

The Link



June - 1948

THE LINK

JUNE - 1948

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL



MAY MARGARET FINE



SHIRLEY DAVIS

The Class of 1948

Dedicates this LINK to

MISS MARIE ZAEPFFEL

our French teacher in the Middle School

who is leaving this year.

We will always remember her wonderful spirit,

her gentle humor, and her twinkling eyes.

Miss Zaepffel, "Thanks, thanks, and ever thanks."



THE LINK BOARD

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MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XXVIII

June 1948

No. 1

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FRANCES BAKER

*"Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If she had any faults she has left us in doubt."*

This is Frances, our vigorous business woman who works feverishly to meet that dead-line and who vainly begs us to bring our notes to go on those joyous bus rides. Her commanding presence combined with a rare sense of humor have made her the shepherd of many flocks during her years in the school. Every morning Frances is sure to be seen standing in study hall with a group of listening underclassmen about her.

It would be insufficient to say that Frances has been "active in school affairs." She has been a Student Council member, editor-in-chief of the *Inkling* and *The Link*, chief character actress of the Dramatic Club (remember Mrs. Creevy?) and many other things. One of the most striking examples to be noted is her interest in Glee Club. Frances is always "raring to go" on any monumental expedition, whether it be a trip to the U. N. or to New York or to the theatre.

Frances is also renowned for her athletic ability. Just in time she kicks that ball out of the goal cage, to the relief of her team and the fury of her opponents. Her prolific baskets are the downfall of all those unfortunate enough to be on the opposing team and we have yet to stop wondering how she manages to make a soft ball go so far with the same dilapidated bat!

Of late some have felt that there was more to Frances' dialect than her weakness "fo dem Suthun specmens." What could it be? She seems to thicken her accent with every layer of sunlamp burn.

The gift of gab is certainly Frances's. She talks herself into, out of, and sometimes right back into the most ticklish situations. We won't forget the day Frances was late for English.



CORNELIA CLARKE

"My life is like a scrambled egg."

"I wish I had gorgeous, dark curly hair like Cornelia's" is a lamentation often heard from the multitude assembled in front of the study hall mirror at four o'clock. Plus *les beaux cheveux*, Cornelia has *des habillements* that are fabulous and *tres a la mode*. Especially notable is the navy hat, bag, glove, shoe, and UMBRELLA ensemble which accompanied her to the Van Gogh exhibition this spring.

Bundles for Britain and other destinations have been capably gathered by our social service expert since time immemorial.

Cornelia plays another most important role in our trouble-stricken class. Her tactful and wise advice, rivaling that of J. J. Anthony, has eased the burden of our weighty problems when we have gone astray!

Our leading lady in Dramatic Club productions for two years, Cornelia scored a smash hit again this December as the shining star of "The Royal Family." In our darkest dramatic hours, and there have been many, we have rallied to her cry "The show must go on!" It always has.

"Coast to Coast on a Bus" has nothing on Cornelia, who has ridden to school daily for five years on the bucking bronco type of vehicle, one patriotically decorated with orange and black paint.

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Her path will be a wide one, tastefully garnished with scrambled eggs *a bourbon* and delicious birthday cake. It is written in the stars that she will make an ideal wife and mother.



POLLY DICKINSON

"Handsome is that handsome does."

Polly, arriving at school with her coat carefully placed over her shoulders, bracelets clinking in the breeze, begins to explain why she is late again and why she can't come back on Saturday morning. We envy her ability to talk or write herself out of the most hideous predicaments without any signs of effort or ruffled appearance.

In spite of art trips without the art class, and gym classes, theatre jaunts, and Glee Club concerts without her invaluable presence, Polly's other week-end activities often lead her to New York and Philadelphia. Even without the expert guidance of the faculty, she always manages to astound us with her interminable supply of ready facts on anything from the cave man to the brain-trusters.

Polly's varied collection of clothes, combined with lengthy preparations, create a perfectly groomed mannequin to equal one at Hattie Carnegie's.

How thin do you like to cut your corners? Dickinson won't leave you an inch to spare, we assure you, especially on those Cape Cod roads. Also, do you shift gears *sans* the clutch? For further information consult the Dickinson wrecking service!

Amazingly enough, Polly has had a few moments in which to direct the wayward finances of the Dramatic Club and *The Link*, and to appear in a few performances of Kaufman plays.

From the first grade when she sat at the radio and wrote down jokes to remember to tell us, her wit has developed steadily until now her marvelous humor leaves us rolling in the corners of the sitting room.



LEE FARR

*"The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane, and mild."*

T is for tardy, tidy, tiny, teasing. Lee is the T-zone of class '48.

Every morning, sometimes slightly after 8:40, we are greeted with "Guess who I saw," which is accompanied by a deep red blush, so well known to all. The Farr travels, covering most interesting territory, have kept us well informed during the three years Lee has been at Miss Fine's.

Her energy and vivacity extend even to the S.S.R. If it hadn't been for her expert broom-wielding, our humble dwelling would still be an inimitable garbage pail, but now Fridays have become clean-up day for the old, gray seniors.

We are amazed when we observe that all this comes from such a tiny person! Lee's size has been the envy of us all, whether she is at a dance or weaving in and out about our towering forwards on the basketball court.

On the outskirts of Waretown one will find Lee, dressed in shorts, standing before the Farr's summer residence. Here we have been royally entertained, often sailing in *Petunia* with Lee at the helm. The nautical world would be at a loss without her!

Nor does Lee's career end with her sailing ability. She has also served on the Student Council for two years, thus proving that she is a most capable member.

Such is Lee—the tot of our class.



