

THE LINK



JUNE • 1944

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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



MAY MARGARET FINE

TO

MISS DAVIS

We can no other answer make but thanks
And thanks, and ever thanks.

Twelfth Night



SHIRLEY DAVIS



THE LINK BOARD

THE LINK

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXIV

JUNE, 1944

NO. I

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SENIOR FAREWELL

WE, the Class of 1944, address our farewell to the new Senior Class.

During the first years of our life in the Upper School we felt our every move regulated, we were told when to study and where, and under the watchful eye of a Student Council member we were taught the meaning of the Honor System. Then came this last year, and we were on our own. We were free to relax in the S.S.R. or to study in whatever nook we wished. No longer did we stare longingly down Nassau Street at lunch hour, unable to leave the grounds; nor, during dances, were we compelled to envy those who might visit the S.S.R. But with this freedom came a weight of responsibility. Upon our shoulders rested the larger share of the management of student functions: *The Link*, Dramatics Club, the Charities Chest, Glee Club, and all the dances. This proved more difficult than we had imagined, as increasingly hard studies were added to our burden; but we would not have given it up for the world. We exulted in our freedom and were proud of our responsibilities. Then came that day when we began automatically planning for "next year," and we suddenly realized that for us "next year" in these halls would never come. With this awful knowledge we looked about us at all the old familiar things; some we had loved before, some we loved now because we knew we must leave them. Then, easing our dismay, there came the thought that it was ever so, that our moving out to take a place in the world was but a small part of a scheme far greater than we could understand. This was our consolation; it is your heritage.



JEAN MACALLISTER

IF you walk into the S.S.R. and find us entranced by a narrative complete with gestures and sound effects, you may be sure that Jean is telling us her adventures over the week-end. Her field of knowledge ranges from astrology to Shakespeare and back, and she is never afraid to speak her mind, even in History. We can always tell when she's disturbed about something, for then her utterings resemble those of a discontented cat; they may be heard particularly during lunch hour, while, though sitting on an S.S.R. couch, she plows through stormy seas with Aeneas. Being the most imaginative member of the class, she has held positions in accordance with her nature, such as trying to keep us all happy as our president and overcoming obstacles as editor-in-chief of *The Link*, chairman of the Christmas dance, and head of the play-reading and make-up committees for the Dramatics Club. Jean is definitely one of the class leaders. Idealist though she may be, she keeps her head, and Bryn Mawr will hold no hidden labyrinths for her.

ANN FARR

Ann came to Miss Fine's two years ago, bringing with her a refreshing sense of humor which has lightened many tense moments in the S.S.R. Her composure cannot be ruffled; it survives even our scathing remarks as we find her curled up in our only comfortable chair, reading *That Book* and giggling to herself in a way calculated to rouse our curiosity. She is an active member of the Glee Club, has served on many committees in the Dramatics Club, and this year is chairman of the program committee. She has also been a volunteer worker at the Princeton Hospital; but it is her morale-building activities which really keep her busy. To further her career as a buyer, Ann is going to Knox Junior College; but we've seen a twinkle in her eye which belies her business-like plan. We know she'll be happy, whatever her choice.



MONA HALL

"There'll always be an England" sounds in the hall, and we in the S.S.R. brace ourselves as Mona bounces in. After hurling a pillow or two by way of greeting, she becomes serious. "Girls, something has to be done," she begins; and we are plunged into a discussion of the Charities Chest, War Relief work, the Lost and Found, props for the play, or decorations for our dances, all of which come under her jurisdiction. These activities, as well as those involved in her being on *The Link* board as co-business manager and on the Student Council (for the fourth consecutive year), have made her the busiest member of our class. She is not to be taken for a Serious Young Woman, however, for beneath her oh-so-innocent façade lurks the original Imp of Mischief. But although she is our chief pillow-fighter, she knows when to stop our rumpuses too, for she has a gift for sensing situations and knowing just what to do about them. We know that Katherine Gibbs will welcome the ability, consideration, and spirit which Mona will bring next year.



ADELE JOHNCEA HARMON

When the first really red-haired member of our group sails into the S.S.R. with a "Hey, you know what?" we prepare ourselves for anything from a moron story to another tale of her two young nephews. Aside from these occasional outbursts we've looked in vain for signs of a redhead's temperament in Johnny; in fact during our most heated arguments she just sits back sphinx-like and listens, quietly drawing her own conclusions. With equal calm she has adapted herself to our hectic way of getting things done and has assisted in the doing thereof, such as handling the advertising for *The Link*, playing the piano for our Glee Club Concerts, and knocking scenery together for the play. To add to all this she has been a sympathetic friend, listening to our troubles and prescribing for them with the utmost tact. We shan't forget Joncie, and we hope that the future will find her happy in the pursuit of her musical career.



BETSY ANN HOWE

Whenever we hear Betsy pause and say "Well . . ." we turn with one accord to stare at her, for a lovely blush is sure to be illuminating her countenance. Why our epitome of glamour blushes we don't know, for she has nothing to be ashamed of in being chairman of the entertainment committee for the Dramatics Club, exchange editor of *The Link*, and May Day representative. It certainly can't be her activities on the baseball field either, for she can swing a bat harder than most of us; and on the dance floor she is anything but a wallflower. Then, too, she has kept up the morale of the S.S.R. by obtaining much-needed furniture for it and by amusing its occupants with tales of William Henry Howe the Seventeenth. (Our class blessing on that baby brother!) In her one year here Betsy has endeared herself to us, and it is with regret that we bid farewell to our "fascinatin' witch" and wish her luck at Wellesley.

