

# THE LINK



JUNE - 1943







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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL





MAY MARGARET FINE

The Class of 1943  
DEDICATES  
THIS ISSUE OF  
*The Link*  
TO  
MISS ELIZABETH DORWART





ELIZABETH DORWART

*"Carmina non prius audita  
Musarum sacerdos virginibus puer-  
isque canto."*—HORACE, III, 1.

# THE LINK

## MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXIII

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NO. 1

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MARJORIE LIBBY

Libby has been president of the class for three years—a real tribute to her ability. In this position she has very ably managed the efforts of the class in our various charity drives.

We regret that she seems to take pleasure in quashing all our imaginative efforts, since she always has a scientific explanation for any of Virgil's phenomena. We have, however, noted with interest her firm support of Dido, and her passionate condemnation of the conduct of Aeneas in the same work. In arguing with her on this we have found that it is extremely hard to make her change her mind once it is made up. Only once to our knowledge has she succumbed—we do not forget those vitamin pills (for night blindness).

She holds the position of Varsity fullback on the Hockey team, a position which she has always played with extreme vigor. When she gets ready to hit the ball there are not many, even among the most courageous, who dare oppose her.

Libby's future is still not clear—she has spoken of working as a receptionist or a kindergarten teacher. But whatever she does become, her realism will protect her from the flights of fancy the rest of us are prone to undertake.

## MARY VIRGINIA BARLOW

Ginny is noted especially for two things—her athletic ability and her prom-trotting. She may have read Muzzey on the Spoils System—we dunno, but she has quantities of insignia which are the envy of the class, along with a large collection of pictures. She has also an infinite variety of clothes of all kinds, and as she appears day after day in something different, we begin to feel somewhat stunned.

On the athletic field, she is unquestionably the best player in whatever she takes up, whether it is tennis, baseball, or hockey. In fact the prospect of a game of tennis puts her in a very elated mood, which reaches at times the point of fanaticism.

Ginny is President of the Glee Club, and she was personally responsible for all the arrangements at our glorious winter dance. Her decorations will be a joy forever—we're still sweeping pine needles under the rug. And during the days of the toasted-cheese-sandwich concession she proved forever her sterling worth: she not only brought her grill, but she cleaned it herself.



## SALLY BURTCH

Every day Sally amazes us with a new bit of hearsay and a different sweater and skirt from her vast collection, which is the envy of us all. Her tales of her father and Ann Bechtel have kept us amused during many otherwise dull moments in the S.S.R.

Since this year there is no advertising in *The Link*, her position as subscription manager has been doubly hard. This may account for her frequent query, "Does any one want to buy a Link?" She finally passed her driver's test, after two unsuccessful attempts, and we all held our breath whenever she took the wheel. However, after a year's experience she has proved herself a good driver. Her tendency to blush at the least embarrassing moment has always surprised us, since she seems to be able to maintain a cool exterior before the camera in any pose.

Next year Sally goes off to college, and we wish her the best of luck and a wealth of people to serve as audience.



### MARIE FROHLING

Marie has been in the school for twelve years, in spite of which she has never become monotonous—perhaps because hers is a blithe spirit. And, too, she has a beautiful and gratifying faith in her friends' judgment. She has been a shining light in the Glee Club for years and her exploits on the hockey field will linger when the present is but dim past in our minds. She very ably ran the Scenery Committee this year and last, being responsible in a large measure for the beautiful sets which accompanied both *The Cradle Song* and *A Kiss for Cinderella*. Her untiring energy in all fields, particularly social fields, has always amazed us. We know, however, that Marie will always be the friendly, frank girl she is, whatever may happen.



### CAROLINE GREENE

Susie's vagueness has always been a matter of considerable exasperation to the members of the faculty. Her exceedingly free translations of Virgil have been known, on occasions, to affect Miss Dorwart in a rather violent manner. We have even seen her challenge Mrs. Albion—a feat requiring considerable courage.

Susie is a complex character—her four great interests are, perhaps, trains, Sonya, palmistry, and . . . , and her burning ambition is to be even more blonde without resorting to the bottle.

Despite all this, Susie is probably one of the most versatile members of the class—she takes outside German lessons, plays the violin, and is very able with the brush and palette. We know that she will make a novel and interesting addition to the student body at Radcliffe next year.



## AILEEN HEINEKAMP

"You know what I mean?" says Queenie at the end of a long dissertation, and, with all due apologies, we must say we see a real necessity for the remark. Queenie's vagueness has always interested us—she flits from one thought to another with the speed of light, leaving her bewildered listeners to figure the thing out for themselves at their leisure.

Her efforts in English are, to say the least, *unique*. When Miss Miller calls on her she deposits her pencil in her mouth, making it virtually impossible to say an intelligible word, squirms a good deal, grins, says "well," and "you know" about six times, and finally mumbles an inaudible answer into the pencil. This policy is well recommended to produce exasperation.

But despite all this, she can be quite serious when she wants to, and is exceedingly able with figures. She handled the cheese-sandwich financial affairs with the skill of a trained accountant and is an exceedingly able subscription manager of *The Link*. In addition she is a member of the Student Council. However incompatible the two may seem, vagueness and mathematical ability are found together in Queenie, making a most delightful companion.



