

The Link



June - 1947

THE LINK

JUNE - 1947

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



MAY MARGARET FINE



SHIRLEY DAVIS



The Class of 1947

dedicates this LINK, with gratitude, to

MRS. DONALD DIVINE

*inspiring teacher whose interest and
warm friendship it will never forget.*



* THE LINK BOARD

THE LINK

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XXVII

June, 1947

No. 1

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Class History - Senior Farewell

The fourth *Link*. Three stand side by side already, each one chronicling a year in the Upper School; with the fourth will come an end for us. But looking wistfully over the years each marks off, we recall some of the events that made them treasured; they come back to us in snatches like fragments of a dream.

The first *Link*—Freshmen. . . The independence of Study Hall. . . The sad conclusion of the Student Council that we were recidivists. . . The snake we turned loose in English class only to discover Miss Miller's fondness for little serpents—the more gratifying results when we released it in Study Hall. . . Hurd's exploits in Art. . . Fi's Halloween party aided by unwilling cows. . . The wonder of Biology, and study periods spent conversing with Mrs. Divine, an inspiring friend of the whole class.

The second *Link*—Graduated now from *The Mill on the Floss* to *Macbeth* and Mrs. Albion's history class (which turned out to be not half so terrifying as legend had had it). . . The day the bell rang at 3:45 instead of 4:00 thanks to Sue (inspired by cunning Seniors) and the finger of suspicion fell on Hurd. . . The fumigation of the teachers' sitting room as the result of some poor little creature's getting his backbone broken in the sofa. . . The downpour of plaster in the math. room (located, coincidentally, under the history room). . . And, most important of all, the launching of the *Inkling*.

The third *Link*—Responsibilities of the school beginning to touch our shoulders, though lightly as yet. . . Hurd's pajama party and its "sudden guest". . . The reunion at Mrs. Divine's. . . The disconcerting graveyard jaunt en route to play the hilltop dwellers of Lambertville. . . The feverishness with which we anticipated the arrival of our class rings, pouncing on every mail, and the complete disruption of the school when they came; our pride in them and their symbolism to us. . . Miss Pollak pacing the halls with an alarm clock in lieu of bells. . . Hurd's phone call from "Daddy" during the speech exam. . . The sadness of old friends leaving at Commencement. . . The memorable sojourn at Bay Head.

The fourth *Link*—The note of finality in all we do this last year. . . The helm of the school, at times bringing with it discouragement, more often, happiness in deep identification with Miss Fine's. . . The full and unforgettable hockey season. . . The weary gleefulness after an overwhelming basketball game. . . The freedom of Seniors; the hallowed S.S.R. with its new trimming and rare bull sessions. . . Always the consciousness of the mad rush of time bringing the last *Link* closer and closer to reality. . . Buck Hill and the inspiration we tried to keep alive. . . Spring and College Boards, coming so swiftly. . . Tense waiting to hear from colleges. . . Our scholarly endeavors with theses. . . Busy weeks as the fourth *Link* takes shape. . . The moment when finally we turn our eyes toward college, when the graduation we thought would never come for us looms ahead. . .

But with the door closing on high school years from which lead out our diverging paths, the realization that there is more than the sum of these four years; with the remembrance of fun and friendship known, the feeling of a debt owed, of beckoning worlds opened to us—of Miss Fine's.



BARBARA BAIR

"Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

If we hear a cry of "But what about my children?" and a high-pitched giggle, we can be sure it is our class president being begged to play in a hockey game or come to a party. Barbara stormed our venerable halls this year as a postgraduate, hailing from Blairstown, awaiting admission to the Choir School and then without doubt, peerless fame at the Met. Her renditions have delighted G. C. concerts this year, and she has been acclaimed everywhere as the thrush of Drake's Corner Road.

She amazes us no end with her boundless energy, for besides her academic burdens there are her parental responsibilities, her children, as she fondly refers to the three Hamilton charges established beneath her wing. These provide a constant source for tales which, punctuated by the distinctive Bair giggle, are well calculated to boost sagging morale. She is equally vocal on the subject of her tubicle, which seems to be the essence of her being, but despite periodic dissertations on this remarkable Thing we've not yet been able to ascertain its exact nature. No sketch of her would be complete without a passing mention of her notable food capacity and a picture of Barbara contentedly planted in the cafeteria, her place trimmed with a neat row of our unwanted dishes of ice cream. And just here a perplexing enigma currently strains many noted intellects: why doesn't her girth vary in proportion to her intake?

When she can be inveigled into lending her skill to a hockey or basketball game, many are the admiring countenances turned upon her, and we are in for a professional demonstration of "the best way to intercept a hockey ball" or "how to trip that unsuspecting forward." In spite of the cares of her "family," Barbara has quickly made her way into the activities and exploits of the class—as well as into its heart.



KATHARINE BIGELOW

"She is hard to catch and conquer."

A woman of mystery is Kathie, revealing only enough about week-ends, flames, and other assorted pursuits to pique our curiosity. Perhaps this is not due to reticence but only because she can't get a word in edgewise. But as she is so sparing of speech, all ears are turned expectantly and all faces lifted eagerly when it becomes apparent that Kathie is about to give voice to some ponderous thought or opinion. With her calmness and clearness of mind, we are not usually disappointed, for during frenzied debate on the *Link* or indeed during frenzied debates in general, her coolness has helped us to survive many a crisis.

When some senior, overcome by the cares of the world, stumbles up to the S.S.R., like as not Kathie, who is regarded in some quarters as indigenous to this haunt, can be found curled up in a corner, bravely trying to outwit a Math book. At times such as this she sometimes divulges details of an Annapolis week-end or Princeton prom to attentive ears.

To the dismay of the Blues, each winter finds her defying approach to the basket and deftly thwarting the efforts of opposing forwards.

It seems remarkable to us that Kathie has been at M.F.S. only since last year, but her poise and gentle disposition will not soon be forgotten. Unfortunately for all of us, frequent illness has kept us from getting to know her as well as we might wish. Certainly her interest and winning friendship should carve just as definite a niche for her in the field of organic chemistry, or wherever fate leads, as it has here.



KITTEN BRYAN

"That makes simplicity a grace."

