

The Link



June, 1941

THE LINK

J U N E
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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



Haerent infixi pectore vultus verbaque.

Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 4



KATHERINE BINNEY SHIPPEN

We affectionately dedicate this special page to Miss Shippen, whose humor, cheerfulness, and sympathy are an unforgettable example. We thank you for your patience and understanding.



MABEL HAMILTON WADE

We dedicate this LINK to Mrs. Wade—inspiring teacher, understanding friend, clever raconteur—in deep and affectionate appreciation.

Senior Farewell

JUNE, 1941—it may be remembered as the turning point of the Second Great War, perhaps as the date when the United States entered, or as the date of the invasion of England. We cannot say. But to us, thirteen seniors, unsettled, a little questioning, dazed, but still hopeful, it will mean our graduation.

We have come to the point from which we all branch out, and being a diversified group, it will be to very independent ways. Our class never has had one definite leader, perhaps because we were none of us followers. In school we went our own ways, and now our varied college choices reflect this.

We have been told history is being made at present, and this graduation, a small event but looming large in our minds, is history also.



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The Link

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

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No. 1

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SENIOR CLASS	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
CLASS CHART	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
CLASS PROPHECY	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
PENALTY	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Cooper 36
AUNT	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alice Huntington 37
TWILIGHT OVER KENSINGTON	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Cooper 37
LOAFING	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joan Thomas 38
FIVE O'CLOCK	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jane Cooper 38
AND THERE WAS PEACE	-	-	-	-	-	-	Martha Heath 39
BLUEBERRY HILL	-	-	-	-	-	-	Roxamond Earle 40
THE INDEFINITE SOMETHING	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Ralston 41
QUEEN ELIZABETH	-	-	-	-	-	-	Anne Reynolds 42
MY TRIP THROUGH HOLLAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sesaly Gould 43
A NIGHT IN A LEAN-TO	-	-	-	-	-	-	Shiela Frantz 45
AS HE GOES	-	-	-	-	-	-	Olive Schulte 46
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ursula Winant 47
THE STORY OF MY LIFE	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Maconochie 48
THE DOOR	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nancy Tate 50
CRAFTSMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Condit 52
DRAMATICS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mildred Finegold 54
GLEE CLUB	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alice Huntington 54
EXCHANGES	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Condit 54
ATHLETICS	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nathalie Runyan 55



PATRICIA COOK

A student at Miss Fine's for the past two years, Pat reached a well-deserved climax in being elected President of the Senior Class. She became a charter member of the Joint Committee, a representative to the Student Council in her senior year, and Head of the Make-up Committee for *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

In her spare moments she can be seen in the biology lab, dissecting any thing from frogs to her own fingers, on the hockey field leading our only undefeated team, or swinging those hips in tennis. Over week-ends she can be found anywhere from Princeton to West Point, bowling the boys over with her southern accent. Pat doesn't realize that the civil War is over, so living in Yankee country has been a little hard for her.

Although undecided as to college choice, Pat's well-rounded personality will be a worthwhile addition where ever she goes.



GRACE CLARK

When Ticky first joined our class last year we thought her to be shy and retiring. Now we wonder where we ever got that idea, for she is a most active member of the classrooms and even more so of the s.s.r. When she is there we are sure to hear some good remarks and be left in utter amazement by her hazy attitude towards the trials and joys of our respective world's. Whether raffling off Bundles for Britain or saying, "George I love you" in the school play, she still has that quiet manner and soft voice, which are her key of keys to success. Her voice may also be heard almost any afternoon helping the Glee Club over the rough spots and cheering the Second live key Team (she's an active member of it).

Ticky is an English student par excellence, as is shown by her position of Literary Editor of *The Link*. She is planning to major in English at Sweet Briar next year.



ANN CONDIT

Ann has been here since second kindergarten and never once has she turned up with a duplicate lunch. Her unpredictable packages and entrancing little jars are enthralling to the rest of us with our monotonous ham and cheese.

In addition to good lunches, she also has good marks. (We sometimes wonder if there's a connection). She has never yet been known to flinch before Mrs. Albion's "I'm going to have you write this morning, girls." and we hear she is just as courageous in Miss Dorwart's class of two.

This year Ann was Treasurer of the Dramatics Club and also Chairman of the Scenery Committee for the play and an active member of the Archery Team.

Ann plans to enter Swarthmore next year and major in biology until she has her Ph.D.



MILDRED FINEGOLD

Mildred is one of those few girls with whom you could live through a native rebellion and the rainy season and not go nuts. In other words, she has a sense of humor and a sense of seriousness, and she has them in the right proportions. It is undoubtedly for this reason that whenever there is a committee to be formed—whether it be editing notes for *The Link* or baking cakes for progressive dinners—you always hear, "I nominate Mildred". She has been a member of Student Council, the Glee Club, and the Hockey Team since time immemorial. She climaxed these activities by being elected President of the Dramatics Club this year.

However, despite all these honors, we will always think of Mildred with her "woont's" and her latest jitterbug step, not to mention her violin. We wish her luck at Bradford next year.



SUZANNE GLOVER

"Hey," yells Susy, "is there a letter for me?" To Susy the postman is an indispensable part of the national system, and her correspondence amazes us all. The sweetheart of Lawrenceville, Susy is kept very busy. Our Susy is very petite with one of the smallest waists imaginable, but her hair is our main cause for jealousy. Any warm sunshiny day she is to be found wading in Stony Brook or knitting vigorously with her feet waving out of the s.s.r.

Despite all this, Susy has a head for business. She was the Chairman of the Costume Committee and was an important member of the Advertising Board of *The Link*.