## NANCY MOREHOUSE

Nancy, known somewhat erroneously as "Mousie," is both helpful and efficient and efficient and helpful. We have visions, sometimes in our sleep of Nancy: diligently cleaning the S.S.R., solemnly arguing the fine points of Latin, delivering happily an oration on the British Labor Party, and even playing the trombone. Not only does the faculty stimulate her mind to thought, as per catalogue; she stimulates its mind right back. Practically a Third International, in fact. Nancy is on the Student Council, is Editor-in-chief of *The Link*, treasurer of the Dramatic Club, and on innumerable committees, such as the Assembly, the Social Service, and the Family Committee. Manifest in her works, she has a strong sense of duty; she has also unbounded enthusiasm and a real sense of humor; it is perhaps this above all which makes her a good friend.

## HELEN OLIPHANT

"Here I am, you lucky people!" and Wifflie's exuberant self comes striding into the S.S.R. We are at a loss to say what we would do without Wifflie, the best actress of us all, on stage or off. Wifflie played the part of Olivia in *The Vicar of Wakefield* two years ago, and this year she read the poetic interlude in *The Cradle Song*. But even with this remarkable dramatic record we all cringe when, in fun, she enacts the story of her life. But once off the stage, Wifflie can be counted on to do the small unrewarded jobs, and to do them graciously.

Her energetic reading is another thing about Wifflie that completely fazes us. We open the door of the S.S.R. any noon, and, amid the uproar and commotion, there she sits, calmly reading a book and munching an apple, contrary to the principles of her diet—daily resolved upon, daily abandoned. We fully expect Wifflie to carry out her present ambition to be an actress, and we can already see the great Broadway lights blazing out her name.



## ELIZABETH RALSTON

If at some future date we run across a picture of Liz advertising Vogue clothes, we won't be at all surprised; she is noted for her ability to wear clothes well. In addition, she is one of those vastly fortunate people who never have to worry about permanents, something which the rest of the class (excluding Olive and Susie) envy her greatly.

Although she's no genius when it comes to spelling, Miss Miller overlooks this in reading her remarkable English compositions. Utterly unaware of the dark glances aimed in her direction, Liz blissfully sketches throughout her classes. She possesses the amazing faculty for concentrating upon two things at one time. When caught drawing on the pages of her math book, she never fails to produce the correct answer.

Liz's realistic attitude has a stabilizing influence on the other members of the class, and we know that whatever she does, her realism will carry her through.



### OLIVE SCHULTE

The S.S.R. is quiet and all is peaceful when the door opens and—Lo! the Poor Indian, Olive, known variously as Shortie, Olivia, and Lo! is a joyous addition to our class, what with her diplomacy, big brown eyes, and whatnot—above all, whatnot. We don't know what we should do without our able President of the Dramatic Club—a position held traditionally by a member of the Schulte family. Likewise we don't know what we should do without her foolish giggle or even without her baby talk, to soothe our feverish ways and render humorous those inevitable unpleasant situations which occasionally do crop up. But whatever we say, we come back to this conclusion—that the epithets which apply to Olive are "completely indescribable" and "completely indispensable."



### BARBARA SHELDON

"Who would like to buy some Christmas cards?" We look up and there stands our versatile Bobby, manufacturer extraordinary of Christmas cards and themes like Oswald, the Rabbit. Why is it, we say, with a completely hopeless look on our face, that we can't also be a genius and write a rabbit theme?

It would be impossible for us to describe adequately all of Bobby's activities—we shall leave out principally the social ones, for they are the most complex. She is a charter member of the so-called Miss Fine's School Press Bureau—an organization which, each Tuesday afternoon dispatches to the *Packet* short articles on the various activities of the school. She ran the Make-up Committee so ably that she was asked to do make-up for the P.C.D. play. Her drawings of the rest of us have decorated the walls of the S.S.R. and have added the Dignity of Art to its usually disheveled appearance. All we can say is, lucky Barnard.





### JILL STEWART

Jill is without question the quietest member of the class. We have known her, however, to brave the mighty tongue of Mrs. Albion, which shows she is possessed of more courage than many of us.

Jill sometimes amazes us—such an intellect! She's a positive fund of knowledge, both on Physics and California, and is our only novelist besides: in fact, being ambitious, she's writing a treatise on the younger generation. Not easily swayed once she has voiced an opinion, she has liberal ideas which, through the year, have considerably broadened our own outlook. She also takes a deep and enduring interest in contemporary life, environment and whatnot: on any Wednesday afternoon she can be found either disciplining four-year-olds at the Day Nursery or reading one of the many books she finishes each year.

Next year Jill enters Smith, and we should like to warn the Smith girls to beware of forthcoming competition.



### JUDY TATLER

Last winter when we entered the S.S.R. (temperature 50°), whom did we discover hanging over the radiator—why Judy, of course. Winter weather invariably found her huddled, in any classroom, in her fur coat and mittens.

But despite her fear of low temperatures, she has never been too cold to give us some very entertaining moments in the S.S.R. Her ability to describe events leaves us all somewhat breathless, as indeed her exuberance always does. Her rocket-like rise in Physics has shown us that there is no keeping her from what she sets her mind to. We ought to know—never once have we been able to make her change an opinion. Though not the athletic type, Judy's size makes her an important member of any tumbling or acrobatics group. In any gym class she can be found perched on top of fifteen other people, arms outstretched, completing a pyramid.

We are at a loss to predict Judy's future. She plans to enter Barnard in the fall. (We hope that Barnard heats with coal.) But whatever she does, we know her tenacity will bring her success.



## MARGARET WICKS

Targ holds undisputed first place as class humorist. Her tales of George, her springer spaniel, keep us in gales of laughter. Her instructions to her family to change seats in the car which began: "Let front sit in the pop . . ." have kept us roaring since we first heard them.