Though terming it schizophrenia might be going a little too far, Kit definitely has two sides to her personality, the one calm and unruffled, the other gay and lighthearted. Well has the first side of her character served our impetuous natures during the four stormy years that she has been with us. She stands as our Gibraltar, collected and sure, be it during the mad week before the play or in the last hours before press time during the infancy of the *Inkling*, which she served as editor in its first two years.

At M.F.S. Kit's name has become synonymous with dramatics. It is doubtful if Mrs. Mac will every find another scenery committeeman or stage hand as capable as she has proved herself since a Freshman.

Her lighter side, only occasionally breaking through her placid exterior, expresses itself in contagious glee and is sure to brighten any party or hen session. And what senior will not wistfully remember Bryan's annual Birthday parties, cheerful events to dispel the post-midyear's gloom? Also remarkable are her varied tales of her summers on Rockwell Kent's farm and of the latest exploits of "Bryan's boarders."

Unassuming and unaffected as Kitten may be, as serious Student Council member, stubborn fullback in hockey, or *Editor-in-Chief* of the *Link*, in fact in any pursuit, she has stood out as one of the most respected—and certainly one of the most independent—members of the class.



NANCY HURD

*"The differences this day may bring!
Perhaps I'll work like anything!"*

A uniquely intriguing scuff-slide step bearing down on the serenely studious S.S.R. is the signal to any occupants that Hurd approaches. The open-at-the-heel effect achieved by even the newest Hurd loafers is indeed *mirabile visu*. But with so many accomplishments and legends to her name, Nancy exhibits becoming modesty about this particular feat.

Since first being turned loose on M.F.S. in seventh grade, Hurd has become the center of a fabulous number of legends. This has been to the unending glee of her cohorts, who could always banish expectations of boredom when she was near, but perhaps there are members of the faculty who still cannot recall certain of her exploits without a shudder.

Her career has been notorious for absentmindedness, a delightful trait. Equally familiar as her "Mrs. Albion,* I have something to tell you . . ." (followed by a long and creditable dissertation on why it was most presumptuous of a teacher to expect her to have that work in on time) is the scene of Nancy, hidden under a deluge of papers, books, and overflowing notebooks, vainly hunting an assignment lurking somewhere in the obscure heart of this jungle. During her more composed moments she has revealed to our admiring eyes her "throaty" (to quote a recent press release) voice and her great literary talent, to say nothing of her prowess in hockey and basketball. But the trait that stands above all these is her unassuming friendliness and understanding, which can be relied upon to lighten the burdens of weary seniors and make her a warm and true friend.

*Miss Miller, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Burril, etc., may be substituted here.



SUE PALMER

*"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."**

Sue's greatest claim to international fame is in her justly famous role of Mr. Anthony. For proof of her skill, witness the harried throngs besieging her desk (located, incidentally, at the choice back-row end spot overlooking occasionally tender scenes by the Battle Monument). Especially of a Monday morning do they surround her and are they greeted with "Good morning, Bright Eyes." Since joining our band around the middle of Freshman year, Sue has shown herself as exuberant as the most exuberant in our midst, and just as eager to save the unsuspecting world or the bourgeoisie from hastening doom. She has served as ardent co-chairman of our budding Student Federalist chapter as well as performing her even greater duties as chairman of the Social Service Committee.

But her active interests are turned to a variety of other fields. In athletics, besides being a formidable forward on the hockey team, she devotes considerable time to certain aspects of Princeton football. And on special occasions, namely Dramatic Club plays, she dons her inimitable Southern accent (acquired in Buffalo, with embellishments added in Cleveland). Though she is usually notable for her beaming friendliness, the smoldering temper latent under that placid brow is, when periodically provoked, turned loose in all its fury, only to be calmed as suddenly as it arose by her natural cheerfulness. Sue's versatile nature and deep interest in people bode no good to any little evils that may resist her efforts as a social worker.

**"Not unknowing of troubles have I learned to help those with problems."*
Aeneid, Book I.



VARNEY THOMPSON

*"The spirit of truth and the spirit of freedom—
they are the pillars of society."*

It is hard to believe that Varney has attended Miss Fine's only one year, for with her spontaneity, her address, and her good fun she has made herself an integral part of the class and its projects. She has an unending line of jokes and sayings that have greatly enlivened our class conferences. She has also a more serious side and is equipped with an efficiency mechanism hard to equal. Our Tuesday and Friday morning discussion groups have been taken over with a bang and made much more meaty and interesting. Her eagerness to debate any and every subject and her determined and uninhibited opinions have given us many new slants. If you are lucky, Varney may choose you to try one of her many theories upon. Though she has added one more puzzled countenance to the History class, there too has she discoursed on weighty issues, and Mrs. A's attempted interruptions have been ably quelled by her "Wait a minute, I'm not finished, Mrs. Albion."

Last year Varney was graduated from the Putney School. Since she has been through all this before, the problems of our Senior class have had a less disturbing effect upon her, and we have been glad of some much needed direction. We refuse to say the very obvious thing about her going far in this world of ours (probably in the next too), but with her frantic-antics and easy-to-get-along-with disposition she will always make out very well. And then, too, there is that efficiency we have noted. Society is always in need of pillars.



PAT UPDIKE

*"You may charge me with murder—or want of sense—
(We are all of us weak at times):
But the slightest approach to a false pretense
Was never among my crimes."*

"Has anybody brought her dollar?" bursts forth from the back row, center, as our illustrious advertising and subscription manager makes a vain plea for the *Link*. Her amazing diligence and enterprise have been the only things that have kept Miss Miller, who in general has not quite appreciated our unusual procedure in getting out our magazine, from mental derangement. Another indication of Patty's talent along these lines is the school store, under her guiding wing these two years.

But her genius does not lie solely in this field. Her journalistic bent early manifested itself in a little opus, "Ma Updike's Hints," a widely read feature of the *Inkling's* first year which, it is rumored, caused great stir in domestic circles.

Updike's very frankness and directness make her a true friend. Her geniality and gay humor have livened many a hen party or weighty debate in the S.S.R., and her colorful comments on Aeneas' latest doings are in a class apart. As familiar an element of the autumn scene as the turning leaves is the spectre of Updike charging down the hockey field, stick held fiercely aloft, in frenzied pursuit of the ball and fleeing opposition. In spite of her small size (about which to her eternal mortification she is kidded incessantly), she has also shown herself a redoubtable basketball player.

