

The Link



June, 1940

THE LINK

J U N E
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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



Haerent infixi pectore vultus verbaque.

Virgil, Aeneid, IV, 4

To
Miss Miller
we dedicate

The Link
to thank her for her unfailing
kindness and friendship

The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XX

JUNE, 1940

No. 1

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Senior Farewell

WE HAVE finally come to our last June in school, a June which we once thought impossibly remote. To graduate seemed always to be a function reserved for some class other than ours: a wise composed class, a class distinguished by intellectual and athletic achievement, a class unruffled by temptation, strife, and human weakness. But we seem to have been wrong, for our graduation comes this year; so now we are taking stock of all the years we have passed in school.

In that time we have seen the school under many different heads, and we are almost the last class to remember Miss Fine well. In spirit the school has changed hardly at all; physically there have been some alterations: the classrooms are brighter, we have an outdoor basketball court, and the back of the school has been improved by a coat of paint. What we have acquired, during the time our enthusiasms have changed from roller skates to convertibles, are a certain amount of knowledge, a debt of gratitude to Miss Shippen and to our teachers for their tolerance and understanding, and now, in June, 1940, a great regret at having come to the end of the full happy years we have spent here.



ANNE GUTHRIE

Anne is the class president and the class paradox. She is the only member of the class who can come to school having had no breakfast and almost no sleep and still be cheerful. She has moods, but they are either serious or silly. She works very hard, but no one would know it to see her around school.

She's very unpredictable. When she first came to school with two fat red braids hanging down her back, we all thought she was nice, but a trifle shy. She didn't talk much at first, but when she began we were all surprised at the things she said, and we have been listening to them with amazement ever since.

When Anne is in a serious mood, she means business, as in Student Council work. When she's silly you can't expect to stop her, you just have to let her run down.

Anne, a most valuable member of the class, is more self-contained than most of us. But how could we have ever thought her shy!

AGNES AGAR

Agnes is number one in the class's alphabetical order, also in writing poetry, acting, and not getting papers in on time. We have a grand time teasing her, but we have to admire her for her literary ability.

Our favorite picture of Agnes is not one of her holding forth in history class on some subject in the "higher realms", or going up to the platform each year at Commencement to receive the Poetry Prize, or singing with Andy at the Candle-light Service. It is instead a portrait of her standing on the baseball field in Anne's tunic, Eleanor Goodspeed's socks, and various other necessary clothes, letting the ball roll gracefully between her legs.

As Editor-in-Chief of THE LINK this year she has done a great deal of work and torn out a lot of that blonde hair. She's going to Sarah Lawrence next year to become progressive; we expect to overtake her some day questioning hobos on park benches in New York.



MARGARET ANDERSON

Margaret came to Miss Fine's when we were in sixth grade. Christened Andy from the first day we saw her, she has since become one of the most indispensable members of the class. Captain of every team from relay races to hockey, she has been one of the school's best athletes. This year she has been the able President of the Dramatics Club, and for five years she has distinguished herself in Glee Club. There is a continual buzz about her, whether she is with us describing her latest dress or at a dance, where she keeps the stag line busy.

As she climbs out of that amazing vehicle, The Egg, we see that her weakness for cutting hair has got the best of her again. Her changing enthusiasms for movie actors, band leaders, and Freshmen have kept the class on its toes for six years. Next year she will be in Bradford and looking over Yale. We wish her luck.



PHYLLIS BOUSHALL

We mean it as a compliment when we say that we can never remember when Phyllis joined our class. Actually it was only two years ago, and she didn't even live in New Jersey, so she ought to be something of a stranger to us. Fortunately, what Phyllis ought to be, and what she is, are two very different things.

In the first place, she ought to be one of those composed, superior people whom the rest of us class as bright, because she has the happy combination of imagination and great capabilities. But Phyllis can be just as silly as the most moronic of us. Her version of a jitter-bug is something we shall never forget, and no one could accuse her of stateliness on the baseball field.

Being small, with a quiet voice and nice manners, she ought to be on the feminine side, but her enthusiasm for the British Army and baseball does not quite fit that picture.

She plans to go to Smith next year, where we expect that within a week she will have distinguished herself from the other 1,999 already there.



ELINORE BURGESS

Glamor Girl Elinore is Morrisville's gift to our class, and her extensive knowledge of The Modern Dance and Art Appreciation has lightened the darkness of our hitherto primitive culture. The contents of her little lunch pail are the envy of every noon-day occupant of the Senior Sitting Room, which long after she has gone will re-echo with her distinctive giggle. This year she has been Chairman of the Costume Committee of the Dramatics Club and Photographic Editor of THE LINK. She has also been a member of the Glee Club for the two years she has been here. We wish that she did not live so far away, but we do not think that geography has kept us from knowing her.



RUTH DRUCK

Wherever there are horses, or even one horse, there Ruth may be found. Her books and papers are covered with pictures of horses, boots, and saddles. She makes frequent trips to Ossining, New York, which sounds like a horsewoman's paradise. As a member of the newly organized archery team, she helped it place high among the contesting teams in a recent tournament. She is one of Miss Stratton's best pupils, and her enthusiasm and sense of humor are welcome additions to any group.