JANE JOLLIFFE

For lack of a better explanation we attribute our ordinarily cool and collected member's weakness for baby talk to an outcropping of artistic temperament. She's entitled to one, certainly, for *The Link*, Miss Stratton's Art class and the school dances (of one she was chairman as well as decorator) have all felt her magic touch—not to mention that sketch book she keeps hidden away at home. However, her positions as stern member of the Student Council, chairman of the Costume Committee, and shining light in History class show her practical side. If we walk into a singularly pillowless S.S.R. we have only to look in the corner, where Jane is sure to have piled every one. Ensnared there, she keeps one eye dreamily on the letter she's writing while with the other she contemplates us warily, prepared for a flying attack. We seldom disappoint her. At Smith next year there'll be no danger of Janie's becoming one with the masses, for her originality will always make her stand apart.



JULIA JOLLIFFE

Yes, you *are* seeing double. We proudly present the other half of the Jolliffe twins. In personality she shares only one thing with her sister, firmness of will; for once an idea or opinion is settled in her mind she will defend it to the death. She is frankness and honesty itself, but with a graciousness and tact which relieve any bluntness. Add an unfailing loyalty toward her friends and you have Judy, one of the best-loved members of the class. In the S.S.R. during those all-too-brief periods before classes begin in the morning she expounds her theories on why the image should be on the other side of the lens or why blue and yellow light produce white [Note to the uninitiated: Physics] while we listened attentively, for she really knows her stuff. This year she has been treasurer of the Dramatics Club, literary editor of *The Link*, and chairman of the Spring Dance, as well as a member of countless other committees. She has also been made president of the Senior Scout Council of Princeton. With her twin, Judy is setting out next year for Smith, where she hopes to major in science.



CONSUELO KUHN

Despite the broad grin on the countenance of our Student Council president, the study hall calms down at her command of "Quiet!" Bobbie's abounding good humor has helped rather than hindered her difficult position this year and, combined with genuine executive ability, has made her president of the Dramatics Club as well, and co-business manager of *The Link*. In her sojourn at Miss Fine's (twelve years) she has been on every imaginable committee and proved herself versatile and dependable. Occasionally we have turned the tables on our paragon (witness the French class she "just forgot" and the sad case of the male mouse that was a rat), but we have found her always willing to join in the laugh at herself. Bobbie's choice of college is uncertain, but whichever it is—we hope it's near a naval training station—it will find her a welcome addition, as she possesses all the essential qualities of leadership.



JULIA LEE

"I'm sorry—what did you say?" smiles Julie, and we know that our dreamy pianist has been far, far away. Whether she was reviewing the Glee Club concerts at which she has been so very successful or thinking about her *bête-noir*, History, we can't tell, for to most of us she is a shy mystery. However, her curly head and blue, blue eyes and friendly smile are always welcomed in the S.S.R., where she good-naturedly lets us tease her. (Though, alas, she spends most of her time in the study hall—studying or dreaming, we wonder?) Hers is cultural accomplishment: her vocabulary, in the French room as in the English, is the envy of us all. It was in our Junior year that Julie came back to Miss Fine's as class president, but still the time has been too short for us to know her as we would. We hope that we shan't lose sight of our youngest member as she climbs the heights to which her devotion to music will take her.



ELEANORE WILSON

Willie is our class paradox, the possessor of talents as opposite as the poles. Her voice has made her soloist and president of the Glee Club, while her business ability has enabled her to handle our financial affairs and to become subscription manager of *The Link*. Prowess on the hockey and baseball fields is hers, as well as smoothness on the dance floor, while she leaves us gaping at the way she can drop her hammer (she's head of the scenery committee) to take up her pen for that endless correspondence she carries on. Furthermore, she has an uncanny gift for telling us what we're about to say before we've opened our mouths; so if she should change her mind about becoming a bacteriologist at Wheaton we'll guarantee her a thriving business as Madame Eleanore, Clairvoyante. The best of luck to our girl of the varied activities—may she continue to amaze the world as she has us.



ELEANOR VANDEWATER

Vandy, after having been at M.F.S. since she was four years old, left us last year. We still don't see exactly how she did it, but she contrived to take an extra English course last summer and go to Vassar in the fall. On days before exams we like to remember her carefree attitude toward them: in all her years here we never knew her to study for one, but somehow she always came through with flying colors. We hear she's carrying on the tradition at Vassar. All of us who were on the scenery committee last year remember the energy and enthusiasm that she put into painting scenery (doors were her specialty). No matter how early we came, she was always there first, painting a door, and she always left last. We've missed Vandy this year: we've missed her gaiety, her carefreeness, and her teasing. But most of all, we've missed the cry that used to greet us every morning as we came into the front hall: "Buy War Stamps!"