Our class baby, she has maintained an enviable academic record in her six years at M.F.S. and to the chagrin of her classmates has never been known to suffer the torments of being unprepared in a class. Indeed, the gay cheerfulness, capable industry, and straightforward nature that are Patty augur well for a bright and successful future.



EUGENIA WARREN

" . . . *Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingl'd.*"

The most versatile of us all, Fi has unbounded enthusiasm and interest in everything from sports and general horseplay to the more serious and complex problems that beset her as head of Student Government and Business Manager of the *Link*. In her lighter moments she can be found examining our cuts and bruises (which she does with infinite glee) or hysterical over a volume of Charles Adams's morbid cartoons. But we shall remember her more often as explaining the true meaning of integrity or spending long, harried hours reviewing the method of handling "citizenship."

A constant source of amusement (and of consternation to Fi) is her modesty. At the slightest compliment she is overspread with blushes, and certain individuals in the Physics class have received many a black look for referring to her erudition. However, by the class and by the rest of the school she is best liked for her friendliness. Many a troubled Freshman has she made to feel at home at Miss Fine's, and to the members of her own class she has been a tower of strength.

As president of the Student Council and head of the school, Fi has brought new meaning to our Honor System. She has forwarded useful and unselfish work beyond our walls. She will long be remembered for her friendliness, for her devotion to all fine interests, and for the inspiration she has been to the girls at Miss Fine's School.



SALLY WELLING

*"With the comrade heart
For a moment's play,
And the comrade heart
For a heavier day."*

"Why wasn't I born taller?" "I'll get my license yet. Just wait till I'm seventeen!" "I'll never learn Physics!!" If we hear these phrases chanted with feeling down the hall, Sally is on the warpath again, armed with her small peeves. But then we catch a whimsical twinkle from behind a volume of Mr. Albion's *Military History*. A sense of humor Sal definitely has, and there is nothing that she cannot make amusing, from Physics to an erudite discussion of Freudian psychology. She is an entertainer extraordinary, too, when it comes to pajama parties. And most notable was her house party at the shore, with its vigil for Reagan and its anti-burglary devices, rivaling those of Langley Collier, on the back stairway.

Sally is a good friend. Besides airing her own problems periodically, she will listen with sympathizing interest (surprising in this hardened generation) to unending complaints from any other inmate of M.F.S. who feels that she has been missed by Lady Luck. As for definite school activities, her scope and energy seem unlimited. She is a council member and president of the A. A., and she has done some extraordinary interior decorating for school dances and taken skilled photographs for the *Link*. Whenever there is something afoot she can be spotted, one strand of hair dangling over a raised eyebrow, with her pencil poised ready to pounce on paper with any possible notes.

Such is Sal—wit, philosopher, and above all, friend.

CLASS CHART

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<i>Name</i>	<i>Favorite Saying</i>	<i>Haunt</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Makes Mention of</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Saving Grace</i>
BAIR, B.	I'm hungry!	The Rink	Laughs	Her Kids	Her Hair	Voice
BIGELOW, K.	I told you!	S.S.R.	Blue eyes	West Point	French	Sweetness
BRYAN, K.	Holy kapootsies!	Back stage	Parties	Her Boarders	"That Vassar Woman"	Complexion
HURD, N.	Meow!!	The jeep!	Watching weight	The night before	Spelling	Figure
PALMER, S.	Well, send up a rocket!	175 Prospect Avenue	Chatter	Football	Figure	Friendliness
THOMPSON, V.	Did you hear the one about . . .	Renwick's	Speaking her mind	Holder Hall	Driver's License	Sense of Humor
UPDIKE, P.	Hey, Bub!	Buck Hill Falls	Efficiency	Her Nephews	Her Height	Eyes
WARREN, E.	Oh, come now.	The slums	The Red Beetle	Flowers with Souls	Narrow-minded People	Strawberry-blond Hair
WELLING, S.	Are you kidding?	Bay Head	Rolling eyes	Almost anything	Minnie-the-Pooch	Wit
THE CLASS	Who's got a car?!!	The library (where else?)	Enterprise	Colleges (sometimes Men)	Walking to Gym	



Class Prophecy

The scene is Portland, Maine, 1962. The room, shrouded with curtains, is in heavy shadows. Swaying in a rhythmic trance is the mystical medium Mme. Aryanayakam; across from her, Mrs. Albion, who is checking several inside stories to present to her history class. As the vision of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton fades away, ten minutes still remain of the de luxe special bargain seance. It is now fifteen years since the class of '47 graduated (they were always especially gifted in history), and Mrs. Albion expresses the desire to catch a glimpse of them in their far-flung haunts. Slowly the dark room fills with a blinding light, brighter, brighter. . . .

Seated at work in a quaint garret papered with old love letters is an artist, struggling, of course, thin and gaunt and clothed in her most un-materialistic and spiritual garb. For the first time since her childhood, Nancy Hurd is no longer plagued with anxiety about her weight. But, never one-sided, Hurd divides her time between esthetic interests and philanthropic plans for world annihilation. Also conspicuous are the intricately arranged networks of bottles lined up before all approaches to the room. Modestly she belittles the genius behind such an elaborate anti-burglar device.

This image fades away and a new scene comes into focus. It is preceded by a muffled giggle and then a god-like voice raised in song. Barbara Bair, remaining unassuming in spite of her great fame acquired singing radio commercials, still displays her early skill in handling children. Remarkably enough, each of her ten offspring proudly exhibits its own tubicle to the admiring eyes of Mme. Aryanayakam and Mrs. Albion.

Next, flashing across the scene in her car, which by its novelty immediately catches the eye, is Sally Welling, famous for her chan of hostels, established expressly for M.F.S. girls en route to California, whose slogan is "A touch of Miss Fine's in old Death Valley." Applying her extensive knowledge of Physics, Sal has perfected a car propelled and guided exclusively by mental telepathy, which has proved far more satisfactory to Sally herself as well as to formerly harried passengers, all of whom were not altogether content with the limitations of the old-fashioned means of conveyance of 1947. Today is a red letter day for Sally. The event so long anticipated has at last arrived, and she is speeding to the celebration promised seventeen years ago by Hurd, ever faithful to her word.

