

The Link



June, 1939

THE LINK

J U N E
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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



MISS FINE

*She was like a torch---so bright
That every man may take its light
And yet it never shines the less.*

CHAUCER, *The Book of the Duchess*



We, the Class of 1939, dedicate our LINK to
MISS DORWART

*In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.*

Virgil, The AENEID, Book I, lines 607-609

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XIX

JUNE, 1939

No. 1

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Senior Farewell

1927

This is our Father's world.

Our simple childish voices are raised as for the first time we stand in a chubby group, with bobbing locks and many inquisitive glances at those about us.

1929

Up on the roof-top click, click, click.

Down through the chimney comes good Saint Nick.

The awkward fingers that have made the annual red stockings bulge and spill over with gifts for poor children are raised high above our heads as we imitate the clack of the reindeer. The Lower School, visitor in Study Hall, is making its contribution to the Christmas Musicale.

1931

But the Oriole, the Oriole sings

Joy — Joy — Joy.

With joy in our voices, we bare-legged, noisy Intermediates declare our anxiety to please the new teachers and echo our excitement at being "upstairs".

1933

Dear Lord and Father of mankind—

We sing this year Miss Fine's favorite hymn, in memory and in praise.

1938

For gallantry noted

Since we were short-coated,

To beauty devoted.

It comes—swiftly, before realization sweeps over us. With it comes its privileges—a senior sitting room, our distinguished places in the back of Study Hall, Dido and Aeneas, Balzac—and now it is slipping away with the quiet speed that brought it to us—our Senior Year.

1939

Grant me true courage, Lord.

We sing this Commencement hymn with deeper sincerity than we sang it before. No longer do we stand with bobbing locks, inquisitive glances, awkward fingers. Yet is there not still a question in our eyes, do we not still blunder, though tall youth now stands with hope, courage—and not quite enough gratitude? In the future years we will make our individual dreams reality; this is our hope. We look ahead happily and unafraid; this is our courage. We pause too little to consider that our hope and courage have been gained here, through the guidance and patience of our teachers and our principal; thus we have too little gratitude. We bear a burden in this changing world. May our hope and courage remain, and may they be our acknowledgment.



SALLY JENKS

Of all the girls in all the world there's none like our dear Sally. Her English accent *par excellence* is the envy of us all, for who amongst us does not long to say "blahst it" with the dash and vigor of a Jenks? But in spite of a fiery British protest now and then, Sally goes in for many things with a vengeance—music, athletics, and candid photography in particular. When you hear the glorious strains of Wagner drifting out of the music room and remember that no one should be playing our respected though slightly erratic vic, you may be sure that Jenksie is once more defying the wrath of the gods. Or she can be seen dashing down the hockey field brandishing her stick like some Valkyrie, with a look in her eyes which bodes evil to any crossing her path. A small dark pixie in tweeds tearing through the halls with a camera swinging at her side is Sally, looking for all the world as efficient as a class president should. Sally has all our secrets, for out they will come at the threat of one of her favorite action shots. (Jenksie's fiendish camera is omnipresent.) We won't soon forget Miss Miller's cry of protest, as she came into class one day to find our photographic editor calmly perched on a table waiting for a perfect shot. "But, 's Miller, just *one*," says Sally—and she gets her one, with a little skilful manoeuvring from the rest of us.

FRANCES CHYNOWETH

Frances is the envy of the Senior class, as her globe-trotting tendencies next lead her to England, where we picture her as a glamorous débutante of next season, gliding around the Court of St. James's in white satin and ostrich feathers. She is the most quiet and demure of our noisy group, but when she asserts herself can be among the most emphatic. For the last two years she has been claimed by the Student Council and by the second soprano division of the Glee Club, and without her to answer what make most of us shake—some of Mrs. Albion's fiery questions or Mrs. Wade's tricky idioms—we should feel the shakier.

Of all her tweeds and Braemers, it is the burgundy suit which is most familiar to us, as Frances pads noiselessly in from parking her Raleigh in the bicycle shed.



BARBARA CLAYTON

The first student to extricate herself from the mass of bicycles, jalopies, and cars that clutter the drive of Miss Fine's School at 4 p. m. on Friday is Barbara. Let the pedestrian beware! for Bobby is in a lather of impatience to be off on one of her week-ends. Ever since the memorable day when she obtained her driver's license she seems to have been training for the Indianapolis Speed Classic. Her faithful blue Dodge has outdistanced many an irate traffic cop, leaving him only a cloud of exhaust to remember her by. Barbara picks her way, too, through the pitfalls of Mrs. Albion's surprise quizzes, and eludes Miss Howell's attempts to pin her down about *King Lear*—when Bobby is in proper form it would take a veritable Dewey to discover whether she really *has* gone over yesterday's assignment. When not busy gathering antiques and other properties for the school play, she can be found in the s. s. r. helping less experienced classmates with advice about everything from nail polish to knitting.



THERÈSE CRITCHLOW



If there is a person who always has a cheery "Hi" for everyone it is Tessie. The school is going to miss it, for she has been greeting us for the past twelve years. Always calm, cool, and collected, she exerts herself most in athletics, her most spectacular feat being to *put* the ball into the basket (for Tessie is TALL). She can always be counted present for any school enterprise. Whatever excuse the rest of us may find to offer, Tessie glides up on the well-known bicycle. She is efficient and reliable in everything she does (too much so for the comfort of our French class) and we already hear her holding forth in languages at college.



