

# The Link



June - 1949



# THE LINK

1948 - 1949

MISS FINE'S SCHOOL





MAY MARGARET FINE





SHIRLEY DAVIS



*The Class of 1949*

*Dedicates this LINK to*

**MARIA RICE MILLER**

*whose affectionate humor and*

*sincere interest have endeared*

*her to us all.*



THE LINK BOARD

# THE LINK

## MISS FINE'S SCHOOL

Vol. XXIX

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SEMPER LUCEAT

*To the music of the hymn, "O Young and Fearless Prophet."*

To you, Miss Fine's School, always  
We'll pledge our hearts and minds,  
In us a true devotion  
Shall ever be enshrined.  
The lamp of knowledge, shining,  
Shall guide us through our days;  
And as the years pass by us,  
May we have "light always."

## SENIOR FAREWELL

We stand at the brink of a misty void. Some of the mist of the unknown future diffuses into the present, and even the past is slightly dimmed on this day of farewell. We hate to move on into the unknown, but more than that, we hate to relinquish to you the lamp of knowledge we have nourished throughout our years at Miss Fine's. So we stand here holding this lamp for the last time before we go on. We stand here and our eyes follow its rays as they shine back over the things that to us are Miss Fine's—the gracious friendliness of the front hall dominated by Miss Fine's portrait; the school spirit built by the competition of hockey games and climaxed by the singing around our bonfire; the exhilaration of putting on the play; the simple beauty of the candlelight service; and the feeling of unity created as we recited together from Luke; the foolish fun of Baby Day; the gayety of spring; spring flowers along the driveway; the Spring Dance; and May Day, with its note of solemnity. Then too, as the light shines into the mist, it hits on something which has no real form but rather permeates all the rest; the spirit of individual integrity and responsibility emphasized by our Student Government, and the spirit of community usefulness developed thru our social service activities. So we watch the rays as they shine back over these things, both visible and invisible, that to us are Miss Fine's.

We must move on into that unknown misty void. We hand the lamp to you. We challenge you to hold it high and keep these things bright. We challenge you to hold it high and make these things brighter.



JOAN BUDNY

*"In maiden meditation  
Fancy free."*

Natural and responsible are the two words which best sum up Joan. She is natural in the way she speaks as she thinks and looks as she feels. Will we ever forget the boys "who go out to parties and make money and things"? Then, too, underclassmen have been known to disobey petty rules just to see the expression on her face. Joan is also noted for her gullibility. (Remember the time we said we couldn't use the Senior Sitting Room?)

Still she is the most responsible and conscientious member of our class. And what is more, she has done lots of things which prove her dependability. She has been on the Student Council during the last two years and is now our class president. Throughout her four years at Miss Fine's, her singing has made her the shining light of many a Glee Club Concert. But the song that most typifies Joan to us is: "He Was a Little Boy". Also, she is renowned as a basketball player (not *only* because of her many falls). But most of all, she is responsible: whether she be selling tickets for the play or ads for the *Link*, if Joan is doing a thing, you know it will get done.

We know that the beguiling naturalness that has endeared her to us and the dependability which has made us respect her will carry Joan far, regardless of "What College".



SALLY DOWNS

*"A sweet disorder"*

Arriving from Denver in the fall, Sally has found herself very much at home in the atmosphere of Princeton. She zooms up in a yellow convertible with a huge monster hanging out. It's Loki Downs, Sally's pup.

Sally has been an excellent member of the hockey team. Her skill and omnipresence were a great asset in every game. A sense of security came to us when we saw Sally with the ball.

While the rest of us can be found cutting up in the S.S.R., Sally is usually found grinding away in the study hall. But Sally isn't all work and no play; her weekends include square-dancing and the most formal affairs.

We hope Sally, our gal with the twinkling eyes and happy laugh, will enjoy her trip abroad this coming year, and we wish her success.



JANE HONDIUS

*"I hear a smile"*

Jane is our linguist in more ways than one. Not only can she read nine languages and speak seven, but she can whisper while a teacher is talking more successfully than any of the rest of us. As a matter of fact she will talk about most anything at most any time in most any language. However, her special ties (as far as subject matter goes) are her school in Holland (she is Dutch) and her trip on the boat. When Janie can be found in the Sitting Room (she actually uses the Study Hall) she is usually seated in the middle of a couch telling us about the man who fell overboard or the time they locked the professors in the chess room.

When Janie first came to us in October, her beautiful complexion and her neatness made us think she looked as if she had just stepped out of one of Vermeer's paintings. But now we know that her smiling face and twinkling eyes hold too much fun and good humor for any picture of Vermeer. She is always full of fun and very amusing, but the most amusing thing that she did this season was her going to New York to learn a Dutch dance.

We are grateful to Janie for having shared with us her varied experiences and her cheerful personality throughout this year.



MARTHA JAMIESON

*"Everything is sweetened by risk"*

Feathers fly, a blanket of down descends upon the whole school, and Marty emerges from the Senior Sitting Room covered with fluff. You may think that this is an exception, but the proof of the pudding was the time she locked the door to the S.S.R., threw the key out the window and left the Seniors stranded. These pranks typify Marty's fun-loving spirit.

Our night owl from Trenton is a member of a family of seven, two of whom joined us last year. The many "pick up" meals and marvelous times which Marty's hospitality afford us show her more domestic side.

Marty seems to have a finger in every pie. As president of the Glee Club she has helped to make the year a musical success. She was a valued inner on the hockey team and is just as enthusiastic about basketball and tennis. Marty is always willing to do the unglorified jobs that no one else will do. She always comes through with her weary, "I'll do it," and saves us at the last minute.

Whether Marty decides to be a social worker or to work with children, we are sure her wit and friendliness will make her as great a success in the future as she has been in the class of '49.



LUCY LAW

*"I'm a worker in the vineyard, workin' hard and workin' true,  
Now surely it won't matter if I eats a grape or two."*

Lucy is noted for her active participation in anything and everything, and also for her mischievous humor.

As president of the Social Service Committee, Lucy's time is spent organizing drives and packing boxes. She usually comes panting up late to art after a strenuous gym period. The Blue team has made her its worthy captain. Skilled as a member of the hockey and basketball team, her willingness and cooperation make her a most valuable player. This year she played Emily in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," giving an excellent performance as the hilarious, naive college girl.

Our editor-in-chief has been on the Student Council for two years. Lucy is our ardent Federalist and has converted many to the Federalist flock. Hardly a morning assembly has gone by without her announcing with windmill gestures her Social Service or Federalist meetings.

Despite the fact that Lucy professes love for no man, "we believe it not."

We will never forget her spurts of laughter which often sound off in class, and the innocent look on her face as she does her homework behind a book.

Lucy is determined that when she gets out of college she is going to "do something," and knowing Lucy's effervescence, we are sure she will.



MARY NICHOLSON

*"Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
and be a friend to man."*

Miss Fine's was glad to welcome Mary Nicholson into its midst last fall. Her sedateness and reserve often have made her the mediator in our frequent squabbles. Despite her quietness Mary is always full of fun and ready to be a part of any group. She always has a pleasant expression and whatever she is thinking is easily observed in her expressive eyes.

Mary is on the Social Service Committee and is very interested in athletics, particularly basketball. Despite her troubles and problems concerning the subscriptions for *The Link*, she has been a good Subscription Editor.