Ruth is one of our Pennsylvania recruits, and every day finds her crossing the Delaware, not in a row-boat, but in a new car.

Ruth plans to be a veterinarian, and with her understanding and affection for animals we are sure she will be one of the best.



CAROL FURMAN

One of the few girls who has been with us since first grade, Carol has kept an enviable scholastic record throughout her years at Miss Fine's. Her accomplishments have been many. We shall always remember Carol as President of the Student Council, banging the familiar bell on her desk to order quiet in Study Hall; as a member of the hockey team, defending the field from its invaders; as an animated raconteur in the Senior Sitting Room. She had an important part in this year's school play, and when she was crowned last year, she made one of our prettiest May Queens. With all these achievements behind her, we are sure that Carol will be successful and happy at Wellesley next year.





ELEANOR GOODSPEED

Eleanor has been here only one year, but she has become an outstanding member of the class. She is probably the most poised of our rather scatter-brained group, and we are grateful for her steady influence upon us. However, Eleanor is also one of the most vivacious and entertaining people we know.

Drama is her chief interest; she has been acting for many years, and gave a very fine performance in *The Yellow Jacket*, this year's play. On Monday afternoons Eleanor may be seen striking impressive poses, clothed in a brief green tunic, for she is a star student of interpretative dancing.

Eleanor may pursue a theatrical career, but her original, jolly papers make us think that she could easily turn to another art.



FRANCES IMBRIE

Ever since kindergarten days we have been trying to beat Frances in an argument, but it can't be done. She just says, "Well, I don't think so," and there's nothing more we can do about it. She has us beaten in other fields, too; she has for years been on every varsity team going, and her skating makes us feel like muscle-bound elephants. This year she was President of the Glee Club, Literary Editor of *THE LINK*, Co-Head of the Properties Committee for the play, and Chairman of the Dance Committee, being more than usually efficient in all these capacities.

Frances has a great enthusiasm for animals, and her unusual choice of a ten pound male turtle called Sylvia for a pet got her into *The Trenton Times* this spring. Rabbits are her latest and most vital interest, but she has many other animals which have kept us amused for years.

Frances has a lot of intellectual ability and common sense, which we expect to see carry her far.



MARGARET MUNRO

If Peggy were as vague as she pretends to be, she would have long ago been overcome by circumstance. Although sometimes she does not really seem to be concentrating on the matter in hand, she can run circles about us when she wants to.

Peggy may be haphazard, but she is undoubtedly the most original member of the class. This originality can be seen in what happens to the clothes she wears, which may leave the store looking much like anyone else's, but which before long can anywhere be identified as Peggy's.

Her English compositions are delightfully unusual, perhaps because much of her life has been spent in Washington, Nicaragua, and Haiti; and no one who has seen her drive can doubt that she is unlike most people. We shall eagerly await the effect she has on the world next year.



ALICE NORTHROP

In such a noisy class you might think that quiet Alice would sometimes be forgotten, but her keen sense of humor and unfailing good nature have made her indispensable to all of us.

She has been a member of the Student Council for a number of years, and every Tuesday finds her joining their mysterious meetings in the Library. This year she captained the second hockey team and was the very efficient Secretary of the Glee Club.

Every fall she has come back with a beautiful tan and hair bleached almost white by the sun—proof of her enthusiasm for the sea and sailing.

Once Alice gets talking, you are almost sure to discover that her chief interest is in medicine. Whatever career she may decide upon, we are sure she will do well.





JOANNE SLY

All of us, yielding to bodily ills or to the force of circumstances, are absent from school occasionally. All, that is, except Joanne. She is always on hand, willing to do the dirty work and do it well. For example, there was the way she handled the properties in the play. If it hadn't been for her, the actors would have gone on the stage without their all necessary "props". She also did an excellent job as advertising manager of THE LINK.

Another remarkable thing about Joanne is the way she always manages to get her homework done in study periods. We suspect she does this so that she can spend her spare time reading Thomas Hardy, an author for whom she has a passion—to put it mildly.

Joanne hasn't yet decided where she's going to college, but wherever she goes we know she will do well; for this girl with the quiet sense of humor has her full share of brains.



PHYLLIS VANDEWATER

Phyllis has a mind of her own, and her views on the customs and manners of twentieth century society have kept the class in convulsions for years. She has never pulled her punches and her frank curiosity has often led her into embarrassing situations from which she emerges with unruffled composure.

With her unvarying efficiency she has supported the school's varsity hockey, basketball, and baseball teams. As subscription manager of THE LINK, she has done a difficult job very well.

Phyllis attacks even her fondest memories with a business-like array of index cards, so that her souvenirs are a strange combination of sentimentality and documented evidence. However, Phyllis is a lot more than an efficiency expert. She is an excellent judge of people, and she has a happy faculty for taking them and liking them as she finds them. We hope she will always enjoy life as much as she does now.





JEAN WILLIAMSON

Jean's correspondence is a continual source of wonder and interest to the rest of the class. It originates in West Virginia and letters seem to arrive every day. We are eagerly awaiting a personal appearance, but in the meantime he is shrouded in realms of writing paper, envelopes, and three cent stamps.