The first sound heard at the ring of the four o'clock bell is Susy, her coat draped on one shoulder and her hair flying as she rushes after a car bound for Lawrenceville. Her frantic "Wait for me" sounds simultaneously with the front door.



MOLLIE GROVER

Totally oblivious to the dark glances hurled in her direction, Mollie comes stomping into the peace and quiet of Study Hall, disrupting any concentrating minds. She yanks out quantities of paper on which to do her homework, but on closer inspection we find her sketching vigorously—a habit which comes upon her frequently—much to the teachers' dismay. You can follow her train of thought by looking at the pictures, which are usually university students. At five o'clock she is to be found batting a ball on the tennis courts or flying home to get her telegrams, which have arrived during the day. Her ready wit and glib tongue get her into trouble almost as fast as they get her out, but they are a constant source of envy to many of us. Can you blame us for liking Mollie.



MARY GREEY

A large stack of books approaches the school and Mary emerges from behind the overwhelming pile. With her infectious giggle she joins us on the front porch and gives us the latest news of Hawaii and her many other activities.

For in school Mary busies herself organizing trips to prisons, reformatories, and insane asylums. (Mary is a social worker at heart). In addition to this she was one of the very hardworking and successful members of the Advertising Board of *The Link*.

The time when Mary is neither in school or en route to state institutions is spent mostly in New York on mysterious errands or hunting all concerts within a radius of thirty-seven miles.

She plans to be a kindergarten teacher, and we know her friendliness and understanding will insure success.



ALICE HUNTINGTON

"How do you spell city?" asks a small voice. We all look in surprise at Alice, who is frantically searching the French Dictionary. Alice has been zipping in and out of school practically steadily since the sixth grade, and we are still being amazed by her views on everything from physics to dancing.

She has been outstanding in every given direction, as Editor-in-Chief of *The Link*, as Captain of the Hockey Team, and as a member of the Student Council. Added to this, Alice was President of the Glee Club, (her love of beauty extends from Bach to Erskine Hawkins and back again) But don't let all this fool you. Alice is usually found at the bottom of some sort of mischief. She makes us all rather wary at her approach, for we never know whether she is coming alone or with her camera concealed behind her.

If you see a petite blonde person wearing a white tennis dress, shapely legs, and small white sneakers—that's Alice.



MARION MILLER

At five minutes of nine a car comes zooming in the driveway, parks with gusto, and a well-dressed girl calmly saunters in the front door seemingly unaware that she is twenty minutes late. This is Marion, the unfathomable, the imperturbable, the-not-know-what-to-make-of-able.

Thanks to Marion, we have at least one claim to "sophistication" in this class. She lends that necessary air of mystery and awe which the seniors must always have to impress the younger classes. In fact she even gives us a feeling of worldliness when we ride in, or rather on top of her convertible with the radio adding to the atmosphere.

To get down off the convertible though, Marion has more than manners, looks, and a way; she has brains and a level head as well, although she never will admit it. What ever tackles Marion, we know she will come out on top serene as ever.



ANNE REYNOLDS

Rrrrrring—"Quiet"—it's Renny, boss of the Study Hall i. e. Head of Student Council, pounding the little Study Hall bell. There's never a spare moment with Andy. She is either knitting a sweater or ripping it out, calling a Student Council meeting, or wearing the telephone operator to a frazzle selling people tickets for the school play. Noon hours her vehicle is packed with munching backseat drivers directing her six different ways to Carnegie Lake. And there are always balloons and floor wax to run downtown for as Renny is the Head of The Dance Committee, a position which she comes by naturally as she is the class prom-trotter. Almost any week-end she can be found anywhere from Williams to Virginia.

When there is a problem of social or school life, go to Renny. She is always ready with a bit of advice or sympathy.



NATHALIE RUNYAN

"What a party!" Yes it's Nathalie giving one of those excellent parties she is famous for. Nathalie is the girl with a personality all her own, who takes life as it comes and makes the most of it. She always has a pleasant smile and a kind word for everyone. If there's something to be done, you can always count on her to help out. She won't wear you out talking too much, but she's not one to remain too silent either.

In the one year Nathalie has been at Miss Fine's she has become a member of the Glee Club, was on the Publicity Committee of the Dramatics Club, and was Athletics Editor of *The Link*.

Whatever you do in the future, Nathalie, we wish you lots of luck.



LAVINIA WICOFF

Although she has only been a student of Miss Fine's School this past year, Vee has made an important place for herself in the class. Her enthusiasm and interest are well-known in the school and in class it is Lavinia who first tackles the teacher's most fiendish question and usually comes out on top.

When pictures were being taken of *The Link*, Vee, as Head of the Photography Department, could be seen rushing around trying to get everyone in the right place at the right time. She is active in sports and a member of the Glee Club. Always smiling and friendly, she is ever ready to listen to what others have to say.

We don't need to wish Lavinia success because we know her amiability will assure it.



MATHILDE WOOD

From behind dark glasses someone says "Hi everybody" and you know its our glamour girl from Virginia (witness picture). But don't let the glamour scare you—Mathilde still won't believe us when we tell her she's a predestined toothpaste model, and she's really quite approachable. In fact her favorite pastime is being friendly—she'd yell "Hello" across Grand Central if she saw you.

Next to this characteristic of friendliness, Mathilde is most famous for her "doe" parties (that is the feminine of stag) in Christmas vacations. We haven't yet learned not to eat for a week in advance of one of these teas. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, Mathilde has the formula.

After having collected the last *Link* subscription fee and posed for the last photograph, Mathilde plans to go to Finch. She'll have a wonderful time making all the debs jealous.