ADRIENNE CURTIN

"Pass the peppermints, please," is heard in time of stress, and Adrienne produces the inevitable life savers to help the collecting of scattered wits. Although she consumes them everywhere, there seems to be more need for them in Mrs. Albion's class, a fact which we will let her explain and analyze as only she can. For Adrienne accepts nothing without a reason, but jumps into whys and wherefores—and she can usually be depended upon to convince, convert, or convict. She is decidedly not to be quelled by mob rule. At any time after nine she may stride into school with a barely audible "Oh dear!", murmur about icy roads, and fold herself into her seat, still plus hat and coat if she sees no reason to take them off. Adrienne's private conferences with Mrs. Albion baffle our curiosity. These, with her mysterious weekly visits to New York, lead us to the conclusion that there is much up her sleeve. Whatever we do not know, we feel safe, judging by all the weighty tomes she reads with ease, in predicting that she will be among the more illustrious of Miss Fine's alumnae.



LOUISE DOLTON

The efficient gleam in Louise's eye as she goes off to preside over the Tuesday morning Student Council meeting forebodes no good to the quaking freshmen, who now say they can't even try to pass off milk-of-magnesia tablets as peppermints. When not quietly whispering words of advice to some erring underclassman, Louise may have been putting up an urgent notice for the varsity hockey which she so ably captained, or, together with Frannie, silently passing through a convulsion watching our preliminary May Day contortions. You may find her daring "Oh Mrs. Albion, let's discuss" echoed by all in history class, and if it is agreed upon, her triumphant smile—one of her nicest—encircling the room. Or she may be comfortably ensconced in her favorite chair in the S. S. R., her conversation ranging from next week's history to the latest events in the Rainbow Room—when she isn't recounting to a dreamy-eyed audience her forthcoming plans for September.



ROSETTA ENGEL

Although Rosetta is petite she proves that this is no liability as she quickly wends her way through the halls. Also she amazes her bewildered teammates in basketball by intercepting passes in the midst of towering opponents. In fact, if ever you want anything done and done right you are referred to Miss Rosetta Engel—there is nothing she will not attack with the spirit and competence of a tiny Hercules. A startled "Oh, I'm so sorry, I really didn't mean it," tells that Rosetta has made a slip of the tongue. And it was merely a slip, for she is in very truth a "gentle lark." But spirit and courage, again, are her characteristics. How else, we should like to ask, would she dare drive through this town of Princeton with a Drexel sticker prominently displayed on her car?





AILEEN McHUGH

When the Irish spark in Aileen's eye flashes at that fellow Marx's queer theories, or she is scoring such-and-such a book as "propaganda-blah", we sit back to enjoy the battle. For our gay Aileen is a woman of convictions and can uphold them. She is a fortress of will, too, when it comes to getting work done; but come lunch hour, she can forget the mysteries of the electromagnet and, her mouth a little encumbered with bobby-pins as she adjusts her black locks, relate the escapades of old Henry the Ford or find some one to ask "Please let's go for a walk—ah spring!" Sometimes the result of the walk, her pet chocolate ice cream cone, is found along with her in the first-soprano row in Glee Club, where, after surreptitiously downing the tip-end, she upholds her flagging section. Aileen is a member of the Student Council as well as editor of the *Link*, and she keeps up besides an enviable school record which she is more than likely to maintain at Smith next year.

BETTY GORMAN

With a blue bow tied to the floppy lock in the middle of her forehead, Bets ambles into Study Hall, that old French song on her lips. Industrious in her vocal studies, at any spare moment she may burst forth. As she lays down her pile of textbooks plus her cherished volume of Keats, she has a far-away look in her eyes. Has she a new tale on her mind? (Any time you happen to enter the s. s. r. and hear "Well, you see, it's this way," walk, don't run, to the nearest floor-space, for something is coming.) Or is she thinking of a sophomore whose dramatic dues are not in, or of royalties not yet paid on *To Meet the Prince*? For Bets has been Grand Chancellor of the Exchequer this year, besides managing the school dances. And still her scholarship never sags. All these long years it has not sagged—and she has been with us since kindergarten. Next year perhaps we'll hear of private confabs with the proctor at a Well-esley dance.



CATHERINE RODWELL

"That's not Art!" Whenever you hear this vehement statement you may be sure that Cat is around valiantly defending its highest principles. She is the genius of the class as far as painting is concerned, and her esthetic efforts now decorate these noble walls. She can also be counted on to deliver at any time of day or night a dissertation on the beauty of Rupert Brooke's poetry: as she puts it, "I'm the most romantic person in the world." Two of Cat's outstanding claims to fame are her blush ("Pink suits us—we always try to keep to pink") and the blonde hair that is the envy of her friends. When it comes to histrionic ability she is way out in front, and she made memorable contributions to the drama in both *Pride and Prejudice* and *To Meet the Prince*. For anything artistic, indeed, you may consult Cat, for to her truly "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."



JOYCE TATTERSALL

"Oh, I just polished this off in four days," says Joyce of her new purple, her canary yellow, or her new coral sweater. We, who have been plodding a year at our sock, gasp in admiration. In some of the rest of Joyce's leisure time, she can be counted on for a candid word on all our current escapades, worries, gaieties, or problems, in the s. s. r. We'd hate to admit how much good her frank remarks may do us at times—although she sees our faults we love her still. She is one of our class's best organizers, and will stand up for our rights in any situation. She can take hold of any executive job with ability and finish. This year she was head of the Program Committee of *To Meet the Prince* and also subscription manager of the *Link*. For all the twelve school years she has carried on with steady thoroughness. They say it is the quiet who are often the most missed.





BETTY JO TURNER

That rare ability, the power to gauge the mood of authority and use it to advantage, is possessed by only one of us, Betty Jo. Her feats are unsurpassable. When a Chevrolet roadster comes up the front drive and parks there (isn't there some traffic ordinance that says "Parking in the rear only"?) we need look no further. A moment later a trim little figure, all of five feet, topped off with golden hair, clicks into the building, loaded down with all the books from the History Reserve she can carry, and with a few more suggestions for costumes for the school play. Betty Jo is always our costume manager, and she is planning to carve out a career for herself in costume designing.