DOROTHY FLEMING

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

A horn sounds, a motor roars, and a gorgeous station wagon tears into the drive. Dosky, our glamorous red-head, has arrived. We all breathe a sigh of relief, knowing her frightening tendencies toward speed and rapidity combined with a love for viewing beautiful trees as she passes by.

Perhaps her great talent in the art line is responsible for this fondness for nature. Dosky takes all honors with her masterpieces which can be produced in a moment's notice. Witness the case of her "Along the Road" poster which merited first prize from the Community Players.

Whether playing an aggressive game as center half on the varsity, managing our unruly class as its president, or snapping our pictures in our unguarded moments as photography editor of *The Link*, Fleming the Elder has shown her great ability.

Noon hours can find our emaciated class downing a hearty meal consisting of milk and imagination while we all worry at Dosky's pet remark, "I'm losing weight again, but don't tell Mummy." Oh, that waist!

In spite of her frantic efforts to be honorary president of a man-hating club, Dosky is really a whiz at dances and parties where most of the conversation is centered on "that-red-head-over-there."



LINDA GATES

"A dealer in red herrings."

With a hearty "Hi-ho-Silver" and an "Allo, keed," Linda breezes into the S.S.R. At this point *peels* of laughter begin to pass right through the walls of our den. However, our laughter at Linda's ceaseless *punes* and gestures, which rival the French, is not appreciated by our good next-door-neighbors.

Linda not only has great talent for humor, but for acting as well. In Dramatic Club plays she has changed from a sophisticated social climber to an old, wrinkled grandmother with remarkable alacrity. She is *also* an indispensable member of the alto section of the Glee Club, and we have caught vague rumors of her success as a composer.

Wait a minute. That's not all! Linda's talents can be stretched as far as an elastic. "All the news that was not fit to print" was most capably gathered by Linda, our ace gossip editor of *The Inkling* last year, who also has come through with flying colors as literary editor of *The Link*.

The "new look" swished in with Linda, one Monday morning at M.F.S. By Tuesday, most of the seniors were similarly attired.

Linda has still another claim to fame. The dashing blind dates she so readily provides have made many an exciting evening for us.

Linda is our mother supreme. We marvel at her energetic summers spent with the small fry. Did she watch over one? No, six!



CONNIE GORMAN

*"At any time, in any place
A girlish blush can cloak my face."*

Connie's unassuming manner and graceful poise have been an integral part of the school ever since her kindergarten days, and her extreme modesty has presented a welcome contrast in a class that might be accused of thinking too well of itself!

As a former Council member and head of the Social Service Committee this year, Connie has proved her efficiency in matters of state.

Her amusing tales of wayward nephews and nieces, her occasional references to Cape Cod sailing, and her "terrific" after-dance parties have carved for her an enviable niche in the senior hall of fame.

The class project most dear to the seniors was the styling of Connie's hair, one rainy afternoon. With Madame Clarke wielding the comb, we all expounded on our theories of coiffures. The finished product was *charmant*.

Gay Paris would certainly give Connie a warm welcome. Her French touch and her gorgeous "r" would cause a major sensation on the Champs Elysees. There has also been a rumor that a more persuasive Candida has never existed in our English class.

Connie's engaging friendliness and playful wink have been bright lights in our class.



KATHARINE GULICK

*"Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."*

The halls echo with laughs and "Wait 'till I tell you what happened last night." Then "Rosebud" appears. As a matter of fact she has been laughing and appearing around here for twelve years. School just wouldn't have been the same if it hadn't been for the wild tales of her brother's exploits which lately have been rivaled, if not surpassed, by her own.

If ever you should be in doubt as to how a pin-cushion must feel, Kay is the person to consult. We often wonder how she manages to stagger around so loaded down with rabies serum and vitamins. When she isn't being stabbed by a hypodermic needle, she is being scratched by her "Puddy" cat, who is undoubtedly half mountain lion. Puddy's presence, however, doesn't keep Kay's house from being the center of all activities, ranging from informal get-togethers for the Annapolis crew, to her lavish after-dance parties.

There is never a lull in the conversation when Kay's around. Her mouth is open continually, and if a stream of words isn't coming out, a wad of paper is going in. The rest of us have not yet been able to fathom her love for eating paper, but we hear it is an acquired taste.

Kay has worked on the Scenery Committee of the Dramatic Club for four years, and in her junior year she was Committee chairman, at the same time serving as Secretary of the Athletic Association.

There is no doubt that Katharine, who will sound as well with a Southern accent as she looks with a Southern tan, will be right at home at Mary Washington College, and will keep them as thoroughly amused and out of breath as she has kept us.



JOAN McGEOCH

"A witty woman is a treasure."

Unfortunately, Joan has been with us only this year, but in that short time her wit and personality have captivated us all. An inveterate bridge player (all unknown to the faculty), she may always be found in the S.S.R., cards in hand. Tales of wide travels (by air and not by bus) to Florida, Bermuda, and the far west amuse us by the hour.

Joan's interests are versatile, extending from old houses to Physics problems. She has revealed in the lab an exceptional grasp of things unscientific, and after a year of Physics she is more determined than ever to go on in the arts. However, her academic record in all subjects leaves nothing to be desired.

It was a great shock to us all the day Joan, known as "Mac" to her closest friends, appeared on the basketball court. Imagine the gaping faces when she not only ran, but made a spectacular basket as well! Since that memorable day Joan has been a valued and weary member of the Blues.

Joan's afternoons are filled with struggles with Ruggles (her pet Scotty) and visions of the crew and track teams—her evenings, (the traitor) with Harvard men for whom she seems to have a fatal fascination.



JEAN MEREDITH

*"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts."*

Swish——, Jean our champion bridge player is making another grand slam. She has often proved to us that conservative bidding (not the kind usually practiced in the S.S.R.) brings far greater dividends.