CLASS CHART

NAME	MAKES MENTION OF	WORST FAULT	SAVING GRACE	PET PEEVE	HAUNT	AMBITION
FARR	Jim	Her U.S.N. Jumper	Sense of humor	Being Called a Dirty Blonde	Peacock Inn	To get an A+
HALL	Burr	Efficiency	Vivacity	Lost and Found	Miss Davis' Office	To be twins
HARMON	Life in General	Gullibility	Red Hair	Conceited People	Food Bag	To smoke
HOWE	Week-ends	Inopportune Blushing	Figure	Buses	Princeton	To catch up with her correspondence
JOLLIFFE, JANE	Art	Stubbornness	Glamour	Fast Music	Art Room	To paint a masterpiece
JOLLIFFE, JULIA	The Girl Sprouts	Tenacity	Loyalty	Lateness in Other People	Library	To own a brown-and-white-spotted horse
KUHN	Naval Air Corps	Energy	Affability	Getting up Early Without Reason	181 Library Place	To have an imagination
LEE	Unfinished Homework	Absent-mindedness	Piano-playing	Her Weight	"Opium Den"	To dance with Humphrey Bogart
MACALLISTER	B's and D's (not marks)	Gripping	Dark Eyes	Unpredictable Hair	24 Bayard Lane	To have a big brother
WILSON	Beach Haven	Finessing	Voice	Knee-socks	Her Kitchen	To have rosy cheeks
THE CLASS	The Armed Forces	Lethargy	Good Spirit	Dirty S.S.R.	Renwick's	To get married

CLASS PROPHECY

It is June, 1954, and Miss Davis, the harried headmistress of Miss Fine's School in Princeton, has just seen her tenth senior class graduated. Entering her apartment with a sigh of relief, she finds on the table a letter bearing the return address of the Audience Research Institute. The papers have been full of Dr. Gallup's retirement and the selection of Mrs. Kuhn Stevenson as his successor, so she is not surprised to find Bobbie's signature when she opens the letter. It states that Bobbie and Mr. Jolliffe of R.C.A. have arranged a television program to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Class of 1944, and that since this was Miss Davis's first senior class they hope very much that she will join their parents in tuning in on the special frequency.

Glancing at her watch, Miss Davis hurries to her telechair, swishes off a mother cat with her brood, and sinks down comfortably. She snaps the button and is just in time to hear the announcer say "We take you to Carnegie Hall!"

It is the world premier of the Rhapsody in Azure, and the composer's wife, a pianist of renown, is playing. Miss Davis recognizes Julie Lee in the soignée but still dreamy young woman seated at the piano, and thinks of the days when Julie was the shining light of the Glee Club concerts.

Then a heavily accented voice declares that this is Number Ten Downing Street, London. She looks up to see a young woman seated at a desk efficiently attacking a pile of papers which are threatening to smother her. Mrs. Howe Thornegarde is announced, and in sweeps the ambassadress to Russia and co-author of the Thornegarde-Bounski Pact, to be greeted by a joyful "Betsy!" as documents go flying every which way. The audience is informed that the young woman at the desk is the former Mona Hall, secretary to the Prime Minister and recently married to Commander Throckensocket of the Royal Navy.

Purple and green polka dots flash on the screen, changing to pink and orange strips as the announcer explains that because of technical difficulties the program will return to America.

At last blue and violet triangles give way to a dark and dirty tenement building, and Miss Davis wonders what in the world has happened to one of her girls. She is greatly relieved as the camera moves on to reveal the clean, bright interior of the Jolliffe-Thornton Library for Underprivileged Children. She learns that this was financed by Judy's husband, who is in charge of all the State Institutions of New Jersey. Judy is conducting the weekly story-hour, while sitting behind the entranced group is a young red-haired woman busily making notes in her little black book. It seems

that this is Mrs. Houghton, the famed psychiatrist, and that she is making a study, "The Effects of Winnie-the-Pooh on the very Young." Miss Davis chuckles as she realizes that that hair could belong to no one but Joncie Harmon.

Next, a fashionable home in Beverly Hills appears, where Janelle Haviland, née Jolliffe, is holding one of her soirées. This brilliant actress has set the style for wearing shorts and smocks to dinner, and at this very moment is dressed in a stunning combination of purple and pink trimmed with yellow. She declares that she owes it all to Mrs. Farr Worth, who is present in the gathering. Mrs. Worth explains that although she is buyer for Duncan-Moore, the best store in Hollywood, she has agreed to be Janelle's personal buyer as well.

The scene flashes to Washington, D.C., where Mrs. Wilson Brondenberg, wife of the famous scientist, is receiving the Nobel Prize for their combined efforts in the field of bacteriology. As President Packard is delivering the presentation address, Miss Davis notes a familiar face in the President's party. The announcer points out Mrs. MacAllister Forsythe, the wife of our ambassador to France and herself ghost writer for the President. As Mrs. Brondenberg sings *The Star-Spangled Banner*, the television program is brought to a close.

Miss Davis *contemplates* the empty screen, reviewing the entire program. She thinks of how each girl has developed certain traits of her character and has become outstanding because of them. Then too, following the trend induced by the war and fulfilling the class ambition, they have all become wives as well as career women. Her reverie is broken by the hungry wails of the cat family, and she jumps up to hurry out to the kitchen. the Class of 1944 forgotten.









EDITORIAL: CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

ALTHOUGH secondary schools have many aims and purposes, there is one goal toward which they should all be striving. This is to make their students not merely good citizens in their community, but "citizens of the world."

Erasmus, we believe, was first called by that name, and indeed every country which had known his presence was eager to claim him. How to instruct a student so that he too may be received in friendship by all countries is the problem which secondary schools should attempt to solve. What program should they follow? We should like to suggest a few points which we feel are essential to any such program.

One point is a thorough knowledge of the history of the world, with particular emphasis on what lies behind it. A knowledge of the dates and specific events of the French Revolution accomplishes little toward our purpose; what it achieved and why, we *must* know. We must be able to judge present situations in the light of what has gone before.

We should be taught to respect peoples of different color and creed. Although our attitude is formed for the most part in our earlier years, it is possible for us to overcome our prejudices while in the upper grades. The schools should have round-table discussions, should supply us with good literature, and should have a series of intelligent lectures. We stress "intelligent" because many men and women get up and rave about brotherly love and democracy without realizing that what we need is *sound reasoning based on fact*.