ELEANOR WARD

At 4:15 almost any afternoon passersby may observe a disheveled blonde, clutching a hat and ever so many books (to impress the faculty as well as the family), streaking down University Place. Dignity is thrown to the winds, for Ellie simply must make the 4:16. Commuting to and from New Brunswick has become second nature to Ellie. In fact she finds it hard to study unless there is a gentle sway and someone interrupts her with "tickets please" at appropriate intervals. At first glance she would seem one of the most completely noncommittal members of '39; but just mention Picasso, streamlined trains, and Wood's new Hudson, and you will get some very definite opinions. The school will remember Ellie as our singing star at Candle-light service; her rendering of "The Holly and the Ivy" will be missed by those that follow us.



ANNE WELCH

As the last Intermediate clatters into Assembly and the door is shut to an improvised ending of Handel or Bach, we are reassured that Anne is in school. From dawn to dusk we hear her trilling anything from Berlin to Wagner. On any ordinary school day Anne, as president of the Glee Club, rounds up remote freshmen, reminding them that they must "please have *The Stars* learned by Monday," or as Literary Editor of the *Link*, trails 's Miller. After a Physics test, she assures everyone that she can't have passed because she got 1215.225 for the third answer. Anne was secretary of the Student Council last year and the star of the basketball team this year. We shall probably hear from Smith within the next four years that the Lydia of *Pride and Prejudice* and the Angela of *To Meet the Prince* has hushed an audience as Camille, or unnerved them as Hedda Gabler, or has brilliantly performed her first piano concerto.



MARGERY WILLIAMSON

Margery is one of the four Seniors who have been longest in school, coming to us in the second grade. Now she is one of Miss Stratton's latest Art Appreciation protégées. Any member of this group will know without further investigation that a whoop of delight followed by other expressions of violent approval issuing from the Art room, third floor rear (providing atmospheric conditions are favorable they will be audible as far away as Study Hall) means that Miss Stratton is showing Marge a new Cézanne.

Whether rushing madly around for *Link* ads, letting out her deepest croak from the alto section of Glee Club, or discussing heatedly with Mrs. Albion the lack of justification in Hitler's latest move, Margery is always bubbling over with ample good humor. She faces the world with vim, vigor, and hearty appreciation. She will like college and college will like her.





ALETHIA WOODS

"I haven't the time to study," says Lee, closing her books and going up to the s. s. r. to get in on the latest gossip. Our Lee has a weakness for sun-lamps, which she considers absolutely necessary for tiding over her summer tan; however, despite all her dabbing with Jergen's lotion, her peeling face shows that she rides her hobby with a little too much gusto. Lee is fond of horses, and often appears in overalls or even in her smooth riding habit—but sometimes we have our doubts about how she spends these lazy spring afternoons. Sometimes, though, we have actually seen her in an energetic mood, as when working on scenery for the play, getting advertisements for the *Link*, cutting out pictures by the hundreds and pasting them in her Art Appreciation notebook, or telling us her thoughts on things in a clear, strong voice.



Class Will

The Class of 1939

Sign below on the dotted line

Their last will and testament,

Leaving all to the Juniors, with sentiment:

CHYNOWETH's composure is willed on the chance

Of curing Juniors of St. Vitus' Dance.

To Elinor Burgess: her night life (CLAYTON'S)

In hopes that her holiday won't be like Satan's.

TESSIE CRITCHLOW leaves to Ruth

Her promptness—much needed, to tell the truth.

From CURTIN to Guthrie, her *charge d'affaires*:

May *her* teachers never give *her* a care.

To Munro: DOLTON'S memory for taking to classes

All her belongings including her glasses.

Her prowess at baseball GORMAN entails

To Andy in hopes that *her* game never fails.

ENGEL'S reticence to Agnes Agar,

With which to profit near and far.

McHUGH leaves to Guthrie with sentiment

Her magnanimous Irish sentiment.

SALLY JENKS gives her business-like air

To Phyllis Boushall: please handle with Care.

Some day when you hear a merry cry

It's RODWELL'S laugh bequeathed to Sly.

TATTERSALL'S senior-sitting-room leisure

She leaves for Carol Furman's pleasure.

Agnes Agar again inherits—
This time TURNER'S acting merits.

ANNE WELCH herewith remits
To Frances Imbrie her scattered wits.

Her demureness is left by ELEANOR WARD
To the entire rollicking Junior horde.

WILLIAMSON leaves Williamson (no relation)
Her booming voice to quell the nation.

If Northrop misses California's coast
WOODS' sunlamp should help her most.

We leave the Senior Sitting Room—
And wish we could leave a mop and broom—
And the envied privilege of study outdoors
All to you, Juniors—the pleasure is yours!