Mary's frequent absent-mindedness has been a source of constant worry and amusement this year. The car keys to her little green Plymouth (riding in which is our favorite pastime) are always lost. We will never forget the time she left her ticket of admissions to the College Boards in Renwick's and was convinced that she would never find it or get in to take the College Boards.

Wherever Mary dwells always seems to be the best place for our frequent hen-parties. The "hang-out" at 8 Stockton Street is a wonderfully convenient and comfortable place to go.

We are sure that wherever she goes, Mary's sympathetic kindness will find her a place in everybody's heart.



BARBARA SMITH

*"She keeps her little thoughts in sight  
Though gay they run and leap."*

Perhaps it is her poise or perhaps it is her good sense, but whatever it is, Barbara Smith has a way of making herself quickly liked by all. Upon entering the S.S.R., you're sure to be met by a pair of feet tilted at some upward angle. They belong to Barbara, who may be found lounging in a most comfortable position groaning to herself, "Now I have to get down to work."

In spite of her many ailments (real and otherwise), Barbara always manages to stay in good humor. It is doubtful if there has ever been a time when Barbara has been known to get angry or lose her temper. She seems ever to remain calm and collected.

Barbara is distinctly the athlete of the class—or shall we say the school? We're all familiar with the sight of her streaking down the field, hockey stick in hand, heading straight for another goal. She was on the Student Council her Freshman and Sophomore years. In her Junior and Senior years she has combined her good common sense and her athletic ability as Secretary and President of the Athletic Association. Also she has captained the Grey Team, the Varsity Hockey Team, and the Varsity Basketball Team.

Barbara, the sophisticate of our class, may often be seen gliding around in a green Buick convertible. If for nothing else, she would be noted for her parties. But there is lots else: her poise, her common sense, her athletic ability, and all the other things we still cannot name, but which make Barbara's conversation fascinating and her opinions respected.



KIRBY THOMPSON

*What mean all these mysteries to me  
Whose life is full of indices and surds.*

The personification of friendliness at Miss Fine's is Kirby Thompson: the girl who is quick to praise, full of intelligence, completely unique, and just plain likeable.

Kirby is our confident and our leader. She is our "keeper of secrets", and for realistic yet sympathetic advice, we usually turn to her. As for being our leader, her influence over us is shown in the fact that when Kirby decides to use a word, it really gets used. No one can miss "phenomenal", "bourgeois", "motley", "sordid", etc.—they are Kirby's words.

She is delightfully casual and natural. We'll never forget her carrying her new ski-boots into Renwick's and then taking them to bed that night. We've all had the experience of sitting on the phone for half an hour waiting for Kirby to say something while she hums a merry tune or carries on another conversation. All this is part of Kirby's happy-go-lucky manner.

Her practical mind and keen intelligence make her the brains of our class. Although she has no use for vague theorizing, it's not everyone who can get 97% in four math exams.

Kirby has been on the Student Council for three years, including one year as secretary and one as president. She was head of the scenery committee for the last two school plays. She is not particularly interested in athletics (to put it mildly), but Kirby doesn't need to be an athlete to have school spirit. Her friendly "Hi" is school spirit enough.

We wish the best of luck to Kirby who proclaims no interest in esthetic mysteries and yet has overcome the greatest: How to get along with people.



PATTI TIGHE

*"The road is romance, so let it wind."*

As you enter the S.S.R., Patti's little smile beams up at you from the depths of a couch, and she shrieks "You weren't studying, were you?" She holds a remarkable record: that of never having spent a study period in the Study Hall this year. However, we suspect her of doing more work than she would lead us to believe. Her constant griping about the huge amounts of work "those teachers" give us is somewhat contradicted by the fact that she does practically all of it in the two minutes before classes and, at that, comes out with enviable marks.

Patti has been with us for three years. Last year she was class president and secretary of the Social Service Committee. This year she has been a wonderful head of the Dramatic Club, playing Mrs. Skinner in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Although Patti is the most fun-loving of our fun-loving class, she has kept up this role of mother in many ways. "Click, click," go her knitting needles as she sits over in the corner working on her latest pair of orange and black argyles, and giving out her advice. Not unknowing of troubles herself, she is a truly understanding counsellor. She will give you advice on almost anything from how to pick up a stitch to how to have fun at parties.

We wish the best of luck to our kittenish yet sympathetic Patti, who believes that all of life is a romance: a romance to be enjoyed, and a romance to be shared.



# THE CLASS CHART

<i>Name</i>	<i>Theme Song</i>	<i>Noted For</i>	<i>Makes Mention of</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Besetting Sin</i>	<i>Saving Grace</i>
JOAN BUDNY	"Everything Happens to Me"	Expressive Face	"What College?"	Irresponsible people	Gullibility	Voice
SALLY DOWNS	"Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"	Skiing	Denver	Loki's hair in the car	Vagueness	Smile
JANE HONDIUS	"Whispering"	Giggles	Holland	Parslev	"Always in Dutch"	Complexion
MARTY JAMIESON	"Smoke Rings"	"Nine Day Wonder Diets"	Tombstones	Gushing	Sarcastic wit	"Good Humors"
LUCY LAW	"Breathless"	Exuberance	Federalism	Unresponsive people	Raiding people's ice boxes	Cheerfulness
MARY NICHOLSON	"There's a Tav- ern in the Town"	Her home: our haunt	The Animal Farm	Armadillos	Absent- mindedness	Eyes
BARBARA SMITH	"Summertime"	The studio	Spring	Insincerity	Her convertible	Poise
KIRBY THOMPSON	"I Kiss Your Hand, Madame"	Hi!	Jamaica	Pin stripes	Shyness	Sincerity
PATTI TIGHE	"Lazybones"	Lollypops and Kisses	Southern Gentlemen	Party poops	Moods	Kittenishness
THE CLASS	"Why Can't You Behave?"	Celebrating	The Weekend	Grinds	Gripping	"Stick- togetherness"

## Class Prophecy

The scene is the underworld. The time is eons from now.

Through the fiery smoke Joanie can be seen standing near the "Pit" singing *Open the Door, Mommy* from her latest Broadway hit *Locked Out*. Recognizing the voice, Barbara enters with trunks and trunks of impeccable clothes, red suits with long tails, and little hats with the most stylish of horns. Just then Kirby comes roaring up in her station wagon, which is overflowing with 212 cats, and she yells out a hearty "Hi"! As she gets out, she bumps her head on the sign "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here". But she is unable to spiel forth her "Curses and implications" before Marty (the ex-tombstone kid) charges in on the Trojan Horse which is neighing "Whee—Whee—". Then Patti, our fallen angel, floats in and starts relating what a heavenly time she had. "And guess what I found," she continues. "The S.S.R. (Spirits' Simmering Room). Come on, I'll show you."

On the way we pass by the River Styx and invite Janie to come with us. But she declines, saying she would rather ride back and forth with Charon, who is teaching her Greek. Walking farther, we come across Lucy, who, always wanting to be helpful, is trying to get a job shoveling coal. Finally we all arrive at the S.S.R., an impressively messy place, and the hottest spot in Hades. Entering, whom should we see but Sally, who is seated in the middle of the floor designing a new travel folder. The folder reads: "Are you wondering what to do the next three eons of your death? Square Dance in the Elysian Fields." Just then Mary, late as usual, bursts in. (She missed the boat.) Both her legs are bowed from her life on the open range, and she calls out "Howdy, Pardner." But we see a cloud come over her face: "Oh dear, where could I have left my purse?" and she bursts out again. We all trail after her, hoping to help find it; and so the shades of forty-nine are once more lost in the fiery smoke.