As a second Robin Hood, Jean has been hitting the bull's-eye regularly with the Archery team, and a repetition of William Tell's trick is expected from her any day now (we just hope she won't use our heads as a resting place for the apple).

Jean, although far from being the "arty" type, seems to be artistically inclined; for she knows a lot about the history of painting, and she is one of the Glee Club's most valuable members. She expects to follow her father's footsteps with a musical career, and we wish her the very best of luck.



Class Prophecy

My, how New York has changed! I can remember fifteen years ago, when Glenn Miller was playing at the Pennsylvania and people still crossed the Hudson in automobiles in the Holland Tunnel. That was back in 1940, if I am figuring correctly, and I never was any good at figures, in spite of my training. I got to thinking about the changes the other day, and decided to take a tour around the island to see what was new and what wasn't. So I hopped into my airplane (it's one of the new ones—the kind that hovers over a building and lands without moving forward) and started off. Passing over Greenwich Village, I just happened to look down and saw a huge crowd collected around the entrance to an apartment house, so I landed on the nearest roof to see what the excitement was all about. It turned out that AGNES AGAR, the most celebrated actress since Sarah Bernhardt, was about to leave there on her way to her matinee performance of "Scraping the Slums", the smash hit drama written by Miss PHYLLIS VANDEWATER, who is noted for her human portrayals of poor boys who make good and then go bad. After watching the crowd mob Miss Agar, I took off again and made for Central Park, where the last three horses on Manhattan are kept. These are being displayed (at 25c a look) by RUTH DRUCK, one of the country's best known horsewomen, and are one of New York's most popular attractions. In passing Carnegie Hall I saw that Miss JEAN WILLIAMSON was there with her Westminster Choir, so I went in and heard a very excellent program of West Virginia mountain songs. My next stop was on top of Madison Square Garden, one of the old landmarks still remaining, where I went in to see the Ice Follies of 1955. The star attraction was Miss FRANCES IMBRIE, who held the spectators breathless and then had to appear for encores twelve times. I left muttering to myself, "And they thought Sonja Henie was good fifteen years ago!" About this time I felt the urge for some food, so I flew around to "Joanne's Place", the best restaurant in town. I felt very proud of

myself when I was greeted by none other than Miss SLY herself, who regaled me with a list of the celebrities who had been there recently. I could hardly believe my ears when she told me that MARGARET MUNRO, the movie queen whose beautiful blond tresses have taken the nation by storm, had been there only the day before. As proof, she showed me the actress's reading glasses, which she had forgotten .

Having swallowed a quick snack, I was on my way to the baseball game, when I saw a beautiful woman in furs feeding candy to a dirty little urchin. A passerby looked at her and then said to me, "Do you know who that is?" I shook my head. "It's Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON Van Whoof, the best known Junior Leaguer in New York. Her efforts on behalf of the underprivileged are untiring." I gazed at her with awe and went on to the ball game. I particularly wanted to see the Giants, who are being managed by PHYLLIS BOUSHALL, the first woman baseball coach in America. She was encouraging them from the dugout; as they had made twenty runs in the first inning, I left them to their slaughter. I took my plane down to City Hall to call on Miss CAROL FURMAN, La Guardia's successor as mayor. She was very busy, but most pleasant, and explained to me how all unnecessary noise had been eliminated from the sidewalks of New York. She suggested that I visit the studios of the National Broadcasting Company, which I did. I had the pleasure of being introduced to ELEANOR GOOD-SPEED, who is the chief gag writer for their comedy programs. I then told them that I was very curious to know who took the part of Pappy Hornblower on their Hillbilly Hour .

"That really isn't a man, you know," the manager told me, and he took me around to meet Pappy, who turned out to be Miss ALICE NORTHROP, a very charming young lady who was smoking a corn-cob pipe.

The next to last place I visited was the Salon BURGESS, where, after fighting my way through a milling throng of customers, I met Elinore, who, with a mouthful of pins, was designing a ravishing little number of copper lamée.

Finally, from a sense of civic duty I visited the Hospital

for the Insane, and talked with the head keeper, ANNE GUTHRIE. I asked her if she found the job a hard one.

"Oh, I'm quite used to it," she replied, as she tore around on her one-wheeled tricycle. "I've lived in a mad-house all my life."

I ended my trip feeling that New York and its interests were being handled very capably, indeed.