Jean has served as a Dramatic Club secretary, a subscription manager of *The Link*, and a delegate to the Buck Hill Falls conference this year, thus taking an active part in senior affairs.

And who will forget that rainy day in March when, as the seniors were dreading that grim walk to gym, Jean magically produced her new driver's license and upon reaching our destination, terrified us as a Gray guard.

Jean may often be found dodging a proctor as she illegally eats an apple in the front hall!

Her efficiency and sunny nature are always with her, whether she is watering the ivy or squeezing a dollar for *The Link* from the Middle School. We wonder at her patience with the fives and twelves. Although seemingly quiet, she has revealed to us a mischievous glint in her Irish eyes and boundless good humor. Jean has endeared herself to the hearts of all.



JEAN MOUNTFORD

"Of what she nobly thought she nobly dared."

Jean comes bounding into the S.S.R. with that enviable coiffure in a kerchief and claps her hands to call us all to the playing field for a rousing gym period. Her achievements on the diamond, court, and field promise her a job at Notre Dame where it is possible that she will be most content. We admire her energy and athletic prowess, a combination which has made her an excellent head of the Athletic Association this year. (For a moment we must change from sports to beauty to say that Jean's miraculous hair-dos have filled us with constant wonderment. We shall never understand how she manages to arrange her hair and get to school on the same day!)

Jean came to Miss Fine's in the sophomore class and immediately took an active part in all school activities. For two years she has participated in the Buck Hill Falls conferences as a delegate and in 1948 as a member of the planning committee. This winter she ended rather unhappily with a wrenched knee caused by that unpredictable sport, skiing. However, we hear rumors that she is an excellent skier withal.

Jean has been on the Student Council this year and has been very interested in injecting school spirit into our souls, for which project we have great admiration.

Jean is an invaluable member of the Physics class and can often be seen finishing a lab experiment at 2:00 P. M., one minute before class. One of life's darkest moments occurred recently in connection with that dreaded subject. Jean arrived at the office, pail in hand, to fetch some water for washing the lab. Does anyone recall the very prominent sink reposing there?

Jean's consideration of others, her thoughtfulness and her cooperation have made her a very important member of our class.



MILDRED ROBERSON

*"God forbid that I should go to any heaven
in which there are no horses."*

Natural is the word for Millie. With her friendly smile and top-notch sense of humor, she has been gracing the halls and classrooms of Miss Fine's since the third grade. A constant source of amazement to her colleagues as she skillfully bounds across the court or down the field, she has saved many a hockey game by the rapid swing of the Roberson stick. No Glee Club concert would be complete without her versatile voice, which at a moment's notice can switch from a vibrating soprano to a tremulous alto.

The S.S.R., always the scene of many heated arguments and discussions, is the haven for Millie's unexpected opinions and forecasts to which we all lend an intent ear.

But Millie has her serious side, too. Besides being the Cezanne of the senior class, she can ride like a dream and has trophies to boot.

What keeps her figure down, even when her appetite mounts, is more than the best of us can fathom. Every day she can be seen with an apple turnover poised for action in one hand, and cards in the other, as she expounds on Roberson compared to Culberson. We are even more amazed that her extra-curricular studies of the Spanish language have not kept her from numerous Floridian jaunts.

Yes, we know that with her cheerful disposition and natural charm, Millie will always gain the success she deserves.



JOAN SMITH

"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

"I just can't do it!" This is the familiar phrase of Smitty as she gracefully ambles into the S.S.R. after a particularly trying period of Physics. We have all been anxiously awaiting an enormous explosion which will occur in the west end of the building, knowing Joan's dexterity for putting the wrong solution in the wrong bottle at the wrong time.

Joan came to Miss Fine's as a sophomore and immediately won a place in our hearts with her sweet disposition and warm friendliness.

This year Joan has been head of the Glee Club and under her this organization has flourished, participating in many concerts. Her musical ability has made many an assembly program enjoyable, her repertoire ranging from Bach to boogie-woogie. We are sure arrangements a la Smith would compare favorably with Frankie Carle's.

Nor does Joan concentrate solely on music. Any gym period she can be seen bouncing about the basketball court, doing an excellent job guarding. Grays take notice!

Joan's talents are also domestically in-klined. Knitting is her specialty, although she still hasn't finished a pair of socks she started a year ago. But don't give up, Smitty, the moth holes can always be mended!



TAPPY WELLING

*"She never flunked and she never lied.
We reckon she never knowed how."*

"McGeoch, have you done your Physics?" This is Tappy's war chant. From fractions to electro-statics Tappy has always been our champion mathematician, and her constant anxiety over this subject continues to amaze us.

Welling, thy name is management. She has filled our depleted treasury in years past as the business manager of *The Inkling*, and this year has been able to collect seemingly endless masses of material as our literary editor. Also the scenery and property committees of the Dramatic Club could not have functioned without Tappy. Her qualities of leadership were recognized by the class when she began her political career in the Middle School as president of the class. She continued as such for five years! Secretary of the Student Council in her Junior year and president this year, her principles and standards of dignified justice have been further revealed to us.

She has been a charging and adept forward on the hockey team, shown by her captainship of the Blues, and a skilled skier, (Or so we have been led to believe by her tales of frequent trips to Split Rock and Mont Tremblant.) Sun Valley will be the first stop after Tappy, our youngest, gets her long awaited driver's license.

Tappy and a certain teacher, generally on the best of terms with one another, often disagree rather violently on the merits of a statesman well known to all. Long after the man will have been forgotten, the fame of the Welling debates will linger on.