Responsibility is perhaps the most important thing which must be taught us; for if we were lacking in that we should be unable to apply our other training. It presents a real problem which will have to be solved before we can carry out this program in every school, for in public schools there is a large group totally lacking in self-discipline. Their presence seriously retards the progress of those who can take care of themselves, and they must be taught before we can attain our goal. Once this has been done a much more flexible program can be instituted and the educational plan will proceed at a quicker pace.

These are but the smallest part of the things secondary schools should keep in view. Some must be begun at home and carried throughout the primary grades; but it is while in high school that a child develops into a thinking, wide-awake person. Colleges must continue the work and supply us with intellectual leaders; but for many, secondary school is the last step in their education. It must send forth its graduates with a knowledge of the world and its peoples, tolerance toward all, responsibility for themselves and toward others—in every way deserving of the name of "citizens of the world."

THE LINK AWARDS

WHILE *The Link* is making no award for poetry in the Middle School, it takes pleasure in giving two for prose—to Ann Chivers, Grade VII, for "How to Pick Pansies" and to Katharine Welling, Grade VIII, for "Rain." In the Upper School, the award for poetry is to Nancy Hart '46 for "In Endless Morn of Light" and "On Summer Eves by Haunted Stream," with honorable mention to Joan Wright '46 for her "Sonnet to New Hampshire." Here the prose contest has been won by Joan Wright with "Mr. Digby Digs In," and honorable mention is made of "Leander," by Sheila Frantz '45 and "Truant," by Nancy Hurd '47.

The editors are very grateful to Mrs. Nantz (Carolyn Morse '32) for her kindness in judging the entries.

"IN ENDLESS MORN OF LIGHT"

THE morning star fades slowly from the sky;
The moon is melting into nothingness,
That great grey nothingness that makes the dawn.
The air is cool and damp, the world is still
And hushed. Night-life has gone to sleep
And creatures of the day have yet to rise,
And everything is calm and pale and quiet,
Still and unfathomable as the great sea depths.

And then beyond the very farthest hills
A ray of sparkling light shoots like a meteor
Into the grey of heaven; then another;
And follows on its dancing path another:
More and more they quickly come
As heralds of a king speed on before
To spread the proclamation, "He is here!"

The flowers raise their dewy heads
And drowsily survey the sleepy world;
The grass-blades stiffen,
Standing at attention to receive
The warm benevolent glance that soon will come
Down from the face of him who rules them all
And holds the power of their life or death
Inside his burning heart.

A robin shakes himself and waves his wings
Then glides down from his bed among the leaves
And perches on the cool, wet mother earth,
And just for practice listens to the ground
And then pulls out a frightened struggling worm.
The squirrels scamper through the waving tree-tops
And scold distractedly the thieving birds.

The sun appears and slowly climbs
The path his brilliant rays have made
And with his golden light expels
The faintest trace of drowsiness
Left in the happy world—
And gaiety invades the atmosphere.

“ON SUMMER EVES BY HAUNTED STREAM”

THE gentle lap of water over stones
That stand up from the small brook's sandy bed;
The quiet hum of bees among the flowers,
The wild aster nodding off to sleep
With the great light whose journey now is done;
The fragile primrose opening her eyes
To greet the lamp of night, her lord and sire;
The buzzing of the gnats that swarm
In clouds above the water clear;
A water-witch with lightning speed
Darting to and fro among the ripples
Aimlessly; a cricket's chirping call
Of sadness for some unknown thing.
A swallow, black and sharp against
The purple sky, now swooping, diving
Playfully with his mate—

The oft-described moon is rising pale
And shedding peaceful light on all the world.
The stream is molten silver, flowing now
O'er stones of purest gold;
The primrose is a sparkling topaz, and
The cricket is a minstrel singing praises
To the very lord and master of them all.

And now a cloud obscures the mighty face
And hides the fragile light from all the world.
The gnats are quiet and the bees are still.
The birds have gone to sleep—only remains
The gentle lap of water over stones.

NANCY HART '46

MR. DIGBY DIGS IN

MR. DIGBY tapped his foot impatiently under his desk. He looked apprehensively toward the window which lay between his clean, waxed office and the pale late-autumn sunshine which flickered in the chilly air outside. Not that he was nervous, for he was not an excitable man; he was just beginning to realize that it was time for him to go to bed. By this I do not mean that it was late in the day, but only late in the year.

For, every November first for the past fifteen years, Mr. Digby had closed his office at five o'clock, dismissed his secretary for the winter, and hurried home to bed, where he had stayed until the first signs of spring came to wake him from his lethargy. Mr. Digby was a large man, but he required very little food during this hibernation—in fact, one might say he lived on the fat he had stored up over the summer. He was really very little trouble to anyone during the cold months. He read and amused himself, and since he was not the marrying sort, there was no wife to worry over him and to disrupt his habits. His friends, and he had several friends, were unperturbed by this yearly disappearance, and they had grown so accustomed to their eccentric companion that they no longer even discussed him during the five months of his absence.

Mr. Digby extracted his watch from his vest-pocket and regarded it with satisfaction—ten minutes to five. He replaced the papers he had been studying in a desk drawer and locked the drawer with the key on his watch-chain. Then he rose and opened the door into the next room.

"Miss Pendleton," he said, "I am going home now. Your check is on my desk. Have a pleasant vacation!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Digby," replied his antiquated secretary, as she got up and helped him into his overcoat. "And thank you."