CLASS OF 1952



CLASS OF 1951



CLASS OF 1950

## SCHOOL NOTES



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council this year has tried to co-ordinate the Council and the Upper School. The Council minutes have been posted at intervals and there have been many open meetings to discuss various problems in the school.

We have also attempted to narrow the void between the Middle School and the Upper School by having the Juniors be "big sisters" to the Freshmen in order to help them over the hump of the first few weeks.

One problem which the Council and the heads of the Dramatic Club, the Athletic Association, and Glee Club, *The Inkling*, and *The Link* have solved is that of these organizations' finances. The out-going and in-coming heads of the committees will meet at the end of every year to decide upon their approximate financial needs for the coming year. The total figure will be divided by the number of girls in the Upper School in the fall. They will each bring in their money to the Secretary of the Student Council who will allot the money to the various organizations in the proportions decided.

Two Council members this year attended a conference in New York of the Student Councils of several schools in the vicinity where they pooled ideas and discussed common problems.

*The Handbook for New Students*, started by the Council of 1945-1946, was finished last summer, and this was its first year of use.

Student Council members for the year were: President, Kirby Thompson; Secretary, Sally Mountford; XII, Joan Budny, Lucy Law; XI, Polly Jamieson, Sally Potter; X, Mimi Coletti, Diana Maull; IX, Cynthia Smith, Leslie Van Zandt.



### SOCIAL SERVICE ACTIVITIES

This year the Social Service Committee has tried to stimulate the interest of the students in raising money for such causes as the World Student Service Fund and the Hundred Neediest Cases. By such class projects as Cake Sales, Plays, and Dances we have raised a total of \$698.00 by May 31. Out of this we have given \$100.00 to the hundred neediest cases in memory of Miss Fine, \$50.00 to the Community Chest, \$72.00 to support a one-room school for Navajo Indian Children, and \$200.00 to the World Student Service Fund.

Also our school has kept close contact with a school in the Debica district of Poland. We have sent them the proceeds of two clothing drives and a box of school supplies collected at our Thanksgiving assembly. They have sent us several thank-you notes and some beautiful Polish dolls which they made from scraps of the clothing we sent.

Aside from the money raised by class projects we have collected \$72.00 for supplementary feeding for French children, and \$33.00 for the Junior Red Cross. And we have sponsored a Community Block Dance for the benefit of the Cancer Fund.

The representatives to the Social Service Committee have been: Faculty Advisor, Miss Burnham; Class XII, Lucy Law, Mary Nicholson; Class XI, Janet Butler, Angie Fleming; Class X, Diana Maull, Gordon McAllen; Class IX, Jean Samuels; Class VIII, Caroline Rosenblum; Class VII, Letitia Wheeler; Class VI, Barbara Benson; Class V, Joanne Buck, and Elizabeth MacNeil.



### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club presented "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" in the middle of November in Murray Theatre, under the direction of Mrs. Herbert McAneny. Nellie May Oliphant, '51, Lucy Law, '49, and Patti Tighe, '49, played the three leading feminine roles and the male parts were ably acted by University students.

The officers for the year were: President, Patti Tighe; Secretary-Treasurer, Wendy McAneny.

The chairmen of the committees were: Scenery, Kirby Thompson; Costumes, Barbara Smith; Tickets, Joan Budny; Properties, Marty Jamieson.



### THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association this year started off with a bang by a hockey game with the Tigoons of Princeton University. The team was rather overwhelmed by the men and we lost with the discouraging score of 6-0. However, our first attempt at an all-girl game resulted in our victory of 4-2 over the Princeton High School. We also played a second team game with the High School. The score was 2-0 in our favor. Our third home game was evenly matched with neither Holmquist or Miss Fine's teams able to score. We next ventured down to St. Mary's in Burlington. There again we tied with a score of 2-2. Again we took on the boys of the University. This time a team from Elm Club. The boys won by a single point, leaving the score at 2-1. Unfortunately the weather did not permit us to play our last two games which were scheduled with Hartridge and Lambertville High School. The climax of the hockey season was a wonderful picnic and a roaring bonfire.

Because of the shortness of the basketball season, the teams played only three games. Both the first and second teams were beaten by the Lambertville teams. The girls at the Theological Seminary challenged Miss Fine's to a game, from which we emerged victorious.

The tension runs high now as the fate of the banner is undecided. The Gray Team, captained by Barbara Smith, won the hockey games. The Blue Team, captained by Lucy Law, won the basketball games.



### THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club presented two concerts this year. The first was on the twenty-third of April with the Princeton Freshman Glee Club and the Band. The program included a motet, "Venite Exultemus Domino" by Francois Couperin, "Sweet Kate" by Robert Jones, "Caleno Custure Me," an old English song arranged by Mathilde McKinny, which our Glee Club sang. The Madrigal Group sang "Ave Marie" by Zoltan Kodaly, "Hymne a la Nuit" by Jean Phillippe Rameau. Eleanor Wilson Holly '44 helped out the Glee Club by singing the Soprano solos. The combined numbers were Cantata No. 118 "Dear Friend, The Loss We Feel This Day" by J. S. Bach, and "The Grand Funeral and Triumphal Symphony For Band," Opus 15, by Hector Berlioz. The Princeton University Band accompanied the Glee Clubs in the Berlioz and the Bach. This concert was one of the most difficult and successful that we have ever given.

The Glee Club traveled to Blairstown, N. J., to Blair Academy and sang for the boys in their Sunday night assembly program. The academy entertained us at dinner before the concert.

As usual, the Glee Club sang the Christmas Carols for the traditional Candlelight Ceremony before Christmas vacation. The Madrigal Group presented a program on the local radio station, WPRU.

Next year the Glee Club dances are to be improved by a floor committee consisting of the club's officers.

The Glee Club is under the direction of Miss Frances A. Kleeman, accompanied by Mrs. Marta Pacsu. The President was Marty Jamieson '49, Secretary, Sally Potter, '50; Librarians, Mimi Coletti and Judy Seidler '51.



### THE INKLING

The entire *Inkling* Board this year was made up of twenty-two girls, under the direction of Wendy McAneny and Angie Fleming as Editor and Assistant Editor, and Miss Burnham and Miss Pendergast as faculty advisers. The members of the staff were: Diana Maull, Caroline Rosenblum, Janet Butler, Mimi Colletti and Gordon McAllen.

Three issues have appeared during the school year, with more pictures and pages than before, and with signed articles. The graduation issue will come out shortly after commencement.

## SCHOOL SONG CONTEST

There was a contest for a school song this year. Miss Kleeman was in charge of the entries. Mrs. Alice Huntington Allen '41, an alumna of Miss Fine's school, Mr. Elliot Forbes, director of the Princeton Freshman Glee Club, and Mr. Robert Strunsky of Columbia Broadcasting Company were the judges for the contest. The prize for the winning song goes to *Semper Luceat* by Rosa Covington, Cynthia Smith and Joan Barton of the class of '52 (see page 10). Honorable mention goes to Kirby Thompson '49, Lucy Law '49, and Saki Hart '54.

