

THE LINK



JUNE · 1945

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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



MAY MARGARET FINE



SHIRLEY DAVIS



The Class of 1945
dedicates this issue of *The Link*
to DR. BADIN
in grateful appreciation for
patient guidance and warm friendship.

THE LINK

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

VOL. XXV

JUNE, 1945

No. 1

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The Editors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Sylvia Taylor, '45 for generous and effective assistance given "without portfolio."

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FAREWELL

"I dreamed once that . . . I had 'passed the melancholy flood with that grim Ferryman that poets write of' and that, when we reached the other side, there was a Customs House and an official . . . who said to me 'Have You Anything to Declare?' He handed me a printed list . . . and it was explained to me . . . that I need only declare those things of which I had a permanent record either in my memory or in written notebooks." *

Looking back on these years of school, some memories stand out in sharp relief . . . The red maple from the Art room window; the crack of a hockey stick on a crisp October afternoon; Miss Davis' sparkling enthusiasm and endearing friendship; the holly and whiteness of Christmas in the candle-light; "Une fois dans le passé," and another of Mrs. Wade's stories; the first signs of spring—snowdrops along the drive; Miss Fine's portrait—a kind guardian; lazy lunches under the chestnut trees; stormy adventures with Aeneas; May Day with its spring flowers and twining streamers; and finally, our last and most poignant memory—"Pomp and Circumstance" and graduation.

* Reprinted from HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE? by Maurice Baring, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.



JANET HILL

"OH COME on, let's do it" resounds through senior circles; and we find that the owner of that uncompromising spirit is our energetic class president. Constantly on the go both in and out of school, Janet still finds time to be chairman of the dance committee, an almost constant guest of the University stacks, and an active participant in athletics. Quiet, but by no means passive, Jan's ever-ready "don't worry, we'll get there, 'cause I think I can get the car," has saved the grey old seniors many a weary step to and from the Hun gym, as well as distant tree-cutting and Social Study jaunts. Her cheerful smile and mischievous ways will linger with us always.

MARY BRUMMER

Mary (with a copy of the newest novel tucked under her arm), can always be found rushing about school for one of her innumerable committees. Yet she is never in too much of a hurry to listen to your own personal troubles. History class has often rung with reverberations of white-hot debates, Mary versus Mrs. Albion. On Wednesday afternoons when Mary isn't off to New York to skate, she efficiently canvasses all the stores, collecting ads for *The Link*, (she's advertising manager), or selling tickets for the school play. Her private life is really private, but now and then she drops hints about her endless gaddings and gaities. Her streak of Southern ancestry and her own special sweetness must certainly be responsible for her endless hospitality to us all. No dance seems complete unless we end up in Mary's playroom, singing and talking into the wee hours. Whatever she may do next year, we all know that her efficiency and ever-friendly interest will carry her far.



KAY COTTINGHAM

A groan comes from the far corner of Physics class and a voice says "But do we *have* to do it that way?" It's Kay, who has temporarily shed her whimsical smile to struggle with the intricacies of "inanimate objects." Later, in some remote spot, you find her with Sheila, discussing last minute plans for an approaching week-end. This is sure to be gay if Katie is around, for her infinite poise and charm help make any escapade a success. In her odd moments, she embarrasses us all by "snapping" us—just as we are—and later, putting us in print—as photographic manager for *The Link*. Occasionally, we catch a glimpse of terrifying stubbornness, but it's only a glimpse—for now Kay has smiled, and her adversaries have melted away in its warmth.



BARBARA FIELD

"I spent an hour last night on the fifth problem for Physics, but I finally got it" is Barbara's comment as she appears from behind a mound of books which vie with Everest in height. Although she has a serious future among the medics at Harvard already planned, nevertheless Barbara finds plenty of time to be gay with the rest of us (remember the cherries!). This year, as president of the Dramatics Club, she has efficiently helped on all the committees, as well as making us shiver as Kaye in "Stage Door." Her outside interests and activities are numerous, and range from Princeton and the hockey field to Massachusetts and sailing. But on any day of the week you can find her ensconced in the S.S.R. having a heated (but friendly) argument with E.S.T. about the relative merits of anything over something else.