Sue Palmer, whose accomplishments as coach of her own little squad of tackles are familiar to only a small group of intimates, is seen now in the center of a circle of enraptured visages, the Thursday Sewing and Philosophical Club, listening enthralled to her detailed accounts of ailments and maladies. Their respective jaws drop in eager expectancy as she uncovers her choicest wound, acquired when someone took her literally and *did* send up a rocket. With admirable devotion to her youthful ambition for social work, the always thoughtful Sue has just completed a record-breaking drive for soap for mud-puppies.

Mrs. Albion next catches a glimpse of Varney Thompson, noted concert pianist and prolific writer. Her two most recent publications have won her much acclaim in literary circles: one, a collection of the latest moron stories, the second, a ponderous eight-volume work overflowing with hints for English teachers, entitled "A Poem is a Poem is a Poem." Varney's last desperate words as she fades from sight are, "Wait a minute, Mrs. Albion, I'm not *finished*. . . ." And then there is blackness.

Next a languid form reclining on a divan covered with ornate trappings takes shape. It is the former Katharine Bigelow. She is now the wife of the Home Run King of the American and National Leagues and hence is regarded by public and press as America's First Lady.

Updike bounces up close on Kathie's heels. For amusement Patty manages Macy's department store, but her main interest is the salvation of the world's bridge players who have fallen into decadent habits such as talking during games. In this regard she has just issued her most revolutionary document, the Bridge Players Manifesto, which ends with the stirring words, "You have nothing to lose but your trumps; bridge players of the world, UNITE!" It is already rumored that a terrified Congress is hastening to enact legislation to prevent adherents to this radical philosophy from infiltrating the government. But Mrs. Albion, a member of the pure bridge faction, beams.

Kitten Bryan, attired in blue jeans, strides past the hushed twosome now, paint brush in hand, smiling with satisfaction at the masterful completion of her latest assignment: painting her barn with a brand new Carter's Little Liver Pills ad. The revolution has come and gone and now Kitten spends her days in artistic pursuit while Rockwell Kent toils on her farm. At the moment she is hurrying off to a rehearsal of her newest dramatic production, a monumental drama in Senegalese for the benefit of the West Africa Uplift Society.

Last, the scene shifts to mysterious India. A turbaned figure strolls by absently. It is Eugenia Warren absorbed in thought about her latest theory, which is guaranteed to make obsolete all the knowledge accumulated by medical science over the centuries. She is already distinguished for her method whereby the head is severed from the body to provide for greater relaxation, and at present she is in India studying Yogi, or more specifically the matter of levitation as a mode of travel for people troubled with painful corns.

As Eugenia is about to go into the endless details about her scheme, a bell rings, the vision vanishes, and again all is darkness. The seance is over. Alas, Mrs. Albion has forgotten all about Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Her classes will have to be content with the story of what really happened at the Cairo Conference.



CLASS OF 1950



CLASS OF 1949



CLASS OF 1948







MILLVIEW, U. S. A.*

An American town. A country town. A happy town. All add up to Millview, U. S. A.

It's just a little town, but all its inhabitants are happy. Every man, woman, and child there has a glad heart, a joyous spirit, and a thankful soul.

There are no slums, no mansions. Just houses. No poverty-stricken, no millionaires. Just people. No dirty alleys, no highways. Just streets.

From the let's-sneak-out-this-morning-so-we-can-go-fishing boys and the don't-do-that-or-I'll-tell-papa girls to the fill-up-your-pipe-and-have-another-smoke-Zeke old men and the would-you-like-my-recipe-for-gingerbread-cookies old women, every person is brimful of the stuff that makes the world a good place in which to live.

If all the world were like Millview I would not have to worry about my children becoming juvenile delinquents or my house and grounds being ruined by atomic bombs. I could be completely happy.

If all the world were like Millview, if all the world were peaceful, if, if, if. . . .

Caroline Rosenblum, Class VI

*Award, Middle School Prose.

Q. AND A.

Q. "Consider the setting (or one of the various settings) of a novel or biography you have read recently. Would you or would you not like to live there?"

A. The setting of *Ferdinand*, by Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson, in all its depth of significance represents a state close to Nirvana which I should wish to dwell in. To sit under the cork tree, sniffing the flowers as they diffuse their fragrance in the warm sun-laden air—what parallels this in joy of true association with the working of nature and the beauty of God? But the simple lines and, on the surface, simple plot are pregnant with a far deeper meaning even than this fulfillment of the soul in devotion to nature. The setting is not merely the beautiful countryside but something that Ferdinand alone of all bulls has found in it, something which, when we consider it, can be found right here, without cork trees. It is something that has been overlooked by other bulls whose end in life, like the end of most lives, is self-assertion. They seek self-assertion through continuous fighting, strive to show supremacy through physical strength and violence. Even so here in our human world: we seek self-assertion and like those bulls think it comes only through fighting and war and continual rivalry. But Ferdinand finds in the gentle peace he alone sees in his surroundings that the greatest meaning of life comes in the realization of man's unity with all the creations of God. It is vain searching for the pot of gold at the end of a non-existent rainbow to see life as struggle against all fellow beings and apart from the interrelated pattern of nature. Ferdinand, seeing his setting as it truly is—the serenity and tranquillity of nature undefiled—was seeing what we in our environment even more obscured by the works of man have a harder time seeing. The inviting cork trees, the sweet flowers and gentle landscape are not blighted by the rush of modern life, crammed

full so that we will not have time to consider its inadequacy. Being there, we might find like Ferdinand the answer to our heart's desire, the answer so hard to find in a world made by man to crowd out the world of God.

Eugenia Warren '47

*Quoted by permission of the College Entrance Examination Board from the examination in English Composition of August 28, 1946.