CLASS CHART

NAME	SUITABLE SONG	PET SAYING	USUAL HAUNT	PASTIME	PET AVERSION	MAKES MENTION OF
CHYNOWETH	My Heart Belongs to Daddy	"Oh, I don't know"	Princeton Inn	Buying sweaters	The Navy	England
CLAYTON	Night and Day	"That's not fit to print"	Nassau	Describing her new clothes	People who make cracks about her driving	Her week-ends
CRITCHLOW	Sweet Someone	"Oh, glory"	Her bicycle	Playing the piano	Geometry	Symphonies
CURTIN	The Sidewalks of New York	"Such tripe"	New York City	Eating life-savers	Vacillating people	Her career
DOLTON	My Bill	"Like so"	Hartford, Conn.	Keeping appointments	Monday mornings	Operations
ENGEL	There's Something About a Soldier	"I'm sorry"	Mercer Hospital	Being quiet	Giving reports	Margery
GORMAN	I Get Along Without You Very Well—Except Sometimes	"Er sump'n"	Any prom	Singing French songs	Centipedes	Forsythia
JENKS	I'm Bubbling Over	"Tell you later"	Music Shop	Trying to look important	Spiders	Math.
MCHUGH	You Couldn't Be Cuter	"A woman's place is in the home"	"Priscilla"	Eating ice cream cones	Socialism	"My Ideal"
RODWELL	You're Laughing at Me	"What a laugh"	Commons at supper-time	Giggling	Not being in the know	Her Canadian descent
TATERSALL	If It's the Last Thing I Do	"Well, what's the news?"	Her tation wagon	Knitting	Daylight Saving Time	Orchids
TURNER	Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll	"Mrs. Albion!"	Texas	Putting the top down on her car	Flat-heeled shoes	Airplanes
WARD	Deep in a Dream	"We have little wrens in <i>our</i> backyard, too"	The Meadowbrook	Telling it to Woods	Commuting	Kelly Green
WELCH	You're a Sweet Little Headache	"Toujours gai"	The piano in the music room	Practicing	Having her homework in on time	Archy and Mehit-able
WILLIAMSON	Remember	"I've got something to tell you!"	Any shady spot	Apple polishing	Being called on in class	Her monthly bills
WOODS	Heaven Can Wait	"Guess what!"	Castanea's	Sitting under a sun-lamp	Palefaces	Convertibles









TEACHERS' CHART

	BEST-REMEMBERED PHRASE	PASTIME	MAKES MENTION OF	PET AVERSION	NOTED FOR
MRS. ALBION	"... right straight through, (with a vengeance)"	Badminton	"our latest book"	New Jersey climate	Brown and white shoes
MISS BOICE	"D'ja take your show-er?"	Pitching tennis balls to bewilder the serious freshmen	Her new Plymouth	She wouldn't <i>dare</i> to tell us	Tweeds
MISS DORWART	"Isn't it lovely?"	Walking	Tomorrow's assignment	Tardiness	Her understanding of the <i>Aeneid</i>
MRS. HATHEWAY	"... then those electrons <i>tear</i> back and forth"	Commuting	Latest discoveries	People who think M. F. S. is still the Princeton Inn	Her handsome husband
MISS HOFMANN	"Don't camp on that dotted note."	Discussing it with Miss Rowley	Wagner	Altos who sing an octave below the sopranos	A certain ring (newly acquired)
MISS HOWELL	"Who did it?"	Seeing Intime productions	The seventh grade	Themes under 200 words	"Conferences"
MISS MILLER	"No, I do <i>not</i> wish to subscribe to <i>Esquire</i> ."	Being the mainstay of THE LINK	Cape May	Us ('39)	Her toleration of senior classes
MISS SHIPPEN	"I thought I'd like to read you a little of this."	Discussing our futures	Current events far and near	Disciplining	Her cheerful greeting
MISS STRATTON	"Purely decorative!"	Visiting the Barnes Foundation	Last year's art class	Post-Renaissance painters	Her collection of reproductions
MRS. WADE	"Tell me in two words."	Trips to France	'Mon mari et moi . . ."	Interfering with the Student Council	Her teas

*With Gratitude
For Her Friendly Interest
and Consideration
We Dedicate This Page to*
MRS. DAMBRUN

* THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

The Roman roads were built to stay,
And where the cows now graze,
They still are there, though worn away
By wheels of other days.

The grass grows thick, the grass grows green
Between the rounded stones,
And where their chariots were seen
Lie Roman soldiers' bones.

But to Damascus runs a road
As straight as when in all
His sin and anger, down there strode
A man whose name was Saul.

AGNES AGAR, '40

** PLANTS IN A NEW YORK WINDOW BOX

Dainty leaves, thin petals
Drooping their heads towards the dirty streets below.
Blue, red, yellow, and pink are the varicolored flowers.
Some squat and stubby,
Some tall and thin,
All droop their heads in the hot July sun.
There is no water to quench their thirst,
Only hot, dusty misery.

* * * * *

A LITTLE NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN

The rows of quaint old shops,
Bordered by giant elms,
The whitewashed houses standing in sedate solitude,
The streets as clean as new-waxed floors,
The country roads where may have marched
A giant army, bound for glory.

SYLVIA TAYLOR, VI

LINK Poetry Contest

*First Award, Upper School

**First Award, Intermediate School

* THE MAIDEN BY THE POOL

The moon shed silver on the still, black pond,
And the water-lilies slept,
And the goldfish slept;
There a maiden came a-gliding to the water's edge,
And she wept,
And she wept white tears.
Her dark hair lay like a mantle on her shoulders,
And her white skin glimmered,
And her white skin glimmered
Her sad song rose like the moaning of the wind,
And her long gown shimmered,
And her long gown shimmered in the moonlight.

MARGARET MUNRO, '40

* THE MOON HORSE

I said to myself,
"It's nothing
But raindrops
Pattering
On the roof."

Hush, beloved!
The Moon-Horse is abroad,
He is shod
In molten silver,
And he gallops
Through the sky
Tonight.

I told myself,
"It's nothing
But the moon
Shining
In my window."

*Hush, beloved!
The Moon-Horse is abroad.
His mane is plaited
With starlight,
As he gallops
Through the sky
Tonight.*

JANE COOPER, '42

* BERMUDA

The sloping beaches and their shells on either hand,
The lovely flowers all in bloom, and on the sand
The ocean playing, with the foam so white,
The stars all blinking in the sky at night.

Oh, as I walked along the little beach
And saw the ocean, far as eye could reach,
A feeling crept upon me as of awe,
The things, they were so lovely, that I saw.