SHEILA FRANTZ

"Oh dear, I've forgotten it," says Sheila wistfully. "What, again!" we exclaim. But then one must realize that Sheila's mind is occupied with many things besides being *Link* literary editor and Student Council member. She is an ingenue actress and professes complete lack of interest concerning athletics! When she dashes into class, minus all her books, and realizes it's French not Art, the explaining begins. But no matter what, Sheila can talk herself both in and out of the most embarrassing situations, filling in the blanks with small items of interest hitherto unknown to the general public. Whether she is trying out her new exercises on the floor of the S.S.R., or hustling down to the Delicatessen for some potato salad, you may be sure that she is keeping us all in stitches. We really hope that fog never lifts. It's such an irresistible one—in fact it's Sheila.



DOROTHY LONGSTRETH

We all get a bit green-eyed when it comes to Dotty. "How can she get such a beautiful tan?" we say, and "If I only had that singing voice." (Which voice, by the way, had a most astounding effect on the stag line at the Winter dance.) And how can she keep that Powers-model look even while wearing the most tremendous of sweaters and the messiest of moccasins, with that "Longstreth shuffle" as her means of locomotion? Her interest in the more morbid side of psychology is a contrast to her serene appearance. This semblance also hides what seems to be a constant anxiety about the History assignment. (We never see her without a Muzzey or Faulkner.) To the few of us who know her well, Dotty is a real and steadfast friend, especially when, lovelorn, we need advice. Intimates, friends, or just plain acquaintances, we all wish her luck in a career which we, knowing Dotty, are sure will be exciting.



FLORENCE MILLER

Florre is our lady unpredictable and she furnishes the color in the class. Never was there such an amazing imagination. That look is the envy of all of us, and who will ever forget those purple moods? She is a number one dancer and has often expressed the wish to continue studies in this line, if time off from flying can be found. Take one part sophistication, a dash of absolute genius, a fascinatingly soft voice, and a pinch of salt, and you have Florre. Famous for her beautiful clothes, she modestly accepts our compliments and the next day treats us all to a look at her scalloped black bathing suit.



BETTY ROWLAND

Betty is best known, perhaps, as an endless source of data on everyone living within a radius of fifty miles. No one has ever asked the most minute fact about anyone that Betty has not come forth with a complete life history. She also keeps us continually in hysterics relating ridiculous happenings experienced only by a physician's daughter. As enthusiastic and able treasurer of the Social Service Committee, she delights in waving that crackling green paper at us as she rushes off to the bank. Not only is she an indescribable help in Lost and Found auctions, but she made the stage party after the play a success by her delicious refreshments. Her dancing eyes and ever-ready smile are keynotes to the friendliness and geniality which we shall all long remember.



BLYTHE SCOTT

For a long time we used to think that Blythe was quiet and reserved, but now we know that her smiling "Hiya" covers an exuberant personality and endless energy. In every sport, she has topped us all with her fast serve, her crackling drive, or her "homers," and in math class she never ceases to amaze us with her speedy solutions of anything from fractions to quadratics. (Note her efficient Business Management of *The Link*.) This year she has proved active and responsible both as president of the Glee Club and as a member of the Student Council. But school isn't everything! Tales of life in Tulsa and Savannah and her many treks around the United States are poured into attentive ears, while she in turn guards all our secrets. We all hope one thing for her: that no matter how fascinating test tubes, voltmeters, and cells may become, she will never lose any of her diverse and energetic interests, or her quiet, frindly charm.



PATRICIA ANN SMITH

When Patty joined our helter-skelter ranks four years ago, we gasped at her band-box exterior and ever-present calm and coolness. Since then we've learned that on every occasion, from the dance floor to that hectic dash for the 4:13, Pat always remains collected, and reminiscent of the latest ad from Madame Weasel (coined from her own "Picturesque Speech and Patter" which amuses us by the hour). This year Pat has found time to be pleasantly yet forcefully efficient: on the one hand dealing with a wide-eyed fifth grader and the problem of a missing sock, as head of the Lost and Found; and on the other, solving the many problems attendant on her difficult job as our Editor-in-Chief. But the one memory we shall all retain is a groan from the depths of the S.S.R. and a "It's rough, but Geometry and I just weren't *meant* to go together!"