CLASS CHART

NAME	MAKES MENTION OF	PET SAYING	NOTED FOR	SAVING GRACE	THEME SONG	IDEAL MAN
CLARK	Fritz	"I Can't remember"	Good cracks	Laugh	Hazy and Blue	Playboy—5' 10"
CONDIT	Horses	"Have you done your Latin, Ticky?"	Archery	Ability	I Understand	Navy Man
COOK	Southern Ancestors	"He's a pill;"	Southern Charm	Twinkle in her eyes	Night and Day	Athletic, sober and smooth
FINEGOLD	New Dance Steps	"I am so worried"	Combing her hair	Long curly eyelashes	Music, Maestro please	Smooth dancer and lots of fun
GLOVER	"George"	"May I go home with you?"	Hand-knit socks	Big blue eyes	Smoke gets in your eyes	Tall, unsuspecting blond
GREEY	Novels, Poetry	"Where's Ann?"	Giggle	Good Nature	Anchors Away	Navy man with a pipe
GROVER	Her little Friend	"Little Honey"	Knee-length socks	Cute nose	My Heart Belongs to Daddy	Long tweed jacket and bow tie
HUNTINGTON	Riverdale	"There'll be a class meeting at recess in S.S.R."	Frankness	Legs	I Hear Music	Scandinavian with hay in his hair
MILLER	Lipsticks	"Anybody want a ride?"	Convertible	New clothes	Sophisticated Lady	Rhett Butler
REYNOLDS	"Roaring Around"	"Fur ball"	College Proms	Dark eyes	That's for Me	Tall, Dark, and Handsome
RUNYON	Edgartown	"Come to my party"	Her parties	Teeth	Tea for Two	Tall, dark piano-player
WICOFF	Hartridge	"Oh, gee!"	Enthusiasm	Smile	My Sister and I	Cute (not short)
WOOD	Virginia	"Hi!"	Profile	Good looking hands	You Ought to Be in Pictures	Brunette with a crew cut, size 16 shirt
THE CLASS	Week-ends	"All work and no play, makes Johnny a dull boy."	Being late for class	Hasn't one	Let's get away from it all	



TICKY



NATHALIE



ANN



PAT



MILDRED



MATHILDE



LAVINIA



RENNY



SUSY



MARY



ALICE



MOLLIE



MARION

1941 Class Prophecy

1961—A super streamlined version of the age-old Fifth Avenue bus, and painted the new Pernambuco viege, so restful to the eye, begins its long trek uptown. The second World War is now ten reeking pages in the history book. Junior once more plays with marbles instead of lead soldiers, skirts are shorter, courtships longer. Youth has settled down. However, looking back 20 years, people have changed very little and the hamburger still retains its firm grasp on the American public.

As I enter the sleek bus at Washington Square, I notice a group gathered around an art exhibition. Looking closer I see that *Mollie Grover*, the sensational artist of the Mlyxgagist School, is showing a few of her recent pictures—a sort of cross between Petty and Picasso and a generation beyond. Heading uptown in a New York you can scarcely recognize, the bus comes to a halt, while a horse Pullman from South Carolina goes by. It is on its way to Belmont to show the hunters of *Miss Grace Clark*.

We ply our way northward, excited to see the old Empire State Building. At 40th St. a red light holds us up and we see a troop of variously aged children escorted by their teacher (we suppose) crossing over to the Library. From the interest of other passengers in the bus we gather that this is not a school but the family of the heralded *Alice H. Perom*, recipient of the Roosevelt prize for the mother in the country having the most children.

As the bus glides to the curb a few blocks beyond, the faces of *Pat Cook* and *Mildred Finegold*, renowned research experts, can be seen through the window of their laboratory. These two have recently gained great fame for identifying the strange species of smunka-goblin brought back from the Amazon by *Miss Ann Condit* (see June issue of *Science Monthly*). Scurrying from her office, farther up the old avenue, we see *Mary Greey*, who has recently been rating headlines for her efforts in liberating the natives of Liberia.

Continuing on my way, I see Mrs. George Griffith Whitney dePeyster II (the former *Anne Reynolds*), recognized because of her endorsement of Camels. She is trimly clad in

a leopard concoda and striking Pemborn hat as she comes out of the swanky oasis at 52nd St. In the upper 50's, still the most exclusive shopping district in New York, I see the name *La Maison de Marianne*. This smart shop, whose clothes are the talk of the town, is managed by two clever young women, the Misses *Marion Miller* and *Suzanne Glover*. It is they who have perfected the non-roll girdle and the unbreakable shoulder strap, and for this they have been given the Bamberger Medal for the greatest service to women in the past decade.

At this point a long black Palnorca car rolls by with the beautiful Mrs. Vanderslip (the former *Mathilde Wood*) reclining in the back. The bus is slowed up again as a crush of cars pulls up in front of the Ritzy-Plaza; Lotta Chatter says "that celebrated hostess, *Nathalie Runyon*, is giving one of her parties."

A playground in Central Park next catches our eye and I look twice to see an agile woman vigorously scaling the heights of a jungle-gym to rescue a four-year-old stranded in its upper reaches. Ah yes—that must be *Lavinia Wicoff* and her Super-Progressive Nursery School.

A small world after all, isn't it? I am interested to learn that all these distinguished women graduated in 1941 at Miss Fine's.









Again this year *The Link* held contests for both prose and poetry. Our judges, to whom we are very grateful, were Mr. Henry Ross of The Princeton Country Day School and Mr. John Slusser of The Hun School. The winning selections are printed below.