To the tune of "Boston Come All Ye"

The days were so happy,  
The hours so gay.  
Our hearts are now sad  
As we go on our way.

Chorus: And as our last tribute,  
We sing these fond lines:  
Goodbye to the comrades  
We loved at Miss Fine's.

*Kirby Thompson '49*

### I.

We sing to you, dear M.F.S.,  
Our Alma Mater true;  
We've studied here, we've played here  
Beneath the grey and blue.

### II.

Your lamp of learning shines so bright  
In and around our hearts,  
We'll pass it on throughout the years  
To do for you our parts.

### III.

We'll strive to make this friendly place  
One that children love;  
We'll carry on your spirit high  
Wherever we may rove.

*Saki Hart '54*

### \*TROUBLE IN A TREE

The Allen's white cat, Trouble, was up in a tree, and they couldn't get her down. Mrs. Allen and a neighbor's daughter anxiously held a net for her to jump in. Mr. Allen and the repair man held up a ladder, but it wasn't long enough. The firemen came with a lot of people following. Everyone was yelling and making suggestions. People had milk to coax her with. They tried a rope, but it was no use. Everybody stared at the poor white cat in the tree. A car drove up with three tennis players who got out to look. A bus stopped and people looked out the window.

It grew dark. It was now six o'clock. The cat grew hungry. People went home. Everybody gave up hoping. But what was this? Trouble was calmly climbing down the tree. Her face looked as if she were saying, "Here I am. What's all the fuss about?"

*Betsy Thomas, Class V*

### \*\*PUGNOSE

There she is, in the garden. That's where she spends most of her time these warm summer days—digging holes in hope of finding buried treasure, tending the flower beds apart, or, as she is doing now, conversing with one of her insect friends.

Her amazing red head is bent close to the earth, propped upon two amazingly dirty hands. Not a curl moves. She barely breathes in the fear that any sudden gust of air might blow her beetle away.

Her large brown eyes are now squinted into a straight line with the strain of regarding so small an insect.

Her inquisitive nose, were it not a definite pug, would smother the thing, so close is it to the ground.

*Caroline Rosenblum, Class VIII*

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\*Middle School narrative prose prize.

\*Middle School descriptive prose prize.

## \* A Collection Of Poems

### PEACE

I must find peace.  
I must find something here on earth  
To rest my troubled mind.  
I walked  
Between these mountains.  
They held me in—  
No freedom here.  
I slept  
Yet dreams came to me  
And worried me.  
I could not sleep.  
I read  
Large books of famous men.  
I found they're troubled too  
With life.  
Between the majesty of mountains  
And the druggedness of sleep,  
Between confessions of great people  
And the rest that has to come,  
There must be peace.

### BEFORE MAN CAME

The dark, still waters part  
And through them shows the land.  
The fish turn into mammals,  
The mud turns into sand.  
Out of green fern by water's edge  
Trees grow one by one,  
The ice recedes to north again  
Turned back by heat of sun.  
New forms appear from out the old,  
And man has yet to come.  
The world. . . before all hatred.  
Barren. . . what we call home.

### A FEELING

Today I feel a breeze of spring around,  
I feel sweet song and music in the air,  
And still I know it really isn't spring:  
The month is wrong, the time has not yet come.  
But rather than believe a calendar  
I will believe the feeling in my heart.

---

\*Upper School Poetry Prize.

### SHH!

Shh! Do not stir the air,  
Do not make a sound,  
For the daffodils are trying  
Very hard to break the ground.

### GOD'S ART

Now God has washed and cleaned the earth  
And given His small flags start,  
Daffodils and lily plants,  
Hyacinth, bleeding heart—  
A rainbow lying here on earth,  
Some rose, some white, some blue;  
Each one is perfect in its way,  
Exquisite in its hue.

### A BARK

How that used to annoy me,  
His bark at dawn,  
Or the sound of his playing  
On our lawn.  
And how still the silence  
In the dark,  
No dawn heralded  
By his bark.

### A GIRL

He says he loves me  
Yet it isn't so—  
I am not worthy of being loved,  
Yet I shall believe  
Some sunny day,  
When he has proved. . . .When he has proved.

### ONLY LOVE

No tears now,  
There cannot be tears.  
Only sweet laughter  
Can banish fears.

No sighs now,  
There cannot be sighs.  
Only devotion  
Can strengthen ties.

No sighs, no tears.  
Only love through the years.

*Angeline Fleming '50*

### SOUNDS

Winter to me is the spanking of chains on hard-packed snow. Spring is the shouts of baseball practice a block away. Summer is the splashes and shouts at a swimming pool, heard while trying to pick up a tan. And Fall is the delicious scuffling and crunching made by riding a bike through a pile of leaves.

New York City is the starting roar of buses' motors. A country night is the whirr of crickets, and morning is in the chirping of birds.

Loneliness is sitting alone, listening.

*Leslie Van Zandt '52*

## \* INTERLUDE

Just as the door glided shut Miriam edged through it and sat down on one of the hard subway seats. Unconsciously she looked over her bag and the packages she had bought and withdrew as far as possible into the recesses of the seat; this caution was now habit with her, for she was becoming used to the fact that gaunt hollow-eyed men eyed her and her money wherever she went in public and she was never quite sure of herself. Everything was in shape, thank God, she breathed, as the train plummeted along its dark subterranean course. Glancing up at the red lines denoting her route on the cardboard map, she thought she would never know when to get off. Stupid, stupid, she told herself, of course you only need to read the signs; but something like panic clutched her in the pit of the stomach the way it always did when she was doing a new thing, alone. So concentrated was she on her fear of not getting off at the right place that her eyes merely skimmed over the people in the car; this subway was new, but the faces were old. She had seen the same tired, cynical and resigned eyes in almost every face she had seen in Paris, but she still could not understand the horror of war that slowly takes hold on people and changes them into questioning countenances. A man was standing in the corner breathing kisses onto the neck of a smiling girl. Nobody minded or even noticed, and Miriam, feeling like an intruder, turned her eyes away and again became rooted in her fear.

"Mademoiselle a perdu quelquechose?" She jerked and took a moment to focus her mind on the man next to her who was handing her a small green package. "Mademoiselle a perdu son livre, n'estce pas?"

"Oui. Merci bien," she said coldly as she took it from his hand, immediately cursing herself for snapping at him. It had occurred to her that he was trying to steal it, and for this too she felt instantly ashamed. He was smiling at her and she had the book in her hand. "Stupid," she said, not meaning to. He smiled again, looking so glad to have helped her that she had to cover up her spoken self-reproach. "Thank you so very much," she said in English, and was not surprised when he answered in English. She said, "I guess I didn't know I'd dropped it. I guess I was thinking about something else," almost forgetting what that was.