OF HAPPINESS AND INNER PEACE

True happiness does not come from material gain or momentary pleasure, but rather from a condition of the heart, or from wherever else the inner emotions and feelings arise. This condition is known as inner peace. It is not a smug, satisfied opinion of self, or feeling of material security; rather it is the faith and trust which a man places in his own ideals, the opinion he has of his own worth, and the feeling that he is contributing, if only in the smallest way, to the purpose of his creation and the world in which he lives. It is also the confidence which he has in himself; for although it is natural that a man should aspire for things beyond his reach, it is confidence in himself, his ideals, and in God which helps him to attain these dreams. For the man who does not possess any peace within himself there is only hollow insecurity after momentary pleasure has dulled. He drifts upon a sea of daily living with no anchor to secure him to a definite place in his life and in society. He is therefore unhappy, for he can find no feeling of fulfillment or pleasure in life. The young are not so concerned with this quality of peace, but as they grow older they seek it, and they are happy people if they possess it. For, after all, it is not a question of keeping peace with your neighbor, but one of maintaining peace with your own heart, for you are with yourself constantly.

Nancy Hurd '47

OCEAN LINER *

Ellen was sitting beside her father on a bench at the Battery. She was looking at her new brown buttoned shoes. When she swung her feet out from under the shadow of her dress a glint of sunlight caught on the toes and on each of the little round buttons.

"Think how it'd be," Ed Thatcher was saying, "to go abroad on one of those liners. Imagine crossing the great Atlantic in seven days."

"But, Daddy, what do people do all that time on a boat?"

"I dunno. . . I suppose they walk around the deck, and play cards, and read and all that sort of thing. Then they have dances."

"Dances on a boat! I should think it'd be awful tippy," Ellen giggled.

"On the big liners they do."

"Daddy, why don't we go?"

"Maybe we will some day if I can save up the money."

Ed Thatcher looked out across the bay that stretched in blue sparkling reaches into the brown haze toward the Narrows. The Statue of Liberty stood up vague as a sleepwalker among the curling smoke of tugboats and the masts of schooners and the blunt lumbering masses of brick-barges and

* *Ocean Liner and From Teheran*, First Award, Upper School prose.

sand-scows. Here and there the sun shone out white on a sail or on the superstructure of a steamer. Red ferryboats shuttled back and forth.

"Daddy, why aren't we rich?"

"There are lots of people poorer than us, Ellie. . . You wouldn't like your Daddy any better if he was rich, would you?"

"Oh yes I would, Daddy."

Thatcher laughed. "Well, it might happen some day. . . How would you like the firm of E. C. Thatcher & Co., Certified Accountants?"

Ellen jumped to her feet. "Oh, look at that big boat. . . That's the boat I want to go on!"

"That there's the Harabic," croaked a cockney voice beside them.

"Oh, is it really, said Thatcher.

"Indeed it is, sir; as fahne a ship as syles the sea, sir," eagerly explained a frayed and creaky-voiced man who sat on the bench beside them. A cap with a broken patent-leather visor was pulled down over a little peaked face that exuded a faded smell of whiskey. "Yes, sir, the Harabic, sir."

"Looks like a good big boat, that does."

"One of the biggest afloat, sir. I syled on 'er many's the tahme, and on the Majestic and the Teutonic too, sir—fahne ships both, though a bit light-headed in a sea as you might say. I've sailed on the Hinman and White Star lahnes these thirty years, and now in me old age they've lyed me hoff."

"Oh well, we all have hard luck sometimes."

"And some of us 'as it hall the tahme, sir. . . Hi'd be a 'appy man, sir, hif I could get back to the old country. This aren't any plyce for an old man, it's for the young and strong, this is." He drew a twisted hand across the bay and pointed to the statue. "Look at 'er. She's a-lookin' toward Hengland, she is."

"Daddy, let's go away. I don't like this man," whispered Ellen tremulously in her father's ear.

"All right; we'll go and take a look at the sea lions. . . Good day."

"You couldn't fahnd me the price of a cup o' coffee, could you now, sir? Hi'm fair foundered."

Thatcher put a dime in the grimy knobbed hand.

"But, Daddy, Mummy said never to let people speak to you in the street and to call a policeman if they did and to run away as fast as you could on account of those awful kidnappers."

"No danger of their kidnapping me, Ellie. That's just for little girls."

"When I grow up, will I be able to talk to people on the street like that?"

"No, deary, you certainly will not."

"If I'd been a boy, could I?"

"I guess you could."

In front of the Aquarium they stopped a minute to look down on the bay. The liner, with a tug puffing white smoke against either bow, was abreast of them, towering about the ferryboats and harbor craft. Gulls wheeled and screamed. The sun shone warmly on the upper decks and on the big yellow black-capped funnel. From the foremast a string of little flags fluttered against the slate sky. A dreamy look came into Ed Thatcher's eyes, but then he pulled himself up sharply, took his daughter by the hand, and walked away.

Sally Schwarzkopf '49

FROM TEHERAN

(Excerpts from a letter written April 14, 1947)

The longer I stay here the more impressed I am with Teheran. It is a sprawling city, seething with men of every ethnic and religious group of the Near and Middle East. By day it is clamorous with the strident braying of asses, the jangling of bells upon the two-horse gharries, the squawking of claxons, and the raucous disputes of muleteers, jehus and chauffeurs. The day's tumult, waning with the light, is succeeded by the click of chequers from the numerous coffee houses in which men amuse themselves with games of draughts. Narrow streets are lined with shops of silversmiths, experts in niello work, the art of inlaying silver with a blue-black substance whose composition is their secret. Clad like desert Arabs, many of them are "Subbis" or Mandaeans, members of a dwindling sect that, denying Christ and Mohammed, reveres John the Baptist. As Subbis they may not cut their beards. Then there are wide new business thoroughfares with traffic policemen wig-wagging at their junctions, which wear a boom-town air provided by the uniform newness of the shops, moving-picture palaces, cafes, etc. There are broad new residential avenues. Some are raw-edged with wreckage of one-story dwellings whose walled gardens and courtyards afforded the privacy required where women have been traditionally secluded. But others are lined with new houses of two and three stories.

In and about the newness of Teheran there remains the oldness. There is the oldness of the bazaar and of narrow lanes wriggling between the idiot-staring blankness of high walls in the low-lying section of the city. Gaunt men wear ragged old-fashioned costumes about the caravanserais, behind the bazaar. And, with their ragged women, they beg. A section of the old bazaar has been sliced off to make room for wide new streets. But more than twenty miles of the old arcades remain, twenty miles thronged with pedestrians, with laden animals, and with human beasts of burden staggering under loads of more than a hundred pounds. In the bazaar women desiring husbands or children burn small tapers before a shrine dedicated to a pious water carrier and covered with scenes of the Muharran massacre.