As Mr. Digby opened the street door a cold blast of wind caught him, making him pull his scarf closer about his ears; but once on his way and when he remembered where he was going, the walk was almost exhilarating.

On his way down the main street he stopped at a stationery store and

went in. The clerk smiled at his entrance and brought up from behind the counter a bulky package wrapped in brown paper.

"Here you are, sir," he said cheerfully, "one of each of the magazines we have in stock. I hope you will enjoy them."

Mr. Digby was really quite excited by now, as he thought of the warmth of his apartment, and he was flattered, too, by this man's friendliness toward him. He smiled benignly and handed the clerk a ten-dollar bill.

"Keep the change," he said, "and thanks for your trouble."

As he left the shop his footsteps quickened, and when he finally reached home he was out of breath. Clutching his parcel, he puffed up the stairs and into his bedroom. There the fire was lighted and his bed was waiting. That kind housekeeper of his—she thought of everything.

"I must give her a tip," he reminded himself. "She's really very good to offer to bring my meals all winter."

Then he forgot all that in the ecstasy of pajamas and a soft bed. Burrowing under the covers, he decided that he was really a very sensible man. He had no worries now until April first, when he would again begin the humdrum existence of a wealthy banker.

As the bed began to warm up under the spread of his portly figure, Mr. Digby reached for a cigarette and opened the November issue of *My True Story*. He was in clover.

JOAN WRIGHT '46

MY MONITORS

I RUN up the stairs, my hair and skirts flying, and round a corner; then I stop. From far down the long hallway comes the art class, a line of little girls each in a blue smock, each clutching a picture in bright paint, laughing and talking quietly. They see me, and move to one side to let me pass, ceasing their chatter to look up at me with round childish eyes. I wonder how they can be so young. Surely I am not old, and yet they look at me as if I were quite ancient and endowed with worldly knowledge, as they would look at a teacher, a mother, a grandmother perhaps. I walk with quiet dignity by them, looking gravely off into space at some imaginary object and praying that I may not trip or stumble to disillusion them. The last one passes, and their little clatter dies away. I round the corner and run up the stairs again, my hair and skirts flying.

NANCY HURD '47

HOW TO PICK PANSIES

PANSIES are small; so they're usually on the outer edge of the garden and therefore you don't have to climb over other flowers crushing them. But pansies are a simple, aggravating mess to pick, especially properly. They should be picked down in the place where the stem meets the first two leaves. You see, the first two leaves are right opposite each other, unless someone has picked one leaf off.

In the first place there are several kinds of people who pick pansies. There are the extremely lazy, the moderately-lazy, the moderate, and the extremely spry. We'll start from the extremely lazy and work on up.

Well, the extremely lazy people ought to spread a beach robe or pillows from beach chairs (you know the long kind) along the place where they are going to pick—or get someone else to put them down—then lie down and pick. After they have finished picking, they can stay where they are and chew a pansy stem for just mere pleasure.

The moderately lazy people sit on pillows and pick, but they're practically as bad as the extremely lazy.

The moderate will just look content about the matter, get down on one knee, and pick.

Now as for the extremely spry, they'll bend (they won't even get down on one knee), take a pair of scissors, and cut the flowers exactly where the stem meets the two leaves. They will hop up every once in a while, put the scissors back, pull out a very small weed, go get the scissors, and start to cut again.

In my opinion, the extremely spry are pathetically stupid. They tire themselves out.

ANN D. CHIVERS, GRADE VII

RAIN

THE old man abhorred rain. In his mind it was deplorable. The gentle pitter-patter was a harsh constant tanging to his aged ears. He stepped out of the house gingerly and was outwardly annoyed when the rain tenderly trickled down his face. For no gentle dribble was this to him. It was a cold and clammy stream of water which had maliciously intended to annoy him. Rain certainly was wretched, he thought.

His little grandson loved rain. He liked to splash his feet in the puddles in the gutter, he loved the singsongy sound of the pitter-patter; but above all he adored the trickle of the rain down his face.

KATHARINE WELLING, GRADE VIII

LEANDER

"Why can't it stop raining!" I said as I sloshed home from school one Friday in April. This rain, which had shown no sign of stopping for three days, was causing me discomfort and anxiety. I was uncomfortable, as my slicker slapped wetly against my legs with every step I took and sent little cold rivulets of water running down into my rubber boots. I was anxious, because there was something quite special going on the next day which positively required fine weather.

The only answer I got to my rhetorical question was an increase in the downpour. I stopped by a big tree and looked at the sky to see if there were actually demons up there that were doing this thing to me. I must have looked ridiculous standing there with the rain dripping into my face, because some one who was quite near laughed. It was an ordinary laugh, but when I turned I saw that its owner was not ordinary at all. He was sitting on a branch of the tree, and he was dressed in garments so white that they dazzled my eyes. He sat in a ray of sunlight. In short, he was an angel.

After a few words of greeting, he told me he was down an earth for a visit and he'd seen me and wondered what it was that made me look so cross. I hastily put on what I hoped was a pleasant expression, and answered that it was the weather.

"Oh yes, it's raining, isn't it," he said airily; then, with a brilliant smile, "Well, come on up the ladder and let's have some fun." In a very short time we had emerged into bright, warm sunshine. When I looked down towards earth there was only range after range of white, soft-looking hills, tinted with pink and gold. I collapsed on one of these, as I was out of breath after our swift ascent. It felt just the way you think clouds would feel when you are too little to know that they're only condensed vapor. I lay there happily with the sun on my face. My nasty slicker and rubber boots had been left below and I was in a cotton dress and bare feet. Leander (that was the angel's name) broke in on my ecstasy to say, "Come now, you can't stay here forever, and I only asked you up to find out in a more pleasant atmosphere why you were mad at the weather."