Whether she goes to McGill or Vassar is anyone's guess, but Tappy, with her mischievous eyes full of good humor and her easy-going gait, will be a true friend to any people she may encounter.



CLASS OF 1951



CLASS OF 1950



CLASS OF 1949

Our Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1948, being of unsound mind; being much saddened by the fact that our lives in the school have come to an end; being filled with an overflowing generosity toward our successors;

BY THESE GIFTS do publish this last will and testament, intending to bequeath the qualities which we deem most distinctive in the respective donors to the Juniors, by no means inferring that the worthy recipients are lacking in them.

Frances Baker leaves her sparkle to Kirby so that she will stimulate Senior spirit.

Cornelia Clarke leaves her tact to Class XI to smooth Senior squabbles.

Polly Dickinson leaves her talent of *se debrouiller* to Joan Budny in hopes that she will not have to suffer Senior situations.

Lee Farr leaves her sudden spurts of energetic housecleaning to Marty Jamieson to perpetuate Senior Sitting Room sanitation.

Dorothy Fleming leaves her sedate steering ability to Marty Jamieson so that she will no longer shiver and shake in a Chevy.

Linda Gates leaves her suavity to Class XI for Senior sophistication.

Connie Gorman leaves her tenacity of purpose to Joan Budny, an essential for Senior success.

Katharine Gulick leaves her guffaw to Lucy so that her snicker may lighten Senior storms.

Joan McGeoch leaves her chic sophistication to Kirby so that she will make Senior soirees scintillating.

Jean Meredith leaves her serenity of spirit to Patty Tighe so that she may better withstand Senior strife.

Jean Mountford leaves her place as a formidable forward in basketball to Patty so that she will make Senior sports superior.

Mildred Roberson leaves her famous wink to Lucy to save her from that Senior squint.

Joan Smith leaves her sweetness and light to Barbara for smooth sailing on Senior seas.

Tappy Welling leaves her center forward position on the hockey team to Barbara so that she may likewise scare all assaulters in Senior scrambles.

In witness whereof, and violating all legal precedents, we present these things this tenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred forty-eighth; of Miss Fine's the forty-eighth.

THE CLASS CHART

<i>Name</i>	<i>Besetting Sin</i>	<i>Saving Grace</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Makes Mention of</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Saying</i>
BAKER	Vandalism	Personality plus	Skyscrapers	Amos 'n Andy	Spirit	I'm in a twit!
CLARKE	Conservatism	Hair	Busses	New shoes	Acting ability	God's nightgown!
DICKINSON	Perfection	Chic	S.S.	Philly	Skipping out	But daahling—
FARR	Bustle	Size	Zip	Fla-fluf-nick	Figure alterations	Do I whine?
FLEMING	Purple nails	Waist	Trees	Rhett Butler	Art	Creep!
GATES	Perception	Complexion	Braces	Lacrosse	The English touch	Allo, Keed!
26 GORMAN	Blushing	Smooth voice	Basketball	Sailing	Parties	To each his own
GULICK	Horse laugh	Figure	Spelling	Tiger	Big game hunting	Guess who called!
McGEOCH	Shoes	Speaking voice	Jean McKeo	Harvard	Fur coats	I think that's hysterical!
MEREDITH	Reticence	Hands	Violence	Rosemont	Bridge	13 No Trump
MOUNTFORD	Moods	Humor	Skiing	Indiana	Fancy coiffures	Now just a minute!
ROBERSON	Driving	Station wagon	8:40	Iowa	Smile	Any mail?
SMITH	Gullibility	Disposition	Stomach	Kline	Music	Oh, I don't know——
WELLING	Positivism	Eyes	The B and O	Yogurt	Skiing	Let's take a trip!
THE CLASS	Self-sufficiency	School spirit	Oranges	The back room	Wit	When I was your age——











School Notes



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council, with Tappy Welling as its president, has accomplished many constructive things. It has tried to impress upon the girls that every member of the Upper School is an integral part of student government and that the democratic system will not work if every individual does not assume her share of the responsibility.

Also the Council has tried to help the girls by giving them citizenship comments instead of actual grades. The students, faculty, and Council felt this a most satisfactory arrangement.

The Council has coordinated school activities by having the heads of the various organizations participate in several meetings.

The Handbook for New Students, started by the Student Council of 1945-1946, has been completed and is being printed.

We wish the incoming Council the best of luck.



THE SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

This year, following the school tradition, the Social Service Committee, under Connie Gorman, has raised through various activities two hundred dollars for the *New York Times'* Hundred Neediest Cases Fund and another two hundred dollars for Save the Children Federation. There have also been various clothing and food drives for aid to Europe, including contributions to the Freedom Train and the filling of Red Cross boxes.



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Early in December, after much excitement and hard work, the Dramatic Club, with Cornelia Clarke as its president, presented *The Royal Family* by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, the third play written by this clever team to be given by the group in four years. The male parts of this parody on the lives of the famous Barrymore family were taken as usual by a group of able-bodied undergraduates from the University.



THE INKLING

This year under Wendy McAneny and Angie Fleming as editor and assistant editor respectively and with Mrs. Porter as faculty advisor, interesting issues of *The Inkling* have appeared. Others serving on the board were Lucy Law, Gordon McAllen, Sally Mountford, and Donata Coletti.



MADRIGAL GROUP

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, this year headed by Joan Smith, has been most active, participating in five concerts. The first was in November with the Princeton University Freshman Glee Club, followed by Lawrenceville, the singing of the *Stabat Mater* with Eleanor Holly and Thelma Young accompanied by a string orchestra, Trinity School of New York, and finally Peddie School. The Glee Club also has played a large part in the Candlelight and Thanksgiving services.