JOAN WRIGHT, V

DROWSINESS

Curling rose leaves,
Flushed pink, with yellow ends,
Catch the evening sun
Sweetly, into a golden bowl,
Lazily they droop,
Heavy with sleep and scent,
And soundlessly fall
On a dark gleaming table.

AGNES AGAR, '40

“Up at a Villa”

The doorway was empty. The stone courtyard lay bare and clean in the early morning sun. The shutters shone green against the white stuccoed walls, and there was no sign of life anywhere. In the distance the dull clang of a cow-bell echoed across fields still damp from the dew. Around the corner of the stone wall which cut off the kitchen gardens from the lawns in front of the house, a small cart drawn by two large dogs appeared in a cloud of dust. In its wake ran two brown-legged children who laughed and shouted at the driver. The wagon pulled up before the door and a slim young girl leaped out. Her heavy dark hair reached just to her shoulders and gleamed in the sun with every movement. She reached into the back of the cart and took out three sacks which she dumped on the grass. The pail of milk she lifted out and carried through the house to the kitchen at the back. The two children picked up the sacks and followed her.

The kitchen was large and airy, with windows which overlooked the valley. The girl was given a hurried scolding for not using the back door and handed a basket of lunch for her father and brothers, who were working in the grape vineyard.

She ran out the door and crossed the garden. With an easy grace she was over the wall and across the lawn to the grove of trees on the other side. She did not wish the children to accompany her. She wanted to have the walk to the vineyards to herself. In the woods the moss grew thick and soft. She liked the feel of it on her bare feet. The birds would sing if she did not startle them with a sudden noise. She liked listening to them. Tiny flowers grew between the stones. They were blue and yellow, and sometimes she found the purple ones she liked best. She spent as much time as she could there. She would run when she got to the road. She would run all the way to the vineyard and back again to the woods. Then she would have more time to spend watching the squirrels and looking for the plants that tasted so sweet when you crunched their leaves.

She never dared to stay as long as she would have liked. She knew her mother expected her to come back to help her

cook and wash and tend the gardens behind the house. Some day, when she was a beautiful tall lady and was so rich that she could have anything she wanted, she would have a house high on a hill, and she would do nothing but lie on the moss in the woods all day, tossing pebbles into a pool under the shadow of a warm round rock where a fat green frog would be sunning himself. But now she had to hurry. There was so much to be done . . .

FRANCES IMBRIE, '40

ADVENTURE FOR TWO

We found a hill, one warm grey day in spring,
That magic hill we never saw again;
A small, round hill close guarded by a ring
Of red clay road, left slippery by rain.
It was an orchard, and the trees were peach,
With wet, black trunks and branches holding high
A lovely spread of pink, just out of reach
Of anyone who might be passing by.
For one long second everything stood still;
The earth was silent so that we should see
Forever in our minds that little hill,
Forever in our minds each radiant tree.
So when the world seems foolish, old and sad,
We think of flowering peach trees, and are glad.

AGNES AGAR, '40

Aurora

It was an unusually cold day for Greece. Most of the people mumbled, as they scrambled out of bed, "What an awful day for all those court ceremonies!"

But not Aurora. She jumped up quickly and ran to the window. She shrieked with joy, which brought a maid running. Oh, she had forgotten: all "their Royal Highnesses" would want to sleep so that they would look pleasant, feel pleasant, and act pleasant, thus gaining the King's favor. Aurora thought, as she settled herself in her satin-covered bed for breakfast, how silly the would-be magistrates were to try so hard to be favorites of the King. He wasn't a stupid man, and he liked people who were honest and frank.

Aurora was glad of a cold day because that meant she could wear her beautiful court clothes comfortably. *She* would be the belle of the court today! This weather would make the others depressed and she would shine in comparison to them.

As she finished her breakfast her maid said that her tutor would come in a few minutes. She got up and stationed herself in her customary chair by the big window. Of course it was only proper that a princess should be well-versed in the folk-lore of her country. She thought it decidedly unnecessary to have a lesson today, but that made no difference. She stumbled a great deal, which was rather unusual, so that her tutor, a conservative, well-meaning old man, departed early, completely out of sorts. This left Aurora a little time of her own. However, she was too much excited to do anything constructive, and wandered aimlessly about admiring her room.

At last the time arrived for her to dress. It took three maids to get her into her clothes. There were three or four skirts, the top one heavily embroidered. There was a jacket of wine-colored velvet, with a matching hat from which hung a coil of pearls, like a thick plait of hair. The jacket and hat were embroidered, and then with all her jewelry she thought she looked wonderful.

The coach came and she drove off in the gold carriage with the King. How important she felt, smiling and waving

to the cheering crowds! Then came a long, tiresome court ceremony. Between naps, Aurora managed to look the courtiers over and pick out a young man to flatter and pay special attention to. Finally the ceremony was over. She followed the King out, managing to wink at her prince, and once more they rode through the city, bowing and smiling.

Miraculously, THE young man was seated next to her at luncheon. After finding that he couldn't speak Greek, she told him lots of poems she knew, which would have been extremely boring to him if he had understood the language.

After luncheon she was sent off to be hostess to the women. She took them for a small tour of the grounds and later entertained them at tea.

Finally the rather dull afternoon was over and it was time to dress for the evening. This time she wore a lovely white gown embroidered with silver, a tiara, and a diamond bracelet. At the banquet she attracted attention by telling what that certain young man called "fascinating" stories. The wine was *so* good; the beverage which she usually had at meals didn't compare with this. She didn't dare drink too much of it, for fear of the combination of excitement and heady wine.