* PENALTY

The farmer's boy has a song in his heart,
And day's eternity is all too short
For its full telling. In it mingles part
Of every boy and every farm: a quart
Of blackberries, sun-purpled, in a pail;
Grace before meat; a woodpile; new-turned loam—
The heart of the farmer's boy sings its tale
In joy. He turns the mare, Nelly, for home.

Winged Pegasus is homeless and unbound.
The dream-held great seek him beyond and through
The endless ways, and surely they pay toll:
Nelly is lost when Pegasus is found—
For he will not remember one song, who
Has heaven as the limit on his soul.

JANE COOPER '42

LINK Poetry Contest
*First Award

* AUNT - - - - -

My aunt died the other day
And left three children.
No, God didn't take her away;
He wouldn't do that.
He grieves for the death of a mother
That was needed so,
And with the wisdom and love of a brother
Helps plan a new way.

Yet some find solace in the thought
That death is planned:
That life is not lived for aught
But a predestined end .

ALICE HUNINGTON '41

LINK Poetry Contest

*First Honorable Mention

* TWILIGHT OVER KENSINGTON

Kensington at twilight, and who shall now say when
Good folk will rest, and Peter Pan again
Will chuckle low, and peer above this stone
Or out that tree, and stretch and groan
And giggle as before? Let him who may
Find Wendy and her little boys at play:
Let him but try—and break his searching heart.

JANE COOPER '42

LINK Poetry Contest

*Second Honorable Mention

* LOAFING

I. *Winter*

Lolling lazily in an overstuffed chair,
Blinking sleepily in the friendly glare
Of a jolly fire, hissing and popping,
With the sudden chirp of a cricket hopping;
Seeing color harmony with half-closed eyes,
And the hair on the rug where the setter lies—
That's heaven.

II. *Summer*

Leaning one's back 'gainst a friendly tree,
Letting one's thoughts be rampant and free;
The hot sun staring, and the playful air
Patting one's head as it passes there,
With the persistent grass, cool and sweet,
Tickling the toes of one's bare brown feet—
That's heaven.

JOAN THOMAS '42

FIVE O'CLOCK

Glory be to God for 5:00 o'clock—
For swallows darting out from shadowed barns,
For haycocks shiny in the sun, and new,
For little chicken-noises and a rooster crowing,
For cows lowing—
Glory be to God
For this September morning in the dew.

JANE COOPER '42

LINK Poetry Contest

*Third Honorable Mention

* AND THERE WAS PEACE

Joe had just been relieved of duty and slowly, almost aimlessly, crept back to his bunk. He could no longer tell whether the crackling shattering blasts were real, or whether he was imagining the shrill shells. He no longer cared. He wanted to get away, to go far off, never even to think of returning. Was it possible that the whole world was in this state?

Joe was no coward. He was young, and though awed at the thought of death, he had learned to accept it and was willing to die for his country, to fight for its beliefs. But would this never end? Goals and aims, treaties and agreements—they had all been thrown to the wind long since, and a fiery mania had spread throughout the world. No one knew why. No one bothered any more to think why.

He folded up in the corner, sickly tired to the point of apathy. He stared far off in a deep dream, undisturbed by the abrupt, shocking trembling of the ground beneath him.

He saw unfolded before him a paradise of peace. He saw the farm of his childhood, with his mother dozing in the old porch rocker while his father and older brother were on the steps enjoying their evening smoke. He thought of the day when his small brother, who had been blinded by a fire, began to see once more. He saw the hour of his sister's wedding, when he had been impressed with the deep notes of the organ, when he had been proud to play a solo on his flute. He remembered having made a mistake; but his sister had said she hadn't noticed and that she was proud too. That was all that had mattered then, for he wasn't a very good player and had practised hard to please her.

No, he hadn't played it in a long time, but he still had it—yes, he still had it.

Joe roused with a new glint in his eye. He drew from behind his stack of supplies the old dusty case which contained the silver instrument so long abandoned. And with a smile in his eyes he played the joyous notes that soared above the hills. In a breath of song all noise and trembling ceased. Love, honor, and beauty filled the world as all joined in— and there was peace.

MARTHA HEATH '42

LINK Prose Contest
*First Award

* BLUEBERRY HILL

There is a meadow that I know of in New Hampshire where the wind blows through the grass, causing it to lean softly to catch the gold of the sun or, in winter, to bend close to the earth, like an old slave, under a heavy load of snow brought there by the lashing fury of this same wind. There is a little knoll in the middle of the meadow where among the rocks grow blueberries and a few gnarled birch trees. Here one can stand and see all the meadow clearly. It slopes upwards from a simple little farmhouse, badly in need of paint. Here and there rocks jut out as in all New England meadows. Black-eyed Susan and wild fern mingle with the tall grass, and there are patches of gorse-like underbrush which are sure to hide luscious blueberries.

There is no definite, neatly fenced-in boundary to this meadow; it just sprawls all over the hillside. However, it is bounded to some extent by nature. On one side is a wood, composed of birch, poplar, and pine. On the other, an apple orchard, full of the most snarled and knotted old trees imaginable, stands directly behind the house. Looking down, one sees several well-trimmed fields and a few little farmhouses on various surrounding hills; for my meadow is on the side of a mountain and there are many rugged pinnacles near it. Far below in the valley is the town, where at night one can see the lights twinkling gaily, and beyond that lie range after range of mountains.

Now I turn around and come face to face with the peak of my mountain, rising sharply against the blue sky. There also is a large blueberry meadow, if you care to plunge through the heavy underbrush, and the higher you go in search of berries the closer you come to the tinkle of cowbells on the upper slope.