The bazaar is constructed of mud bricks and gatch. Built to withstand extremes of heat and cold, it has no windows and is filled with cathedral twilights and with moth-gray curtains of shadow, pierced through by rays of light which slant through loopholes or doorways and strike sharp notes of color upon rare and common objects.

The Iranian masses are illiterate and inarticulate peasants. They build the mud masses of the villages in which they live, but they own little more than their primitive instruments, a few ragged animals, and the ragged garments on their backs. Furnishing their own seeds, they farm the lands of absentee landlords by whom the water is provided and to whom they pay a rent which is traditionally not less than one-third of the crops. The peasants are not serfs—no indeed: they can be evicted if dissensions occur. And they may also leave the land. However, they are rarely in a position to go, being not only chronically without cash but universally in debt to the

landlords for advances with which seeds, animals, and instruments have been purchased. To earn a little ready money the men often seek unskilled work. The women weave saddle-bags to be sold in the bazaar. Hard-pressed, both men and women beg from passers-by. Meanwhile it is customary for the landlord, inspecting his properties, to combine business with pleasure by taking parties to the country house for long stays, during which the peasants are expected to keep the larders stocked with their own lambs, chickens, and eggs.

* * * * *

Iranian music is horrid stuff. There is only one song I have heard which is even remotely pleasing to the ear, and translated it means:

"A fool is he who calls opium evil.
For opium I part with lamp, rug, and screen.
Deaf to advice I puff and give the flame life.
Of what use to me are house and furniture?
Trash are they to me who have pipe, brazier, and
fierce red fire.
The man who shaves will have a beard tomorrow.
Tomorrow, I who have pipe, brazier, and fire will
smoke myself insensible."

Sally Schwarzkopf ex-'49

THE FIRST DAY OF FALL *

"Where on earth does this road end?" thought Sephone as she bounced down the detour in her car. Dusk was just falling, and she wanted to get back to the main road before dark. "Persephone—h-m-m, I wonder why?" She had often pondered on that, and had never been able to find an answer that satisfied her. Long ago she had been left on the orphanage steps with the note. "Please, take care of my Persephone," it had said. It gave her the shivers every time she thought of the old myth and the other Persephone after whom she had been named—but why?

The motor of the car began to sputter and cough. "Dear God," she thought, "don't let me get stuck out here in the middle of nowhere!" But the motor knocked, hiccoughed once or twice, and went dead. Nothing she could do seemed to help. So, with a sigh, she wrapped her scarf tighter and stepped out. It was cold, bitter cold—very unusual too, this early.

A terrible stillness descended on the woods, and the sun just behind them made the trees opaque and mysterious. Her breath hung white in the air like an finely-woven cobweb. She shuddered and walked as fast as she could.

Then the stillness was broken by an ear-splitting crash. Smoke and wind raced around in mad circles. There was a sound as of the earth splitting open, the ground shook, and the smoke and dust whirled even more madly. Then, as suddenly, all was quiet. The earth stood still, the wind went, and the smoke dissolved. There was the same peaceful country road, made light

* Second Award, Upper School prose.

by the bright moon just over the tops of the trees. All was as it had been, except for a large tree fallen over the road.

* * * * *
The next day a few workmen coming down that same road saw the car there alone and were puzzled by it. But then they surmised that it had been unable to go around the tree a few hundred feet farther on. One man turned to his buddy and remarked, "You know, Joe, today's the first day of fall."

Anne Tierney '49

STRONG THREADS

Undulating camel trains prevent my
Crossing streets, whose borders are both squalid
Shops and ultra-modern office buildings
Which live side by side as if they under-
Stood each other's reasons for existence.
Ragged beggars loudly moan to passing
Women, whose sleek hair and smooth brown skins are
Hidden by their veils and opaque garments
Trailing on the cobbled streets and sidewalks.
"Largess!" cry the beggars. "Madame! Madame!
For the sake of Allah! Alms!"

Why should I, who love the clean and graceful,
Live within and love this sordid city?
Why leave home and love and comfort for this
Strange and distant land of serfs and princes?
What unheard-of magic has ensnared me?
Who can tell me? Who can free me from its chains?
Though I shudder at the squalor and disease
Which reigns unbridled, still it draws me.
Music, which these people dote on, to my
Ear's a boorish peasant. Yet, I like it.

Coolies, laughing with their comrades in this
Rapid language, chase the burdened asses
Near strong walls of massive marble palaces.
Minarets of blue-domed mosques reflect the
Glassy desert sun, which shines not far from
Here on dunes of sand and shepherds.
In from the mountains sweeps the wind.

How can I fight it? Sorcery! Magic!
Here's a spell fast woven like a
Persian carpet. I am conquered.
There is no retreating now, friend,
For "The East" is victor.

Ruth Schwarzkopf ex-'48

THE PANCHEN LAMA

The Panchen Lama was standing beside his private airplane. A heavily built man, he looked very stately in his thickly padded robes.

The gold of his short jacket glistened in the sunlight. The collar stood up stiff around his neck, while the long loose sleeves hid his hands completely. The fancy buttons were of the same material as the jacket.

Underneath the jacket he wore a long padded silk gown of the richest bronze color you have ever seen. The winter wind lifted a corner of his gown and revealed padded trousers of the same color. These were tacked into the tops of exquisitely tooled boots.

There he stood with bare head and a smile half hidden by his moustache, waiting to make his first trip.

Mary Frances Fenn, Class VII

THE BALLAD OF KING JOHN

Oh, once there lived a king named John,
A wicked king was he.
He taxed all England's people hard
And let no man go free.

And with him in that green country
There lived some barons brave.
These barons hated much their king
And thought he was a knave.

So then the barons went to meet
To plan what they should do
To take John's power all from him
And from his family too.

The barons wished all England free
To govern as she chose,
And so they wrote the Charter Great
From which our freedom grows.

To quiet Runnymede one day
John and the barons came;
"Come now, our king," they said, "and sign
Our charter with your name."