I sat up, remembering my old peeve. "Well, you see," I said, "there's this thing happening tomorrow—"

"Oh, so that's it!" he interrupted. "I know all about that from hearing you and your little friends talk about it all the week. I'm sick to death of it. And that's certainly not a very noble or worthy reason for wanting the rain to stop."

"Oh well, now I don't really care what the weather does down there, it's

so nice up here," I said, sinking back onto my cloud again. Then one of those silly questions one thinks of at inappropriate moments popped into my head. "Leander," I asked, "are there women angels? I've always wondered."

At this, to my surprise, Leander got very mad.

"Women angels!" he shouted, swelling with rage, "get up, you silly girl, and go right straight back to earth!"

"Women angels!" he muttered as he pushed me toward the ladder. But as I descended I looked up and saw him sitting on the top rung, laughing to himself.

When my feet touched earth, the ladder disappeared. I wearily put on my slicker and boots, for it was still pouring. Everything seemed twice as cold and damp, for it had been so bright up there.

That night before I went to bed I opened my window, and looking up at the dark, watery sky, said, "Oh Leander, I hope you aren't still mad. Please be nice and make the rain stop." The rain kept coming, but I thought I heard Leander's laugh.

When I woke up the next morning the rain had stopped, but the sky was filled with thick grey clouds. They began to break up as I lay watching; they were very low and moving very fast, I got up quickly and leaned out the window. Then, as I stood happily watching, did I or did I not see a radiant being wink at me from behind the last cloud that rolled away from the seven o'clock sun?

SHEILA FRANTZ '45

SONNET TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE sun will never set behind these hills:
The essences of lovely songs appear
And hover in the cold clear atmosphere
While all the earth with music slowly fills.
And on the peaks of mountains transient light
Flickers and dims, and touches the leaved trees
With slender fingers as it slowly frees
The twilight curtains of the pine-sweet night.
A light still lingers after the red glow
Has softened to a listening, secret hush,
And when the stars like golden cups hang low,
Unseen there sings a solitary thrush.
And though the glowing music slowly stills,
The sun will never set behind these hills.

JOAN WRIGHT '46

TRUANT

SHE sits on the edge of the cool stone wall and lets her hair tumble about her shoulders in thick black masses, wondering what her mother would say if she could see her here, with her hair untidy and her skirts piled up. She swings her feet in wide circles above the flowers and leans back, squinting up at the hot June sun, reveling in the pleasure of doing this because it is forbidden, because her elders would disapprove, because it makes her have a wonderful feeling inside, all cool and happy. She closes her eyes and lets the sweet song of a bird come to her, then the silver splash of water from the birdbath. A light wind catches a strand of her hair and tosses it about, then leaves it to ruffle the orange poppies and make the bleeding hearts dance upon their thin stems like tiny red puppets upon a stick.

So she sits, and lets the warmth of the sun fall upon her eyelids—happy, so happy that her laughter is caught up by the wind and carried softly away. Over the cool grass and the orange poppies it is carried—over the gravel path and over dark hedges and out to the dusty road, where it is dashed against a gust of hot, dry air and the two are mixed and blown along as one.

NANCY HURD '47

WHY ?

I AMBLED along the overgrown path with an easy, carefree gait, scuffing up the dried earth as I went. I could hear the brook beating over the stony rapids before it poured into the dull, quiet pond. I sat down on an old weather-beaten stump imbedded deep in the tall green grass, and glanced at whatever attracted my attention. On the rise across the pond I saw a herd of most contented-looking cows greedily cropping the grass or lethargically chewing their cuds.

From force of habit I glanced at my watch, but time meant no more to me that afternoon than a mere dimension. In the distance I heard the steady hum of automobiles racing along the busy highway, and over it the rhythmic beat of machines in a great building which rose starkly from the green meadow. A frog plunging into the pool drew my gaze. He rose to the surface and paddled lazily about. Then he clambered up on a smooth sun-whitened rock and, folding his fore-legs across his chest, looked at me profoundly and sagely, his big eyes bulging.

"Tell me," he began quizzically, "just what is all the racket for, over across the hill?"

"Oh, that? That's just a war-plant. They make explosives," I answered.

"What for? Every time I want to sing they're at it, and they drown me

out. Nobody ever bothers us around here; we don't need gunpowder." He blinked as if this were beyond his comprehension.

"I know," I interposed, "but just because there's no fighting over here, it doesn't mean we're safe. Why, think of all the powder it takes for our bombs, for instance, so that we can invade Europe. And if we didn't, think what would happen to the world."

After a pause during which he seemed to be studying the matter in his slow, unhurried way, he seriously made his conclusion.

"Sometimes you make me laugh," he said, "you and your civilization. Doesn't it seem just a little illogical to you to spend millions of dollars on science and research so that you may live, and at the same time spend billions to make weapons to blow each other's towns into oblivion? We frogs don't ask for more than nature gives us, and we don't destroy our kin, either."

At this point he deftly dispatched his tongue after an unsuspecting fly, and this operation completed, he dove back into the water. The ripples receding from the spot danced as they caught the sun.