SENIOR DANCE



VARSITY HOCKEY

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year the Athletic Association, under the leadership of Jean Mountford and Barbara Smith, has arranged an excellent sports program. In the hockey season the varsity won four out of five games, played with Princeton High School, St. Mary's Hall, Hartridge, Holmquist, and Lambertville. The two basketball games resulted in one victory over Princeton High and one defeat at the hands of Lambertville.

SLIPS THAT WILL PASS IN TOMORROW'S TYPE



Mrs. Elderly Scream (nee Baker), junior partner just removed, of the Thin Man-Fat Man Legal Concern, has just untangled her client, Mrs. Moe Squito, from the arms of Remington Colt.

Courtroom Capers

Cornelia Clarke scored a smash hit in the Broadway production of "Skin of our Knees." Oh, those knees! Her husband Mussel Mouse, directed the show, and her four children are appearing with her.



The Daily Mews



Mrs. Noleg Cassini (nee Dickinson), who started as a floor sweeper chez Battie Carnegie, has given Battie the brush-off and has taken over the firm.

Walter Windshield

Mrs. Pistachio Blowhard (nee Farr), wife of the famous commodore and the first woman to enter the Row-to-port Regatta, is racing neck and neck with her husband. Who will win is anyone's guess.



Nautical Nonsense



Madame Jean Paul Jones (nee Fleming), art director of *Vogue* and free-lance painter, has unveiled the bust of Caramel Snow at the Paris Exposition.

Le Journal Paris

Mrs. Whitehall Flead (nee Gates), celebrated the fifth anniversary of her renowned society, The Gates Dates. Although successful in the cases of Mrs. Puree and Mrs. Badd, Mrs. Ditchum has many complaints.



The Creeps Chronicle



Mrs. Theodore Pressure (nee Gorman), has published her new volume of "Loony Tunes for Simple Goons." Mrs. Perturbi is one of her clients.

Silly Sonatas



Mrs. Moe Squito (nee Gulick), noted bug-a-boo, has recently petrified forty fireflies. She has found that termites bore her and, consequently, has constructed a red brick house to ward off the unwanted.

Flit

Jean McGick, the slick hick and America's foremost inferior decorator, has just boarded the Citrus Special from sunny California, where she has been visiting her ex-husband, Robert Ditchum of Hollywood.

The Daily Peerer



Mrs. Heave Puree (nee Meredith), who has, with the co-operation of Mrs. Moe Squito, constructed a new type of test tube designed for the increased comfort of the malaria germ, is now working on a cure for amoeba-bitis.

The Malarial Monitor

The door opens and up sweeps Madame Charles of the Blitz (nee Mountford). In her latest coiffure she has concealed ten rats. Tomorrow there will be twenty.

The Hair Liar



The rated racer Mrs. Bookie Tee (nee Roberson), has been haunting Hialeah, where she is observing her horse, Assault and Battery, who is one of the big three.

The Chase

Mrs. Hose Perturbi (nee Smith) is vacationing off the Florida Keys, where she is composing her latest symphony, "Beat me, Daddy, with a Broken Crowbar." Mr. Perturbi is disturbed.

The Magazine Off-Tune



Flash from St. Moritz! Mrs. Alan Badd (nee Welling) is reported to have broken two legs, one arm, and a ski toe. Mr. Badd is flying to her bedside from Sun Valley with their ten children.

A. P.

The Scroll

DOWN WITH FREE SPEECH

Free speech is perhaps the most abused of the four freedoms. Those who are guilty of this misuse of a privilege do not stop to consider its true meaning. They feel that they are free to criticize their neighbors both at home and abroad, to make political promises impossible of fulfillment, and to canvass the country spreading false ideas concerning the different churches and their "foolish beliefs."

Do not mistake me for a constitutional reformer, for I have no desire to see this freedom taken away, or to see our speech controlled by secret agent or stiff-jointed gestapo. I have a greater doctrine to preach than the setting-up of a mere totalitarian state, where one's every word and deed is passed on by a spy. I have no desire to bring about national repression of free speech; but rather am I seeking a personal, inner restraint by each and every member in this world of misunderstandings.

For think in what better stead you might be today had you not made that offensive remark to your neighbor. Think in what a state our country would be today had not our statesmen, and yes, even had we, refrained from making that slanderous statement which started one of many roots from which grew the tree of misunderstanding.

Let us realize that free speech is one of the greatest privileges we have; but at the same time let us cherish this freedom and not run the risk of losing it by forgetting the fifth freedom, self-restraint.

Jean Meredith '48

PROGRESS

Guns have been made from a small bit of
ore,
And bombs that are deadly from atoms
in space.
Slowly they shattered the peace of before.
Guns have been made from a small bit
of ore,
And where there was calm—now there is
war,
Where there was growth—a stunted place.
Guns have been made from a small bit
of ore
And bombs that are deadly from atoms
in space.

Angeline Fleming '50

* A Lullaby

These are all sleepy things:—

The drowsy smell of cool green clover beneath the sun;
The contented fragrance of fresh brown bread just newly done;
Piles of soft white clouds against a sapphire sky,
And distant flocks of geese that 'cross them fly;
The breaking of the surf upon dark cliffs and jagged rocks;
The kindly monotonous ticking of many clocks;
Grey mist, that curls soft wispy fingers round each tree;
The friendly droning of a cricket, wasp, or bee;
The happy whisperings of swaying flowers;
The silent passing of unremembered hours;
Small warm pools of water that remain
In cracks of old stone walls just after the rain;
The beating of large raindrops on a roof of tin;
The soft sweet sighing of a violin;
The moaning of the wind through a lonely pine—
These all and more are lullabies of mine.

These all are sleepy things.