Despite all this, we find Targ has a serious side to her—several, in fact. The first is her presidency of the Student Council. To see this, one has only to sit there and marvel at her imperturbability. Let the culprits say what they may, she looks them coldly down and sends them off to hard labor. The second serious side is her athletic ability. She is a veritable fiend behind a hockey stick or a baseball bat, and the only advice we can offer is—get out of her way.

Targ's future is still somewhat obscure. Though she once planned to be a nurse, lately we have been able to elicit from her only vague remarks on the subject. However, and this is her third serious side, we must say that she has the Navy, both British and American, well under control. Need we say more?





SALLY WEISER

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd  
As by his manners.

SPENSER: *The Faery Queene*

## CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1943, being of sound and enduring mind and memory and sedate temperament, and being imbued with the necessity of bequeathing our several characteristics and possessions, be they good or bad, to those members of the succeeding class who may be in need of these complements to their persons, do hereby declare and publish this, our last will and testament, by which the subsequently described items shall be delivered according to the law to the indicated members of the class of 1944.

*Ginny*—Her speed, adroitness, and general ability to cover ground on any athletic field, to Ann Farr, in the hope that in the future it may inspire her to move with equal agility.

*Nancy*—Her temper, known far and wide as the fire of the class of '43, an all-consuming blaze of multiple opposition, to Julie Lee, that she may burn with like fury and concentration.

*Targ*—Her knowledge of the field of physics, known throughout the class, to Eleanor Vandewater, for all the good it may do her.

*Libby and Jill*—The difference between Libby and Jill, the one being of a noisy and determined temperament accentuated by a realistic attitude towards all things intellectual, and the other of a sedate and serene turn of mind, to the Jolliffe twins, in the hope that the future will mark each of them indelibly and the current confusion be thereby avoided.

*Judy*—Her sense of humor, with its ability to lighten the atmosphere in the S.S.R., to Consuelo Kuhn, in the hope that she may maintain an effervescent quality in the air of the Senior abode.

*Olive* (being of an infantile turn of mind which manifests itself on occasions of note in the gibberish of the youngest generation (i.e., baby talk))—Her ability to gibber at odd moments, to Valerie Winant, for the benefit of their Britannic Majesties and subjects.

*Sally*—Her skirts, being of an unusual height from the floor, to Helen Cannon, that they may encourage her, in the future, to guard less zealously the beauties of her figure.

*Queenie*—Her vagueness, with its attendant eye-rolling, leg-twisting, you-know-what-I-mean's to Eleanor Vandewater, her need for the above being everywhere apparent.

*Liz*—Her ability in the field of Latin, wherein Caesar, Cicero, *et al.*, have succumbed, to Eleanor Wilson, in the full realization of her need for it.

*Susie*—Her handwriting, being of a character exotic and beguiling, to Helen Cannon, that she may not continue to suffer from undue simplicity of style.

*Wiffie*—Her acting ability and general exuberance, to Julie Lee, in the hope that these qualities may continue to flourish in M.F.S.

*Bobbie*—Her ability to write an English composition of unusual qualities, and most especially with the charm of her comp. on Oswald, the Rabbit, to Jean MacAllister, that next year she too may bask in the reputation of senior literary celebrity.

*Marie*—Her serenity and calm good humor, to Helen Cannon, to ease the trials and tribulations of all future offenders of justice.

*Glass—Article I*—The best wishes of all to Ginny Spicer, in the hope of a speedy recovery.

*Glass—Article II*—Our humble apologies for any inconvenience or disturbance we may inadvertently have caused in the course of our debates on the conduct of the class, to the faculty, especially Miss Dorwart and Miss Miller.

In witness whereof we do herewith affix our seal to this document, in absolute defiance of all the statutes of these United States, on this the fourth day of June, the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-three.

## CLASS STATISTICS

Prettiest .....	Libby, Marie
Best Figure .....	Liz
Prettiest hands .....	Olive
Most poised .....	Wiffie, Olive
Best actress on stage .....	Wiffie
Best actress off stage .....	Wiffie
Most popular .....	Libby, Targ, Marie
Prom-trotter .....	Ginny
First married .....	Ginny
Biggest flirt .....	Susie, Ginny
Neatest .....	Judy, Wiffie
Best sense of humor .....	Judy, Targ
Most generous .....	Nancy, Targ, Queenie
Most original .....	Bobby
Noisiest .....	Libby
Class orator .....	Nancy
Most artistic .....	Susie
Most athletic .....	Ginny, Targ
Most ambitious .....	Nancy
Best natured .....	Marie
Sweetest .....	Marie, Jill
Friendliest .....	Olive, Bobby
Biggest blusher .....	Sally
Most innocent .....	Queenie, Jill
Looks it .....	Susie
Shortest skirts .....	Sally
Most efficient .....	Nancy, Queenie
Most studious .....	Jill
Most tactful .....	Olive
Frankest .....	Judy, Queenie
Most curious .....	Sally
Big Three	
Realist .....	Liz
Idealist .....	Bobby
Opportunist .....	Libby