EUGENIA WARREN '47

TRIVIA

A Little Gust of Wind

Bang! went the revolver, emitting a puff of smoke which was carried away by a sudden gust of wind. With this momentous sound the surrounding shores shook and twelve little boats started on their journey across the harbor. Their billowy sails were soon stuffed with wind, and like tiny galleons they raced down the shimmering blue, their little hulls dotting the sea with a rainbow of colors. Then a small gust of wind pushed one proud little sailboat over the finish line. Bang went the revolver!

BARBARA QUICK '46

Contrast

A camouflaged howitzer was thrust into position between the verdant branches of the orange trees, below which stretched the blue expanses of the Bay of Naples. It was loaded and fired, the report echoing and re-echoing from across the Bay, while two oranges dropped with a small splash into the transparent water,

SYLVIA TAYLOR '45

The Walls Winked

The halls of education were closed last night. The prim oak desks were hidden in dark corners, and music filled the air with an atmosphere unknown since the last school dance. The floors squeaked with joy, and the walls winked slyly at each other. Occasionally the building rumbled as if a little cigarette smoke had got caught in its ventilator. The moon peeked through the window to spread its rays of light and joy over a care-free crowd, and the ceiling looked down with whole-hearted approval.

The clock struck twelve! The floor squeaked no longer; the walls stopped winking; and the ceiling masked itself once more. The halls of education were open.

BARBARA QUICK '46

A GOOD WORLD

IN THE middle of the shadowed lake sat a man and a girl in a small row-boat. The man was fishing, but the girl just sat looking with awe at the sight of a world so pure and clean. She whispered softly to her father that their world seemed so far away, but he told her to be quiet or she would scare the fish; so she decided to enjoy in complete silence.

The sun began to peep through the looming pines. A beaver at the far side of the lake, seated on his little wooded hill, flopped his tail as if to say it was time to begin another day's work. A baby trout jumped at little bugs and left great circles of water as the only sign that it was ever there. Then the boat jerked, and the little girl forgot about nature and its wonders: her father had caught a fish!

She suddenly realized how hungry she was and how good that slippery, stream-lined trout would taste. She started to hit it over the head to kill it. For the merest moment her thoughts lingered to recall that little trout; maybe this was its father. Then she thought again of her tummy, and she unhooked the fish as her father jumped from the boat. It hit the shore with a delicious crunch. He pulled it to the landing and she too jumped out.

She began to build a little fire, and soon it was crackling up to the sky in a friendly way. She split the fish and put it in the pan, where it sizzled and crackled too, and put the coffee in the tin pot with the usual assortment of eggshells. Her father made a sound of hungry impatience, but she told him that it was his turn to be quiet and that he might get out the plates.

Then she handed his half to her father, and sat down next to him on an old beaver-sawed log, and sank her teeth into her share of that golden-brown trout.

JOAN WILLIAMS '47

ON MY HONOR

ANNE rushed upstairs and into her room. Yes, it was still there hanging in the closet, its silver-grey color still the same, and the scarlet tie folded neatly on the bureau. Her own! The most beautiful Girl Scout uniform in the world! As she kicked off her shoes and pulled on the new knee-socks with the trefoils on the cuffs, she sang in a half-sing-half-hum, "Today I'm going to be a real Girl Scout. I'm going to wear a uniform and have a trefoil pin—today—today!"

In less than fifteen minutes she was ready, her beret at just the right angle and her compass and knife swinging and jingling from her belt. She ran downstairs, called goodbye to her mother, assured her that it wasn't cold enough to wear a sweater, and skipped out the door. No indeed, she wasn't going to cover up her beautiful uniform with a sweater—she wanted everyone to see it! But despite herself she had to clench her teeth together to keep from shivering as she walked down Main Street.

Anne was early at the fire-house where the meetings were held, and she waited impatiently for the others to come. Finally the horseshoe was formed, the flag saluted, and The Star-Spangled Banner sung, then every eye turned towards her. The moment had come. With her shoulders back and her chin high, she walked to the head of the horseshoe and stood facing the leader. She repeated the promise, every word correct. Then she heard Mrs. Jefferson asking her, "What does being a scout mean to you?" She thought a minute. "It means that my honor can be trusted."

Mrs. Jefferson pinned the trefoil on Anne's tie and she went back to her place. She hardly noticed when the troop repeated the laws; when the meeting was over she hurried outside so that she wouldn't have to walk home with anyone. She wanted to think. Mrs. Jefferson had asked her what being a Scout meant and she had answered that it had meant her honor could be trusted; but what was honor?

She took the longest way home, walking slowly, clutching the new pin, and wondering. She decided to take the path by the creek. She found the sparrows' nest in the bush where there had been baby birds several weeks before; not a trace of them was left—just the old dried-up nest. She sat down on a stone and thought about honor. What did it mean? She drew her knees up close and clasped her hands around them. The leaves were beginning to fall off the trees; she shivered. She thought about the sparrows. Early in the summer she had found the nest, and afterwards she had come often to watch the baby birds; they had never seemed afraid of her and she had always been very quiet. Just before school started a few weeks ago she had come to see them and had found them gone. For awhile

she sat still, watching the brightly colored leaves fall and float down the stream.

All of a sudden Anne knew. Honor was something down inside of her that told her what was right to do. It was what had told her to be quiet when she was near the baby sparrows, and it was why the birds hadn't been afraid.

She got up quietly and looked at the nest again; slowly she repeated the promise, "On my honor I will try—." Then she ran off home, singing at the top of her voice and swinging her arms to keep warm.

JULIA JOLLIFFE '44

THE KING TREE

As ONE neared the end of the driveway it immediately caught the eye: a majestic oak towering over the smooth flower-studded lawn. It was taller than the house or any of its own companions.