Sara Alice Fenn '50

** GOSSIP

Before I knew how cruel
Just common talk can be,
I thought that words were singing things
With colors like the sea.

But since I have felt their burning lash,
And know how they will sting,
I will hold my breath when words go by
For fear that they won't sing.

Ann Stoddard '53

* Upper School Poetry Prize

** Middle School Poetry Prize

CINQUAINS

The sea's
Harsh, pounding surf
With mighty thunderous roar
Leaps mercilessly at the bare
White sand.

Endless,
Ethereal,
Stretches the cloudless sky
Whose peace is shattered by the shrieks
Of crows.

War kills—
It ruins men,
And creates sorrow where
There should be peace. Why is it then
We fight?

A leaf
Floats gently down
And swooping in mid-air
Drops quickly to the ground, and then
Lies still.

Wendy McAneny '50

WINTER

A silent silvery snowflake
Nestled in my outstretched hand
And melted.

The bitter biting wind
Burned a fiery pattern on
My cheek.

He went away in anger
And left a lonely aching spot in
My heart.

Sara Alice Fenn '50

REGINA

Regina watched him start crawling. He went up the corner of the window. Then he turned around and went buzzing down to the bottom. He started up again. He turned, but she didn't watch him because she knew that he would buzz down again. Her neck would be stiff from looking up at him anyway.

She was sitting in the Pennsylvania waiting room on a hard brown wood bench. Her legs stuck out in front of her showing the tips of her shoes. Just beyond her shoes was a section of striped pants. The person in them was cleaning under the man across the aisle's feet. The person was sloth-like. She followed the stripes until she came to a patch on the arm of the sleeve. But then she became interested in the man across from her. He was decidedly queer. She looked away from him to her mother because the striped person had obliterated his face.

Her mother was chewing gum mechanically. Her hair was tied up in a kerchief except for occasional wisps which she brushed away. There were lines in her mother's face: she looked sad and depressed. She had a stack of toys on her lap and a copy of *Film* which she had given up reading.

Regina remembered that she had gum of her own. She started chewing. By that time the man's face came into view and the striped person had moved. The man was holding a bottle. Tears were running down his face, and he took sips from the bottle. She decided to ask her mother what was wrong with him, but when she did her mother merely changed her position. Now the man had stopped crying and was looking at her.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked but wasn't answered. The man was looking at her steadily now.

"Mother," she said but was only slapped on the hand. The man was looking at her accusingly and most of the other people were looking out of curiosity. Tears began to pour from her eyes. She couldn't understand. The man leaned forward. She was terrified and began to sob. He dropped his empty bottle and it rolled on the floor, but he kept getting nearer.

"Mother," she cried. She felt her arm being jerked and her mother getting up pulling her with her. She stumbled along after her, sobbing. They went to the next aisle and sat down.

"Mother," she began.

"Shut up, won't you," she was answered. Her sobs quieted down and she began to droop. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed that the bug had gotten to the next window and was climbing up. Her eyes closed.

Mimi Coletti '51

THE PICTURE

The child clutched the picture in her grimy hand and stood there staring at it, her straw-colored hair falling over her eyes. When she had first picked it up from the refuse-cluttered Berlin street, the happy children romping with the four little puppies on the lawn and the mother looking on proudly from behind had made her happy. She had been fascinated by the rose-covered garden wall and the immaculate cleanness of the little girl's dress and by how young the mother seemed. But gradually as she looked she began to feel lonely: perhaps it was because the puppies looked so soft and warm, or the mother smiled so proudly, or the children's chubby faces were so contented. But whatever it was, it hurt yet held her fascinated.

As she stood there, Grandmother returned. Reaching down for the child's hand, the tired old lady saw the picture and in a melancholy voice explained, "That's America."

Lucy Law '49

THE MOON

Golden the Moon, comes over the hill
Shining on every door and sill
Lighting the woods with a greyish light
Kissing the chipmunks, saying "good-night".

Slowly the flowers fold up their leaves
Whispering softly to the trees
Slumber in Moonlight dapple grey
Dreaming of Sunlight when flowers are gay.

Silently, swiftly out of the sky
Passing the sun as he goes by
The Moon goes home to take a rest
And Birds get up to fly from their nest.

Cynthia Knox '55

SNOW

Snow is beautiful. It fills the skies
With cotton balls. The wind sighs
In rhythm with the sad cries
Of birds, who, when the summer flies
Must take to shelter from the storm.

Snow is cold. It freezes many things
That nature made. The birds that come when Spring's
In season, vanish when the wind that brings
The cold comes. But snow is perfect. The King of Kings.
And Mother Nature made it.

Caroline Rosenblum '53

QUESTIONS ABOUT FAIRIES

Do fairies walk with candy canes?
And carry toadstools when it rains,
And when the mud slishy-sloshes,
Do they wear seed-pods for galoshes?

Do fairies live in little flowers?
How many minutes are in their hours?
All these questions and many more too,
Tell me, I don't know the answers, do you?

Jean Ackerman '53

TWILIGHT IN SUMMER

After the sun has gone a-way down
And left the sky in purple gown,
The night-time creatures come timidly out
Into the twilight to roam about.

Rabbit hops on the soft dewey grass
As Dainty Doe and her little fawn pass.
Whip-poor-will calls his plaintive cry
To Bat and Owl that swoop o'er the sky.

Fireflies drifting all night long
Sway to the lilt of the peepers' song.
Oh, little creatures that live in the night,
Why must you cease with the dawning light?