CLASS CHART

NAME	THEME SONG	NOTED FOR	MAKES MENTION OF	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	WORST FAULT
AGAR, A.	Hazy and Blue	Being in the Higher Realms	"Punch"	"I've <i>got</i> to go and work!"	Getting behind
ANDERSON, M.	You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby	Her laugh	Baltimore	"Did you have a test?"	Yelling
BOUSHALL, P.	God Save the King	Coke-consumption	Slide-rules	"Great day in the morning!"	Jitterbug tendencies
BURGESS, E.	Old Nassau	Her fingernails	Her records	"Have you done all your Latin?"	Living too far away
DRUCK, R.	I Get a Kick Out of You	Horsey clothes	Her animals	"I'm going riding"	Singing with the radio
FURMAN, C.	I Want to Be Bad	Her Elephants	Dickie	"Ssh!"	Being so bright
GOODSPEED, E.	Confucius Say	Stories	The Mary Lyon School	"Have you heard the one about—?"	Her <i>double entendres</i>
GUTHRIE, A.	Midnight in the Madhouse	Tall stories	Her many acquaintances	"We just went wild!"	Being mysterious
IMBRIE, F.	<i>Who</i> Is Sylvia?	That blank look	The rink	"I don't know."	Stubbornness
MUNRO, M.	Too Romantic	Vagueness	Sunday dinners	"I knew it just a moment ago."	Losing her glasses
NORTHROP, A.	I'll Follow My Secret Heart	Good nature	Sailing	"Drad-blut it!"	Being so quiet
SLY, J.	Looking Around Corners for You	Her pins and bracelets	Elevators	"Guess who I saw downtown."	Having discovered the Missing Link
VANDEWATER, P.	Let Yourself Go	Faux-pas	Her sisters	"I must write that down."	Her energy
WILLIAMSON, J.	One Sweet Letter from You	Correspondence	West Virginia	"I just got a letter."	Not telling us <i>all</i> about it
THE CLASS	Scatterbrain	Drawing in class	Itself	"Glory!"	We leave it up to you











Last year THE LINK had a poetry contest; this year we held contests for both prose and poetry. Our judge, to whom we are very grateful, was Mr. Henry Ross of The Princeton Country Day School. The winning selections are printed below.

*SIAMESE CAT—SUMMER

Brown muzzle lifted in a deep content
And slightly purring in well-mannered tone,
The Siamese cat, with eyes on heaven bent,
Bats one soft paw, with claws just barely shown,
At shadows on the hot white stucco wall.
Then lazily he creeps within the door
On hearing Lizzie, from the kitchen, call
Him to his dish of milk and scraps once more.

Later he licks his sleek, well-fed self clean.
The sunlight trickles through the window panes;
The curtains, lit with golden lights, are green.
He stretches; with an easy leap he gains
The carved chest, filled with pungent Java teas;
There, on the polished oak, he lies at ease.

JANE COOPER, '42

LINK Poetry Contest
*First Award

*BEES

The many bees about my flower-beds,
Sifting, parson-coated, through the pinks,
Stopping at roses for a morning chat,
Gazing at pansies, dyed by purple inks
And caterpillar-furred, who stare at them
Out of wide-open eyes, as if to say,
"What odd creatures, don't you think so, my dear!"
To their neighbors, then nod the other way—
These bees seem like some New York crowd to me,
Caught in a shop or store at Christmas-time,
Wandering curiously from this to that
And pausing where there is the longest line.
They're really only killing time, and yet
They buzz about how much they have to get.

JANE COOPER, '42

*MUSIC

The rise and fall of quiet conversations,
The ordered rush and roar of railway stations,
A window-blind's loud, unrelenting flutter,
Spring rains that scramble flatly down the gutter—
These can be music, too.

The quick persistence of ascending feet,
Two voices carried down an empty street,
A sudden silence in an empty day,
Dogs barking in the night, and far away—
These can be music, too.

AGNES AGAR, '40

LINK Poetry Contest

*Honorable Mention

*THE UNSUNG SAMARITAN

Strategically placed in our bathroom is a medicine chest of Lilliputian dimensions. Hidden away in this nook, one observes a conglomeration of tubes, jars, boxes, and bottles. The contents of these various containers are distinctly different, but their purpose the same—to cure every ache and ill.

Believing that every dog should have his day, I have elected to present this unsung Samaritan of the home, the medicine closet, and to offer for your consideration an insight into the many personalities that reside in this unique dwelling. I have heard very few people discuss their medicine compartments over teacups, and the muse has been negligent in encouraging writers to explore the subject.

The medicine chest, like the willing horse, serves its purpose but receives little credit—none at all for its personality. Let's give it some. Take my cabinet for instance, yours will not differ much, and start the tour on the bottom shelf. Ah! Here is a tube of toothpaste flat on its back, its sides badly dented, and its hat tipped at a rakish angle suggesting the morning after the night before. I hang my head in shame: its pitiful condition is due entirely to yours truly. The poor thing not being able to vent its wrath otherwise, simply froths at the mouth.

Close to this unhappy one are the triplets of the Vick family: Sniff, Snuff, and Rub—nice boys on occasion. When not in use they ogle the coquette, the cold cream jar. There's a dainty little Miss dressed in white with a fetching chapeau of pink. Every time he sees her go in or out, as she constantly does, being most popular, the sinister fellow on the left mutters, "Grease, nothing but grease!" The sinister fellow in case you haven't guessed it, is the castor oil kid. I haven't been on speaking terms with him since the tender age of eight. Not far distant, sort of piled up in the corner, are the various-hued pill boxes. The white one reads, "Take me before meals and upon retiring," the pink one cries, "Take me every two hours until relieved," and the blue one if permitted, would probably say, "Take me out to the ball game."