SYLVIA TAYLOR

Sylvia is the only member of the class that has been at Miss Fine's since the first grade. As president of the Student Council (capably putting people in their places by cocking that Taylor eyebrow), acting, or on the hockey field, where she's famous for her innumerable ungraceful falls, but outranks the best when it comes to that all-important goal, she has become the most efficient member of the senior class. Though she professes not to be studious, she is one of our most conscientious workers and is well rewarded with A+'s in History. Sometimes, however, she insists on falling out of dignified character, and she can usually be found in the S.S.R., with her legs stretched against the blackboard, relating amusing tales of tea on Sunday or the Campus Center. We all agree that she'll be famous for her priceless imitations of all Princeton characters alone. Though Sylvia changes from depression to gaiety in a split second, we are sure everyone will always enjoy her subtle wit and scintillating personality.



CLASS STATISTICS

Prettiest	Dottie
Best Figure	Sheila
Prettiest Hands	Kay
Best Groomed	Patty
Most Poised	Sylvia
Most Tactful	Mary
Friendliest	Betty
Sweetest	Janet
Most Generous	Mary
Best Natured	Betty
Frankest	Dottie
Most Artistic	Sheila
Most Original	Florre
Most Curious	Betty
Most Innocent	Betty, Blythe
Looks It	Sheila
Best Sense of Humor	Florre, Sylvia
Most Studious	Barbara
Class Orator	Patty
Noisiest	Ask Miss Miller
Most Athletic	Blythe
Most Popular	Janet
Biggest Blusher	Florre
Biggest Flirt	Barbara

BIG THREE

Idealist	Mary, Florre
Realist	Sylvia
Opportunist	Kay

CLASS CHART

NAME	SAYING	NOTED FOR	MAKES MENTION OF	SONG	BESETTING SIN	SAVING GRACE
BRUMMER COTTINGHAM	Can I help? For John's sake	Calmness Hands	New York Cambridge	Dream Sweet and Lovely	Progressiveness Groaning	Soft Voice Blue Eyes
FIELD	Sweetie	Mannerisms	Learning to Drive	Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea	Tactlessness	Boston Accent
FRANTZ HILL	Whaaat? Terrific	Her Luck Eyelashes	Conflicts Uncle Richard	Temptation Smiles	Vagueness Combing her Hair	Legs Gaiety
LONGSTRETH	Don't get tense	Singing	Marines	Lovely to Look at	Weighing Herself	Beautiful Tan
MILLER ROWLAND	I'm in love Oh that's wonderful	The Look Small feet	Signal Flags Midshipmen	Happy in Love When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	Blushing Chatter	Complexion Disposition
SCOTT	Well, girls	Small waist	Brothers and Sisters	Slender, Tender, and Tall	Silence	Coloring
SMITH TAYLOR	That's rough Please?	Pouty mouth B.R. eyes	The Point Intellectuals and Iconoclastics	Sophisticated Lady Melancholy Baby	Moods Sarcasm	Grooming Blondness
CLASS	If we graduate	Dignity	The Weekend	I Wanna Get Married	Oranges	Beauty









EDITORIAL: TOLERANCE

THE OTHER day I was talking to an elderly lady about a young man whom we had both recently met. Suddenly she said to me, "But of course he *is* a Jew." I was stunned for a moment by her statement, and when I asked her why that made any difference, she dismissed my question with "Oh, I don't know—it just does." Afterwards I thought over our brief discussion and tried to understand how a lady of such vast experience and intellectual quality could have such bigoted views. But this intolerance and narrowness is heard on every side, not only between races and nations but over your own neighbor's hedge as well.

Recently we have all been horrified by the baring of the Nazi atrocities against both Jews and Gentiles, and yet in our anger and disgust we may forget the lynchings which take place every year right here in our own democratic country.

"All men are created equal . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . . among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." We all know these phrases from our Declaration of Independence, and yet I wonder how many of us ever remember their sentiment. We can never expect tolerance in the world unless we ourselves make it a daily practice. At our work or our recreation we should never let slip a chance to show tolerance for our neighbor, whether he be millionaire or tramp, banker or gardener.