At last the climax came. The ball! She started it with her chosen prince. What a whirl she had! She decided that the most popular and the happiest girls in the world were princesses. But when her prince stammered out a proposal, in German, it made her furious. She called him, in Greek, a fresh young snip, and stamped off. He wandered around, hurt, calling women perverse, and got very drunk.

Several hours later she was in bed. How her feet hurt! Maybe being a princess wasn't such fun after all. Her musing was interrupted by the arrival of the King. As he entered he said:

"Congratulations, my daughter!" and then they laughed very hard. "You played Aurora's part well. For a while I thought perhaps you were my daughter!"

Soon he left, and she cried a little on her spotless satin covers. Then she thought of her father's small farm on the mountain, of her goats and of her family, and of the poor princess, who was so sick. It had been fun learning how to

act as her friend would act if she were well enough to be at court. But now the lark was over and she was going back to the farm and Aurora. And she was going to teach the princess how to milk goats, because that was her end of the bargain.

CAROL FURMAN, '40

Conversation Piece

There were four elderly ladies on the porch, and one of the opposite sex. He didn't fan himself, but unfastened his stiff white collar instead and managed to look rather rakish in spite of his three score years and ten.

The conversation turned toward the younger generation.

"Eating gold-fish and phonograph records never seemed to appeal to my generation," snapped Mrs. McArdle, hurling the newspaper into Mr. Peabody's face and presenting him with a huge headline reading "Younger Set's Menu Consists of Fish and Records."

"Probably the well-brought-up young gentlemen wouldn't think of such foolish things," offered Mrs. Reginald Seymour Henley.

"You can't tell *what* this generation will do, or *can* do," stated Mr. Peabody.

"My grandson once ate a ground-up egg-shell," said Mrs. Hankins. "All the boys at Harvard seem to do those crazy things. I've never seen such a college for clowning. But boys must be boys, I suppose."

"You're quite right, Mrs. Hankins," put in Mr. Peabody to the side (definitely to the Harvard side). "How long has your grandson been in Harvard?" queried the old gentleman.

"He's a senior this year," replied Mrs. Hankins with pride. "I don't see how he managed to get through, with his pranks. But boys must be boys, I always say."

"Certainly, certainly, Mrs. Hankins. After all, what's a little humor in a college of such high standing? Why, it's relief, of course," agreed Mr. Peabody.

MOLLIE GROVER, '41

A MAINE ROAD

A little Maine road,
Dusty and old,
Full of ruts and rocks,
Leading nowhere—
What a lovely old road!

Not new, not modern,
Not a broad highway,
Not level nor straight,
Not banked just so—
What a lovely old road!

Not traveled by rich,
Just traveled by poor;
Not admired by anyone,
Just loved by the Jewel-weed—
What a lovely old road!

LEONA SCHULTE, '42

ROMANCE

Harlequin,
Vain and showy,
Black and silver—
Moonlight serenade,
Rippling laughter
Like a fountain plashing,
Intrigue,
Masquerade.

REALITY

Harlequin,
Patched and faded,
Hatless,
On a shelf,
Paint besmattered,
Dirty, checkered,
Dripping sawdust
From himself.

JANE COOPER, '42

Why the Tower of Pisa Leans

It is seven hundred years ago in the beautiful town of Pisa.

The sun can be seen gliding out from behind the distant hills, its magic rays making everything burst into life. The steps of the peasants going into the fields become lighter, and the buds open their sleepy eyes to see where this strange warm feeling is coming from. Soon the whole town is buzzing with life. In one house we see Publius, the architect. It is a great day for him. He has been invited to a meeting of all the best architects of the town and is to help draw up the plans for a beautiful tower, which is to have a huge bell in it.

All day long, for many weeks, Publius works with the other architects; then finally they come to a decision. The tower is to be round and tall, taller than anything ever built. A place is picked out after much arguing, workmen are hired, and building material is bought. Construction begins immediately! Every day Publius goes out with his dog Caligula to see how nice and tall the marvelous building is beginning to be. The little dog struts around looking at the tower, then at his master, as if to say, "Isn't that wonderful! My master is making that!" He even licks the stones to see if they taste like his master.

Then at last the great day comes. The tower is a truly magnificent thing, standing like a sentinel over the whole town, the first to reflect the sun's ray in the morning and the last upon which it falls at night. All Pisa is in a gala mood. Celebrating and merrymaking continue into the small hours of the morning. All through the feasting Caligula has been with his master. Everybody is patting him, doing all sorts of nice things for him, and giving him bones.

But finally he gets tired of all the noise and steals silently out into the dark night, taking his bones with him. He has a grand time burying them all in his secret places. But he has one choice bone left, the best and biggest one of them all. He has saved it to plant under his dear master's tower. It takes him ages to dig a hole there, the best hole a dog ever dug for the very finest bone; it seems to fill up as fast as he

digs, but finally he pushes the bone in and runs home to go to sleep and dream.

The next day the sun pops out from behind the hills, but the strangest thing happens: it pops back again. Then it slowly peeps over the hill as if to assure itself if what it saw is really there. Sure enough, there it is. The beautiful tower is leaning to one side.

To this day no one really knows why the building is leaning over—no one outside a certain dog family, that on stormy nights sit before a cheery fire telling stories about their ancestors. There is one in particular they like to talk about, and that is the one who buried a bone under a tower and dug such a deep hole that the tower sank into the ground and ever since, for hundreds of years, has leaned to one side.

ANNE REYNOLDS '41

Grace O'Malley

Grace O'Malley—from the name you might think that she was just any black-haired, blue-eyed little Irish girl. Well, she was Irish all right, but not an ordinary Irish girl. She was an honest-to-goodness pirate queen—a feminine Rob Roy.