The messy tenant of the first shelf is the lilac-scented talcum powder box. Wherever he goes, he leaves a snow-white trail behind him. Moving to the middle shelf, we bump into that grand chap, the soda box. He plunks his square-rigged figure right in the center of everything and beams with satisfaction. Next to him is the iodine bottle, looking particularly swarthy, skull and bones glaring on his chest, and a pin stuck in his hat to warn prowlers of the night to let him alone. "Fitchy", the shampoo blade, doesn't go out much, but when he does the bubbles fly.

The big boys gather on the top shelf to play "rummy". The alcohol bottle bemoans the unhappy fact that he is trying to join the little fellows in a bit of frivolous frivolity in the lower regions, and has to sit on top with such aristocrats of the bottle world as Cod Liver Oil, Dr. Brown's Spring Tonic, and Epsom Salts, a combination that would upset any nervous system. There is one more personality that I shouldn't overlook, the mustard plaster. He gets crushed on people and sticks around forever and a day. He is the busybody of the group, and informed me the other day that he is all a dither over certain spirits that have recently appeared. "Musty" calls them "the spirits of nitre and ammonia".

Our little tour of this happy region over the sink has come to an end. It is with regret that we close the door in the faces of our labeled personalities. It is my sincere hope that you have met many of your faithful friends and that you will no longer greet them only when you have a pained expression. I would have you do unto the aspirin tablet as you would have done unto you if you were only a pill in a tin box.

ELEANOR GOODSPEED, '40

*HE PULLS THE CART

The large black skirt whirls itself slowly over the cobblestones and the wooden shoes clatter noisily down the street. The whirling of the skirt is repeated in the rotary motion of the wheels. The tramping of four hard paws, slender and dirty, completes the small procession.

He is a large smooth-haired animal pulling his load. At the corner of the square he sits down suddenly, very tired. His tongue hangs happily out of his mouth and his tail thumps the street, making a funny hollow sound. His ears relax gently into a soft curve; his expressive eyes are happy pools of brown. But a quick look from that old wrinkled face, and he rises again. That's his duty. The two wooden bars above him throw a shadow on his smooth back.

The sharp air gives a tinge of life to the lettuce leaves. The tomatoes lie rosy and red, encircling the lettuce, while the potatoes roll in a harsh, unrefined group in one corner of the cart.

Then the sound of voices, low, musical, and countrified, fills the air. The market at last! The dog pushes through the mob of swinging skirts and bulky baskets with an air of certainty, and skillfully pulls the cart into the right place. Then a rest. A pair of small, grubby brown hands strokes his head. All fatigue disappears: his little friend is here. He lies comfortably at her feet, a little away from the crowd.

Finally the quick air of the morning disappears into the balmy mid-morning, and once again he's on his way. The skirts whirl, the wheels turn, and those plodding feet once more move, this time towards home.

CAROLINE GREENE, '43

*THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER, 1939

On the morning of September 3, 1939, we were on board the "Venus" in the middle of the North Sea, crossing from Bergen to the Tyne ports. The North Sea is well-known for its rough passages, and as I am very susceptible to motion, I was horribly sea-sick. It is one of my mottoes always to be up and dressed when sea-sick, but because none of the plumbing was working I gave up after an hour or so and went to bed. The rest of the family followed me soon after.

About one o'clock the ship gave a lurch, more vicious than any which had occurred before. I caught my breath with each wave and lay as still as possible. In a minute she turned the other way and I went through the agony all over again. I found out later that the captain had received orders to return to Bergen and had started to carry out those orders, but had changed his mind midway about and again headed for our original destination with the second horrible swoop. I really do not think I could have reached Bergen alive.

We were due to dock in the Tyne ports at four o'clock in the afternoon of the third of September; so about three o'clock Mother pulled herself out of bed by sheer will power and went on deck, only to return to the cabin a few minutes later and announce to me in words which I shall never forget: "War was declared at eleven o'clock this morning." It was not a surprise to me—nor to anyone else—but nonetheless I would have been stunned under other circumstances. As it was I merely said, "That's too bad," and turned toward the wall.

Four o'clock came and I raised myself and went on deck to see the blessed land. Finally, after what seemed hours, we docked only to discover that war time conditions are not pleasant ones. For the first time in our lives we were called "aliens". We waited while the British subjects were taken care of, then from two to three hours more while a complicated routine was gone through by all foreigners on board. At long last we stepped on dry land. We got on the boat train which was to take us to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we planned to spend the night. By this time it had grown fairly dark—dark enough for other passengers to be

merely shadows—and the only light in the car was given off by three tiny blue globes in the ceiling. It was the most eerie ride I have ever taken. We passed through towns which we knew were there only by the tiny headlights of the cars and buses in the streets. However, we had not yet had it brought home to us how black a place England is when she is at war. That was to happen in a very short time.

It was only a twenty mile run to Newcastle-on-Tyne, but because the train had no headlights of any sort we crept along and did not arrive until about nine-fifteen. We got off the train into a murky darkness such as I have never seen before. It seemed to cling to you as you walked. Lighting the large station were small blue lights—very few of them at that—in the roof. These might have been put out, thereby making very little difference in the visibility.