Through teaching in our schools we can prepare our coming generations to take a more understanding and natural attitude towards their fellow men, without regard to race, color, or creed. But for all our teaching, forums, and speeches, it is by example and example alone that we can ever hope to spread the effulgent light of tolerance throughout this changing world in the years to come.

THE LINK AWARDS

In the Middle School, the poetry award is made to Angeline Fleming, Grade VII, for "I am God." "Peter," by Leslie Van Zandt, has been adjudged the best prose. In the Upper School, the poem "Winter Evening," by Nancy Hurd, '47, is given first place, and two awards are made for prose—to Ruth Schwarzkopf, '48, for "Preliminary" and to Joan Daniels, '46, for "The Deaf Boy."

The editors are very grateful to Mrs. Lockwood for judging the entries.

THE DEAF BOY

SQUATTING on the ground in a position disturbingly animal-like, the deaf boy sits, his knees drawn up to his chin. He rocks to and fro, faster and faster, as though to emulate the flying grace of the children near at hand dancing in a circle. His face is wizened, keen with understanding whetted by the sharp stone of years of silent introspection. Though he is a boy of ten, his eyes hold a baffled look found in the eyes of the very aged. But in their depths lies, too, an acumen born of experience, of pitfalls, of traps, of snares found on a vast, soundless corridor.

He watches now, in a bemused way, the movements of the lips of the others. His eyes hold fast to these: they do not fly along the ground with the winging feet. His reaction to the wild dance is seen in his unconscious rocking imitation. Experimentally he opens his mouth, closes it, and opens it again. He shuts his lips firmly and stretches them into a smile, gradually showing all his small white teeth. Now he is ready. Up he swings and, standing, looks in all directions—a habit born of necessity, a preventive measure against the threat of inaudible dangers. He runs swiftly, his feet pounding the earth with little thuds, and reaches the circle of laughing children. With timidity battling with eagerness, he taps a flushed smiling boy and begins his movements without a pause, as though his secret is too wonderful to keep.

"Look," says the older boy, "the little sap wants to talk"; and as though this is a very funny thing he begins again to laugh, and the others, uncertainly, join him. Is he not their leader?

The deaf boy, laughing too, sees irrelevantly the cords on many necks stand out in an effort of mirth. He can no longer control himself; he is overwhelmed by a swell of emotion. He cannot bear the heady sweetness assailing him at the sight of supposed approbation. He is one of them at last, and the dim, shadowy valleys of his mind illumine and glow with the miracle. In a transport of joy he closes his eyes and as though fearing the loss of a pleasant dream opens them again.

But a barrier of backs has cut off his sight of heaven. Attention is turned to the peregrinations of an ancient, blind cat, the neighborhood scapegoat, wandering here and there, on its face a look of torment and frustration disturbingly human to see. I shiver as I watch the deaf boy take the cat tenderly into his arms. His face is as old as death.

But I am a coward: I cannot stir. And suddenly I am sick of sound. I cover my ears to shut out the discordant laughter of the group.

JOAN DANIELS, '46

I AM GOD

The world is Mine;
The skies, the trees, and the sod,
The wind, and everything else
Is Mine, for I Am God.

The gathering clouds above you,
The breaking waves in the sea,
The very earth you walk on,
They all belong to Me.

I made the sloping hills,
The placidly grazing sheep,
Created the ground you walk on,
And now they're yours to keep.

I give you the soil, on which
Centuries of men have trod.
You own the whole wide world,
Though I Am God.

ANGELINE FLEMING, GRADE VII

WINTER EVENING

Evening color was in the sky.
The air was frosty, and on high
No bird flew home. There was no sound
Save that of beauty all around.

Time was crystal. The trees stood high
Like thin black lace against the sky.
The world was hushed; there was no sound
Save that of beauty all around.

The stars came out like twinkling eyes;
Amid their boundless land of skies
The world was good. There was no sound
Save that of beauty all around.