Now, however, I hear a sound other than that of the cowbells: it must be my friends calling me to a particularly good patch of berries. They will have many more than I, for I have forgotten to pick, I have been so wrapped up in telling you about the meadow and Blueberry Hill.

ROSAMOND EARLE '44

LINK Prose Contest

*Second Honorable Mention

* THE INDEFINITE SOMETHING

Why doesn't America believe the tales told by the Germans concerning the British? Why do Americans almost unconsciously take the British side of a question? Why is America about to lend Britain, who hasn't yet paid off her last war debt, billions of dollars? What is the tie between these two countries? There must be some reason why so many American women spend so much time knitting sweaters and raising money for the English. What is this almost subconscious bond between the two nations?

Probably the most important bond is their common language. Because we share our language we share our books, and our songs, plays, and magazines as well. As we read the same books and see the same plays we have many of the same ideas and ideals. Americans who have traveled in Europe always say that they feel more at home in England than anywhere else. The reason for this is undoubtedly that they have read so much about the places they are now visiting. Then many Americans have English friends with whom they keep up a regular correspondence, thus linking their countries even more firmly.

Though underneath they are basically the same, there is little apparent similarity between the two countries, as many of their customs and habits differ greatly. England is like a river with a swift forward rushing current in the middle but still near the banks, moving slowly and pausing here and there to look back on all that has passed. On the other hand, America is like a newly built channel through which the ever-forward-sweeping waters rush, hardly ever stopping to look at what is behind. Now, however, the bond between them has been strengthened, for the repeated bombing of London and the other English cities has roused the pity and indignation of America. Englishmen and the people of the United States are now united in spirit if not in arms in trying to save the democratic way of life. Then too, a reason that probably arouses even more the sympathy of the average citizen is that Americans have always liked and admired a good sport, and England is a good sport

ELIZABETH RALSTON '43

LINK Prose Contest

*Second Honorable Mention

* QUEEN ELIZABETH

Our kitchen has the same relation to the rest of our house as Vatican City has to the rest of Italy. Mussolini trying to tell the Pope how to run his city is about as futile as mother trying to tell Elizabeth how to bake an apple.

The queen of our kitchen is not at all like any other cook that I have known. She is built on a rather low, squatty scale, with short, stubby legs. Her hair is piled high on her head—to give her height, no doubt—and is held in place by a large hair-pin which sticks up in the air and gives the impression of being ready to take off at any minute. With the help of some substantial stays she sits and stands as though she were ready to pounce on the first intruder upon her domain of pots and pans. Elizabeth is the type of person who walks not for the sheer pleasure of walking, but must always have a purpose in mind. As she walks there is a slight forward inclination of her body, and a look of determination in her eyes makes all step back from her path of destruction. She waddles, and especially when she is angry. It is then that she looks like a toy duck which has been wound too tight and must get rid of excessive energy. In her spare time, of which there is little, she sits on her throne in the kitchen looking very much like the English Bulldog with about half as many teeth, defying all who dare to come near. She reads the paper from cover to cover and then tells us about all the little items which we missed and did not want to read about in the first place.

Elizabeth's faults are things which are common to lots of cooks, and with a little effort I find that they can be overlooked, but there is one which puts me into a state of horror every time I sit down to a home-cooked meal. Without her glasses she cannot see her hand before her face and the headlines on the newspaper look to her like so much black blur. She gets her glasses at the five and ten cent store by the method of trial and error, which seems to work all right when she wears them. This is only on very rare occasions and when she reads the newspaper. Now we have ant-poison which comes in a can and which when sprinkled in the cracks and corners as directed

looks very much like salt. On the label it says "Poisonous to ants and adults." The potatoes this evening at dinner were rather salty as well as lumpy, so when you read this I may be no longer in existence. If so, you will be able to find the culprit sitting in the kitchen, ruling over her collection of culinary utensils and reading all the little items in the news.

ANNE REYNOLDS '41

* MY TRIP THROUGH HOLLAND

Almost all of the things I remember about my trip through Holland three years ago are not the facts and the beautiful things in museums but the little trivia of everyday life. I do not remember the lovely pictures in the Franz Hals Museum in Harlaam but rather the funny little old cobbled courtyard surrounded by grey, mossy walls and the sundial which did not work properly. I do not remember the lush and verdant parks in The Hague but rather our supper there, the first night, of delicious bread and cheese, and beans of a doubtful nature. I did not like Holland or Switzerland as well as England; one was too flat and the other, too much like the top of a pineapple.

But Holland was very nice for bicycling; the roads were flat and there were usually bicycle paths alongside. Many people, therefore, rode both to work and for pleasure. I remember bicycling through a park one evening on a winding path and on practically every bench there would be a girl and a soldier in a greyish-green uniform in each other's arms. They didn't seem to be bothered in the least when we went by. They just looked up and smiled and fell into each other's arms again. I had an evil-minded bicycle, the kind that would leer at you if it possibly could and would probably have loved to throw me in a puddle. The seat which was loose and sloped horribly had a nasty habit of biting me at intervals. Also it had a hand brake, which I had never seen before. I ran into two trees and nearly into a horse before I learned.

Mummy had told me that most of the people in Holland spoke English, but it turned out to be a fallacy. Driving to Amsterdam one day, we asked the driver what various buildings

along the way were, but we finally had to give up as he always said, "Only half an hour more" or "Only twenty minutes more now." We spent several hours wandering around the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam because every time we asked somebody the way out they said, "Ah, the Rembrandts!" and proceeded to give us copious directions.