Saki Hart '54

COUNTRY LIFE IN HUNGARY

Everybody is sleeping. Only the little stars are lighting on the sky, and over the mountains the sky is beginning to be pinker and pinker. The dawn is coming. Slowly the sun is rising up above the hills. The farmers begin a new day. Early in the morning they are leading their animals to the water to drink. The farmer's family eats breakfast, which is usually bacon and bread. Then all of the animals are going to the field to eat. They are watched by a little cowboy and a dog. It is very interesting to see the big group of animals and the little cowboy with his pup. Soon it is noontime. The nearest town's bell rings, and this indicates that it is lunch-time. Then they prepared the special Hungarian lunch, the "gulyas". This is a wonderful meal. You must taste it if only once. After lunch, when the sun is in the middle of the sky, and it is warm, everybody is lying down on the grass in the shadow. The animals too.

At night they have also a wonderful supper around the fire. It is "wiukus" or "birkapaprikas." (There is no English name for it.) And they fall asleep under the sky on the field. Next morning they begin it again. And day after day they live in the field, and they are very, very happy.

Naomi Vasady '52

THE FIRST DAY OF SNOW

I woke up one Saturday morning a few days before Christmas to find it snowing. As I shut my window, I peered out into the gray dawn and saw the snowflakes come dancing and swirling down. I opened my screen a wee mite and stuck my hand out to catch some flakes. I ran for the magnifying glass and looked at the flakes with great interest. What I saw was too beautiful for words.

I turned the light on my bed and dressed for breakfast. I ate a quick breakfast and then ran out into the snow and looked about me. The trees were covered with snow and looked as if they were frosted with icicles.

We had dinner early that evening. We sat around the fire after dinner. I glanced out the window and saw the red glow from the fire glittering on the snow. I turned back, gazed at the fire for awhile, and thought of what I had done that day. Then, looking up at the clock, I noticed that it was nine-thirty. So, picking up my night clothes which were warming by the fire, I walked off to bed. Dreaming that night, I remembered, and always will, the first day of snow.

Louise Hiden '53

AN EVENING PICTURE

It was fairly late one summer evening when the moon was full that I decided to take a brief stroll along the nearby beach. As I slowly walked down the crooked little path that led from our door yard to the beach, I could hear and occasionally see little crickets as they merrily chirped in the quiet dark. When I arrived at the shore, I could see the moon's path over the water—a mystic bridge spanning the entire ocean, as it seemed. On the opposite shore I could see the lighthouses shining as they kept vigil over the many ships at sea. For the most part the ocean was calm, but occasionally I could hear a wave as it broke on the rocks. And as it did, I could see its spray shoot into the air and fall over the rocks like a myriad of diamonds falling from the sky.

Suddenly, without warning, I heard my mother's voice calling me back home. Sorrowfully and yet happily I left the beauty of that night, knowing in my heart that never again would my eyes see such loveliness.

Barbara Yeaman '53

* THE HAYDEN PLANETARIUM

Never until I visited the Hayden Planetarium last Saturday afternoon had I been filled with so great a feeling of awe and wonder. Upon gazing at an image of some of the planets in the sky I was stricken with the thought of the regularity of the movement of the solar system—the law and order within the universe. Surely there must be some great power behind this! Then I thought as David did in his Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Soon the lights went out. One by one the stars shone above on the dome. My mind began to wander. My contemplations were on the immensity of our universe, the smallness of man and of myself. Here I was but one of the smallest of the millions of inhabitants of the earth, the earth but one of the smallest of the billions of planets on our galaxy, as numerous as the snowflakes in a blizzard; our galaxy but one of millions of the many galaxies in the universe. Then I thought about the verse in the Bible, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" How vast the universe is! What a mere speck am I! I left the building in silence.

Mary Frances Fenn '52

BEFORE AND AFTER

I woke up and looked at my watch. It said 3:00, and I wondered why I had wakened in the night for apparently no cause. Outside, everything was wrapped in hazy dimness, the moon being obscured by clouds. I could see the trunks of trees through the haze and thought how solid they appeared, but then, looking up toward the upper branches, I could see no distinction between the leaves and the night. Everything seemed faded together, shrinking from reality into a nocturnal fantasy. It was very strange also that there were none of the usual night sounds, the crickets hushed, and even the creek sounded muffled and hollow. The only audible sound was of the hemlocks, restlessly swishing their branches; the general atmosphere was one of quiet expectation.

I settled back against my pillow and waited myself, not knowing why. Then I became aware of a rattling and knocking of glasses below me in the kitchen, and pots and pans banging against each other, and against the insides of cupboard doors where they hung on hooks. Then my bed began to shake, and as I looked about myself in astonishment I saw everything shaking, even the water in the glass by my bed. My slippers which had been on the foot of the bed slid off and landed on the palsied floor. Then everything stopped its shaking and only the water in the glass continued to waltz up and down, back and forth.

I once again looked out the window. Everything seemed natural, and the moon looked down on a realistic scene.

Esther Young '51

* Middle School Prose Prize

SEA SONGS

Buoys

With bells of brass,
Bob in the lazy swells,
Made by the wind, a passing ship,
or tides.

A strip

of gleaming sand,
resembles a white sail
spread on the shore for a strong sun
to bleach.

Pine-trees

of silver-green,
Swaying in the soft breeze,
Murmur to one another like
Lovers.

Fish-wives

With colored caps,
Gather on the long wharf
To gossip and await the fleet's
Return.

The dredge

With its long arm,
Sucks the sand and black muck
From the harbor floor like a huge
Monster.

Lee Farr '48

THE TURTLE

He plods on through sun and storm, sand and slush, never moving his face, never changing his pace. New ideas roll off his shell back. Time moves on, great minds move on—not his! Smart he may be, slow also is he, enamored of speeds of the past. A change appears: quaking with fears, he pulls in his head, plays dead, and later comes out to react, to protest, to go back. He plods on through sun and storm, sand and slush, never moving his face, never changing his pace.