We were taking a walk on lovely Achill Island one summer evening, looking for a deserted amethyst pit which we had been told about. When we finally came upon it there were some peasants stopping on their way home from milking to poke about in the exhausted gravel. They were very friendly with us and showed us some worthless pale fragments of the semi-precious stone. At that moment voices of fishermen far below on the water called our attention to the bay. The sun was just setting (or I shouldn't say "just" because sunset lasts about an hour that far north), and out in the bay we could see a blue island. It was very romantic looking, with steep cliffs falling down to the sea and on top a rolling plateau. I could even make out what I thought were ruins of a castle or such-like. I asked a peasant about it, and then he told us the story of Grace O'Malley.

Grace O'Malley lived in the Sixteenth Century on Clare Island. Her father was a pirate before her and used to take

her out on some of his exploits when she was only a small girl. I can just imagine her bossing some big tough Irishman around with her father standing close by to be sure that her orders were carried out. She became queen when she was nineteen, and Spanish galleys laden with wine and silks were her favorite prey. Later on in her career she fought for England, and Queen Elizabeth invited her to Hampton Court and offered to make Grace a countess. "I don't want your titles," Grace replied. "Aren't we both equals? I may as well make you one as you me!"

We didn't have time to go out on the island, but if I ever return to Ireland I certainly shall, and shall visit Grace O'Malley's tomb in the ancient abbey there. As it is, I like to let my imagination roam on that blue island in Crew Bay..

ALICE HUNTINGTON, '41

She Will Never Go

Yes, the funeral is over, and now the scoured kitchen is suddenly strangely silent and vacantly haunted.

But no, she is there yet, now hastily brushing a few straying white hairs from her worn but still beautiful forehead, now, from habit, wiping her busy hands on her printed apron. My, just smell that strawberry shortcake! The wide-eyed pussy lavishly enjoys those scraps, too, even if she has to dodge a vigorous shove toward the door to get them. The farm-hands have gone back to work now; but the noonday meal is not yet over for her, for the boarders have not yet eaten, and she always cooks her best for them.

It is getting on in the afternoon and she hurries to tend her little garden. Soon she comes back into the house, her arms full of fresh flowers for the table and new green lettuce for the vegetable salad she has planned for supper.

While everyone is lazily enchanted by the sunset, she is happily planning a busy day for the morrow.

The whole community is mourning her, but she is still there, shoving the cat out of the way, then giving it the choicest scraps. That little Vermont kitchen will never belong to anyone else.

MARTHA HEATH, '42

A New England Legend

It is strange what town records sometimes contain. This story that follows, supposed to be true, has been in the records of Brookline for more than two hundred years.

Over two hundred years ago a young married couple lived by a wood near Brookline, Massachusetts, and daily the husband went into the wood to clear a place for the spring planting. Within a year or so a child was born to them. The man bought a dog which he taught to pick up the baby's rattle and also to come home at noon and carry his lunch to him in the woods.

One day the husband went into the wood and as usual took the faithful dog with him. About ten o'clock that morning the young wife, hearing a clatter, looked and saw that the baby's rattle had fallen to the floor. As she was extraordinarily busy, when she saw that the baby was asleep she did not stop to pick up the rattle.

A few minutes later she felt a sharp tug at her skirt and looking down saw the dog. She glanced at the clock and seeing the hour, said, "What are you doing here at this time, Boy?" When the dog pulled again, it suddenly occurred to her that something might have happened to her husband. She snatched off her apron and dried her hands, then turned to see the dog pick up the baby's rattle. She whistled to him and then followed him to the wood.

Finally she reached the place where her husband was working to find that he had been pinned under a tree and injured. She got him out, and exclaimed, "My, how fortunate that you could send the dog to me!" The man, astounded, pointed under the fallen tree. There was the body of the dog—killed by the same blow that had injured his master. He looked at his wife and smiled indulgently at her "imaginings."

However, when they reached the house they found that the rattle had been gently placed on the sleeping baby's cradle.

JOANNE SLY. '40

Pence

THE BUD

A little bud
Said to its leaf,
"Open up! Open up!
I am squeezed, so squeezed!"

MILDRED FINEGOLD, '41

WRIST WATCH

Round and round in front of the demure face the tiny
gold hands run, trying to keep up with Father Time.

JOANNE SLY, '40

HER HOME

The cool checked rhythm of her kitchen floor
Reflected in her proud old eyes, for here was home once
more.

MARTHA HEATH, '42

A VIEW

I looked upon the spacious sand,
A border of unconquered land.

MILDRED FINEGOLD, '41

LOST KEY

Lost key,
Silver shining metal,
With each step I take
I feel you watching, laughing
Secretly.

ISABELLE GUTHRIE, '42

15TH CENTURY PIECE

Pompous
And unheeding,
In an endless salute,
The toes of My Lord Mayor's slippers
Gaze at the sky.

JANE COOPER, '42

BREAKFAST

Eggs, toast, coffee, the morning paper, no time and
no conversation.

MARGARET ANDERSON, '40.

PATCHWORK

Meadows, patchworking themselves across the landscape,
Are decorated by a cross-stitch of stone walls.

BETSY BRIGHAM, '42

VIVI-ANNE HULTEN

With graceful precision
She makes her swift turnings,
Clad in shimmery rainbows of color.
There is no music
But her swift, sure cuts
And the whine of her skates
On the ice.

CAROL MUNRO, '42

THE MAN WITH AN ENDLESS JOB

He stands erect and rigid, never sitting or sleeping. On his grey head is a large red cap that matches his shoes, cheeks and nose. His small eyes shine as they gaze in one direction only, and his thin lips are parted in a continual smile. His green coat never becomes spotted or dirty; the little dust that gathers can be brushed off with the flick of a hand. The short, muscular legs never tire from staying in one position. His task is to keep watch lest some breeze come along and be the cause of his falling over. This has never happened, for when the wind blows through the open windows he puts his back against the door and waits for the gale to pass. You've never met him, but let me introduce you sometime to our doorstep.