We went to tea at someone's house, and I was sitting in one of the few chairs when several men, including the husband of the woman we were visiting, came in. They stood by the fireplace talking. After the other men left, our host came over, picked me up by my elbows, shoved me out of the chair, and sat down. I judged that Holland was a place where growing girls, if not women, were expected to give up their chairs to men. In fact all the wives seemed almost afraid of their husbands.

One day we went to Valendam, a very cute little fishing village on the Zuyderzee. The people who live there still wear their lovely old-fashioned dress. We went into one house and there was a very, very clean sanded kitchen with curtains, which turned out to conceal beds built into the wall with cupboards underneath at various places. There were pink geraniums blooming in the window, and a little old lady knitting busily. All the women seemed to knit all the time; they would wander around the street or stand talking without seeming to think about it any more than about breathing. They all clumped around in heavy wooden shoes, which they took off when they went in the house. They did not wear their white starched caps except for Sundays and holidays. The rest of the time they just wore little black ones.

I am sad when I think that so much of the peaceful countryside, with cows munching in the distance, and people bicycling to work, has been torn and devastated by war and invasion.

SESALY GOULD
CLASS VIII

* A NIGHT IN A LEAN-TO

I slept in the lean-to my first night in the Leffert's camp. It faced the Upper Ausable Lake, in the midst of some of the highest of the Adirondacks. From the lake there was a beautiful view of some of the "big boys" of the Adirondacks, Haystack, Little Haystack, and Gothics. Gothics is a chain of two or three big mountains, which seem to hover over the lake. The Gothic Slides are vast stretches of smooth, bare rock on the sides of the mountain, where not even a bush could find a place to grow. All the rest of the mountains are heavily wooded.

A lean-to is a small building made of logs. It has only three sides, the front of it being open. The roof slopes down towards the back so that when you're lying down you can lift your hand and touch it. The floor is filled with balsam, which smells beautifully.

It was a cold, clear night, and we each had four blankets on. We couldn't have a fire because it hadn't rained for quite a while. After talking for a long time, I at last fell asleep, smelling balsam and hearing the lapping of the lake against the shore. . . .

All at once a great rumbling noise filled my ears. All was dark. The rumbling grew louder—nearer. I ran down to the dock, leaped into a canoe, and glided swiftly out to the middle of the lake. I could see nothing—the moon was behind a cloud. The cloud moved on, and the moon lit up everything. By now the noise was deafening. I looked around. Nothing I saw could make that noise. I looked up. A huge, silvery, moonlit mass was moving downwards, gathering speed as it came. Gothic Slides! The noise deafened me—everything went black. The dream ended as suddenly as it had come.

When I opened my eyes the next morning, the sun was not yet up. There was a gray light on the lake and mountains. Everything was still and quiet, and a thick blanket of mist lay on the lake. The mist began to rise. As it did so, white-robed, transparent figures rose from the water and began to move about in ghostly processions on the smooth surface. I

LINK Prose Contest

*Honorable Mention, Middle School

watched, fascinated, for over half an hour. Then the figures sank, like ghosts going back to their graves, and again thick mist covered the lake. A little breeze sprang up, blowing the mist away. It died, and for a time everything was still. Then it blew again, and, beginning in a far off corner of the lake, a fan of ripples spread out over the water. The sun came over the mountains, replacing the gray light with gold.

As if by magic things began to stir. Jim, the guide, was moving about up in the kitchen, whistling softly to himself. Cynthia, the pet squirrel, put her nose around the corner of the lean-to, and then scuttled away, looking sharply at me with her black little eyes. I began to smell bacon cooking. The spell was broken. The lake looked the same as ever, and a breeze was blowing through the trees. I thought no more then about the beauty of the mountains and the lake, but I shall remember it for a long time.

SHIELA FRANTZ
CLASS VIII

AS HE GOES

Through the mist of the dawn comes the murmuring of the cathedral chimes in their usual early morning melody. The slow, rhythmical plodding of feet upon the wet pavement steadily and monotonously approaches. Then the dim outline of a man passes under one of the infrequent street lights, as the dull blast of a river boat's foghorn breaks the tranquil pattern. His face is set and confident as he plods along, swinging his club at his side. He is accustomed to the damp, musty smell of the docks and to the silent shadows. He walks slowly, looking everywhere at once, his mind alert and ready.

As the eastern sky grows gradually lighter, he quickens his step and starts calling greetings to the fisherman already coming to the different docks. Here and there he stops to chat with his acquaintances along the beat, and then he passes on down the familiar streets to the stationhouse from which he will again leave that night.

OLIVE SCHULTE '43

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Two donkeys, mother and daughter, possessing the royal names of Elizabeth and Margaret-Rose, are practically parts of the landscape on a certain Cornish headland.

Elizabeth, usually grandiosely known as Bess, is a very portly lady who is always inspiring newcomers to the district to exercise away some of her fat. Bess, however, is perfectly content with her figure and, resenting all interference with her privacy, she treats these unsuspecting people rather summarily, usually lying down and rolling as soon as they are ensconced on her back or just simply tossing them into a convenient gorse-bush.

On these occasions, I regret to say, her owners look on with great enjoyment, but once a year they take a firm stand against the disgruntled lady and give her a bath. This bath is a great event and Bess has to be brought down to the back yard for it; occasionally, while her washers are changing into overalls or bathing suits she wanders on into the kitchen and causes havoc there. However, once the bathing operation has begun in earnest there is no escape for her. Cleanliness enthusiasts wield scrubbing brushes and cakes of life-buoy mercilessly, and the wire-haired terrier, Jock, watching another animal going through the hated process of being washed, begins to howl sympathetically. By the time the rinsing process has been finished some of the washers are actually quite as wet as Bess herself. Some of the pails of water have not been directed solely at Bess, and the dripping washers cannot roll themselves dry in the same ecstatic fashion that she does.