Katharine Welling '48

THE SHELTERED

Turtles,
Under shelter,
Misunderstand our fear
Of missiles, of cold words and war.
They sleep.

Jean Meredith '48

MY HORSE, BLACK CRICKET

This is a story about my black Morgan mare. Black Morgan mares are one of the rarest horses in the world. Black Cricket is my mare's name. She is a shiny coal black, with a big white star on her forehead. She has four white stockings. Before I got her, she was most likely taught to arch both her neck and her tail, because she always does it now.

One of her favorite tricks is to back into things while I am trying to mount her.

I can remember well the day I had very carelessly left her bucket of oats behind the mounting block, and as I mounted her, she backed into the mounting block, and spilled the oats! She turned around and started to eat the oats, and as I did not want to ruin her mouth, I shouted to her instead of pulling on her mouth. My father heard my shouts and came running. He saw the oats all scattered over the ground and said, "You will have to pay for another bucket of oats, and I wish you could handle a horse better." Then he turned to go back to his work. As he went back he glanced into Black Cricket's stall. It was very dirty, so he made me dismount and clean it out. So I didn't get my ride that afternoon. That is where horses don't come in handy.

Now I will describe her gaits. They are very comfortable indeed, especially her canter. Her trot is so smooth sometimes I am tempted to sit to it and half go to sleep. Her Show Walk is very high and jerky, but that is natural with the Show Walk. Her gallop is simply heavenly.

I remember the hot summer afternoon that I was trotting down the highway when I fell asleep. Black Cricket must have galloped at least three miles, until I awoke and she was so hot, I had to get off and walk her back home about four miles.

So as you see, a good horse isn't always the best.

Pamela Thompson '55

* DESTINY

All pink and white, that's what he was; not red like most babies when they are born, but pink and white. I also notices another thing when the nurse brought him in, his long black hair. It was not long enough to braid but perhaps long enough to brush. Although he didn't have much of a chin, he was all that one could ask for. He was so perfectly formed that it was hard to believe that he had begun as a single cell.

As I watched him, he opened his eyes for the first time, first one, then the other. They were dark blue, which suggested that they might turn brown. We looked at each other for a minute. Then he clenched his fists and yelled lustily for his dinner.

While he was eating, I thought about what he might be. Maybe he would build bridges, or be a famous actor, or a famous teacher. Maybe he would just be ordinary, and, like most people, would go to school, get a job, and get married. He might even turn out badly, be a gangster—but of course that was impossible.

Just then I looked at mother, and she smiled at me. I knew one thing about the little individual lying in her arms. He would always be my extra-special brother.

Jane Kales '51

MEMORIES OF A HOUSE

I still remember the big house on Elizabeth Avenue. This house holds memories of my grandmother and me when I was five and younger. It wasn't a particularly grand house, but to me it was beautiful. It was red brick and stucco with a porch going across the front. On the porch was a swing on which sometimes in the summer I would sleep. Over this porch there was another one by the second floor. I was never allowed to go out on this one because my grandmother was afraid it would cave in.

Inside, the house was big, with old-fashioned furniture. I remember the blue velvet sofa in the company living room. I wasn't allowed to sit on it. I could only run my finger over the soft velvet. Also in the company living room was the table full of little trinkets. The one I liked especially was the fat little man whose mouth moved so you could put matches in it.

Then there was the dining room with its big round table and matching sideboard. On the sideboard cake was always kept in a round tin.

The kitchen, too, had its memories. There was the old-fashioned ice box on the back porch. I remember how a basin had to be kept under it to catch the drips.

Upstairs there were the bedrooms with heavy mahogany beds and dressers. Then the mysterious attic in which only my grandmother and aunt were allowed. Sometimes I could hear the squirrels running around in the attic. How it scared me!

Outside in the back were the fig and peach trees. I hated figs, but the peaches were delicious.

This is the house above all that I shall always remember.

Alice Elgin '50

* Upper School Prose

SNOW FALL

Outside the snow is falling
Silently, white, never stopping
Each little flake comes softly
Down
Down
Down
All alike, but each one different
Down
Down
Down
Coming straight and coming slant.

Class IV Group Poem

THE EASTER RABBIT

Is the Easter Rabbit
Short or fat?
Does he wear glasses?
A tall silk hat?
Who knows the answers to these
questions?
Could you give me any suggestions?

Sam Busselle, Class II

UN JOLI PETIT CHAT

Je suis un petit chat blanc. Je
marche dans une rue de Paris. Je
suis tres hereux parceque je suis tres
joli! J'ai de petits gants rouges, et
un petit mouchoir bleu; mon col est
raide, et un peu sale! N'importe! Je
suis content de moi!

Judy Gihon '54

AVRIL

Le ciel si bleu,
Les belles jonquilles;
La pluie si douce,
Voici Avril!

Saki Hart '54

EASTER

Every Easter a bunny might come,
And put different colored eggs in
your shoes
Then downstairs he might have left
A little duck with flowers in it.
Then in Grandmother's best chair
He might have left a real live bunny
Then he might go away leaving grass
All over the house.
He might—
I wish he would.

Katie Ducey, Class II

OCTOBER

October is bonfires,
And flames leaping high,
With a crisp wind blowing,
Way up in the sky.
Leaves are falling,
Yellow and Red
And now the flowers
Will go to bed.
You can smell dirt—
It smells wonderful and cool.
The children can smell it
When they go to school.
"Brrr, it is cold,"
The children will say,
"But still it is
A fine autumn day."

Betsy Thomas, Class IV



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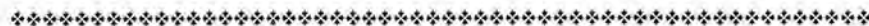
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