King John did as his barons bade
And signed their Charter Great;
The writing of this mighty work
Decided England's fate.

Barbara Yeatman, Class VI

THE LITTLE ELF-MAN

He creeps from the woods at the dawn of day
And sits in the meadow, his pipe to play;
The birds gather round in the shimmering dew;
O little Elf-man, may I come too?

A fawn and a woodmouse come tiptoeing soon
To hear the wee man play his fairy tune;
He taps out the beat with his shiny black shoe;
O little Elf-man, may I hear too?

The mists in the meadow are moving away;
The rays of the sun tell the coming of day;
He cocks his bright eye and slips from my view—
O little Elf-man, let me follow you!

Saki Hart, Class V

CIRCLES

The bee finds plenty of honey;
The hornet goes looking for trouble;
And nobody loves the poor fly.

The bee makes a wide buzzing circle;
The hornet drones thin in his curvings;
But no sound at all makes the fly.

Jean Milholland '50

MAY NIGHT

The spring is fresh and fearless
And every leaf is new;
The world is filled with moonlight;
The lilac shines with dew.

Here in the moving shadow
I catch my breath and sing;
My heart is fresh and fervent,
And overjoyed with spring.

Joan Brummer '50

SAND CASTLES

I used to build castles
Down by the sea
Out of the sand that was there;
I used to pretend that the castles
Were real
And I was their mistress fair.
But along'd come a wave
And my castles would go;
I'd weep for a moment, and then
I'd move further back from the line of the sea
And start my castles again.

Years from those days I started
A castle,
But I built it too close to the sea,
And hungry waves ate up my castle
And took it away from me.

I still shall build castles
Down by the sea,
But not from the sand
That is there.
The castles I build in these days
Shall be real
And made from my work and my care.
They still shall be built
Down where the waves
Can lap at my very door,
But I won't be afraid of the roaring sea
And I'll walk on that very shore.
And when I've built and I've built so strong
That the waves can't dampen me,
I'll bless my house and I'll walk to the beach
And laugh out my heart at that sea.

Angeline Fleming '50

COUNT

If there is such a thing as center of a household, around which the lives and interests of the majority of the family revolve, then in this particular house Count was it. Count was a horse, and what a horse! He was black and had a shining silver bridle and a real leather saddle small enough for the smallest and large enough for the largest. Every morning and every evening a ride on Count was as surely a part of routine as brushing one's teeth would be in most households. He was shown to visitors even before they were shown mother's rose garden or father's collection of ancient guns. Sometimes an honored friend was allowed to take a short ride.

The children themselves took care of him, taking turns. They polished the bridle, washed the saddle, and scrubbed him from top to bottom. He was with them always. At night he went leaping, rearing, and galloping through their dreams. They had visions of themselves in shining armor racing across the hazy fringe of reality on their gallant black charger to conquer an evil baron or subdue a mighty dragon. And he was always there to comfort them. If ever they were frightened they had only to open their eyes and see him standing protectingly over them, with his rockers planted firmly on the nursery floor.

Anne Tierney '49

POEMS by CLASS II

I Wish I Was a Fairy

I wish I was a fairy,
I'd fly around the flowers
And even to the sky.
I'd sit on the clouds
And sing myself a song.
I'd fly around the trees
And let little bugs sit on my knees.

—Gus

Snow and Ice

Snow falls in winter.
It falls on the ground.
When it is cold there is ice on the lake,
When it is warm the ice melts.
You can't go skating when the ice is melted.

—Thayer

I Saw a Fairy

I saw a fairy
Coming in my room last night,
And she was very pretty.
It was late at night—
Maybe I was dreaming.

—Sandra

I Saw a Star

I saw a star shining on a winter night
When I was looking out the window
Before I went to bed.
I thought it was shining at me.
Then more stars came out,
So I left them to play with each other.

—Lance

I Wish I Were a Butterfly

I wish I were a butterfly
So that I could fly up high
And I could fly down low,
And I could look at the buttercups
And they could look at me.

—Mary

BUBBLES FOR MAYOR

Once upon a time in the land of magic there was a little elf named Bubbles, who lived in Dopey Soapy Town on Supsuds Avenue. His house was blue with white trimmings and had a sign that read "99 44/100% pure nitwit." (That was his house number and also his I. Q.)

Bubbles lived on the dividing line of the two political parties in that town. They were called the Goods and the Bads. (These were their characteristics too.)

Now both parties wanted Bubbles to be the next mayor. He accepted their nomination, but the problem was, should he be a Good or a Bad leader. Since he was for neither of the two parties he didn't know which to choose. One day he decided to spy on his neighbor Doesn't Dun, who was a Bad.

So next morning, when he went over to Doesn't Dun's house, he saw him unlock a cupboard and take out a big bowl of soapsuds and a clay blow-ring (which is a magic pipe). After he had made mystic sounds over the suds, he blew a big bubble that was pure black and said, "War, Sickness, Hate, Murder, and Selfishness fly into the world," and the bubble sailed away. "How horrible," thought Bubbles. "If the Goods aren't better than this, I'll be in an awful fix."

The next day Bubbles went to spy on his neighbor Bon Ami, who was a Good. He found that Bon Ami did just the same thing that Doesn't Dun did, *except* that his bubble was made up of lovely rainbow colors and Bon Ami said, "Health, Peace, Love, Kindness, Generosity, and Courage, fly into the world." Bubbles said, "How silly I am. I should have known in the first place. I'll be a Good mayor, and my motto shall be: HELP THE WORLD OR POP!"

Rosa Covington, Class VII

PENNYWORTHS

It was one of those technicolor days in the fall. The sun looked like an overturned bucket of honey and a lone cloud was loafing lazily in the sky. A car passed and momentarily disturbed the gentle rhythm of the multi-colored trees.

It was a blue-eyed sunny day at the beach. The rolling surf spanked the little sunburnt children as they played.

The spidery old aunt, as clinging as a fine-spun cob-web, had come to visit.

The climbers ventured into the morning air bearded with frost and saw in the distance the mountain shawled in snow, over which the cold cracked a frosty whip.

The spinster was as inquisitive as a dog's nose poking about for choice bits.

Frances Baker, '48



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has undertaken the compilation of a handbook for the school. This includes information about the various activities here and is intended primarily to help acquaint the girls with M.F.S.