# CLASS CHART

NAME	PET SAYING	HAUNT	SONG	MAKES MENTION OF	NOTED FOR	PEEVE	WORST FAULT
GINNY	Hey, fellas!	Spring Lake	Says My Heart	Air Corps	Dimples	Washing dishes	Tenacity
JUDY	I'm a nervous wreck.	T.C.C.	The Lady in Red	Dopey	Humor	Nick	Frankness
OLIVE	Aw, kids!	Tennis Court	My Buddy	Lonie	Naturally curly hair	Glasses	Baby talk
TARG	My, but it was poignant.	Westport	Oh, Johnny	Family	Nautical knowledge	Early rising	Being president of the Student Council
LIBBY	Aeneas was a rat!	Toddle House	Lovely to Look At	Mother	Her fingernails	A. D.	Putting things off
NANCY	Oh my gosh!	The Playhouse	This Is No Laughing Matter	Madison	Ability	K.	Temper
SALLY	Hey, listen, kids.	Telephone	Little Sir Echo	Her father	Blushing	Tests	Elaboration
SUSIE	Well, he was very attractive.	Trains	Out of This World	Sonya	Blond hair	Being kidded	Vagueness
JILL	Hi!	Library	Not So Quiet, Please	California	Her novel	Being called Jane	Silence
QUEENIE	You know what I mean.	Movies	Do I Worry!	Margate	Preparedness	No Special One	Obstinacy
WIFFIE	Here I am, you lucky people.	Ice Box	Deep in the Heart of Texas	Elkins, Sandy, Trit	Eyes	Her weight	Acting
LIZ	You know.	Ralph's	Sand in My Shoes	Normandy Beach	Good cracks	Chain Letters	Hanging her head
BOBBY	Yes, but . . .	Beside a vic	Give My Regards to Broadway	Cynthia	Cartoons	Hamlet	Political Views
MARIE	Have a good time.	Zavelle's	You're a Sweetheart	Joe	Versatile hair do's	None	Day dreaming
CLASS	Quit pushing.	S.S.R.	Why Don't You Do Right	Week-ends	Individuality	Work	None!







## THE LINK CONTESTS

This year *The Link* is awarding its prize for poetry in the Middle School to Angeline Fleming, Class V, for her poem, "Someday." There is no award for prose in the Middle School. In the Upper School both awards go to Joan Wright '46, for her poem "Thoughts of Youth" and for her prose composition, "Cherry Lollipop." Second place in the prose contest goes to Barbara Sheldon '43, for "Benny Was a Great American," while third place goes to Katherine Harper '46 for her composition "At Château Fillerval."

The editors are grateful to Mrs. Adair for her kindness in judging the entries.

### THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

When I was young I did not know of Death.  
The stiff, stretched robin in the frozen field  
Was all I saw, and buried him with tears  
In the pink box which once had held a bracelet.  
I said a prayer and touched the mound of earth,  
And then forgot. The empty winds blew on  
And summer came and he was dust, the thing  
Which once had sung.

The trumpet's blare and straight men marching past,  
The gilt edged banner and the rousing drum  
Were War to me. Then, India was a name;  
The sea was blue; there were no tears. To me  
The sun and stars remained above my world,  
And no one ever died. Hearts ceased in bed,  
And not on some far shore in crying pain;  
The waters ran in peace and were not red.

Death was so vast, so far away and dim,  
Its face was ghostly and its form a blur.  
I did not know the murderous Death that came  
With tricks and wiles and bloody hands to capture,  
To laugh a laugh that had no sound of glee,  
But mothers' tears. Now Death's a sharper thing:  
In years to come, when I must dull its pain,  
I shall be happy for my childish thoughts.

JOAN WRIGHT '46

## S O M E D A Y

Over the meadows,  
Over the lawn,  
Down to the valley  
We ran at dawn.

To spread the word of sorrow,  
Down to the valley we tore,  
To spread that word of sorrow,  
To spread that word of war.

To think that in that valley  
Just a little while before  
There had been peace and happiness  
Before was mentioned war.

What had happened  
Was as plain as could be,  
For even the animals  
Seemed to see.

Even the flower  
Began to droop,  
And the little boy  
Ceased play with his hoop.

Down from the sky  
There came our foe,  
Zoomed over the maple grove  
Row on row.

Someday over the meadows,  
Over the lawn,  
Down to the valley  
We'll run at dawn

To give every mother,  
Father and niece  
The golden message,  
Eternal Peace.

ANGELINE FLEMING, GRADE V

## CHERRY LOLLIPOP

Taddy put her toes outside of the covers experimentally. It was pretty cold. She pulled them in again and turned over. Then the shrill blast of her sister Susan's alarm-clock rang in her ears. Well, if Susan was awake she had better get up too. She was glad it was cold: she could wear her new winter dress. She put on her underclothes under the covers to keep warm. Then she went to the closet and got the dress down. She pulled it over her head. When she had buttoned it she looked at herself in the mirror. She had to stand on a chair to see the bottom. It came just below her knees. Her mother would think it was too long, but it seemed just right to her. Grown up and dignified. Suited to a person of nine.

She knocked at Susan's door. Susan was very particular about people's knocking.

"Come in," Susan said, and she sounded very lazy and poetic.

Taddy went in. Susan was sitting on the edge of the bed in her slip, putting on her stockings.

There was a book on the table. Taddy picked it up. It was called "Milton's Poems."

"Be careful of that," said Susan, "it isn't mine." Then she began to read out of it:

"'Ye flaming powers and winged warriors bright, that erst with music and triumphant song . . . ' That is beautiful, Taddy, but you wouldn't understand."

She put it back on the table. Then she put her shoes on.

"Look!" said Taddy. She pointed to the wall.