As Bess and Margaret-Rose, on a certain disastrous day, completely consumed all the snapdragons in the front drive, it was decided that the mother and daughter must be separated. It was therefore decreed that Bess should be given to the local clergyman, for it was hoped that she would behave better when tethered in the churchyard. Bess wasn't very keen on paying a visit to the Reverend Henry Blomfield, nor, for that matter, was the Reverend Henry Blomfield very keen on offering the freedom of the churchyard to Bess. The reverend gentleman, however, was informed that he could have the garden belonging to Bessie's owners for his Church Bazaar if he would only

let Bessie be tethered in the above mentioned churchyard. As this consideration weighed rather heavily with him, he said that Bess could be brought round to the vicarage next morning. It took three heartrending hours, hours in which she was urged on by innumerable carrots and pieces of sugar, to entice her through the vicarage gates. Once she got through them, however, her visit was a great success, as whenever the vicar walked past her to the church door she brayed with all her might, thus warning the choir and the congregation of his approach.

Nevertheless, as Margaret-Rose, being of an affectionate nature, began to pine for her Mama, and as the headland looked very desolate, the imperturbable Bessy was finally forgiven, and was welcomed back to her rightful home by her braying daughter and the screaming sea gulls.

URSULA WINANT '42

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

I was born in Johore, Bahree, which is the capital of the state of Johore, about seventeen miles north of Singapore. My father was stationed there for about two years, as Adjutant of the Johore Volunteer Engineers. He had to make many long trips of hundreds of miles up country, either by road, or in the Sultan's launch, up the broad rivers that wound through the jungle. I was taken on these trips tucked up in a little Chinese baby's basket, and my Amah watched over me while my father and mother went shooting crocodiles, or attended the military parades. Before I was a year old my father used to hold me in front of him on the saddle, and we went riding together in the very early morning.

When I was five months old, Mother took Amah and me home to England for three months, and we travelled on a little French ship. One of the engines failed, we ran out of fresh fruit and vegetables, and some of the French Foreign Legion who were on board mutinied and had to be battened down in the hold, though some of them tried to swim ashore in the Red Sea. We travelled back to Johore a few months later with Auntie Victoria, who had been married, and Uncle Eddy. Three months later we went to Java for six weeks and from there sailed home again.

After a few weeks in England, my grandmother took my nurse and me to Holland, while mother and father went to Switzerland to look for a house. When they had found one, I joined them there, and we lived up in the mountains above Lausanne. There my sister Petal was born, and when she was five weeks old we moved to a little house on the Lake of Geneva. There was a great deal of snow, and as my nurse could not push a pram, she used to tie me on to a sledge and pull me along, but sometimes I fell off, and she had to go back to look for me. In the spring we went to England again, and Daddy was sent to Preston, which is in the North. We were there for two years, and my brothers, Jamie and Neil, were born there. Then we moved to Bath to our own house, which had been empty for some years. We often went to London to stay with my grandmother, and in the summer holidays we once went to Bognor, and four times to Mudeford, on the south coast. There Daddy taught us to sail a boat, and we had lovely picnics in the New Forest. Last Easter Mother took Petal and me to Porlock on Exmoor, and Mummy and I went riding every day, galloping over the moors, and often we saw stags. The year before we went to Porlock, too, and followed the hunts by car, as Mummy knew the country so well and was able to go for long drives over the moors without getting lost.

As soon as war broke out, we were all told what to do in case there should be an air-raid, and at night we used to have a little bundle of warm clothes and thick shoes beside our beds. There was an air-raid shelter and a gas-proof room in the basement. All the curtains had to be carefully drawn each evening as soon as it was dusk, and there were no lamps in the streets or headlights on the cars. Food was rationed, but there was plenty to eat. Daddy was away from home a great deal, and when France was beaten, and he knew that things were very serious, he asked Mummy to take us to America. We had had several air-raids by then. We sailed from Liverpool, and landed in New York on July eighth. It took us nine days to cross the Atlantic.

After two months in New York, we went to Cape Cod, and then to Rumson, and then moved into our little house in Princeton. Now we are going to Canada to visit Auntie Kate and our four cousins for Christmas. Though we are very happy

here, we long for the day when we can go home again, and there will be peace in the world. But it will be a very different England that we shall go home to, and we shall miss our two uncles who have been killed serving our country in the Royal Air-Force.

And now here I am, reading out the story of my life in the sixth grade of Miss Fine's School, where I am very happy to be.

MARY MACONOCHIE
CLASS VI



MARY MACONOCHIE

THE DOOR

Sarah liked to go to Maddy's. The playroom was in the basement at the back of the house, with a window that looked out on the yard. There was a crooked tree in the yard, not very big, and four poles for clothesline. In the center, grass grew every spring and dried up every summer. Sarah and Maddy had often stood at the window watching Jessie the cook

pinning clothes on the line, and sometimes they set a row of dolls on the sill to watch while they made supper for them of bread-and-milk and apple sauce.

The playroom window had a row of iron bars about six inches apart. On warmish days when the sash was open, the kitten would jump up from the yard and stroll in, looking very funny.

"He couldn't be kept in prison," Sarah said. "Those bars wouldn't keep him in. If you were in prison you'd best be a kitten."

"Kittens wouldn't be put in prison," Maddy said matter-of-factly. "If they were, they'd have little kitten-size bars. Sarah, I'm hungry."

"So'm I," Sarah said. "Would Jessie give us something to eat?"