NANCY HURD, '47

PRELIMINARY

THE TREES of the churchyard quivered, having said good morning to a passing wind. The sun shone through the stained-glass windows, its attention centered on a pinkish spot in the marble floor. The ushers tiptoed stealthily up and down the aisles doing their work. Organ music filled the building and echoed high up in the rafters. (Some tune of Haydn's—or is it Bach they usually play?)

The stylish lady in the front row straightened her furs and flicked a disturbing bit of fluff off a trim black glove. Not far behind her, two school-girls giggled at some private joke as they rearranged their hat veils. Little Mr. Oakley slouched down farther in his pew and was quickly straightened up again by an acute nudge from his domineering wife. A passing dog looked in at the open door, only to turn away again.

Back in the parish-house the choirboys mastered stray locks of hair and gave last lingering looks at their Superman comics. One young tenor carefully sprayed his throat and hummed the opening lines of his solo while he watched Mr. McScott, the oldest and amplest of the basses, attack an impudent mosquito on the back of his neck. Having lighted the candles, the altar-boys carelessly threw their white gloves into a remote and dirty corner of their lockers, to the dismay of the matron commissioned to keep them spotless. The young priest adjusted his robes and noticing a loose shoelace attended to it. Now all was in readiness.

Pairing off, snatching their hymnals from the shelf, the choir scurried into the hall, hunting the processional as they went. The organist ceased playing Bach (or is it Haydn?) and broke into "Love Divine." Several sopranos were still in the dark as to which page it was on, and called to the tenors for aid. There was much ado as the congregation rose and leafed through *their* books. The choirboys filed in, looking like angels in their beautiful white robes.

The stylish lady in the front row changed her furs to a different position. Not far behind her the two schoolgirls rearranged their hat veils. You could almost hear the domineering Mrs. Oakley prodding her husband into a different posture.

But then the opening sentences were read. The deep voice of the young priest spoke in ringing tones. The congregation joined in. The service had begun.

RUTH SCHWARZKOPF, '48

"HELL AND HIGH WATER"

THERE was a quiet, ominous atmosphere about everything. The air had an unusual stickiness and the sky was menacing. Hundreds of tiny clouds slithered silently, like serpents beneath a slow-moving grey carpet. As a

rapidly rising wind caused the sound to be speckled with white-caps, up on the Point, by the lighthouse, waved two square red-and-black flags, faded and torn from their last use, six years ago. Great elms moved their boughs majestically, ready to take what Mother Nature would give them, while several small boats in the harbor bounced at their moorings. People scurried here and there, taking last-minute precautions. Yes, there would be a blow all right, but no one knew just how much to expect.

As evening approached, the skies grew darker and darker and the wind rose ever increasingly. Here in this shingled summer cottage, sheltered from the southeast gale, would all be safe and peaceful? Now the barometer began to fall, very slowly at first. A half hour passed, and a thunderstorm, like a prelude to some fearful event, arose and soon disappeared, giving way to rain and wind. The needle of the barometer began to fall rapidly. In another half hour it had dropped two points. Things began to shake. After the deadly silence of the afternoon, everything was blended into a confused roar. Outside, the rain beat like bullets against the windowpanes. The sound of flying branches was inaudible in the general confusion. And it was all so dark. If it had happened in the afternoon, one might at least have seen what was going on, but this infernal blackness added to the frightfulness and helplessness of the situation. Ever since the electricity had gone off, the few candles placed about the room had flickered dimly. These gave just enough glow for one to divert himself with a game of solitaire or to pick out with nervous fingers a song on the piano.

Another half hour passed and the barometer had dropped two more points. The wind now began to change its sound. True, it still beat and shook the entire house like an earthquake, but above all the turmoil of mixed noises, as if at the very top of the heavens, there stood out a most heart-rending, indescribable moan, the moan of wind over eighty miles per hour. Sixty more minutes. The barometer had dropped four more points; the wind continued to rise. The moan grew more and more sepulchral, and the house shook like the plaything of some great unseen power. Another hour passed. It was now about twelve-thirty, and the barometer in its downward fall registered a little below 28.8. Would it ever stop falling, or would it continue down and down and blow the world to bits?