There was a wasp on the wall. Susan hated wasps. She shuddered as she squashed it with the edge of her book and wiped it off with her handkerchief. It left a stain on the wall. Taddy wondered if her mother would be mad. Susan examined the wasp.

"I wonder if I broke its leg. Anyway I cut its thread." She smiled.

"What thread?"

"Thread of Life," said Susan briefly.

"Oh." Taddy kicked the bedpost. She always felt embarrassed when Susan talked like that.

Susan put on her dress and they went downstairs. Mrs. Walker looked up and smiled.

"Hello, girls. You're late. Your father's gone. Taddy, that dress is much too long, and you know that you mustn't wear it until school starts. Go straight up and change it after breakfast! Put on your blue cotton. We're going to buy you some shoes this morning."

"Mummy, it's cold."

"No, it isn't. Taddy, last April you couldn't wait to get into summer clothes, and now you want winter to come."

"Why was that?" thought Taddy. "Why did that always happen?"

She began to drink her orange juice, shutting her teeth so that the pieces of orange couldn't get past. Then she ate the pieces with her spoon. The cereal was oatmeal. She covered it thickly with sugar so that she wouldn't taste it. It was very lumpy. She gulped it down and hurried upstairs.

She put on her blue dress. It was a little tight around the neck. Maybe if she held her neck stiff her mother would notice and let her wear her winter dress.

When she went downstairs her mother didn't notice. Instead she said,

"Come on, Taddy. Get in the car."

When they went into the shoe store Mr. Myers came up to them, smiling too pleasantly, as he always did.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Walker, "I wanted to look at some winter shoes for Taddy."

"Oh yes indeedy." . . .

Taddy sat down. Mr. Myers placed her foot on a bench. "My, my, very wide feet." He took a box of shoes from a pile. "These are called Girl Scout Shoes. Very durable, and that's important these days."

Taddy felt silly. She wasn't a girl scout. She didn't want to wear Girl Scout Shoes.

"I think maybe rubber soles would be better," said her mother, "since we can get only one pair."

He brought out another pair and tried one on her foot.

"Get up and walk around, dear," said Mr. Myers.

Taddy looked at her mother for approval.

"Go on," Mrs. Walker said.

Taddy walked up and down the aisle. There was a boy across the room who kept staring at her and sort of giggling.

"I think these will be fine," said Mrs. Walker, feeling Taddy's toes.

"Can I wear them?"

"No, save them for school. You can't use your coupons just for play."

Taddy took the package and stood looking expectant. Mr. Myers dove his hand into his pocket and brought out a red lollipop.

"That's for being a good girl," he said.

"Thank you," answered Taddy.

She thought it was very nice of Mr. Myers to give people lollipops, but somehow she always got a cherry one. She hated cherry lollipops. Other people got orange, even green ones. When Susan went with her sometimes she could contrive to trade, but this time she would have to eat the red one.

When they got home Willie Simmons was practicing marbles on his front walk. He looked across the fence with momentary interest.

"Where 'ja get the lolly?" he asked.

"Myers'. Don't you wish you'd come with me?"

"No," he said, "'snot worth it. I don't care."

He went on shooting the marbles.

Taddy watched him for a little while, then she went out back of her house. Susan was reading a magazine on the back porch.

Taddy remembered the wasp on the wall. She wondered if her mother had found it yet.

She felt a little mad about the red lollipop. She bit it and chewed it up. Then she went over behind Susan and stuck the stick in her hair. Susan turned around ferociously.

"Stop that!" she shouted.

"I'm sorry," said Taddy.

"That's no excuse. Why do you always annoy people, you fat little stupid? Why do you always tag after me? You're nothing but a fat barbarous pig!"

Taddy clumped down the steps. She was mad at Susan. She wasn't fat (at least not too fat).

"I bet she's reading a mushy love story," she thought, "like Mummy doesn't want her to."

She sat in the swing. She wished something would happen to Susan. She prayed,

"Oh, Lord, do something bad to her. Make her feel awful."

Then she heard her mother calling. She started to go in the house.

"Susan, what is this stain on your new wallpaper and why have you my book of Milton up in your room? Come up here!"

Susan slammed down her magazine and went inside. Taddy could hear them arguing.

Now she felt better. She went inside. Maybe God really did answer prayers.

She took a bottle of ginger-ale from the carton.

"Thank you, God," she said.

JOAN WRIGHT '46

### OSWALD WAS NO RADISH: A MESSAGE

Oswald was a rabbit, an intellectual and American rabbit, but nevertheless an inheritor of the beliefs and traditions of rabbits throughout the ages. In his infancy, Oswald had troubles, nor did he suffer silently; but it was not until his early rabbithood that he became Serious. It was not that Oswald, personally, felt any lack of Purpose and Direction, but he worried about the future of rabbits who had no Purpose in Living, no Reason for Being, who lived, he felt, lives of quiet desperation, and who smiled and said "Tcha!" when Karl Marx was mentioned. For Oswald was no Radish: during the day he went to classes and learned about comets being heavenly bodies with long, blazing tails, about semicolons, and the difference between poverty and pauperism; but in the evenings, after dinner and before R. G. Swing, he worried about Carrot-rationing, evolution, and the future of rabbits. He went to Rallies in Madison Square Garden and argued with his History teacher and got low marks, and he read *Social Justice* in study periods and got lower marks.