We went to the baggage car to sort our own baggage out. A man came up with a small flashlight and we picked out our suitcases with the aid of this light alone. We found that one box was missing, so I ran down the station platform, pulled open the door and climbed in. I looked as well as I could under the circumstances and while I was hunting I heard the door, which locked automatically, slammed, closing me in this shadowy car alone. The train began to move. I had only a few shillings with me, and the next stop was Edinburgh, Scotland. I dashed to the door and pounded on it frantically. Just as the train began to pick up speed some one heard me, ran alongside and opened the door. I jumped out and started in the direction of my family and friends. I came within one yard of them and did not see them. Luckily I had on a light-colored coat and they caught sight of me, or I should have gone by them.

We left the station and after great and varied difficulties arrived at our hotel, but we did not know it. We walked right by the door. We groped in the blackness and touched a revolving door the glass of which had been painted thickly with black paint. I pushed and walked in.

After inquiring whether they had a bomb-shelter in the hotel, we registered. We thanked our guiding spirits that

there was one, for we did not feel like seeking another at that time of night.

We had been told on board the "Venus" that it would help the authorities if we would register with the police in every place we went as soon as we arrived, so we made arrangements to visit the local constabulary at ten-thirty that night. We knew that we would be unable to find it with no lights in the streets, so the proprietor of the hotel offered to take us. He had a tiny flashlight which he could use only at intersections, and no one was allowed to speak on the way.

As we were walking along, my brother and I were with our guide, who told us in a conversational way that he didn't want to alarm us, but they were expecting an air-raid that night. We knew, didn't we, that there were nine miles of munitions manufacturies in Newcastle. We had no answer.

To make matters worse, if possible, we were not able to get gas masks. They were all out of them. So we went back to the hotel in a rather gloomy state of mind, hearing the ominous and heart-rending sound of marching "tom-mies" on their way "over there".

And so—to bed, but not to much sleep.

JOANNE SLY, '40

TREES IN WAR

The trees, the bushes bow down,
Crested with white mantles,
They bow to the wonders of God.
All is quiet,
Surely all is well.
But the earth shudders,
The trees shake off their snowy cloaks
And raise their limbs to see;
The cannons roar again,
And the trees sag,
Shaken again and again by this hideous anger.

CAROL FURMAN, '40

THE CARDS

Faded into a pale red,
They rest on the shelf,
Dog-eared, torn.
The Jack of Hearts
No longer has a head—
Butchered perhaps by some angry gambler.
A thumb-mark
Immortalizes forever
Its owner—a clumsy shuffler.
These cards have a history?
Probably. Fortunes lost—
Maybe won; or only
An occupation
To while away
The time, a heavy burden;
Who knows the story?
Only the silent, ever-staring
Aces, Jacks, and Kings.

JOAN THOMAS, '42

RELATIVITY

The ant looked up
At the buttercup;
The buttercup turned to stare
At the eagle's nest in the air.

ANN CONDIT, '41

AT WORK

Pushing, straining, clinging,
The whirring bee stands on its head
And dips into the pure freshness
Of the dewy nectar.
A moment of quiet, then
Warm and satisfied it drones away
Seeking another crystal pool, always
Pushing, straining, clinging.

MARY ROBERTS, '42

AWAKENING

The sun is up,
And, as it rises,
Dark shadows leave the cloister paths.
A tinkle through the quiet halls
Calls each monk to come and pray.

As the sun shines brightly in the sky,
Many brown-clad brothers are at work.

SYLVIA TAYLOR, VII

The Soft White Pigeon

The cold rain beat the grass down on the earth and made little rivers which trickled off to nowhere. Dead leaves lay in sodden heaps. The Northeast wind, which topped each wave on the gray lake with a foaming white-cap, bent the little trees down to the ground and made the bigger ones sway and creak.

Among all these dark and lifeless things there was one thing alive. A small pigeon, barely three weeks old, stood huddled under a dripping spruce. The rain-soaked feathers on his hunched form were ruffled up. He was unsteady on his thin legs and tiny feet—the puffy wind blew him around as though he were a leaf, dead, and he swayed in it, working hard to keep himself under the scrawny tree. All the time his tiny ruffled head was turning and twisting, looking up into the rain. He looked frightened and bewildered as he walked back and forth, staggering in the wind.

Then she came, a big soft white pigeon. She landed close to her baby, who was flapping his wings and squeaking loudly now, stuffed something into his hungry mouth, and made low cooings in her throat. Soon the little one, calmed, nestled up close to his mother, and sheltered from the cold and wet, fell asleep while the soft white pigeon, with feathers smooth and sleek, watched with one eye the soggy leaves blowing across the lawn.

ALICE NORTHROP, '40

March

Today was a fine day. The sun was shining, and the trees and grass were turning green. The wind was pretty cold, but in the sun it was warm. I felt swell—kind of like I wanted to run around and maybe throw a baseball. The radio was playing hot music, and I wanted to dance, too—it's been a long time since I felt like that. Something about getting over being sick that's better than anything I know of—especially when the sun's shining the first day you're up. The Spring. I guess that's it. It's nice in the fall when you smell all the leaves burning, and it's nice in the winter before the snow gets to be slush, and sometimes I like those scorchers of days in the summer when the sun soaks right through you, but I like the spring best of all.

