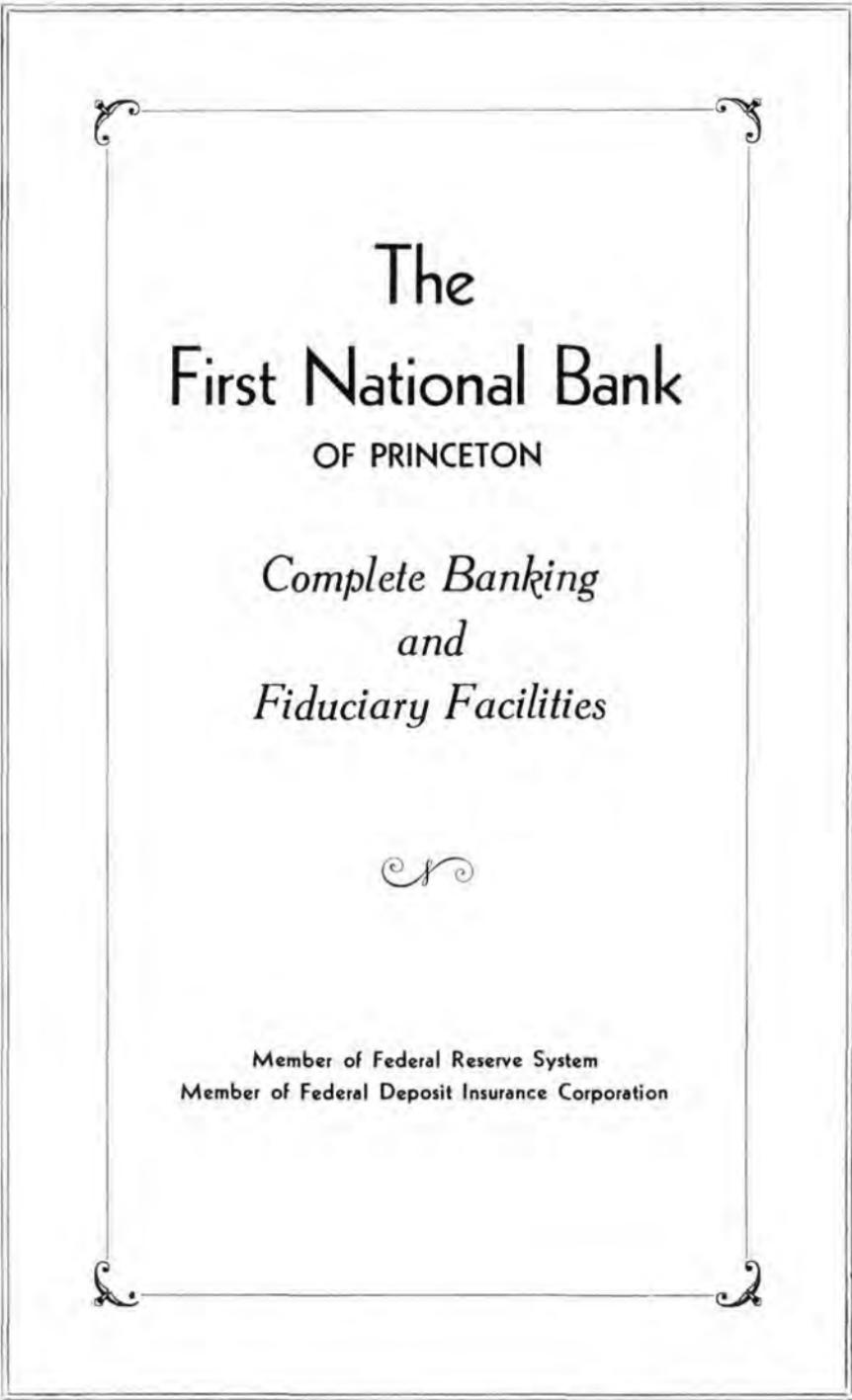
Pigeons with pink feet
Stutter on the warm pavement—
If I move they will scatter,
Now as I walk in the spring dazzle
I am borne along by their soft flurry,
Murmur of jewelled throats,
And whirring wind of stiff feathers.

The granite cornices tilt to the sky;
There are clouds blowing—
My hat is new and the green shimmer
Of park grass blurs in the strong sunlight.
They are selling daffodils for a quarter—
All the golden bells you can carry.
Beside me the pigeons lift and flutter—
I am borne along by their soft flurry.

JANET WICKS, '31

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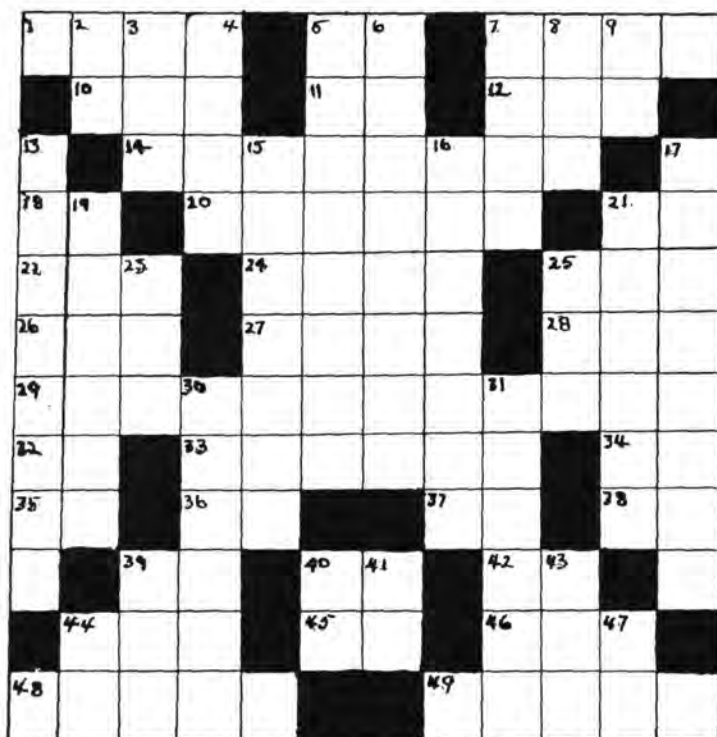
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26. A small violin
27. Today (Ger.)
28. Federation
29. A book of responses
32. A bone
35. Opera by Verdi
34. Concerning
35. Street
36. Limited
37. Garage
38. Railway
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17. Meat market
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21. Like Zapf
25. Pronoun
25. A medieval type of lyric poem
50. A small ball
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