Maddy opened the door cautiously and looked out into the hall. "Guess she's out. Let's get a cracker." They went into the kitchen and Maddy got up on a chair to reach the cupboard. "Here's a box," she cried triumphantly, "and four graham crackers. Let's run!"

They ran, their short pleated skirts whirling about their legs. Maddy shut the playroom door with a bang, turning the key in the lock. They fed a bit of cracker to the kitten, who seemed more interested in chasing his tail.

They spent several minutes in laying out doll saucers and cups on Maddy's little red table. "They're not hungry today," she explained; "this is our supper."

Sarah nodded. "We ought to have some water so we could say we had tea."

"We'll get it." Maddy went to the door and listened before she turned the key in the lock. She gave a pull at the door, but it wouldn't open. "It's stuck fast," she said. Sarah pulled too. They pulled together, Maddy with her black-slippered feet braced against the door jamb, her blonde head close to Sarah's brown one. Their two pairs of grey eyes were very wide open. Both of them were breathing hard. Maddy spoke almost in a whisper, "Do you s'pose we're locked in?"

"Couldn't Jessie get us out?" Sarah's voice had a crack of terror in it. They called Jessie loudly, but there was no answer. "Mamma!" Sarah suddenly shouted. No answer from either mother upstairs. Maddy pulled furiously and kicked the door.

"I guess they'll have to break it down," she said.

Sarah shook her head. "You can't break a door down; it's too strong." She called again, more loudly, and beat her fists on the door. "We just can't get out. We'll have to stay here until we're old and dead. Maybe we won't even be old—just dead."

"They could give us our food through the window bars," Maddy said.

Sarah sat down backwards on one of Maddy's little chairs, with her chin resting on the back. Her eyes were suspiciously moist. "We'll have to stay here always."

"Now, Sarah, don't you go and cry!" Maddy gave another pull at the door. "You always cry!"

"I'm not—I don't always." Sarah rubbed her face, with her hand. Maddy sat on another chair, a hand on either side of her blonde bobbed head. "I guess we're locked in," she said. "I guess we are." Her voice was none too steady. She dug a fist into one eye.

"And I won't go with them to Florida," Sarah said. A tear trickled down her nose and made it itch. "I wish I had some of my dolls here. I wish I had my new boy doll. His name is Henry and he's Dutch."

She was just about to drop her face and weep in earnest when Maddy sprang up. Once more she turned the key in the lock, and with a jerk she slipped back a catch under the knob. The door yielded and stood comfortably open. "I put the catch on too!" she cried. "It's open now. We're not locked in. You did too cry, Sarah, and I didn't!"

NANCY TATE '43

CRAFTSMAN

The Gulf was very calm in the twilight. The water was deep blue with little flecks of light on the tops of the low swells. The beach was dotted with the shells washed up by the last tide. A pelican was coming down the coast, flying very easily. He almost touched the water with his body. The old fellow was not looking for fish, but just loafing along enjoying himself. First he would trail one wing until the tip just skittered on the surface of the water, and then he would try the other wing. It looked very effortless—as he did it.

ANN CONDIT '41



THE GLEE CLUB

DRAMATICS CLUB NOTES

Under the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny, members of the Freshman Class of Princeton University with our Dramatics Club presented *The Vicar of Wakefield*, adapted from Oliver Goldsmith's novel. The play was given in Murray-Dodge Hall on March 21st. The whole Dramatics Club, with the help of members of the Intime Theatre, was concerned with the production of the play. The proceeds from the play were given to the school. The club also gave \$75 towards the Mobile Soup Kitchen for the British.

Members of the club saw *Life With Father* in New York. Joan Thomas, '42, arranged the trip.

The senior who earned the most points (70) for work in the Dramatics Club was Ann Condit. She was awarded a book. Mildred Finegold was the runner-up with 66 points.

The officers of the Dramatics Club were: President, Mildred Finegold; Treasurer, Ann Condit; Recording Secretary, Anne Reynolds; Corresponding Secretary, Catherine Welch, and Costume Head, Suzanne Glover.

GLEE CLUB NOTES

The Glee Club, under the able leadership of Miss Frances Kleeman, had a busy year. As well as singing for the Candlelight Service and Commencement, it gave two other programs. The first, a Christmas service, was given with the Princeton Glee Club at Alexander Hall. Outstanding among the numbers was *The Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*. In the spring Peddie invited us to sing at their school and afterwards entertained us with a formal dance. It has been an unusually active and happy season.

The officers of the club were: President, Alice Huntington; Secretary, Joan Thomas.

EXCHANGES

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

LIT	Lawrenceville School
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TUDOR CROWN	Tudor Hall
THE HARTRIDGE ANNUAL	Hartridge
JUNIOR JOURNAL	Princeton Country Day School

ATHLETICS

The Varsity Hockey Team had a successful but short season this year. The first game was with Kent Place in Princeton. The teams battled it out to a 2-2 tie.

The next game of the season was with Hartridge. Again Miss Fine's had the advantage of playing at home. A good many of the visiting team's best players were unable to play because of an epidemic of ptomaine poisoning. We won this game 2-0.

We regretted that because of bad weather we had to call off the game with the Holmquist School, but Holmquist asked us to play baseball with them this spring and afterwards invited us to a buffet supper.

The Archery Team again this year distinguished itself. In the fall the team played in the Philadelphia City Tournament and placed fourth among eighteen competitors. That is a particularly good record since Swarthmore College and other college teams were in the competition. Jane Milum, who has just been elected Captain, succeeding Ann Condit, won second prize in a statewide tournament in Trenton. We are especially proud of this because she was in competition with the state champion.



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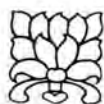
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