Almost suddenly the wind had a different sound, not a lessening in its intensity but merely a rattle in a different corner of the house. It was now coming from the south. This might be favorable. A quick glance at the barometer showed that it had risen a very little. Then everything would be all right? Perhaps the next day would come and this would be only a dream. Now the barometer began rising quickly. The wind was coming from the southwest, and the dreadful moan was becoming less and less audible; in another hour it was completely gone. The wind, now west, had died down considerably and the barometer was still rising. Outside, the

stars were shining brightly. What did it look like out there? Tomorrow would find the answer. Now at last, about three o'clock, it might be possible to sleep.

Tomorrow proved that the night had been no dream. Three hours of a one-hundred-miles-per-hour gale had done heartbreaking damage. The sun rose and shone on quiet flooded streets. Other roads were completely washed out. Those once majestic elms now lay in sickening destruction, blocking the way. Everywhere were branches with limp green leaves, and each window was covered with a layer of hurricane grime. Many of the once beautiful, sleek sailboats were now lying bruised or destroyed on the wind-blown grass. Telephone poles stood at crazy angles and sea-walls were washed away. And everywhere people hurried to and fro gazing at what nature in her worst mood could do, while the sun shone serenely.

DOROTHY CROSSLEY '46

A SIMPLE CROSS

A simple cross;
A placid lake;
A weeping willow;
A walk to take.

A walk through blossoming
Cherry trees;
A walk by rough
And stormy seas.

A walk through battlegrounds
Bloody and steep;
A walk to the Land
Of Eternal sleep.

And far off on
A beckoning hill
Someone . . . Something
Is calling still.

But still he walks on,
Head to the sky.
He utters a breath;
His goal is nigh.

His last long breath—
'Tis a tragic loss:
For his goal is a grave
And a simple cross.

ANGELINE FLEMING, GRADE VII

ARROW OF HOPE

An arrow, seeking its target,
Gleams silver in the night,
Defiant of every hindrance
And shining clear and bright.

This arrow flies to the Golden gate,
Where may the nations reap
A firm and lasting justice
For all the world to keep.

JULIET RAPHAEL, GRADE V

THOUGHTS

There's the beauty of the living
In the long, green grass,
There's the beauty of the silence
In the great High Mass,
There's the beauty in the prayers
That can never fade away,
There's the beauty in the children
That are always, always gay,
There's a beauty in the beauty
That has never had a flaw,
There's a beauty, yes, a beauty
In the very strictest law,

And all these God created.

NANCY TEN BROECK, GRADE V

PETER

PETER is a square, chunky Dutchman. He is blond and has green eyes. His face is perfectly square and he has a pug nose and big ears. He is a barnyard in himself. He is as strong as a bull-calf, as obstinate as a mule, as cocky as a rooster, he cackles like a hen, and he is as slow as a turtle.

He likes jokes and has a rather good sense of humor, except that he will repeat a joke over and over.

He is as affectionate as a puppy and just as rough, and he is as talkative as a sparrow.

He gets into mischief but he is principally good, and all boy.

LESLIE VAN ZANDT, GRADE VI

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

FRECKLED, sunny-faced, John Q. Oliver, Jr., trudged slowly along the road to the schoolhouse, hopping every fifth stone for good luck. It was a nice day, not only because it *was* a nice day, but because so many *nice* things had happened to Johnnie.

This morning Stardust, his cat, had let him watch her wash the new baby kittens and had let him tease her with a feather the way Gramps used to do.

He had found eight warm brown eggs in the nests, more than ever before, and Mom had promised to make him a GINGERBREAD MAN for supper because they were so big.

The mailman had brought them a fat letter from Jim. Jim was his brother who was helping Uncle Sam by fighting in China. Pop had read every single word of it to him. Usually Pop didn't do that, 'cause he was a farmer and had to do a lot of work all day.

But! Wonder of wonders! Jim had sent him a Jap flag for his very own, with a lot of crazy Jap writing on it. He had it in his pocket right now to show to the fellas. He could feel it with his hand. That flag certainly made him one proud guy! It sure did!

"Ka-a-a-rumph" went a chubby green frog on a rock, at a bluebottle fly. A rabbit peered through some dandelions at a brown grasshopper, who ignored him completely. The whirr of motors sounded overhead.