CORNELIA LEE, '42

THE WHITE PEACOCK

Here stands a white peacock on this ancient marble wall. His grandfather belonged to the Rajah's daughter, to please her as she cooled herself in a jeweled summer-house, which is now this heap of dirty stones, the jewels stolen long ago. His grandfather had been proud, he had disdained all the other peacocks in the garden; for from among them all the Rajah's daughter had chosen him to be her favorite. He had eaten from a golden bowl, and had worn a golden collar around his neck.

This peacock belongs to no one, he pecks among the dirty ruins for his food; but he is just as full of pride as was his grandfather before him. MARGARET MUNRO, '40

ILE-AU-HAUT, MAINE

At last our ketch comes drifting quietly into port. It is a cold, savage day, so that the pines look darker and fiercer than ever against the rainy skyline. They surround us in a grumbling semi-circle, angry at our intrusion. Along in front of the pines steep, kelp-covered rocks protect the shore from invasion and conceal small crustaceans.

Far up one side of a hill a weather-beaten house stands in complete isolation, sending out comforting lights of welcome.

A small lobster-boat jogs comfortably on its anchor line, sparks of phosphorescence following each bounce of its hull.

From our galley the warm, appetizing effluence of lobster sends me scurrying into our cabin with a large plate, waiting expectantly for one of the lobsters and a small cup of butter.

CAROL MUNRO, '42

TREASURE ISLAND AT NIGHT

Rising from the black bay water lies Treasure Island, tall and fantastic shapes upon it bathed in soft limpid lights, changing from hazy blue to misty lavender, to yellow-red. The colors drift down and disappear, distorted, into the swells of the bay. On either side, suspended in the heavy blue sky, the orange-yellow lights of the two bridges stretch from the water, enclosing the little spot of strange enchanted color.

ALICE NORTHROP, '40

DESTINY

The other one was better. I never saw it, but I know. The one I get is always worn, or chipped, or torn. I know. It happens every time. It's not my fault, I do my best. I do not like getting used or broken things. But I was born under a star. So were you, but mine was different. It had only four points. The fifth was broken—lost.

FRANCES IMBRIE, '40



THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

Dramatics

Last year we established a Point System which has been most successful. According to this system, a member receives credit for her work, whether it is acting or managing some business end of the production. When she has received a certain number of points she is eligible for an official position. At the end of the year the senior with the highest number of credits receives an award from the Dramatic Club.

Under the combined direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny and Miss Mary Emma Howell, some members of the freshman class of Princeton University and our Dramatic Club presented "To Meet the Prince", by A. A. Milne, at Murray-Dodge Hall on March 30th and 31st. The whole Dramatic Club was concerned with the play, and with the help of members of the Intime Theatre managed the entire production.

The set for "To Meet the Prince" was designed by Luke Bridgman of the University, with the assistance of our Scenery Committee.

THE CAST

Simon Battersby	NORMAN ARMOUR	'42
Angela	ANNE WELCH	'39
Jennifer	AGNES AGAR	'40
Emily	ANNE GUTHRIE	'40
Captain Robert Holt	WARREN FULLER	'42
Ethel Holt	AILEEN MCHUGH	'39
Mrs. Faithful	CATHERINE RODWELL	'39
Imogen Faithful	MOLLIE GROVER	'41
Doctor Ainslie	JAMES HOWLEY	'42
Prince Michael	ROBERT KORF	'42
James Oliver	GEORGE CONNETT	'42

STAGING

Stage Manager LUKE BRIDGMAN '41

HEADS OF COMMITTEES

Costumes	BETTY JO TURNER	'39
Make-up	LOUISE DOLTON	'39
Programs	JOYCE TATTERSALL	'39
Properties	CAROL FURMAN	'40
Publicity	SALLY JENKS	'39
Scenery	ALETHIA WOODS	'39
Tickets	MARGARET ANDERSON	'40
Ushers	ADRIENNE CURTIN	'39
Prompters	CORNELIA LEE	'42
	BETTY JO TURNER	'39

OFFICERS OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB

President	LOUISE DOLTON	'39
Secretary	BETTY GORMAN	'39
Costume Head	BETTY Jo TURNER	'39

Athletics

The hockey season this year consisted of three games: with Kent Place, with Hartridge, and with the alumnae. We were defeated by Kent Place in our first game, 1-0. This was the most exciting game of the season; it proved that although the team was young and lacked experience it knew how to fight. We all went to Plainfield for the second game, and came home a victorious team, having beaten Hartridge 2-0. On January 13th, the day set for the final game, we had one of our numerous snow storms, but in spite of this, with the aid of a bright red hockey ball we defeated the alumnae 3-1.

In basketball we competed against an outside school for the first time in several years, and were defeated: Kent Place 39, Miss Fine's 8. We had two other varsity games, one with the alumnae and the other with the faculty. Here on our own court we defeated both these teams, 12-46 and 8-44 respectively.

After spring vacation, baseball and archery started. We shall continue with these until the varsity games are over and the archery tournament has been won by another Robin Hood.

Varsity letters have been awarded for basketball and baseball as well as for hockey. This is a new system which has met with the approval of both students and faculty, the advantage being that it helps to maintain the enthusiasm for athletics throughout the year.

Exchanges

We are pleased to report the exchanges we have made with various schools. As a number of schools were not putting out publications this year our list was reduced to a smaller number.

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School.

Clio—Miss Beard's School.

Dwightonia—Dwight School.

Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School.

Lit—Lawrenceville School.

Spilled Ink—Centenary Collegiate Institute.



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