During the year a great deal of consideration has been given to the subject of Citizenship and to the best means of accomplishing the purpose of our system. In co-operation with the faculty, several systems have been tried experimentally, the emphasis being upon constructive critical comments.

Open meetings have been held to bring matters of general interest before the entire Upper School. In March a poll of questions pertaining to Student Government was taken. The most important point in this poll was the suggestion that the emphasis of the Honor System be placed on each girl instead of on the Student Council by having girls report themselves for offenses, with the Council merely serving as a check. This was accepted with favor by the school and has been put into effect.

Representatives of the Council were present at two meetings of the newly formed Northern New Jersey Student Government Association, at which Student Council members from eight New Jersey schools pooled ideas and discussed common problems. From the activities of student government organizations in other schools a number of improvements to our own were suggested.

Student Council members for the year were: President, Eugenia Warren; Secretary, Katharine Welling; XII, Sally Welling, Katharine Bryan; XI, Lee Farr, Dorothy Fleming; X, Barbara Smith, Kirby Thompson; IX, Donata Coletti, Angeline Fleming.



SOCIAL SERVICE

This year the Social Service committee has given \$200 to the "Save the Children Federation." Through this organization we are supporting a school in Liege, Belgium. Another \$200 has been sent to the "World Student Service Fund" to aid in the rebuilding of China's school system. As is our tradition, the *New York Times* Hundred Neediest Cases was sent \$100 in memory of Miss Fine, this money being divided between the two cases the school believed to be the most desperate. Donations have also been sent to such worthy causes as the Cancer Fund and the Community Chest.

This money sent was raised with much hard work. The Middle School classes gave candy, book, and white elephant sales and sold chances. The Upper School's projects were centered about amusing plays and school dances. The Social Service committee itself raised a good sum with its food concession at the May Day exercises.

There have also been drives for equipment badly needed in Europe. Students and faculty have given generously of their clothing and shoes, and a soap drive was a great success. These things were sent to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia for shipping to Europe. Both the Upper and Middle schools have shown a great interest in the world's needs.

The officers of the committee were: Chairman, Sue Palmer; Secretary, Cornelia Clarke; Treasurer, Lucy Law. Miss Campbell was the faculty adviser.



DRAMATICS

On December 6th and 7th, the Dramatic's Club, with students of Princeton University, presented "First Lady," a comedy by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton, at the Murray Theatre under the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny and Mrs. Blackwell Smith. The play depicted social and political intrigue in Washington, the scenes being laid in the home of the Secretary of State. The part of Secretary Stephen Wayne was taken by Sering D. Wilson, Jr., that of his wife, Lucy Chase Wayne, by Cornelia Clarke. The second female lead was played by Linda Geisenberger; other members of the cast from Miss Fine's were Eugenia Warren, Lucy Law, Susan Palmer, Polly Dickinson, Wendy McAneny, Susan Petrone, Patricia Tighe, Joan Budny, Jean Milholland, Donata Coletti, Frances Baker, Elisa Hewitt, and Margaret Lindabury. The chairmen of the committees were: Scenery, Katharine Gulick; Properties, Sally Welling; Costumes, Cornelia Clarke; Make-up, Patricia Updike; Publicity, Susan Palmer; Program, Lee Farr; Tickets, Katharine Bigelow. The lighting and stage management were in the hands of William Bigelow and George Imbrie, of the University.

Of the proceeds from the performance, \$98.00 was given to our Charities Chest; the remainder is to be applied to next year's production.

The Club's officers for 1946-47 were: President, Katharine Bryan; Treasurer, Sally Welling; Recording Secretary, Mildred Roberson; Corresponding Secretary, Ruth Schwarzkopf.



Varsity Hockey

Athletics

The officers of the Athletic Association this year were Sally Welling, President, and Katharine Gulick, Secretary. The class representatives on the board were: Class IX, Nancy Cowles; Class X, Anne Tierney; Class XI, Mildred Roberson; Class XII, Katharine Bryan. Also serving on the board were the two Color Team captains, Eugenia Warren and Jean Mountford, of the Blue and Gray teams respectively.

Our hockey season was a very successful one. The Varsity, captained by Frances Baker, first played Lambertville High, the game resulting in a 1-1 tie. Next we played the Trenton Hockey Club and lost 3-2. We won our first game with Holmquist 3-0 and the George School game 1-0. We defeated Princeton High 12-1 and again beat Holmquist, 4-0. A very close game with Hartridge resulted in a 1-0 score in our favor. Our last game of the season, with St. Mary's Hall, we won 2-1. Following this game we had a wonderful time at the Warrens' to celebrate the victorious season.

This year we played St. Mary's and George School for the first time and the Trenton Hockey Club and Hartridge for the first time since before the war. We hope to play all these schools next year and in the years to come.

The Color Team Hockey championship was won by the Blue team, captained by Eugenia Warren.

Our basketball season was not quite so illustrious. We played outside basketball for the first time and were defeated in the two games we played: the Seminary and Kent Place. The Color Team basketball championship in the Junior-Senior series was won by the Blues and in the Freshman-Sophomore series by the Grays.

We plan to have one or two outside baseball games. The Color team that wins the baseball championship will receive the banner at Graduation.



MADRIGAL GROUP

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has taken part in two concerts, the first with Princeton University on Friday, February 28th at Miss Fine's. The Madrigal Group sang two selections by Randall Thompson, and the joint glee clubs offered two choruses, "Say Ye to the Righteous" and "Alleluia," also by Mr. Thompson. Barbara Bair, accompanied by Joan Smith, sang "Velvet Shoes."

The second concert was held with the Trinity School from New York on Saturday, April 19th, at Miss Fine's. The Glee Club sang three selections from operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan and the song from "Ossian's Fingal," by Brahms, and the joint glee clubs sang a Kentucky folk song and "Hallelujah, Amen," from *Judas Maccabeus*, by Handel.

The Glee Club has also participated in the Candlelight and Thanksgiving services. At Commencement it will sing the musical setting of the Twenty-third Psalm by Schubert. This year's officers were: President, Nancy Hurd; Secretary, Joan Smith; Librarians, Joan Budny and Margaret Lindabury.



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