John Q. Oliver, Jr., looked up.

"Gee - - -! A P-38!" he sighed.

RUTH SCHWARZKOPF, '48

BY WHAT SUBTLE MEANS?

THE ROOM was a complete shambles as usual: unmade bed, open drawers, sweaters and shirts strewn across the floor, and a pair of jeans carelessly thrown over an armchair, with the belt gracefully dropping to the floor.

Then the whole scene was blurred as Junior emerged from a steaming bathroom draped in a turkish towel. Then she saw before her eyes the unbelievable: clean underwear and socks, a spotless white shirt from the closet, and his best pair of grey flannel slacks. After this amazing display the next was an even greater shock.

Tripping across the room, Junior entered the still hot bathroom and cleared the remaining mist from the mirror with a clean linen towel. Then, back across the room, gaily humming, he gingerly plucked the loudest tie from the rack and again trudged through the underbrush of discarded underwear into that no-man's-land of soapy tiles. Before the mirror he tied and untied his brightly colored cravat a dozen times until the perfection he desired had been achieved.

Dashing to the closet again, he emerged with a new cream-colored corduroy jacket. And then the finishing touch. Out came the comb and brush. These hated objects were used with unbelievable and hitherto never witnessed skill, a slick here and a brush there.

As Junior turned she ducked into the closet. He pranced across the hall to regard himself critically in her full-length mirror, a model of how today's youth should be dressed.

And this was achieved by what subtle means? Not by persuasion, not by command...

Her thoughts were a mixture of pride and pain. But it has been that way since the world began. A mother can model her daughter alone, but TWO women are needed to fashion a man.

SUSAN PALMER, '47

TRIOLET

It seemed like real love to me,
But Mother warned of youthfulness;
I asked if he might come to tea:
(It seemed like real love to me).
She answered yes, and then came he.
A pleasant time? Oh, more or less—
It seemed like real love to me,
But Mother *warned* of youthfulness!

CONSTANCE WILSON, '47

ENCOUNTER

AN EAST-BOUND train was roaring through the country. The train was crowded and there were a lot of people standing. In a seat an elderly lady was sitting beside a soldier who had a broken leg. The train was just approaching a station when the woman turned to the soldier and said:

"Do you know what station this is?"

"Nope," said the soldier, not very much interested.

There was a long silence; then the woman made another attempt.

"Are you going home?"

"Nope," came the same answer as before.

Nothing daunted, the woman tried again.

"Where are you going?"

"Camp," said the soldier, still not interested.

"Have you been home?" asked the woman, for she hoped to build up a good conversation.

"Yes," came the answer, rather impatiently. The soldier peered out of the window, and sighed heavily.

"Do you have the time?" asked the woman.

"Yes, it is two o'clock," replied the soldier, rather bored now.

"Where do you get off?" asked the woman, desperately trying to get his attention again.

"At the next station," was the answer.

"You mean this one, the one we are coming to?" she asked.

"Yes," came the reply.

The train drew into the station and stopped. The soldier rose.

"Bye," he said, much relieved.

"Goodbye," said the woman, sorry that he had to go.

The train whistle blew and the soldier hurried off. The woman sighed and said to herself,

"Very nice boy, yes, very nice, but lonely."

She read her newspaper, and the train continued on its journey.

ANN YEOMANS, GRADE VII

JOAN OF ARC (The Grandmother speaks.)

"Yes, my dears, I saw Joan of Arc. It was in Orleans after the English had fled. We crowded around her to touch her shining armor, her hands, or even her horse. She was a young girl to be honored so, seventeen, I believe, but to my sisters and me she was old, I, the eldest, being only seven, and the youngest (your Great-great-aunt Marie)—why, the good Joan herself had held her for baptism! A great honor, my dears, a great honor!

"She was a beautiful girl and well-formed, and in her shining white armor, with her lovely shining face and her white satin banner flapping overhead she looked like an angel from above! That's all I can think of—it was so long ago. So tumble off my lap and run down to supper."