But Oswald was no Radish; he saw his duty and he did it; he joined the Army. There he complained about the food, the shoes, the marching, and his six tent-mates who were all Republicans and who, when he told them about Congress and the workers of the world, took his money at Craps and told him about Rita Hayworth. And Oswald was unhappy, until, in November, he went home on Leave and saw his family and friends. He asked them where the country was going and they smiled and said "Bizerte," and he asked them about Carrot-rationing and they smiled and said, "It's going to be nation-

wide except for West Virginia," and he asked them how they had voted and they smiled and said "Republican."

So Oswald went back and applied for overseas duty, and went to the Pyramids to Think, but Rommel was passing through and six husky hares took over Oswald. When the Kapitan came to see him and Get Information, Oswald was annoyed but polite, and he pulled his ears thoughtfully and told him about the workers of the world and Congress. The Kapitan listened and his eyes glistened, and he leapt to his feet and shouted "Kamerad!" Well, Oswald wasn't much smaller and he was no Radish; it was his duty and he did it. And he was decorated by General Eisenhower.

BARBARA SHELDON '43

## HUDSON RIVER

The time is about nine o'clock on a windy, misty spring morning; the place, the roof of an old house on a hill overlooking the Hudson River and the Hoboken docks. By looking across the river, I can see the huge grey outlines of New York, dominated by the Empire State Building, which, rising out of the mist and the lower buildings, seems to be watching over the whole city.

But I have left out the noise. It is the noise of busy docks and ships. There is a constant squeaking, clanging, banging sound of cranks lifting and dumping heavy cargoes. From time to time the tugboats steaming up and down the broad river give off long, high whistles. Just now a fat, seemingly harmless, little ferry gave a *very* loud wail. From the huge warehouses along the docks there is no sound; to me they seem as silent and secret as tombs.

But from the docks and the decks of the freighters comes a loud, sharp noise of hammering and of engines working. Somebody down there is walking up and down ringing a bell; the wind brings back from farther down the river the mournful, hollow sound that big ships make on going out to sea . . . and the wind blows . . .

The wind blows the noise of engines away . . . the wind rushes at the Empire State Building, which wavers and disappears . . . it blows against the huge grey buildings of New York, which shiver, then sink. The wind catches up the smoke from all the



ferryboats, tugboats, and freighters; it erases them, and they dissolve into the river. The wind shapes the smoke into something in the middle of the river—dark blue, long—it's the graceful hull of a wooden ship! Now come the masts; the sails appear, big smooth puffed-out sails. More ships appear at the docks. Their sails are furled and their masts are like a forest of straight bare trees.

I look across at New York. It is a mass of low roofs with thin red chimneys sticking up. Here and there trees' pale green branches rise over the roofs. Farther up the river I can see misty hills.

There are men moving about on the decks and wharves. They have their hair in single stiff pigtails, and they wear striped shirts and long wide pantaloons. On one dock they are rolling big kegs up a gangplank onto the messy deck of a ship whose hold is a square black hole. There is a great deal of shouting and banging, and the wind sings shrilly, blowing through the hundreds of masts . . . and the wind blows.

The wind blows the wooden ships back into smoke . . . it erases the roofs and chimneys across the river . . . the great grey outlines rise and soar out of the smoke; the ferryboats, tugboats, freighters, the warehouses and wharves materialize; the wind blows back the noise of engines, of busy ships and docks, and from the distance comes the mournful, hollow sound of ships going out to sea.

SHEILA FRANTZ '45

### *Age*

Although  
I never held  
Time balanced in my hand  
And looked on it, I'd like to hold  
It now.

BARBARA SHELDON '43

## W A R P A T H

The children were firmly occupied with their play. A heavy, solid air seemed to have settled down over the nursery playground. With solemn intentness they pulled the wagon and pushed the swing and fought over the sand-box.

The spring air was cold and the afternoon sunshine was slowly receding from the cement pavement of the playground. The two assistants kept their hands in their pockets as they walked back and forth, but the children, bundled up in their many clothes, seemed as oblivious to the cold as they were to everything else outside their small sphere of interest.

Suddenly the atmosphere was enlivened by an excited squealing which became louder and was accompanied by shrill laughter. The attendants, looking around, saw that one of the children had taken off his shoes and socks and was dancing madly around the yard in his bare feet. He shied away from them as they approached and ran, laughing, to the other end of the yard.

Several other children, overcome by this brilliant idea, pulled off their shoes and joined the chase. Like leaves tossed by the wind they scattered and twirled, safely beyond the reach of the irate assistants. The wild shouting increased their excitement until they dashed around the yard like Indians on the warpath, their bare feet moving noiselessly on the cold cement.

Under the thick coats and leggings, their small white feet appeared ridiculous and out of place. The feet moved with a twinkling, fairy-like motion which contrasted sadly with the owners' bunchy, teddy-bear-like appearance. No one could have painted the picture that they made; it seemed as if every proportion had gone wrong and every line been twisted. One could as easily imagine the house turned upside down or the swing suspended from the moon.

Suddenly a new face appeared at the door and Stern Authority approached the scene. As quickly as it had begun the noise subsided. The roaring wildfire of a moment before flickered and was silent. The errant children seemed submissive and disinterested as they were herded into the building.

The other children turned back impassively to their various amusements. The moment of exhilaration was gone. Again an immovable, heavy atmosphere lay over the yard.