"Yes, I watch you since you get on the metro," he said in a cultured accent that made Miriam feel he was above the despair and apathy of all others. "You are not French, are you?" "No," she said. "And this is France you are seeing. A tired country, yes, but it is a great country. The war . . . the war bring many changes." Miriam wondered what he was going to say about the war, hoping it wasn't much because she always felt a deep personal guilt for it, something which, like most of her feelings, she couldn't explain. She hated discussing war with people over here, for she felt that she had to take a national stand and that others took one too, and she was disillusioned with her country and the picture it was presenting Europe. Seeing no other Americans on the metro, she was glad, and relieved

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\* Upper School Prose Prize.

when he only asked her about herself. Suddenly she sensed a strong bond between herself and this man, for no reason except that he too had not liked to talk about war. He was much older than she, she thought, with a quiet meditative way of saying things. She thought rather boldly, "I wonder if I should ever fall in love with him," and the idea struck her as if she had said it aloud. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the couple kissing each other and she shuddered slightly as the man took the girl in his arms. Miriam shifted her glance back to the man beside her and put her hand to her cheek as if to direct away the gaze that she felt was burning into her. As if she were on the brink of some wonderfully happy discovery, she shivered and felt strange.

"May I tell you something?" he asked. Miriam smiled and nodded. "You remind me. . . you look so much like. . . my Carla. You can understand, can't you? My wife, and they killed her." Miriam looked up at him, shocked. His eyes were dry, his inflections indicated no change of mood. Resignation had set in with him, resignation was on every face as she made a tour of the car with her eyes now, quickly and shakily. Her fear gripped her fiercely in the stomach, no longer because she was afraid of missing her station, but for some invisible catastrophe connected with everything here. Something intangible crept through her and she thought suddenly how stuffy the train was and how she had to escape this danger, and without a word she picked up her packages and stood up. "Au revoir, monsieur. Merci encore d'avoir ramasse mon livre." He looked at her, stunned by her sudden action. "Mais, qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" he asked. She said quietly as the train slowed into the station two before hers, "I get off here. . . it is my stop" and to herself she corrected the lie by admitting it is my fear and I must get off before it is too late.

The door opened and Mariam imbedded herself in the crowd of people getting off. She looked back as the train wormed on into the tunnel. Then she readjusted her bag, walked up the stairs to the daylight, and inhaled a deep breath of fresh air.

*Wendy McAneny '50*

#### AH, SPRING

Ah, spring!  
The smell is oh so sweet,  
And in the fields I hear the plows.

Ah, spring!  
I breathe the soft still air again.  
Ah, Walker-Gordon cows!

*Angeline Fleming '50*

### \* A PORTRAIT

There he sits on my window sill, the late afternoon sun shining on his short fur. His black eyes have the expression of one who has suffered greatly in the past years. His firm body, so upright, is like the figure of a long-retired soldier who can't get the training camp out of his system.

I often wonder what is beyond those deep black eyes of his. There's just a trace of hostility in them, as if he didn't approve of my writing about him in this way. I am sure he must hold a warm spot in his heart for me, as haven't I brought him up for these past twelve years? (Maybe not too faithfully at first.)

He sits beside his brothers now, like a guardian angel hovering over the flock. I'm sure he doesn't resent their company, but sometimes, when he's lonely, he can find consolation in pouring out his "sorrows of age" into their loving ears.

His round and noble ears sit on an equally round and noble head. I sometimes think that he can hear every sound with those ears of his, even things like the sighing of the firs outside my window, and perhaps the furniture creaking away to itself in the dead of night.

He has grown a bit stiff in recent years, but I'm sure that as his years go on, no matter how stiff and cold the rest of him gets, his heart will never grow cold, even down to the days of my grandchildren.

Perhaps you have guessed who he is by now; but if you haven't, he is my teddy bear.

*Jenneke Barton, Class VII*

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\* Honorable Mention for Middle School Prose.

### THE STORM

A fearful, glassy calm lies upon the sea. Perfect silence prevails. The cold, grey calmness almost makes one shiver. Far off in the distance a huge, threatening, black cloud is creeping slowly up through the stillness, and then a low and distant growl breaks the silence. Tiny ripples of waves begin to beat upon the shore, gathering momentum as a breeze springs up. The huge monster approaches more rapidly now, and the sea turns blacker and blacker, beginning to swell as the wind rises. Suddenly the heavens look dark and wild and the storm strikes with all its fury. The angry ocean swells and foams in rage, hating the huge monster that dares to disturb its peace. The heavens strike back, shooting spears of fire into the breast of the sea and pounding it with peal on peal of awful thunder. Unceasingly the monstrous waves rise, and hesitate, gathering strength, then pounce upon the shore's iron breast. More lightning flies, revealing the vast and foaming deep. Sky and sea fight a furious war while land stands by, strong, steady and patient—ever being struck but never striking back. This storm can shake the firmest nerve, appall the bravest soul, for the storm is master and man is tossed between wind and wave as a ball. But this riotous war cannot last long, for sudden storms are short, just as violent tempers soon wear themselves out.

*Mary Nicholson '49*

## THE FLAG

The sun had just set, and darkness was quickly settling over the narrow street. The air hung heavy and there was the suggestion of an approaching storm. The dusk began to close in around all, hiding the trash cans strewn along the sidewalk, their lids on at a drunken angle. A sudden breeze lifted the papers that were littered along the sidewalk and blew them past the people who were deserting the streets for the shelter of their tenement homes. The street lights went on, the glare of their harsh, unmerciful light outlining the uneven line of rooftops. The buildings rose high and narrow, and stood grimly together as if they could not stand alone. Lights began to appear in the curtainless windows, there was the sound of doors shutting, the noise of the street died down, and night set in. The street was deserted.

Then suddenly the rays from the street lights picked out the form of a small figure trudging along the sidewalk, apparently oblivious of the storm and the growing darkness. At a closer glance, one could see that it was a small boy with a box clutched tightly in his hand. The shirt against which he pressed his box was old and ragged, but the look of eagerness in his eyes showed that he was completely oblivious of this fact. Instead, he gazed happily at the box, holding it even tighter in his delight. How wonderful, oh, how wonderful that he had seen that nickel lying on the sidewalk. A whole nickel that was his and that he could spend all by himself. Many times he had passed the store window, and had longingly wished that he might have money to buy something. Once he had even asked Mummy, but she had only scolded and said it was foolish and bad to waste precious money. And now he finally had what he wanted for so long! He gave a sigh of happiness.

Quickly he stepped under a street light, examining the box slowly, looking for an opening. Because he was only five he couldn't read, but he knew that this was the right kind of box. Everybody had said it was white with red letters, and it was filled with popcorn, and somewhere hidden in the box was a surprise.

In sudden eagerness he began tearing at the outside paper, his mind full of exciting anticipations. Then the top of the box came off, and there before him was all the popcorn. . . But where was the surprise? Cautiously he began poking at the round kernels, searching to find it. His small hand pushed persistently into the box, and — — — his fingers touched something different! Hastily he pulled it out, breathlessly hoping. For a minute he didn't dare look, then, savoring the idea of the surprise, he quickly opened his hand, and there — — — was a flag.

It was a tiny American flag, and certainly no longer than three inches. It was made of cheap and flimsy material, but the little boy gazed at it, enthralled. His own flag! They had a big one at school in his kindergarten, and they saluted it every morning, but now he had his own, his very own. He began humming, and then waved the flag on the tiny stick to which it was attached. Then, seized with an idea, he began to sing the song that his teacher had taught them yesterday, "God Bless America",

and at the same time he waved the flag frantically, his eyes shining, completely absorbed. He moved from out of the glare of the streetlight, and into the dusk, his small figure marching erect down the street, the flag still waving before him, blown by the wind.