The sun gets warmer and all of a sudden you don't feel so old and you forget that you've been sick and think maybe you'll go around and call on your girl. So you sit there in the sun and everything seems pretty swell, until the sun goes behind one of the big white clouds that's been floating around all the time, and the wind starts blowing. You turn up your coat collar, but that doesn't do much good, and you begin to cough, so you get up and go back in the house. It seems awfully dark and just like February again. It's time to take more of that medicine, but it's not time to turn the lights on yet. That's the way it is in March.

PHYLLIS BOUSHALL, '40

The Track

The country was flat and lifeless. As far as the eye could see, the wastes of dry, burnt grass stretched in every direction. The sky was of a thin, worn blue. A single railroad track cut the landscape in half as neatly as in a geometric design. The only building in sight, the railroad station, which was hardly more than a shed, cast a small square of shadow on the dusty ground. The intense heat beat on the metal rails and shimmered in the still air. Nothing moved.

A vague humming of the rails; a tiny puff of smoke in the distance; a faint far-off whistle, scarcely distinguishable, but growing louder, brought a breath of life to the weary landscape. For a long time the train seemed not to move at all. Then suddenly it grew terrifyingly large—large, and somehow disdainful. It had many miles to go. It would not stop at such a forgotten spot. And it would never remember the small shed, casting its small square of shadow on the hot, dry ground; nor would the many staring eyes that gazed so blankly from its windows.

Then it had passed. The dust settled slowly, the noise died away. Only a faint humming of the rails, a vague far-off whistle, could be heard. Then silence.

FRANCES IMBRIE, '40

A Little Bit of Spring

A small plot of new cleared land showed green in spots like an old worn rug with patches of fresh material here and there. The rest was brown and threadbare. There a small uncertain cabin sat staring at the coarse pines all about. It seemed apologetic for its untidy appearance; the sag of its roof; the irregular shutters, and the poor excuse for a porch carelessly tacked to its front. The wind and the rain had not spared the helpless house; the boards were warped, and it had the semblance of huddling up to keep off the cold. Only a fat chimney looked contented and well-cared-for as it slowly and with great enjoyment puffed forth great curls of smoke.

Near the cabin was the well, worn by many years of unquestioning service. With its skinny wooden handle sticking up so far, it was almost like a gangling awkward boy rather than a stiff and staid old well. On it sat a too fat robin, merrily gargling a little water that had spilled. Every now and then he would look around with an air of pure enjoyment. The whole setting was exactly to his taste.

Beside the little cabin steps a clump of startingly yellow daffodils leaned forward all on tiptoe, eagerly waiting to catch the first new April breeze. Their prim green leaves held themselves stiffly, disgusted by the childish ways of their blooms.

Overhead the cool blue sky sped by, unheeding.

ANNE GUTHRIE, '40

Old Hans

Many years ago, down a crooked side street in München, there lived a jolly old clockmaker. No one could remember what the old fellow's real name was; for he was known to all, young and old, as just Old Hans. Some said he had lived there in his old tumble-down house forever, since the world began; others just didn't know. When anyone asked him where he had come from or when he came to live in München, he would look up from his work with a twinkle in his kind blue eyes, and leaning back in his chair with a freshly lighted pipe, he would start out on a yarn of how he had been the clockmaker in good Saint Nicholas's toy shop.

One Christmas Eve, he said, good Saint Nicholas took him with him when he made his tour of München. Old Hans had liked the town so well that he had decided to stay.

The older folk would smile at each other when they heard this tale, for it was never the same twice, but the little ones would sit at his feet and look up at him in wonder and delight, with their eyes like saucers. Think of it! Here was a man who had seen Saint Nicholas, had actually been a clockmaker in his famous toy shop. After being deluged with questions about Saint Nicholas and his life up there, Old Hans would turn them all out of his shop with a kindly word, telling them to come again when he wasn't so busy. Turning back to his work with a smile, he would think of his dear *kinderlein* and the expressions of wonder on their faces.

One day an idea came to him. Why not make a clock for the folk of München? A clock with little figures and scenes on it! The more he thought about it, the better he liked it. So he started to build a model. The scene was a miniature stage with a delicately carved audience, including the king, queen and court. It was a beautiful little thing. First, six brightly dressed little couples moved out and danced to the twinkling music of a folk song. Then two knights, very stiff in gold and silver armor, played back and forth across the stage in deadly combat. At the last the dancing couples took one more turn around the stage and

the play ended with a little golden cock, who came out of his house, flapped his wings and told the hour. This little play was acted only once a day—at high noon.

When Old Hans finished his model, young and old liked it so much that they asked him to take it and show it to the burgomeister. When he saw it, he was so pleased with it that he commissioned Old Hans to build a large clock like it for the Stadthaus.

Old Hans was delighted and started at once to pick out workmen to help him. In due time the clock was finished and placed high up in the tower of the building, before which each day large groups of people gathered to join in spirit with the gay performers. In fact they still do today, and it is considered the most unusual clock in the world.