JILL STEWART '43

## CAMBRIDGE SETTLEMENT HOUSE

I heard "Hello, teacher!" shrieked across the street at me. It always *did* give me a start to be called teacher. Teresa, a five-year-old who had a sweet, bright face, ran over to meet me. She even put her hand in mine, which softened me considerably. It was only after I was accidentally damaged by a little thrown dirt that I realized I was acting as Protection, no sentiment being involved at all. I tried the door: my superior wasn't back from lunch yet. Albert, the janitor, always kept the doors locked. That had confused me at first, until I learned that little children always like to anticipate a good thing. Somehow 1:15 seemed nicer to them than 1:30. Joe Petrozinni, a sixteen-year-old Italian, knocked on the door very loudly; Albert never heard me knocking. Finally I heard him grumbling away inside, and the door opened a crack. When he saw that it was I, he smiled and said, "Oh, it's you. I thought it was them kids." Actually he adores all the children and talks about the settlement as "his house."

I carried the paper dolls out to a table in the yard. The yard was a large sandy courtyard with a sandbox in one corner. Then Albert let a great mass of children in by the outside gate. Two little girls of five wandered in, holding their two- and three-year-old brothers and sisters by the hand. The smallest children always gravitate towards the sandbox, and these were no exception. A little Portuguese girl came and stood right behind me and whispered, "Paper dolls?" I settled her down at the table and she started right in cutting all the dresses in two.

All the children from two to eighteen had one common interest: they adored cards. I found Teresa trying to play poker, even though she couldn't read numbers. The older boys and girls rested from painting and horseshoes by playing poker. The rule was that they could play it if they wouldn't gamble. The day before, ten new packs of cards had been given out; that day there were none at all. I worked until there was a lull in the noise and then remarked casually, "If you don't bring the cards back I guess you can't play." When I looked at the table again, there were seven packs on it.

A violent shriek issued forth from under the table, and I dragged Jerry out. Jerry was a sandy-haired plump three-year-old who was always dressed in a scanty sun-suit and was black all over with dirt. She also had a pair of blue eyes that could

look extremely innocent. "That's *my* dolly!" she screamed, snatching a paper doll with a pink dress. "I want my dolly!" We found a dolly with a much prettier blue dress and all was well. Then I looked over at the other table, and all the ten-year-old little boys were cutting out paper dolls. Joe started singing, "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and everybody took it up.

CAROLINE GREENE '43

## TRIVIA\*

### *The Day*

How strange it would seem to be a day, and to have just twenty-four wonderful hours in your life. In that short time you might become so famous that you would be remembered forever, or you might be just an ordinary day, when not much happens and life goes on placidly. And when your time was almost over, and you had witnessed the way people on earth acted, you would see the little new day nervously preparing to take your place, and you would wink and smile to yourself as much as to say, "I remember how I felt when it was my turn." Then as midnight struck and you hobbled from the earth, you would grin at the new day and give him an encouraging word or two as you went to take your place among the other wise, aged counsellors of Father Time.

MARKELL MEYERS '46

### *A Winter Morning*

The morning is cold. I can tell this by the way the air outside the open window seems to shimmer and move; a crystal clear, dry cold that makes one's fingers tingle and one's nose turn red.

The houses seem silent, frozen; their windows are blank like dark unblinking eyes.

Then suddenly the world wakes with the odd, unvibrating clink of milk bottles; lights go on in the houses; cars, backfiring protestingly, lurch from their garages and move toward the center of town.

ELEANOR FORSYTH '46

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\* After Logan Pearsall Smith.

### *In the Gift Shop*

As I stood by the greeting cards in the gift shop, I saw a very interesting one with a "pretend" dime pasted on it. I picked it up to examine it, when to my horror I realized that the dime was real and the greeting card had been purchased by a very fussy old gentleman, who was glaring at me in angry amazement. I immediately felt like a thief although I was not guilty, and hastily murmuring apologies I hurried out of that shop.

MARKELL MEYERS '46

### *The Balloon Man*

I watched him slowly wander down the slippery street, his balloons tugging at his arm and their colors marred a little by the soft rain. I wondered how many children had stopped to buy from him before they scuttled indoors out of the wet. As he walked off he remained the only splash of color on the grey scene—a balloon man.

SYLVIA TAYLOR '45

### *In Bruges*

I happened one day down a little street in Bruges. As I passed an open doorway I took a quick glance inside and then turned back to look again. There sat an old lady with whitest hair, busily tatting at a large square of the most delicate lace. She never paused, as this was her chosen occupation—to make the altar-cloths for the little church which she so devoutly attended, in the next street.

SYLVIA TAYLOR '45

### *The Fowls*

The fowls  
That scratch and peck  
And cackle all day long  
Look skyward only when they hear  
A hawk.

JANET ELDERKIN '46

## FANTASY

Beautiful, beautiful, over the sand,  
Churning, returning, and turning again.  
Arching and arching to break on the shore.  
Swooping and diving, to sink once more.

Then—

Beautiful, beautiful, over the sand,  
Pounding, and sending spray up to the sky.  
Arching and arching to break on the shore.  
Tumbling in rhythm with seagull's weird cry.

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## FINISHED PIECE

This piece is done now.  
I can lay it on the shelf  
And quite forget its rippling chords  
And gay light trills.

And yet, in putting it away,  
A friend is lost—  
Not dead, but gone away.  
Though I can take it out again to play  
This is the last time that it will be mine.

JOAN WRIGHT '46

## PEACH TREES

Peach trees  
Are blooming pink  
At Atascadero  
Where the deep blue Pacific pounds  
The beach.

NANCY MOREHOUSE '43

## AT CHATEAU FILLERVAL

I always liked going to Fillerval for week-ends, for there never was any governess tagging along and I could do a lot of things without being scolded. And this was going to be an exceptional week-end, because two of my cousins, Jean and Thérèse, would be there.