But the storm was gaining impetus; suddenly with a gust of fury, a sharp wind came tearing around the corner. Before the boy realized what was happening, the flag was out of his reach and being blown far down the street. For a moment he stared in sick horror. His flag! Then, suddenly, released from his numbness, he raced down the street as quickly as his small legs would take him. In desperation he saw it becoming a speck in the distance, and again he tried to run faster. Once he was almost up to it, then another gust of wind carried it away, and he felt the hard, tight lumps that kept pushing their way into his throat. Then, with a gasp of relief, he saw that it had stopped ahead on the pavement. Joyously he ran forward and had almost got to it when a group of boys came around the corner, shoving, pushing, and laughing raucously.

For a moment in the dim light they didn't see the little boy with the flag at his feet, but when they came upon him, they drew up short. There was a strange silence, then somebody snickered as one boy pointed to the flag. The little boy, meanwhile, looked up at them wonderingly, and then observing that they were watching him and apparently waiting for something, he managed a small smile. "A'lo", he said, in a voice that was strangely small and nervous.

This was met by unpleasant laughter, and the little boy shifted nervously on his feet. "Hey, you there — — — boy," someone said in a loud voice, "Pick up the flag and kiss it."

There was a silence, as the little boy, dumbfounded, did so. To his astonishment the boys started laughing again. They stopped, though, as the leader of the bunch stepped forward. "Hey, boy, where'd you get that flag?" he demanded.

The boy nodded mutely at the box in his hand, his eyes never leaving the older boy's face.

"Who told you you could have it?" he asked, taking a step forward.

The little boy drew back a step, incipient fear in his eyes. "N—nobody."

"Then give it here."

The little boy rebelled instantly, and quickly put his flag behind his back. His lower lip trembled as he obstinately refused. "But it's mine!" he blurted.

Once more the boys burst into loud laughter. "He says it's his!" the ringleader repeated with a sneer. "Listen here boy," he said, "Don't you know why it's not yours?"

The boy shook his head, his eyes filling with tears he tried to force down.

"Because you're just a filthy *Nigger*, and that's an *American* flag," the other finished triumphantly.

There was a clap of thunder, and the sudden crazy streaks of lightning overhead showed the dazed, stupefied look on the boy's face. The world spun in its chaotic revolutions around the little boy; nothing was real. The only tangible thing was the flag which he clutched behind his back. Then that was being taken away from him, and he woke to hear a voice say, "And this is what we do to flags that dirty Niggers have kissed!"

His flag! They were rubbing his flag into the dirt! The thundering increased in volume; everyone was shouting now, and they could not hear his crying above the din. "Stop, stop, oh please stop!" he cried many times, but all they did was laugh louder and grind the flag even harder into the dirt, and shout, "You ain't no American—Nigger. Dirty, filthy Nigger."

It was many minutes later when the little boy slowly picked himself up, and making sure that the gang was out of sight, began searching for the flag. He found it at last beneath a mound of dirt that had been scuffed around, a torn and dirty remnant cloth. He turned it over slowly in his hands, gazing at it thoughtfully and wonderingly.

Filthy Nigger — — —

Then suddenly he turned and ran down the street, sobs shaking his small body. The rain began to fall, lightly at first, then the heavens parted; and the full fury of the torrent beat against the earth. And as he ran, the flag dropped and slowly fluttered away, a torn piece of dirty material.

*Janet M. Butler '50*

### KNOWLEDGE

And we shall walk in quietude along a tranquil stream,  
And knowledge shall flow through us, cool, and deep and true.  
The knowledge of tall stately oaks, of gentle flowing water,  
Of cool and deep and silent shade, the knowledge that is peace.

### REFLECTIONS

I've never seen a lake or sea  
To make a moon shine up at me,  
Yet in our slum when nights are still,  
From out the gutter's dirty swill,  
I see the moon shine up at me,  
As bright as from the brightest sea.

### KNOWLEDGE

I do not know the secret:  
What makes the world go round,  
What magic flows from music  
To make my soul resound.  
I do not know what fire  
Makes bright the eyes of men,  
But I have learned to love—  
And need not comprehend.

*Lucy Law '49*

### THE PRISONER

Slow he stalks with stately air  
Through the forest green and fair  
To his dark and hidden lair,  
Homeward to his family.  
Knowing not there is a snare  
Set by hunters, with great care  
On his path, to catch this rare  
Specimen of majesty.  
Now, behind the bars, he'll glare  
At all those without who dare  
At his majesty to stare—  
A lion in captivity.

*Joan Barton '52*

## THE ROOM

What kind of a room was it? It was not ghostly, but surely not cheerful. The candles were different from most candles; they were like the room. The sun that shone in through the dull glass windows had an air of sinisterness. It was true that there was certainly no one in the room. I had examined every closet—but where was the gloom from? The draperies that hung down from the ceiling were a deep rich purple, but the soft, velvety folds held something besides the delicately woven threads. Maybe it was the curtains that made the light seem so mysterious. I pulled them back from the window.

As I did so, I heard a creaking like the noise of a slowly-turned door-knob. I swung around and beheld, high up on the opposite wall, the face of a man. His eyes were rolling around in his head like a pair of white marbles, and there was an evil grin upon the thin, twitching lips. His cheeks were sunken and covered with pock marks, and a long lock of yellow-green hair hung over the left side of his face.

Only for a moment did I behold the visage, and then with more creaking, a panel turned and hid the face from my sight. Fear urged me from the room, but a power I could not resist impelled me to remain. I must have waited for at least fifteen minutes when a long shuddering sigh made the blood in my veins run cold, and my hair prickled on my head. I lifted a foot to fly from the room. Suddenly the panel moved again. This time there was no image. Still, I could not refrain from looking again. Slowly my eyes grew larger, larger, and larger, until I thought they would burst. A cold touch on my arm made me turn my head.

I saw and heard nothing, but then I felt the cold touch on my other hand. The room grew suddenly very bright, and I could discern shadows of several people creeping up behind me. I opened my mouth and cried out in terror. The figures behind me sprang.

I woke up.

*Letitia Wheeler, Class VII*

### PURR, PURR, PURR

#### I

A little cuddly ball of fur  
Scurrying in and out,  
A tip of white upon its tail  
Another on its snout.

#### II

A little tongue comes licking out  
As he cleans his fur.  
Then it isn't long before  
You hear a purr, purr, purr.

*Anne Beltford, Class VI*

## KING FOR A DAY

Geography Class had been extremely boring that day for Worthington Dadruffle. He looked around the room at his weary classmates, and then up to the sickening, little, yellow face of Mr. Barnaby, the geography teacher at Pleasant Valley High School.

His wish to be out playing baseball grew and grew. His pimply face, deep in thought, had a far-off look about it. Why should they have to spend this beautiful day in school? He thought how things might be if he were the head-man around here.

He would choose Sophie Grockenloffer for head-woman. Ah—Sophie. Her big blue eyes, and pug nose, her red rosy lips, all of these things were what Worthington thought of. If he were running things, he would be the teacher and Mr. Barnaby the student. He would flunk Mr. Barnaby right and left, just as Mr. Barnaby did to him. And Mr. Barnaby would plead in desperation, but all in vain. Worthington would turn away his heart like stone, with a cold look upon his manly face.

"But, Worthington——" Mr. Barnaby would start.

"No buts, Barny, old boy. I'm dreadfully sorry it has to be this way, but you really do deserve it. Come now, let's not cry over spilled milk."