This tree was the friend of the children. Beneath it we had played when small, read our dearest books, and solved our algebra. Under the shelter of its giant branches we had, with great ceremony, smoked our first—and last—cigarette. The oak had been our castle, our pirate ship, and our aeroplane.

In its cozy hollow limbs lived about a score of squirrels. The leader of this small band was black with a pert white nose. At first glance he appeared to be a skunk, but he was really a squirrel and a very beautiful one at that. One could clearly see the great oak from the dining room windows, and the sight of squirrels playing among the branches enlivened the ordeal of eating cold spinach.

Then, one June night the storm arose. Lightning flared about our house. Trees lost their branches. Suddenly a clear sound of cracking wood filled the air. Three enormous limbs hit the road, while two more soon thundered to the ground. Our oak had been struck! Its highest bark had been torn away, and there shone the top of the tree, white in the darkness.

Today the oak still towers, majestic as ever though robbed of its crown, protecting the squirrels and the surrounding land.

RUTH SCHWARZKOPF, GRADE VIII

SOLITAIRE

A TRUMPET rent the rosy air;
We laughed and moved together;
The road was soft, and time was long,
Our thoughts alone enthralled us.

We were a brilliant happy crew
From highest down to lowest:
Kings, bishops, workers, men and girls,
The world one spinning planet.

There was no anger, blame, or hate;
Each of us loved the other.
No fear invaded yet our minds;
Innocence reigned among us.

Then gaily they began to move,
And I was left behind them;
I heard their laughter from afar,
And yet I could not find it.

They passed through valleys just below,
And left alone I stood there;
None but the mists around me rushed,
No bird or beast as comfort.

But soon within my lonely land
The mists and hills befriended;
To mountain tops my eyes I trained:
No golden paths need I regain
Upon God's spinning planet.

BARBARA FIELD '45

NORTHERN LIGHTS

BRIGHT against a northern sky
Silver arrows cast their gleam;
Crimson colors burst and die
Bright against a northern sky.
Aurorean flags unfurl on high
And fill the night with light supreme.
Bright against a northern sky
Silver arrows cast their gleam.

HOPE HEMPHILL '46

QUESTION

THE wasps and hornets swarm on high
And ants run helpless here below.
We ask the question, "Why, oh why
Must bees and hornets swarm on high
And rain destruction from the sky?
Is it for vengeance on the foe
That bees and hornets swarm on high
And ants run helpless here below?"

DOROTHY CROSSLEY '46

PEACE

THE beach lay smooth and white and free,
The waves broke softly on the sand.
I thought what hidden things might be
Beyond that beach so white and free,
Beneath the gently rolling sea
That lay so peaceful by the land.
The beach lay smooth and white and free,
And waves broke softly on the sand.

MARY LEE '46

THE COMET

The spear
Of racing light
Darted through the glowing field
Of stars.

CARY STURGES '46

SCHOOL NOTES

DRAMATICS CLUB

ON MAY 5th and 6th the Dramatics Club, with members of Princeton University, presented Sir James M. Barrie's *Quality Street* in Murray Theatre, under the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny. Joan Wright '46 and Nancy Hart '46 played the two leading parts, and all the members of the club assisted with the production.

Earlier in the year a trip to New York to see Helen Hayes in *Harriet* was arranged for the club by Betsy Howe '44.

The officers this year were: President, Consuelo Kuhn; Treasurer, Julia Jolliffe; Recording Secretary, Sheila Frantz; Corresponding Secretary, Sylvia Taylor; Costume Head, Jane Jolliffe.

GLEE CLUB

THIS year has been a four-star season for the Glee Club. Besides performing for many school activities, we have given three concerts. Our first, with the Glee Club of the Lawrenceville School, was given at Lawrenceville and followed by a dance there. A return concert and dance were given at Miss Fine's School. At this second concert Julia Lee, Johncea Harmon, and Eleanore Wilson each presented a solo number. The culmination of the season was a concert given at Alexander Hall with the University Glee Club and Orchestra. The high point in the program for us (and, we hope, for the audience) was the singing of "The Heavens Are Telling," from Haydn's *Creation*. After the concert there was a semi-formal dance at Miss Fine's.

ATHLETICS

THIS year for the first time the school—the upper grades with the middle—was divided into two color teams, the blue and the gray. These competed in hockey, in baseball, and in a gym meet. The team having the most points at the end of the year will receive recognition. Besides the intra-mural activities, Miss Rhoads arranged three outside hockey games. We played at George School, Kent Place, and Holmquist. In baseball we have already played Hun School and other games are being arranged. On May Day the faculty played in a game versus the students.

THE CHARITIES CHEST

WHEN the committee in charge of the Charities Chest had their first meeting it looked as if the year ahead were going to be a difficult one and that it would be a hard task to collect any funds. It turned out that we were wrong, for up to this time the chest has taken in the total sum of \$462.80 and has given out \$440 to various charitable organizations. One of our biggest feats this year was the donation of \$200 to the World Student Service Fund; consequently we have been given an Award of Highest Merit by that organization. We challenge the committee of '45 to beat our record!

AS WE GROW UP

EVERY day, month, or year
Added to our life
Is another day, month, or year
Added to our strife.

When you are
'Round three or four
You wish that you
Were thirty or more.

But then comes thirty,
And more and more
You wish that you were
Back at four.

Yes, time goes by,
We know that's true,
And time can go
Too fast for you.

So, every day, month, or year
Added to our life
Is another day, month, or year
Added to our strife.

ANGELINE FLEMING, GRADE VI

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