At six o'clock we arrived at the big iron gate. M. Lacour had opened it for us. As we drove through the alley bordered by a big wood the ducks were swimming around the pond already and the flowers peeping out. As we came out of the driveway we saw Fillerval standing there, with its moat, filled with carp, around it. We drove into the courtyard, which is surrounded by the commons, and off to one side was M. Lacour's house. M. Lacour is the game warden and general boss around the place. I jumped out and said hello to everybody, while Gilbert, the Lacours' son, took our bags upstairs and Papa talked to Lacour about pheasants.

We all had supper at the Lacours', and Mme. Lacour made an omelet for us. She is fat and rather grumpy, but very nice, and she makes the best omelets in France. She looks after the poultry. We had to eat there because the Château had not yet been opened for the summer and there were no servants. After supper we made Gilbert be a camel, and took turns riding him until Mama sent us to bed. We slept in a wing of the Château which had been heated for us. Thérèse and I promised each other that whoever woke up first would wake up the rest.

Very early, I heard M. Lacour walking outside on the path around the moat. I knew he had come back from his rounds with his wild dog to catch poachers. I got up, opened the shutters, and looked over the great meadow which lies in front. I could see the buds sprouting on the twin plane trees. I saw Gilbert driving his tractor up the alley toward the golf course, and I knew he was going to roll it. Then I had a brilliant idea. I filled up a glass with cold water and threw it on Thérèse, who jumped out of bed in a fury and threw a pillow at me.

We then woke up Jean, got dressed, and ran to the farmyard back of the commons, just in time to see Lacour milk the cows. I love fresh milk, so he strained some for me and I drank it, warm and frothy. Then he asked us to come over and have breakfast.

It was five o'clock when we had finished, and after saying hello to the dogs we walked through the woods surrounding the Château. The rabbits and wild game had made some paths which we had named Path of the Rabbits, Path of the Potatoes, and Path of the Pheasants, and we walked in all of them.

Suddenly we heard a shot and the bark of Pépé, M. Lacour's little dog who has only one good eye, like his master. Pépé was sniffing a dead

viper, the only poisonous snake in Europe, which Lacour had shot.

"Vipers are nasty things," he said, "and don't ever get bitten by them." I laughed and said, "Okay, Guignol." Guignol is my pet name for Lacour; it means Punch and Judy.

We then ran down to the pasture and chased the horses. The pasture is in the big meadow; around it is a stone bank where snails loved to live, and we loved snails. I found a pink one and took him. Soon we were collecting a lot of them. After that we had to build a snail house. We fought over that, and I got pushed into a mud puddle. At that I got mad and pushed Jean into some orties. Orties are plants that cause you to itch badly. Luckily it doesn't last long. Jean left us to wash off the sting. Thérèse and I then quickly got some stones together. We made a jail for naughty snails, a courtyard, and vast rooms and terraces, and we decorated the whole with flowers. Jean got back just in time to imprison the first bad snail.

Suddenly we heard a yoo-hoo. There was my mother waving to us from her window.

"Will you three have breakfast with us?" she called.

We laughed and said, "Thank you, but we had ours three hours ago."

KATHERINE HARPER '46

*Comment On a Little Boy*

Charlie,  
With laughing ease,  
Turns backward somersaults  
Along the rug. "You can't do that,"  
He says.

JILL STEWART '43



## GLEE CLUB NOTES

This year the Glee Club gave a number of concerts, the first two being with Lawrenceville School and the last for the Princeton Music Study Group. Besides this the Glee Club sang at the Christmas Candlelight service and for the graduation exercises.

The officers this year are:

*President*—Mary Virginia Barlow

*Secretary*—Valerie Winant

*Librarian*—Judy Tattersall

## DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

The Dramatic Club, with students of Princeton University, presented *The Cradle Song*, by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra. The play, directed by Mrs. Herbert McAneny, was presented March 26th and 27th in Murray Theatre.

The officers of the club were:

*President*—Olive Schulte

*Treasurer*—Nancy Morehouse

*Recording Secretary*—Consuelo Kuhn

*Corresponding Secretary*—Valerie Winant

The Senior who earned the most points (80) for work in the Club was Olive Schulte. Nancy Morehouse was the runner-up, with 75 points.

## ATHLETICS

Because of the impossibility of traveling, our various varsity teams were not able to hold the usual games. However the hockey varsity, captained by Mary Virginia Barlow, played the Trenton Hockey Association and the M.F.S. faculty. On the home ground the Green team, captained by Barbara Field, won the hockey championship. The spring sports were baseball and tennis.

The members of the Senior class who received gold F's for obtaining 40 points in four years of High School were Margaret Wicks and Mary Virginia Barlow.

## EXCHANGES

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

*Bleatings*, St. Agnes School

*Blue Pencil*, Walnut Hill School

*Brearley Year Book*, The Brearley School

*Cargoes*, Kent Place School

*Clio*, Miss Beard's School

*Junior Journal*, Princeton Country Day School

## TWENTY SECONDS AFTER THE BROWN DOG APPEARED

High on a branch of the maple tree  
My tiger cat grinned down at me,  
"Don't you wish you could climb like me  
High on a branch of the maple tree  
To another world so calm and free  
From trials as endless as the sea?"  
High on a branch of the maple tree  
My tiger cat grinned down at me.

JEAN MACALLISTER '44