"But, Worthington——"

"I say, old pippin, you don't want me to lose my temper, do you? You know I can be frightfully terrifying when I get mad, and we don't want a scene, do we, Barny, old sock!"

"One more chance, Worthington. Just one more——."

Worthington lost his temper!

"Oh, shut up, you Egghead! Can't you keep still a minute!"

"I beg your pardon, young man!"

Worthington awoke to find Mr. Barnaby standing over him, a horrified and ghastly look upon his face.

"Oh—Oh! Oh—Sir—I—I—that is—I——," Worthington stammered, and a white, putty-like look came over his ugly little face.

"That's enough, young man. You may be excused from class the rest of this week."

"But, Sir——"

"Young man, I believe I have said enough. Must we go farther into this unpleasant matter?"

"But, Sir——"

"I say, young man, you don't want me to lose my temper, do you?"

"N-no, sir—but—well—you see, sir——."

"I see quite well, Worthington, and you may be excused!—NOW!! Is that clear?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

Worthington walked out of class with lead in his shoes and a dejected and outcast look on his face. Why did everything have to happen to him?

*Ellen Kerney, Class VIII*

Either people are going in circles, or they are flying off at a tangent.

*Lucy Law '49*

## A LONGING MEMORY

She was of medium height and had a slim, girlish figure. At the blooming age of fourteen, she was really very pretty. She had soft shiny black hair, which fell in smooth waves to her shoulders, and a full rosy mouth. But most wonderful were her large, thoughtful, blue eyes with long sweeping eyelashes and little arched eyebrows. She dressed simply in well-made and well-chosen clothes, and so she always had a clean and tidy appearance. She was an orphan, living with the schoolteacher and his family, and she had learned to take care of herself.

I remember when she would run to school in the morning with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes and her mouth twitching at the corners. All of a sudden she'd burst into a merry laugh, her little turned-up nose twitching, and her big eyes bursting with delight. (A new surprise for me! She loved to give surprises!) Then she'd run towards me, and as she came nearer, a whiff of spring roses would float by, and with her laughing lips to my impatient ear, the words would sweep through me, as though soft breezes were whispering in my ears.

At other times, when her gaze lighted upon me, her thoughtful eyes would look at me as though she was looking through me with that dreamy, far-away look. In their depths you could see some hidden meaning or sad secret, as though looking in a deep, crystal-clear, blue pool and seeing meanings and secrets way, way down that you could not understand.

On days when I was lonely and sad, we would go for long walks, or sit in the shade of a huge chestnut tree. Her gay chatter and merry laughter cheered me and made my heart feel light and gay.

She loved to do things for others, and many a day she would spend a lonely hour sewing Susie's buttons with her nimble fingers flying, or telling stories to little Jimmie, who was sick in bed. She shared others' troubles besides the many of her own, and there was always a warm smile, a cheery word, and a helping hand for those in distress. But she had her little faults. Sometimes something inside of her flared and hot words would pierce the air, but she was quick to realize her mistake and to be repentant. She was sweet as she was simple and good and always made the best of everything.

*Caroline Eschauzier, Class VII*

## APRIL BIRTHDAY

The rain is beating against the window—pit-a-pat  
Everything's getting greener except the cat  
The robins are getting bolder and bolder  
And I—well, I am just one year older.

*Susan Wright, Class VII*

## RAIN ON THE RIVER

Bob fingered the piano idly. He was completely bored. The day was cold, and there was nothing to do on a cold summer day at the river.

He had been down at the boathouse all morning helping Mike (the hired man) fix the Janka. The boat's propellor had broken the night before when Howard, Bob's older brother, had struck a reef.

Bob's little cousins, Sally and Brud, had been heckling him all day. They were cute, but he wished they would stop teasing him for just a little while. The frustrating thing was that he could do nothing about it for fear of getting in trouble himself. Once or twice, though, he had picked up Brud by the feet and swung him around till he cried. He never quite dared do it to Sally, because she could scream so loud.

Bob had never seen Brud and Sally the way they were today. Not only did they bother him, but they also argued with each other. Now they were in the process of running around the living-room shouting at the top of their lungs. Suddenly Sally sat down at one end of the long window-seat and looked out the window at the river.

"Bob," she cried, "there are whitecaps!"

Bob looked, and sure enough there were whitecaps. This was quite unusual for the river, which was ordinarily mirror-like.

Everything at the river was different this summer. The water was three feet higher than usual. Some people whose boats had not been hoisted high enough on pulleys had arrived to find their boats gone. The water had risen and floated them away. On all the islands there were wooden causeways in the boathouses, because the floors were under water. The Williams's boathouse was higher than most, and only one of their three boatslips needed causeways.

Another difference was the presence of Sally and Brud. Their father had died in the spring, and Bob's mother wanted to relieve her sister of the children for the summer; so Sally and Brud had come. Sometimes Bob didn't mind them, but at other times they were unbearable, and he lost his temper at them. They stood a little in awe of him, because he seemed so much older than they.

Bob sat on the window-seat, his nose retrousse against the pane. The number of whitecaps was steadily increasing. The water had changed from its usual clear blue-green to a muddy yellowish color. He looked toward Dark Island. That was an island about a mile across the water, just over the Canadian border. An eccentric millionaire had bought it in the 'nineties and had built a huge castle. The castle was of the same dark stone as the island, and thus had the island earned its name. It had been neglected for years, resulting in the decay of the wooden shutters on the windows. During every storm the rain poured into the dark, gaping cavities in the thick walls. The castle fascinated Bob; he liked to imagine that it was haunted.

"Move over, Brud. I got here first, and you're on my half!" squealed Sally. They bickered about where the middle of the couch was. Finally Bob could stand it no longer.

"Shut up, will you!" he shouted at them. They looked at him, shocked for a moment, hoping he was kidding. They realized that he was serious; so they sat subdued observing the storm brewing on the river.

Suddenly the wind ceased, the whitecaps subsided, and the water became glassy smooth. The air was silent. No sound disturbed the atmosphere, except the distant drone of a motor boat, which merely accentuated the stillness. The air became pink. All nature was anticipating something. The children inside were as tense as nature outside. Several gulls swooped from nowhere down to the water. They rippled the surface, and the circles spread until they could be seen no more.

Suddenly the silence was shattered! A sheet of rain was approaching from Dark Island. The river with the drops spattering on it looked like goose-flesh. The rain came like a phalanx across the water, never wavering from its straight line.

Finally it hit the island, demolishing the tenseness. It passed over like a great curtain darkening the house.

Bob rose, lit the lamp, and returned to his piano. The children resumed their bickering. The rain spattered monotonously on the roof.

*Kirby Thompson '49*

### A SUMMER EVENING

On a summer evening my sister and I were watching the sunset. The sky was red, and little pink clouds sailed around in the breeze.

The sun set, but the place where it had been turned orange, then purple. The grass became poison green! Then it was twilight.

After it had begun to turn darker, we turned to the East. We wanted to watch the stars rise over the horizon.

As we sat there, the sky behind the pine trees on the hill became silver! Then a huge silver moon rose above the trees, and another one just like it was reflected on the waters of the lake. It rippled and shimmered in the water, for a light breeze had sprung up. It was beautiful!

Just then Mother called us in.

As we went in the moon and stars seemed to wink at us, or maybe we were too sleepy to know just what happened except that it was beautiful.