LESLIE VAN ZANDT, GRADE VI

MOON SONG

Beneath the trees moon-white with silvered leaves
And bursting buds like clinging pearls,
There sways a frothy mist that churns and heaves
Around an ivory trunk that upward swirls.
I pause to watch with envy in my heart,
And soon on frosty wings my mind has flown
Beyond all known horizons to a part
Where dream-like figures dance amid a foam
Of creamy stars. Then soft does laughter spill
From lips unused to joy, and mirth is sown
In barren earth. While with a song I thrill
I know as wise men e'er have known
If only saddened hearts with hope can sing
Untravelled realms will herald each a king.

HOPE HEMPHILL, '46

MOTHER NATURE

Mother Nature is the trees;
Mother Nature is the flowers;
Mother Nature is the roses
That help to make the bowers.
Mother Nature all around;
Mother Nature out of doors;
Mother Nature is the flowers
That bloom upon the moors.
Mother Nature is the winds;
Mother Nature is the snow;
Mother Nature makes the seasons
Yearly come and go.

MARCIA GOETZE, GRADE V

THE STREAM OF KNOWLEDGE

I

The brook is flowing
Full of knowing,
All through the ages.

II

All life's gains,
All life's strains,
All through the ages.

III

Winter, Summer, Spring or Fall,
Stream of knowledge, best of all,
Flowing, flowing, ever knowing.
Could you tell me where it's going,
All through the ages?

NANCY TEN BROECK, GRADE V

PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL

It was lunch-time and the eighth grade girls were hurrying to the Lower School class room to eat.

Upon entering the fourth grade room, they found a small sober-looking child. Her face was buried in a book and her long brown hair was hanging down over the pages. To all appearances she was studying, but you could almost see her prick up her ears whenever she heard someone coming down the stairs. She looked up when the girls entered and was soon chatting with them. Her brown eyes would study the girls' faces while she talked, and you could feel her writing down thoughts in the back of her mind. Once in a while a friend would walk by outside, and she would run to the window waving eagerly. Her face would beam radiantly so that you could see she liked that person.

She waited patiently for her mother, who was probably engaged in a conversation with the other Middle School teachers, but who would soon come down hurriedly, realizing she had a family to feed. The child's books were piled neatly on her desk and she was ready to go. Once more she returned to her book.

Suddenly she grabbed her books and ran. She had heard the familiar foot-step. The girls too heard a voice familiar to them call, "Mary!"

SALLY SCHWARZKOPF, GRADE VIII

SCHOOL NOTES

ATHLETICS

Because of traveling difficulties, our various varsity teams were unable to hold many of their usual games. However, our varsity hockey squad, captained by Blythe Scott, did succeed in playing and defeating Hamilton High School, The Hun School, and The Holmquist School. At home, the Gray team, captained by Hope Hemphill, won the pennant.

This winter we were fortunate enough to have The Hun School gym at our disposal. Although we did not play any outside basketball games, we took every opportunity to use it for our own enjoyment. The Gray team again won the color games.

Baseball and tennis were our main interests this spring, and we played several outside games and color games.

THE GLEE CLUB

This year the Glee Club has welcomed Miss Adams as our conductor in place of Miss Kleeman, who has gone overseas with the O.W.I. It has been a busy year, including two concerts with the Princeton University Glee Club in Alexander Hall and a concert with the Lawrenceville school. In the school programs the Glee Club has sung at Thanksgiving, the Candlelight Service, the Easter Service, and at Commencement. Two new music groups have been formed: the Madrigal Group of about ten girls, who sang at the Candlelight Service, and the Music Club, for the girls who wish to make some study of classical and modern music.

THE DRAMATICS CLUB

Mrs. McAneny, with the help of Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Cope, and Miss Pugh, directed our production of *Stage Door*, by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, on April 14th. It was given at the High School, as the Murray-Dodge theatre has been taken over by the Navy. The men's parts were played by undergraduates from Princeton University.

It was a bigger production than the school had ever attempted and was presented with great success. Of the proceeds, \$200 was donated to the Charities Chest of the school and \$50 deposited for the use of next year's Dramatics Club.

Officers of the year: President, Barbara Field; Treasurer, Mary Brummer; Corresponding Secretary, Janet Elderkin; Recording Secretary, Nancy Hart.

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