As for Old Hans, soon after the completion of his clock he disappeared! Nobody knew where. Some said that having built a wonderful clock for the folk of München, as he had said he someday might, he had gone back to Saint Nicholas. Others just didn't know.

BARBARA LUTZ, '42



STUDENT COUNCIL

Dramatics Club Notes

Under the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny and Miss Mary Emma Howell the Dramatics Club presented a very amusing and interesting play called *The Yellow Jacket* by George C. Hazleton and Benrimo. It was a Chinese play presented in the Chinese manner. The men's parts were played by freshmen from Princeton University. The play was presented Friday and Saturday nights, March eighth and ninth, with a very full house each night. From the proceeds of the play we have given money to the school library and to Miss Shippen for the school. We also bought ourselves a file for keeping all the records of the club.

Besides producing the play, we have made several improvements and changes in this year's club. We have increased the number of offices from three to five. Instead of one girl holding the position of secretary and treasurer there are now three: a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer. We also have four standing committees: the entertainment committee, the play-reading committee, the supplies and properties committee, and the stage-building committee. With Mollie Grover as chairman, the entertainment committee arranged a trip to New York. We saw Katherine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*. After the play we were able to go back stage and meet Miss Hepburn and a number of the actors.

May Day

This year our May Day was a very special occasion. It celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Miss Fine's School. After the crowning of the May Queen, Anne Reynolds, there was a parade showing the costumes worn in the different periods since the founding of the school. Then the Primary classes gave their customary dances. This was followed by a drill given by the whole Middle School. It ended in the formation of a birthday cake, each girl holding a candle above her head. The faculty did a folk dance, and the Upper School danced the Maypole. The afternoon ended with the eating of ice cream cones and a baseball game between the alumni and the school team.

Exchanges

Once again we are happy to report the exchanges we have made with various schools.

Blue Pencil—Walnut Hill School.

Clio—Miss Beard's School.

Junior Journal—Princeton Country Day School.

Lit—Lawrenceville School.

Tudor Crown—Tudor Hall School.

Athletics

The hockey season this year was a most eventful one. The team played three schools: Kent Place, Hartridge, and Holmquist. Besides this they sent representatives to play in the Northern New Jersey Hockey Association Tournament, which was held at Miss Beard's School.

The season started off with the Northern New Jersey Tournament. Six other private schools were represented. After the try-out games, two teams of the best players were selected. Three of the Miss Fine's players were put on the second of these teams. They were: Margaret Anderson, Frances Imbrie, and Kitty Welch.

The first game of the year, with Kent Place, was played in Summit. The two teams were very evenly matched and the game was an exciting one. In spite of hard work on the part of both teams to make it otherwise, the final score was a tie 1-1.

Our next game was with Hartridge. Since they have two hockey fields, we were invited to bring our second team as well as our first. So we hired a bus to take every one to Plainfield. Both matches were progressing smoothly when our first team had some bad luck. The captain, "Andy" Anderson, twisted her knee and had to be taken out of the game. The outcome of these two matches was for the first team, Hartridge 1, Miss Fine's 0, and for the second team, Miss Fine's 5 and Hartridge 3.

In spite of the fact that winter had begun, no one wanted to stop hockey, so we decided to finish up the season by inviting Holmquist to play us here. This they did, and on a bitter December afternoon we played to a 1-all deadlock.

As soon as spring came, baseball and archery enthusiasts got to work with no delay. The baseball team, with Martha Heath as captain, played its first game on May Day against a powerful alumni team. The outcome of the game was a victory for the alumni, who scored 28 runs to our 17.

This spring archery has played an important part in school athletics for the first time. The team, with Anne Condit as captain, was coached by Miss Schubert. On May seventh they competed in a tournament at Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. Seventeen schools and colleges competed, and our team placed ninth. The next archery event was a tournament with George School on May twenty-second.



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Commencement Exercises

June 7, 1940

Program

HYMN: God of Our Fathers

God of our Fathers, Whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor thro' the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

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HLMN: Integer Vitae

He who is noble, kind in thought and action,
Faithful to duty, pure, and single-hearted,
Needs not a weapon, needs not man to guard him,
Virtue defends him.

What though he wander o'er the burning desert?
What though he journey o'er unfriendly mountain?
Sleeping or waking, though by death surrounded,
Virtue defends him.

AWARDING OF DIPLOMAS AND PRIZES

HYMN: Now Thank We All Our God

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, in whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms, hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

Oh, may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplex'd
And free us from all ills in this world and the next.

BENEDICTION

Dr. Erdman

*The audience is requested to remain
seated while the School leaves.*

Class of 1940

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Margaret Cleland Anderson
Phyllis Marvel Boushall
Elinore Hunter Burgess
Ruth Druck
Muriel Errera
Carolyn Louise Furman
Eleanor Goodspeed
Anne Donaldson Guthrie
Frances Frazer Imbrie
Margaret Alice Munro
Alice Havemeyer Northrop
Joanne Campbell Sly
Phyllis Lyon Vandewater
Jean Parlette Williamson