*Margaret Pacsu, Class V*

## ENCLOSED

No street was ever so dark as Cavlin Street, and Cavlin Street was its darkest tonight. The tenement houses always seemed to be trying to crowd out the narrow strip of sky above, but usually this sky was bright with stars and infinite in depth. Tonight the very sky was dark and confining, a shroud-like blanket of clouds. The street lights were surrounded by spheres of hazy yellow light, but no light seemed to escape these spheres.

Sally noticed and felt these things as she walked down Cavlin Street, her footsteps echoing and re-echoing as if in a cavern. Turning in at a house about halfway down the block, Sally climbed the wooden stairs and started for the door. Reaching out her hand for the doorknob, she was suddenly afraid. She let her hand drop at her side and stood there a minute, puzzled. Of what she was afraid she couldn't imagine; after all, she had visited her home many times like this since a year ago when she had gone to live with Jean in her apartment. She had never loved this place, but she had never feared it either.

The only thing she had ever been afraid of was a dream she had had over and over again when she was about twelve. She had had it perhaps a dozen times since then, but not at all in the last couple of years. She had dreamt that she stood in the middle of a box, the bottom of which was a cluttered street, and the walls the stark walls of tenement houses. Although it was difficult, she was always able to climb up the walls and escape; but as soon as she was free, something always reached out and pulled her in again.

Of course this had nothing to do with her fear now; this was her home. She pulled herself together quickly and opened the door. The passageway reeked of the debris in front of people's doors; and as she climbed the narrow stairs, the sickening smell and the close dampness of the place made her feel as if she couldn't breathe. Each stair creaked as she climbed through the darkness. Although she kept telling herself that she wasn't afraid and that this was her home, the crowdedness and the filth of the place seemed more real to her than it ever had before; and the horror of it crept over her as she climbed.

"Fifth floor," she puffed under her breath, and walked down the narrow passage to her mother's three-room home. On reaching for the knob she felt the same sickening fear she had felt downstairs, but she ignored it and opened the door. The front room was empty; so Sally crossed to her mother's room and went through the open door. The dim yellow light shining unshaded from a wall fixture cast long shadows of the bedposts across the figures of five young children weeping around their mother's bed. It seemed to Sally that the walls of the tenements in her dream closed in upon her and that she must live in this sorrowing room forever. There was nothing to do but go and comfort the children.

*Lucy Law '49*

## THE DAY OF A FARM HORSE

### I

What is more wonderful to see  
Than a horse running with such glee  
That makes him forget the worries of life?  
I wonder.

### II

What does he do when he must stop?  
Does he lie down with a flop?  
Or, does he stand and wonder why  
The birds in the sky always fly?  
I wonder.

### III

He stands there looking so wild and free  
I wonder if he will come to me,  
But he just runs away with glee.  
I wonder why.

### IV

But, hark, I have some sugar here.  
He just stands there now,  
On his mouth a big leer;  
I wonder why?

### V

But here he comes;  
I'll catch him now.  
For we must hitch him to the plow.

### VI

After the hard and toilsome day  
He might lie down in the soft hay.  
Then we would all go to sleep.  
But a horse sleeps on his feet.  
I wonder why.

### VII

His poor feet must get awfully tired  
Dragging the plow and getting mired,  
And yet all night he stands on them.  
I wonder why.

*Marian Baker, Class VII*

## VARIETY IN THE CLASS ROOM

Teachers may be classified in four types. First there is the absent-minded-professor variety. You all know the type of little man who paces, hands clenched behind his back, from blackboard to blackboard. He continually misplaces his glasses, his papers, and his pencils, and just to make the course interesting he forgets to show up every so often. Then we have the comedian, the joker, the type that throws an old pun into the lecture, and if you don't laugh, you flunk. The third type is the teacher who is afraid of his pupils and who bends over backwards to make sure that his pupils are afraid of him. He is the storming voice, the door-slammer who blusters into class and becomes "a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more." The last and best type of teacher is the understanding, almost impossibly wise person from whom you learn more about life in general than the particular subject which he teaches. These very rare teachers make it worth while going to school. They try to understand all problems. From all types of teachers one can learn anything one really wants to, whether it be Greek, human nature, or how to draw a pretty picture.

*Barbara Smith '49*

## SAM AT THE CIRCUS

As Sam shuffled into the great never-never world of lights, space, apparatus and sawdust that was the big top, he was thinking happily of the performance ahead. There was no doubt in anybody's mind, from "Man-who-stands-on-his-finger-on-the-lighted-lamp" to the lowest roustabout, Sam lived for that time in the ring in particular and the circus in general. Everybody knew him, everybody had tripped over him in his costume of worn rags, his face lit up by his wistful smile as he enthralledly watched the work. All wondered who this funny little man was, he who could focus an enormous audience on the flip of one of his gloved hands.

The first of the many rumors was voiced by a lovely girl who wore a white wig and a barest minimum of black net and spangles. "As shore as shooting that man was henpecked. But I bet he loved her though, until she drove him out."

This was stoutly denied by another girl, far from stout herself, who wore red net and spangles.

"Nonsense, his wife couldn't help but adore him; he was probably the best cared for husband in miles! But when she died, he couldn't stand it without her and came to the world they always had loved, the circus."

"Sam? Are you kidding Toots? Listen, I've played enough poker with that guy to know he's as sharp as a tack. I bet he was a lawyer or a doctor, or a professor, or something, and just got bored. Can't blame him, myself."

"We can't be sure. Sam won't tell, so we'll never know."

As this last opinion was voiced, Sam shuffled out of the ring. His eternal smile broadened as he heard these words. Sam thought:

"I wonder what they'd give to know?"

*Leslie Van Zandt '52*

## MAI

Mai, votre ciel si blue,  
Vos arbres qui se transforment en vert  
A cause des pluies d'Avril,  
Sont tres jolis—mais les pleurs!  
Elles me font penser  
A la neige;  
Parce qu'elles me semblent venues  
Du ciel, pendant la nuit.  
L'herbe des champs  
Est douce comme un coussin,  
sous les pieds.  
Les oiseaux, qui retournent du Sud  
Font des chants joyeux.  
(A moins qu'ils n'attrapent des vers.)  
Mai est un mois de joie et de felicite  
Et qu'il en soit ainsi toujours.

*Jenneke Barton, Class VII*

## CHEER NOW FOR M.F.S.

Cheer now for M.F.S.  
Show then our spirit true.  
We'll fight so no team  
Can stop the grey and blue.

Cheer now for M.F.S.  
As we go down the field.  
Before our fight and cheering might  
Their team is sure to yield.

In the fray  
We'll win today  
So cheer now Hey!  
Hurray!

Cheer now for M.F.S.  
Show them our spirit true.  
We'll cheer and fight with all our might  
Behind the grey and blue.

*Lucy Law '49*



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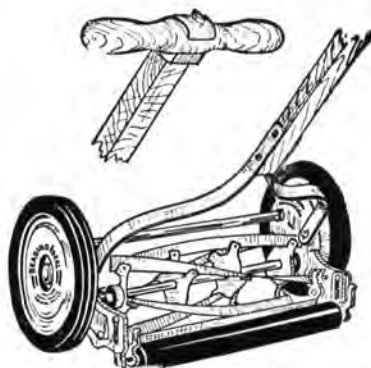
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